



# BUCKAROO NEWS

Summer, 2011

## *Helping A Neighbor—* By David Martin

One January morning we woke up to notice it was snowing. And, as the day went on, it continued snowing harder. By mid-morning there was a white blanket of 6-7" and still coming down. Around noon a neighbor called to ask if I could feed some livestock in a catch pen not far from our house that would have been several miles drive and the snow prevented them from making it.

"Sure, I'll help you out", was my reply. They went on to explain that there was a small shed by the corral with bales of hay stacked in it and if I could feed them a few bales and break the ice in the water trough, this would hold them until they could make it through on the tractor the next day. "OK, don't worry about it, I'll take care of it" was my reply.

The corral I knew was only about a mile and a half from our house. So, even in this snow I figured a 30-minute hike over and back the same time feeding. Piece of cake!

After a quick lunch I put on my heavy coat and cap with the ear flaps, said bye to my girls and snagging my small day pack I headed out the door. This pack contains items every hunter, camper, and hiker should have, even on trips to Grandmother's house. In it is a Buck 119, rope, fire starter, space blanket, spare gloves and socks, a compass (know how to use it), water, first aid kit, sharpening stone, tissues, energy bars, and a Buck saw. You could stock yours with items to suit your needs. But, for sure, put one together as one day you may need it. Which is exactly what I was about to discover.

The hike over was no problem, just 8 inches of snow to drag. Good aerobic workout on a fine

wintry day. As in all work, find a way to enjoy it. By the time I fed the livestock and started back, the clouds had settled in and it was 'really snowing' with visibility less than 30 feet. I knew I'd better keep my wits about me because I could not follow my trail back.

Wrapping a handkerchief around my face helped me from the stinging, blowing snow as I trudged along. When I came to a fence and gate, that's when I knew, "this wasn't right".

So, I turned back in another direction thinking our house was that way and walked another long while. Finally, I came to a draw with lots of large oaks and I decided to get up under one out of the wind to gather my thoughts and pray.

While here, I realized that I'd gone this way and come back this way so I must be close to our house, but nothing looked familiar. Now, it's evening and starting to get dark. I'm thinking I should cut my losses, build a fire, and hold up in this good spot until it stops snowing and I can see where I'm at. Rather than wandering around out here, ending up somewhere without a wind break, cold, disoriented, and too tired to go on, I stayed put.

*Continued on Page 2*



### Helping A Neighbor, Continued ....

So, I elected to use common sense and build a fire. Looking around under the heavy laden limbs, I found a big old fallen tree which I hoped would have a rat nest inside making for perfect kindling. It did! Digging this out and carrying it over to a spot out of the wind, I drug up some bigger limbs to feed the fire. While propping these limbs on the old log to saw, I stopped to look at the end of that log. That's when I



realized this is the log the girls and I played on this past summer! It is located not far from our house and this draw leads right to our front door.

I had actually walked past our house two times

trying to find my way back home and couldn't see the house for the storm, visibility being so low.

The hike down the draw brought me to the house and I could then make out the warm glow of lights coming thru the windows. It never looked so good!

When I came through the door the wife burst out with, "What took you so long? We were getting worried!" I simply replied, "I met myself along the way and paused for a visit."

I attribute God's guidance and a clear mind as my best assets in this ordeal and having a few single provisions to help in case of emergency that brought me back home safe that day. Yet, I was glad I didn't have to use my provisions, but was comforted knowing I had them.

It ended up snowing 17 inches that night, and to this day, the thought that I almost spent the night out in it while only a quarter mile from home, gives me the chills.

*Help your neighbor, but come prepared!*

## Collection Splitting Decisions—How To Do It

By Eddie Birdwell

Hope you BCCI Youth Members are having a good year in school. I encourage you to give it an extra push to finish the school year strong.

You might be too young to realize that you belong to a very unique club that is fun and exciting. Your dad or grandpa has access to buy knives that are sometimes not available to the general public. I do hope you keep knife information you receive because it will be reference material in the future.

