

Dignity[®]
MEMORIAL

OBITUARY

Herbert Arthur Hancock

3 FEBRUARY, 1928 - 9 OCTOBER, 2024



IN THE CARE OF

JA Snow Funeral Home

Herbert Arthur Hancock - 'Bud' to his wife and parents - passed away peacefully in his sleep on 9 October at the impressive age of 96.

Our Dad could not be summed up in a book, let alone an obituary. In an age when everyone wants to be unique, he was an original without even trying. The epitome of an

absent-minded professor, neighbors still chuckle about the time he drove to work with his briefcase on top of the car.

During a sabbatical in Metz, France, Dad decided to rebuild a one-cylinder moped and drive the 600 km to Basel, Switzerland and back - overlooking that it was a rainy November holiday weekend - with no gas stations open - and with the Alps standing in the way. It was an 'adventure' he often fondly recounted.

For someone who never wanted to be the center of attention, he was a wonderful storyteller - and at our parent's annual Carol Sing, his voice was among the strongest.

He could be complex, even contradictory. He saw himself as a man of science - 'one test is worth a thousand expert opinions' he liked to say - but his big decisions were driven more by sentiment and the heart.

He adored animals and the inevitable death of an old family dog left him heartbroken for weeks. When his son suggested getting a second giant Irish Wolfhound to keep the first one company, Dad readily agreed.

A child of the Depression, he rarely spent money on himself - Value Village was his store of choice - but each day, including weekends, he wore a crisp shirt and tie - and whenever his children needed help, nothing was ever too costly, too much trouble, or too far away.

Unlike his children, he could turn his hand to anything - from carpentry, plumbing, wiring, and welding, to writing, painting, cooking, and architecture - but his projects took a very, very long time. Mom used to half-joke that the antique 2CV car sitting forlornly in the garage - waiting to be repaired - would outlive him. She proved prophetic.

Dad was always immersed in a half dozen library books, joined the Cole Harbour gym at 86, and could be regularly seen walking the dog, putting out recycling, or driving his car until a few months ago.

Mom and Dad were big believers in foreign travel - long before exotic holidays became the norm - and our camping trip around Europe or sabbatical years in France, England, and Trinidad became part of family lore that was frequently recalled around the dinner

table.

He had a brilliant mind - right up to the end. The only son of working-class parents who left school after grade six, Dad earned a PhD in metallurgical engineering from University of Toronto, won a prestigious post-doctoral fellowship to Imperial College, London, had numerous patents to his name, and was a much-loved and respected university professor emeritus, teaching into his 80s - and even more incredible, a much sought-after expert witness into his 90s!

During one court case in St. John's several years ago, an opposing lawyer indelicately asked if Dad thought he would live long enough to see out the trial. He did - and his side won.

On one thing Dad was crystal clear. He thought his greatest achievement was his family - and especially the miracle that the beautiful, intelligent, strong, and outgoing June Flora Pollock had agreed to be his wife. He'd repeatedly say that he was the luckiest man alive - and he meant it.

Dad lived an extraordinary life and left it on his own terms - living with his beloved wife, surrounded by family and friends, in his beautiful Wildwood Blvd. home, until the end.

He was an unfailingly kind, loyal, and loving husband to his wife June, father to his four children John, Peter, Bruce, and Jennifer, grandfather to his eleven grandchildren, and one great-grandchild. A true gentleman, Dad's passing leaves a hole in our hearts that can never be filled.

On Dad's behalf we would like to thank all the doctors, nurses, and caregivers, particularly Joanne Ferguson, who devoted so much time and energy to his healthcare throughout the last few years.

A celebration of life with family and friends will take place at a later date and we encourage donations to the Dartmouth General Hospital who provided such great care to Dad on many occasions.