

# BENJAMIN REID TAMPLIN

## *IN MEMORIUM*

Ben Tamplin was a genuine friend.

There was no fraud in him, no posturing, no games; nothing phony.

The things Ben liked were as genuine as he -- families, for one. He liked all families, his most of all, any other family almost as much.

He liked jazz with his heart and soul, but blues mo' bettah.

He liked bird hunting, stream fishing, woodcraft, L.L. Bean moccasins, and goose down slippers.

He liked hand-tied flies, campfires, old songs, sourdough pancakes, red beans and rice. He liked clams steamed, beef rare, and oysters raw.

He liked sour mash bourbon, single malt whiskey, and nut brown ale.

And he could fry eggs over a camp stove or a galley stove better than anyone in the world.

Ben was a scientist. The intellectual challenge of science, the search for the one correct answer, appealed to him. He was proud of the precision his laboratory attained. But he never used science to intimidate.

Ben Tamplin was an easy friend. He made no demands upon you as the price for his friendship. He had no hang ups or conceits you had to deal with. Whatever you wanted him for, from raising the anchor to charting the course, he'd oblige.

Mostly, you didn't have to ask him for help when you needed it. When he heard you were into a project of some kind the chances are he'd come around to lend a hand -- putting a car engine back together, cutting up a dead tree, plugging a leaky boat, hanging a new door, or lifting your spirits.

Ben admired much in other people: physical strength, courage, tenderness, humor, and, most of all, audacity. Even though you knew you didn't have those qualities, Ben made you think you did. At least, that *he* thought you did.

Now, he has slipped away from us, before we knew he was going.

We will miss him dearly.

April 23, 1992