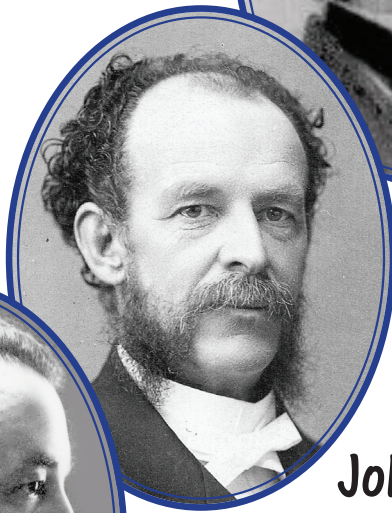


A Heritage of Courage and Faith - A Personal Journey



Richard Howard
(1813 - 1852)



John Richards Howard
(1841- 1927)



John Fitz Alan Howard
(1869 - 1953)

written by

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25 May 2002

A HERITAGE OF COURAGE AND FAITH— A PERSONAL JOURNEY

Introduction

Totally helpless and frightened, little John Richards watched his father stand in line, waiting for the ship to go down. The waves washed over the deck of the ship and the men were plunged into the sea. At last the soldiers and sailors were freed from their ranks. Now the sea was full of men desperately trying to grab onto anything that would stay afloat. Most of them drowned, but what extraordinary heroism! Their story would go on forever!

My great-grandfather, John Richards Howard, was that little and frightened boy, just ten-years-old, who watched as his father went down with the *H.M.S. Birkenhead*. Whenever I'm asked a question such as "Who are you?" or "What is your family history?"—well, this is the story I always tell. I was fourteen-years-old when I read it for the first time in Grandma Howard's journal. I found it a very exciting story! However, as my curiosity and interest in family have increased, the desire to research and find out more truth has also increased. For example, most of my life I thought that Richard Howard was captain of the *Birkenhead*!

In searching for truth, I have actually found the most intriguing stories—exciting details about the sinking of the *Birkenhead*, the bravery of Richard Howard, the rescue of his son, John Richards Howard, and several different, but very good versions of John's conversion to the Mormon Church. Until this last year, I had no respect or love for my grandfather, John Fitz Alan Howard (John Richards' son), but the search for truth has changed that as well. The question I would put forth is simply, "Who were these men I refer to as my grandfathers?" Was Richard Howard really the Captain of the *Birkenhead*? After he heard the gospel preached on a ship, did John Richards Howard actually jump ship, swim to shore and join the Mormons in Nauvoo? And finally, did Grandpa (John Fitz Alan Howard) lose his good name and an honorable legacy because of alcoholism?

Richard Howard—A Brave and Chivalrous Man (1813-1852)

Early Years and Marriages

My great-great-grandfather, Richard Howard, was a seaman, the first son of six children born to Richard and Elizabeth Jenkins Howard. He was born on January 18, 1813, in Fareham, England. Richard (the son) was enlisted in the Royal Navy. During this period of time, sailors of the Royal Navy did not enlist for a set period of years of continuous service, but they entered for a *ship's commission*, which might last two or three years. When the ship completed her commission and was paid off, the sailors (according to their ratings) were paid off too. Usually they stayed ashore for a week or so and then *entered* another ship.



On January 14, 1831, just four days before his eighteenth birthday, Richard entered his first ship, the *H.M.S Caledonia*, and his rating was “Boy First Class.” He was on this ship for six months, on shore for a month, and then joined the ship again with a new rating of “Domestic” and was there until October 1831. During his second year he was most likely serving in the Merchant Navy because he didn’t enter another ship until September 15, 1832, but when he did, he had a higher rating of “AB.” After that, he was constantly on ships until July 3, 1838, and didn’t enter another until December 22, 1841 (Richard Howard, Service). During these three-and-a-half years on shore, he married, worked as a groom in Fareham, England, and had a curly-headed son. He married Martha Richards on August 5, 1840. Because she was twenty-five-years old when they married, the marriage certificate listed Martha as a “spinster.” Their son John Richards was born on September 18, 1841. Three months after John was born and only three days before Christmas, Richard entered another ship. After that, he was constantly

on ships with no more than one day to two months' break in between. This continued up to July 12, 1850 (Richard Howard, Service).

On April 21, 1843, Martha died, leaving Richard alone with a nineteen-month-old son. She was only twenty-eight-years-old and Richard was only thirty. He was serving on the *H.M.S. St. Vincent* at this time and thus was unable to be with her during her illness and death. After Martha's death, Richard was continually on ships. His parents, Richard and Elizabeth (Jenkins) Howard, took little John Richards to live with them while his father was at sea. He returned to port on August 16 and on August 17, 1843, entered the *H.M.S. Eurydice*, which stayed in port for only a short time—however, this was long enough to marry Rosena Masters on August 23, 1843. Since she was about twenty-eight-years old at the time, their marriage certificate also had her marked as “spinster.” Richard, Rosena and Martha were all members of the same Parish Church in Portsmouth (Richard Howard, Marr. Cert.).

Richard's two-year-old son needed a mother. His marriage to Rosena was a quick decision after Martha's death but perhaps not a good one for little John Richards. He didn't like his new stepmother and so continued living with his grandparents for the next eight years (Edwards). Richard was on ships most of the time and probably could see family for only a few days here and there when the ship was in dock. I have tried to imagine what life was like for a woman who was married to a seaman. It must have been lonely—hardly ever feeling her husband's presence in the home, or hearing comforting, soothing words at the end of the day, or wrapping her body around his on a cold winter night.

During his marriage to Rosena, Richard's longest break from duty was between July 12, 1850, and November 23, 1851—more than a year. He was almost thirty-nine-years-old when he entered the *H.M.S. Birkenhead* on November 23, 1851, and was only on this ship for three months when on February 26, 1852, it struck a rock and sank, taking Richard's life. Richard Howard had served in the

Royal Navy for a total of fourteen years, seven months, one week and three days. As noted in his will, he bequeathed his effects to Rosena Howard (Richard Howard, [Claim](#)).

Richard Howard (1813-1852) And The Sinking of H.M.S. *Birkenhead*

In the last several years a lot of attention has been given to the *Titanic*, and the visual portrayal of such a disaster has given me a feeling for the fear that went through those who died on the *Birkenhead* or, for that matter, on any of the several ships that have gone down in the sea in the history of the world—and there have been many. Nevertheless, the *Birkenhead* disaster is the one that fascinates me the most because it claimed the life of my great-great-grandfather. Richard was part of the crew, as he had been on many other ships before this one. In a twenty-year period he served on the *Caledonia*, the *Raven*, the *Sparrowhawk*, the *Pelorus*, the *St. Vincent*, the *Eurydice*, the *Superb*, the *Harlequin*, the *Amazon*, the *Hastings* and lastly, the *Birkenhead*. His job on most of these ships was listed as “gun room cook,” “gun room steward,” “subordinate officers’ cook,” or “captain’s cook” (Richard Howard, [Service](#))—perhaps this is why some of my ancestors always thought he was captain of the ship!

