

IN MEMORY

The End of the Road

He has come to the end of the road
His work on earth is done
He lived his life for others
For him, the victory's won

His many friends will miss him
For the helping hand of love
For many little kind deeds
Prompted by God above.

The sick, the old, the lonely,
Could always depend on "Gene"
Yes, he'd be right there
As tho' the sun sent down a beam.

He always upheld the right
Altho' he had little to say
He never thought of himself
But of others day after day.

In the home he always brought
cheer
With his quiet way and happy
smile
He was always so close to his
mother
She never knew one trial.

So now, at the end of the road
The sun has set on him here
But he has heard the "Well Done"
of the Master
"Enter into the gates with cheer."

Your deserved rest has come
Farewell brother, uncle and friend
We would not wish you back again
From the joy that has no end.
With fond memories by his sister,

Mrs. Alice Babbitt Keenan

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-- As I See It --

By GENE DUNBAR

It is with a sincere sense of sadness that we write this column this week. The townspeople have lost an excellent fine citizen with the passing of Gene Babbitt. If anyone ever lived a life patterned after the Golden Rule and the Ten Commandments Gene was that person. His whole life was spent in helping his fellowman. He asked little in return. What thanks he did receive kept him smiling and content with life. Those of us who heard the fine tribute given him by Mr. Illingworth during the funeral services sure felt humble, but glad that we could be listed among his friends. Let's hope that a little of his kindness and thoughtfulness has rubbed off on all of us. Most of us could use more.

LIFETIME OF SERVICE ENDS

Eugene H. Babbitt, friend to all and the gentlest of men, died June 12 at the home of his nephew, John Keenan, of an illness that housed him since February but evidently had plagued him for much longer than that. He did not give up his kindly tasks of helping so many others until he could no longer make his usual rounds of the post office and the stores downtown.

Gene Babbitt was born in Barre, the son of Alfred and Margaret Cundra Babbitt, 63 years ago, and he gave a lifetime of devotion to

others. At his funeral service on Sunday afternoon in the Barre Congregational Church, the Rev. Robert S. Illingworth spoke movingly of his selflessness and said, "we could all take a lesson from him."

On his birthday in March, Gene Babbitt received 111 cards, four birthday cakes and any number of Easter lilies. He is survived by a sister, Mrs. Alice Keenan of Boston and several nieces and nephews.

Burial was in Lincoln Cemetery, on Pleasant street.