



Fred Dale Wampnar

March 3, 1928 - February 28, 2015

Comments



“ Fred Wampnar, Fred Senior as he will always be in my mind, was a huge influence in my life, career and even my values. Whenever he was out back working on one of his cars, I would be there to learn and he would tirelessly demonstrate where each and every bolt went while explaining its purpose in glorious detail. Years later he took me in at US Testing to guide my direction in life and hone even further my desire for engineering as a career. The things I learned from him while at US Testing helped to guide me back to completing my degree in structural engineering at Oklahoma State and to start the road to discovering the career I've been fortunate to have. There are two stories that always come to my mind whenever I think back on Fred and the influences he provided in his unassuming way. Can't say it was ever a quiet unassuming way. I never remember Fred as a quiet man or ever having a lack of anything to say, but he was certainly a steady caring mentor for many formative years in my life. One story he would tell me several times while working on and about his prized (what was is 1964 or so) Lincoln Continental. He and a co-worker at US Testing were driving the Linc from Spokane across country seems like to Chicago or something. They had this competition going about who could get the best gas mileage out of the car. Seems Fred was getting some disparate mileage in comparison to the other guy and the guy just couldn't figure it out. The guy would try to be so smooth and precise to outdo Fred. Fred said when the other guy was driving, "I would routinely stretch out my arms acting as if I was relaxing from the stress of the trip to slide the gear shift up into drive." Seems every time the guy got in he somehow set the shift selector in second gear and drive for miles without ever noticing. Fred took great pride in the fact that the precision of the car was so smooth that the guy never even noticed the change in engine speed when in second or when Fred sneakily shifted gears. The other story was when I was working for Fred at US Testing. He sent me to West Virginia to replace a local there who had been doing construction testing for the construction of the White Diamond Rio manufacturing plant that was going in there in colorful Pulaski. He needed me there for about 9 months but after about 3 months I couldn't take the relaxed life style of the community of 7,000 or so. After whining every week for what seemed an eternity, Fred called one day and said, we have someone else to pick up the contract so start prepping to bring all the stuff back to Tulsa. That included the dilapidated worn out 1962 Chevy pick up. I packed up and headed home only to get to about Nashville where I had to find a pay phone to call to ask, "Mr. Wampnar, what do you want me to do about your pick up truck? It's spewing gas all over the engine." I was surprised at that point it hadn't caught on fire. I was expecting him to say something like find a garage and have them fix it or park it and take a bus but he simply responded, what do you think I gave you all of those car repair lessons for. A great man and a powerful influence on my life as were all of the parents of 53rd Street and 72 E. Avenue in south Tulsa during the late 1960s and early 1970s. We were very lucky to have such caring influences and support. Well done Fred, well done. Thank you more than I can ever say or repay. Steve Jacoby



“ Prayers to you. My family and I have many wonderful memories of Fred and your whole family ! May God comfort you with His peace and love through Christ at this time and always. Love, Marjie Premovich

marjorie premovich - March 05, 2015 at 03:45 PM



“ My condolences to the Wampnar family. Fred was intelligent, usually cool and calm, a good story teller as I recall, and treated even pesky kids with respect, including me. I remember his mid 60's Thunderbird, which if I remember correctly, was red. As a member of the Tulsa Classic Thunderbird Club, I applaud his good taste in autos.He will remain in my memory as one of the wonderful neighbors in the very special neighborhood where I grew up.Stewart Field

Stewart E. Field - March 03, 2015 at 08:12 PM