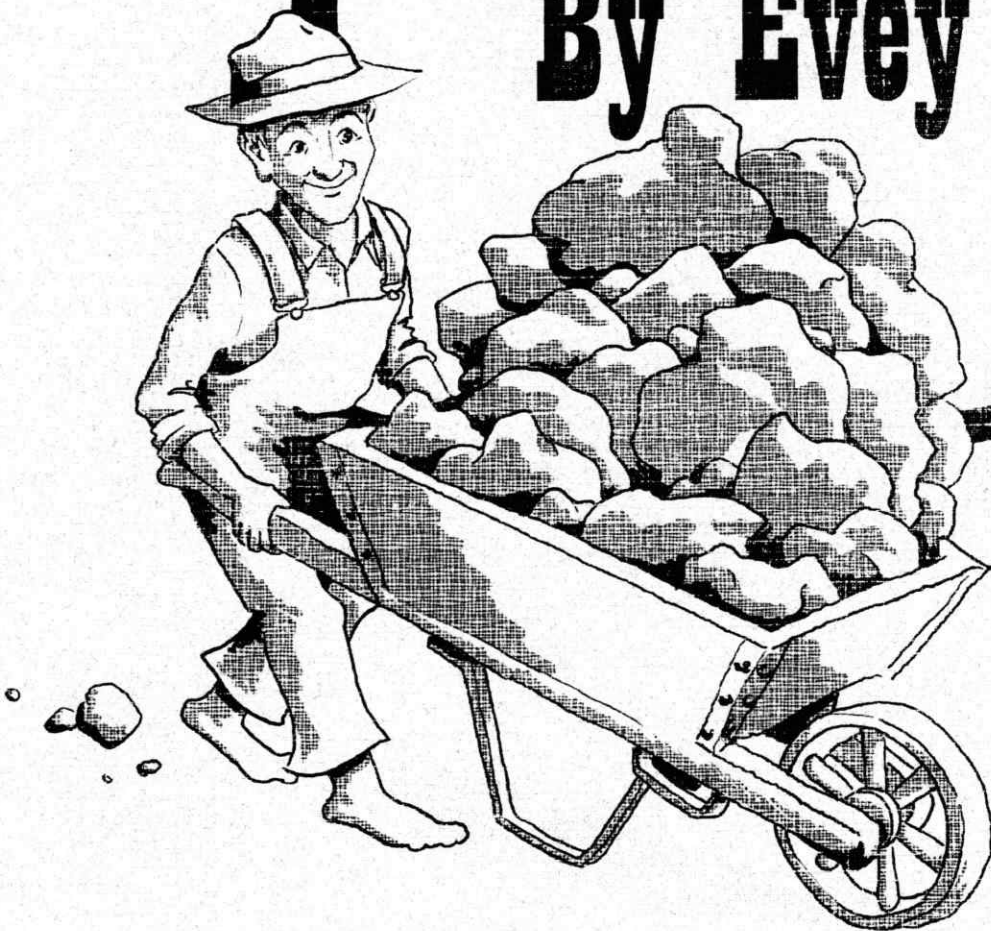


Rocky Ramblings By Evey



IRL C. EVERETT

**Rocky
Ramblings
By
Evey**

Irl C. Everett

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ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS
and
DEDICATIONS

I want to thank all those who were involved in the writing of this book. For those of you who receive the *Pick and Shovel*, the Lincoln Gem and Mineral newsletter, you'll remember it contained my first story. The title was "They Made Me Do It", and it referred to Suzy McMahan, President of the club, and Judy Reilly, the editor of the *Pick and Shovel*. When they asked me for a few stories, I thought, why not?

So, to those named here in this part of the book, I owe a lot. I've had such a good time writing and remembering. To them I dedicate this book – Suzy and Judy. I also dedicate it to my daughter Janet who did all the proofreading, editing, and formatting, and figured out what I was trying to say when my two fingers hit the keys on the typewriter. Also I want to thank my granddaughter, Erin Rodriguez for her artwork on the cover.

I want to dedicate this book to all the rockhounds, both alive and dead, who made the stories come out one at a time.

Last, but not least, I want to dedicate it in memory of my wife and co-founder of the Lincoln Gem and Mineral Club, Lois. She was my helpmate through all the years we traveled and went to shows. She was a master cutter and polisher of the gems that she loved so much.

In closing, I say as Bob Hope has sung many times, "Thanks for the memories".

Rockspectfully,

Evey

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GRAB BAG STORY FROM LINCOLN GEM & MINERAL CLUB SHOW

At the last show Lois and I did for the L.G.&M.C., Inc. – let's see...it must have been 3 or 4 years back – I told the dealers and club members that when I retired, I would do my "last" show for the club.

I know a lot of the dealers would kid me and say, "Hey, Evey, last show??? Selling Out??? Quitting??? "Yes," I would say. Now in the last show in 2002, the 44th annual show, when I was there, I had to hear all the cat calls, "Hey, Evey, still selling out, still quitting!?"

But wait – that has nothing to do with the grab bag story. So here goes. At the show back then I had made up some nice grab bags for the show. They were made to sell for fifty cents each. Along came a kid about 8 or 9 years old, and he said, "How much are your grab bags?"

I said, "If you have been a good boy, I'll make you a deal. I'll sell you two grab bags for \$1.00."

"Oh, I have two brothers with me and would you do the same for them?"

"Sure," I said. "You go bring them back."

He left and pretty soon here he comes with the brothers and Grandma. Grandma asked me, "Did you tell my grandson that you would make him a deal?"

"Yes," I said. "I told him I would sell him one for fifty cents or two for \$1.00."

Grandma said, "Say, that is a deal! You boys each pick out two and I'll pay for them". They picked out two each and she paid me.

But as they walked back from the counter, one little ol' boy said, "Grandma, that was no big deal. The sign says fifty cents each."

She laughed and came back up to my booth with the boys and said, "We learned a great lesson here today for nothing." We all chuckled, and as they left, I told them, "Boys, the same deal on the grab bags is still on tomorrow"!

Rockspectfully,

Evey

THE SOAPSTONE CARVING STORY

We were doing a show in Harlingen, Texas, and I had a lot of very lovely soapstone carvings in my space. A man came along and asked if I sold wholesale on the carvings. I told him he had to buy a quantity before I could sell them that way. He looked some over and then asked, "How many do I have to buy?" Thinking he would buy one and then want a discount, I told him "Twelve small carvings". He picked out twelve and we made the deal. As Lois was wrapping them up, he told me, "I am an antique dealer and I sure wish those carvings had a nick or two on them. I looked at him and said, "I'll nick them a little but the price will go up as they will be "antiques". We both laughed and he walked away with some brand new antique soapstone carvings. Hey?? Wonder if he ever did that to them?

Rockspectfully,

Evey

WHO COOKED THE HOTDOGS?

We were parked in the park right across the street where the Indian place is, and we had a big parachute for a sunshade. We also had a little bonfire for whenever some kids wanted to cook hotdogs. Someone had brought along a bunch of wienie forks so they dealt out the forks and told the kids to go to it.

Well, first, the kids started to fight and argue over who did what and why. As you know, most kids are not real efficient in cooking hotdogs, and these kids were no way hotdog cookers. After fighting, growling, and messing around, off they went. Back to cooking.

But as you are guessing, when they brought the dogs back, they were all cooked like a cinder. Could not hardly eat them, but as moms and dads are, they all said, "Man, this is the way I always eat my hotdogs." Someone in the back yelled, "Yeah, like a crispy critter!"

Needless to say, a good time was had by all. Happy crunchy hotdogs to you!

Rockspectfully,

Evey

THE SILENT AUCTION

We were doing a show in Omaha, and they had a big silent auction going on. There was an ol' boy from North Platte who was there, and he loved silent auctions. He would bid on something and then keep going back to see if he was still in the race. Well, it seems like some of the "dealers" and "club members" were watching.

So just before the auction would close, they would go up and "raisc" his bid to make sure he got what he had bid on. Some of the items on the auction table had no bids...not one single bid, and for some unknown reason, he always had the "last bid". He would go up and get the items that he had bid on and this is when the guys who were in on this dirty deal would come over and see what he got. He would always say, "I sure don't remember bidding on this item, but I got I anyway." I don't think he ever caught on to the "unknown" bids, but he had lots of fun. The dirty rotten who upped his bids did too.

Rockspectfully,

Evey

CAN YOU TELL ME WHAT THIS ROCK IS?

This little scheme involves Dr. Roger, as some called him for years, "Fabian" – Pabian. Some one comes to rock shows with some dirty old "dog rock" to be identified. To a dealer or a good rock hound a "dog rock" is one that you throw at a dog. But if someone brought one to my booth, I did not have the heart to tell them it was a no good rock, so we would send them over to Dr. Rogcr.

Well, Roger, being as kind as he was, would take the time to tell that it was no good and a "dog rock". By doing this, he took all the pressure off of us and he also was the expert on identifying rocks. We owe a lot to Dr. Roger for the service he did for us through the years. He has looked at many "dog rocks", I am sure in his days and years. Thanks a lot, Dr. Roger Pabian!!!

Rockspectfully,

Evey

THE RATTLE SNAKE EGGS

For years while traveling and selling at rock shows, I bought and sold many different gemstones, minerals, and rocks. While visiting my friends in Blackwell, Oklahoma, the man whose place I was at told me to come out to his shop, since he wanted to show me something new he had found. He had made up a few flats to see if they would sell. He called these items "Petrified Rattle Snake Eggs".

I bought a few flats to see if they would sell, which they did. The eggs were from western Oklahoma and they were of gypsum and alabaster. When found they would always be in a clump or nest. They were white and gray and did look like a snakeskin.

As I have said, I bought many of these eggs through the years and sold them at a lot of rock shows. But one time Lois and I were in Topeka, Kansas, at a show and I had the eggs out in a little egg crate. Along came a real big guy and a mousy little guy. They both stopped and looked at the eggs. The big guy said to the little guy, "Boy I remember these from when I was a little kid. We used to find these and break them open and there was a little tiny snake in the egg!"

I decided to leave, so I said to Lois, "I'll be back in a minute." I left but stayed back and watched as Lois told the man they were not real snake eggs. After she told him, he kind of blew up and left. Then it happened. The show chairman came over and asked, "Hey Evey, what are these things?" I told him that they were alabaster and gypsum. He then asked, "Is there a snake in the eggs?" I told him, "No the rattle snakes are born alive, not from an egg". He looked at me and said, "Sorry, Evey, you have to take them off your table. That's false advertising!"

I told him I would do that if he would read me the sign over the table of an Oregon dealer. The very large sign read: "Genuine Oregon Thunder Eggs"! Then I said if that man's thunder lays eggs, my rattle snakes lay eggs." He looked at me and said, "Evey, you got me. Sell your eggs".

Over the years, my egg source dried up, since the fellow I was getting them from passed away. I was over to my shop the other day, and I found my one last "rattle snake egg". I'll have to bring it to show and tell some day.

Rockspectfully,

Evey

GRAB BAG STORY FROM THE PHARR, TEXAS SHOW

Lois and I were doing a gem show in Pharr, Texas, and as usual, I had made up a lot of good grab bags. As time went by, I noticed a man watching the kids and me, as they would come up to the booth to buy one. After awhile, he came up and asked, "What are in the bags?" I told him they were made for the kids, but if he wanted one, I'd sell it to him. So, he bought a boy's bag and then went over to a bench and sat down. He laid out all the stones that I had glued on to a little tag identifying them. He also checked the little toy, and of course, the bubble gum I had put in them.

He then came back and asked me, "How many do you have to sell?" I checked and told him I had about 140 or 150 left. He said, "I'll take them all". I sold them to him and after talking to him, I found out he was a science teacher who taught three classes. He wanted his pupils to see the different rocks I had put in the bags. I made him a deal so he could sell them to his kids and make a little pocket change. In three years I made up and sold to this one man over 1000 grab bags. I learned something through all of this: Label the stones and always make up good grab bags.

Rockspectfully,

Evey

RED WILSON, THE MARBLE MAKER

I first met Red Wilson at the Omaha show and was so impressed by this man and his wife over the things they did with rocks. Red was a self-taught man in all that he did. His first love, I think, was making marbles. He had a way of doing this and making it look easy. All his machinery was handmade, all very simple, all kind of crude, but boy, could he turn out some lovely things. He had a technique all his own, going from a square to a finished marble in about one half hour to forty-five minutes.

Red held the folks as a captive audience. When he started there was a lot of noise, lots of prater from him and a lot of different things he did while turning out a round. The process was to take a square, grind off all the points, and then start to hand shape it before placing it into his homemade cup to start the rounding out. While typing this, I can see Red right now and still it as hard to figure out how he could do such a thing.

He used twelve-inch, 100-grit grinding wheels. These, too, were all cupped with a dent or grooved out place in the wheel. If it was not grooved out enough, he had a big piece of saw blade that had a carbide tooth on it. He would gouge the stone to get new grinding grit. I don't remember but it seems like he could get maybe 100 marbles before he had ground the stone all the way.

Red was a master in thin slices too. If he had, say a plume agate, he would slice it real thin. He would polish the face of it, then cap it with a clear-cut quartz slice and you could not see that it had been capped. I remember I had some Marfa plume, which I cut in sliced a little less than one-half inch. Ol' Red saw it and said, "Hey Evey, make me a deal on a couple of those sliccs." So I did. The next time I saw him, he came and had taken those sliccs and split them and capped them. I was shocked because he had done this with such perfection.

Red's wife was named Ann. What a team! They were a pair that you just loved, and they had that old southern drawl. Red would always display his marbles. He had his own homemade case, and sure enough, some one would come along with a hunger for Red's marbles. They would ask him, "are the marbles in your collection?" Red would hem and haw and say, "I'll have to talk to Ann." So Red and Ann would get into a little discussion so that the guy wanting to buy them could hear it. It went like this. (No you had to see these marbles. They were always the best and of all kinds of rocks. Not one crummy marble in the case.)

Red and Ann would talk and talk, like, Ann would say "Red you know they are your very best marbles and we have another show." Red: "Yes, Ann, but I think this man will really appreciate them and show them very often." Ann: "Yes, Red, but can you get another case ready before the next show?" Red: "Yes, but I'll have to work on it." Ann: "But Red, you know that you just made that case to display them in and they would not look nice in any other case." Red: "Yes, but wait a minute, I'll ask him or tell him I'll only sell the marbles if he buys the case too." Ann: "Well, okay, Red, you talk to him." Red: "Ill do that." Now this is the way they worked at selling about 100 marbles and the case.

The man wanting to buy was always in hearing range when this patter all went on, and by the time he was ready to finally get a yes from Red, then the bickering on the price would start. Now, I have bought and sold hundreds of Red's marbles. He and Ann liked Lois, so when our paths crossed, he would say, "Hey, Lois, you get first look-see." Boy, Lois liked that. Red's marbles and case were always top grade stuff.

This whining and talking between Red and Ann went on until almost closing time of the show and Red would get more interested in selling as he did not want to pack up the show case. At last the deal was struck and the price was set. The case was being sold with all the marbles. The buyer was happy. Red was really happy. But Ann, true to her part of this whole deal, was "sad" for selling the collection.

This story could go on and on, because at every show we were together with Red and Ann, someone "beat" him down until he would sell them his very own marble collection. I've seen him and Ann do it a lot of times. The buyer was overjoyed because he had a collection that no one else had and Red was happy too.

Rockspectfully,

Evey

ROCKY GEMS AT OUR FIRST SHOW

"Rocky Gems" real name is unknown. This deal was from Wichita, Kansas and was at our first show in the Armory way back when. For a club that had just been "born" we were really going out on a limb. Our bank account was zilch! We were all overcome with our new hobby and we did not really know where to start and what would be the end result.

In advertising the show and looking for dealers, "Rocky Gems" sent in for an application. Well, it was not like it is now. See, some guy who had some rocks, some polished stones, and maybe a few minerals thought he was a dealer. But this was not the case with Rocky. He had been to a lot of shows before he came our way, so the club sent him an application to fill out and then accepted him as a dealer.

No one I knew at that time had ever seen ol' Rocky. We did not know what all he had, nor just how good a dealer he would be. We knew nothing of what he would put out on his table, so we were all in awe waiting to see him and to look at his goodies.

He rolled up to the Armory on North 10th Street in a great big station wagon, packed to the ceiling with boxes and trays. You name it, he had it. He was ready to go for the big bucks. He wanted no help -- and I mean no help -- in unloading and setting up. Just like most dealers, he had a set pattern he used in both setting up and packing up.

We all went out to look at Rocky's station wagon. Yikes! On the front bumper were two large WWII metal ammo boxes. On the back bumper were two more large metal boxes. Get this! Each was full of rough rocks. We could not believe the extra weight he had put on the old station wagon. But when he got all set up, did he ever have the goodies. I mean good stuff. We were all in rockhound heaven and were glad we asked him to come.

I don't know what ever happened to Rocky, but he was a real asset at our first show, just as the other dealers who came. Happy trails to you, Rocky.

Rockspectfully,

Evey

THE ONE AND ONLY BOB ROOT

Yes, that's right. There was only one Bob Root. What a character he was. Little bald-headed man, bachelor, loner, had everything. Bob had just about anything one would want. I know because I bought a lot of old coins, stamps, and rocks from him.

He was from Denver and in life donated some of the very best and most rare minerals and crystals I've ever seen to the Denver Museum. He loved the crystals and minerals, but his first love was kids. Yes, kids -- mostly girls. It used to be funny when you'd ask Bob how he was doing, he'd say "Great show! I gave away 150 picces of candy!"

There were many times when a person would go over to visit his booth and he'd say, "Hey watch my booth. I'll be gone for a minute." Yeah. He would take off after some pretty little girl and have them twirl for him. I know, because both of my girls liked to twirl for Bob. In fact, if I remember right, my Nancy was one of his favorites.

It took him forever to set up and the same when the show was over. He was always the last one to load. Did he care? Did he give a rip? No!

We did a lot of shows with Bob and he never changed. He was different at the first one and different at the last one. It was like "Me hurry? Huh?"

Rockspectfully,

Evey.

READ ALL ABOUT IT!

Headlines in the original club newsletter read like this: "Read all about it! The Lincoln Gem and Mineral Club makes \$200 at their first show." Yes, we did and boy the fuzz hit the fan. I did not know that we weren't to talk about it if we made money. Anyway, it was a great show and we did make some money.

Here's a little information on the "Rockhound Grapevine". This was an idea I had on printing a little newsletter. I had an old - a real old mimeograph machine I used. You had to hand-ink it after every 10 or 12 sheets. They were always stuck together. It was messy and hard to read. The only thing that was good about it was the (1) the paper was free (2) the stencils were free and (3) the ink was free. So not much money was involved in the whole process.

If I remember right, dear Phyllis has maybe a couple of copies left, so they are really priceless. I put the paper out and my spelling isn't the best, as you can see. Well, no, you won't see, since Janet retypes all of these notes on her computer, which has automatic spelling, spacing, margins, all that good stuff.

As we grew up a little, we changed the name to *The Pick and Shovel*, which is what it is today.

I must stop here and thank Judy "the" Reilly for her work on the new Pick and Shovel. She does such a great job and what an asset she and Susie "the" McMahan are to our club. Let's help them out when they ask.

Rockspectfully,

Evey.

THE EMPTY BOX STORY

We were doing a gem and mineral show in Hastings, Nebraska. There were seven dealers there, one being Neal Sherman and his wife from Iowa. Now Neal was a one-of-a-kind dealer. He was always pulling a joke on someone, but this time he did it to me!!! Yes it's hard to believe, but he did! When the show was over and we were packing up, I had a pile of beer flats thrown in the corner. The beer flats were what we dealers packed our little boxed minerals in for the shows.

