

Laura Smith (niece):

Here's my favorite story about Uncle Jack. Please edit any way you wish.

Your Mom and Dad had just bought a new house in the country and had invited extended family for the annual Fourth of July picnic. This was back in the days before GPS and Google Maps, so they mailed invitations including basic information like address, time, etc., and a map.

Now you have to understand that your Father and his brother-in-law (my Father) had a good natured relationship, where they constantly razzed and one-upped each other. So the invitation sent to my Dad said "come any time after 3:00". Everyone else was coming for lunch, and some would be leaving by 3:00. And the map just showed a driving route that went in circles.

Well, my Dad noted that there was no a.m. or p.m. on the time. So at 3:00 a.m.

he, and two of us kids, were setting up a big tent in your Dad's front yard.

Meanwhile, in the house, your Mom woke your Dad because she heard a noise in the front yard. He, being a policeman, got his gun, and told your Mom to stay in the bedroom. Now remember that they had just moved in, and were still making improvements. So the new front door was not properly attached yet. Your Dad went to look out the door, and BAM!!!! the door fell! Your Mom thought your Dad was shooting at someone!

So anyway, we got caught. After a few "pleasantries ", your Mom and Dad went back to bed, and we finished putting up the tent and went to sleep.

In the morning we found signs all over the yard and tent, put there by your Dad. They said things like "Tent for Sale" and "Campsites for Rent".

It was a memorable Fourth of July!

Sue Wannemaker (niece)

Memory: Uncle Jack was only 12 when I was born. When I was old enough to sit in his wagon, he painted my name "Susie" on both sides and would pull me in the wagon around the block. Everyone always called the wagon "Susie" but the reality was, he had very sweetly named his wagon after me.

Memory: When Jack was in high school he and his friends had a band. He played the drums and tge marimba (which was a pretty large percussion instrument that took up 1/3 of the dining room. ) His band was called the Dynotones and they played at the Church dances and some local bars! When he practiced his drums, he had to cover them with a towel to muffle the sound because the man next door worked nights and slept during the day.

Memory: Once his cousins Pat and Marie rode on the back of Jack and his friend 's bicycles to a Drive-in Movie because they were too young to drive a car.