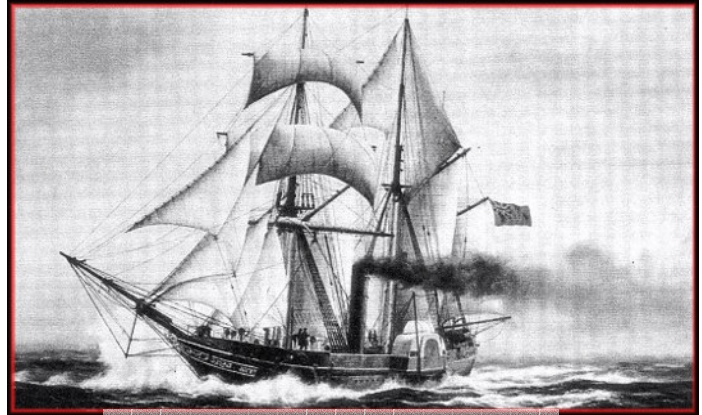
It’s been 150 years since the *Birkenhead* sank. In that year the British were fighting tribesmen along the eastern frontier of the Cape Colony, in what was called the Kaffir War. It was a difficult fight, and the British needed reinforcements. The *H.M.S. Birkenhead* picked up men from ten regiments in Britain and headed toward the Cape. She left Cork, Ireland, on January 7, 1852, and sailed into a terrible winter storm in the North Atlantic (Michener 96).

Six hundred and thirty-eight people were on board, including twenty women and children. Most of these were families of the military who were being sent to help form part of a permanent British colony in South Africa. My great-grandfather, John Richards Howard, ten-years-old at the time, was one of those children. It had been eight long and lonely years since his mother died. Nevertheless, since his father Richard Howard was a ship’s officer during John’s young life, he grew up with a natural

love and curiosity about the sea and always begged his father to take him on a trip. Richard finally agreed saying, “I’ll keep you so long on the water that you’ll never want to see it again!” (Drucilla Howard, Journal). Not only was the ship crowded, but the terrible weather, as well, caused the miserable conditions to get worse. John Richards found out the hard way just exactly what his father meant! During an extremely severe storm that lasted for ten days at the beginning of the trip, six of the pregnant women gave premature births and four of the women died (Edwards).

The *Birkenhead* was under the command of Captain Robert Salmond, Royal Navy. The proud ship, an iron paddle steamer with sails, was powered by two massive paddle wheels—one on each side.

On February 25, 1852, the ship left Simon’s Town at 18:00, sailing at 8,5 knots. *Lookouts* watched for signs of the coastline, and depth measurements were taken at all times. The paddle wheels turned in a rhythm that soon lulled most everyone to sleep. Ships

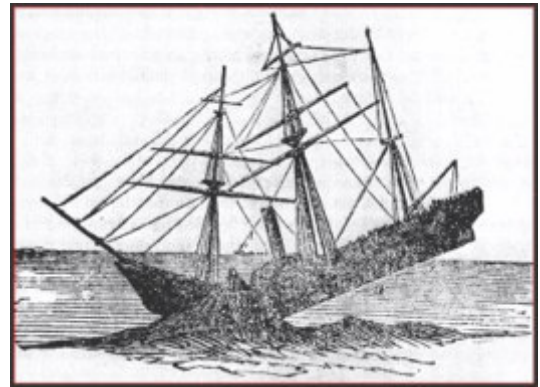


didn’t usually travel as close to the shore as the *Birkenhead* did that night, but there was an urgency for them to get to their destination. As a result, in order to save time, they were traveling close to the shore as they approached the Cape of Good Hope. At two o’clock in the morning of Thursday, February 26, 1852, she struck a huge submerged reef (or rock) about a mile off the coast. A violent shock and tremendous crash caused the ship to shudder. The rock was less than four yards below the surface. Had the winds been a little stronger, water would’ve been swirling around the rock, and this would have been noticed by the lookouts. However, the sea was calm, and they didn’t see the rock. The blow tore open the bottom of the ship (Net Search.com).

The rush of the water was so great that there was no doubt that most of the men in the lower troop deck were drowned in their hammocks. The rest of the men and officers rushed

on deck when Major Seaton [sp] called all the officers about him, and impressed on them the necessity of preserving order and silence among the men. Sixty men were immediately put on the chain pumps on the lower afterdeck, sixty men were put on to the tackles of the paddlebox boats, and the remainder of the men were brought on to the poop so as to ease the fore part of the ship. She was at this time rolling heavily. (Wright, *Illustrated London News*)

Captain Salmond reacted quickly. Anxious to save the ship, he ordered the paddles to stop and go in the other direction in order to get off that rock. But it was a mistake. It simply tore a bigger hole in the bottom of the ship and immediately filled up the lower deck of the ship, drowning all the panic-stricken men inside. The whole ship started to crack, and in only fifteen minutes the bow broke. As it fell, more passengers and members of the crew were either killed or knocked into the water, and what was left of the ship only stayed afloat for ten more minutes. It was a dramatic twenty-five minutes, but what happened in that short amount of time caused a change in naval history.



When it first struck, almost everyone was asleep, except for a few sailors, but they all hurried on deck. Some of the men followed the example of their officers and appeared in full uniform, but many were in nightshirts. “All fell solemnly into line and stood at attention in the dark night, their faces lighted by flares” (Michener 97). There didn’t seem to be a panic because the officers were giving orders, and everyone obeyed. Captain Salmond immediately ordered that the horses aboard be driven over the side to prevent a stampede that might imperil the lifeboats. Within minutes the water around the *Birkenhead* turned red with blood as a few of the horses became bait for sharks. Even with the horses gone, water still poured into the ship, and everyone who was left knew the ship was going down.

“Women and Children First!”

Launching the boats was the next job. A falling spar or smokestack smashed one of the boats



Painting by Thomas Hemy, “The Wreck of the Birkenhead”
(Williamson Art Gallery and Museum, Birkenhead, England)

and two more were *swamped* before anyone could be put into them. Two other large boats were on the paddle boxes, but they couldn’t be pried loose. Time was of essence, but they were losing. However, what happened next was the most dramatic part of the story. Faced with this tragic circumstance, Captain Salmond issued the command which has determined behavior in sea disasters ever since: “Women and children first!” (Michener 97).

