



BUCKAROO NEWS

Winter 2010—Issue #4

Lucky's First Holiday Season

By Russ Donoghue, BCCI Board Member



The Saturday before Christmas Hoyt went to Mrs. Evan's house to see the sheath she had made for his new knife. She invited him into the parlor and there it was on a table—a dark brown leather sheath. Mrs. Evans was smiling as she said to Hoyt—"Merry Christmas Hoyt".

Hoyt was so happy as he walked up the street toward the blacksmith's shop that he could hardly contain his excitement.

The blacksmith looked at the sheath and said, "Wow, that's a real beauty". Then he said something to Hoyt that struck him by surprise. "Hoyt, could you make another knife for my nephew who lives in Wentzville just west of St. Louis? He's about your age and has had scarlet fever. Getting such a gift would make him very happy".

Hoyt thought about the request all morning. He approached the blacksmith just before closing. "Why don't you take this knife and send it to him as a Christmas present? The blacksmith said, "Are you sure?" Hoyt responded, "Yep".

The next day, the blacksmith and his wife boarded a train for St. Louis to spend Christmas with his brother. His nephew Frank would be pleased. Lucky looked out the train window as the car clanked along toward his new home.

(To Be Continued)

A Merry Christmas

By Eddie Birdwell, BCCI Member

J.D. entered Mr. Goode's Hardware and Sporting Goods store with excitement. He wanted to see the new items that had arrived since his last visit. He especially wanted to look at the Buck Knives display and again look at his favorite—the 110 Folding Hunter. He dreamed of owning one and made a silent commitment that, if he ever owned one, he would keep it sharp and take good care of it.

Mr. Goode came over to talk with J.D. and asked, "Do you think your Mom and Dad might buy you a knife for Christmas?" J. D. sadly said, "The Mill has laid off 300 workers and my dad is one of the unlucky ones. I think things might be bad for a while. Maybe next year," Mr. Good said, "I'm sorry to hear that."

A few days later on Christmas Eve, there was a knock on the door. J.D. was puzzled when he opened the door to see Mr. Goode standing there covered in snow. J.D.'s dad invited him in. Mr. Goode sat with J.D. and his dad and told them that his uncle had died and left him some money to buy knives for local boys. As he reached into his pocket he said, "There is a tradition that men give boys knives when they are mature." He handed J.D. a 110 making the young boy's Christmas very merry.

This made a real impression on J.D. and he pledged to carry on the tradition hoping to one day make another boy as thrilled and blessed as he felt.



Luke's Lesson

By Larry Oden, BCCI Vice President

Luke jolted awake yet again, but this time something was different. The aroma of frying bacon wafted up the stairs from the kitchen where his mother was preparing breakfast. He had been eager for morning and his sleep had been restless. Luke was surprised that he did not feel a bit tired but he knew it was because of his anticipation of what the new day promised to hold. As he slipped out from under the warm covers and looked out his bedroom window, another surprise awaited. In the pre-dawn darkness, a fresh blanket of what reflected the street light, illuminated the view and covered everything in sight. Perfect!

Luke hurriedly pulled on his long johns, woolen socks and jeans and headed for the stairway. "Luke, did you make your bed?" Dad's question brought him back to reality. Already halfway down the stairway, Luke made a quick U-turn and put everything in



order. Looking around his bedroom to make sure he had not forgotten anything else, Luke was satisfied he could head back to the kitchen.

"Dad, it snowed!" Luke announced as he pulled out a kitchen chair. "I know the rabbits will be much easier to see." "I think we got over 5 inches." "Do you think they will be holed up?" "What time will it be daylight?"

"Lucas Dyson!" Mom interrupted, "Will you please slow down, say grace, and then give your father a chance to answer once before you ask three more questions?" "Those rabbits are not going anywhere and if you do not eat all of your breakfast, you will not have the energy to carry that shotgun all over Mr. Wynn's farm and I know you will be begging for lunch before the morning is half over."

Mom's admonition brought Luke back to reality. He knew his mother had him pegged and she was right, as usual. He looked at Dad, who had finished his breakfast and was peeking at him over his Daily Bread devotional. Dad gave him a sly wink and Luke grinned. Dad understood why he was so excited.

