

# Uncle Buddy Kemp Stories

When Uncle Buddy was a kid, sometimes at dinner time he would stand up just before everyone was about to eat and say- Speech. I have a speech to make, then ramble on about anything for a few minutes then they'd eat.

Uncle Buddy played drums as a teen ager and walked around the house drumming on everything. There was an event that Uncle Buddy's band played at. The first band that played was an old-time music band and all the kids (teens) yelled they wanted Buddy's band with the new kind of music, not old-fashioned music. The new music was Jimmy and Tommy Dorsey.

Uncle Buddy played in the Navy in a band on the ship. He was away in the Pacific on a ship for years. The dog slept at Uncle Buddy's bed at the foot of the bed. Grandmom and Grandpop Kemp said the dog slept on Buddy's bed like it was waiting for him to come home. The dog died before Buddy came home. (Airport Road house)

House on Bridgeboro Road- Older kids. My mom was 12 years after Aunt Dee. It was Florence who died at 18. Uncle Buddy, Aunt Betty and Aunt Dee.

They were renting the house and part of it had a curtain in the doorway and you didn't go in that half. (Boxes in there as it was used as a storage place by the people who were renting to them the part that they lived in.)

NO heat. Well, a woodstove in the kitchen and when the fire went out during the night Grandpop would feel the house getting colder and get up and go put wood in the stove. The kids slept 2 girls to a bed growing up. All the kids even Buddy wound up in the winter by morning in the bedroom which was over the kitchen.

I used to call Uncle Buddy up every year for a while around December 7th and talk to him. (Pearl Harbor Remembrance Day)

My job got slow and as someone there said "That one was a bad one." Starts maybe Friday night- Call. Boss says No work tonight, well then, every day for like a week No work tonight, then We won't call every day. We'll just call when the day comes to come back in. Well, I then remembered what Uncle Buddy said on the phone that if I ever get the chance come visit him and stay over. Senior development like Leisure Town in Whiting NJ or called hmm where Hindenburg went down... Lakehurst, both in Manchester Twp, I think.

Well, I go there. Uncle Buddy cooked a roast maybe pork hmmm... some kind of roast cooked it in a deep fryer. Good. The next day it got to be like 3:30, 3:45 pm and I thought to myself okay it's about time for me to leave and be polite. It's starting to get about that time... I said I guess I'll get going now. And they said What? No. Come on Denny stay another day. So I did.

Uncle Buddy had a drum pad and drum sticks and a radio that he listened to out in the garage. He had the Big Band station on and played along.

We watched the Indy 500 on TV. Who liked that you wonder? Aunt Irene did. She was in to car racing. Gary, I guess in his 20s, got involved with car racing with a friend. A local lumber yard company sponsored their car.

That's some Uncle Buddy stories.

-Dennis Weaver (Barbara Kemp's son)