I had sold a lot of boxed minerals at this show, and I saw no need to carry the empties back home. Now for the "setup". Here came Neal and he said, "Evey, what are all these empty flats doing in the corner?" I said I sold the minerals and didn't need them anymore. He said, "you're not leaving them here are you?" "Yes," I said. He looked and then said, "Don't leave them here". "Why?" I asked.

Oh! Neal then knew I was all baited up and he snapped the trap shut on me. I asked him, "What do you do with your empty flats?" He looked around and then said, "I take mine home with me". I still didn't get it, so I asked, "Why?" Well, he told me that when the club members came around and saw that we had sold some minerals, they would raise our space rent and then price us out. He knew he had me; so Oh! Evey picked up all the empty flats and took them home, not knowing that I was taken by Neal Sherman.

The next show in which we were back together with Neal, it started again. He plotted with the other dealers to come over and ask me if I had any empty beer flats. "Not yet", I replied, but I'll have some after the show."

Not knowing I had gotten caught in Oh! Neal's story, I went all that day and half of the next being asked about my empty beer flats. Finally I asked some of the dealers, "Why are all you other dealers asking me if I have any empty flats?" Snap went the trap. One of the dealers told me, "Well, Neal Sherman says that you take all your empty flats home and that you have lots of them in your store room." Then I knew Neal had me as I saw him laughing and pointing to me. Needless to say, it took a long time to get over the fact that I hoarded empty boxes to make Neal's practical joke work on me.

Rockspectfully,

Evey

MY BIG BROTHER, THE WHEELER DEALER

Leland, my "big" brother was only older than me as he was much shorter than I was. He and his wife loved to go to the rock shows with us in Texas and help out. We were in Harlingen, Texas, and as we were setting up, I told Leland I would give him one table on the end that he could sell from. I had lots of items that I had accumulated after buying out four gem and mineral shops and fourteen gem and mineral collections. So with odds and ends such as old books, slabs, supplies, used tumblers – you name it – I had it.

Well, Leland loved this job. He knew zip about rocks, but just enough that if some guy would show any interest in buying, he would try and sell him a "lot" price, or if-you-take- it-all price. Leland was very good at this. His favorite line went something like this, "See, I'm just working for this guy and he said if I did not sell it all at this show, he would fire me!"

Of course, I did not ever intend to fire my own brother. I would have just not bought his dinner and supper. Yes, I miss my big brother, as he passed away five or so years ago. We had a lot off fun with him and his wife. So, Leland, if you're watching and reading this, I promise I'll only write one more article on you and the fun we had.

Rockspectfully,

Evey

I'LL TAKE ALL YOU GOT!

Some time back I wrote up a little story about the guy in Texas who said, "I'll take all you got". Well, this story involves me and that same line.

We were doing a show in Hastings, and my friends Neal and Connie Sherman were there as dealers. The show was a little slow after dinner, so I told Lois I was going to look around. As I walked around I stopped at the Sherman's booth and visited with Neal. He had some onyx dogs that looked like Orphan Annie's old dog Sandy. They were not the best carved, but he had a sign which said *Close Out Price 75 Cents Each*.

I counted them and there were about 10 or 12 on Neal's table. I said, "What is your bottom dollar on the dogs?" Neal went over and acted like he was asking Connie what he should do. He came back and asked if I wanted them all for 35 cents each. So ol' me – I was in the trap again. I said, "Yes, I'll take all you got". I told him to just bring them over when we packed up for home.

From then on I forgot all about the 35-cent dogs until a couple of hours before the show closed. Here came ol' Neal with a two-wheel cart and four boxes on it. He said, "Hey, Evey, where do you want the dogs you bought?" Knowing I had been had and was in the "trap" and in there real tight, I didn't want Neal to know that, so I told him to just set them behind my table.

Then came a surprise!! What I thought I was buying were 10-12 dogs, which turned into four boxes of dogs. Total count was 50 dogs. I did not want Neal to know he had "dinged" me, so I paid him off and sat for a long time licking my wounds.

Them danged dogs were a curse on me for a long time. I could only sell maybe one or two at each show. So I got rid of them by putting them in grab bags...gave them out for door prizes...and even donated them to the kids' table so I could get some relief over my being once again taken by Neal. Rats. (Or maybe I should say doggone!)

Rockspectfully,

Evey

FUN IN THE DESERT AT QUARTZITE

Lois and I had a trailer that our son-in-law and daughter had let us use. It was a little pop-up canvas job, and slept maybe four if everyone got out but one, so they could get out of bed and put on their clothes. We set up our table at the space allotted to us and put out all our gems and stuff. This was "Tyson Wells Show Place". There were a lot of dealers, traders, every type of thing you would want to get, but mostly rock dealers.

The first night in the little trailer we about froze as the temperature dropped to below freezing. We had a tiny electric heater, but it did not do much good. So the next night Lois and I zipped our sleeping bags together to keep warm. But this is not the story.

We had a lot of minerals, rough, slabs, and things rock hounds wanted. We sold pretty well, but I knew if it didn't pick up, I would go down the tube. So the next day we did a lot better as the crowd had increased a lot.

As we were closing up and covering up, a dealer behind me came over and told me, "I have not sold one thing yet". Trying to comfort him a little, I told him maybe tomorrow would be better for him. He said, "I don't know how I'll get back home since I have no extra money to even spend for gas to get there." I felt really sorry for him then and had a heart-to-heart talk with him, finding out this was his first show and he had plans on making a bundle. My advice to him was whenever he went to a rock show to put a \$100 bill folded up in his billfold so he could always have gas money to get home.

As the folks came by my spot, I would tell them to go over and buy a little something off of him since he had no extra money. I bought some stuff from him, and when the show was over, he came back and thanked me for my advice. I said, "Hey, it was free to you. I had to learn this lesson way back when I went to a rock show and went down the "dumper".

Rockspectfully,

Evey

BOLO TIE STRINGS

We were doing a show in Harlingen, Texas, when a man walked up to our booth and asked about the cost of our rayon bolo tie strings. He then told me he was a "dealer" and needed some. I thought about it and told him the price would be 50 cents each. He looked at me and said he could buy them from his friend for 25 cents each. I replied, "That's where to buy them". Soon he came back and said, "Well, he's out." I could not resist and yelled, "Hey, when I'm out, I sell them for 10 cents each!"

Well, he stood there for a little while and then came back and said, "Buddy, you got me on that one!" We both chuckled over this event, and then he asked me, "Do you have bolo tips with a ring on the end? I told him I did. He asked me how much they were. Knowing that he had tried to deal a deal before, I said, "Tell you what! What will you give me for them?"

He thought and thought, knowing the tips he was asking about sold for 50 cents a pair. For some time he thought it over and then said to me, "I'll give you 40 cents a pair." I, "Oh, no you are not giving me no 40 cents a pair". All at once he looked at me and said, "I knew you would not take that for them!" I laughed and told him, "I'll take 25 cents a pair".

He stopped and said, "I'll take all you got". I asked what color - gold or silver? He said both colors. Once again, I asked, "Now do you really mean you will take all the tips I have?" "Yes", he said, so I got them out and we counted and counted and I think I had a gross of each color. "Wow!" he exclaimed. "I didn't know you had that many pairs of tips." I laughed and told him I had more back in Lincoln, Nebraska, if he needed them. Well as the story goes, every year I went back to Harlingen and he came back and bought more. So watch out when someone says, "I'll take all you got".

Rockspectfully,

Evey

MY BIG ENGAGEMENT TO ADELINE

You see, this secret thing had been going on for some time. I always wanted some of Adeline's handmade things, so I plotted this scheme to go along with her hoping she would put my name in her will. We got going hot and heavy, and of course, I was married so had to watch what was going on. Then one meeting or show, she came up to me with this big "diamond" ring, asking if we could be engaged. I was really overcome about her proposal and finally said, "I doooooeeesss".

I told her at one rock show, "Adeline, let's you and me run off and do a wild and crazy weekend." I said, "How about going to Ong, Nebraska. We could go to the Dairy Queen and get a chocolate shake and really get it on." She was taken back by this and asked me point blank, "Like what's wild and crazy?" I replied, "One chocolate shake with two straws".

Well, this fell on deaf ears, and we slowly drifted apart. But when I was at the 2002 show and our eyes met, you know, the "flame" came back. So I asked Adeline, "Are we still engaged? If so, I'll have to have another ring as in my move I lost the other one." So, drop me a line. Is it (yes), or is it (no)?

Rockspectfully,

Evey

THE BIG ICE STORM IN PHARR, TEXAS

Friday Night we all set up for the show. There were about 8 or so dealers, so I was preparing for the big days of Saturday and Sunday. As we covered up Friday night, someone said, "Hey, it's supposed to rain and freeze." We thought soooo? After all, in Nebraska it does that every winter.

All went well Saturday and the show closed at 8:00 p.m. Off we went to eat and go home and count our money. Sunday morning we got up and left from our trailer for the show. Yes, it had rained and froze a little. It was kind of slick, but so what, I asked? We drive on slick streets all the time up here. But guess what? As we got closer to Pharr, we could see all kinds of cars and trucks that had slipped off the road on the up ramps and down ramps. Sooo, big deal...yes it was.

We got to the show and went in, uncovered our tables, and got ready for the big rush. What a deal. Opened up at 9:00, then 10:00, then 11:00, and only a few folks showed up. Noon. Still no one, or should I say, not a whole lot of folks showed. Then guess what? What? you say. Someone from the police department came in and said; "It's been on the radio and TV all day that everyone should stay in and off the streets, so I suggest you do the same."

All at once, the show chairman yelled, "Close 'er up and clear out!" Boy, this is what we did. Got back to our trailer and crawled into the bed, and the next morning, not a sign of ice, sleet, or anything. We were glad we had packed up earlier. Thanks a lot, Pharr.

Rockspectfully,

Evey



HOWARD TAYLOR AND ME IN QUARTZITE

For those of you who did not know Howard Taylor, you missed the time of your life. He was a true rockhound, a great husband and father, and was like a brother to me. This little story has to do with a show in Quartzite, Arizona. Actually there were two shows and hundreds of thousands of people there.

Howard came by my booth there and said, "Hey, Evey, there is a Mexican over at Cloud's place and he has fire agate windows for sale. So over we went to take a look. Boy, what a mess. They were in a couple of plastic trays in eh dirties water I ever had seen. So Howard asked him, "Can we go get some clean water and come back and wash things off a little?"

"Si, si" or whatever, so we went and got a couple of gallon jugs of water and came back and washed out the trays. We washed the agates and man alive, what beauties these were. I had one tray and as I washed, I counted. I think I had over 100 really choice ones.

Howard counted and he had about the same, but the ones he had were all a little bigger. We got our heads together to, you know, "wheel a deal". Well, that was a farce, but we tried and came up with a "take-all" price. If I remember, I told the man I would take all of them for \$1.00. He just looked at me with a glare in his eyes. So Howard told him \$2.00 each on the ones in the tub he had. Boy the Mexican kind of spoke to us in his native tongue, and we figured he was saying "no way".

The next day Howard and I went back and he had sold a few, so we offered him the same price. "No way" he said. But as the show was winding down, he was nervous as there were less and less buyers. He looked us up and was ready to deal. But Howard wasn't, and me neither. There were a great lot of exceptional stones left, but we held tight.

So the show closed and we all packed up and went to Tucson for another big show there. One day I saw Howard in his Suburban waving at me. I pulled into a lot and stopped to see what was up. Well, the ol' boy in Quartzite had come to Tucson and Howard found him. Man, was he ready to sell then. Buuuuuuu...Howard and I were not ready bbbuuuuuu.

Then we went and looked and man there was a lot of lovely fire agates left, but we got more and more stingier over the price. Well, to close this story out, Howard and I got into a huddle and decided we would ask him to name his price - the first time, no haggling - bottom dollar. He did and we bought them all. I sold mind and I think Howard kept some, but he was a real "horse trader", so I suppose that was where his went.

What fun Howard was! I miss him a lot.

Rockspectfully,

Evey



SALTING THE GARLAND GRAVEL PIT

As I write these little stories, they just keep coming back, over and over, the memories I have had with the club and club members. This little story goes like this. Someone had found an old abandoned quarry up around Garland. So we decided to have a field trip up there. We went up to scout it out and there was not much there. After some discussion we went ahead and planned the trip.

Before the club went up, a few of us cleaned our "Big Dog Rocks" – you know the ones – you think: some day I'm going to cut this rascal. Well, we all met up there and really "salted" the place with this stuff. The club all was picking out the good stuff and then it happened!! Someone had brought along a couple pounds of polished stones and threw them around. The first person who found anything like that yelled for joy, "Hey look what I found!! One already polished." As we gazed at the gem, we all wondered, how did that get in here? Yes, what a wonder that here on the eastern part of Nebraska you could find tumbled polished stone in an old quarry.

I never told any of you, did I???

Rockspectfully,

Evey

THE SOUP AND THE PIE AT THE CHANUTE, KANSAS SHOW

The first time I went to the Chanute, Kansas show there was only one other dealer besides me. There was one small hometown dealer, but he didn't have too much to sell.

When we got there, they asked me how much room I needed, and I said, "Oh, maybe 30 or 40 feet." So as we were unloading, it became apparent that we would end up with 40 feet front and back, a total of 80 feet. Wow! I had never had that much space before, but we put out everything we had. What a show! Lots of rockhounds, lots of first-time lookers, but a very good show.

Jim and John of J.J.& L. came and did this show along with us, and boy, did we like it. They loved it too. See, here's the deal. If you bought a sandwich, you got your soup and pie free. Now I'm not saying that Jim and John were "chow hounds", but they both liked the pie and soup. The soup was homemade and there were at least four different kinds. Man – those were the days. The folks down there were so nice and friendly and they would help you set up and then after the show, they would help us load up. When everyone loaded up and the floor was all cleaned, it was "Pie Eating Time"!

We had many good shows there and met so many dear friends. There was a buffet in Chanute named *The Lavender Orchid*. What a place! We went up there with Jim and John and did we ever pork out – or should I say "chickened out" as we all ate at least one-half or more of a chicken.

Then John and Jim split. Later on, as we were going back to our motel, we went by the Pizza Hut, and guess who was in there? Yes!! Jim and John. They told me they had to use the restroom. Ha! Ask Jim and John about Chanute, Kansas sometime.

Rockspectfully,

Evey

GARY AND ME AT THE MANHATTAN, KANSAS SHOW

I don't know why I ever did this, but I had booked two shows on the same weekend: the Lincoln Gem and Mineral Club show in the Armory and the Manhattan, Kansas Show. See, you live and learn. Lois and I talked and we thought we could handle it by splitting up with her and the two girls, Janet and Nancy. Then Gary and I would go on down to Manhattan and do that show. Sounds good, doesn't it? Big time deal. Yaaa!

Well, it was not like that. This was one show where I really went down the "dumper". I lost all but my change. What had happened was I never asked how many other dealers would be there, and when I got to Manhattan and saw the mob of other dealers there, I asked the show chairman, "How many dealers do you have coming?" He said, "We took all who wrote in for space."

Then I asked, "How many are coming?" His reply, "Oh, at least twenty." Whomp went my heart, because this was their first show. They were a real small club, there was a basketball game in town, and they had done no advertising. So Gary and me set up for the long haul. Boy, it was a long weekend. I called back the first night to see how Lois and the girls were doing in Lincoln, and they were doing real good.

This was a sad case here and makes me desperate just thinking about it, but as Paul Harvey says, "Now for the rest of the story". When we went to go home, we added up our space costs, our motel, our cats, and ended up going \$125 in the hole. What a rip.

So the lesson learned on this one was check and see what the show is going to produce as far as cost expended and monies taken in. We'll learn...

Rockspectfully,

Evey

COME TO THE SHOW! BRING A PIE AND \$1.00

I did a story about our first show and that of course, brought up another and another. But this one was funny and I don't know who thought up the idea, but it went like this.

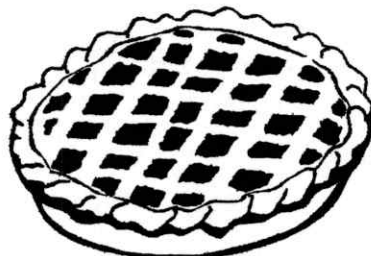
Seems Tom Simons and his sister were working the kitchen at the Armory and they planned the menu to have. You know - "sloppy joes", hotdogs, the usual items. Then someone suggested pies. Well, we had some real good pie bakers and they all said, "Well bring a pie or two." Great idea, right? Well, in the meantime, someone got a wild hair that all the club members should pay to get in the show plus bring a pie. Ho, ho, ho!

This went over like a dust storm in church. Yes, I know, but I can't say what I wanted to say about "wind" in church. The kitchen help did not back down. Bring a pie and a buck. So every club member had to pay to get in to see their own show. We all laughed and said, "That's the first and last time for that deal".

I'm so glad we got this club off and going, because there were times it looked like we would slide off the track.

Rockspectfully,

Evey



ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE JOB TO DO

Some old boy called me and asked if I could put some stones in a belt buckle for him. I said, "Bring her out", which he did. I saw this buckle and it was handmade out of stainless steel pipe. It was a beautiful thing, but man, what angles there were on the inside. The man who brought it was a welder at Brownsville, Nebraska Power Station, and they used scrap stainless and welded it together.

Lois tackled the first one and I think I charged him \$9.00 for that. Then he came in hot and heavy with every angle and cut they could make with the pipe. It finally got almost impossible to cut the stones to fit. Poor Lois. She was a master cutter and there wasn't much that threw her for a loop. However, at last she told me, "Irl, you've got to tell those guys we can't do them for that price! The next one I do is going to be \$20 to put stone in them. Well, one old boy did go for the \$20, but that's all. After that when we had a job that we didn't plan on spending so much time on, we did it and then set the price on it. What we learned was: don't make a price that you can't even get enough to spend the time on.

Rockspectfully,

Evey

BOB BERRY AND THE SKULL

Bob Berry is the owner of the gem shop in Wyoming, which goes under the name "Eloxite". I had known Bob when he was in Omaha and had visited his shop many times.

I was in Gernsey, Wyoming, doing a summer camp and decided to go over and see Bob. While there, I asked him if he had any black jade, and he said yes. We haggled about the price, and then I mentioned to him that I had a couple of skulls. Would he trade for one of them for his showcase? Well, it ended up in a draw, so I left. After I got home, he wrote to me and told me to send the skull back to him and he would send me the jade.

The trade was made. After awhile, however, the skull got to him. It seems like after he put it into the case, it would be found off of its base, maybe in the corner. Also there was a light in the case, and Bob would go in the morning and the light would be on. All kinds of things were happening. So Bob got spooked and put it away. But still the skull would do things when no one was around.

Well, Bob had enough of the skull and called a mortician back in Iowa and told him about it. The man in Iowa said "send it to me and I'll see that it gets buried. Then you can forget about it." That's what Bob did, and that's the end of the story.

Rockspectfully,

Evey



R. ROGER AND SKIP LAMBERT

Now here's a couple of guys you would not want to get caught in a dark alley with. When these two got together, there was a whole lot of wheeling and dealing going on.

We did a rock show in Siloam Springs, Arkansas. There was a lady there selling out her husband's rock shop. She had a tray of slabs that I was interested in. As it pawed through them I found five matched slabs of the rare Laguna Agate from Mexico. I had them all piled in my hand when another dealer came along and asked me, "You going to buy them?" I said, "What do you think about the price?" One word he said – cheap – so I bought them.

