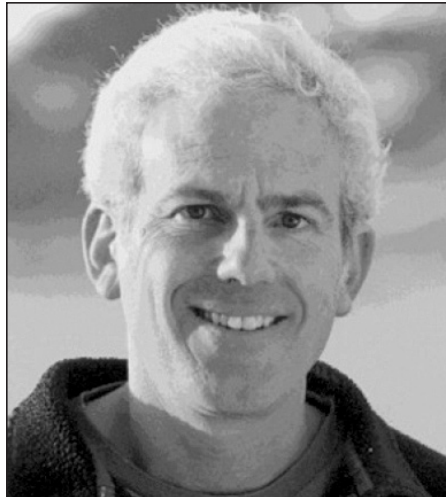


## Distinguished Professor Richard E. Rosenthal

The civilian and military faculty of NPS-OR

**R**ichard E. Rosenthal died of cancer on 3 January 2008 at the Hospice of the Central Coast in Monterey. He was with family and friends at the end.

Dr Rosenthal was born in 1950 in Nassau County, NY. He graduated from The Johns Hopkins University with a BA in mathematical sciences in 1972 and from the Georgia Institute of Technology with a Ph.D. in operations research in 1975. From 1975 to 1983 he was an assistant and associate professor of management science at the University of Tennessee. In 1984 he came to the Operations Research Department at the Naval Postgraduate School (NPS) as a National Academy of Sciences Senior Research Fellow. He stayed at NPS, progressing from associate, to full, and to the rare honor of distinguished professor. He was Operations Research Department chairman from 1997 to 2000.



included the 2003 International Federation of Operations Research Societies Distinguished Lectureship, the 2000 INFORMS Prize for Teaching of OR/MS Practice, the 1997 and 1993 Rist Prizes and the 1992 Barchi Prize from the Military Operations Research Society, and the 1990 Koopman Prize from the Operations Research Society of America. The Military Operations Research Society recently established the Richard E. Rosenthal Student Competition Award to recognize outstanding students in military operations research.

He was very active in the operations research professional community, serving on the Board of Directors for INFORMS (Vice President/Membership and Professional Recognition) and the Military Operations Research Society. For fifteen years he was editor-in-chief of the operations research journal *Naval Research Logistics*.

He is survived by his wife, **Pascale**; three daughters; a step-daughter and stepson, one granddaughter; his parents; and two brothers.

A life celebration service was held on 10 January 2008 in the Operations Research Department at the Naval Postgraduate School, attended by friends and colleagues from around the world, and broadcast on live webcast to those who couldn't make it to Monterey.

Rick was an instinctive, tireless mentor

for his students, his faculty colleagues, and editorial correspondents. He was passionate about our operations research science and art.

Rick was an inveterate traveler, making best-friends wherever he visited. And, he invited and hosted an astonishing number of visitors. We are grateful that Rick found, befriended, invited, entertained, and generally enticed many of NPS-OR's best faculty recruits.

Rick was an avid bicyclist, jogger, and hiker. He loved guiding visitors through our coastal parks and wilderness areas. He, his NPS-OR, and other side-kicks made many longer treks into the high Sierra, where his distinguishing behavior was to strip and jump in every lake. Every lake. No matter the altitude, or temperature.

Rick also was known to end a hard, long, uphill climb to a pass or summit by throwing his arms into the air and yelling "Yes! Thank you for this!"

Rick was certainly no traditional warrior, yet he earned the trust and respect of every one of his military officer students — including highly-decorated military heroes of our time.

Rick's admirers may wonder why he had such personal appeal. Yes, he was a handsome man, buff, smart, and brandishing a ready, blinding smile, often accompanied by uproarious laughter.

Yet that's not it. Rick was direct and outspoken to be sure, but he was also an excellent listener. He would tell you exactly what he thought, but only after carefully listening to all sides of the issue, and always with natural honesty and a great humanity.

Rick has requested that you please *"take time off from your responsibilities to enjoy a great meal with good friends and family who you do not see often enough, and/or give some time or money to a charity that brings some joy to those who need it or contributes to advances in education, science, the arts or the environment."*

We will miss Rick. ★

"Rick was certainly no traditional warrior, yet he earned the trust and respect of every one of his military officer students ..."

Rosenthal authored over 25 scholarly papers in the operations research literature, edited a seminal book on military operations research, advised three doctoral dissertations and 39 master's theses, and reviewed hundreds of scholarly articles as an editor and referee. He was a master wordsmith.

His professional interests were broad. He devised efficient methods for managing hydro-electric water flows, harvesting forests, planning aircraft carrier operations, saving fuel by naval vessels, optimizing military air cargo operations, and targeting cruise missiles. His numerous awards

## My Thoughts on Rick Rosenthal

Jack Keane, JHU/APL, jack.keane@jhuapl.edu

On the evening of 3 January, I was on the phone with **Pat McKenna** and we were discussing **Rick Rosenthal**. I was scheduled to travel to Monterey on 6 January to spend a week with Rick and his wife, **Pascale**. However, earlier that afternoon, I had talked to **Jerry Brown** and **Jim Eagle** and was told that Rick had taken a turn for the worst and would likely pass away before I arrived. As I was talking with Pat, the familiar “ding” of MS Outlook sounded and I saw Jerry’s e-mail announcing the passing of my best friend.