My last article was about my two grandsons that were adopted from Russia and came to Texas to live, then they moved to Iowa with the family last summer. I had already accumulated a large assortment of knives when they arrived and had to decide how I would split them up so each grandson had a collection.

Grant, 7 was selected to receive the knives in the 500 series. These are a little bit smaller than the 110 and are easier to carry in a pocket. I have recently added a Buck 501 Squire Turkey Feather knife to Grant's collection. It was crafted by Wilde Bill Cody and, since there were only 250 produced, the value of the knife will increase significantly. Another knife in Grant's collection is the Buck 500 FG (Finger Groove). Only 150 of these knives were produced and were only available to Club members.

Grant's younger brother, Cole is age 6. He is a different personality and likes a wide range of knives. He

has some interesting knives including the GEN 5 knives as well as some other unique knives including a 192 model with a laser etched blade with George Strait and his autograph on it. George lives down here in San Antonio, Texas, and has been a very popular Country & Western singer for many years. This knife was produced in 1995. I was recently able to add the 923 Wilde Bill Cody Turkey Feather Skinner to Cole's collection. Again, since there were only 250 of these knives produced, its value will definitely increase!

I hope you have a great summer? Be on the watch for the next issue of the *Buckaroo News*.



*Wilde Bill Cody Custom Turkey Feather Knife*

# Buck Knives And Boy Scouts

By Brent Schindewolf

I was recently asked whether there was a connection between my early Buck collecting and my involvement with the Boy Scouts of America. As I mentioned in my last article, it was just a dream that I sat down with my Dad back in '55 and picked out a dual sheath Buck Knife pair to wear on my belt. The truth is, I don't remember what kind of knife I carried back then—on my belt or in my pocket. How sad!

Advance forward to 1989. I'm now the father of a Webelos Cub Scout graduate who just became a Boy Scout. Aaron and I are at Philmont Scout Ranch in New Mexico. Aaron is on a five day trek into the wilderness, which I later realized was like throwing him into the deep end of the pool to teach him to swim. At the same time, I'm in a leadership training session designed to be 100% outdoors. It allowed our group of men to simulate being boys again as we prepared to teach these acquired skills to our boys back home. I easily played the role of a boy and Aaron survived his ordeal and actually benefited from the toughening process.

Philmont Scout Ranch had a PX—which is short for Post Exchange in Army lingo. During the week I'd go in there for candy bars or pop. There was this one counter with a lot of items with "official" Scout logos on them. Among all those items was a red-handled folding knife with a khaki sheath that had an embroidered Boy Scout symbol on it.



I looked at that knife many times during the week. The fellow behind the counter finally asked if I'd like to "see how it feels in my hand". He also mentioned that the blade was specially etched with the Philmont symbol. I was really impressed with the knife, but was having trouble with the

\$27.95 price which couldn't be discounted. Well, after a week that was about to end with NO KNIFE, that fellow behind the counter wondered if I would be interested in a 'package deal'. Although he had to charge me full price for the Philmont—etched 412, he had a second one that was a regular ScoutLite, he'd let go for \$17 or \$45 for the two.

After putting my son through that trek as a Tenderfoot, I decided that a new Scout Knife was the perfect reward for his job well done. Besides, I was feeling pretty satisfied with my week of roughing it gently....so the two Schindewolf men came away from Philmont each with their very first Buck Knife. Within a year I became a Founding Life Member #071 in the *Buck Collectors Club* and Aaron became Charter Life Member #115. He also became an Eagle Scout due, in part, to proving his worth early on in the wilds of New Mexico.

That would be the end of the story—if it weren't for that "message in the box". When I opened that red and white box, I discovered that Al Buck shared my love of the Lord, quoted John 3:16 from the Bible, made company decisions prayerfully, and recognized God as Senior Partner. It all came together as I thought back to those sunset campfires in New Mexico as we sang the

## Philmont Hymn:

Silver on the Sage,  
Starlit skies above,  
Aspen covered hills,  
Country that I love.  
Philmont here's to thee,  
Scouting Paradise  
Out in God's Country,  
Tonight

Wind in whispering  
pines,  
Eagles soaring high,  
Purple mountains rise,  
Against an azure sky.  
Philmont here's to thee,  
Scouting Paradise,  
Out In God's Country,  
Tonight.