We got home and Lois picked out three of them and I sold Dr. Roger one slice and still had one left. Well, Skip came over and he thought the price was too high. He pursued me over the slab. I took it to the L.G.M.C. show and showed Bruce Simons and he bought it

This frosted Skip a little bit, but Roger was working on something and at the show Roger made this speech. "Remember Wrong-Way Corrigan? Remember the Alamo? Remember the Johnstown Flood? Today we have a member who has done the same thing. It's Skip Lambert. He turned down the loveliest Laguna Agate you have ever seen and now he's sorry he did. So to appease Skip, I am presenting him with his very own Laguna. Skip comes up here."

Skip stepped forward and Roger made another little speech and presented Skip with his own Laguna. I have to stop and tell you folks there are two sides to this Dr. Roger. This was the funny side. Out of his pocket he took a Laguna and handed it to Skip. You know what? Roger had found a little – no, tiny – Laguna Agate about as big as his thumbnail and this is what he gave to Skip. Boy did we all laugh! Wonder if Skip still has that Laguna?

Rockspectfully,

Evey

CRAZY LACE AGATE AT THE HASTINGS SHOW

We did a lot of shows at North Platte, Nebraska, and enjoyed every one of them. We were dealers at a new show and as I remember, there were a couple of new dealers. One man was really new and as it goes, when a new man came on board, we all had a look-see at his stuff. Now his stuff that I saw was all old new stuff. He had some of the prettiest Crazy Lace I ever saw. He put out slab after slab, and it was picked right off as the guys around me dug in.

Oh, yes, I dug in too. This stuff I had not seen for years and years, and here he had it new, clean and fresh and must not have realized that the kind he had was gone! I mean, really gone.

He was laughing and joking about his Crazy Lace and said he had about one ton more. Well, we perked up and listened to him. Then he came with Vaquilla Agate – what lovely things they were.

He was so happy he got his price and not one dealer asked for a discount. A couple of years later I went by his place, and I'll be dogged if he didn't have over a ton left, plus lots and lots of other agates. But this time he did not want to sell anything.

I wonder what happened to all that agate?

Rockspectfully,

Evey

EVECO ENTERPRISES

Some of you will not know this name, but it was another company I had started to let me deal in other things besides rocks.

At our first national show we had so many decisions to make that we were beside ourselves. Like along came gas rationing... We were handling a national show on our own. No outside money....dealers backing out...displays calling and telling us they were afraid to come...on and on it went.

Howard Taylor and I got together to see just where we were on retail dealers and wholesale dealers. I decided that I could bring out and half a ton of rough, some minerals and slabs, and the like. So Howard suggested that I use the other name, which was *Eveco*.

I set it up the booth for my son Gary to man, along with – I think back, now it must have been Gary's girl friend Jeannie, who is now my daughter-in-law – and they gave me two grandsons and a granddaughter.

Gary knew nothing about rocks, so it was kind of help-out-the-club deal. Oh, yes, they sold a lot of rough, and all, but it was because the guy looking at knew more about it than Gary and Jeannie.

When the show was all over, they had a lot of empty gunnysacks and I made enough to pay them "slave" wages.

Oh, what fun we had!

Rockspectfully,

Evey

HOWARD TAYLOR AND THE MAD DEALER

This happened at our national show we had in the Devaney Center. What a show – over 50 retail dealers and probably 25 wholesale dealers. There was one dealer who, when he wrote in, asked for "wall space". We spent a lot of hours mapping out and measuring the dealer space, so we gave this man his allotted space on the east wall. He came and set up all ready to go, but as it happened, the spot he had chosen was – yes – the east wall. But the crowd was a "right-hand" crowd. Wow! Did this ol' boy get hot. He sat in his booth on his behind and complained to everyone who came by.

Finally, the word got out to Howard – ho, ho, ho! You had to know Howard. He was kind and gentle until you pulled his chain. He ambled over to this guy to see what was up. Right away this guy got all irate, mad, ticked off – you name it, he did everything. Howard just kept his cool, went over and got the man's contract and read it to him. The contract was signed and all legal. The guy even made a note at the bottom that he was so happy to be in a national show. You know all the goody things that a guy would write to make an impression to a dealer chairman. Ha!! Was Howard impressed! He told the guy to get selling and we don't want another word out of you. Okay?

We miss you, Howard, ol' Buddy.

Rockspectfully,

Evey

YOU STOLE MY RING AND BRING IT BACK

I was doing the Kansas City show by myself. Never again. No never. The crowds in those days were always big. Pushing and shoving trying to get up to the counter. So after the first couple of hours I had to "go" really bad and I looked out in the crowd and saw Helenna Begel. I motioned for her to come over to my booth. I asked if she would stay and watch my booth for a while and she said, "Sure, I will".

I left and came back and she asked me, "Do you want me to help?" What a godsend that was! She came in the morning and helped and stayed till we closed and would not take any money for this. But I did find out she was staying in a hotel, so I could go get her in the morning and take her home.

Now the ring story. The time I was alone there was a lot of kids at the show. I noticed this one little boy kind of fingering one of my high-priced rings. I think it was a fifty-center. Off he went and off I went chasing him down. After 30 or 40 feet, I thought this is nuts chasing some kid for a 50 cent ring. The next day the kid and his mom came back and she told me that he had told her he stole it from a buy at the show. Of course, I was that guy. I told he I would just give him the ring for being so honest, and he was all happy.

Moral: Don't leave your booth for a fifty-cent ring.

Rockspectfully,

Evey

WHO LET THE DOG OUT!?!

This little story is kind of funny. It's about a dog -- I mean a gem dealer's dog. We first met these folks, a man, a wife, and a dog in Pharr, Texas. When we were all setting up our booths, I noticed a man carrying in a doggy crate. Sure enough there was a dog in the crate. A nice little dog, a pretty little dog. Now most folks have a tough time training a dog to know when and where to go. Not this dog. He was highly trained to the times, places and when to go.

So Mr. Poochy was always kept in his box. But when it was time for him to go, he would yelp just once and both the man and his wife would drop everything to take him out. He was timed perfectly, so no messes around. When he had to go, he had to go.

I often wondered if they owned the dog or the dog owned them. They jumped when he barked. He was let out of his box to eat and drink. Other than that, he was, as we say, "housebound" to the box. Now his mom and dad were well trained to his wants and needs. He was like a child or grandchild to them.

Well, it seems that one day he yipped and wanted to go out to potty. So out the dog and the man went. While out, the dog decided that when the man's back was turned, he would head south to the Mexican border. See, he was a Mexican Chihuahua. All at once, there was yelling and coaching to try and find the dog. But boy, the doggy was gone -- nowhere to be seen. So the man came in and had to tell his wife the pooch had run off. You never heard such wailing and gnashing of teeth that lady put out about her poor husband who had let the dog run off.

All this racket and boo-hooing and so on lasted about one hour. Then at last here came a policeman with the dog. You're right! The dog just about made it to the Mexican border. (Hey, I'm only kidding!) They found the dog behind the building playing with some kids. A very happy ending to a story about a dog, a man and his wife.

Remember, keep your dog on a leash. It's the law!

Rockspectfully,

Evey

CAN YOU PUT A STONE IN THIS BUCKLE?

This was the call we got one day. It was from a very well known jewelry dealer here in Lincoln. This man brought a buckle out and we looked it over. We just needed to know what the original setting had been. The man said "Mother of pearl". Well, that seemed like no big deal, so we said we would fix it up for him. Then a closer look revealed another tiny stone was missing and I mean tiny. It ended up being about as big as the round part of a toothpick. Hcy, no big deal, I said as I laid it on the bench so Lois could cut and polish the stones and put them in the right spot. This buckle was owned by a Mason or Shriner – you know, the guys who wear the fezzes? Had the big dagger through the buckle.

Lois cut the stones and they fit perfectly, even the little tiny one. The buckle was in sterling silver, so I told her to polish that all up too. Of course, when she was done it was beautiful.

I called this man and told him we had it done, and he said bring it down. So on the way down, we talked back and forth about the cutting and polishing price. At home, I thought \$10.00 would be good, but as I got closer, I thought no, I'll ask for \$12.00 and settle for \$10.00. He looked at me and said, "No way". Oh-oh, I thought. I must be too high. But no! He yelled back to his bookkeeper and said, "Make a check out to Everett Lapidary Shop for \$20.00." Hee-hee, I thought, but took the twenty and we left.

(Now for the rest of the story) Two or three weeks later, the man who owned the buckle came by our shop and had the buckle on. Really shiny and all. Then he said, "I really like this job you did on my buckle. It's as pretty as new and I don't know how you did all that for \$40.00." Yep, you're right. I thought I was too high.

Rockspectfully,

Evey

FRANK RULE ON THE MOTORCYCLE TO ARIZONA AND BACK

Frank's son had a big Harley "Gold Wing" and they were having a big cycle round up in Arizona. So he and Frank decided to ride down there and back. Tommy driving and Frank riding. They took off, but Tommy did not stop often enough for Frank. See, Frank was a chain smoker and had to have a puff every so often.

When they got back, we asked Frank how he did. Well, he said, "First 100 miles was not too bad, but from then on I could never get a cigarette lit until we stopped, and that was only for dinner. While we were stopped I think I must have smoked 2 or 3 cigs, one right after the other."

I can't remember if Frank ever rode again on the motorcycle. Anyway, we knew he had fun with Tommy and the bikers.

Rockspectfully,

Evcy



THE WIDOW AND THE WIDOWER

I can't remember who asked me to write some little stories down. Let's see... Was that Suzy Reilly or that Judy McMahan? Wait, I think I got the names mixed up. It should be Suzy McMahan and Judy Reilly. Well, any way they have caused me to go crazy in writing. As I do one story, at least three or four more come back to me. This one in my mind is a classic. It involves once again, Frank Rule. Wow - how many tricks were pulled on him and he still loved us all. Well, we loved him too. He was so much fun.

There was a field trip planned for out in Wyoming to the rock beds. It was supposed to be a four-day deal, and was for collecting wood, agate, and other rocks. I can't remember who the trail boss was, but it seems like it was Tom Simmons. It also was a state with rock field trips, so there were about seven or eight trailers in the roundup.

Of course, Tom could not turn down a good field trip. So off he went, trailer and pickup. It seems they started the trip from Grand Island or North Platte, and they all headed for Wyoming. Now Frank Rule was a widower and in another trailer was a widow. She was, as I get it, kind of "looking" for a man.

Well, as they started west, they stopped overnight somewhere and she let it be known that she was looking. Now poor Frank did not know this, but it seems like some dirty rotten rockhound in this convoy of trailers kind of hinted to her that Frank was "looking" too.

Well, things went all right the first day in the Wyoming field, and as they all sat around the campfire, Frank said, "I'm tired. I'm going to see you in the morning." And off he went. This is when the "dirty rotten" planners started the rumor that Frank was looking and someone should go over in the morning and make him breakfast.

Ho-ho - now you get the drift of this plot. So sure enough, she went over and knocked on Frank's door. She just walked in and said, "Where's your skillet? Where're your eggs? You got any bacon? I'll make you coffee before we eat."

Man, poor old Frank did not know what happened. Then before dinner, she said, "Frank, why don't I make up some potato salad for supper. I'll peel the taters and you boil the eggs and cut up the onions and get the mayonnaise ready. Okay?"

Well, Frank was really taken aback, but was kind about it all up to this point. Then the next morning, I don't know if she even knocked, but was once again in his trailer cooking eggs, bacon, frying potatoes, toast and coffee. Frank wondered what was happening and would talk to the guys and say, "What am I going to do? This is getting serious."

Well, like ol' Job in the Bible, all his "friends" comforted him and told him just to hang on for a few more days and all would pass way. But it did not. She was more pressing and more "comfy" around poor Frank. It seems like she was always with him and pressing more and more and being with him in his trailer. Listening to the radio, playing checkers - it was a battle and Frank did not know how it would end.

Along about the third day, Frank was really overwrought about the whole ordeal. So he moved his pickup to the trailer hitch and told the guys he was going to "charge his battery" in the trailer park. Well, this sounded reasonable, and no more was said. They all had fun around the campfire. The widow was sitting by Frank real close like and Frank could feel the "full court press" coming on him. About 9:30 or so, Frank told them, "I'm going to bed, see you in the morning." Off he went, but not to bed yet. He screwed his tongue jack down to the ball hitch. He connected the light wires. He screwed his tongue jack up tight and was ready.

Oh, boy was he ready. It seems like at four or so in the morning while everyone was asleep, ol' Frankie Boy cranked up the old pickup and awayyyyyyy he went. The poor widow got up in the morning and was going over to fix Frank his breakfast, but he was gone.

You know, as I type this little story, I wonder if anyone ever told Frank about the set up they pulled on the "widow and the widower".

Frank, thank you for the fun times we had with you and the joy you gave us all!

Rockspectfully,

Evey

WHY DIDN'T WE LEARN THE FIRST TIME???

Yes, you are right. We did not learn the first time that for one club to put on and finance the whole project was a task that no club our size should take on.

When we stated and set up our committees, the plans, the budget, the space, the dealers, the special displays, the open displays, the showcases. We had the showcases we needed, the demonstrating folks, the sellers, and the buyers, well you see it goes on and on.

Even with great folks as chairman, we had to be stretched very thin. Maybe one person could be in charge of one section. I'll illustrate my section. I had the job of checking and getting the cases lined up. I mean cases and cases. If I remember right, Don Gless from Fremont was hired to make up fifty new cases for the folks who had a special display and needed one that would lock up, be lighted, and very easy to look at and see the displays. He did a very good job and after our show, we sold the cases to the next club putting on a federation show.

It seems like there are some folks who can "demand" more than the club has or wants to have. We set the show up in Devaney Sports Center and this was the first "big" event they had in that building. Wow! What a deal. They had to run all the electric cables from the ceilings (we bought all that wiring and ends then had to leave them there). We had to rent tables - I mean tables - I can't remember how many, but I think every one that was in Lincoln at that time.

Start the show. We opened the doors and here they came. What crowds we had! We should have had this Judy (THE) Reilly there to report. She would have been real busy.

So end this story, I'm going to say, I was at the 45th show in March 2002, and we proved that we could still put on the best show in Nebraska - bar none. Ask the dealers. Yes, we did learn two good lessons in my mind. 1) Have everyone who can get involved! 2) Have a good chairman to set up committees to help. 3) Have the best displays you can get! 4) As old Winston Churchill said, "Neva', neva', neva' give up!" Yes we did it but the thrill is still there seeing our local show.

See you later "alligator".

Rockspectfully,

Evey

UP ON THE HOUSE TOP, CLICK, CLICK, CLICK

This little story has nothing to do with a housetop or a click, click. It has to do with one of our Christmas parties. As we always did, we exchanged Christmas presents. I don't ever remember getting a "crummy" one till this time. At least I thought it was a crummy present.

There was in my present four or five small Mexican agates, nothing showing on the outside, but I took them home and thinking, "What a rip!" Here I gave someone a very lovely mineral, couple of slabs, and a little something else. Poof - all I got was the little Mexicans. I couldn't even tell what kind they were.

After pouting for a week or so, I finally decided to cut one in half. WOW!! What a beauty it was. Loud flashing color, bold bands, solid. And so I cut them again. One slab off of each half. Then I took the two middle slices and Lois polished them up for me. I made the very prettiest butterfly you ever saw. Both halves were perfectly matched, and all I needed was a couple of whiskers and a body.

I cut the rest but they were not like my butterfly. Moral of the story: Don't look a gift horse in the mouth. Keep cutting and polishing.

Rockspectfully,

Evey

WHY ME LORD?

Yes, this is what I said when this story ends. See, as I have stated in the past, 40 plus years I have bought 14 rock and mineral collections, the stock of four dealers, and the last of the stock from a finding company. So I thought I knew my stuff.

I was at a gem show in Hastings and a lady came along and asked me to call some day to look over their rock shop, which she wanted to sell. Her husband had passed away and she wanted me to come on down and look. I think the name of the town was Edgar.

So Lois and I went down and visited the lady. Well, it seems the man was the dealer and had never done a show. He just collected and cut. There were all kinds of things to see, and if you ever have bought a shop out, what you can resell is not always enough to really make a lot of money on. In other words, you tell them what you will give and will take all. (Where do you think I got all that grab bag stuff?)

As we stumbled around twenty years of things, I had Lois go one way and I went the other. We met and came up with a price. Now in that mess was three super nice Texas palm stumps! Yes, palm stumps! I had never seen anything like them. They were perfect. One was about 18 inches tall. One was a little bigger and one; get this, base as big as an old washtub. There were many more things such as Montana mounted things, super choice Montana slabs -- you know, the ones you drool over?

Now, for the rest of the story. We gave the lady three options. 1) Donate to the Hastings Museum. No. 2) Have the club buy the stuff. No. So we gave them a price and she said, "Okay! But I have to go to the rest home for a day or two and I'll call you back."

Well, guess what! She died! Man, I cried. She had only one niece left and she and her husband ended up with everything. They had an auction on the coldest day of the year and hardly anyone showed up.

That spring as we were setting up at the Hastings show, a guy I knew came along and said, "Hey Evey can you help me?" So I went to help and guess what? There was my stump! I asked, "Where did you get that?" He said, "At an auction in Edgar. There were only about 35 people there and nobody had any money." I asked, "What did you pay for it?" He said, "35.00". "How much did the others go for?" He said he didn't know as he got the one he wanted. Dadrattit!

I end with this: "Why me Lord? Why didn't I get the stump?!?"

Rockspectfully,

Evey



SOLD OUT TO MR. BOX

We were doing a Midwest show in Topeka, Kansas and things were going along real well. We had a good show, but it was finally slowing down, getting to the "bewitching hour" when all the lookers were still looking and all the dealers were getting itchy. As most of you know who have been to a gem show, the dealers always bring along way more than they can sell. I was one of those dealers.

I walked around and saw another dealer kind of packing up his back table. Hey, I thought, that's what I'll do as we had decided that when we left Topeka, we were going to drive part way home. We'd arrive in Lincoln in the morning.

I was back behind my booth packing up a few things and the dealer chairman came along and said, "Hey, Evey, you're a little early!" I said, "Maybe, but I sold out!!" "To who?" he asked. I said, "Oh, to Mister Box." He looked and laughed and said, "Well, don't sell him everything!"

In the old days the shows ran from 9:00 a.m. to 9:30 p.m. Boy this was murder, since that long being on your feet after setting up the night before was just about all my ol' bod' could take.

Anyway, thanks to Mr. Box for helping me out.

Rockspectfully,

Evey

HEY EVEY, WHERE DO YOU WANT YOUR TURRETELLA AGATE?

When I heard that ol' boy say that, I said, "What?" He then told me he had a load on the trailer and needed gas money. I went out and looked and sure enough, he had a load.

Then he started. "It's the best! It's got lots of turretellas in it." It did. "Boy, it's thick stuff." It was. "It's the last of it." I doubted that, since I had been to the beds myself.

So I asked him this question, "How much do you have on there?" He said "About 1000 pounds." Holy moley. I would not be able to sell that in the rest of my life. So then came the final question, "How much do you want for it?" He said you tell me. I said I did not know his price that he would have to clue me in. He hemmed - you know what I mean. He seesawed back and forth and then hit me with the price.

So then I hemmed and hawed and told him okay, but you have to unload it and pile it by the south of my garage. Gary, my son, and he did just that. It laid there all fall and all winter and in the spring Gary and I went out with some gunnysacks and started to sack it up. We put 40 pounds in a sack and went to Iowa to a Rock Swap. All I had was about 10 to 15 40-pound sacks of it.

As the folks came by they said, "Hey, Evey, what do you want for he Turretella Agate?" Being a good guy, I told them, "You tell me what you'll give me." Everyone gave me more than I thought I would ever get out of it.

