

## Francis 'Red' Grandy

Good morning and thank you for being here with us today. For those of you I have not had the good fortune to meet, I'm Anne, Red's half sister. We were both blessed to share the same wonderful father. Looking back over the 96 years in the life of Francis 'Red' Grandy, I have elected not to spend time renewing the pinnacles of his career, as the media have spent sufficient time archiving his remarkable life. Everyone I am sure, is aware of his "I'll be Darned" famous photograph and his position with Stars & Stripes during a climactic time in history. I am instead, going to reflect on some of the lesser known events in his life.

'Red' and I both shared a delightful younger brother, who had Downs Syndrome affectionally called Johnny. In Johnny's eulogy, it was remembered that anytime Johnny happened by a piano, he would start pounding out a tuneless rendition of 'happy birthday' while singing at the top of his voice, 'Happy Birthday to Me.! If Red might have banged out a signature song, it might have been:. *"What a wonderful world." I see skies of blue...and clouds of white...the bright blessed day... and the dark sacred night...and I think to myself, what a wonderful world.*

Francis 'Red' Grandy, was born on the family farm in the middle of a cold wintry night in January of 1922... delivered for a fee of fifty cents. He was a self described 'free spirit' who worked hard and played hard throughout his life. He acquired the nickname of 'Chub' when he was younger, and in later years dubbed 'Red Dog'. Those of you who knew him, knew of his frugal nature, predictably reflected by his conservative wardrobe. It consisted of three suits.... a black suit for funerals, a gray suit for work, and a orange jump suit for retirement.

Lives are often shaped by the upheavals and tragedies of early life. Red's early years were filled with both heartache and discouragement, which undoubtedly served as an indelible blueprint for his later success's. During those younger years, a tenacious resiliency evolved which would later became his anchor. This self sufficient individuality provided him the hard knock foundation to which he often referred to as his good luck/bad luck life stories.

Early in life, he started journaling—or keeping a diary as he called it. Not sure why he began, perhaps Aunt Florice’s influence, but it became a habit he maintained throughout his life. So when he began writing his memoirs, he had logbooks of information. I am convinced after reading his autobiography that his life's story would make a fascinating movie.. While in the process of writing this eulogy, I was astounded.. not only by his achievements, but by the sheer number of his experiences. I am going to try to capture some of these memorable points-in-time, so get comfortable— its going to take awhile.

His was a persuasive, competitive personality fueled by a strong, focused work ethic. He only missed one deadline in his 35 year career. He had an instinctive intuitiveness that he relied on to capture the best possible exposures for his photos. He felt that he lived in paradise when he worked for Stars & Stripes, shooting feature stories with a different assignment every day. His endeavors often consisted of 19 hour days including the time it would take to relay his information back to Stars & Stripes. He used every variety of transportation available to achieve that mission. He flew in cargo planes and fighter jets, rode on motor boats, motor-cycles, and motor scooters... delivery trucks, buses, ski lifts, bicycles, and even on the back of farmers hay wagons to cover stories.

Despite his year long bout with rheumatic fever in his early 20’s, it never affected his physical abilities. Instead, he appeared to enjoy a strong, agile, athletic physique. He once climbed the Matterhorn Mountain in Switzerland which is the sixth highest summit in the Alps. He was a excellent skier and participated in numerous racing events ... a sport he continued to enjoy into his 90’s. He engaged and was quite proficient at playing tennis, golf and bowling... He qualified for his pilots license at age 49 and later, endured multiple pressure chamber tests which certified him to fly in high performance jet aircraft. He even won a jitterbug contest when he was 62

His most perilous adventures occurred on Germany’s highest summits. While riding on a ski-lift up the mountain, the cable to his T-bar broke, throwing him backwards down the incline at full speed.... During a giant slalom race he narrowly escaped with his life when the straps broke on his skis causing him to cartwheel down the entire length of the ski run. And one time he was thrown off his snowmobile while on a excursion up a steep mountain and tumbled 500 foot downward .. just ahead of his 600 pound machine.