

UNCLE BUCK  
By Jerry Tammer "Gus" Denny

Someone once ask me if I was named after Uncle Buck (Tamer) why my name was spelled with two m's instead of one. According to my mother when my dad was filling out the birth record (my dad wrote like a chicken scratching and his m's were just extended into rolls, so the clerk filling out the birth certificate took it to be two m's. Too much trouble to get it changed so; as Dr Upperman used to say "so mote it be." Why the name anyway? Uncle Buck was (or at that time, a confirmed bachelor). Well anyway he wanted a name sake and promised that I would receive five dollars to start me on my way thru life. (you know the cheap scrape never did give me the five dollars) that is probably the reason why I've had a hard time all my life trying to make it.. As you have probably heard Buck was as tight as bark on a birch tree.. OK, so the die was cast for Tammer, but the middle name Jones hit a brick wall with my mother. NO WAY. The first Tamer Jones was a painter. Well this was 1930 and modern times so the Jerimire (or maybe they couldn't spell it) was condensed into Jerry. I think my mother went to her grave regretting my name (not on account of the five dollars)

I had a great relationship with Uncle Buck while growing up, as he always insisted on coming to see him and he would cut a country ham (you know what I still haven't got the ham either) He always sold them except the time the dog stole one from him and was dragging it away and in anger the gun came out to shoot the dog but he missed and shot the ham. Eating a country ham full of buckshot (no pun intended) does not do the teeth very good. And here again over all these years I still have the greatest desire for country ham and have consumed hundreds over these years. Just seems I wanted to show him I could get my own damn ham. For the time being that is enough about that. On brother James Edgar Denny story, you told it the way I had heard it except there was a P.S. That a call was placed to the sheriff in Cookeville to report the shooting. Since it was a days time from Cookeville to Rock Springs, the sheriff decided it was justified homicide so they could go ahead and bury him. They say the blood on the stair steps stayed for many many years and no amount of cleaning could get it up. I am not saying it happened but as a kid when I went by that house "I still think I SAW SOMETHING. Maybe James Edgar Denny can now rest in peace. That enough. Until the next one hits my mind. TJD

On one trip to Tennessee I found my self running short of cash due to ham and whiskey buying. No problem just go to the bank and get a check cashed. Right--Wrong. I enter the citizen's bank and wanted to cash a check. I wrote it out so far so good but at that time I signed my checks Tammer J. Denny. The teller looked at the check and ask for an excuse for a moment and then before I could catch my breath there appeared the bank president and two of Cookeville's finest in Blue. They had them a forgery because they knew Tamer Denny (Uncle Buck) and much to my dislike I did not look nothing like Buck. Then the talking and explaining started on my behalf. I was not Tamer Denny, Well yes I was but not that Tamer Denny. Have you ever talked your self in to more troubles? Everything I said came out wrong. Yes I was, no I wasn't type. We had reached the point of cuff time for the cops and low and behold John H. came strolling by. He was the vice president of the bank (I think) In sheer delight I called him and the

President ask him if I was Tammer Denny and John with the straightest face said no and he sure as hell don't look like him. Well it's lock up time. And then with his big chuckle he said, Jerry how in the hell are you and what seems to be the problem. I was bound not to let him out do me and told him I was only trying to see if Uncle Buck had as much money as he said he had and I must have been right because the bank would not even cash a check of a hundred dollars on his account. By then the Denny came out and I told him that next year at the reunion that "supply" would be cut and if there was any it would be of the lowest grade. Then his face dropped and he say son can't you take a joke just come in my office and we will get whatever you want. I don't remember what my bank account was at that time but I believe I could have written a check for a hundred grand. For years we laughed about this and I often told him I owed him one for keeping me out of jail but he also owed me one for not taking the band for a bundle that day. I really and truly like John Henry Denny and before my mother died she would say ever so often that my brother Harold was no longer John Henry as I had replaced him. I took this as a great compliment. Gus.

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