Without any protest from a single man, the women and children were hurried into the boats, though some of them had to be pulled from the arms of their soldier husbands and fathers. The abrupt

separation did not leave enough time to say “good-bye.” There was barely time for tears. One big boat (a gig) and two small ones (cutters), filled with women and children, were pushed off safely. These only held about eighty of the hundreds of people aboard (Net Search.com).

In the panic, Richard Howard had forgotten about his son, who had been asleep in his hammock. In her journal, Drucilla Howard wrote:

As he didn't waken he was pulled out of the hammock and tossed overboard by his father into a lifeboat that was just leaving the ship. He remembered hearing his father call to those in the boat to "save the boy" and as the boat glided away he saw his father go down with the ship.

The soldiers were drawn up in ranks and stayed that way even when the ship broke in half.

Captain Salmond, realizing that they were all doomed to die, tried to set them *free* from his command with the order, "All those who can swim, jump overboard and make for the boats." But Major Seton saw what disaster that would cause and gave a countercommand, "Stand fast" (Michener 97). Captain Wright, one of the surviving officers of the 91st Regiment, recalled "The order and regularity that prevailed on board . . . far exceeded anything that I thought could be effected" (*Illustrated London News*). Only three men broke ranks in an effort to save themselves. It was this moment that inspired Rudyard Kipling to write:

But to stand an' be still to the Birken'ead drill is a damned tough bullet to chew.
An' they done it, the Jollies—'er Majesty's Jollies—soldier and sailor, too! (Bevan 132)



Major Seton stayed very proper to the last. He shook hands with a young Lieutenant Lucas and wished him well. Lucas said, "I hope we shall meet on shore." "I do not think we shall," Seton replied, "as I cannot swim a stroke" (Michener 98).

John Richards, shivering with cold in the lifeboat, sat helpless as his father, standing in line with the other men, went down with the

ship. He watched with horror as they plunged into the sea and fought for anything to hold on to—the last struggle for their lives. Most of them lost the struggle. He hoped and prayed that his father would miraculously be able to swim to safety.

Several kept hold of the floating driftwood, and the swell of the water carried them in the direction of Point Danger. The shore was about a mile away, so a few managed to swim to safety, but Richard Howard wasn't among them. A few held on to the wreckage and managed to stay afloat until a passing vessel picked them up along with those in the boats, but Richard wasn't among any of them either. Captain Wright, one of the survivors told the press:

As soon as the driftwood got to the weeds and breakers, finding that it would not support all that were on it, I jumped off and swam on shore, and when the others and also those that were on the other pieces of wood reached the shore we proceeded into the country. . . . Many of the men were naked, and almost all without shoes. (*Illustrated London News*)

There's a legend that many of the men were taken by great white sharks, which the local natives of Gansbaai call the *Tommie-baai* (Tommy Shark), after the British *Tommies* (Net Search.com).

Help arrived the next morning. A schooner called the *Lioness* rescued the people on the boats first and then picked up whoever could be saved from the wreckage. One can imagine the high hopes of all those women, each praying that her husband would be among the saved. Fourteen military officers were on board the *Birkenhead*, but only a few survived—Ens. Lucas of the 73rd Regiment was one of them. The total number of people on board at the time of the disaster was 638, of whom only 193 survived. Four hundred and forty-five British soldiers and sailors were drowned (*Book of Knowledge* 88). Eight of the horses were able to swim to shore, and all of the women and children were safe.

Aftermath

An interesting aftermath followed. Many newspapers around the world, in order to find the *cause*, criticized Captain Salmond for sailing too close to the shore just to save a few hours. Before 1852, there had been many ships at sea that had *gone down*, but nothing seemed to cause the stir that the

troopship *Birkenhead* caused. For example, the story so impressed the King of Prussia, Frederick William IV, “that he ordered a full account of the conduct of the British Soldiers to be brought to the attention of his troops in every single Regiment in the Prussian Army” (Bevan 3). This, because of the valiant conduct of the men at sea when the *Birkenhead* sank. Their behavior had a profound continuing effect on other men at sea. This was a romantic age, so the sheer gallantry and chivalry of the men on board caused emotions to run high with everyone who read and wrote about the disaster.

The troops, quite simply, behaved as every man in England would like to think he himself would have behaved, and they did what every woman would wish her man to do. That was the mood of the country, and what could have been more romantic, or more gallant and chivalrous, than so many men nobly laying down their lives so that a handful of women and children could be saved. And after all, they did have a choice. The choice between a slim chance of life, or certain death. There was no hesitation in their decision. (Bevan 128)

This and hundreds of statements like this seemed to contain that common thread of *awe*: “We defy the whole history of our race to produce a more striking instance of bravery and coolness” (Bevan 129). The disaster even fired imaginations of poets such as Sir Francis Hastings Doyle, Professor of Poetry at Oxford (1867-77). His poem is long, but a few of his verses portray the passion aroused by this wreck:

The stout ship Birkenhead lay hard and fast
Caught without hope upon a hidden rock;
Her timbers thrilled as nerves, when through them passed
The spirit of that shock.

So calm the air—so calm and still the flood,
That low down in its blue translucent glass
We saw the great fierce fish, that thirst for blood,
Pass slowly, then repass.

Then amidst oath, and prayer, and rush, and wreck,
Faint screams, faint questions waiting no reply,
Our Colonel gave the word, and on the deck
Formed us in line to die.

To die—‘twas hard, while the sleek ocean glowed

Beneath a sky as fair as summer flowers:
 All to the boats! cried one—he was, thank God,
 No officer of ours.

So we made women with their children go,
 The oars ply back again, and yet again;
 Whilst, inch by inch, the drowning ship sank low
 Still under steadfast men.

--What fellows, why recall: The brave who died,
 Died without flinching in the bloody surf,
 They sleep as well beneath that purple tide
 As others under turf.

They sleep well! And roused from their wild grave,
 Wearing their wounds like stars, shall rise again,
 Joint-heirs with Christ, because they bled to save
 His weak ones, not in vain. (Bevan 130-131)

Richard Howard was one of those brave and chivalrous men. A “Roll of Honour” was compiled and published in *Drums of the Birkenhead*. Many of those officers and seamen on the *Birkenhead* are listed by name, including some of the children. Under “Boys,” the third name mentioned is “J.R. Howard, Boy” (Bevan 118). However, some (at least sixty-eight members of the ship’s crew) are not identified because of lack of proper records, so Richard Howard is not listed here. His death certificate simply reads, “Drowned, Danger Point, Simon’s Bay, South Africa.”