Anyway, Ol' Gary and I got all ready for the Beatrice swap. Same thing. Then back to Iowa. Once again, the same thing. After the summer swaps were over, Gary and I went out and inventoried the pile. Eccckk! It seemed to have grown! We must have sold 1000 pounds and still had that much left.

I guess what I'm saying is this: he did not know how much he had. I did not know how much I had. So after all this selling, I still had about 100 pounds left. But the last of it sold a whole lot slower than the first of it.

Hey, Evey, where do you want it? Was like a theme song.

Rockspectfully,

Evey

HAROLD DAVIS AND THE NEW GUNNY SACK

We did a lot of shows with Harold and his wife. They were such a nice couple. Harold was a chain smoker and always smoked Cools.

We did a show together in Hastings, Nebraska. We had a good show and Harold would stop by and talk a little. He kept telling me he had some new agate and could not sell the rest. I went over to see it, and he dumped it out. It was a Mexican type agate, very pretty, and had about three colors in it. I looked it all over and asked him what he wanted for it. He named his price and I said, "I'll give you that for the new gunny sack it's in if you will haul it to Omaha for me". He laughed and told me that all the Omaha guys had looked it over and that I could not sell it to anyone up there. "Hey," I said, "you bring it to the show and I'll show you how to sell it."

He laughed and I said, "You bring over a guy who you said has seen this agate and I'll bet you I can sell him some." So here came Harold with an old rock cutter. He said, "Harold tells me that you got some agate." "Yup." "What kind is it?" he asked.

"You tell me of a color of a cactus blossom and I'll show you some." He said, "Yellow." "Yup, I got it. But there is a catch to all this. See, I just got it and I figured that every guy who wants a piece of it, I'd let them pick out two pieces. That's all! So if you want to look and buy, I'll dump it out."

Well, by this time Harold was puffing and snorting as he watched this guy pick out the two pieces and leave. Pretty soon here came another guy, and he bought two pieces. Then it happened. A guy came along and just had a fit over the "cactus agate". He asked if I had some, and I said I did. "I don't have much left, but you can have two pieces." As he picked out his two pieces, he turned to Harold and said, "Harold, why don't you get good stock like ol' Evey?" By this time Brother Davis was fit to be tied. I told him, "Harold, I am not going to charge you for this lesson on how to sell cactus bloom agate."

Rockspectfully,

Evey

INDIAN COUNTRY AND ARROWHEADS

I had heard about a doctor in Weeping Water who had supposedly a large arrowhead collection. This was someone I never knew but thought I would go down and check him out.

The purpose was to see if he would take us on a field trip to hunt for points. Dr. Kunkel was his name and he was a very pleasant man. He had a little time to gather, so we set up a time and place to meet.

I came back to the club and suggested that we set up a time and make it a club field trip, which we did. Our plans were to meet in the park for a picnic and then have Dr. "K" take us to where we could find something - chips, broken points, whatever.

Lois and I got to the park a little late, and as we pulled up, we saw this great big crowd, thinking it must be a family reunion going on. But alas! All these folks had come for the arrowhead hunt. I'll bet there were at least 30-35 people there. Even the doctor was surprised.

We then headed out to a field that the man had just plowed. It was untouched as far as point hunters. We lined up at one end in one long line and off we headed. Then came "whoopie!" as someone had found a point. When we got to the end, we lined up the other way and swept through the field again. What a day that was! Everybody got something, and if I remember, there was at least 1/2 good point found.

Dr. Kunkel was a very pleasant man, and if I remember, he donated all his points to the museum. Thank you, Dr. Kunkel for a good time.

Rockspectfully,

Evey

OLLIE, WILFORD, LOIS, AND ME IN TEXAS

We met the Whitman's in Texas at a trailer park. What a time we had with that couple! They loved to help us in our booth and did a lot of traveling back and forth to the shows. The first show they helped us with was at Pharr, then to Harlingen, plus every show we did there. They even met us in South Dakota where we were doing a Midwest regional show. They were a dear couple and a lot of fun. Lois and I would have never seen all of Texas country and places to pick up rocks if it hadn't been for the Whitman's.

This little story has a twist to it. We were on the hunt for linite, a Texas granite with flecks of blue in it. The rock was very flashy, and when cut into cabs or whatever, these flecks would really shine in the sunlight. One day we decided to go up to Linite and check it out. On the way up the highway, we saw this little sign that said, "Willow City Loop." Hey, we thought, this looks like something we should check out.

So we swung around through the backcountry. After about half an hour we found out we just had to spend more time on this little road. Well, we had not prepared for the long haul and Ollie said, "Lois, you and I will go over behind those bushes over there, and Irl and Wilford, go the other way". It was noon and we had dilly-dallied the time away and had no lunch. Ollie checked her purse and found two bags of M&M's. So we put down a blanket and we divided them up equally.

I must say I have seen a lot of Texas, but this place was unbelievable. There were waterfalls, small mountains, deep gulchies, and wildflowers that we had never seen. So after two and a half hours on this 20 miles or so back road, we came back to the highway.

There is another story on this trip. Maybe next time.

Rockspectfully,

Evey

KABOOM, WENT THE TUMBLER

Boy, I hate to remember this one. See, it was New Year's Eve, and we had been to church for a special service. We came home about 12:30 a.m., and I pulled my car into the garage and got out. I listened and my tumbler was running round and round but not making the noise it made when it was grinding stones. So I shut it off and carried it into my kitchen. This tumbler was a brute and heavy. It was made from one-half inch steel gas pipeline. Being filled with rocks, grit, and water, it was a tussle just getting it into the house.

I stood it up and set it on a milk crate to see what was going on inside. Slowly I took the lid off and looked down in the hole. I saw it was frozen up in there. It's funny now, but boy, what a mess. As I watched the frozen crust of the grit and water, it seemed to be moving. Yes, you're right. It was moving right before my eyes and face.

All at once, kaboom! It went right for me. Pow! Grit, sludge, water, stones – all sorts of yucky stuff was all over the kitchen wall. Lois came running and saw me, and man, did she laugh. I guess I looked like a coal miner.

Well, what could we do but clean it all up before it set. So that New Year's Day or night was one to remember. Golly, if I had only let it sit there and thaw out, then relieve the gas pressure, I would not have had all that trouble.

Remember...slowly let the gas off in the tumblers...or you might also experience a mini-Mount St. Helens.

Rockspectfully,

Evey

LINDA PLOCK AND I ON A ROCK HUNT

Many of you know Linda – yes, the redhead. Well, we were doing a tour at Camp Ripley, Minnesota, as our summer Guard commitment. While up there, I was talking about good rock hunting, and to look for Lake Superior agate. I had been to camp before and had good luck finding them as this was a restricted area and no outsider came in to hunt. I remember I took a guy out with me who knew nothing about rocks, and I'll be, if he didn't find about a two-pounder. Yes, he had me slice it to see what was on the inside. As you know, if you don't see it or whatever, it's almost certain there is not much there.

Now back to Linda and me. I told Linda that if she thought I was taking her out in the woods alone, to forget about it. No way, I knew these guys we were training with. So I told her if she would get another person, we could go. So she came back later with our buddy Murphy and I think a nurse from a different outfit that she knew. We all piled in a jeep and headed up to the pit.

As we were looking and picking up a few small stones, I hear this "whoop, whoop, whoop" of a helicopter coming. Sure enough, they were flying low with the doors open. They stopped mid-air, hovered and yelled out, "What, Evey, what's doing with the girls??"

I yelled back, "Just rock hunting", so they left. All four of us laughed over that deal and we came back with some Lakers and had a fun time at the pit.

Hey, thanks Linda.

Rockspectfully,

Evey

MEETING OLD FRIENDS FOR THE FIRST TIME

I first met Ned and Marie Kennedy at the Wichita Gem Show. This was my first "big" show as it was the Midwest Show. What a show, because I was the new kid in the place and did not know my front side from my backside, and had never set up for a show before. It was a real learning lesson for me.

I had bought some very nice tri-states from "Boodle Lane" and had them all boxed and in flats. Also, I was right by the entrance and the first dealer that the folks saw. Lois and I were swamped. Folks were clamoring to get the "first and the best and the cheapest" one in the box. In fact, we actually sold lots by the flats. It was madness for sure.

All at once I saw this couple coming and looking me all over. They got into looking and picking out. After awhile, the lady said to me, "I'm looking for Irl Everett". I waited and then said, "That's me." She started laughing and replied, "Really? I thought you were an old man because of your awful handwriting". We both had a good laugh over that because you see I had ordered a lot of things from their little shop and we had never met.

So after awhile, she (Marie) said, "Are you really Irl Everett?" "Yes," I said. "Why do you ask?" "Because from your writing to us and your bad spelling and awful penmanship, we thought you were an old man". Lois said, "You should see some of the letters he wrote to me when he was in WWII." Again, we all chuckled over that.

Over the years we met with the Kennedy's when we went through Blackwell, Oklahoma, or saw them at the gem shows. They were truly a rockhound couple. They hunted together, they catalogued the specimens, and cut and polished their own gemstones. Marie was a writer of many articles in the "Lapidary Journal". In fact, she and Ned had probably the best collection of selenite crystals from the famous Salt Flats in Oklahoma.

I know they are missed by many of us who knew them and loved them.

Rockspectfully,

Evey

HEY MISTER, HOW MUCH ARE YOUR GRAB BAGS?

Yes, that was what the kid asked me. It's another Ivan Painton story coming up! And a good one too.

Ivan was showing his famous "Rock Paintings" at the Dewey Oklahoma show. (The home of Tom Mix, for all of you old timers. He was a cowboy movie idol.) Ivan and his wife were dear friends of ours. When Ivan was explaining his painting, Mildred would help in our booth. So here's the set up. Ready??

This little kid came along and asked about the grab bags. I told him they were 50 cents each. He said, "I don't have it." I looked around and saw Ivan explaining all about his paintings. So I told the kid Ivan was my friend and go over and ask him for the 50 Cents. The little kid went over and started to pull Ivan's pant leg. I could see him asking for the 50 Cents, and both Mildred and Lois were watching to see what Ivan would do.

Well, he put his hand in his pocket and we saw him shake his head, no he didn't have 50 cents. So the kid came back and he didn't have it.

I said, "Hey Buddy, that man is my friend. You go back and ask him for \$1.00 and I'll give him his change." Back the kid went. This time he just kept trying to get the \$1.00. Finally Ivan gave him the buck and here he came. I gave him his grab bag and told him I would see that Ivan got the 50 cents back.

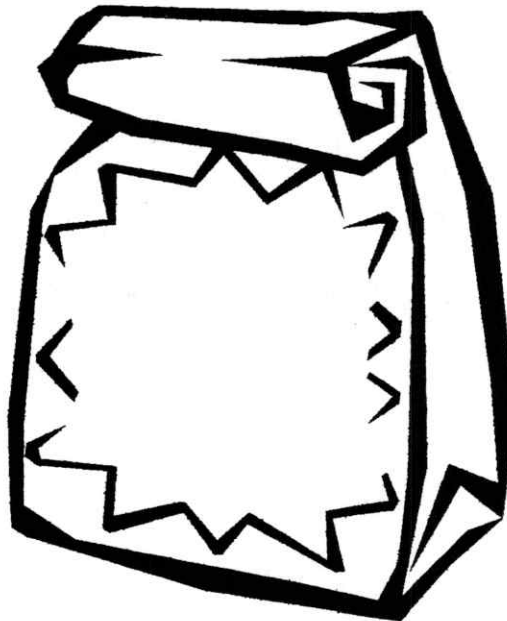
We watched, and pretty soon we saw Ivan looking and looking all around. Pretty soon here he came. Hey, Ev, "You'll never guess what happened." Mildred and Lois and I could hardly contain ourselves. He says, "A kid came over and wanted 50 cents. I did not have it. He came back and then asked for \$1.00. I gave it to him and I ain't seen him since!"

Me, of course, being the good, kind, gentle long-time friend I was, patiently listened to his story. Hey, did I give in right away? No. We were all having too much fun. We told him how sorry we were that some "kid" had ripped him off. How bad we felt. So off he went. At supper I told him I would pick up his meal check as some kid had left too much money on my table for a grab bag!

What a friend I was to Ivan. I'll bet he did it to me too, and I never even knew it. Oh, yes, his three girls and his wife and I still laugh about Ivan and the tricks that we were all involved in.

Rockspectfully,

Evey



GLENDO, WYOMING AND YOUNGITE

This little story had to do with a field trip to the Glendo, Wyoming area to look for youngite. This agate was made or formed – or I should say, – found when some rockhound went to this area and came back showing it off.

There was a crowd of us going to the site. My friend and I were both at National Guard summer camp and we decided to get with the crowd. It was in July or August and man, was it hot! Of course, these other folks were from this area and were well supplied with water, sacks, some snacks, hammers, picks, and all the things one would need to go out and look for rocks.

We hit this quarry about noon and as most rock hunts go, when you get there, nature has been “bugging” you to go!! Well, we all piled out of the cars and all at once, some guy hollers, “Ladies go left, men go right, and no one peeking.” Not having ever been with this crowd before, we all went left.

When we all got done, we huddled and the man in charge told us what to look for. Me, I thought all I would have to do is just walk along and put the rocks in my bag and sort them out when I got back home. Sure. We found what we were looking for, but buddy, you had to dig, pick, grunt, and strain, because it wanted to stay in the bank where it was.

After about an hour of all of this, I said to a guy, “Wonder how much this sells for at wholesale price?” He laughed and said, “About 25-35 cents a pound.” Then I laughed and said, “Hey pick me about 100 pounds.” We all had a good time and in days from then, I did find a source for the youngite and slabbed a lot of it. It was very pretty, and made some nice cabs.

Remember, take some water and a snack for your field trip.

Rockspectfully,

Evey

EYES FULL OF TEARS AND A LUMP IN MY THROAT

I know this seems like a funny title for a story, but it's the truth. This was what happened to me.

I was taking a silversmith class down at Lincoln High through the Parks and Recreation. The instructor of the class was a very pretty young lady. In fact, I used to go down and help her bring in her supplies. If I remember right, it was a six-week and I took it twice. On the second go-round, as I was helping her, I told her, “You know, when I was I the first grade at school, I fell in love with my teacher. And it think it's happened again.” She kind of laughed, but guess what? From then on her husband came and helped her bring in the things she needed.

But that's not the reason for the title of this story. In the 12-week period that I took the class, I made over 100 rings, a couple of necklaces, and a couple of bracelets. But one piece I was working on I had to make about three solder joints. If an of you reading this have done silver smithing, you will know what I mean. It is very critical when applying the heat that you do not get the thing you're working on too hot, or oops – it's gone. A big lump of silver. I was being very careful since it had happened to me before.

And in the time it takes to type a line, it was a lump. Now I had worked on this piece for some time and was within maybe ten minutes of having it done. As I looked at the pile of silver I got a tear in my eye and a big lump in my throat.

Moral of the story, don't fall in love with your teacher, and don't get the silver too hot.

Tears and lumps.

Rockspectfully,

Evey

I FEEL SO SORRY FOR THAT MAN

This is another story about my dear friend Ivan Painton. What a buddy he was! I pulled more tricks on him that I can remember.

We were both doing the same show in Tulsa, Oklahoma, Ivan, with his "Rock Art" and me as a dealer. Ivan's rock art was painting of scenes that were in a slab. He would take the slab, look it all over, and then paint the same scene on a large canvas. He was well known in Oklahoma art circles. He did a lot of Indian paintings and cattle scenes, but the "Rock Art" was his favorite.

At the Tulsa show he and his wife Mildred would help us set up and tear down. However, he was always trying to get to me. One day I remember he came to my booth and said, "Thay, Mithter. Whath thith thtuff?" I told him and he moved on a little. He stopped and said, "Thay, Mithter, what the thlabth in the water for?" I told him this showed what they would look like polished". "Hoo-kay, I'll thee ya". And off he went.

Right behind him was a lady, and as he left, she said, "My, he has a horrible speech impediment." "Yes, I know," I said. "He has those lovely paintings down there and no one stops to talk to him. Why don't you go down and have him explain them to you."

So off she went. Lois, Mildred, and I watched, and as she started to visit with him, he was talking naturally. So she stayed there for some time and then came back to our booth. She stopped and said, "That man didn't have any speech problems!" I laughed and then I said, "I knows it, buts we haves a lot of funs doing that to each other.

We all got a big belly laugh out of that. That night as we were eating, we told Ivan all about it, and then we really chuckled.

Loved you Ivan.

Rockspectfully,

Evey

THE "BE-BACKS"

This little story involves a passed-on member Todd Ashman, and my son Gary.

We were doing a Rocky Mountain show in Casper, and Todd's folks let him ride the train out if I would promise to bring him home. Todd and Gary were about the same age, so it was good for us all to be together. My daughters Janet and Nancy were also along with us.

We got to Casper where the show was to be. I knew the dealer chairman, so I told him, "Hey Buddy Pal. I want by the door!" "Okay," he said, and when I set up, I was by the door - but on the left of it. Guess what?? It was a right-handed crowd. So by the time they got to me, they were all "spent out", as we used to say.

Well, a couple of times Lois and I would wander around to see what other folks had to sell. This was in the days when dealers bought lots of rough and slabs. There was a guy there from California who had lots and lots of everything. Every time we would make a sale, he rang his big old cowbell. This went on for only one day and then it was shut off.

We came back to the booth and I looked around and saw all these small sacks sitting on the back table. I asked Todd and Gary what they were. Both said, "They are sacks of rocks and the folks said they would "be back later". Hey, if I had sold to every "be-back" I would really be wealthy.

Moral of this story is this: "Don't plan on the "be-backs"!

Rockspectfully,

Evey

MEETING "BOODLE LANE"

I met Boodle Lane at the Wichita Federation Show. I had bought a lot of very choice Tri-States minerals from him. When I first looked at him, I thought, "Yicks! This is a hard rock miner." But that was what he did. His job, as he put it, was to check and see if there was anything left when the miners got done. He was well known in the Tri-States with his knowledge of the Tri-State minerals.

As we visited, he told me this story. It seems he and another fellow were checking out a mined-out part of this mine. As they walked along with their hat lamps on in the darkness, Boodle spotted a bump or bulge in the wall. When tapped, it sounded hollow, so he picked at it and got an opening in it. Then he could shine his head light in there. He could not believe what he was looking at. He told me he looked through the small hole and into what made him just stand there as the tears ran down his face at the splendor of it all. Plus the fact that he was the first and only human to see this sight.

After looking and looking, he and the other guy decided that they had better clean the hole out. Boodle then said they started to clean it out and handle every specimen plus wrapping each one. This had to be a very secret job and no one was to know. The process went like this. They went through the mined out part of the mine and brought 20 fifty gallon barrels. They placed them about 50-75 steps apart. They would handpick and mine to cause the least amount of damage to the crystals.

As they wrapped them, they would place the specimens in a knap sack. Boodle had hired two guys to do the packing out of the gems. It seems like he told me it took two weeks to clean the area out and it was big enough to crawl into to dig.

Thinking back to this story, I have often thought just what I would do. Well, I know what! I'd have cried like ol' Boodle did to see something like that for the first time, knowing God had put all that beauty inside the hole.

Boodle had a rock shop and his biggest selling items were the bright colored glass slag. If you wanted good Tri-State minerals, you had to ask for them. See, Boodle kept all the really good stuff under his bed!

Rockspectfully,

Evey

REV. HEIM AND HIS FIRE OPAL

I loved Rev. Heim, as he was a dear friend and the pastor of the church at 33rd and I think Starr Street, block or two south of Holdrege Street. He was a master at cutting and polishing stones and his very favorite was fire opal.

