

✧ HEROES GET REMEMBERED ✧

Legends Never Die

~Tributes to Jack Cherry~

Everett Martin

Washington

My first time meeting Jack Cherry was at the 1999 Two-Cylinder Expo which was held in Missoula, Montana. My reaction to meeting him was like meeting royalty! It was my first Expo — and what a thrill it was! I've never seen so many model "HWH" Tractors in one place since.

My second opportunity to meet Jack was at the Expo in 2004 which was held along the Mississippi River in Moline, Illinois. It was special because it was the 200th birthday of John Deere. And, knowing that John Deere's gravesite was on the bluff to the south overlooking the Expo was meaningful to me. Further, near the end of the event, I was privileged to watch Verlan Heberer position his Model "430" LP Crawler with "hard nose" on an isolated spot on the grounds where Jack photographed it from several angles. One of those photographs became the cover of the September–October 2004 *Two-Cylinder* magazine.

My third opportunity to meet Jack was at the 2007 Expo which was held at the National Cattle Congress grounds in Waterloo, Iowa. A highlight for me was being able to eavesdrop on a conversation between Jack and Hyler Bracey as they toured one of the indoor venues filled almost entirely with Verlan Heberer's Dubuque tractor collection. There was an original-condition Model "40" W (two-row utility) in the middle of the building and I overheard Jack say, "The Model "40" W is a sleeper — only made one year and less than 1800 made."

In 2013, I located an experimental Model "BX" Tractor in Yakima, Washington, and purchased it. I emailed Technical Council Representative Bruce Johnson and Two-Cylinder with the serial number and "BX 539" serial number plate. To my surprise, Jack Cherry sent me an email with this information: "*The Experimental Tractor Log* at Deere & Company shows your tractor as formerly 172 'B' serial number 298786, sold October 1952, to Ashland Nebraska. The 'B' *Serial Number Register* shows a build date of October 25, 1951; gas tractor ship date of October 29, 1951, to the Experimental Shop where it became 'BX 539'. No other details are provided."

Jack called me after he had sent the email and said, "It sounds as if you have a very interesting piece of John Deere history." He promised to keep an eye out for more details. He further stated, "I only wish the *Experimental Tractor Log* entries would have been more detailed, including the reason for the experiment as well as the outcome, and perhaps even recorded a Decision Number. Unfortunately, that's not the case. We have a very similar void with CJ (Custom Job) codes for Dubuque-built tractors."

Roman Lampe

Iowa

Brenda and family,

First off, I would like to offer my sincere condolences. I was so shocked to learn of Jack's passing, and when I saw all the wonderful tributes, I felt compelled to tell you how much I thought of him.

I first met him (and you) in Peosta in 2003, and I asked him if I could help. Jack put me to work placing tractors and teamed me up with Justin Kutka, who has been a friend ever since. Then, in 2004, in Moline, I had the same job! My wife and I had bought a dog a couple months prior to the Expo in Moline, and the people we purchased the dog from came to visit and see how she was getting along. As my wife and I were strolling along, we came across Jack, and well, everything stopped as far as he was concerned. He came over, picked up the dog, and talked to her. She, of course, ate up the attention. My point is that he took a couple minutes out of his busy day to stop and give a puppy some love; that says a lot to me.

One other time in Waterloo, I had some of my dad's old *Tracks* magazines that I was planning to sell. I happened to cross Jack's path with the magazines in hand, and he asked what I was doing with them. I said I was selling them, and he said he would love to have them for the Archives. He asked, "How much?" I told him Dad would be glad to see them go to Two-Cylinder. He asked me if I was sure, and I said "yes." Then he shook my hand and said, "I owe ya; and I won't forget it." Every time he saw me, he always spoke to me. That's just the kind of guy he was.

I worked at the Expos for six years (I think), taking over

Jack Bible's job when he wasn't able to get around anymore, and I loved every minute of it. I have made so many friends through Two-Cylinder, and a lot of it is due to a man I called my friend... Jack Cherry. May he rest in peace.

Brenda, if you need me for the 2022 Expo, I will be more than glad to help you for whatever you need. Just give me a call.

