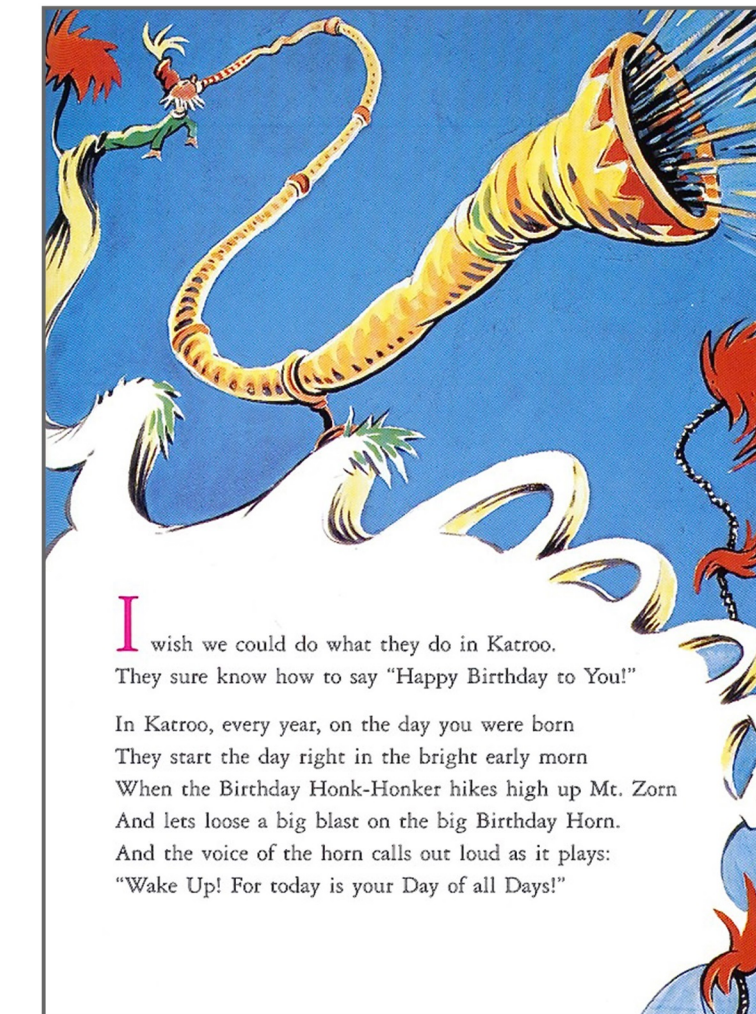




Jerry Jacobs Birthday Book, 2021 Edition



Jerry Jacobs Birthday Book 2021 Edition



I wish we could do what they do in Katroo.
They sure know how to say "Happy Birthday to You!"

In Katroo, every year, on the day you were born
They start the day right in the bright early morn
When the Birthday Honk-Honker hikes high up Mt. Zorn
And lets loose a big blast on the big Birthday Horn.
And the voice of the horn calls out loud as it plays:
"Wake Up! For today is your Day of all Days!"



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Dear Jerry, to celebrate your 84th birthday, your family and friends have shared a collection of special memories each has treasured over the years of knowing you. You have given so much love and support and generosity to so many people during your lifetime, we wanted you to know how much you are loved in return. You have been the most important person in my life since we met in 1955 when you came to Bradley Hall to pick me up for our "blind date" to a Sammy square dance. At the first sight of you, i had a feeling that something special was about to happen!

You weighed about 115 pounds, you were dressed in a white short sleeved T shirt, faded blue jeans held up with a rope for a belt, you wore glasses, your nose looked like it had been broken several times and you looked like you could use a good meal...hardly the personification of a dream date. But I still smile when I think about how your adorable personality, your wit and sense of humor and your obvious intelligence captured my hear the minute you said hello. 60 years later you still have the same effect on me. We have been through lots of ups and downs, joys and sorrows, good and bad times, health problems and the trials of teen age to old age, but am grateful we have been through it all together. I hope we will continue to square dance together to the end. I love you...happy birthday.

Fran



I was born on Father's Day, thanks to Mom's good planning, and while I don't remember that day, or the day I almost broke Dad's nose after his nose surgery when I was about 1 year old, I have about a million memories since then. Dad played games with us – touch football, with the world-famous buttonhook play; Wiffle ball, where, to get a homer, the kids in the neighborhood had to hit the ball onto the roof but Dad had to hit it all the way over the house; basketball, Monopoly, card games of all descriptions, Three Thirds of a Ghost, the antonym/synonym/homonym games, checkers, Trouble -- you name it, we played it. I remember Dad jumping up to touch the den ceiling at 2652 Sonata Drive during Buckeyes games, yelling at Woody Hayes. We bet, against Mom's better judgment, including on one basketball game, when Dad miraculously predicted the exact score (because the game we were watching was tape delayed, which only one of us knew). We talked about business, another series of bets, starting when I was about 12, keeping up with the latest deal and the latest opportunity. I remember hundreds of Little Jerry stories, which I have told, over and over, to whatever kid would listen. As Greg pointed out, the underlying sentiment was always: "I coulda been killed!" I remember Dad dancing in the '70s to "Jeremiah Was A Bullfrog," wearing the floral shirt he still has in his closet. I remember all the ways Dad has taught us to value family and hard work and having fun. I remember his joy as each of his granddaughters was born and his pride as each has grown up. I wish I could recount every memory and store it, as Dad has stored all the notes he has ever kept, to treasure them. Thank you, Dad, for everything.

Love, Julie

I coached Ivy's soccer team for one season. They learned nothing about soccer from me.

I contrast that with the skills I learned as a young baseball player coached by my Dad in the backyard on Brookwood Road and on a Columbus Jewish Center team. We practiced catching fly balls and fielding grounders. We used a net to retrieve floating baseballs from the lake behind the house. We strengthened our throwing arms. We bunted. The skills I learned by age 12 with my Dad enabled me to play high school baseball. It is true that my friends on our state champion team had learned even more skills, so I only played second string. But I still loved it.

My most distinct memories of the Jewish Center baseball team involve broken bones. I once slid into home while avoiding a bat on the ground, breaking my ankle and chipping a bone in the process. I limped home only to then be taken to the doctor. I still have a screw in my ankle from that episode. I also broke my wrist roller skating, but my Dad chose to play me in the outfield even with my plaster cast. I was happy to be on the field.

