

Mother was the teacher at the time.

My father never really took a vacation but for such moments that he allowed himself, Father would relax by cutting wood or picking blueberries in the deepest woods where he found nature at its best. Mother would always say she could pick the same amount of berries in less time that it took to pick over his berries, interspersed with twigs and leaves.

He was also an avid reader and would read all subjects. Someone made the remark, "Mr. Jack, I think that there isn't any subject that you don't know about!" He always tried to keep abreast of the times.

Truly my Father was a dedicated man and he loved his work. It was *his life* and he loved people of all ages. A conscientious man, he would work or be at meetings until the early hours of the evening but managed to up at 6 o'clock ready for the first phone call of the day. Our phone number in those days was 38-4 for those who remember the party lines. To the public he will be remembered as 'Superintendent of Schools of Union No. 8' (Hollis, Buxton, Standish and Limington).

Even on the zero days in the days of unplowed roads, he was ready to go to schools wherever needed including the Harding School 25 miles away. To do this he would hitch up his horse and sleigh and, bundled under a buffalo robe and with a lighted lantern, he would arrive at this destination. For mud times he carried a good supply of chains.

I shall never forget one mud incident. Mr. H.A.D. Hurd was our first music supervisor. A precise man, Mr. Hurd was impeccable in his white suit and bow tie and always wore pince-nez eye glasses. Imagine his plight when he called Father to get him out of the mud! He was a sight to behold!

My father took an active interest in organization. He was active and served as president in several organizations, including two superintendent's groups, Standish Local Board #16 in WW II, deacon of the church,

Kiwanis Club (as well a charter member), the Cumberland and York County Teachers Association. He was a Mason, a director and service officer for the Hutchinson-Boulter American Legion Post. He never missed a Memorial Day Service until 1951 and sometimes he was a speaker at some neighboring town. He felt a strong sense of patriotism throughout his life.

(Throughout my life I have frequently met) people who reminisce about my Father. It is heartwarming to hear praise of my Father and of his inspiration to young people. At our local historical meeting of Oct., 1970, Dr. Gwendoln Elwell Flanagan told about my father's stopping by her house as she mowed the lawn. He asked her if she had plans for the future. She indicated she had nothing in mind. He advised her to get as much education as she could and as fast as she could. She went on to be the head of the high school Art Department for the city of Portland.

(Father) was honored by a number of tributes, including a Scout Memorial Day Service at his gravesite. Two schools were named after him: the *Jack Elementary School* in Standish, and the *Jack Memorial* in Buxton. I presented his life story at the August 1971 *Buxton-Hollis Historical Society Meeting* and the town of Buxton honored him by including him on its memorial pages in its bicentennial book for August 10-13, 1972.

I'll always remember my Father for his wisdom, sense of humor, love of home and country, ceaseless devotion to his life's work with the young, (for having) an endless quest for knowledge and countless other ways. Now, in his memory, I end this tribute, as he was prone to do, with some verse by Tennyson.

"Crossing the Bar"

by Alfred, Lord Tennyson



George E. Jack

*"Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me;
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea.*

*But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from the boundless deep,
Turns again home.*

*Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;*

*For tho' from out our bourne of time and place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar."*