John V. Jewett

The kindly tongue—long may they live.
To Frank and I they both we give.
He was a man'there good to know.
To hosts of you not the affections show
This men of chivalry have come through
Throughout a life steadfast and true.
There's never a doubt in my own mind
How for Frank's been from cafe to cafe and drink
When the future brothers took to wine
Proceeded Frank from the gaudy place
Now the brother became the cattle king
Of the strip and west where he hasPresence dwell
So I've often wondered to hear him tell.

Listen, compatriots, while I recall
The noble career of Frank Hall,
In New Boston, Cape Cod, in seventy-four
Three sets of ten, or the make twelve, you see.

A more promising babe was never seen
At the homestead built in seventeen-thirteen
His babyhood had a glorious finish
And he was tops in the schools of Dennis.

He worked his way with a five dollar start
Not only lessons but a Cape Cod high
And he was tops in the schools of Dennis.

Frank Tobey Hall,
June 1945
Listen, Compatriots, while I recall
The noble career of Francis Hall.
In New Boston, Cape Cod, in seventy-four
The Stork planned out three sets of four
Three sets of four make twelve, you see,
Number ten of the twelve was Francis T.
A more promising babe was never seen
At the homestead built in seventeen-thirteen
His babyhood had a glorious finis
And he was tops in the schools of Dennis.
With embryo courage to do or die
He graduated from a Cape Cod high
Not only lessons bent to his will
But all kinds of work his time did fill.
He worked his way with a five dollar start –
To do that task one must be smart –
Wesleyan Academy in one eight nine eight
Proudly proclaimed him graduate
And four years later University B. U.
Polished him off a graduate too.
So the world received Frank Tobey Hall
Ready to answer the teaching call
A Principal he then became
And one most worthy of the name.
Successive promotion befell his lot
Each move was to a higher spot
Until in one thousand nine o eight
The Lincoln School became his fate.
His fate was Brookline’s fortune rare
Thirty seven years prove well the care
With which the guiding of boys and girls
Up from years of bangs and curls
To men and women fine and true,
Proclaim our Frank was all true blue.
Frank brought a bride to Brookline Town
A charming girl of sweet renown
And in these years of Brookline service
He’s been no wavering bachelor novice
He’s had Dear Lucy for his spouse
Who formerly was Miss Waterhouse.
Not this man’s forte in Biblical lore
And we’ve often heard him quote a score
Of the Good Book’s sayings, page by page,
    From Genesis to the Christian age.
So I’ve often wondered to hear him tell
    Of his trip out West where brimstones dwell
How his brother Barney – the Cattle King –
    Protected Frank from the cowboys’ swing
When the bucking bronchos took to wing.
    But I understand when I stop to think
How far Frank’s been from oaths and drink
    There’s never a doubt in my own mind
They knew Frank as the thorobred kind.
    Throughout a life steadfast and true
This man of character has come through
    To hosts of youth his efforts show
He was a man t’was good to know.
    To Frank and Lucy both we give
This kingly toast – Long may They Live.

May 18, 1945                John V. Jewett