The most valuable lesson from the early years was that Dads should play all the things with their kids: football, wiffle ball, board games, poker, hide-and-seek, pool, ping-ping, fishing, and all the rest. Some games, like Beat the Clock, can be lovingly played first by Dads and then by Grandfathers. I also learned important lessons about sportsmanship, but no need to dwell on those incidents here.

Dad, I love you for all of the fun and games you have shared with your kids and your grandkids!

Love, Ian



Dear Jerry – Over nearly 20 years, we’ve had lots of adventures and created many memories.

Some are small adventures, like us venturing down to the dock at 5050. Or me water skiing for the first time on the Scioto River. You taking me to my first Ohio State football game (I was wearing the wrong colors!). Us finding some treats at Cherry Republic in Glen Arbor.

And then there are bigger adventures: Going to the Homestead. Vacationing in Palm Springs and Captiva. Globetrotting in Spain.

But really, the biggest adventure is life itself, and you go through life with love, kindness, generosity, and humor. No matter where we are in the world, you approach it with, “What fun can we have together today?” You are generous of spirit and with your time (and with big and “little monies”). You are always thinking about what you can do for your family and friends. Sometimes that is expressed as, “Have I got a deal for you!” I’ve learned always to ask what the deal is because it is usually a good one - often involving sweets. I think the best deal, however, is to have become part of your family.

I have found a way in which your name captures you perfectly:

G – Generous
E – Enthusiastic
R – Rabid (as in Buckeyes fan)
A – Authentic
L – Loving
D – Dessert!

Jerry, on your 84th birthday, I wish you all the best and look forward to many more adventures with you!

Val





My grandpa is the man who has a bag of Werther's candies in his massage-chair-car. He is the man who watches old movies and sports games every night of the week. My grandpa likes Ohio State, blue rollerball pens, and fortune cookies. All of these things he likes, maybe even loves, don't compare to the thing he loves most: his family. When I visited grandma and grandpa alone for the first time, I spent lots of time with grandma shopping, getting our nails done, and doing crafts. Yet after dinner the first night, grandpa and I retreated to the basement where he taught me a game called "Beat the Clock." For the next hour or so, grandpa and I came up with obstacle courses, challenges, and exercises for me to do. I ran around the columns, pool table, and marble table; played keys on the piano; did burpees, pushups, somersaults, and jumping jacks; and more. This game was fun for so many reasons. First, it was a game grandpa had played with my dad and uncle Greg when they were kids, and I enjoyed partaking in a generational 'tradition.' Second, I had lots of pent up energy as a nine (or something) year old, and this was a perfect release. Third, I loved indulging in grandpa and I's competitive side, and bonding over how much we wanted to win and beat the clock. Tired out and rolling on the floor laughing, "Beat the Clock" became one of my new favorite 5050 activities, and grandpa, the man with the stopwatch and the "from the desk of Jerry Jacobs" notepad, had made it what it was.

I love you grandpa,
Ivy

Rather than relate a favorite memory—gunning for “spectaculars” while playing baseball with Dad in the backyard; ending up in the infirmary at the Ohio State-Wisconsin game as a 6-year-old because Dad didn’t notice I was blue with cold until Ohio State took a safe, 42-0 lead in the third quarter; Dad inexplicably entrusting 11-year-old me with the 4th of July Michigan fireworks display, etc.—I thought I would write instead about a more recent revelation.

Growing up, I thought “business”—whatever it was that Dad did downstairs and at the office—was just boring: all charts and figures, no creativity. It was also clear that Dad did not pass the business gene on to me, the instinct that allowed him, at age 11, to come up with, market, and sell outlandishly overpriced “grab bags” at the lumber yard. But in recent years, while pursuing a “creative” career that also happens to entail (poorly) running a small business, I’ve come to realize just how much overlap there is between what I’m doing now and what dad has always done. Because in the end, even though the day-to-day activities may be very different, as are the number of zeroes on the checks, the animating feature is exactly the same: it’s all about the excitement of telling and selling a story.



I always think about the famous—and in retrospect, thoroughly inappropriate—advice Dad’s mentor gave him early on in his career as an insurance salesman, something along the lines of, “Jerry, selling insurance is like standing on a street corner and asking every woman who passes by if they’ll sleep with you. 99 out of 100 will say ‘no!’, or punch you in the face. But that 1 out of 100 will be amazing!” What I’ve come to understand is that whether it’s watercress, or Beefalo, or Bens Run, or Rausch Creek, it’s the promise of the next idea, the next opportunity, the next puzzle to solve, that keeps Dad going, just as it does for me. And, as with documentaries, the creativity comes in figuring out how to transform information into a story so compelling that someone will actually pay you more than you’ve already invested in order to make it happen! (And thankfully, Dad has been fantastically successful at it; if he hadn’t been, I sure as heck wouldn’t still be a documentary filmmaker!)

So when Dad talks about yet another suitor for the last undeveloped interstate exit in Pennsylvania, even after the previous one has inexplicably decided not to go through with what seemed like a done deal, I recognize the sustaining need for that kind of willful optimism, that belief that the 1 in 100 is just around the corner. And when Dad gets audibly energized talking about some ambitious new idea (or, as some might see it, crackpot scheme) someone has just presented him, I recognize that, as well, because you have to sell yourself on the story before you can sell anyone else. But the really gratifying thing is that when Dad then asks “so, what are you working on?”, or “how’s business?”, I now understand it’s really just a continuation of the same, shared conversation—“tell me a story about your latest story.” All of which means that after all this time, I can finally say “thanks, Dad!”—as it turns out, for better or for worse, you may just have given me the business gene, after all!

I love you,
greg



Not long after Greg and I started dating, I came to Columbus to visit, and we drove to Michigan for a getaway. When we came back, Jerry asked where we had stayed, and I described our bed-and-breakfast: charming and full of tchotchkes. “She knows from tchotchkes!” he exclaimed. With that one word, I felt like he welcomed me into the family and as an acceptable partner for his youngest son. That was thirty years ago, and ever since, I’ve felt lucky to be part of the Jacobs family and to witness the love and generosity Jerry bestows on his family—immediate, extended, and adopted—every day.