To experience Scouting out in God's country and to bring back a knife made by a company whose Senior Partner is God, it was meant to be. Knew for sure what brand I should be collecting and what kind of people I'd like to get to know better.

What happened next is another story.

# A First Buck Knife Show Purchase

By Larry Oden

*What would move a fifteen year old to select one particular Buck knife ahead of all the other available choices as his or her first Buck knife show purchase? When I was assigned this topic, the realization that I was almost four times older than my proposed teenage knife purchaser immediately set off figurative warning bells in my mind. I barely remember being that age and I suspect that today's typical fifteen year old is much different than most teenagers of my generation!*

*With this understanding, I will tentatively and carefully leap headfirst into the possibilities. I do not think I have a lot to lose and I am now rather used to being informed by my two young adult daughters that my way of looking at things is warped. Of course, both daughters have met several of my close knife collecting friends and that probably explains the attitudes these two young ladies hold. See it is not their father who is weird, but also his crazy knife collecting friends!*

With that explanation out of the way, what fifteen year old with a bit of money to spend would not be thrilled to attend a knife show and pick that "perfect" knife as his or her first knife show purchase? It is a given that the purchase will be in line with available funds. Our subject now has to make a series of what may be tough choices. Should it be a classic older model even if in "used" condition or would a brand new-in-the-box current Buck Knives' offering be a better choice?

As the excited purchaser-to-be walks into the typical knife show, it is easy to be overwhelmed. There are several rows of tables and hundreds of different used, old, new, factory, and custom knives with prices ranging from five to several hundred dollars each. There are usually knives for display only plus the better shows offer all sorts of other interesting knife related seminars, demonstrations, and activities. Where does a young person start? What if you spend your money on the first knife that grabs your attention and then you find something a few tables away that you would have preferred? On the other hand, if you pass on that "perfect" knife, thinking you might find something more desirable, it may be sold by the time you get back to it.;

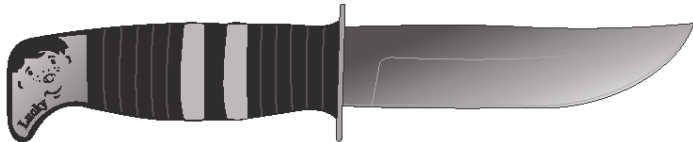
All of these factors contribute to the need to have a plan in order to combat impulsive purchases that will be regretted later. Also, such a plan may prevent your passing by a knife you will look back on as a lots opportunity. This plan requires that the prospective knife purchaser decide in advance his or her knife collecting or using goals. For example if a particular knife is desired for an upcoming hunting season, that goal should be weighed against a knife that would add to or begin a knife display collection. Once the priority is decided, the purchase search is in place. For most beginning collectors, no matter their age, they simply buy knives they find appealing until they decide what they really like. A far better way is to look for a while and get to know what is most pleasing before spending money on an item that will lose its appeal.

At a show I recently attended, a young man and his two brothers stopped at my sales table to look over the selection. They were soon joined by a BCCI member who I soon learned was their grandfather. I have known him for over ten years and he is an experienced collector. As he watched the oldest of these three grandsons look at several knives, the grandfather offered several wise comments concerning likely future value and collectability of each. I could not find a single thing wrong with any of the comments made by the grandfather. His logic was sound and he knew his subject well. After a few gives and takes, the grandson looked up at his grandfather and very respectfully told him that he was going to buy what most appealed to him and the future value or collectability of the knife was not his concern right now.



I ended up selling the grandson the most expensive knife of the group he had considered. I do not know whether the young man had followed a plan or whether this was an impulse purchase, but I suspect it was the latter. I hope he will think about his grandfather's advice before making future purchases. I would also strongly encourage you to have a plan before you start purchasing knives. Thinking through your priorities before looking at the knives will pay off in the long run. I am not only speaking of a financial payoff, but also the satisfaction payoff that occurs when one purchases what has been decided to be most important. This approach will enhance your knife purchasing experience.

