



Jack Sheridan Hersh

August 30, 1926 - December 27, 2019

In New York on August 30, 1926, Lou and Bess Hersh had a son, Jack Sheldon. But the nurse had other thoughts. As she later told Jack's mother, she thought Jack Sheridan sounded better. The nurse took it upon herself to change the name on the birth certificate, and so it stuck! This would be the first of many memorable stories of Jack's life. From childhood to old age, there was always an adventure to be had. Not always upstanding, but all worthy of a great story later on down the road!

Since he was a boy, Jack wanted to work on airplanes. Not fly them, work on them. He graduated from the Manhattan High School of Aviation. Immediately after, he joined the Navy to serve his country in WWII and work on planes while doing so (since there was no Air Force yet). Uncle Sam thought otherwise, and Jack operated ship's landing craft for Marines coming onshore in the Pacific front. Jack served on the USS Gage, the first ship to enter the Nagasaki harbor after the bomb was dropped.

In 1948, after more aviation mechanic training in southern California, Jack heard that United Airlines was opening a maintenance facility in San Francisco. The rest is history. Jack was with United for 34 years, and by the time he retired, he was known worldwide for his ability to successfully bid on airplane jobs and get the job done better, cheaper, and more quickly than anyone else in the industry (with the help of his hand-picked crews, of course!).

In the meantime, Jack met and married Sabine, his wife of over 43 years. They had two children, Jacqueline and Rick. Over the years, the family has grown to 8 grandchildren and 7 great-grandchildren.

Jack retired from United, thinking he would go fishing. Instead, to his surprise, he started getting calls from all over the world. Companies wanted to hire him for his expertise in the airline industry to consult and supervise jobs. J. Hersh Consult was born. Jack was in 7th heaven, doing what he loved and traveling the world doing so.

In 1996, Jack lost Sabine to cancer. But later, with his second love and companion, Raciél, Jack continued to travel the world and work with the airplanes he so loved.

Jack used to say he could close his eyes and actually see a plane getting fixed in his mind. He was amazing at what he did. He often said he would do it for free, although he never told that to the people who hired him!

Nothing trumped planes, but fishing came close. The yearly fishing trips to British Columbia continued until Jack turned 90! And how he loved to fish. Every fish caught was like his first, and you should have seen the one that got away!

Eventually, when he was in his 80's, the work stopped, and Jack found new interest in his garden. As he got older, his flowers and plants gave him joy, but he always missed his planes.

Jack often said, "When I die, don't be sad. I've lived a fantasy life. Who would have ever thought a poor boy from Brooklyn would do what I've done and seen the world as I have?"

Jack died peacefully on Friday evening, December 27, at the age of 93. A small family-only service was held on Dec.29 at Skylawn Memorial Park in San Mateo, CA. As his casket was lowered into the grave, a jet airliner could be heard flying overhead. A fitting sendoff.

If desired, the family requests that donations be made to St Jude Childrens Hospital, or a charity of choice.

His funny stories, bright blue eyes, booming voice, and love of life, will be missed. Have a good flight, Jack.

Cemetery

Skylawn Funeral Home & Memorial Park

100 Lifemark Rd

San Mateo, CA, 94062-4592