Liz



Originally, I wasn't sure how to pick a memory to write about; in the song of our family, Grandpa Jerry is less flashy guitar solo and more bass line, a deep and constant thrum holding up those of us who tend towards the high strung. But, more than any one moment, that familiar rhythm IS the memory. It's the rhythm of how he doles out compliments to his grandkids seemingly without repeating one, while also retelling the best stories of his kids so we can all bond over a shared reference. Like any worthy bass line, he takes what's already good and elevates in ways we didn't know we needed, giving us props and pompoms and face paint so we can light up the Jumbotron at an OSU game or clandestinely pressing a chocolate turkey into our palms so the Thanksgiving rush can last a little longer. In Grandpa's music, the funk is in the esoteric words and phrases he gifts us— some from back in his day, some from the family archives, and others —now more than ever—"af yidishe." He taught me to, when presented with the check at a restaurant, ask "Who's got the deep pockets?". Grandpa, from me to you, a new pocket phrase: when musicians are really in their element, they say they're "in the pocket". You consistently bring our family closer. You never miss a beat; you're in the pocket.

Love, Audrey



Grandpa Jerry and I are alike in so many ways, like our shared love of baseball and our unbeatable sense of humor, but by far my favorite way we are alike is our sweet tooth. Grandpa Jerry seems to be the only sane person in our family, apart from me, because we both know that Graeter's has the best ice cream in Ohio (not Jeni's!). I love and cherish our late night trips to Graeter's, and I am so glad that you will always take me out for ice cream, even when everyone else is "too full" or "just ate dinner."

Grandpa Jerry, I love you so much. Nina



I thought a lot about what to write for Jerry's 84th birthday. Sometimes the simple things are the best. Jerry is 14 years younger than I and we weren't too close until he was 10 or 11. Then we began to throw balls back and forth. He joined a little baseball team and told me the players shared the baseball glove on the field! Baseball gloves were not affordable in those days to our parents. I was working in the family business and received a small salary. I went to Sears Roebuck and bought Jerry a glove with my whole week's earnings. He was so happy and his face lit up with joy. It made me feel good too. He told me a few years ago that he still has the glove. It is a memory we both share about that day. We were raised in Canton, Ohio at 1457 Shriver Avenue and Jerry and I refer to our sisters, me and him as "the Shriver Avenue Gang". Jerry started signing his letters as "little brother" and addressing them to me as "big brother"...we still do that. I devised secret code names for us—yrrej sbocaj for him and nivlem sbocaj for me. It may seem crazy, but we love it and love one another. It's brotherly love. Happy birthday and good health,

love always, nivlem sbocaj

When Jerry was about 16, we decided to take a vacation to Florida to stay with his parents who had rented an apartment there for the winter. They asked us to bring him as well. Jerry just got his driving license and we let him drive. He drove 60-70 miles an hour...it was enough for us to handle! In Florida we never did much except stay in the apartment. We didn't even go to the beach! Mel took Jerry fishing and they caught some fish which locals called "trash fish" and used for bait. Grandma Etta cooked them, smelled up the whole house and nauseated us. Nothing else occurred during the whole vacation. I wonder if Jerry remembers it, or if he thought all vacations were like that. Happy birthday, Jerry.

love, Portia

Remembering a very special and happy day with "my little brother" Jerry.

It was Jerry's senior year at McKinley High School and he was very busy finalizing his sales as a "Fuller Brush Salesman." He was organizing all his orders lined up against the walls of the garage with name, address and phone numbers. I questioned him why are you doing this? His response was "that is for the delivery boy he hired." I knew right then and there he would become a highly successful business man!!!

After he collected his money he decided to go to the jewelry store where he bought our mother, my sister Lois and me a beautiful strand of beads which I have enjoyed wearing all my 96 years.

I recently decided to give my strand of beads to Julie explaining how special they are. It was a special generous gift, given to me with Love and Affection. I know Julie will love wearing such a meaningful gift. I must admit this was the first of many special gifts I have received from Jerry over the years.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY LITTLE BROTHER JERRY.

Thank you for all the Love and support you have given me over my "96" years.

Wishing you good health and happiness for your birthday and always.

Shirley





While I have a lifetime of treasured memories of my wonderful uncle throughout my life, I have chosen to share a story from my college days at Ohio State. The year was 1972 and I was living in a grand old mini mansion located just outside of German Village on S. Front Street. This historic house was originally owned (back in 1900) by a man known as August Wagner who owned a brewery in Columbus. Being a college student, my spacious room was furnished with only a mattress on the floor and some old wood crates used for storage. I remember when Uncle Jerry offered to give me a bookcase that he said he built himself (or possibly with some help)! He brought the bookcase to the house and it was carried up 2 flights of stairs and placed in my room. The bookcase was very long and offered lots of storage options. I was so thrilled to have this bookcase for all my books, stereo system, record albums and other items. But, what I felt at that time was not just about getting the piece of furniture. It was a feeling of love, compassion and family belonging. I knew how much my Uncle Jerry cared about me to make my life a bit easier. This kind gesture was one of many that gave me the sense of family connection that has continued through the years. Happy Birthday Uncle Jerry! I love you so much and am so grateful for all the happiness, support and love you have given to me throughout my life! Much love and big hugs!

Diane

Jerry was my roommate at 3305 Harvard Ave in Canton, Ohio. One afternoon I asked him to pour a Coke for me and Shelley. Two glasses were filled. One had significantly more Coke. At exactly the same time we both reached for the fuller glass, knocking it down and spilling the entire contents. As Shelley and I looked at the empty glass and minimally filled glass, Uncle Jerry said...you have just learned your first lesson in greed. I never forgot that moment or the lesson.

Leslie





Happy Birthday Uncle Jer!

Aunt Fran's request reminded me of "It's a Wonderful Life," if you had never been born what would my life have been like? Not too good is the answer.

There never would have been the joy of wiffle ball games on Sonata Drive with Greg and Ian. I worked for two summers as a dishwasher and janitor and the next two summers I worked for the Treasurer of the State of Ohio, Gertrude Donahey. The law school Dean of Admissions said he would not admit me to law school until he received a letter of recommendation from you. You flew me in from California to spend a week with you for a great time. You have given me exquisite clothes. You came to all the simches of my life: my wedding, and giving me a beautiful photo album, taking the time and effort to celebrate Sonya's Bat Mitzvah and Harvard graduation. And giving my father and me two tickets to watch one of the greatest games in OSU football history: the national championship victory over Miami.

Aunt Fran said to write one paragraph and there is so much more and I have gone over my limit.

Thank you for being so good to me, always having the time for me, and all the great phone calls and sharing very meaningful stories of our family's heritage, and all of the help, encouragement, and thoughtfulness you have given me.

You have made my life so much better and I love you with all my heart.

Larry

Question: What Is A Mensch? Answer: My Uncle Jerry!

