



## Herbert Sherman Wilson

February 21, 1932 - June 3, 2023

Andover - Herbert “Herb” Sherman Wilson of Andover, MA, left this world at age 91 for the middle star in Orion’s belt, where fresh powder, winding mountain roads, and his beloved dogs await. Herb leaves behind his family, friends, and dogs, along with plenty of friends he hadn’t met yet. Also left behind are several bottles of Cointreau, some Cuban cigars, his Honda CBR600, and the memories of a life very well lived.

Herb is survived by his loving and patient wife of nearly 67 years, Elizabeth “Liz” (or “Tish”); his daughter Caryn Wilson of Newburyport, MA; son and daughter-in-law Mike Wilson and Lisa Childs Wilson of Exeter, NH; son and daughter-in-law Robert Wilson and Lisa Wilson of Waterville Valley, NH; grandchildren Katharine Wilson, Elisabeth Mount, Allison Wilson, Rebecca Wilson, Micaela Wilson, Matthew Wilson, James Wilson, Sarah Wilson, and Grace Wilson, and great-grandson Tyler Herbert West.

He is preceded in death by his mother, Florence Sherman Wolper, of Bridgeport, CT, his many aunts and uncles who helped raise him, a 1955 Chevy, and many wonderful adopted canine friends.

Herb graduated from Harding High School in Bridgeport, CT. While not the best student (understatement!), he excelled on the track team and worked at Benny’s Cities Service Auto Garage, fueling his passion for both lifelong

interests. He met Liz in kindergarten and grew up two streets apart in Bridgeport. They married in 1956, uniting two first generation immigrant families and launching their version of the American Dream.

Herb served in the United States Army and consistently credited his unit with protecting Paris from the Korean conflict as he toured France in the early 1950s. He spent 42 years with the Wilmington Publications Center of Textron (formerly AVCO), leading his team through corporate bureaucracy (for which he had little patience) and commercial success (which he loved). He took on pioneering assignments launching AVCO operations in New Idea, OH, and Roxbury, MA, and took his children along to meet new people and open their minds to how others lived in places far removed from the comforts of suburbia.

The lucky silver dollar he wore around his neck since the 1950s truly surrounded him with good fortune. He had many passions and was always on the move: he wasn't called Fast Herb for nothing. Countless memories were made on those legendary Wilson vacations, including the Summer of Cincinnati in '69, a first-generation Winnebago trip through Canada in the '70s, the Gettysburg Howard Johnson Motor Lodge, Sarajevo Skiing (sans snow) in '85, cycling from Geneva to Paris at age 60, ski trips galore in the '90s, Paris with the grandkids in '06. Not that we had to go far to have a great time with Herb: he made a simple hike or meal (Kitty's Restaurant, Le Petit Suisse, Spring Hill Tavern, Durgin Park, or even pickled lamb tongues) something to remember.

He showed his children the Green Monster, Washington, DC, Niagara Falls, the original Boston Garden, Whitey's office, St. Patrick's Cathedral, the White House, and even a few outhouses. He maintained the world's most organized and immaculate garage/race car memorabilia museum. He loved Formula 1 (viva Ferrari!) motorcycle riding, Paris, Newfound Lake, and above all, his

family.

He was a renowned distributor of wisdom: “Hills are your friends.” “Nixon (and later Trump) is a crook.” “I’ll remember this” (when his children did something he disliked). “Take the heap to Hickory Street.” “It takes a tough tree to live in the White Mountains.” “God says do it now.” “Don’t get married until you’re 30.” “When the going gets tough, the tough get going.”

Nobody could deny that Herb was an interesting and well-rounded individual. His activism regarding the Massachusetts bottle bill, environmental causes, and the banning of greyhound racing was inspiring and effective. There isn’t an animal-related charity that he wouldn’t support. His courage through his lymphoma diagnosis in the 90’s and subsequent agreement to participate in a clinical trial at MGH gave him decades of good health and helped pave the way for countless others to benefit from a breakthrough treatment option. One of his few regrets in life was that he was not named on Nixon’s enemy list, though God knows he tried.

Herb died knowing that Stirling Moss was the gutsiest driver ever, Bobby Orr was the GOAT, New Hampshire’s White Mountains are a slice of heaven, and Cointreau on the rocks is the perfect way to end a day.

In lieu of flowers, memorial donations in Herb’s name can be made to Best Friends Animal Society in Kanab, Utah, where he had adopted several of his beloved dogs.

Family and friends will gather to honor and remember Herb for a celebration of life on Saturday, August 19, 2023 from 3:00 p.m. until 6:00 p.m. at the Mission Oak Grill, 26 Green Street, Newburyport, MA, but in the interim, please visit a favorite watering hole, where you are instructed to enjoy a

beverage and revisit favorite memories of time spent with this great human.

One of Herb's favorite songs was Willie Nelson's "On the Road Again." We know that he is once again on the road, riding his motorcycle over the Alps towards Paris with all 24 predeceased dogs in tow, howling along as Herb sings this song.

On the road again  
Goin' places that I've never been  
Seein' things that I may never see again  
And I can't wait to get on the road again  
On the road again  
Like a band of gypsies we go down the highway  
We're the best of friends  
Insisting that the world keep turning our way  
And our way  
Is on the road again  
I just can't wait to get on the road again

# Previous Events

## Celebration of Life

AUG **19**. 3:00 PM - 6:00 PM (ET)

Mission Oak Grill  
26 Green Street  
Newburyport, MA 01950

# Tribute Wall



“ *Herb Wilson was a great guy. When I first worked at AVCO Wilmington, for a summer during grad school, his Wilmington Publications was an important profit center as the aerospace and defense business was down. By the time I returned for a full time job, it was still a key asset as large paper proposals were how the company rebuilt itself. He was often there at midnight as the massive document with binders was boxed and sent to make the deadline. He also played on the management softball team.....let us just say, the Red Sox never came calling, nor did they for any of us. Our sincere condolences to all of his family.*  
*Bob and Evelyn Buckley*

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**Robert Buckley** - June 12, 2023 at 05:29 PM



“ *Herb Wilson was one of the nicest gentlemen I have met in my 48 years in the printing industry. He was a competitor, a great businessman and a friend. The one word that comes to mind is Respect. My condolences to the Wilson family.*

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**William Levy** - June 09, 2023 at 04:04 PM



*Thanks very much and we greatly appreciate your kind words. He loved his team, printing friends and work at Wilmington Publications Center for so many years.*

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**Michael Wilson** - June 10, 2023 at 02:06 PM