Roman Lampe, Ambassador for Iowa

I already have you marked for a "staff" T-shirt for Expo XXVII! Since Justin will have his hands full with pre-show coordination, and you "know the ropes" for Exhibitor check-in, your assignment will once again be in that position. This time, my neighbor, who has been helping me with various fix-its and handyman jobs, will be your co-worker. His age and personality are very similar to yours, he pays attention to details, and is a very quick study. Jack always spoke highly of you and trusted your ability to handle whatever task was given. I know there will be no issues or problems with you in charge of that very difficult assignment. Thank you for your generous offer. Brenda

Doug Beaty

Michigan

I was very saddened to learn of Jack's passing in July. I only had the chance to meet him once, which was at the Berrien Springs, Michigan, Two-Cylinder Expo in 2001.

Jack told me about the unique details of the Model "C" Tractor: wooden steering wheel, straight-post seat mount, etc. I mentioned this to him after I started writing my scale-model toy articles for the magazine, thinking he would not remember the conversation. Much to my pleasant surprise, he said he did remember that conversation and began to joke around about it. It was humbling to realize that he respected my opinion on real tractors as well as the toys.

We shared many great conversations via text messages and phone calls. I have considered it a great honor and privilege to call Jack my friend. His mannerisms and guidance reminded me of my own dad.

Rest in peace, Jack. You will remain in our thoughts and memories forever.

Rudy Gingerich

Wisconsin

It was the shock of my life when Brenda called and said that Jack had passed away. It was hard to grasp the thought that Jack, our good friend, was not with the living anymore. It was a sad day for my family and I.

We met Jack and Brenda about 14 years ago when they were looking for an experienced trainer for a few of their Quarter Horses. When they were there the first time, we discussed how much monthly training fees were, agreed



on a price, and Jack paid in cash. He then showed my son a \$100 bill and asked him if he knew whose picture was featured on the front. My son, who was five at the time, looked at the bill, then looked at Jack, thought for a bit and asked, "Is it you?" I don't know what Jack and Brenda laughed the hardest at, the horrified look on my face, or of what my son had said.

Brenda almost fell off her chair she was laughing so hard. That's when I saw the sense of humor in Jack. He took it all in stride.

Jack had a way of entertaining our children that they absolutely loved. And if it was in the summer, you could be sure he would show up with Dilly Bars from Dairy Queen for everyone.

He also liked to see how far he could push the "astonishment" limits with our children. The first time Brenda brought a homemade chocolate pie to our home, Jack placed a very generous amount of canned whipped cream topping on his portion, with a great amount of flair added in for effect. Everyone's mouth dropped open, in sheer disbelief as to how much was on his plate, but then all of a sudden they all began to giggle and laugh when they saw him with that "Jack" grin. From that point on, every time pie was served, he became the center of attention to see what his next antics would be.



Jack had a great sense of humor, was quick-witted and crazy smart. I don't think he ever forgot one thing that he read or learned in his life. He had a memory like no other. Everything he did was done to perfection.

If you would have seen Jack on the street and not known who he was, you could have taken him to be a rather mundane, ordinary type of person. I can still see him strolling along, without a worry in the world, with an air of confidence about who he was. He never acted arrogant and never "looked down" on anyone. He respected everyone, including the seemingly common "working man."

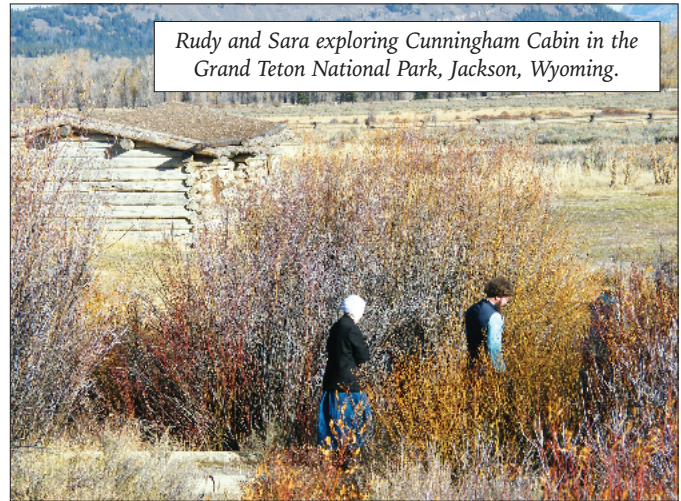
I called Jack once, totally out of the blue, to ask about a Weatherby rifle a customer of mine had for sale. Jack asked me the caliber and from that point on proceeded to tell me the model, its characteristics, shooting ability, etc. He didn't have to look anything up or reference some other source. And he was willing to share his knowledge with those who were interested. I was, and I learned so much through his wisdom and guidance.