A mensch is an individual who is decent and honorable in all of his undertakings, a good person of integrity and honor, with the qualities one would hope for in a friend or trusted colleague (or brother!). Among the hallmarks of a mensch are empathy and compassion, a genuine caring for his fellow man. A mensch will always look for an opportunity to do good in life and to be of help. Uncle Jer, you have certainly done that. You have always been a staunch advocate of education, evidenced in part by your funding and active involvement in the David A. Kaiser Memorial Scholarship Fund, your friend who also taught me to persevere. I vividly remember one day in his McKinley math class that he made me to stand at the chalkboard in front of the class until I solved the problem, despite my obvious frustration. And then you so generously supported my own education by helping to pay for my graduate school work. Grateful does not begin to describe how I feel! I don't think I could have managed it without you. While I did not follow your advice to become a famous psychologist media personality, my professional career has been fulfilling and rewarding and I have you to thank for it. Your benevolence extended to a generous house-warming gift (almost paid off!) and assorted clothing gifts from Schottenstein's shopping trips (with some items more petite than I actually am, but thank you for thinking that!) All of your kindnesses, big and small, have always been so appreciated and I salute you for your readiness to share with enthusiasm what you have with me and so many others.

Happy birthday, Uncle Jer!
With much love, Nancy





From Baby Alice to Baby Jerry --- Happy Birthday! How could you be turning 84?

I hope we can all see each other soon, but in the meantime, I always enjoy our phone calls....kibbitzing and kvetching about the tsuris we encounter at work! (I get the Yiddish from my dad!)

Thank you for all you have done for my parents. You are incredibly generous and I appreciate how much you have helped them.

As for me, you've always been the "fun" uncle....fun to talk to and fun to be with. I fondly remember all the holidays and shared times together. I also look back on the weekends when my mom, dad and I would come to Columbus to visit Larry and Nancy at Ohio State. Those trips always included a stop with you at Schottensteins, looking for brand clothing at a discount price. Well, those shopping trips have stuck with me, because they taught me to never pay retail! If it's not on sale, I don't buy it, unless of course it's for Emma! My girlfriend and I have a continuing challenge to see who can get the best deal on a purchase. We call it "Jewish Big Game Hunting!" So here's to more hunting, health and happiness to you!

Happy Birthday!

Love, Alice



When Dan and I lived in Los Angeles we would come to visit grandparents in New Castle. Jerry would come from Canton for playtime. During the visit when Dan was 10, I was 8, and Jerry was 7 an argument occurred. Jerry's reaction was picking up an alarm clock and breaking part of Dan's front tooth. Fortunately Jerry and I have had minimal disagreements, but when it looks like a problem I always check the room to make certain it doesn't contain an alarm clock. Happy Birthday.

Cousin Harvey



"Canton is coming" was a watch phrase in my family's household. It identified the number and makeup of the families coming for the visit. Where was Jerry? It was Columbus for school, family and business establishment. We became better "acquainted" as adults cheering on the Bucks and Indians. Highlights always included, would be Jerry's history of Canton events of our uncles. Especially, Uncle Harry's work ethic and business acumen. I would harken back to sitting on his father's lap while he was smoking a cigar. Jerry always had the most captivating stories. Jerry's love of and devotion to family has been a hallmark of his character throughout his life.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY Cousin!!!

Love Abe and Eli



Many, many years ago I remember a day when my sister and I visited our cousins and dear friends Susie and Mark. We were all excited because our parents were taking us to a local soda shop. In the 50's it was typical to find juke boxes staggered along the soda counter. While we waited for our hamburgers and milkshakes, we took turns dropping our nickels in the juke box to play our favorite songs. At this particular soda counter there were also "magic crystal balls" placed at each juke box. Our discussion centered around our older cousin Francine and her new boyfriend! There was excitement in the air that there was a romance happening.

I remember passing the crystal ball from one of us to another asking, "Is Francine going to marry Jerry?" We were thrilled when the magic ball would repeat over and over "It is certain", "Without a doubt" and "You may rely on that". To this day, I am thankful that the answers on the crystal ball came true. I feel fortunate to have this funny, generous, thoughtful, kind man in our family. Happy birthday Jerry!!

Lynnette

Many moons ago, Jerry told me an amusing story about he and his older brother. Jerry, who was very competitive, had an ongoing sports rivalry with his brother. Melvin, who managed to beat Jerry frequently, loved to say, "I put my hooks in you" when he won.

Years later I invited Jerry to play golf at the Groveport Country Club. I shot a 35, and Jerry shot a 54. I had great pleasure saying, "I got my hooks in you!" My most cherished times with Jerry were the days we attended the OSU football games together. As he aged however, Jerry decided to desert the common fans in the stands. He graduated to the suites where he could stay dry, eat good food, hobnob with the Upper Crust and be near a bathroom!! Jerry is a dear friend. I've enjoyed his company for many years. He is a good boychik.

Danny





Rides from the Airport with Jerry: Susie's Pre-Pandemic Memories

Jerry and I live in different eras, areas, and contexts— like friends from foreign lands. JerryLand is deluxe, abundant, positive and secure. During my pre-pandemic visits, Jerry's schedule was always full. He worked and played hard. He had multiple sources of energy: gas, water, oil and coal: phone calls from customers, colleagues, family and friends; ball games both televised and live; playtimes with children; and shopping sprees for clothes and candies. So my rare alone-time with Jerry was when he picked me up at the airport. His cars were luxurious transports for JerryLand reorientation. Our conversations were updates about family, friends, business and politics laced with jokes both quoted and improvised. In recent years, family population explosions and my nocturnal tendencies required taxi and shuttle rides, then quarantine replaced those. My countless Columbus trip memories are still joyful, but synthesized and nostalgic. My rides with Jerry from the airport now seem like an important ritual that reconnected me with Jerry, the family, and the making of new memories. I just wish I could remember and share some of his brilliant jokes and punchlines.