John Richards Howard—A Courageous Pioneer (1841-1927)

Early Life and Education



Since John Richards Howard was only a boy of ten when the *Birkenhead* went down and since he lived to be eighty-six-years-old, he was most likely the longest living survivor from this disaster. However, only a few lines can be found in his own handwriting about the wreck of the *Birkenhead*:

I can distinctly remember hearing the old Salts exclaiming the *Flying Dutchman*, and hearing their comments of our probable Ship-Wreck, for there is a tradition that what ever ship sights the *Flying Dutchman*, is sure to be lost. We arrived at Simon's Bay on the 24th Feb, landed a portion of our reinforcements, coaled, and left for Algoa Bay, the evening of the 25th. Struck at 2 AM. After she struck the fore part broke off, Captain Salmon [sp] preserving his usual calmness, and . . . (John R. Howard, Journal) (See note)ⁱ

This seems to be the extent of the recorded information about John Richards Howard's connection to the *Birkenhead* disaster; but since his father died in service to his country and John was now an orphan, the British Government educated him at the Greenwich Royal Hospital School, which was located eighteen miles from London. This school was for children of Royal Navy personnel who were destitute or orphaned. Only one child from each family was accepted. The admission papers for John Richards read, "son of Richard Howard—drowned *HMS Birkenhead*" (John R. Howard, Papers). He entered this school at age eleven and stayed there for five years. At eighteen years of age he entered the British Naval Service (John R. Howard, Obit.). One of his teachers at the school wrote the following on June 26, 1853, when John was twelve years of age:

I feel great pleasure in bearing testimony to the amiable and exemplary conduct of John R. Howard during the entire of the time he has been under my care in the 3 class. He has also been very industrious and has made considerable proficiency. Signed: John Smith Master. (John R. Howard, Papers)

William Edwards has done considerable research on John Richards Howard (his grandfather), and his records have helped piece together some missing fragments of John Richards' life. In his journal he writes,

After four years John R., now fifteen, went to the training ship *Alexander*, under Master William Falconer. This was on 8 October 1856. The *Alexander* was a land locked training ship. He stayed on the *Alexander* until 25 May 1859. (Edwards)

On May 25, 1859, at age eighteen, he entered *Her Majesty's Ship Falcon*, where he was a "Ship's Stewards Boy" (John R. Howard, *Falcon*). By the time he left the *Falcon* on October 13, 1862, he was listed as "Ship's Steward." On a certificate from the paymaster it said, "He is sober, trustworthy and industrious, and fully competent in every way for the duties of his situation" (John R. Howard, *Paymaster*). He was paid and discharged on October 14, 1862.

Fareham, England

Fareham, or the Borough of Fareham as it is more properly called, was the home of John Richards and his parents—it was their birthplace. It is on the coast in the County of Hampshire about seventy-five miles south



of London, positioned right between Southampton and Portsmouth. All three of these towns are strategically positioned in the heart of some of the most famous historic maritime sites in England. Southampton's maritime history goes back to the Mayflower and the Pilgrims. It's a wonderful town whose history dates back to the Romans in AD 43. The Portchester Castle, which dates back to Roman times, adds to the rich history of this town.

For many centuries Fareham was a flourishing seaport, and by the Eighteenth Century shipbuilding was at its peak and continued for over one hundred years. When shipbuilding began to slow down, other industries prospered—these included strawberry growing, leather tanning, brewing,

timber, flour and pottery. Fareham grew to support these agricultural needs and to also support the Royal Navy. Many of the high-ranking officers built beautiful homes in this area so they would have a peaceful retreat away from the docks (Net Search.com, [Fareham](#)).

With this setting it's easy to understand why John Richards and his father Richard had a love for the sea and a desire to be on ships.

Conversion To The Mormon Church

I have read several versions of John Richards' conversion to the Mormon religion, but the one I like best doesn't seem to be true. My grandmother (John Richards' daughter-in-law) Drucilla Howard wrote the following in her journal:

He and another sailor read the tracts and books that the missionaries gave them and listened to their message. They became convinced of the truth of the Gospel as taught by these Elders and decided to go to Utah and join the church. And so one night when the ship was in harbor they slipped overboard and swam about a mile to New York. From here they made their way to Utah travelling across the plains in the Arthur Brown Company. (Drucilla Howard, [Journal](#))

John Richards lived with John (his son) and Drucilla when he was older, so he himself could've transformed his conversion story into this impressive tale! I heard he was a great storyteller! This definitely seems to be an example of my grandmother's insight when she wrote:

For I have observed that the years
Add much to the thrill and the style.
And stories get longer, and many times stronger
Until they are really worthwhile.
(Sarah Drucilla Sears Howard, 1939)

Nevertheless, his conversion, with all the pieces put together, still seems to be very impressive! William Edwards has found record of his baptism, which was performed October 15, 1862, in England by Samuel Wilkie—just two days after he was paid and discharged from his last ship (John R. Howard, [Baptism](#)). We know he was on the *Falcon* sailing to England when he and another sailor met a Latter-day Saint missionary who told him about the Book of Mormon. John asked to read it, and after doing

so, was convinced of its truthfulness. Family tradition says that this missionary was John Brooks. When they landed in England, he was invited to the Brooks' home and met his daughter, Harriet Brooks. As William Edwards records, "He fell in love with her, courted her and probably proposed before he left for America. He sent for her in 1866, and they were married on her arrival in Utah."

From England to Salt Lake City

Another family tradition states that John left England and served a mission in South Africa. A record of this mission has not been found in either Salt Lake City or the British Mission records, but it still could have happened. There are no records of John Richards between 1862 and 1864, but this would be the only time he could've gone to South Africa. It does seem as though his conversion to the Gospel of Jesus Christ caused a major change in his life.

On 23 April 1864, John signed on *The Monarch of the Sea* at Liverpool as a steward. This ship was chartered by George Q. Cannon for transporting Mormon converts to America. It was loaded by President John Smith. The counselors were J.H. Chase, J. L. Johnson, and P. P. Pratt, Stewards J. R. Howard and Cash Larsen. They were in charge of 974 passengers and arrived in New York 3 June 1864. (Edwards)

The Monarch of the Sea was a clipper ship that carried two of the largest groups of Latter-day



Harriet Spinks Brooks

Saints to America. On one of the voyages, the condition on one of the decks was uncomfortable where single individuals were cramped together.

The resourceful company president found a happy solution. He suggested that betrothed couples be married to relieve the imbalance. Many marriages were promptly solemnized, and the congestion eased. (Sonne 9)

Drucilla Howard wrote that John Richards came across the plains in the Arthur Brown Company, but no record has been found of this company. William Edwards thinks he was a mule skinner for one of the three freight companies that came to the Salt Lake Valley in 1864. John Richards worked, saved his money and sent for Harriet Brooks, who was still in England.