One day he called and came over for some ideas. He had a fine piece of rough fire opal and wanted me to look at it. When he came and I looked at the opal, I saw that it had a ¼ inch strip through the middle. The best way to describe it was that it was about the size of a half dollar and this strip was about 3/16th inch or so thick.

After much debate, I told him I would lay it on the rock-cutting bench and have Lois look it over. When she came down to look at it and asked what she should do, I told her to split it in the middle. The strip of fire was right in the middle like the white cream in an Oreo cookie.

After much discussion, our plan was for both of us to hold a side and saw it with a thin diamond blade. We did this and when we finished sawing and looked at the opal, we actually cried. Now I know this sounds hokey and all, but we had never seen anything so pretty. Both sides were the same and all the flashy colors of the rainbow. We called the Reverend back and told him we had split it and to come on over. When he arrived and we showed him, he almost cried too, and that's something I don't think preachers do!

Then he chickened out and asked if Lois would finish two stones – one from each side – and as usual, she took on the job. When she started, she asked that we pray that it would come out all right. Well, the story ends with two 30x22 cabs of fire opal, which we sent off to Sanchez to have them set in gold.

What a joy this was to see the finished product!

Rockspectfully,

Evey

PAPPY WADDLE AND HIS SIGNS

For those of you who never knew Pappy Waddle, you missed a truly funny guy. He had a way of making everything seem funny and could get a laugh from anyone.

His favorite stone was the Australian opal. He had an assortment of fire opals that were out of this world. He seemed to thrive on the fact that he could buy a batch of almost the crummiest of opals and hand work them, ending up with something beautiful. I sold him a lot of different grades, but he seems always to have every size and every shape. I don't think he had one opal that was cut to a calibrated size. However the cut came out was good enough for him.

But Pappy Waddle's fame was not with opals. Oh, no! He had a company here in Lincoln on "O" Street that made a thing called "Letter Guide". This deal was a template with the alphabet and numbers on it. There was also had a little device where you put the back tip in the letter guide and on the other end was a ballpoint tip. With this combination you could make perfect letters by following in the letters on the template, transferring them in ink to the sign you were making.

This was not the only talent Pappy had, however. He had a knack for making signs freehand. Yes, he was really good at this. Yes, he was busy at every rock show making up signs. Yes, he had all kinds and shapes of paperboard for making signs. Yes, he loved to do this. I can see him now, chewing on his cigar stub laughing and making signs. He loved doing this. The last "yes" is this: I still have some of Pappy's hand-lettered signs and will keep them.

Pappy, we miss you!

Rockspectfully,

Evey

MY FIRST SHOW AS A DEALER

You talk about a couple of greenhorn rock dealers – that was Lois and I. Wow! Did we ever get a rude awakening at that first show in Wichita. We had a first corner space by the front door coming in. We had tried to set up the night before and really not knowing the dealer game, we were bothered all the time with the “be in line for the first crowd”. They were at every show and always wanted to see what you had that was “new”. You know what I am talking about, don’t you? See, I do because I was always one of them too.

I might say I never did this, but Lois did! Especially when that dealer Neal Sherman came around with his cases full of opal he had just bought. Neal went from the plain old rock dealer to a “gem” dealer in a hurry. He found out that lugging those flats of minerals, all that rough, all the slabs, and other heavy items was not for that ol’ corn farmer. In fact, of all the dealers I knew, he wised up faster than us old, know-it-all dealers.

Enough of Neal...Back to the Wichita story. The show was three days, plus one day for setting up. As I said, we had a hard time getting organized and ready. Oh, yes, we had offers by the lot to help us set up, but boy was that confusing. When I think back to those days, I wonder how we ever made it.

But back then folks bought anything as a hobby because it was so new. I met many folks whom I had dealt with by mail before I did shows. I remember my first ad in the *Lapidary Journal*. It went something like this: “Nebraskaland special: Three fossilized horn corals from Nebraska. Three sizes, post paid for only \$2.00.” Postage was really cheap then. As the letters came in, I had many who wanted to trade, plus those who ordered. So at Wichita I found out that they were just like me.

The displays at that show were outstanding. Of course, it was my first. Everything was just overwhelming. After looking at my “gem display and mineral collection” and then seeing that show that had competition displays, fluorescent displays, polished cabs and slabs – well, just remember your first show. There was a display there that some folks brought from California, and the man had invented the “Slik Tumbler”. It was a little six-sided poly barrel that ran tilted up at about a 45-degree angle.

However, that was not their display. What they had brought along was a ten. I mean a ten-place setting of Mexican calcite onyx. There was everything: all the plates, cups, saucers, knives, forks, spoons, fruit bowls – with the fruit -- candleholders, water pitchers – you name it, they had it. I had never seen anything like it. The sad ending to that was that the man was killed on the way home from that show. Someone hit them from behind and most of the onyx that was packed up high in their truck slammed forward crushing them. This was a sad day for all of those who knew them.

Also, it was at this first show I first met Ivan Painton. He was from Orion, Oklahoma. Oh, by the way, he was the only one living in Orion and not even close to anyone. I had bought many rocks and minerals from him. He was the first one who ever found and named the dolomite pyramids, which was a pseudomorph after Halite crystals. In other words, we’re talking about a “salt crystal” cast. Ivan was a dear friend and we had many great times together. Someday I’ll have to write a few more funny stories about him.

After that show, we felt like a couple of beat-up dealers. It was almost more than we planned on doing. Oh, yes, the space rent on my space was around \$100-\$125.

In doing shows for over forty years we learned a lot about packing up, setting up, getting ready, and all the ins and outs. Lois and I used to do say, a three-day show and the second day or so, after we closed up and ate, we’d hobble back to our motel room. I would flop on the bed and take off my shoes and ask, “Look and see if all I’ve got on my ankles is stumps.” Because that’s the way they felt.

Well, I’ll tell you one thing, I had a lot of funny experiences and met some of the nicest folks in the world. Oh, yes, I met one or two horse’s patoots too.

Rockspectfully,

Evey

THE PIANO MAN

This story involves a project I took on for my friend Francis Latimer. She had tried various places to find a slab, which was cut just as she wanted it done. Well, others had backed off and then she called me. She told me what she was working on and just what she wanted. I told her I would look around for the right sized piece of rough so I could cut this item she wanted to use for her carving.

As it turned out, what she wanted was not impossible, but almost. She wanted a slab cut a certain thickness, and another one cut from a one-fourth inch thick slab. I found a large piece of black obsidian and started to slab it. As I progressed, I thought, what am I doing anyway? But I went on and all at once it came to me that this large slab I was cutting was for the piano part of her carving, and the thinner slab was the lid of the piano.

Well, the first part was going good, but when I started cutting it into the rough shape of a piano, I thought, man, I'm in over my head. But I went on. I put the thick slab back in my 24-inch saw and cut off the one-fourth-inch thick slab. Hey, I did it!

I packed up what I had done and sent it to Francis and waited to see if I had done all right. Well, I got this letter back and she was thrilled with the "piano" part. It finished up real good and even made the cover of the *Lapidary Journal*, dated November 1974. If you have that copy it goes into great detail on just how she did all the carving and what materials she used, so look it up and read it.

She did another carving called "The Watermelon Man". It features an Asian gentleman sitting under an umbrella. Green watermelons are all around him, and one appears to be cut into quarters with red centers. It looked good enough to eat. Francis had asked me to help her on this carving too and when I first saw it, I could not figure out how she did all this carving with a flex shaft grinder.

Francis was a dear friend and a remarkable artist. Thanks for all the joys you have given me through the years, Francis.

Respectfully,

Evey



BIG ROCK SWAP ON THE TOUCH AND GO BASE AIR STRIP

This little story happened when we were visiting our daughter Nancy and son-in-law Sam. Their children Kelley and Timmy were there too. We had a lot of fun while we stayed with them and went to many different places.

The first time we went out to the landing strip for the rock swap, we had never seen anything like it. We had our little Layton trailer, and Sam and Nancy had one too. Out we went to pick our spot. In fact, we parked so we could both put our awnings down and be close enough to make a really nice sitting area. We set up a little table and had our coffee and meals right out there. I had my booth in front of the trailers and had three tables that I made from which to sell. This gave me 32 feet of space on which to put my stuff.

When I first got out there, I did not have any idea what was up or what was going on. But I soon learned that I would have some stiff competition in selling. There were folks with all kinds of things besides rocks. It was fun going around and looking at other folks' wares.

We were out there four days and three nights. What a time we had! We met one man who had bronze castings. He made all kinds of items and some of his work was very good. We asked him where his foundry was and he told us it was home made and at his place. Well, come to find out, he lived at an abandoned mine and he had put electricity in this place. He laughed and told us that the owner was trying to get him to move as he was using so much electricity, but he had a "lifetime" lease on the place with all electricity furnished free.

We met lots of other people, including a guy who came in from Illinois with "Marcisite Dollars". Boy did he have a lot of them! I bought some from him, but he was for the big buyers. Three of them took all he had. He came to our trailer and asked if one of us could take him to a bank or some place so he could send the cash he had taken in back to his bank.

Well, Sam knew his way around Phoenix better than I did, so Sam took him. When Sam got back he told Lois, Nancy, and me that the old boy sent over \$5,000.00 back home. This was from that one show. Man, was I jealous!

"Happy trails to you till we meet again."

Rockspectfully,

Evey



MARIE TAYLOR AND THE RUNZAS

This happened at or before one of our gem and mineral shows. Hey you know, I forgot if it was before...after...or during the set-up night. Oh, well, I can forget once, can't I?

Anyway, Marie had made up a batch of what we call Runzas, and invited all the dealers over to their house. Now you must remember that some dealers had never seen a Runza, let alone taste one. So what a time we had. We all met and were fed these lovely morsels plus some other things. When Marie put on a feed, you got fed. We all met at their house and began to chow down. I am not going to go into great detail on how good those Runzas were. You know, cabbage, meat, secret spices, and tasty crust. No way am I going to tell you that.

It was funny. Like the saying goes, "Betcha' can't eat just one!" Yep, that's right, she had made more than I thought we could eat, but no so! After the first go-round, we got serious on this eating kick. No, I'm not saying the dealers were chowhounds, nor were the dealers' wives chowhounds. I'll say this - we were all chowhounds.

What a time we had! I never did ask Marie if she would ever do that again. She was a good cook and we all knew it. It seems the whole Taylor clan was in on this meal: Suzy, Howard, Jim, and Marie. They were so kind to us all. Oh, yes, that was the last time I think one family invited all the dealers to their house for this kind of meal.

As I have been writing these little stories, they just keep popping into my mind. Marie and Suzy have been great assets to our club, as were Howard and Jim.

Thanks for the Runzas, Marie.

Rockspectfully,

Evcy

FRANCIS LATIMER, MY FRIEND, THE CARVER

Francis Latimer came to both of our national shows here in Lincoln. She was a master carver and was in great demand. When she went to a show, she always had a crowd around her. She could carve about anything on any kind of rock.

I have many of her carvings and am so proud of them. I'll show a case of her carvings at a show in the future. She was not only a master carver, but also a dear friend, and she was always the hit of the show.

She had other talents too, and one of them was oil painting. She did paintings for me that I just love. One day I wrote to her and asked if she could paint a picture of my son in his "mountain man" buckskins. She wrote back and told me to get a couple of photos of Gary in the Buckskins and have him hold a rifle that I had given to him. I did this and sent these to her.

One photo had him sitting down with the rifle across his lap. The other had him standing. Well, after a few weeks, here came a package from her. When I opened it, I was really taken aback. Here was my son Gary on a horse, in a snowstorm with the rifle across his lap. Behind him were two pack horses loaded with fur skins. It was so real. I put it on the wall in our living room and called Gary to come over, saying I had something for him to see.

Well, he came over and we were sitting there just chatting. All at once, Gary looked up and saw the painting. He jumped up and looked real close at it and said, "That's me, and I've even got my mustache on!"

I gave this painting to Gary and he is so proud of it. I know that he can never thank Francis enough for what she did for him with this painting.

Francis, thanks over and over for your friendship to us Everett's.

Rockspectfully,

Evcy

I NEVER SAW SO MANY NICE ROCKS

This story happened at Orella, Nebraska. My boss, Everett Weber and I had been to Chadron on an inspection trip for the Nebraska National Guard. We had finished and decided to go to Fort Robinson and stay over night. When we got to Fort Robinson, there was still a lot of daylight left, and so we packed our stuff in our room and decided to run up to Orella to check out the Fairburn agates.

When we got there, we entered the agate fields from the best side. This was a miserable road for sure, and it took really good driving skill to get there. The unwritten rule was to "keep Sugar Loaf on the right side of you going in and on the left side going out".

Well, with Sugar Loaf on our right, away we went. Man, what a rough road! We finally got back in about a mile or two and we stopped to look to see if anyone else was there. As we gazed to the east, I said to Weber, "Is that a pickup and Air Stream trailer over there?" "Yes, it is," said Weber. "Let's go over and see who it is."

We drove on about a mile or so and sure enough, there was a truck trailer and this man from Canada. We asked him if he had any luck. "Man, oh, man," he said, "I never saw such easy pickings!" He had about 3 or 4 gunny sacks next to the trailer and he opened the trailer door and said, "Look inside." We did, and said, "what are you going to do with all that agate and wood you've got in there?"

He laughed and told us he was going to ship it back to Canada by rail. We looked back in and counted 10 gunnysacks of rocks do the aisle of his trailer. We laughed and then asked him how he was going to sleep in there. He said he was going to crawl over the rocks to his bed and sleep. Well, we left him and went on our way. I've often wondered if he got the rock back home.

This story took place a long time ago when you could go to Orella and in about one hour pick up a couple of sacks real easy. The agate was everywhere. I went there many times since, and the last time it was picked clean, just waiting for a rain to uncover more. I had lots of fun in Orella.

Oh, yes, Orella was a ghost town!

Rockspectfully,

Evey



THE ORELLA AGATE AND PETRIFIED WOOD BEDS

Many times I have been to the Orella beds, and in the early years, it was "easy" pickings. You could find a gunnysack-full of both agates and woods in a small spot. We sure enjoyed the hours we spent there.

There were two ways to get to the beds. If you left Crawford on Hwys 2 & 71 and headed north, you would come to the ghost town of Orella. You would see a road, or I should say, a couple of ruts in the field to your right. When you turned east and saw what you had to drive on, you could say to yourself, "What am I doing in here?" But you continued on east with the little mountain they called "Sugar Loaf" on your right and kept going east. You'd go from side to side of this trail. In the glory days it was easy to find downright good agates, petrified woods, and maybe a Fairburn agate. I had two 8-hour days of hunting there.

If you kept going you would come out to a little town called Whitney; and then go south a couple of miles and then pick up Hwy 20. Turn east and go back to Chadron.

Going up Hwy 71 & 2 on the left side of the road you would see a sign that said "Toadstool Park". This was a very interesting place to stop and see. In the old days, you could pick up things from there. One time my buddy was in there and he found a perfect little turtle all fossilized.

Another time we went into Toadstool Park at night, since we had heard that there were fluorescents in there. Man, oh, man, was there ever! We turned on our portable black light and the whole ground fluoresced both green and red. Needless to say, we went crazy!

Oh, those were the days and now one has to go up there to hunt agates and woods after a driving rain to uncover the items that were buried in the ground. Had a lot of fun in the Orella beds.

Rockspectfully,

Evey

BOX OF GOODIES BUT NO PEEKING!

I was in Tucson doing a national show. I went over to see one of the suppliers, Steve, owner of ESCO. He was a wheeler-dealer. After jawboning with him for a while, I asked, "Hey Steve, you got any bargains?" Ha!! This was like asking a pit bull dog if he wanted to have a fight.

Well, he popped off a couple of deals that he said I could not afford to pass up – but I did. Nothing he showed me hit my eye, and as I was about to leave, he said, "Hey Evey, how about that box over there?" Well, it was all sealed up so I asked, "What's in it?" He said, "I can't remember right off!" Well, I thought for a while and I figured ol' Stevie was trying to get to me and yet I wanted to get to him.

We bantered back and forth and then he said, "I'll sell it to you for \$50, but you can't peek." Well, this raised the stakes a little high, but knowing Steve, I had never been cheated by him, so I said, "Okay, Steve, I'll take a chance on the big box you offered to me". We shook hands and I paid him and went back to my booth. Now this was a big, heavy box and I had to go and get my two-wheeler cart to move it.

I got the box in behind my booth and opened it up. I just stood back and chuckled over what I was looking at. There were little boats made out of shells. There were bigger boats made out of shells. There were napkin rings made out of shells. There were all kinds of other things all made out of seashells. Lois got into that box and kind of did a quick inventory, and we saw that we had our \$50 back with no trouble at all.

Oh, if I could only get a deal like that again!!

Rockspectfully,

Evey

RED WILSON'S MARBLES AND THE "HEELY-FEELIES"

This little story happened in Quartzite, Arizona. Lois and I were doing the show at "Cloud's Rock Swap". There were a lot of wheeler-dealers in that unlikely lot. We had set up next to Jay Hawk Rock Shop out of Kansas, (but that's another story...).

One day I was going around to see who all was there. Of course, there was a conglomeration of dealers – so called dealers, and a lot of wheeler-dealers.

Well, everything was going along real good when I noticed about four old school buses pulling in. What a bunch of characters there was in that mess. Old buses all painted up in psychedelic colors. All kinds of hippies, all kinds of kids, and one bus had in it four burros. I found out later they took kids for rides for a few coins.

After they set up in their circle and got all unloaded, we all laughed at the tribe that had moved in on us. If I remember, it seems there were about 8 couples or 16 adults and so many kids, I just gave up counting them.

At night you could hear them down there singing and blowing on their didgeridoos, long Australian blowpipes. I can't remember how many there were, but boy when they all got blowing and making that weird sound, you got goose bumps.

After four or five days I had to go down there and see what was up. I came to a card table and behind it was a pretty young girl, I'd say was 18 or 19 years old. I looked over her wares and then asked if I could see one of the clear quartz marbles she had. As I laid it in my hand, I started to kind of moan and all at once I said, "I feel it. I feel it."

She said, "Ycs, that's a powerful marble!" I said, I know that, and she asked me, "What do you feel?" I looked up at her and said, "I feel ol' Red Wilson, the marble maker, in this marble".

She looked at me and started to chuckle. She said, "That's the first time I've had anyone say they could feel Red Wilson in a marble." Without a smile I said, "I know it, but Red makes marbles for me too."

We both chuckled and I left. It was fun with those kids because you didn't know where they came from or where they were going. But I liked the "heely-feelies".

Rockspectfully,

Evey

NO FISHING FROM THIS BRIDGE!

This sign was at both ends of the bridge in Wickenburg, Arizona. Now, this little town was like one big dude ranch, full of desert painters, jewelers, antiques, plus many other things of interest. We were once again with Sam, Nancy, and their kids. We were out just looking to see the sights.

As we came into Wickenburg, there was this large bridge across a very dry creek bed. It intrigued us, so we had to ask, "Why the sign?" Well, the locals got a big kick out of putting us city slickers on. We asked, "How often does it flood through here?" Well, one ol' boy told us he had lived there all his life and he never had even seen it rain. So we went along with the joke and thought, "I'll bet we ain't the first ones to ask that question of the locals.

Rockspectfully,

Evey

TYSON WELLS ROCK SWAP

Tyson Wells was a 200-acre spot in Quartzite, Arizona, out in the middle of nowhere. We had bought a space there and had Sam and Nancy's little pop-up camper. We didn't know just how cold it could get in the desert, so we were ill prepared. We had two sleeping bags, a tiny electric heater, and maybe a jacket or sweater. However, we did not have too much to keep us warm at night. Oh, yes, it was warmer in the daytime, but boy at night it got downright cold. I had black plastic covers that I used to cover my stuff and night. Every night dew would fall and in the morning we had ice on the plastic.