Susie



My first memory of Jerry goes back to when I was about 5 years old, before he married my oldest sister. I recall him getting out of his car, crouching down and waiting for me to run up and give him a big hug! Jerry's warm, caring nature revealed itself again a few years later when he and Fran were driving me home on a cold winter day. I was about 10 years old, alone in the back seat of the car, when I was suddenly overcome with motion sickness. As I began heaving, Jerry -- in his inimitable, compassionate way -- drove to the nearest gas station, told me to get out of the car and began hosing me down with cold water in 30-degree weather. Fast-forward to 1969 when Jerry came to California. It was my freshman year at Berkeley, and Jerry kindly invited me to go deep-sea salmon fishing. As the boat passed under the Golden Gate Bridge, I became violently seasick. I spent the entire trip below deck, lying on a bench, dry heaving. After a couple hours, Jerry stopped fishing and came down to check on me. He sat on the bench, put his hand gently on my back and said, "Markie, if you feel something hairy come up, swallow it. It's your asshole!" Then he went back on deck and resumed fishing for what seemed like an eternity. Over the years, these traumatic events have become part of family lore. To this day Jerry often ends an argument with, "Be careful, Markie, or I'll give you another hosing!" Despite this occasional threat, Jerry has proven to be the warm, loving human being I remember from age 5. He is beloved by his niece and nephew, Lisa and Evan, who are amazed at how young he looks for someone approaching 100. Jerry, to stay young, I recommend you take a freezing cold shower every morning. And if you feel something hairy come up, well, you know what to do!

Mark

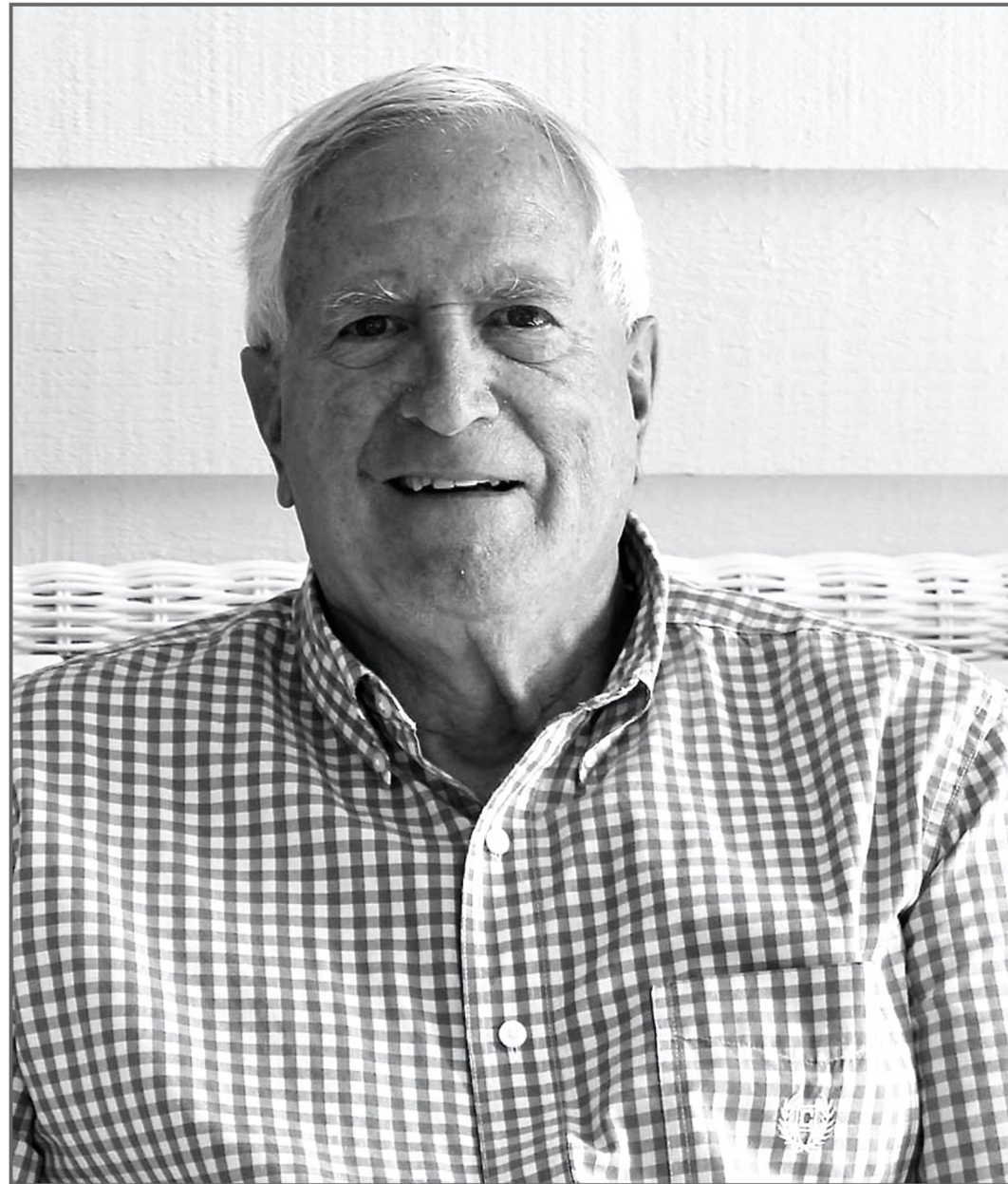


Here are some “Jerry-isms”:

- * Danny says Jerry started a Coupon Book while a Freshman at OSU—always an entrepreneur.
- * Greta remembers an hysterical story about how he had to walk sideways down the hall to get to his office cuz the women who worked at a call center in his building all weighed at least 300 pounds & he couldn’t get past them!
- * Long time Sammy pals reconvening at dinners in Columbus, Palm Desert, Canton, Los Angeles, Florida, on & on.
- * Many endeavors: Insurance, Investors REIT ONE, Oil, Gas, Fracking, Fabulous Fran....there’s no stopping him!
- * Loving, loyal, generous, kisser (Ali especially) & server of the finest chocolate turtles in the Midwest.
- * UNABLE to dial or deal with TV or electronics—especially at home.
- * Complete Boxing gear & clothing for Bennett Cohon he gave him when he took up boxing lessons in his eighties.
- * 10-foot-long walks to VIP lounge at Ohio stadium where he pulled up in his Mercedes to watch the Buckeye football games. Whatta life!

We’re laughing & remembering so many good times!!

Greta and Dan



Jerry was the study master and I was a pledge, he was a tough cookie. We couldn't go out of the house , I wanted to go to the OSU basketball games, so I got an excuse from the athletic department that I needed to study them, Jerry was really honked off that I went and he didn't.

Nate



So many memories of my time living in the Sammy House are a blur since I moved out Winter Quarter of my 3rd year to get married. But what stands out was Jerry's calm demeanor and happy spirit compared to my nervousness and "diarrhea" from my pre-med studies. He was rumored to conduct business deep in the "bowels" of the main house where there was bridge-playing and ticket availability in a room I never visited because I never came out of my study room. I only wish I had taken an OSU program like Jerry so I would not think of world events as one Big "Enema"! (Do you think I have a Colon Fixation?!).