On the way out to the garage Dad motioned for Luke to stop in the family room. On the table next to

cardboard box. "This is an early Christmas gift to help you remember your first day in the field with the 20 gauge," said Dad. "Open the box." Luke pulled the lid off and looked inside to find a Buck Lock Blade model 112.

"Wow, thanks Dad! This looks like a little brother to your knife." "Do you think I will be able to use it today?" Luke could not believe how great the day had started out. It had snowed, this was the first time he could carry his shotgun on a real hunt, and to top off everything else, Dad had given him his own Buck knife. Now, if the rabbits would cooperate and if he could shoot straight, the day would be better than perfect.

In the pickup as they drove out to the farm, Luke's father reminded him of the gun safety lessons he had learned and rehearsed from the NRA hunter education course. Dad's usual lighthearted joking was set aside and Luke realized that his father was expecting him to be mature and responsible. Carrying a gun was a privilege and he had no intention of forgetting what was expected, even if he was only thirteen years old.

The sun was just rising as they turned into the farm and Luke waved at Mr. Wynn who was in the pole barn working on farm machinery, Dad and Mr. Wynn had been friends for many years dating back long before Luke was born. Each year, after deer season was over, Dad hunted cottontail rabbits on the farm. Luke had accompanied his father for several years and had learned Dad's tactics for being in the best possible position for a good shot in the various gullies, fence rows and habitat edges that made this farm such a great rabbit spot. Dad had often playfully called Luke the best beagle in the county, but those days were now over. Luke was now ready to be a real

(continued on page 3)

(Luke's Lesson...continued from page 2)

hunter on his own and he savored the anticipation of jumping his first bunny.

As they parked the truck and began the short trek back behind the hog barn, Dad laid out a plan of action for covering the first bunny area. The plan immediately showed Luke that his father planned to be the "beagle" today. He was placing Luke in the prime shooting position as they approached one of the best gullies on the farm one that almost always held at least one rabbit, sometimes two or three. The fresh snow was a great bonus. Rabbit tracks in the snow were great evidence of rabbit presence and the new snow covered up all but the most recent activity. Any tracks seen this morning would be a good indication of a nearby bunny. Luke felt more excitement today than he could remember having ever felt in all his previous hunts. His sense of responsibility and the satisfaction of carrying a loaded shotgun along with his own new Buck knife made him feel almost grown up. Luke was determined to act like an adult and show his father that he really was mature enough to handle this privilege.

As Luke watched his father circle a thicket and approach it from above, a blur of brown suddenly exploded out from a small evergreen on the opposite side of the gully and headed behind him. Luke spun around and pointed his shotgun barrel out just ahead of the racing bunny while releasing the safety. Just as the rabbit accelerated over the ridge, Luke pressed the trigger. The excitement of the moment made the shotgun report seem like only a small 'pop' and for the first time ever, Luke didn't even notice the kick of the gun. From his position in the gully below, Luke had no idea whether he had connected on the bunny.

From his higher vantage points on the other side of the gully, Dad had a better view and urged Luke to follow-up. "There he goes, but you dinged him!" he hollered while Luke charged up the side of the gully, trying to keep his footing in the snow. By the time Luke reached the crest of the gully, all there was to

see were rabbit tracks and the scattered pattern his shot had left in the snow at the very top of the gully. "He's gone, Dad." Luke looked back at his father. "But I see the tracks heading for that other gully."

As Dad stepped up the ridge, Luke was still scanning ahead looking in vain for his bunny. "They love to jump up behind you. By the time I got on him, he was almost over the ridge."

Dad's reply encouraged Luke. "We can track him over into the next gully. He is probably in a bit of shock. I know you dinged one of his back legs. This snow will really help us. I will circle around to the north end of the gully and block any escape. You follow the tracks and keep a sharp eye up ahead. If he is up to he, he will not let you get close again."