She arrived in 1866 (with a handcart company), and they were married in the Endowment House that same year. The records show that John Richards also married Sara Herwin Manning August 18, 1872, in the Endowment House (Edwards). They had a son, Franklin Fitz Alan Howard. This marriage ended in a divorce. William Edwards records that “on the same day of his marriage to Sara he was sealed to Mary Ann Brooks, Harriet’s sister (who had died).”

The more I learn about John Richards Howard, the more I love him. He lost his mother when he was practically a baby and, in a moment of historical drama, lost his father when he was only ten-years-old. He grew up as an orphan and was on his own, making daring decisions, at a young age. The most daring decision of all (in my mind) was when he heard the gospel preached and, although only in his early twenties, believed it so strongly that he left his life on the sea and started a new life as a Mormon. Somehow, I feel that the courage his father displayed when he went down with the *Birkenhead* at Danger Point, South Africa instilled courage in John—courage to stand erect in the face of anything. I don’t believe that vision of his courageous and chivalrous father ever left him.

Life In Zion

John Richards understood the gospel when he heard it. He understood the need to be with those who believed as he did, he understood the need to give service, and he had the courage to follow through with his convictions. He was always at the beck and call of Brigham Young to help in the establishment of Zion. Family tradition (Drucilla Howard’s Journal) says that Brigham Young hired him to drive a team of oxen back and forth across the plains to the Rocky Mountains. He did this in order to help other pioneer saints make the arduous and perilous journey to Utah.

In her journal, my grandmother recorded that he was the first to introduce *public bathing* in the Great Salt Lake. My early memories include floating in the buoyant and brinish waters of the Great Salt Lake at Saltair with Grandma Howard. It was always fun until we slipped and salt entered our eyes,

burning them like crazy. We went there often. The first bathing resort was at Haight's property in Farmington and was opened to the public in 1870.

John became a close friend of Brigham Young and was employed by him to take charge of the first tollgate in Parley's Canyon (John R. Howard, Obit.). He did this for four years. Drucilla Howard also recorded, "He was a member of the 93rd Quorum of Seventies. . . . He was tithing clerk and was employed at Z.C.M.I. as shipping clerk for a number of years." He was also one of the first volunteer policemen and firemen of Salt Lake City (John R. Howard Obit.).

In connection with Captain D. L. Davis, he ran *The Cambrian*, a pleasure boat on the Great Salt Lake. He was known as "Commodore Howard" throughout the Salt Lake Valley. In later years, he often walked into the town of Sandy, wearing his Captain's sailor cap. "He would stop to chat with folks along the way—the children loved him. He knew a wealth of sea and pioneer stories and always carried mint candy in his pocket for the children. He was such a good story teller" (Edwards).

John Richards Howard's Posterity

John's greatest contribution, however, was the posterity he left and the work he did for them in researching their *roots*. He also left a great legacy of courage in the face of tribulations. His life was never without challenges and trials. He and Harriet became parents of nine children, four of whom died in childbirth. His baby daughter Mary Fitz Alan died at three-months of age in 1871. Martha Fitz Alan, born in 1872, did not even live a day. A set of twins died at childbirth in 1880. Five children grew to adulthood, but only two of those children outlived John.

John was called from the 20th Ward in Salt Lake City to serve a mission in Great Britain. His handwritten call, dated September 1, 1880, was signed by President John Taylor. He was asked to "make arrangements to start as early a date as Tuesday September 14/80" (John R. Howard, Mission).

This was the same year that his wife gave birth to the stillborn twins. John Richards and Harriet had many such trials.

In a letter written in March of 1979, my Aunt Jessie (granddaughter of John Richards) wrote:

I recall listening to my father tell of how his mother, Harriet Spinks Brooks, returning from a meeting at the 20th Ward in the dark, during a terrific thunder storm, fell over a tree which had been uprooted and had fallen across the path. (Buckmiller)

She was expecting a baby, and this accident started her into labor. She lost the baby, and her life was hanging on a thread while her husband John, “with hands laid upon her, pleaded with the Lord to spare her life” (Buckmiller). Harriet died at age forty on September 10, 1883, leaving John to care for his five children, all under the age of sixteen. My grandfather, John Fitz Alan Howard, was only fourteen-years-old when his mother died, and he never seemed to be reconciled to her death, according to Aunt Jessie. “Why couldn’t medicine and doctors save her?” “Why would he now have to be without his mother?” “Why was his heart hurting so much?” His mother’s premature death caused him to go into the medical field when he was older. He was determined to find answers.

Just ten months after Harriet died, John and Harriet’s oldest son, Richard Fitz Alan Howard, died at age sixteen. On August 28, 1884, a year after Harriet died, John married Mary Browne who was also an English convert, and together they had seven children. But again much sadness lay ahead of him. All seven of these children grew to adulthood, but in 1913 one died at age twenty. Two months after the death of this son, John’s wife Mary (also known as Polly) Browne died at age fifty (John was seventy-two-years-old at this time). Apparently John Richards did not like doctors—he felt that all that Mary needed was a priesthood blessing. However, Mary’s severe female problems became so serious that John Fitz Alan (his son) took her to a doctor. When they operated, the tumor was so bad that bubbles came out of the incision. The doctors sewed her back up, and she died about ten days later (Edwards).

In 1918 another child died at age twenty-eight, and in 1921 another died at age thirty-four. In 1924 a child from his first marriage died at age forty-nine, and then another at age forty-six in 1925. By the time John died in 1927, he had buried two wives, five adult children and four babies. Two children from his first marriage and four children from his marriage to Mary Brown lived to old age, as he did. We speak of great reunions that take place on the other side when one dies. I can just imagine the reunion that John Richards had with his wives, his parents and nine of his children—joy beyond description! I admire his courage in the face of these tribulations and his ability to stand erect as *his ship* sank many times over. I am anxious to greet him on the other side (but I can wait!).

I have read many letters that he wrote to his son John while John was serving a mission in Switzerland. These letters indicated that all was not *perfect* in this relationship. It was easy to sense that the father and son did not always agree, but being a parent of several children, I too know that things don't always run in perfect order in a family. In a telephone conversation with my Uncle Lloyd, he told me of the rather gruff man that his grandfather John Richards was in his later life. When he wanted butter or bread, instead of saying, "Please pass the bread," or "Please pass the butter," he would just grunt, "Butter!" or "Bread!" My grandmother Drucilla Howard would then sometimes say, "If you are such a *blueblood*, then what are the rest of us?" To which he would answer, "A race of mongrels!" They had their differences!