Phil

Dear Jerry, Happy Birthday! How could you be so old? I'm only 83. My outstanding memory is your eye injury at Jamie Columbus's wedding. I took care of you, and you still owe me. I also remember you as being a super nice guy and good friend. I enjoyed having dinners with you and relishing Sylvester's cooking. My memory is not great, but was our address 1962 luka? Confidentially, "Sa Aha Maroni" did I get that right?

I wish you a speedy vaccination,

Harry



Mini-Midas is risk tolerant Jerry,
Of no business challenge is he wary;
Lumber 'n land, shopping centers et al.,
Oil and gas, bought 'n sold 'em all.

He lives to work, he loves to work,
Of course, from fracking, he couldn't shirk;
Other tycoons travel the world and party,
Not the MO for this Ohio smarty.

His passions are rather, family and home,
As well to OSU games he can roam;
He handles a problem with civility,
As well, success with grace and humility.

Since we were invited to speak as friends,
We two could verbalize without end;
A friendship begun at OSU in '55,
Sixty-six years later remains alive.

For us, one word, is "FranandJerry,"
Sharing over decades, news, sad or merry;
Sleeping at each others' domiciles,
Chatting and dining most of the while.

We accept Jerry now in "as is" condition,
Post kidney stones and TURPs' decisions;
We consider our buddy a work of art,
With or without original parts.

Golden...at 84!

"Go as far as you can see; when
you get there you'll be able to see
farther."

- J.P. Morgan

Love, Richard and Judy

In the backyard of the fraternity house there was a hard surface basketball court. As outdoor basketball half courts go we had a good one. It was a large court with a square solid backboard. The backboard projected out so that if you drove toward the basket you didn't run into a wall. And there were fences all around the court so if there was an errant ball you did not have to go chasing it down the hill.

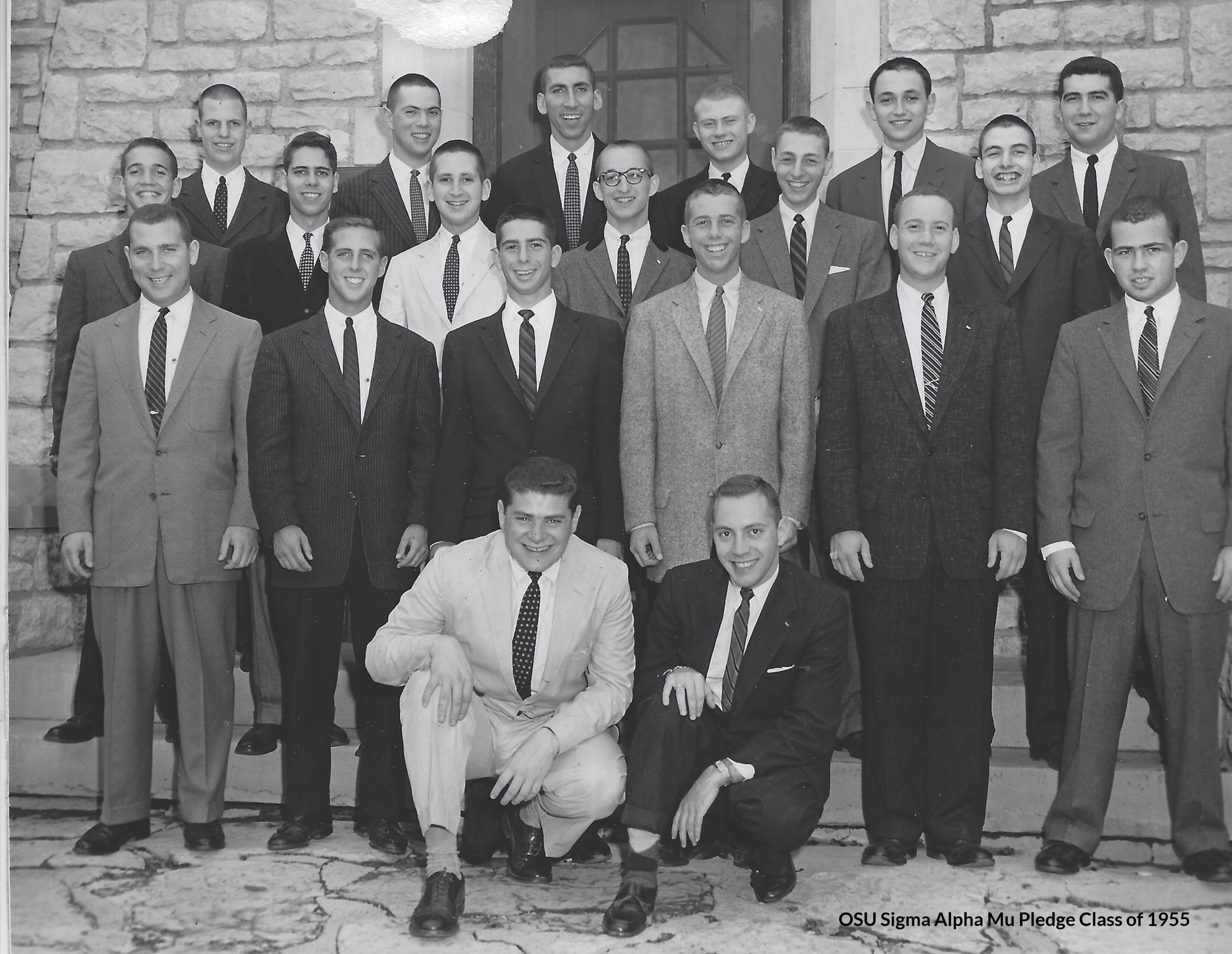
I played frequently. I was not a high draft choice when the teams were made up but was selected for the purpose of setting "picks", meaning setting a block so that the player guarding your teammate would have a moment to shoot without the defender on top of him.

Other good players who played regularly were Alan Fishburg, George's Suskind and Gary Melsher. The big name of course was Lanny who purported to be one of the top high school players in the state. Being an aficionado from Indiana I can observe that he had a very funny looking jump shot. Not at all normal. Sort of a contorted delivery. And Jerry J. would also play. Jerry had a lot of confidence in his abilities-typical Canton bravado. In one game we were teammates with a third player who must have had some skills since we did not. Lanny was on the other team and to equalize the game he must have had teammates chubbier and slower than me.