After giving his father a head start, Luke slowly and carefully began to follow the tracks. He knew the rabbit's long jumps were an indication that he was not badly hit and could be expected to hightail it when he sensed Luke's approach. Following a snow filled cow path over to the next gully, Luke continually checked on Dad's location further along the ridge while scanning up ahead for the bunny. As he half-stepped, half-slid down the path into the gully entrance, a bit of movement up ahead caught his eye. Was it the rabbit? Luke's shotgun was up to his shoulder in an instant as his eyes focused on the spot where the movement had seemed to originate. The sun was bright now and Luke was fighting the glare off the snow. Then, Luke saw the movement again, a slow rise and fall of wings...A red-tail hawk was on the ground with its wings spread out covering up ...a dead rabbit! The hawk had nailed the escaping bunny and now it was protecting its kill.

Luke had a dilemma. He desperately wanted his first rabbit but the hawk had definitely made the kill. Luke knew the hawk would flee if he stepped a bit more in that direction and he could claim the bunny. He also knew the hawk needed the meal and had actually made the kill. Without further debate, Luke made the decision to back away and motioned for his father to circle back around. He wanted Dad to see this hawk straddling the rabbit first hand.

(Continued on Page 4)

(Luke's Lesson .. Continued from page 3)

As his father got within view of the hawk, Luke pointed to the hawk and Dad nodded his head in understanding. He slipped another shell into the magazine of his shotgun and without looking back at the hawk, followed Dad down the cow path toward the original gully. There were more rabbits to find and Luke was still eager to use his new Buck knife.



The Story of the Model 107 Fishing Knife

By Heath Stone

It's not all about the knives

Most knives have a story behind them and this knife is no exception. Hoyt Heath Buck, the founder of Buck Knives, called this knife the model 107 fishing knife.



The 107 had a 3 1/2 " blade with a fish scaler on the spine and was 7" in overall length. In the 1940's Buck would stamp their knives just above the guard in an area called the tang with four individual stamps called a 4 strike stamp. The word BUCK was first stamped B, then U, then C, and finally the fourth stamp, K and this knife follows that format. The handle was made from red and green Lucite, a type of plastic commonly used in the 1940's and 1950's for knife handles. The cost of the knife was \$5.25. That was a lot of money at that time; but after all, the knives were meant to last a lifetime.

What makes this knife so special is the way the original owner acquired it. Hoyt had been an Assembly of God Minister in Mountain Home, ID before moving to San Diego, CA. So, it was no surprise that he became close friends with Rev. Harold A. Pegg, an Assembly of God minister from Oceanside, CA after attending one of Rev.

Pegg's services. One day Hoyt shared his gift of making knives with Rev. Pegg. After seeing one of Hoyt's knives with the Lucite handle, Rev. Pegg was reminded of some broken



pieces of red and green fuselage from an airline canopy he had picked up while serving in the Civil Air Corps. After Rev. Pegg shared these broken pieces with Hoyt, Hoyt took them to use for the handle of this beautiful knife as a gift for his new friend.

The point I am trying to make is that the knives are what bring us together initially, but it is the relationships and our willingness to share our gifts with one another that really matters.

Boise Boy Scout Troop Enjoys Buck Knife Displays & Stories

As Bill Finney and Russ Donoghue displayed their knife collections in November at the **Rocky Mountain Knife Show**, an unexpected highlight of the day was a visit by members of the Boise Boy Scout Troop 315, who along with their Scout Leader Michael Borg, were holding a fund raiser at the show in order to finance some new scouting equipment for the troop.

Throughout the day the boys would come and go between their own table and the BCCI Booth



to receive small Buck Knife pins that Bill and Russ felt were appropriate gifts for the boys.

Trevor Tarter, Cameron Bolinder, and Matt Gilbert talk with BCCI members Bill and Russ

LESSONS LEARNED FROM MY GRANDPA

By Gabriel Johnson, BCCI Youth Member
10 years old

After my Grandpa (I call him Papa) started collecting Buck Knives, he decided that I should start a little collection of my own. I have to admit that he was probably more excited about it than me, but it was fun to sit and look at the Buck Catalog and some of the knife magazines that he read. Over time, it would have been hard to not take a liking to knives because he had so much fun explaining them to me and showing me the ones that he had.

He said that an easy knife for me to start with would be the Mini Buck. He would go on Ebay and find a Mini Buck and bid on it for me. I remember that I started with a black knife, as it was the easiest to find. Over the next couple of years he would find others and add them to my collection (which had to be stored at his house) without my even knowing he had done it.