A Royal Line

Besides the legacy of posterity and courage, John Richards left a legacy of *bluebloods*! In beautifully handwritten script, he carefully kept records of his ancestry. His desire to link to the past was insatiable—more than anyone else, he was the one who tried for over twenty years to solve the *mystery link* of the Howard family line. He felt so certain that we came directly from Thomas Howard, Fourth Duke of Norfolk, and his wife Mary Fitzalan (who date back to the 1500's) that he gave most of

his children from his first and second marriages, girls and boys alike, the middle name of *Fitz Alan* (Fitz meaning “son of . . .”). The mystery has never been totally solved, but he did seek the answer and any information that would lead to the answer. No one really believes that we will ever know because the *mystery link* seems to be the mother of an illegitimate child. The father never married, and the mother’s name has not been recorded on any family genealogy sheets! His strong belief in the Howard connection to the Dukes of Norfolk caused him to have Anne Boleyn and Catherine Howard sealed to him on November 10, 1875. The Third Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Howard who died in 1547, was the uncle of these two unfortunate, beheaded wives of King Henry VIII. But that’s another story. . . .

John Richards’ interest in family history has literally affected generations of Howards, and at this very moment I am reaping the rewards of all his efforts. Though he never was able to get his documented proof to the mystery link, he firmly believed in the connection. Many of his extended family members had heard the *gossip*, which had come down from all the different lines from many trusted sources. Because of John’s research, I felt *connected* while our family lived in Scotland and when we toured through the British Isles. Had it not been for all of his work, my favorite Scottish historical person, Mary Queen of Scots (whose short engagement to Thomas Howard, the Fourth Duke of Norfolk, caused him to be beheaded), would have merely been another person in history to me. But now I read about her with greater interest, as I do those Dukes of Norfolk, St. Philip Howard, Catherine Howard and Anne Boleyn. When we visited the Arundel Castle in England, we definitely felt it was our castle!



Thomas Howard
Fourth Duke of Norfolk

These experiences, along with all the stories that have come down with the sinking of *Her Majesty's Ship Birkenhead*, provide wonderfully exciting moments to pass on to my children and grandchildren. It adds interest to my own life. Because of John's work, thousands of ancestors have had their temple work done, including the Howard Royalty dating back to Thomas Howard, the Third Duke of Norfolk.

But I'm most thankful for the fact that John Richards Howard was one of the courageous pioneers who met and faced all the trials and tribulations of frontier life. He gave up an exciting life on the sea for a greater cause—the Gospel of Jesus Christ. “He performed a great work in helping to build up a city and in building up a place where others who came later might live in peace and comfort, and he retained his faith in the Gospel of Jesus Christ to the end of his days” (Drucilla Howard, Journal). How little anyone knew on that night of the February 26, 1852, when the *Birkenhead* was sinking and a young ten-year-old boy's life was saved by a



Three Generations: John Richard Howard
John Richards Howard, John Fitz Alan Howard
Picture taken about 1920

quick toss over the side of the ship, that this boy would grow up and do so much good, make many valiant and daring decisions, and connect many hundreds of family members together. He died at the home of his daughter Marie H. Robins in East Midvale on April 26, 1927. He was in his eighty-sixth year.

John Fitz Alan Howard—A Compassionate Man and Seeker of Truth (1869-1953)

Early Memories

I was only twelve-years-old when Grandpa Howard died. One time I remember visiting him in a sanitarium with my mother. On a few other occasions we visited him in a small home in Sandy, Utah



where a rather funny looking woman took care of him. For some reason—unbeknown to me—he didn't live with Grandma at Aunt Jessie's. He died on July 17, 1953, but I don't remember much about the funeral. There was certainly no fanfare. Later, as I grew and matured, curiosity led me to know more about Grandpa Howard. My mother always said, "He was such a good father," or "Father had a beautiful garden—rows so straight and long—big raspberries, strawberries, tomatoes, corn, asparagus, beets and cherry and apple trees." In her journal I also read that he married Drucilla Sears and left the next day on a mission to Switzerland for three years! Even today, favorite pictures hang on my walls—pictures of Grandpa and Grandma surrounded by their nine children. In my mother's journal I read that one of those pictures was in a Chicago newspaper, and the following was written under the picture: "A Typical American Family." But somewhere along the road



something tragic happened, because my grandfather died as an alcoholic. At least that's the final image most of his descendants seem to have.

My father Cecil James never spoke of his father-in-law, but a year or so before my father died, I asked him, "Was Grandpa really an alcoholic?" He answered, "Well, sometimes he'd come on the train from Salt Lake to Rock Springs and call us from the station. *Lutie* would say, 'Don't give him any

money—he'll just spend it on drink.' But I would go down and give him the train fare, buy him some food and send him back.” My sister Lois told me that one time she was walking down the street in Salt Lake City in front of Z.C.M.I.’s, and Grandpa passed her. She spoke to him, but he didn’t even know who she was. Well, there are all the facts. Apparently, my Grandfather Howard didn’t amount to much in this life! Are there possibly more facts, and thus more truth to this story?

A New Story:



Early Life and Marriage to Drucilla Sears

I will now try to rewrite Grandpa’s story based on much more than hearsay. John Fitz Alan Howard, the second child born to John Richards and Harriet Brooks Howard, grew up in Salt Lake City. One fateful Sunday morning at church his eyes met those of Drucilla Sears, and they both knew that their lives were about to take on new dimensions. John had a buggy but had sold his horse. Drucilla’s brother Will (who was away on a mission) had a horse. When John came to court Drucilla, he put the harness on Will’s horse, drove the horse back to hitch it to his buggy and then drove the buggy down to Drucilla’s house and picked her up. Sometimes he would get between the buggy shafts himself and pull the buggy down to her house. He usually had a bouquet of flowers in his hand as well (James). Just at the height of this romance, John was called to serve a mission in Switzerland for three years. They were married in the Salt Lake Temple on September 26, 1895—the day before he left for Switzerland!



Drucilla worked as a stenographer for John M. Cannon while John was away. On his way home through Scotland, John met his cousin Lucie, wife of Captain Maxwell of the Gordon Highlanders. She gave John \$2400 to help build his first home and also asked for the privilege of naming his first two

children—Gordon Maxwell and Lucie (my mother). Two other children were born while they were in Utah—Jessie and John Richards (named after his grandfather).

Move to Iowa

John's son Lloyd recorded the following:

By 1904, in company with two other physicians, he was employed in a Salt Lake City sanitarium utilizing hydrotherapy. At that time the accidental adjustment of the spine of a man who had been semi-paralyzed restored him to complete health. This directed father's interest to chiropractic adjustment of the spine. He enrolled in the Palmer School of Chiropractic in Davenport, Iowa, in 1905. (Lloyd Howard 17)

He was still troubled by the untimely death of his youthful mother and the fact that medicine was unable to save her life. "Why do good people sicken and die?" As a boy, John brooded on this question. His search for answers became intense, and he dedicated his life to "discovering the secrets of restoring and maintaining health" (Lloyd Howard 16).