Jerry was in charge of guarding Lanny which was a futile effort. Lanny would have scored 30 points except the winner of a game only had to be the first to score ten baskets-20 points. After the game Jerry was lamenting the loss and he explained to me that for many years ever since he was a youth he had been working diligently on his timing and jumping so that someday he might leap up and block one of Lanny's shots. But alas he never succeeded. I had to break the news to him that he was six inches shorter than Lanny and Jerry was not like OSU All American Robin Freeman.

Marvin





OSU Sigma Alpha Mu Pledge Class of 1955

I first met Jerry in the first grade in Miss Miller's classroom at Gibbs Elementary School. We both had an attraction to a good looking girl with long blond hair. Her name was Barbara Becker. She never return to Gibbs after the first grade. To this day, on occasion, we will ask each other, "I wonder what happened to Barbara?"

Jerry and I went through elementary together. At recess and before school started at Gibbs, we played touch football. The football was a rock. Yes a rock. Jerry always wanted to play quarterback. He was a good passer. The receivers had to be good too, or they'd get hit in the head with the rock.

Jerry loved bubble gum when he was in the early years of elementary school. He chewed it every day, in class and after class. He had an endless supply of gum. I was in awe of him because he had such a large supply of gum. One day in class, in 1950, Jerry and I were sitting across from each other and he leaned over to me with a slight smile on his face and said he had his Bar Mitzvah that morning. I was dumbfounded. I knew it was a weekday and there had been no announcement or invitation. I said "Are you serious?" He said, "Yes." I asked how it happened. He said he was taken to Shul and there were these old men there and he was called to the Torah reading. I was so confused that I did not ask him any more questions and we never talked about it again.



Jerry and I played on the same basketball team at the Canton Jewish Center. The Center was the focal point for all Jewish activities in Canton. There were about 500 Jewish families in Canton and the Center was the place to go for sports, club meetings and socializing. Jerry was a math genius and about once a week at Gibbs Elementary School we had a math test. However there was also another math genius in our class and his name was Dave Kaiser. There was an intense rivalry between the 2 of them. So after the teacher, either Mr. McFerran or Miss Larson, handed out the test to everyone and said "You may begin," Jerry and Dave madly raced to complete the test first and their signal that they were finished was when they SLAMMED their pencils down on the desk. Everyone in the classroom always listened for the noise of the pencil hitting the desk to know who had won that day. Of course, they answered all the math questions correctly.

After we graduated from Gibbs Elementary School, Jerry and I went to Canton McKinley High School. Jerry was a sports nut and, if memory serves me correctly he became the statistician for the football and basketball teams. You need to know that our high school usually had a football or basketball team that could complete on a statewide level. Everyone in the state knew about Canton McKinley's football and basketball teams. So it was a big deal that Jerry was their statistician.

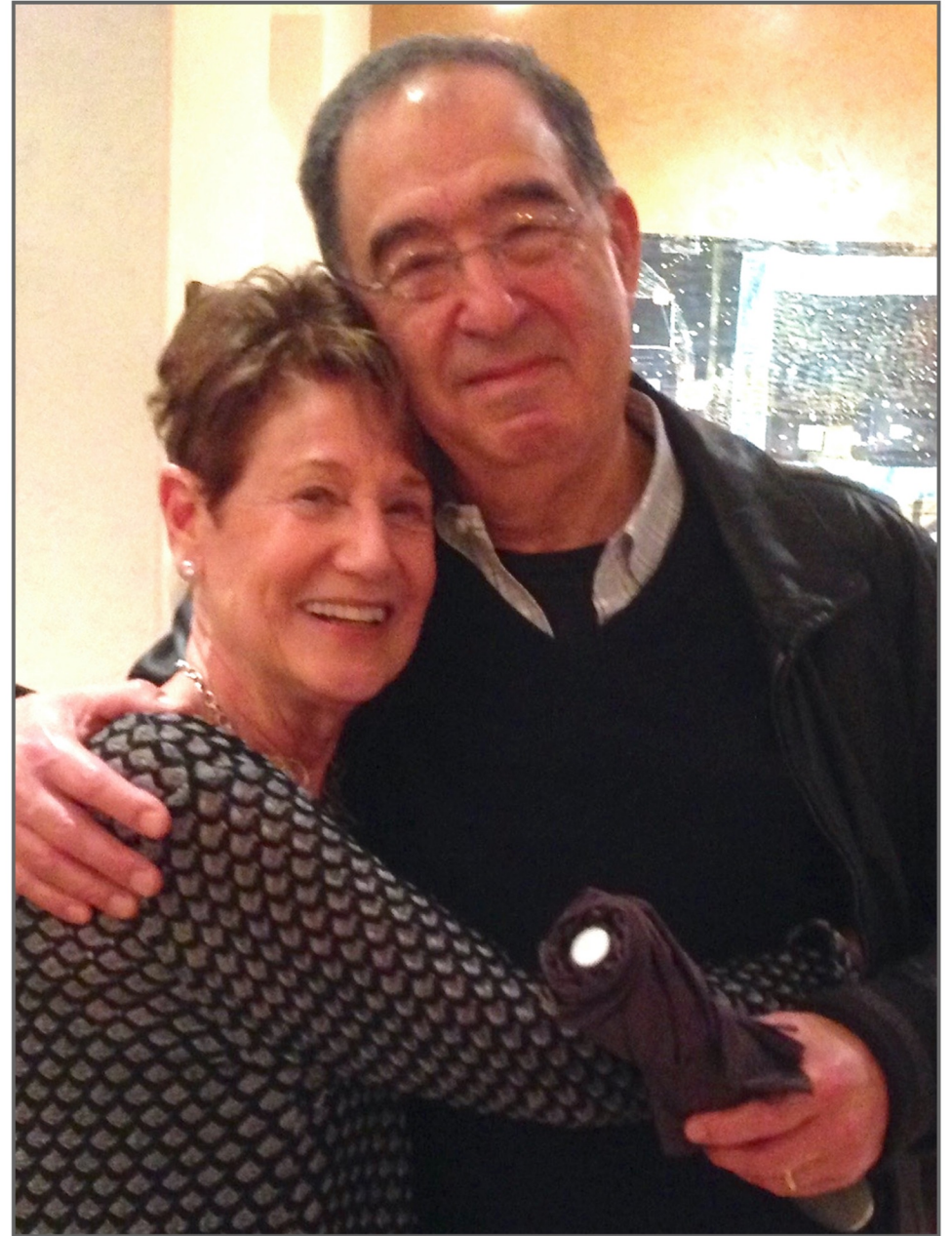
Now, this will sound familiar --- one day Jerry got me into the press box and we stood behind Jim Muzzy who called the play by play of the Canton McKinley football games for the local radio station. It was very exciting for me, but for Jerry it was another day in the press box. The football stadium seated 25,000 people. There wasn't a high school football stadium like it in Ohio.