Once in a while, when I went up for dinner or to stay overnight, he would take me in the room where he kept my knives in a special wooden box. I found that I not only had Mini Bucks, but he had also given me some small knives with pictures of animals, fish and birds.

Papa felt that it was important that I learn about the knives that I was collecting. He told me that they came in six bright colors: blue, green, yellow, peach, pink, and purple. (We did not find out until just a few weeks ago that they also came in matching colored boxes. He said that if you could find a knife with its original box that it made it worth more money.



After he gave me the purple Mini Buck just before Christmas, we did a little more reading about when they came out and how many of them were made. Papa said that the fewer made of a knife, the more money it might be worth some day.

He put together a chart for me to keep with my collection and I want to share it with you if you don't care.

Color	Issued	Discontinued	Number Made
Purple	1988	1990	5,500
Peach	1988	1990	4,000
Green	1988	1991	10,000
Yellow	1988	1991	12,000
Pink	1988	1991	13,000
Blue	1988	1991	29,500
Gray	1987	1998	126,500
Red	1987	2001	31,000

Hey — what happened to black?

1987 CATALOG QUOTE — MINI BUCKS

“Perhaps never before in its long history has Buck Knives created such a remarkable knife as the Mini Buck. It's small, it's lightweight—less than 1 oz. It comes in three colors—red, gray, and black.

Handle—Thermoplastic

Blade—Drop Point—1 7/8

Lock Back

Wow! Was This Ever Fun!

By Craig Heflebower
BCCI Member

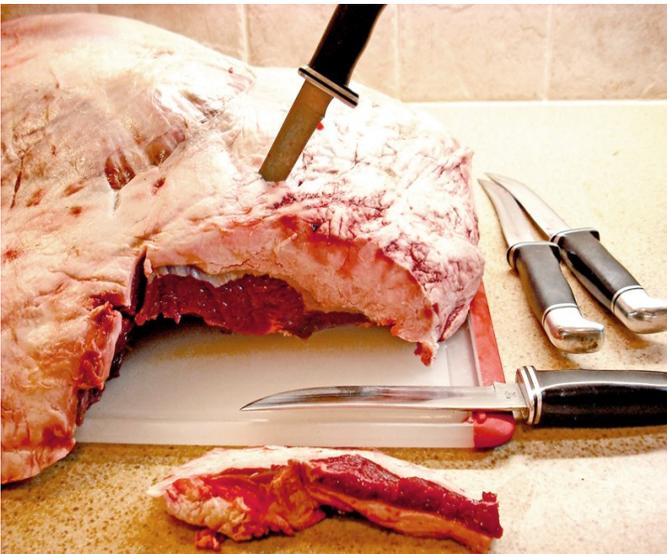
This tale is for those of you who find wild-life encounters interesting

Someone asked what did it look like in Unit 10 of Northwestern Colorado.

A short while ago, I showed a photo of a cow elk my buddy shot in Northwest Colorado, in ***Blade Forums***. Since his wife doesn't eat meat, I generally get 90% of what he shootsgreat deal. Well, that cow elk was dry, but by tooth wear, she was middle age. She must have lost her calf early on, maybe to a predator.

When we dressed her, we were both shocked on the amount of fat she had stored for winter. She would have made the Lewis and Clark boys happy when they were craving fat. I also shook my head thinking how a couple of Ute Indian women using flint chip knives could have butchered her and come away with a lot more food than I did.....

Here is a photo of a top of hind quarter when I was cutting her up at home. I have never seen another ungulate game animal this fat.



This photo is of my boot toe looking Southeast. She was killed off to the left.

If I used binoculars, I could just see her carcass in the small clearing. But, the next morning, I could easily see the mature Bald Eagle that was sitting on her rib cage keeping the Ravens away.

This is the spot where I was sitting when a rock rolled just a little behind me. I slowly rose to my knees and quietly twisted around with rifle in hand. I kept that pose for 30 minutes, 'till after legal shooting. The moon let me walk out, quickly, I might add, having not seen or heard another sound.

I am saying Cat for the status of the adventure.... But, was he coming or going