

4/25/69

2nd

2 final
dances
BUNYANESQUE

semi-colon → ;

lying within gunshot of Lake Superior

Lloyd Le Vasseur.

We meet today to dedicate Lake Le Vasseur and to pay honor to our old friend for whom this lake has been re-named. There was a Bunyanesque quality about our friend Lloyd Le Vasseur and he became a kind of legend in his own lifetime. For the truth is that the man was a sort of genius; with his passion for perfection he did such a wide variety of things so superlatively well that almost instinctively his ^{marveling} friends hailed him and indeed called him -- The King.

The man possessed so many talents and spelled at so many accomplishments and had so many facets to his character that perhaps it is not excessive to say that there were as many Lloyd Le Vasseurs as there are friends ^{of his} here today to honor him. On this occasion we can ^{only} touch ^{only} the highlights. In the field and woods he could outhunt and outshoot all competitors; in politics outrun the field; in the world of entertainment out-act and out-sing all others; and, when in a relaxed mood of conviviality, out-convivial ^{any and} all brave challengers.

¶ Let me

I am going to tell one typical hunting story.

One lovely fall day three of us were hunting partridge in the wilds beyond Covington. After a long and rather unfruitful day we met in a tangled clearing to walk out to the car. Gurn and I were birdless and even the King had only two. We walked thirty paces and out ^{came} ^{spoke} ^{and} ^{now} ^{Lloyd} ^{had} ^{three}. "Bang!" a gun went ^{and} now Lloyd had three. "Cover me!" Lloyd whispered to ^{us} ^{Gurn} ^{and} ^{me} as he ^{knelt} ^{grasped} in the matted brush and ^{tall} ^{grass} to find his bird. So with Lloyd virtually on his hands and knees two more birds exploded. Gurn and I stood there gaping and helpless, but not Lloyd. In what seemed one continuous movement he rose, wheeled and fired two shots, bang bang, and now he had five! ^{It} ^{was} ^a ^{by} all odds the most awesomely spectacular ^{field} ^{shooting} performance I've ever beheld. This was Lloyd the hunter who rarely missed.

groping

hand of bullet out ←
BULLET

In public office Lloyd was so ^{unfallingly} efficient and gracious that, though he rarely campaigned in any conventional way, he remained unbeatable. ~~He~~ In fact he was the only man I ever knew who ^{in his own} ~~was~~ hailwick ~~hailwicks~~ consistently out-pollled the national champ, F. D. R. Indeed he held his job so long that our old friend Judge Bell once said to him: "Lloyd, you've been here so long and done such a grand job ^{that} you have now elevated political incumbency to a form of immortality." This was Lloyd the politician who never politicked. ← POLITICKED

Lloyd was also a consummate actor and ~~speaking~~ entertainer. When a certain movie was made in his courthouse some years ago, Lloyd had the distinction of being the only native from the U. S. to win a speaking role -- and naturally he ^{all but} ~~almost~~ stole the ^{show} ~~spot~~. At the same time he established another record -- he was ^{also} the only actor in that or any other movie who ^{had learned} ~~knew~~ his lines by heart twenty years before the part was written...

One could run on for hours telling ^{true} spinning stories about Lloyd's fabled accomplishments in many fields. In fact a book could be written about him and them and I'm not so sure ~~it~~ one shouldn't be. But perhaps the biggest thing Lloyd spelled it was his capacity for friendship. The man radiated warmth and charm and zest and joy and I suspect all are all a little better for having known him. Lloyd Le Vasseur was never a bystander ^{before} ~~at~~ ~~his~~ ~~side~~ but went out to embrace it with both arms. He lived to the hilt and died like a man. Of Lloyd Le Vasseur it can ^{perhaps} for once be truly said: "The King is dead! Long live the King!"

LLOYD LEVASSEUR

We meet today to dedicate Lake LeVasseur and to pay honor to our old friend for whom this lake lying within gunshot of Lake Superior has been re-named. There was a Bunyanesque quality about our friend Lloyd LeVasseur and he became a kind of legend in his own lifetime. For the truth is that the man was a sort of genius; with his passion for perfection he did such a wide variety of things so superlatively well that almost instinctively his marveling friends hailed him as--and indeed called him--The King.

The man possessed so many talents and excelled at so many accomplishments and had so many facets to his character that perhaps it is not excessive to say that there were as many Lloyd LeVasseurs as there are friends of his here today. On this occasion one can only touch the highlights. In the field and woods he could outhunt and outshoot all competitors; in politics outrun the field; in the world of entertainment out-act and out-sing all others; and, when in a relaxed mood of conviviality, out-convivial any and all brave challengers.

Let me tell one typical hunting story. One lovely fall day three of us were hunting partridge in the wilds beyond Covington. After a long and rather unfruitful day we met in a tangled clearing to walk out to the car. Gurn and I were birdless and even the King had only two. We walked thirty paces and out bombed a bird. "Bang!" a gun spoke and now Lloyd had three. "Cover me!" Lloyd whispered to us as he knelt groping in the brush and tall grass to find his bird. So with Lloyd virtually on his hands and knees two more birds exploded. Gurn and I stood there gaping and helpless, but not Lloyd. In what seemed one continuous movement he rose, wheeled and fired two shots, bang bang--and now he had five! It was a kind of ballet and was by all odds the most awesomely spectacular shooting performance I've ever beheld. This was Lloyd the hunter who rarely missed.

In public office Lloyd was so unfailingly efficient and gracious that, though he rarely campaigned in any conventional *fashion,* ~~way,~~ he remained unbeatable. In fact he was the only man I ever knew who in his own bailiwick consistently out-pollled the national champ, F.D.R. Indeed he held his job so long that our old friend

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One could run on for hours spinning true stories about Lloyd's fabled accomplishments in many fields. In fact a book could be written about him and them and I'm not so sure one shouldn't be. But perhaps the biggest thing Lloyd excelled at was his capacity for friendship. The man radiated warmth and charm and zest and joy and I suspect we are all a little better for having known him. Lloyd LeVasseur was never a bystander before life but went out to embrace it with both arms. He lived to the hilt and died like a man. Of Lloyd LaVasseur it can perhaps for once be truly said: "The King is dead! Long live the King!"