

Richard {Dick} Melvin Tush ~ In Loving Memory

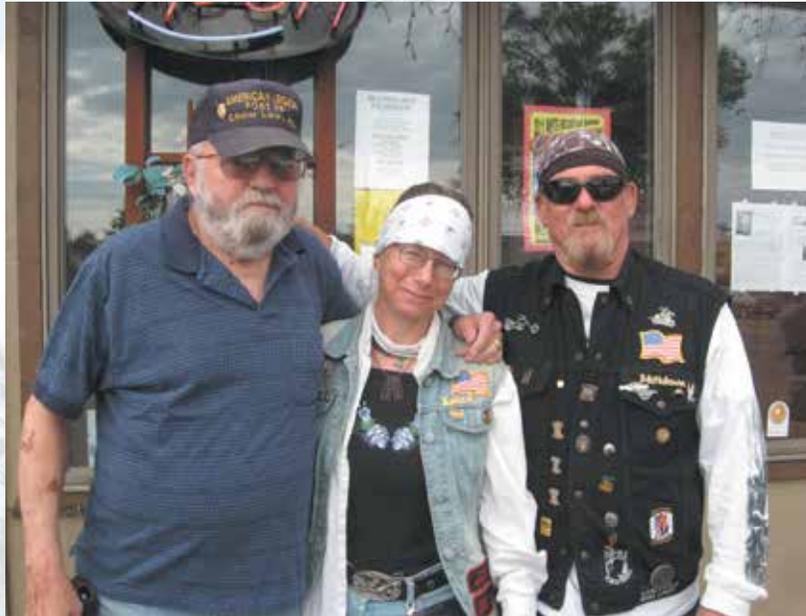
October 1, 1936 - April 22, 2017

Dick Tush was born on October 1, 1936. He passed away peacefully in his sleep on April 22, 2017 shortly after moving from Show Low, AZ to Hollister, CA. His health had been declining for a while.

He was born in Pittsburgh, PA and loved to go back & visit his old friends and haunts each year.

We've known Dick Tush for more than 20 years. Over those years we've ridden together, broken bread together, slept under each other's roofs, and shared times both good and less so.

We met Tush around 1996 ~ during our tenure as state officers for MMA-AZ, when he was Manager of the White Mountain District. It was shortly after he moved from California to his new life of retirement in Show



past exploits, both in the military {USAF} & civilian police forces. He described himself as a regular old-style neighborhood 'cop on the beat' type officer. I once asked him what kind of cop he was. He answered ... "The type you hoped you'd meet."

One of the many organizations he was part of in San Jose was the Municipal Motorcycle Officers of California (MMOC). Among other activities, he would cook & coordinate the food for conventions & fundraisers.

Carrying that forward to civilian life, he would, on a much smaller scale, host parties & BBQs for friends over July 4, during the Christmas holidays, and other occasions.

We will miss our lengthy conversations. Many an hour were spent at 'Casa de Tush' sitting around his big dining room table, visiting, drinking coffee, swapping stories,



Low, AZ.

As Vice Chairman, Bruce would work with him through personnel and other District issues. As State Membership Director, I would work with him on memberships. He kept me busy, too; as he was always signing up people and businesses. He was fantastic at it.

As Editors for the *Motorcycle Patriot* and later for *AZ Rider*, we got to know more about him from his writings. He would drive me crazy when he TYPED EVERYTHING IN CAPITAL LETTERS! ☺

You could tell from riding with him and watching his ramrod straight back that he was a motor cop. He was very proud of his time with the San Jose Motor Unit. He would share great stories of

discussing topics large & small, 'solving' the problems of the world, & philosophizing. He spoke so fondly of his children and grandkids. We'd go on that way from early in the morning on 'til the day was half gone and that was just fine.

Other days we'd all be up and out the door for a ride and of course socializing around Da Mountain ☺

While at times he could be an irritating fellow ~ lol ... He is a dear and irreplaceable friend who we will miss so very much.

Rest in Peace,
Brother.

Bruce & Betsy