*Lucky's  
Travel & Adventures  
Russ Donoghue, BCCI  
The continuing saga ....*



*A 1902 Christmas Letter  
Frank's Thanks To Hoyt Buck*

Mrs. Anselm had taken everything out of the canvas bag that William had brought to Wentzville, except the new little knife and its sheath. She took the special gift that a boy in Leavenworth had made for her ill son and gently placed the canvas bag under the family Christmas tree with the other gifts for the family. Her husband Jack was already in bed. She took the oil lamp from a nearby table, walked over to the living room window and looked outside. It was snowing lightly and several neighbors were trudging along through the snow in the street. Most of them had gifts in their arms and were headed home. Nandy Anselm was tired and turned to go upstairs. She glanced back at the family tree and smiled. She had always loved everything about Christmas—family, friends, spiritual peace, giving, pies, cookies, and yes, Christmas morning. Lucky saw her and just snuggled closer to his only friend—a brown leather sheath. Nancy opened Frank's bedroom door to take a last look at him for the night. He was hugging his stuffed bear that a friend had given him during the long stay in the hospital. She walked over to him, placed the end of her fingers on his forehead to see if his temperature had returned. He felt cool. She bent down close and kissed his cheek and whispered, "I love you son. Sleep well."

On Christmas morning, Jack was the first family member up. He built a fire in the kitchen stove and put the tea kettle on so that there would be hot water for washing the sleep out of everybody's eyes. He also made the morning coffee. Then, he built a roaring fire in the fireplace to help take off the morning chill in the house. He also lit three oil lamps, more for atmosphere than needed light. He got internal warmth from them.

As he tip toed into his son Frank's room, he hated to wake him. But, he knew that Christmas morning would make the boy feel better. He woke him, helped him into his green and brown robe, picked him up in his strong arms and carried him downstairs to the living room. Nandy also came in her robe. To Jack, she always looked like a special light each morning. He loved her deeply.

As Frank reached in the canvas bag, his mother smiled and said, "Son, the gift in the bag came from a young boy in Leavenworth, Kansas. His name is Hoyt Buck.

He's 13 years old and is learning to be a blacksmith. He made this knife for you." Frank slowly took Lucky out of the sheath. He looked at both sides of the shiny blade and rolled the dark brown wooden handle in his right hand. "Wow", was all he could say. His dad spoke up and said, "Be careful with it son. That knife is really sharp. What a great gift. I will show you how to use it and keep it in good shape."

After a special breakfast of biscuits and gravy, Frank's mom was cleaning up the dishes and his dad had gone back to the living room to stoke up the fire. Frank looked at his knife and then asked his mom, "Can I write Hoyt a thank you letter?" She replied, "I think that would be great. I will get you the pen and a sheet of paper".

As Frank looked at the paper, he took the pen in his hand. And then, he just sat. The words he wanted to write just wouldn't come. He said "Mom, I can't get started." She walked over to him, put her hand on his shoulder and said softly, "Go to the middle of the page near the top and print—Christmas morning—Wentzville—1902." He started but paused, "How do you spell the name of our town?" She had him spell 'went' and then said, "Does 'Wentz' sound like it has a 'z' or an 's' after 'Went'?" "Z" was his reply. She said, "That's correct. Now spell 'ville'."

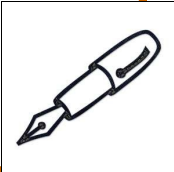
He sat for a minute and then started.