Throughout his 33-month battle against cancer, Rick and I would talk as often as we could. Many times, after visits with his medical team, he’d call and I could tell by his voice that he was down. I’d do whatever I could do to try and improve his spirits, often resorting to telling jokes or reminiscing about past experiences together. Within minutes, we’d be laughing ourselves sick as we remembered some of the times we spent clowning around. He once told me that after one of these conversations, he was visited by a NPS faculty member who was aware of his situation that particular day. Upon seeing Rick laughing he remarked, “You must have been talking to Jack again.”

Back in July, just after a meeting with his medical experts, Rick called and told me that I was to be a speaker at his memorial service. As close as we were, his request took me completely by surprise. Here was this man who was renowned worldwide for his contributions to OR and academia, and he was asking me to speak of him upon his passing. I have since learned that I was one of two speakers that he specifically requested. Rick’s wishes were that I was to make those in attendance laugh in celebration of his life, in much the same way he and I laughed during our times together. He honored me in life with his love and friendship, and now he honored me in his death with this moving request. How could I refuse?

Below is what I was to read on 10 January. Unfortunately, I was unable to ful-

fill my commitment due to a family matter. **Rob Dell** read an abbreviated version in my stead. I will be forever grateful to Rob, Jerry, and the rest of my extended NPS family, for the incredible support they provided to me during this time.

“I’ve been asked to represent several groups today:

- The many friends that Rick had at the Johns Hopkins University Applied Physics Laboratory, where I work;
- The Military Operations Research Society, where Rick was a member of the Board of Directors for four years; and
- My NPS classmates, many of whom have sent incredible e-mails as an indication of the love they felt for this remarkable man.

But in all reality, I’m really here for one very selfish, but very good, reason – Rick Rosenthal was my best friend. Rick once paid me the greatest compliment when he told me that he knew of no one who was as comfortable in his own skin as I was. I hope I do him justice with these memories of him as I try to show you the Rick Rosenthal that I came to love as a brother.

I live in Maryland and, on many occasions, Rick would stay at my place while on business trips to the Washington, DC area. One day, for some reason or other, Rick and I were driving the beltway during rush hour traffic and he asked me how in the world I could drive this day-in and day-out. I told him, “That’s easy, I listen to the radio.” Rick replied, “I listen to the radio, too, but I don’t see how that can keep you sane in this kind of traffic.” I told him, “It does if you imagine Elmer Fudd is singing every song!” Rick just looked at me like I was from Mars but that night, when I got home from work, I got a phone call from him and he cursed me out telling me that not only did every voice on the radio sound like Elmer Fudd, but every person in his meeting sounded like Elmer Fudd, as did the gentleman who checked him in at his hotel.

By driving the beltway, music has become a part of my life. There is a country singer named **Gary Allan**. To look at

Gary, you’d never believe he was a country singer – you’d think he was a biker riding with the Hell’s Angels. But he has a song entitled “Life Ain’t Always Beautiful.” There’s a passage from this song that says “Life ain’t always beautiful, but it’s a beautiful ride.” Rick had a beautiful ride and I want to share some of the times Rick let me ride with him.

In the Navy, everyone always runs around looking for “the gouge” – information or dirt on anyone or anything. NPS was no different when I was a student and I doubt if it’s different today. When I was a student, I was the section lead for a large crowd of officers and international students right after Desert Storm. Anyway, everyone wanted the gouge on Rick. It just so happened that I had an old friend from my days in Hawaii, **Brian Osborne**, who was a couple of classes ahead of me and a great source of gouge. Brian told me that halfway through the semester, Rick’s voice would go and he’d have to resort to a microphone, amplifier, and speaker to be heard in the classroom – and these were the old classrooms in Root Hall. I went back and told my classmates that halfway through the semester Rick would bring in a “speaker” – obviously they thought this was a guest speaker which was considered as manna from heaven – a guest speaker was a treasure for a student because you didn’t have to write down notes at a furious pace. This one particular day, I heard this rumbling down the corridor of the second deck of Root Hall and looked down to see Rick pushing this cart toward the class and I announced, “Here comes Rick ... and he’s got a speaker with him!” You can’t imagine the looks on the faces when they saw “who” the speaker was. After class, Rick asked me why the class seemed so upset and hostile to which I pleaded ignorance. It was years later, while drinking a beer on my back porch, that I finally told him the truth. I told him that if you say just about anything with a straight face, people will believe it, and when you have the opportunity to be in

(See MY THOUGHTS, p. 37)