I really came to understand how close Jack and Brenda were when her prize gelding, Cash, suddenly died. She was heartbroken and was trying to find a replacement with no success. Jack and I took a road trip to look at a potential candidate and was not pleased when I felt the horse was not right for her. I told him that it could take some time and to be patient. He told me that he didn't care how much money it cost, that I should stay on the lookout for a horse to make her happy again. That's when I knew what a good and caring man he was.

Jack and Brenda own a ranch in Salmon, Idaho, with the Salmon River running through and along the edge of the property, along with a really nice cabin. In 2010, Jack and Brenda invited my wife and I to go on a trip with them out West, in which we took in various sites, Yellowstone, and finally ended up in Salmon. We were gone ten days, and I

don't know if we have ever enjoyed ten days in our life any more than we did during that time-frame. In fact, we still have the beautifully detailed itinerary he wrote, every detail and every day turned out to be just as he had envisioned.

Jack loved the history of the West. He could



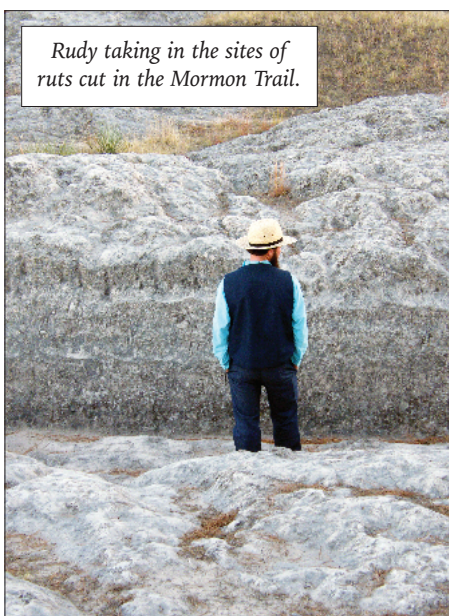
Rudy and Sara exploring Cunningham Cabin in the Grand Teton National Park, Jackson, Wyoming.

have been the best travel guide for that area if he had chosen to do so. Thank you again Jack and Brenda; we dearly enjoyed the trip.

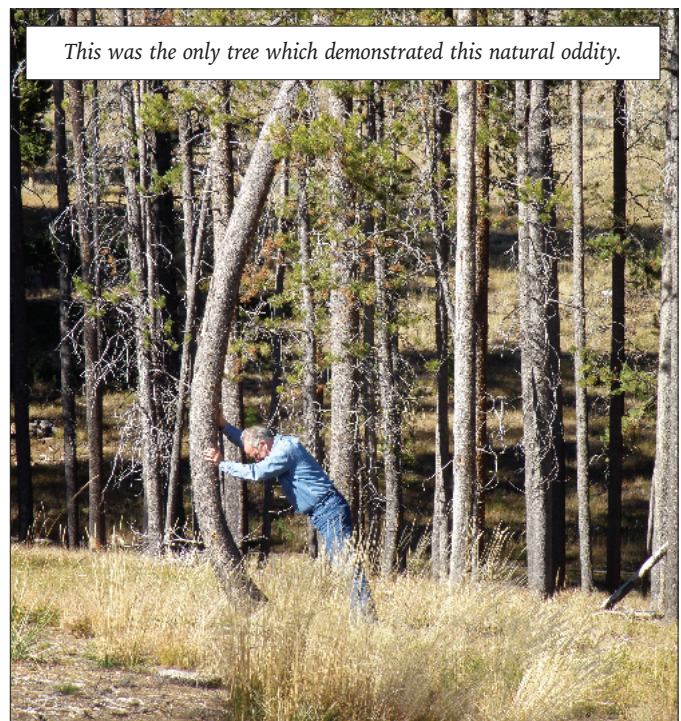
Goodbye Jack; you are greatly missed by my family and me. Your legend truly lives on.

The hardest phone call I had to make regarding Jack's passing was to Rudy. Jack truly loved their family as if they were his own and often told me the children felt like they were his actual grandchildren. The love, warmth, and fellowship we shared was unlike any other.

If Jack was bored, he would take a trip to Hazleton (Iowa) to see the Gingerich family and bring treats for everyone. We shared meals, the happiness of babies being born, the menagerie of animals that were constantly changing on the farm, and re-learning the very basics of homesteading that are now lost to most of the "English" society. Rudy, Sara, and their children are a very blessed part of our lives that we are so grateful for.



Rudy taking in the sites of ruts cut in the Mormon Trail.



This was the only tree which demonstrated this natural oddity.