



BUCKAROO NEWS

Winter 2012- 2013

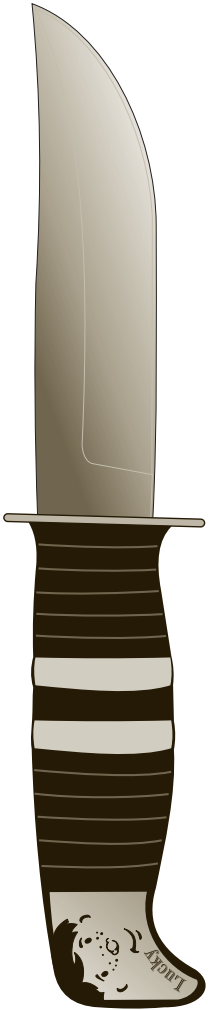
Travels with a Knife Named Lucky

A Happy Reunion – By Russ Donoghue

After the tragic death of Frank Anselm's dad, when the wagon he was riding in turned over pinning him under the load of lumber, Frank decided to leave home to try and find peace of mind. He hated to leave his mother behind with the rest of the family and the hardware store, but his emotions and thinking just needed a change of scenery. So, it had been all most 2 years since he had left home and he spent most of that time working on the shipping docks in New Orleans. During that time, he saw many things, talked with many people, and was forced to make many small decisions in his daily life. But now, Christmas 1913, he was home sitting next to the large Christmas tree in the living room with his mother, his brother and sister-in-law, Phil and Marie Strong. They had just finished breakfast – Frank's absolute favorite – sausage gravy and biscuits and scrambled eggs. Phil Strong had brought two gifts for Frank - a long box and a smaller one. When it was Frank's turn to open a gift, he chose the large one. As he peeled away the wrapping, he couldn't believe his eyes – a new 12 gauge shotgun. Wow, he could hardly contain his excitement as he got up to give Phil a hug.

Phil said, "Frank, why don't you go ahead and open the other one?" So, Frank picked it up. It wasn't too heavy. It did rattle just a bit. Rather than use ribbon around the wrapping, Phil had used a leather shoe string and tied the ends in a nice square knot. There was a short note taped to the top of the box. Frank looked at it and tears began to fill his eyes. "Dear Frank – I have missed you a bunch, but I have tried to remain a strong and loving friend. Always know that I will have your back – Love, Lucky." Frank looked at Phil and smiled as Lucky's recovery story was told by the old man. When Phil was done, Frank gently untied the knot and slid his index finger under the paper. Lucky was in his sheath all wrapped warmly with a white cotton cloth. Sitting next to Lucky was a small pocket knife with a brown handle. It had two blades and Frank was pleased to get a knife he could carry everywhere, including church.

Lucky was so filled with joy and happiness that he wanted to party, or better yet, go on a hunting trip. Sure enough, later in the day Phil said, "Frank, let's go see if we can find a duck or two." Frank shook his head yes and got his coat, hat and the two new gifts – the 12 gauge and pocket knife. But he was pleased most when he slid his belt thru Lucky's sheath. As they stepped out into the late afternoon cold, Lucky was ready. He was alert and focused. He was sharp and ready to go. He was once again with his good friend on a hunting trip.



Would You Come and Sit With Me?

I have a few words that I share with family and friends, usually in written form. “Keep Your Face to the Sun, and your Back Next to a Warm Fire – Perhaps Pinyon”. For some, these words can mean a lot, while for others they may fall on deaf and confused ears. The sun doesn’t have to be a sunset, but maybe a sunrise. Depends on where you are and the mood you’re in at the time. For me the best setting is usually a sunset with a view toward a distant horizon. Many times I will reflect on what’s to come – the future. A small fire burning nearby with dry pinyon wood is my preference. Others may want a bigger blaze with their own special wood. The warmth of the fire helps me to honor my past, my family who came

interruptions, except maybe a deer or two. What might we talk about as we sit there?

I would ask about your town, your state, your family, your school and whether or not you work in the summers. There could be other things included – favorite food, book or movie. You could ask me the same stuff;

I could give you a bit of history about the scene in front of us – early day cattle rustlers, bank robbers and cowboys. We could even talk about coal mining if you wanted;

The big part of our evening talk though would be about our common interest – Buck knives and what models we like. Even though most members of the Buck Collectors Club know more about Buck knives than I do, we could have a good time comparing notes. See, a special setting can help bring out the best in us if we just let it happen.

As the temperature begins to drop and as the sun sets behind the far horizon, we could get up and go in the cabin and enjoy a nice supper – maybe even your favorite food. But, as we get up from our chairs, we would need to go tend the fire and put it to bed for the night. Would you like to come and sit with me?



before me, as well as important events in my life. Oh, the preferred way to spell my favorite wood is Pinion, but I just happen to like the Pinyon version.

My family owns 20 acres near Indian Canyon in North Central Utah. We have a small cabin, but there is no electricity, water or TV. Cell coverage is spotty. The two chairs you’re looking at sit at 9200 ft. above sea level and look south toward the Canyonlands National Park and Lake Powell Recreation Area. So, would you consider coming to this hideaway and sit with me some evening in the fall? We could talk, laugh, plan and even dream. No



BCCI HAS A SILVER LINING

Our Club will be 25 years old in 2013 and there will be a big birthday celebration the last of July and first part of August at the Buck Factory in Post Falls, Idaho. This particular birthday will be the “Silver Anniversary” because the Club will be 25. In another 25 years we can celebrate the 50th Golden Anniversary.

So, have you talked with your mom, dad, grandparents, or even friends to see if they are planning on going to the party? How would you like to meet some of the people who make Buck knives? There is a great store in the factory where knives, sheaths, sweatshirts, tee shirts, hats and other things might make you smile as you turn to dad to ask him, “Dad, can I have.....?” Or, maybe you would like to buy something from the Club itself at their table like a cap, clock or flashlight. And, if you like to listen and learn from others who are knowledgeable about Buck knives, there will be several excellent seminars to attend.

Plan to travel to this Party. You will have fun and meet some neat people.

Remember, Hoyt Buck’s grandson Chuck is still with Buck Knives and he will be there, as will his boy – C.J. Heck, meeting these two fine men is reason enough to attend the Party. You will remember their handshakes for the rest of your life.

July 30 – August 2, 2013



THE U.S.A. – IMPORTANT LETTERS

The Buck Collectors Club began in 1988. It was started by a man from California whose name was Vern Taylor. He was born in Amarillo, Texas in 1942, and died in 2003. He worked for Buck Knives in Northern California as a Sales Representative and knew a lot about the Buck knives. He was also a man of the soil. He had horses and cattle on his small ranch where he and his wife raised their two boys. In fact, his wife said that he could whistle a special tune at the cows as he moved them from one pasture to another.

Even though he started the Club in 1988, he had thoughts 20 years prior to that date to look at the value of collecting Buck Knives. Vern gave the reason for his new found interest in collecting Buck models: *“My personal interest started in 1968 when I first noticed the stamp had changed. The three letters U.S.A. had been added below the familiar Buck on the tang. I had been collecting percussion Colts for many years and I knew that this change might be of interest in another twenty or thirty years so I put away a complete set (11 knives) with the old mark.”*

In 1984, a noted knife authority, Bernard Levine encouraged Vern to write several chapters for his new book – Levine’s Guide to Knives and Their Values.

As they became better acquainted, Bernard began to encourage Vern to organize a Buck Collectors Club. And so, the Club took off in 1988 at the Knoxville, Tennessee Blade Show.





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