I was like all other dealers who came there with these "big" ideas on how much money I would take in. Well, I really got a surprise, because I had to hustle real hard just to make my "bait" back. I was up against some very stiff competition. I had made up some portable steps I put on the back of my tables. On these steps we had a very lovely display of polished large Brazilian agates. I was really proud of them. The first day there were a lot of lookers and "be-backers" but we did sell some items.

Then it happened!! A guy came right across from me with a flat bed semi truck and on it he had 50-gallon drums of all kinds of Brazilian agates. He set up his tables and started to put out his stock. Then he came over and asked me, "Do you think you will sell any Brazilian agates?" "Well," I said, "I hope so. If I don't, I'm sunk." He chuckled and asked me, "How long have you been a dealer?" I told him over twenty years. He chuckled again and then told me he had just started. Well, now I was not as afraid as I was before. He sold a lot of agate, but I did too. So there!

Rockspectfully,

Evey

THE FIRST TIME I MET THE "JAYHAWK ROCKSHOP" OWNER

The owner of the Jayhawk Shop lived in Hill City, Kansas. (That has to be a play on words. You see, I've been to Kansas and I ain't seen many hills.)

Well, anyway, ol Jayhawk owner has two first names. His name is Richard Henry, and I let him know this every time I have seen him. Our paths have crossed many times in the years we have been rock dealers. You see, Richard used to come by my place with a truck and a trailer loaded with rough. He had minerals and other things he brought, but that's not what this story is about. It's about the first time we met.

Here's how it goes... I know if Richard ever sees this story or reads it, he will say, "Hey that's not how it happened. I was just lucky and found the right one!" Ha!

On this one particular day Richard stopped by my place and we chatted a little. He said, "Come on out to the trailer." So we went out and as I looked over his stock, I decided to buy some rough. Then he did what he seemed to always do and set me up for the "kill". He asked if I needed any "hollow" geodes from Mexico. So I said, "What do you have?" He said, "I have one sack left and they are all hollow".

I said, "Dump them out and show me a hollow one." Well, he dumped them out and grabbed one and cracked it open. Guess what?? It was hollow and one of the most beautiful amethyst geodes I had ever seen.

I could not believe my eyes, so I said, "I'll take that sack". He hauled it up to the back door. He had already got me on one geode and I bought the lot or sack full of what I thought was "all hollows and all amethyst." I swear I heard him laughing as he left my place.

I've reminded him of this first time we met and accused him of setting me up with one hollow amethyst geode. He has had the nerve to tell me you just have to know which geode to pick out to sell a bag of hollow geodes. That ratfink!

Rockspectfully,

Evey

JAYHAWK ROCK SHOP AND WE MEET AGAIN

This time we met, old Richard was at the Clowdes Rock Swap. Lois and I had bought a space at this place and had planned to stay there for the time of the swap and then move over to Tyson Wells swap.

We went to check out the spot we had reserved and it was a lousy one. We went to find someone we could complain to, and there we ran into Jayhawk. We were telling him our troubles and he piped up to us with a deal. "Why don't you move up here with me. There is an open spot right beside me and no one has claimed it." And he said, "Also if anyone says anything, we can split the cost of it, because I want you to help me in my booth." So the deal was made.

Lois and I set up next to him, and we were together for maybe a day when he asked us to help him "strip cabs". This involved taking and sorting out five cabs and putting them on a strip of duct tape. Since he had not seen all the cabs, he gave us our orders to grade them like this. 1) The best was for Richard to keep. 2) The "possibles" were to be set aside to see what Richard wanted to do with them. 3) The "sellers" were the ones to be sold.

Those of you who knew Lois remember she had an "eye" for lovely rocks. So off we went on this quest. It started off good and all at once we had a batch of cabs that were beyond belief. Richard's pile start to grow. I mean the keepers. Then after going through them again, Lois picked out the "possibles", and the smallest pile was the "sellers".

When Richard came back and saw what we had stripped, he said, "I knew I should not let Lois see those cabs." He did make some adjustments on our choices, but man, did we ever sell the cabs for him. The funny deal was that right beside Jayhawk was "Charlie's Belt Buckles". He would send people to buy cabs from Jayhawk and Jayhawk would send folks over to Charlie's to buy buckles.

Richard, all I can say is "Thanks for the memories".

Rockspectfully,

Evey

DOCTOR JENSEN, THE DENTIST

Dr. Jensen was a dentist from Grand Island, Nebraska. He was quite a man and his first love was jade. He had all kinds of jade and was always looking for more. He would come to rock swaps loaded with jade rough and even polished specimens. He was into jade in a big way, and when he showed up, you were in for a treat just looking at all of it.

Our paths crossed many times throughout the years, and I was one dealer who got a lot of good stock from him. He was always ready with a story – some good, some bad. We used to laugh and ask him how late he had to stay up to think of that one. Of course, he took it all in stride and just told another one.

The first time I met him was in Grand Island. I can't remember if it was a swap meet or a rock show, but we hit it off great.

Through the years our paths continued to cross, many times in south Texas, when he and his wife Darlene were there when we were. There was always some kind of hobby show or rock show going on and he was always around. In fact, we used to see each other at the "Ropa Usada" or the used clothing place. That was a fun place to go. They had two bales of used and even new clothing that they would dump on the floor of their buildings. You would go in and dig and paw through the mess of stuff looking for something you did or did not need. Then you took your things to the scales and weighed them. The first day was \$1.00 per pound, and at the end of the week it was 40 cents per pound.

Well, Doc Jensen was there looking for anything like "sheep skins". He took them back to his trailer and made moccasins out of the stuff. Then he went to the V.A. hospital and gave them out. What a dear friend Doc was.

Thanks for good memories.

Rockspectfully,

Evey

JAYHAWK ROCK SHOP – THE 50-GALLON DRUMS OF GEODE

This story gets us back with Jayhawk. He was a good friend, and he knew of Lois's "good eye" when it came to looking and checking out the unusual.

We were set up with him at the Quartzite Gem and Mineral Show. He had a very good spot for his items and Lois and I kind of hooked on with him, as he was not using all his space. Besides, he needed some "cheap help". Now this is where Lois and I came in.

He had gone to another wholesaler and bought a 50-gallon drum of agate geodes. They were all cut in half and were taped together. So when he brought them over and we started to look at them, we were so surprised at what beauty was in the geodes. As we looked and unpacked, Richard said, "Lois, I leave it up to you and Evey to make the separation like this: "Super choice", "Keepers", "Choice", and "Sellers". He had brought over a lot of flats to put them in.

I unwrapped and Lois sorted. As we opened up more of the geodes, Lois said to me, "I think we're in trouble once again." "Why?" I asked. "Look at Richard's "keepers" and the "super choice" ones." Boy, was she right. We had never seen such beauty. Everyone was different – in color, crystals, shapes, sizes – it was more than we had thought this sorting would be.

We left the "super choice" and the "keepers" separate. When Richard came back, we showed him how we had separated them. He just looked at them and said, "I knew I should never have let Lois sort them. She has too good of an eye".

But we stayed with Richard for the length of the show and sold a lot of the keepers and all of the sellers, if I remember right. We had a lot of fun with Richard through the years. He liked Lois very much since she had an "eye" for beauty and knew when she had found a "super choice". I hear ol' Richard still has some, so check with him.

I can't remember for sure, but I think Richard went over and got another 50-pound drum of little geodes for us to sort. Oh, what fun we had with Jayhawk!

Thanks, Richard, for your kindness to Lois and me.

Rockspectfully,

Evey

JANET DRAWING CHIMNEY ROCK

We were headed to the Black Hills going north on Hwy 71. As we traveled along, in the distance we could see Chimney Rock. This is a famous landmark used by the pioneers when they were going west. They used it for a focal point. When the pioneers saw it the first time, it was not like it is today.

People have really done a lot of things that have helped to destroy the original look of it. It stood much higher and looked like a giant chimney, so that is why it is named Chimney Rock. It still is a nice thing to look at.

As I had always wanted to paint it, I decide to drive a little slower and asked Janet to sketch it as we drove along. As I remember, she did a couple of drawings to work from. She was good at drawing, so I knew I had some good sketches to work from. Now it is a wonder where they are, but never fear, I have many photos of the rock, plus a couple of other drawings. Janet did a good job for me and I want to thank her for all else she has done.

They now have a state park by the rock and a nice information booth to tell of the history of this point when the settlers were traveling west. The thing that killed more of the early folks was not the Indians but the poison water. It was very alkaline and could not be made to drink. The things they suffered for when they went west was awful, and they had many hardships.

If you go to western Nebraska, be sure to stop and see this monument of the past.

Rockspectfully,

Evey

OUR TRIP TO LLANO, TEXAS

Lois and I spent twelve winters in Texas and we had so much fun. We teamed up with Wilford and Ollie Whitman there. What a lovely couple they were and how they helped us get around to see everything in Texas.

This story started at Fredericksburg, Texas. We were going up to Llano to look for "Llanolite". This was a kind of granite that was red in color with tiny flecks of flashy blue feldspar. When cut or polished, it made very nice, colorful cabs.

I asked a guy before we left if he had been to Llano, and he said he had. I then asked where he looked for Llanolite. He told me to go north towards Llano, look for the rest stop south of Llano, and at the next hill north of the rest stop, pull over to the right side of the road.

So away we went. We stopped where he had told us, and man, it was there in great gobs, but it was in large boulders. All we had was a rock hammer. Well, this was a no good deal, so we decided to go north. Up the road a little was this sign "Willow City Loop". Ha!! We turned and went to Willow City!! Ha, ha, again!! No city, in fact there were only a couple of old ranches. But the loop was still ahead of us, and black topped, so it was a fair road.

As we got winding around in there, and got about half way, maybe ten miles, we saw the most beautiful scenery that we had ever seen in Texas. It was really breathtaking. We saw waterfalls, small mountains, wildlife, lots of flowers, and many bushes like we had never seen. I'll never forget that place.

Well, it was close to dinner, so we stopped to see what Ollie had in the goody bag. Guess what! It was still back in the trailer. So as Ollie had back-up snacks, she checked her pocketbook and found something! Guess what! Two packs of M&M's. We laughed and put a blanket down and Ollie dished out an equal amount to each of us. We felt as if we were eating like kings.

After the sumptuous dinner, we headed for Llano and had a good meal. I'll never forget the loop and all we saw. We had so much fun with the Whitman's.

Remember the good old days? Sure do!!

Rockspectfully,

Evey

GARY'S BIG BREAKFAST AT TULSA SHOW

This event happened while we were doing the gem show in Tulsa, Oklahoma. It was a three-day show and this was the start of the second day. Gary was about twelve years old and had a "hollow leg" when it came to eating. Lois and I told him to order what he wanted for breakfast, because it would be a long way until dinnertime.

As we sat in this café looking over the menu, Lois and I had decided on what we wanted. Then it was Gary's turn. Well, knowing that Dad would pick up the check, he started like this: "I'll have two eggs medium done, also some toast and jelly, also some bacon, and a side of pancakes." Then he stopped. I said, "Are you going for the sausage?" "Oh, ycs," he said, "Bring me some sausage."

Lois and I never said anything to him, but just waited. Then ol' Gary said, "Oh, yes bring me a big glass of milk." By this time, we thought we had heard it all, but Gary ended the meal with this statement, "Well, that ought to hold me till dinnertime." I know I sure was hoping it would, because I thought he would only order a couple of "eggs over easy".

Thanks Gary, for the fun we had with you through the years and the rock shows you helped us with. I wish I had kept a diary because I know I'm missing a lot of good stories.

Rockspectfully,

Evey

HOWARD TAYLOR AND THE CRABBY DEALER

This little story is about Howard Taylor and a ticked-off dealer in Cincinnati. There was a group of us who went back to the Cincinnati show to check out how they did their national show. Lois and I, plus Howard and Marie, also the Wells, were there. Maybe there were more, but anyway, we got there and saw what was going on. As we met for dinner one day, we hashed over the thought like this, "Hey, maybe we better bail out before we go much further. But being young and dumb, we decided to press on.

As the show began, we saw dealers who were coming to our show and we chatted with them. Oh, yes, we had a booth there too with lots of information, lots of Nebraska items, and lots on our show.

I ran into Howard later in the day and as we got our heads together, we found that there was one dealer who, every time we went by him, gave us the proverbial "pain in the behind". Also, he was kind of bad-mouthing us being only one club putting on a national show. He said, "I've never heard of such a thing like that. I don't think you guys can handle it. You're not big enough."

Well, this wore Howard and me both thin. So we got our heads together again and went through the dealer contracts, and guess what - he had not even sent in his down payment on the space he asked for.

Chuckle, chuckle. Howard and I went back to him and asked, "Let's see your contract to come to our show." He got it out and Howard nailed him with this, "You've been yapping all the time we have been here and if you will look, you have never even sent in your deposit for space." Also he said, "If we do not have that deposit before we leave, you are out!"

Needless to say, we got his deposit and he had to come back and apologize to us about all the remarks he had made. Said he had a great show.

Howard and I got together one day and chuckled over this guy who thought we could not handle this big of a show. Hey, before it was over, we almost thought we couldn't swing it either.

Thanks ol' friend, Howard!

Rockspectfully,

Evey



OUR TRIP TO AJO, ARIZONA AND THE ORGAN PIPE NATIONAL PARK

We had just finished a show in either Phoenix or Tucson, and decided to go to Ajo, Arizona, to visit the Organ Pipe Cactus National Park. We had our pull trailer and were ready to spend a couple of days there.

The park had the largest field of cacti. They looked like the name says – like pipes on a pipe organ. Some were beautiful, some were ugly, but they had a nice trailer park and we got acquainted with all the folks around us, and had a good potluck supper. (You know what I mean?) As we were sitting around the campfire, one of the rangers came by and told us that when it got dark we should all meet up at the area set aside for the “star gazing”. Well, we thought this would be nice, so we all planned on going to this outdoor star gazing class.

What a night! The sky was absolutely the clearest and darkest I had ever seen. We sat on blankets and gazed up, and it was just as if we were in a movie house with an all-around screen. What a view!

The ranger had a flashlight with, how many batteries, I do not know. But I will tell you it was bright! He could shine it up at say, the Little Dipper and it would point it right out. He went through the Little Dipper, the Big Dipper, and the Northern Star – well he went through them all. We all sat there amazed at God’s creation. The Milky Way was so plain to see also.

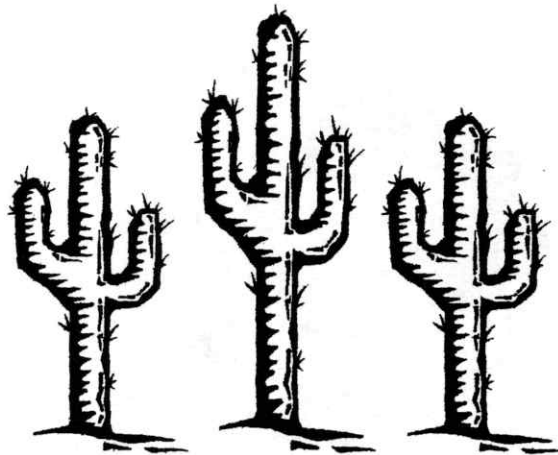
As we all got up and went back to our trailers, we were met by those who did not go to look at the star program. They asked, “What did you see and was it good?” We all told them they missed the night show of their lives.

The next morning Lois and I went to the Mexican border but were afraid to go across. I don’t know why. Little did I ever realize that one day my daughter and son-in-law would be missionaries to Mexico, and they would live there with my grandchildren.

What a night in the cactus patch!

Rockspectfully,

Evey



I MET JACK LORD, HAWAII 5-0

Yes, I remember the day I met Jack Lord like it was yesterday. It was a shock to see him face to face. He looked older, he looked more wrinkled, he looked more made up, his hair was darker – all these things were something I thought I would never see -- or never thought I would see him. But I did!

It was at the Tucson show and we had a big booth up in the mezzanine area with lots of space and traffic. What I did not realize was that at this wholesale show every other dealer priced their wares much higher and discounted to everyone. See, back in those days, everyone was a dealer. Everybody wanted a discount and most asked or hinted for a 50% cut.

Well, all at once, I saw this crowd coming and in the middle was the famous Jack Lord of Hawaii 5-0 fame. He got close to my table and I waved and told him to come on over for a look. When he got to my space, he held his hand out and I shook it. As I was shaking it, he handed me a picture postcard of himself, which was already signed by him. I visited with him for a few moments and asked him where his sidekick "Kato" was and more small talk. But as folks would come by checking him out I would say to them, "Hey come on over and meet my friend Jack Lord!" Boy, did he like that.

After awhile, he asked what I had that was special. I told him, "I have two flats of very nice and colorful amethyst crystals. Nice color and single points." These were both one-and-a-half to two-and-a-half inches long and they were beautiful. As we talked about price, I asked him, "Have you ever done any sterling or gold wire wrapping?" He said, "Yes, I have, and these would be just perfect for that project". So I put the covers on the flats and he paid me and off he went.

Moments later, Nancy and Lois came back to the booth and boy, were they disappointed that they missed "the Famous Jack Lord"!

Good seeing you Jack!

Rockspectfully,

Evey

JASON'S GOT THE CHICKEN POPS

Jason, our grandson and Gary's son, was about 4 years old at the time of this story. Lois and I decided to take him with us to Illinois to a gem and mineral show. He was all excited to go along and "help" Grandma and Gramps. Well, we got there and all set up and ready to sell. Jason was interested in everything – all the rocks, all the cases, and all the other dealers' supplies. We had a lot of fun and it was a good how, and Jason helped out real good. As the show was winding down, Lois and I decided we would drive back to Des Moines, Iowa after the show.

We were all packed up, loaded, and ready to come back. Jason was kind of feeling punk, but we did not make too much out of it. So we made a little bed up on our rock boxes and he stretched out up there. Well, by the time we got to Des Moines, he was "burning" up with a fever. We got a motel room and Lois got Jay ready for bed.

He was in his bed alone but really rolling and tossing. All night long Lois got up and kept him cool with towels and cool water. By the morning Jason had, as he called it, the "chicken pops" all over his body. We were still 250 miles from home, and so we decided that we would come on home. When we got home we called Jeannie and told her about Jay, and she said, "Bring him home and I'll take care of him".

Well, we did and she did and ol' Jay got well and back with the other kids. I know that Jay had fun, but also know he was very miserable all the way home. So ends the story of Jason and the chicken pops.

Thanks for the fun, Jay. You were great!

Gramps

Rockspectfully,

Evey

HEY, EVEY, YOU GOT ANYTHING NEW?

This little story has a question asked of me in Tulsa, Oklahoma. See, I was at this gem show down there and this lady asked me this question. I knew she was a collector of nice things and was always looking for something different. She was a real good gem cutter and had many really rare items that she showed. Her cases were always made up right! Her cabs were cut just right, his displays were top-notch, and everything was right up to the top of any display.

I had gone to Kansas City a few months before and had gone to see the underground wholesaler to buy some Brazilian agate. They had their warehouse in an underground cave. It was a big cave – I mean, a really big cave. It went from the Missouri River clear up to under the Worlds of Fun theme park. So you know it was big.

While in the cave, he showed me all around and how the temperature was always the same summer and winter. I also saw the other folks who had merchandise for sale down in there. I was in a “free” trade zone and no tax was added to the product until it was sold. So this place was crammed with all kinds of things for sale. The biggest space there that had something to sell was the liquor dealers. They had a space rented that was about two blocks wide and maybe a mile way back in the cave.