**christmas morning  
wentzville—1902**

**dear hoyt,**

**my name is frank anselm and I am 9,  
but I will be 10 on march 15. thank you  
for the knife you sent me. I like it. was  
it hard to make? it snowed last night.  
we just had a nice christmas. I hope  
you did to.**

**your friend  
frank**



# “AND WE HAVE A WINNER”

By Brent Schindewolf

“Hannah Chose Wisely” as the Knight in that Indiana Jones movie would have said. Her choice was a Buck (what else?) 180 LC CrossLock Deputy 1 with “Safety Hook” (seatbelt cutter) /screwdriver, belt clip and famous rollover action. Ken and Vicki Burns have obviously mentored their granddaughter properly. Her other choice was a 100 year Anniversary Gent in its limited edition box—not a bad choice either—but not quite as collectable as the CrossLock. Besides, this 180 LC was in its original box with all the paperwork AND it was one of those boxes in 1994 that had a WHITE CrossLock picture on it. Even our local expert on such matters—Allen Horner—was impressed! How did this opportunity for such a choice come about you might ask?

In a recent article in the **Buck Youth Newsletter** BCCI Club member, I offered a challenge to youth members: If you read his article and bring a Dad or Grandpa to his display at the

Shenandoah Valley Knife Collectors Show in April, you have a chance to buy a collectable knife for a very reasonable price. Little did I know I was dealing with a Bronze Medal winner in a National AWANA Club contest who also knew a thing or two about knives. She came, she chose, she won. The two things that stand out most in this Shenandoah encounter—listening to this highly, intelligent young lady quote Scripture in the casual conversation after her selection and the look on Grandpa Ken’s (and Grandma Vicki’s ) face.



**Editor’s Note:** *We have just received word that Brent’s friend—Tommy T. Tenderfoot—is offering a similar “deal” to another BCCI family at the Atlanta Blade Show. We sure hope it’s a good knife....knowing Tommy, it could be a clunker!*

## *Buck Collector’s Club Twenty Five Year Anniversary*



**By John Foresman**  
**BCCI President**

**The Buck Collector’s Club turns twenty-five years old in 2013. The leadership in our Club is planning a wonderful celebration for that milestone in the summer of 2013. The event will be held in Post Falls, Idaho where the Buck Knives plant is located.**

**Factory tours are planned. Everyone who attends will have the opportunity to see firsthand how Buck Knives are made. They will also be able to meet Chuck and CJ Buck!**

**We also have seminars planned. Seminar leaders will teach us about different Buck knives. The seminars are a great opportunity to learn a great deal about**

**the knives that our favorite knife company makes.**



**We will also be offering some great knives that Buck Knives will make for the Club for this special event. There will be auctions and knife swaps, too. The Buck company store will offer some great prices on all of their knives, too! There will be plenty of chances to pick up some great knives for your collection.**



**Plan now to join us for this memorable event. We hope to See you There!**

# ***A Work Of Art !***

***By Dave Halmark***

Hi Buckaroos,

My name is Dave Hallmark and I've been asked by Russ to show a very special Buck knife and tell its story. The knife is a Buck 500 Duke with white bone handles, but that's just the beginning. What really makes it special is the art work called scrimshaw that was done on the handles by a very talented lady. Her name is Leesa Martin and she's the wife of BCCI member David Martin and the mother of Sarah Martin a junior member.

Sometime in 1986 I visited a local home whose owner kept and displayed many different types of reptiles. While I was there, the owner showed me a young Greek tortoise about four inches long, just a youngster. The little thing was so friendly and had so much personality, that I had to have her and talked him into selling her to me. Over the next few years, I became so attached to "Baby" (as she became known) that she felt like one of the family.



The years went by and Baby matured into a beautiful adult and I managed to locate her a mate who I call Herman. They were allowed to roam free in the back yard of a small

home on my property which was set up for them to sleep and hibernate in, but some prefer to just dig a hole and bury themselves in the ground for the winter.

There are three generations of them now and they all live in the yard year round. I sent Leesa Martin some pictures of them and she performed her magic on this knife for me.

Here are close ups of the handles and the pictures of the models for the art work.



***Baby and one of her daughters laying eggs in holes they have dug and close up of an egg being laid.***



***Here's part of the yard and the house where they all live and one of Baby's Grandkids hatching.***



***I enjoy my pets so much and I'm very proud of the beautiful Buck knife that Leesa did for me!***



***Sometimes it's a little tough to get to the water to take a drink!!***