The Howard System of Chiropractic

In 1906 John founded and became the first president of the National School of Chiropractic in Davenport, Iowa. I now have in my possession a 665-page book written in 1910 by my grandfather, John F. A. Howard. I received it only recently. This is more than a book—it's an encyclopedia! It's entitled *Encyclopedia of Chiropractic (the Howard System)*. It contains lectures by Dr. John F. A. Howard and was compiled, published and copyrighted by the National School of Chiropractic, Chicago, Illinois. In the front of this book, there is a picture of the second graduating class of National School of Chiropractic in 1907 (his wife Drucilla is in this picture) and another picture of John Howard lecturing before a class at this school in 1910.

According to the preface of this encyclopedia, *The Howard System of Chiropractic* goes beyond what we normally think of as *chiropractic*. Quoting from John F. A. Howard:

Many . . . such operators have been led to believe . . . that the original cause of all disease has its primary origin in subluxation of the spinal vertebrae, and they are apt to ignore the possibility of subluxation being secondary to other conditions, such as environment, hygiene, occupation, atmospheric changes, diet and functional disturbances due to the use of patent medicines and other drugs, poisoning, etc. (John F. A Howard xxvi)

The Howard System of Chiropractic takes into account all possibilities and doesn't discount the fact that other forms of medicine may be necessary. According to this system, all therapy does not end with the manipulation of the spine—extreme thinking on either end is wrong. Within this encyclopedia are chapters entitled “Food and Fasting,” “Diseases of the Skin,” “Cirrhosis of Liver,” “Gastric Ulcers,” “Overeating,” “Sleep Epilepsy,” and of all things, “Alcoholic Habit.” On the subject of alcohol consumption, it is interesting that John himself wrote

But as ignorance cannot excuse us from paying the penalty of any violated laws, he would suffer for his mistake. . . . Had the individual in question received proper adjustment in time, and been fed a properly balanced diet, he would, in all probability, have been saved from falling a victim to the pernicious habit, as his system would not have craved the false stimulants, because, having all that it needed both in food and innervation to carry on its work, there would be no room for morbid appetites to manifest themselves. (John F. A. Howard 160)

In 1995, another book published by The National College of Chiropractic, *In The Making of a*



Profession: The National College of Chiropractic 1906-1981, tells the history of this college and its founder John Fitz Alan Howard. John was among the “first disciples, those fifteen who had graduated under Daniel David Palmer. . . . Yet if not a Peter, John Howard was most certainly a Paul or a Matthias, a missionary with a broader view of the world than others who also sat in the classroom and clinic of Old Dad Chiro” (Beideman vii).

B. J. Palmer was the son of Daniel David Palmer (Old Dad Chiro) and took his place as President of the Palmer School of Chiropractic. When John decided to start teaching, he wrote Daniel

Palmer and basically was asking for his blessing. In a letter dated Dec. 17, 1906, Daniel Palmer answered him, saying,

Why should I not approve of your teaching the science of chiropractic, when I consider you a more capable teacher than B. J., have more honesty in your big toe than he has in his head and a more qualified teacher? (Beideman 24)

The National School of Chiropractic

Since his system of chiropractic was no longer the way that B. J. Palmer professed it should be, John organized his own school. “Ultimately he would become a physician who added new dimensions to the art of healing” (Lloyd Howard 16)

His modesty probably caused him to have little or no inkling that history might identify him as the prescient genius who would organize and systematize the *foundation* for virtually every characteristic of the chiropractic profession today. (Beideman 26)



On a building in Davenport, Iowa in 1906 were written the words *National School of Chiropractic, Howard System of Adjustment*. At this time John F. A. Howard was the president. He held on to Dr. D. D. Palmer’s classic motto: “Chiro-Chiro, Yes You Bet, Plus Common Sense the Best Thing Yet!!” (Beideman 27). It was clear to John that the “find ‘em, adjust ‘em, and leave ‘em alone” (Beideman 38) process should nevermore represent the total responsibility of the doctor of chiropractic.

In 1908 John moved NSC from Iowa to Congress Street, Chicago, Illinois—along with Drucilla and their five children. That same year he also opened a gross anatomy dissection laboratory off campus—a first in chiropractic education. In 1910 they built a home on two acres of land surrounded by tall prairie grass and woods. Besides his responsibilities at the school and in the city, he became known as the “doctor on the prairie.” My mother spoke often of John’s beautiful gardens in Maywood. He loved to have fresh vegetables for the family to eat. He used to say to the children, “We are what we

eat!” (James). When all the other children came to school, their lunches were made with white bread, but Lucie recalled, “Ours were made of graham flour and the loaves filled with raisins and nuts. I hated taking it to school and even would hide it and eat it down in the restrooms” (James). More children were born to the family while they lived in Maywood.

John felt the need to have a medical degree as well as his chiropractic degree. Simultaneously he was going to Rush Medical School, presiding over the opening of his own school, authoring and illustrating his many-volumned *Home Study Course*, and raising a family of nine children. John recorded that writing this study course “required two years . . . and cost a lot of Midnight oil” (Beideman 30).

The following is written about John’s *Encyclopedia of Chiropractic (The Howard System)*:

Its comprehensiveness is undeniable, its foresightedness uncanny. It was the most exacting interpretation of chiropractic philosophy and practice of its time. Furthermore, most of it was so prophetic as to have become widely accepted by the vast majority of those practicing chiropractic today. (Beideman 34)

Beideman also writes:

In the annals of chiropractic history, J. F. Alan Howard was one of the least heralded, yet by far the earliest and most progressive developer that the chiropractic profession has ever known, save D. D. Palmer. (Beideman 34)

His son Lloyd wrote:

He was a physician skilled in the art of healing. He devoted his life to the study of medicine, surgery and related skills, as well as the natural healing processes of body, mind and spirit. People said there was healing in the touch of his hands, his voice, his words. (Lloyd Howard 16)

Burnout

We know from the history written by Beideman that my grandfather suffered from *burnout*. Why a family doesn’t talk about these things or make them known, I don’t understand. I always sensed from my mother that it was just a terrible sadness for the family. Did they even really understand what happened to him? This occurred so many years ago that perhaps breakdowns in health caused from

burnout were not even understood. Gordon Howard, the oldest of the Howard children, wrote the following in a letter (August 9, 1955) to Dr. Janse, National's fourth president:

Finally . . . his health broke down—He said to Mother I am as weak as a kitten but I can't give up too many are depending on me. It was here that Dad's *friend* Dr. Wm. Schulze came in. He put in large sums of money, hired an M.D. and capable people in the office and printing plant . . . moved . . . then at Dad's insistence bought another building. . . . Dad finally sold his interest in the school to Dr. Schulze. (Beideman 47)

Beideman wrote the following:

