

I JUST WANTED TO WAKE YOU UP

By Jerry Tammer "Gus" Denny

Hey AJ. Just sitting here and thinking of the many stories I could tell, But there is two that will not get out of my mind. One is the friend of forty years and the other is a thing I alluded to in my years of study. I know this one has no historical facts and is not worth a damn in the field of genealogy. I also know I could write it on Microsoft and file it away but to know I am communication with a human being means something.

You know I look back at our grand pa and our great grand pa's and wonder. You know they had moments of thought and pondering. What did they think? Was it of the rain the crop failure, etc. They being human being had to have human thoughts even though not up to date as ours but very important at that time. I wonder what they were? These unknown thoughts intrigue me very much to this day. I guess this is what has encouraged me to think about what is to follow. I hope in the future that someone will know what we are thinking and doing without having to speculate on it.

In 1954 when I decided to give up the military and head back to being a civilian. (even this was decided by a factor that my dad was sick and mom was alone at home with him). These things haunt you What if, What if.? I came back to Ala. Not knowing or caring about nothing. I had been through my hell and the thoughts of an other unknown did not excite me at lest. But college offered the course of least resistance and a life of leisure. I had been out of high school 6 years and had been and seen things most people did not care about or understand. Believe it or not I made a fair student with grades to prove it but the call of the wild would not turn me loose.

After the first year I went back calling the wild. I took up with a bunch of good ole boys and believe me they were not a bad influence just country boys that had nothing to do with college boys except to show contempt. I lived a double life one by day and one by night. At day I was a fair student and had even joined a actors group and at night I was a local red neck that could out drink any one around. There was not one who bluffed me or crossed me if I couldn't whip him I could out talk him. Then one day the two crossed and I was caught with my stage image announced. Much to my delight and even to this day, my red neck friend were so proud of me that I was an actor and a friend of theirs. (Just a passing note I loved these guys and the friendship and help they extended to me will forever be remembered and cherished.)

After a couple of years working in beer bar and doing the college scene at day I received a notice from the college that I was one of their worth while students and could have a future in the field of psychology. I don't know how much you know about psychology no but back then in the 50's it was not a very professional thing. Anybody with a pencil and a card board could put out a sign as an advisor or council to the hurting. Needless to say I was a hero to my buddies as I was an academic genius and brought great honor to their life style. So on with the world of psychology.

I had the pleasure of working with a guy by the name of Barrett-Lenord from Australia. Barrett and I were about the same age, since he had not been in the service. We lived not far from each other and his wife, Helen and my wife were pregnant at the same time. Barrett and I were in Tuscaloosa, Ala at this time at the state mental institution name Bryce and their children division was Partlow which housed the “vegetable” and other mental birth defect that affect unborn children. One morning Barrett looked at me and said what in the hell are we doing here with our wives expecting at any moment. What if we faced this? He said lets go. We left and to this day I have never stepped foot on this grounds again.

The babies (his and mine) were born healthy and in a few months he departed to Calif. for his love of non directive psychology. (a note worth mentioned: Non directive psychology is where the psychologist never demand an answer: For example if you say it is a nice day he replies back what you are saying it is a nice day, and this can go on for every until the subject talks. He could never get me into this as I always wanted to say. OK what in the hell is wrong with you.. Tell me about it. Barrett and I kept in touch for years and he probably went on repeating him self and I went back to the wild and trying to find what and where it was. I worked for a few years as a club manager for the Elks organization and was offered a job teaching school. The pay was \$2900. per year and I was making \$5500. so my last chance to become a psychologist went out the window. I do not regret it but often wonder what I could have been. I went to work with a book firm that dealt with college text books and spent 30 years with them but the knowing was and still there. Now after the 30 years is another story. Someday I will tell you. It does not have a happy ending.

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