(Hey, Evey! Enough about the cave!) Okay, I’ll get to the Brazilian Agate.

I went there to buy some agate and Jim’s Rock Shop in Carter Lake, Iowa asked me to pick up 100 pounds for him. So while I was there, I picked up 300 pounds and brought it home. Well, in the agate was a new find, which they called “Trans Montana”, meaning it had Montana type dendrites in it. so when I got home I called Jim and Lil to come on over and we would spit up the lot.

They came over and I dumped all the three sacks on my driveway. We looked I all over and I told Jim, “You take what you want.” So he handpicked out his share and we sacked it for him to take back to his shop.

The pile I was left with had very little of the Trans Montana in it. you could tell it was that kind by the polished surface on it. well, I slabbed up a lot of it and one day, I decided to try a trans agate. I put it in my big saw and started to slab it. when the first slab from the heel came off, I heard Lois at the saw yelling, “Come on down for a look!:

When it got there, she had set the saw for the next slice off and we waited. Then we both yelled. Each slab produced the largest and prettiest plumes you ever saw. They were at least two inches long and looked like feathers. My, what beauty! I took this one middle slab to Tulsa and had it for this lady who I knew would like to look at it. And she did!

When I pulled it out of my pocket and she saw it, she just flipped! There were three plumes in it, one on each side and a very big one in the middle of the slab. She went and got her husband and asked me to show it to him. When I did, he flipped out too. I’ll tell you I had never seen anything like it and neither had they. So then came the big question: “How much for it, Evey?”

I said, “I have to tell you something. I did not bring it to sell, but knew you would enjoy it. but I’ll take \$100 for it and promise I’ll never sell another one in this area.” Well, she went into a conflag with her husband about the new John Deere tractor he had bought. Well, needless to say, she bought the slab.

Her husband was a silver smith and she did the cutting and polishing on the three cabs. The large one she cut and shaped into a large cab and he made himself a very large, very good-looking bolo slide tie. She then cut two 30 x 40’s and he made her a necklace and bracelet. They ended up almost being a display all by themselves. They were a very nice couple.

Well, I’m sorry this little story took so much time and forgive me, but I enjoyed every word of it as I was “two-fingered” typing it.

Rockspectfully,

Evey

GARY AND THE BLOW OUT

This is a funny story, but it could have been a dangerous situation. I remember back on this one, and I'll never figure out why we kept from being killed. Also, it was one with split second decisions.

Lois, Gary, and I were going to Tulsa, Oklahoma for a three-day show. At this time I was using my '59 Plymouth station wagon to go to the shows. Needless to say, I'll never know how it stood up under the situations I put it through. It was always overloaded, overweight, and driven faster than it should have been. It seemed like we were lucky every time we drove it that something bad didn't happen.

Well, this day we were going down the Kansas toll road. The speed limit was "safe and sane". Now I was driving along watching both of these rules, when at about 65 or 70 miles per hour – pow! – we blew out right rear tire. Gary was lying up on the boxers of rock stock we were taking to this show. When the blast hit, the station wagon started to "fishtail" real bad.

All at once, Gary was between Lois and me hollering, "Hold her, Dad, hold her Dad!" and I was doing all I could to keep it upright and on the highway. In the oncoming lane an 18-wheeler was approaching. He was blowing his horn and flashing his lights. I was down in the median, up on the pavement, back and forth.

I finally let the car drift to a stop and got out. I got out first, then Lois, and then Gary. Boy, was he scared. We just stood and looked at the tire and decided to change it. Well, I had such a load on the car that we had to unload about half of the stuff.

We got the tire changed and went on into Tulsa and set up our space. When the car was all unloaded, I went to the tire shop for a new tire. The man said, "You got all you could out of that tire". He then measured the tread and adjusted the cost for a new tire. I was happy and thanked the good Lord that we were not hurt.

Rockspectfully,

Evey

AT LAST WE MEET, GORDON McRAE AND I

Gordon was in town, and as they lived here in Lincoln, he came back when he could. This time he was in between shows and called to make sure we were not at a gem show but at home. So I told him to come on over.

When we first met, I was impressed with how good-looking he was, and then I knew why Elizabeth had married him. We small talked for some time and then he asked me if I had something really nice for her birthday or some other deal. I showed him a few things like a really lovely squash blossom of turquoise. Also he looked at some other things, and then I showed him a real "screamer" of fire opal about 18x13 in size. He really lit up on that one.

The rough I had bought years ago from Guy Miller in Hastings. I had sent Lois over to his booth since he had some nice opals. In fact, he was noted for his fine opals. Lois picked out a couple and paid him, and then showed him a flash in one he had missed. When she got it home, she told me, "I'm going to cut this one and the next time Gordon McRae calls, you show it to him." Well, as usual, on something this nice, he really wanted it. So I mounted it in a gold mounting and put a nice chain on it, and he was satisfied.

Guess what? Elizabeth called me when she got it for a present and said, "Where in the world did you have that opal hid??" We told her that Lois cut it with her in mind and if Gordon ever wanted a special piece that would be it.

Well, it seemed like I met Gordon every time he was in town. He was a very pleasant man and we could almost always get him to sing the first line of "Oklahoma!"

It was a pleasure meeting them both, and Mandy too.

Rockspectfully,

Evey

THE DAY I MET MRS. GORDON McRAE

I first met Mrs. McRae at the L.G.&M.C. show. I can't remember the date, but it was at our own show in Pershing. She stopped by my booth, and as we chatted, she noticed I had a shop here in Lincoln. She asked if she could come out sometimes. I told her yes, but wait for a couple of days until I could get straightened up a little.

Elizabeth was a lovely lady and a very nice one too. She showed a lot of class, and then I found out from her she was born in Cook, Nebraska. I also found out she was married to none other than THE Gordon McRae, the singer and movie star. Well, by then I was impressed by all of this. She had her daughter Mandy along with her, and as we visited, she told me that Gordon was on the West Coast and that she was going there later on. I told her to give me a call later on so we could make arrangements for her to come out.

She called a few days later and when she came over, I was on the floor sorting out tumbled stones. We sorted together and as we did, she was making a pile of her own, which she eventually bought.

Lois came down and as she and Elizabeth talked, she asked Lois what she had been doing. Lois told her, "I'm polishing scenes in rocks." Well, this started a whole new line of talk. Lois showed her what she had done so far. Well, Elizabeth was really impressed that you could see scenes in flat rocks. Right away she asked, "Are they for sale?" I told her that we had not finished all we were working on.

She let it be known that she wanted all we had and to let her know when we were done and how much we wanted for them. As we parted, she said "When I see Gordon, I'm going to tell him about what I saw and what I want for some friends for Christmas presents. So we left it at that. Read the next story, "The Day Gordon McRae Called Me"!

Rockspectfully,

Evey

THE DAY GORDON McRAE CALLED ME

I was in my shop sorting or doing something. As most folks, and especially rock dealers, there is always something to do with your time.

The phone rang and I picked it up. The voice on the other end said, "This is Gordon McRae, and I'm calling about some pictures in rock that you have. To keep Elizabeth off my back, what do you want for them?" I told him I had twelve already framed and ready to send him. I wasn't quite ready, as Lois and I had not talked about price. So I told Gordon to call me back tomorrow and I'd let him know.

I called Lois down and we talked about it for a while. Then I asked Lois, "Didn't you want a new winter coat?" "Yes," she said, so I told her, "You go and pick yourself out a nice winter coat and we will go from there". Off she went and then came back and said, "I found the one I want!" So we set the price of the pictures on the price of the new coat.

When Gordon called back and I quoted him the price, he asked, "Is that enough?" I told him yes, but here would be some postage charges added on. So I shipped them to him and Elizabeth and got a nice check back for more than I was asking for. Thanks, Gordon!

I should have named this story "The Coat That Gordon McRae Bought Lois"!

Rockspectfully,

Evey

THE DAY NANCY AND SANDY MET GORDON McRAE

What excitement ran through the Everett home the day I told Nancy that the movie star Gordon McRae was coming over and she had to wait on him.

She growled around and I told her to get his autograph, have him sing a line of "Oklahoma", and invite Sandy Miller, the neighbor girl, over to help her out. Well, this was a deal she could not turn down. So they were all prepared for him when he came over to the shop. What fun they had waiting and getting all excited over the thought of meeting a "movie star".

Whatever it was he was to pick up, I had all ready for him, but boy, did these two gals make a big deal out of this meeting. They stood around and were so shy that when he talked to them they just stood there looking and mumbling their answers.

Then Nancy popped the big one on him and asked him to "sign" the sales slip. Of course, he did, then Sandy asked if he would sign one for her. Last but not least, they asked him to sing a line from "Oklahoma!" which he did. They were so impressed and I wondered what Gordon McRae thought. I'll bet he chuckled when he left.

O, hey, girls, do you still have his autograph?

Rockspectfully,

Evey

I BOUGHT AN ORIGINAL OIL PAINTING OF MRS. G. McRAE

Yes, it's true. I did buy an oil painting that Mrs. Gordon McRae had painted when she was young. I might have told this in another story, but she was born in Cook, Nebraska. When she was young she did some oil paintings and I sure don't know how many, but the one I bought was from her younger days.

I was at this auction and I don't know why I was there, but they were selling some items of hers. I remember one thing that hit my eye and it was a Shirley Temple doll, about 36 inches tall. It went for a very good price even way back then.

As I looked around at what was there, I saw this painting. It was signed by her maiden name and for the life of me I cannot remember what it was. I do remember the Elizabeth part though. As the auction went on, I kept looking at the painting and tried to figure out just what it meant.

See, there were doves, hearts, flowers, birds, and other things on it. So I prepared to bid and called out the first bid. That's as far as it went. I got it. Was I glad? I don't know for sure, but as the auction was winding down a man came along and asked, "Why did you buy that painting?" I told him I knew the lady who painted it. He asked who she was. I told him that it was Mrs. Gordon McRae before she was married and that I collect Nebraska artists. (Well, that sounded good.)

We talked for a while and he asked me, "Is it for sale?" I told him I would have to think about it. And as we were all leaving, he came back and asked me again, "Is it for sale?" I told him yes, but the price had gone up. "How much?" I told him "Twice what I paid for it," and by George if he didn't take it.

Some time later I saw Mrs. McRae and told her of this story, and she just laughed and laughed. She said to me, "That's funny. That was the worst painting I ever saw or painted." She was happy and I was happy too. Sometimes I wish I had hung on to it!

Thanks Mrs. Mc.

Rockspectfully,

Evey

MEAN MARGE

Those of us who knew Marge Needham really loved her. But for those of you who had ever crossed Marge, she could be mean, blunt, and cuss at you a little and rip you if she wanted to.

We had lots of dealing with Marge, and when she was around my wife Lois, she could be so different. She could be kind, fun, joking all the time, and a nice person to know. She loved to help us in our booth and was a very good sales person. One funny trait she had was to always try and sell the person she was dealing with more than they wanted.

I remember one time in Omaha she was helping one of her friends and they were going at it. I went over to see what was going on and found out Marge had talked this gal into more than she had money for. I laughed and asked Marge, "How much is she short?" Marge said, "\$2.00", so I gave her a "dealer's discount" and boxed up what she had. The gal was happy and both Marge and I were happy.

When Marge's mother died, they had her cremated and put in an urn. Her sister came to the show there in Omaha to see Marge and she asked, "Marge, where are Mother's ashes?" Marge said, "In my truck, because I'm taking her with me when I go rock hunting. I know she would like that". Well, they had a few harsh words and her sister left. Marge took "Mom" rock hunting with her.

Marge, you were so much fun, and we miss you.

Rockspectfully,

Evey

YOU SHOULD HAVE GONE TWO MILES FURTHER

We were doing a Rocky Mountain Gem and Mineral show in Casper, Wyoming. What a time I had! I knew the dealer chairman real well and asked for a spot up by the front door. "Oh yes, Evey," he said, "I got it all fixed up for you." Right! He did. He had my space on the left side of the opening and it was a "right" side of the door crowd.

We did not sell out, but a guy came along and was telling Lois and me where we could find some good petrified wood on the way home. So it seemed of an interest and we planned to go for a look-see. We went to where he told us, or we thought we had, and man, did we find the wood. When you picked I up and hit with another piece of wood, they both rang like a bell.

So we got busy and had a ball. There was Lois, Janet, Nancy, and Gary, and myself, so we picked up a bunch. I had pulled a little trailer out there for us to stay in and we had both the trailer and the truck I had at that time loaded with the wood.

We went from Wyoming to South Dakota to our next show and at that show the man who had told us of the wood came along. He said, "Hi, did you get some wood?" I said, "Boy did we ever! Look what we picked up!" He laughed and said, "You should have gone two miles further and got the good cutting wood!"

That's life. We did cut some but it did not polish, so I beat all up and through the years I put it in the grab bags and labeled it for the kids.

Woe is me – two miles short!

Rockspectfully,

Evey

WHEN I BOUGHT MAURICE TRACY'S COLLECTION

Both Marie and Maurice Tracy were very active in our club. In fact, they were both at our very first meeting when we organized. Maurice was elected as our very first president and Marie was our club secretary for years.

They were both the best folks you would ever meet. They were avid rockhounds and they both had collections. Each was displayed to the very best it could be.

Maurice had cutting equipment plus his own collection. When I first went over to see them, I was overwhelmed by the way they had their basement fixed up with rock displays. Also, his shop and work area were tiptop. He was in charge of the maintenance area for Lincoln Public Schools, and he had a knack for fixing up the work area.

He was going to move or something, and he wanted to get rid of his cutting and polishing things, besides some of his collection, so when I went over, he and I had a great discussion on what he was selling. I bought all of his equipment and what specimens he had to sell. As I was taking out the last box, he asked me, "Hey, Evey, you want to buy my ShopSmith too?"

Boy did I! The ShopSmith was about four or five wood working tools in one. I had to go home and unload what I had bought and then go back, then my son, Gary and I loaded up the ShopSmith. In fact, Gary still has it, as I knew he would never get another one as good as this one was

I kept a lot of the super choice specimens and sold the others to help defray the cost of buying the rest of the items.

Maurice and Marie made a very special couple and they are both missed yet today.

Rockspectfully,

Evey

DIAMONDS IN NEBRASKA, AND I FOUND THEM

That's right. Tom Peter and I found the famous diamonds of the state of Nebraska. For some time I had heard of them and now I had a chance to go and dig for them myself. Tom Peter was a friend of mine and a fellow worker in the radio shop at the Air National Guard. We discussed this and one day we made plans to go and find them. So the next Saturday we packed up our screen and our small garden trowels, and headed south. We were prepared and really excited about this big "dig" we were going to take on.

We left Lincoln, Nebraska, and headed south on Highway 77 south of Beatrice. We went to Highway 112 and then to Highway 8 and turned right on 8 to Odell, Nebraska. From there we went to a large pasture and crawled over the fence and headed to this slight rise in the pasture. There they were.

The ground was covered with these little sparkly diamond-shaped "tubular barite crystals". If you were lucky, you could find the crystals in clusters. These little crystals are not very big - maybe 1/4 by 1/4 inch square. The last time we were there we saw a big bull coming into the pasture, so we bailed out in a hurry.

We had lots of fun and found the diamonds in a hurry. Fun, wasn't it, Tom?

Rockspectfully,

Evey

WHEN I BOUGHT ROSS GORE'S COLLECTION

Ross Gore was one of the old-timers in the club. He was a very interesting man who worked for the State of Nebraska as a geologist. I used to pick him up and bring him to the club meetings. He had a large collection of all types of rock and crystals.

I had been to a gem show and came home after the show. That next Saturday, I called to tell him I would pick him up for club meeting. His wife answered the phone and I told her I would be by to get Ross. She told me he had passed away, and that's the first I knew of it. I was really sad and told her I would help her out with whatever she needed to do with all his stuff. She later called me to come over and see what the collection was worth.

Mrs. Gore and I came to a deal, and I bought it all. When I got the collection home, I went through it and put each specimen in its own box and labeled it. I still have this collection and if I remember, there were over 200 rocks in the group, plus lots of extras.

I must say, of the 14 or so rock collections I have bought in the years I was in the business, it always made me sad as I packed up one of my friend's collections.

Rockspectfully,

Evcy

HEY, EVEY, YOU WANT TO TRADE?

"Yep," I said. "Whatcha got?" He told me he had some really nice "Salt Plains Selenite" clusters. So I went out with him and by golly, he had the biggest Cadillac I had ever seen. It was a reddish bronze with four doors. I laughed and said, "I have never traded with anyone who had a big car like this." We drove off away from the show area, as I know how clubs frown on "tail gates". I know our club always did.

Well, the specimens were all super nice, so I asked him what he wanted of mine. He told me some cutting rough, and I had some good stuff: tiger eye, bloodstone from India, gold sheen obsidian, nice turetella, and some choice crazy lace agate.

At this point, I had not idea of what he thought the salt flat crystals were worth, so we went back into my booth and he picked out a few rough chunks and said, "come on back out and we will settle". I was still at a loss on just what I would get. But he told me to take what I wanted, because he had what I wanted.

So I did. I took one large specimen, two medium clusters, and two flats of boxed selenites. Boy, was I happy! Boy, was he happy! We laughed - see I had dealt with him before, and he was a hard guy to trade with.

Now here's the funny deal. This was in Tulsa, Oklahoma. I took the selenite crystals and put them on the back counter of my booth, and when anyone would ask what I had new, I would show these things to them. I'd say, "buy them here. You don't even have to get dirty digging them".

Was I happy! I sold all but one very big cluster and that went with what I sold Jayhawk Rock Shop when he bought me out.

Oh, by the way, this man I traded with was part Indian. He came by one day and had about 75 pounds of "fresh" dug pipestone from Minnesota. That was hard to get and you could only dig there if you were an Indian.

Thanks a lot, Chief.

Rockspectfully,

Evey

I HOPE IT DOESN'T BOTHER YOU GOING TO THE ROCK SHOW!

This is a quote that Patrice said to me as we were going down the stairs of Pershing Auditorium. See, I had met Patrice at my church and did not know too much about her. I did know she was a beautician by trade, and that was about it. My girls asked Patrice if she would fix Lois's hair after she passed away, and she said yes, she would. As I looked at Lois, she looked just like the first time I met her.

But back to Patrice again.

She had gone over to my shop a number of times, and it was so much fun seeing her when she talked about rocks. She really knew "zip" about them, so she had many questions. Well, one thing led to another, and when it got close to the Lincoln Gem and Mineral Show, I asked her if she would like to see a really nice show. Oh, that was a foolish question to ask, and you know the answer.

Well, we planned and filled my oxygen tank, and on the Saturday morning of the show, she came by and picked me up. We got to Pershing and I waited for her to park. Down the steps we went to the show. On the way down, she said, "Irl, I hope this does not bother you coming down here". Meaning that I would get too tired or worn out.

I chuckled and said, "Patrice, no, it won't bother, but I know what will." She asked "What?" I told her, "Honey, when the rockhounds who know me see you coming in to the show carrying my oxygen and holding my arm, and as cute as you are, I'll never live this one down." She kind of held back and I told her to come and we would just play it by ear.

We went in and I introduced her and no one said anything. My, what fun we had! She was interested in everything and had loads of questions for me to answer.

We looked at all the displays and then we got to the one that Janet put in memory of Lois. Of course, I had to explain that the pictures in the frames were all stones polished by Lois, and I framed them.

I had such a good time, and it was wonderful to see all the friends and all the dealers. They all asked me, "Hey, Evey, you still going out of business?" This was what I used to tell them when I did shows with them.