J. F. Howard was thirty-seven years old when he graduated from Palmer. Consequently after thirteen years at the helm of his National School of Chiropractic he was well beyond the then "prime of life," and his thirteen years of devotion to National took their toll. His commitments to his God, family, patients, students, colleagues, and his chosen profession were Herculean. He was selflessly devoted to all of these and so he served them with uncommon intensity . . . It was only through a superlative personal drive that he was able to retain the love and respect of his wife and nine children. (Beideman 46)

My grandfather was the founder and president of NSC (National School of Chiropractic) until 1919, continued his studies at Rush Medical School for seven years (studying medicine, surgery and related skills), wrote his *Encyclopedia of Chiropractic* including over 300 hand-drawn illustrations, originated the first postgraduate school for chiropractors, developed the most outstanding foundation of any school of chiropractic and maintained a private practice. No one seems to be able to identify what really happened between Dr. Schulz and Grandpa when Dr. Schulz took over as president. Uncle Gordon in his letter spoke of them as friends, though we heard through the family *grapevine* that some unjust dealings took place between them and that Grandpa was mentally exhausted and in great physical pain. Beideman simply states, "Nevertheless, suddenly Dr. Howard's name, title, and position were conspicuous by their absence in the faculty listing of the 1919-1920 catalog issue of NSC" (Beideman 48). At this time the name of the school was changed to National College of Chiropractic. In a phone conversation Uncle Lloyd told me that he remembered his father working all day, coming home briefly

for dinner, going back to the office and working through much of the night. He was driven to write and record his teachings and those things he believed to be true.

It's been impossible to document with accuracy John's life professionally after 1926 because most of his personal and professional papers were lost in a fire in Utah a few years after his death, but through family histories we know that for several years he was engaged in research projects, traveling and living, off and on, in Utah, California and Illinois. Beideman noted that "His passing was completely unheralded by his alma mater, the college he founded, as well as the profession that he had developed so well between 1906 and 1919" (Beideman 52).

This story will continue to be rewritten by other members of his family, but Grandpa Howard definitely was not who I thought he was. He was much more! I am honored to be his granddaughter. Even as recently as April 2000 great strides have been taken to restore his good name and contributions. *The NCC (National College of Chiropractic) Alumni Magazine* of 2000 is filled with the details of converting National College of Chiropractic into the National University of Health Sciences. Within this magazine are great acknowledgements by the president to John F. A. Howard, the founder. Those at the helm of this college today consider him a man who was way ahead of his time. The new university will incorporate the ideas of *The Howard System of Chiropractic*, which went far beyond the manipulation of the spine. Also within this magazine is a letter written by Lloyd Howard, the youngest and only living child of John F. A. Howard. It is written to Dr. Winterstein, President of NCC:

As you move forward to new horizons. . . I can picture dad cheering on the sidelines—modern pioneers, a new age of reason—in step with a new grand age of enlightenment. . . another step in the fulfillment of a dream he was unable to accomplish in his own lifetime. (Lloyd Howard 5)

In this magazine Uncle Lloyd also wrote a lengthy article entitled "My Father, Pioneer Physician of Body, Mind and Spirit." In it he wrote:

But in my own memory his greatest achievement was that of husband and father to a fortunate family of children. All of his great power of thought, high purpose, inspiration and

compassion of spirit came to full flower at home. “Boys”, father would say, with a twinkle in his eye and quick sly wink at mother, “If you want a happy home you must have a happy wife. Find a hard working girl with good intelligence and a good sense of humor. Then treat her like the queen she is. Don’t allow her to become a mere household drudge. Continue to court her and help her to the full flowering of her talents and dreams. Be true to her always. Make love to no other. There is no romance so sweet, no sense of honest integrity so fulfilling as to be ever true to your one and only love.” . . . Then mother with her irrepressible sense of humor might say something like, “Yes boys, listen to your father. All a woman wants from a man is loyalty. Someone who will stick by her and support her through all the trouble she would never have had if she hadn’t married him.” (Lloyd Howard 18-19)



16 May 1917
John Fitz Alan
Howard
Family



John and
Son Alan

In April of 2001 the new National University of Health Science in Illinois saw its first graduating class. That evening, Lloyd Howard (eighty-eight years old) was the honored commencement speaker. He was introduced as the only living child of the founder of the National College of Chiropractic, Dr. John F. A. Howard, whose ideas and research are now recognized as the foundation of the new university. After his talk, an honorary doctorate degree was bestowed upon him in honor of his father, Dr. John Fitz Alan Howard.

It’s amazing how newly discovered facts—known to some, but previously unknown by so many members of our family—have changed my perspective of my grandfather’s life. More than just my perspective, these facts (or truths) have changed my whole feeling for him.

SUMMARY

In searching for facts, truth, and understanding, I found all three. My search isn't complete and never will be; however, it has been very satisfying. Richard Howard, my great-great-grandfather, though not a captain, was a courageous seaman who displayed all the chivalry and honor that was expected and desired of men in those days. He proved his bravery as he saved his son, and then stood in line with the officers and fellow seamen and went down with the ship. His son John Richards Howard, with the vision of his brave father embedded in his memory, displayed courage over and over again. He had the courage to change the course of his life when he heard the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and later on faced all the challenges of a pioneer. He displayed courage as he buried loved ones—particularly his beloved and youthful wife. His *ship went down* over and over again. He spent twenty years connecting our family to the past and seeking truth. I gratefully found my grandfather, John Fitz Alan Howard, to be a brilliant and compassionate man—a complete turnaround from whom I thought he was. Driven by the loss of his mother when he was only fourteen-years-old, he sought for truth and knowledge in the medical world. He found answers that were not only satisfying, but inspiring! He believed in good food for the soul as well as the body. He used to play a word game with his children by writing a word on their blackboard and then describing the word in detail. One of those words was truth.

“What is truth?” he would ask. Then he'd answer, “Truth is reality—fact—that which is everlastingly true. To be true is to conform to fact . . . free from deceit; loyal; trustworthy; faithful; steadfast; in adherence to a promise—to a marriage vow.” With him, one word became a lesson in a basic human need. (Lloyd Howard 19)

Discovering truth, facts, and reality has only whetted my appetite to learn more. But what I have learned thus far has been a great reward and has given me a heartwarming feeling for my ancestors and a desire to be more compassionate and courageous.

Endnotes:

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- ⁱ The dictionary gives the following: **Flying Dutchman**, 1. A legendary Dutch ghost ship supposed to be seen at sea, esp. near the Cape of Good Hope. 2. The captain of this ship supposed to have been condemned to sail the sea, beating against the wind, till the Day of Judgment. (This definition was written by John Richards Howard in his journal, which is now in possession of Joyce James Ridge).