After high school we both entered The Ohio State University together and became fraternity brothers at Sigma Alpha Mu. In our Junior year we moved out and I think it was during our Senior year that we lived together with Bill Bank. You might not know that Jerry is an excellent cook and on occasion he made dinners for Bill and me.

Sometime during my freshman or sophomore year at OSU my parents moved. It so happened that the house they moved into was across the street from Fran's parents' house. I had met Fran during one of those summers. Jerry had mentioned to me that he was interested in Fran and would like to take her out on a date. I had a chance to talk to Fran a number of times and I became interested in asking her out on a date. I talked to Jerry and told him that if he did not ask Fran out on a date soon, that I would ask her. Jerry called her right away and that was that. In 1960, Jerry married Fran and 2 weeks later I married Marilyn and the rest is history.

Jerry and I keep in touch with each other by talking to each other at least once a month. We have done this for decades. Of course when Buckeye football season starts we always talked a little more. Also, I loved hearing about his latest deals. There was always more than one deal brewing at any one time. One of the things I always enjoy about Jerry's deals is that he is an optimist. I guess you have to be if you drill for oil or gas. Women seem to have the ability to have a best girl friend, but men seem to find it hard to have a best male friend. However, I can say that besides my wife who is no longer with us, that Jerry is my one and only best friend. I love the guy!

Bennett





Happy 84th birthday boychik! Fran asked us to write down a short memory for you to have.

When we were young boychiks we spent one quarter of our Sophomore year at OSU at Mexico City College. As you remember we rented a beautiful apartment in Mexico City across from Chapultepec Park and hired a full time maid (at exorbitant wages) to cook for us and also clean the apartment. As you recall she was a thief....stealing most of my underwear and socks, which she gave to her boyfriend. Although we were living in a very lavish apartment (especially by Mexican standards) and had a full time maid, we were kids and did some things that we shouldn't have....just to save a few pesos. Remember when we went shopping and found the price tags on expensive products e.g., meat which were just paper tags with the price that had been taped onto the product. Being clever boychiks we found that it was easy to switch price tags from one similar product to another....switching the price tag of the smaller item to the larger. In those days I ate ham and I remember we switched the price of a small ham to a larger one. We didn't feel that we were doing anything wrong as at the time we felt that that was the price that the ham should have sold for anyway. Although whoever bought the smaller ham paid more than they should have. I think that this might be bad karma and maybe at our age we should pray for forgiveness.

I believe we did that also on grapefruits that we purchased. As you remember we always had soup for a first course at dinner time. For some reason grapefruits were quite expensive and surprisingly not that prevalent but we found some beautiful grapefruits one day at the supermarket and after switching price tags we bought the largest and best looking grapefruits that they had. We were really looking forward to eating those grapefruits as we hadn't had grapefruit since leaving the U.S. because they were a rarity and expensive.

We told our maid (in our superb Spanish) that she was to serve the grapefruit as an appetizer instead of having soup. At dinner time she didn't serve us the grapefruit, but instead served us soup. We were both disappointed as we had been really looking forward to eating grapefruit that evening. We didn't know what kind of soup that she served us until we noticed some of the "meat" of the grapefruit floating in the liquid. I believe we both tasted it at the same time and spit it out at the same time while laughing uncontrollably as we realized that our maid had served us grapefruit soup. At least she never served us soup made from my underwear and socks which her boyfriend wore.

Also....remember when we were partners with several other students in an aging thoroughbred race horse (I believe his name was Big Ping...or something like that) We all chipped in \$50 each to buy the horse.....which we felt was cheap for a racehorse. However, what we didn't realize was that the horse had to eat, needed a stall, had Vet expenses etc., so each month we were asked to chip in our share of the expenses. The horse also needed more training.....although it was an old horse and it really should have been trained....but since it was old it was probably out of shape. Months went by and paying out for Big Ping became a drag and we kept asking when was the horse finally going to race.....so possibly we could retrieve some of our money if he happened to place or even win. The big day finally did come, however I didn't go to the race. as I went to Acapulco for the weekend...but you decided to go to the races.

In those days you had an inherited gene from your brother-in-law Icky which made you go to the races a lot. I remember that I was anxious anticipating what had happened with Big Ping.....as in his day he was a fine horse and a big winner.

I'll never forget you telling me that Big Ping started fast out of the gate and quickly went out front and going down the stretch he had quite a lead and obviously was going to win. We had placed a bet on our horse which stood to make us quite a bit of money as he was a longshot...probably because of his age. You told me that he was so far ahead that you were already counting the money because none of the other horses could ever have caught him. As Big Ping was coming down the stretch he fell and broke his leg and had to be shot. Your verbal replay of the race to me was very detailed and long and by the time you were describing his victory gallop down the stretch I figured that since you didn't tell me how much we had won that the horse had tripped, broke a leg and had to be shot. I could go on and on but supposedly I was to only write one paragraph. I enjoyed my time in Mexico sharing that apartment with you, however Fran I'm sure has been a much better roommate! You were a mensch when you were a kid.....and you have never changed! Love to both you and fran.....and enjoy your birthday!

Lanny





Jerry is always merry, that is until he calls about a medical problem. For the past 50 years I have taken care of his aches and pains. Jerry started college as a pre-medical student until he took Zoology and had to dissect a frog. That convinced him to go to Law School!

For over 50 years, the desire to be a physician has haunted him. I decided to play a trick on him to satisfy his fantasy. I told him that he could enter the examination room with me. I introduced him as Dr. Jacoby, a friend of mine and a visiting Professor from Vienna. My nurse went along with my plan. I gave Jerry a white lab coat and a stethoscope. He put the stethoscope around his neck. I thought he would pass out when he saw a young woman on the examining table!!

I end with a quote from Joey Adams: "Rockefeller once explained the secret of success. 'Get up early, work late-----and strike oil!' "

Herb



Here I am, a very, very old lifelong friend of JERRY JACOBS!!!!!!

And I am thinking how lucky I am to be able to wish him a VERY HAPPY 84TH BIRTHDAY!! And, I am thinking of him ordering and reveling in peanut butter sundaes at Benders, then digging into a box of Heggy's chocolates!

Now I am hoping that this tradition can continue very soon! STAY WELL AND WONDERFUL! LOTS OF LOVE FROM A LONG LOST LOVE,

CAROLE AND STAN TOO.