We even went to the show the next day! Oh, Patrice, I had so much fun at that show. You were such a joy to be with and you made that day a good one for me. Oh, yes, I was really tired when I got home.

You're my pal.

Evey



THE BUBBLE GUM AGATE AT KEDOKA, SOUTH DAKOTA

This story is one that happened when I was doing a rock swap in Stratton, Nebraska. This swap was held at the little fairground there, and it was a very pleasant place to have a swap. There was a real good batch of swappers, plus a few dealers. I was there as a dealer, but did some swapping too.

There was a mother and daughter there who had a real nice bunch of the "bubble gum" agate from the South Dakota area. This field where they pick up the agate is well known, and many of our own Lincoln Gem and Mineral Club members have been there in the past so they can vouch for it too.

The agates are everywhere and easily picked up. And as the title of this little story says, they look like bubble gum. Also, some of the larger agates seemed to have the Fairburn agate pattern in them. Now back to the story...

About all this mom and daughter had to sell or trade was this agate, and I was interested in what they had. I first bought some they had polished since they were nice little agates to look at. As the day wore on, I saw that it was not going to be the best swap meet or show I had ever been to.

The next day I sold a little bit of stuff and the gals came back with a "deal" on all they had left. They had about 40 pounds of unpolished and about 15 pounds of polished. So with some haggling and wheeling and dealing, I got the whole lot. I brought it all home and kept out some of the rough to put in grab bags, and then ran all the rest through the tumbler. I found out that when I was out of this area it was a good seller.

Having never been there, it was my desire to get up there, but not a chance now.

Rockspcctfully,

Evey

I DON'T PAINT OUTHOUSES!

This little story is about my friend Art Henry, a very nice man. I did a lot of shows with him. He was a painter by trade and a good one, for sure. Give him a slab and tell him what you wanted painted on the slab and he would do it. He loved to paint at the shows and always had a crowd around his booth. He was so good that he could paint a whole scene on the slab in a few minutes, plus he had kind of a trademark in his paintings. There were always one to three birds in the sky. He also was great with mountains, water, and desert scenes.

One time I asked him to paint me an 8x10 canvas and I told him just what I wanted – like a seascape with waves, palm trees, and so on. Art looked at me and said, "Hey, Evey, you never tell a painter how to paint a picture!" So I left it up to him and when he gave it to me it was a beauty.

The title kind of tells his reply when some ol' boy would come up either with a photo or just ask him if he would paint an outside privy for him. He would look them in the eye and say, "Hey, I don't paint outhouses!" And that would end it. But what started the whole thing on the outhouses is that one time he did paint one! It was a nice looking outhouse, so when folks saw it they all wanted one painted just like the old outhouse they remembered.

Well, Art, I still got my seascape and I love it. We had fun didn't we?

Rockspcctfully,

Evey



BEDSIDE LAPIDARY

Bedside Lapidary was the name of a rock shop in O'Neill, Nebraska. A man and his wife, Curly and Lucy Wasecheck, owned it. What a couple they were!

Lucy was a registered nurse and took care of Curly. See, he had a form of polio when he was younger, and it kept him bedfast. Most couples would have crawled back in their shell, but not these two. They were fighters and worked well together.

You had to meet them to really see the love between Lucy and Curly and to see they were a team. Curly lay in his hospital bed, which had a bar from the head to the toe. On this bar he had a mirror hanging so when you would talk to him, he would turn the mirror to see you. Lois and I went up there one day to meet him and Lucy, and we fell in love with both of them.

It's hard to believe, but he did all of his work lying flat and looking straight up into the mirror. He had a flat rock grinder that he used, plus on the sanding and polishing, Lucy helped him with his duties. From this same position he could make up jewelry. I have seen him take jump rings and make a necklace so fast it was hard to believe.

I got some items from him that he had imported. There were different things cut from rock crystal. There were stars and crystals cut to make an optical illusion. They had elephants with their trunks up, also he had some with sail boats in them. Man, they were nice!

Lucy was good to him and in the summer she would put him in a wheelchair and take him down to the Elkhorn River and let him fly fish. He was good at that too.

Lois and I went to his funeral and what a crowd there was. It seemed like everyone in O'Neill knew him.

I used to stop to visit with Lucy after Curly had passed away, and she was still doing some gemstone business. However, her big job was working in a rehabilitation center in town. For a long time, she hung in there and at last she passed away. Her family then had an auction and that was the end of "Bedside Lapidary" as I knew it.

Thanks for the fun we had.

Rockspectfully,

Evey



WHO HIGH-GRADED THE COLLECTION I BOUGHT?

Yes sir, re-bob, that's just what they did to me. Now that really hurts when you make a deal and go back and they have cleaned the items out that you had given a price for. This lady called and told me that her husband had passed away and she wanted to sell his equipment, his slabs, rough, supplies, the whole kit and caboodle!

I barely knew this man. He had come to my shop to ask how to do things, like how to build a diamond saw, how to build up grinding mandrels, and how to make polishing buffs. I helped him all I could. He bought a 10-inch diamond blade, grind wheels, the whole set-up to make a rock cutting and grinding shop.

As I say, I did not know him too well, so when I went over to check on what he had and what she wanted to sell, I was overwhelmed. Man, what a layout! It covered the whole east side of his basement wall. What a shop he had made. He had a 24-foot grinding bench, starting at one end he had a homemade diamond saw. Next there was a six-inch trim saw, two grinding wheels, and a 100-grit and a 200-grit. There was a homemade mandrel, and another one with two polishing heads. One had rock hard felt and another had a leather head on it. There was also a smaller setup for polishing silver and a silver-smithing setup.

Now here's the catch. The wife wanted all her basement back. As I looked the whole deal over, I saw it had to be all taken apart and pushed out of the basement window. Besides, there were three 2x10's making up the bench top, plus the legs. Also included was taking all the mandrels off the planks to get the planks out of the basement window.

Gary and I worked most of the day getting all the stuff loose and in pieces we could handle. Now to the sad part. After we got the machinery out and on the trailer, we had to go back home. It was late in the day and on a Saturday we called and told the lady we would be back Monday to pick up the rough, slabs, and the rest of what I had bought.

We did go back and loaded up the rest and when I got home with all of it and I was trying to get it figured out, I looked into the cigar boxes of super choice slabs, and you guessed it – they had already high-graded most of the choice slabs out.

Boy, was I ticked. I called this ol' gal and asked her what happened to the slabs. She said, "Well, the kids wanted something to remember Dad so they took them." I was fit to be tied but I did not want to go through the hassle of taking all the stuff back and putting down through the window again. So I licked my wounds and said never again. I'll take boxes along and pack up what I bought.

Rockspectfully,

Evey



JADE CARVINGS I DID NOT BUY

Of all the guys I knew that were gem and mineral dealers, I think the wildest, woolliest, most outlandish lived in Oklahoma. He named his rock shop after his daughter and set it up to give her a job. The name was "Carol's Gem and Mineral Shop".

This man's name was Art Holding, and everyone knew him. He was a wheeler-dealer, always had something "new" and would hustle everyone he wanted to. He had more "bargains" on his table than any other dealer. He had more "close-outs" than anyone else. He was funny, and he joked all the time. In fact, doing a show with him was always fun. I was right beside him a couple of times. He was a real competitor and never missed a sale.

But all this has nothing to do with this story. I had to tell you a little about Art. I think it was at the Tulsa show where Art had been talking to me about a guy who was coming to the show with some "tomb" jade carvings. Well, knowing Art, I did not know if I should believe him or not, so I said, "Art, when he comes, let me know and I'd like to talk to him."

Well, Sunday afternoon he came and had a small suitcase with him. Art and I got over in the corner of the building and sat at a table and this ol' boy started pulling out jade carvings. Man, oh, man, what we saw made us weak.

From the suitcase he brought out some of the most beautiful tomb carvings I had ever seen. They consisted of double rocks for belts, necklaces, and animals - in all there were 100 combined carvings.

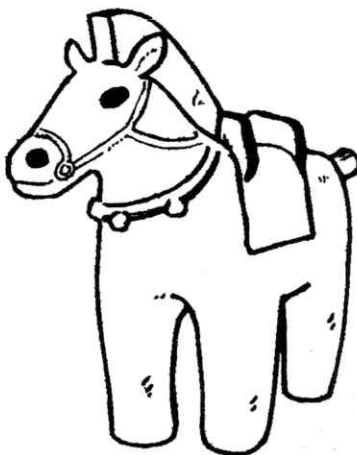
We pondered the deal and asked him much. He said, "\$1,000 for all of it." It did not take too long for us to figure out that was only \$10.00 a carving. Well, Art and I went into a conference and I told him, "I cannot handle the \$500 for my half." Art laughed and said, Well, Evey, I sure can, and I'm going to buy them all."

That made me feel better, so the seller was happy as Art paid him off. Now, here comes the funny part of this story. Art went back to his booth and went through them all again and kept all but ten. So here comes the "deal for me". He laid out the ten carvings and said, "Evey, you can have these ten for what I paid for them." Man, was I happy. At that show I don't know what he got out of the rest of them, but I know he was really happy when the show was over. Hey I was too, because I sold my ten.

Art, you were a lot of fun.

Rockspectfully,

Evey



NEVER AGAIN

That's right. I swear that I, or should say almost swore I would never go back to Claremore, Oklahoma. I signed up for this show many months in advance, as you had to do if you wanted to get in as a dealer. I had never been there before, and I thought it would be a good show. But – and big “but” – I did not know this was their first show until I got there.

Lois and I loaded the van and then the trailer, and it's a good thing we did take our trailer or we would have really been hurting.

We got there Friday morning and they had the building open. As we walked in, I looked around and there were already about 10 or 12 dealers setting up. I asked where my spot was and they showed me, so we started setting up. After awhile, here came two more dealers. After dinner here came two more. Then by Friday night the total amount of dealers had grown to 18 or 20. Wow! I thought, this will be a biggy. (Ha!)

I asked around and that was a big mistake. Not only was this their first show, it was a small club. Another thing they asked every dealer who wrote in for space to come on down. Oh, yes, I asked if they advertised it and they told me that they had it posted on the sign by the gate.

One more thing, they had no food there, so I was really glad that I had brought my trailer. Then!!! Oh, yes, there is a “then”! By Friday night here came four demonstrators and two of them were “wire wrappers”, the folks who would wrap a stone for you. One silver smith and one sand bottle guy who put colored sand in bottles and made all kinds of patterns and things in the sand.

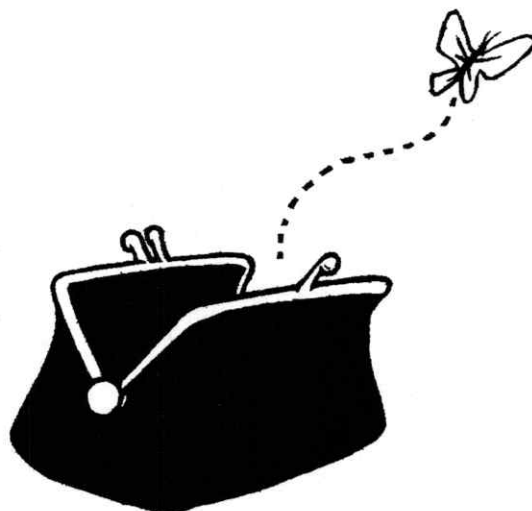
We all got in a huddle and tried to plan our next move. Boy, I think the club was very happy we all came. There were more of us than was in the club.

Well, they opened at 8:00 a.m. and we waited for the crowds. We waited and waited but no crowds – just some stragglers coming in. So when the show closed Saturday night, we had a meeting with those who were in charge of the show. They asked for ideas on the next show. I sat listening to a lot of small talk, and then I said, “I have a good suggestion.” They said to speak. So I said, “Do not have another show until your club grows. Also allot in your budget a good sum of money just for advertising, and one more thing. This is only a four, and no more than six, dealer show.” Well, they all listened and thanked us for our input and we all headed for bed.

Sunday a few stragglers came through and each one of us got a buck or two from them but I will say this, I never went back.

Rockspectfully,

Evey



WHAT A BUMMER

We were doing a show in Stephenville, Texas, and it was a dirty rotten weekend. See, it had rained and sleeted and snowed a little, and so no one was out and about except the rock dealers and a few rockhounds.

Both my brother and his wife went along to help us. We set up in good time and then sat around our booth waiting. The time for the show to open had started and we said, well, they will be here soon. After about an hour, we looked around and the place was still empty. We started circulating around to see what the other dealers had complained to each other about – no crowd.

Dinnertime came and we went to the snack bar and ate and did some more yakking. Then back to our booth. At last closing time had come, so we counted the ones in there and there were ten dealers and their wives, which makes twenty. There were ten rockhounds and their spouses, which makes twenty. So all together there were about forty total.

We covered up and went out to eat supper and then back to our motel rooms. My brother and his wife came over to our room and we sat around and decided that the customers would be there Sunday in force.

We got up Sunday morning and ate breakfast. We went back over to the show, took the covers off, and got the change counted. What a laugh. I had spent most of my change buying from the other dealers. I had made a deal with my brother that I would pay for his gas up and back, and pay for their cats and motel room. You guessed it! My brother ended up with all my change and then some.

Needless to say, we packed up a little “early” and went back home. Shows were funny. You could lose your shirt one day and then make out real good on another one. We never did go back to Stephenville for a show.

Rockspectfully,

Evey

THE NUBBIN NABBER

I had pondered the idea of making a clamp to hold a small rock if you wanted to slice up the other end of a good “nubbin”. After a few months, a guy came out with one. I sent for it and I could not make it work. It just was not made right.

So I took this one over to my friend Charles Reese, III. He took one look at it and said, “Come back tomorrow and I’ll have some plans drawn up to show you.”

I went back the next day and saw what he had drawn and the changes he had made in the design, and I liked it. He told me he would make the molds out of stainless steel so that he could go into production of them. Well, machining stainless steel is one hard job. After a couple weeks he called and I went over to the shop and saw the molds. Boy, were they nice. I had decided if he could do it, I wanted the tiny words “Nubbin Nabber” imprinted in the inside of the clamp.

The mold he had made was in two stainless steel pieces. So when you clamped them together, they would make four parts. He told me he was going to use a powdered aluminum to cast them with. It was quite a process to do this. After the halves were cast, then they had to be drilled and two long bolts with thumbscrews were used to clamp the nubbin. He had made two notches that were on each end. One was one-fourth inch and the other was less than that.

When he had them all cast, all the bolts put in them, and thumbscrews installed, he came up with a price. It was a very fair price for all the work he did on them. I can’t remember just how many he made up, but I know I sold hundreds of them to rockhounds who had a lot of “heels” lying around that they could slice up for “one more” plume or whatever they had.

Thanks, Charles, III for the work you did on the “Nubbin Nabber”.

Rockspectfully,

Evey.

WHERE IS THE ROCKHOUND MENTIONED IN THE BIBLE?

You don't know? I'll tell you, but if you've got a Bible you can look it up for yourself. See, when the Good Lord made us all and made this earth, he knew that somewhere along the line there would be a group that would someday call themselves "Rockhounds". Now don't get me wrong. This is not a bad name. Oh, no. In fact, it's a good name. See, I'm one and have been for many years.

So if you have your Bible and want to look up where it mentions the rockhound, follow me. In my Bible it's on page 786. Yours might be on a different page, since I have a fat Bible, maybe fatter than yours.

Okay. Got your Bible? Open it up to the book of Ecclesiastes and find chapter 3, verses 1-5. Got it? See there, it says in verse five, "There is a time for scattering stones and a time for gathering stones." Now doesn't that sound like a rockhound? Well, I think it does, and that's why I am a rockhound, because I've done both scattering and gathering.

Speaking of Scripture verses, there is one more that means a lot to me and it is found in I John:1: "These things I write unto you that your joys may be full." The reason for my liking this verse is that every time I wrote Lois in WW II, I ended the letter with this verse. Oh, yes, I had to take my Bible over more than once and show the officer who was checking my mail to see if I had put something in that he could "sensor".

Now the funny part is this. I wrote Lois about every other day, and while I was overseas, I did not get one letter from her. We were in an outfit that was moving with the front line and in fact, we were all most always about 12-15 miles behind the front line. But when I got home, man did I have a bunch of letters waiting for me.

Well, I would not like to go through all that again, but I had no choice.

Rockspectfully,

Evey

HEY, WHATCHA' DOIN' IN THE LADIES' TOILET?

I am almost ashamed to write this little story. See we were doing a show in Omaha in a motel. Well, as the show was going on, I felt this "urge" that I had to go to the bathroom. So I went over there and the restrooms were side by side - ladies' on the right side and men's on the left. There was a little hallway you could go in, so I went.

I never looked to see which one I entered until I heard a couple of ladies talking and saying, "I believe there is a man in this restroom". The other gal said, "Sure looks like it to me, because ladies don't wear flat shoes like that!" They kept up this chatter saying things like, "I think we should go and tell the show chairman, or better yet, get a policeman to go in there and check."

Wow! Was I sweating! I sat on the pot for a while then I heard them say, "Let's go and get someone to look and see who or what it is that is in this restroom." I waited-----, then I heard the door shut, so I got up and started to sneak out.

Haaa! Those two gals were waiting for me and also had told the man on the P.A. system that I was in there. Over the loudspeaker that ol' boy said, "Hey Evey, whatcha' doin' in the ladies' john?" Boy, was I embarrassed. You bet I was! Plus, they kept on me all that day about being in the wrong toilet. Yes, I know it's a sad story, but I had to tell one on the "Ol' Evey" and how he got caught.

Rockspectfully,

Evey

COME ON OVER AND CHECK OUT MY ROCKS

This is kind of a sad story. It involves the rock collection of my dear friend Helena Begal. I did not know that Helena and her sister were in a retirement home until I went over to her house. Some lady I didn't know met me at the door. She told me that she was executor for Helena and her sister.

As I started to check some rough outside, I was getting the feeling that it was all over for Helena and her sister. I did not know all the details, but went on with my paper and clipboard. I had brought along some small papers so I could put them on the items as I priced them. This lady followed me all along telling me what she was going to do, like have a garage sale or a sale where people would walk in the house and "pick and pay" for what they got.

You who knew Helena remember she was a lover of good gemstones. This ol' gal helping kept bringing out more and more items like super nice turquoise, really gemmy light green chrysophase, fine opals – you name it, she had it.

While working with this lady, I got the feeling she was doing something that Helena and her sister knew nothing about. So I questioned her and she said, "I am the administrator of their will and can dispose of whatever I want to."

Well, I had to go back the second day and continue where I left off. What a pile of stuff! Everything from handmade items to lots of cut cabs and really it was more than I had ever seen two ladies have.

I gave her all the information I had and the items I had priced for her and left. She called me back in a couple of days and wanted me to come back again. So I did, and when I got there, what a mess. She had sold all their antique furniture and the gems and other items had all been picked over. I asked her about this and that, and she said that her kids took some and maybe there was such a crowd in there that some was even stolen.

Then she asked me, "What will you give me for what's left?" I said, "I do not want any of the things that are left since nothing is worth anything." Wow! Did she blow up at me. Her voice raised and she said, "You told me that you would take what's left". I said, "Oh, no I did not say that." And she saw that she was stuck with what was left.

I saw her and her husband down at the Bethany pantry one night and he came over and read me the riot act for not buying what was left, so I told him that I was going to the cops and have them check him and his wife out because I knew they had pulled a fast one on Helena and her sister. Boy, did he leave in a hurry.

Rockspectfully,

Evey

PETOSKEY STONE

During part of my military career with the Nebraska Air National Guard, I went to many different places for summer camps. This story is about the time I went to Alpena, Michigan. Before I went, I read up on a type of stone that is found in that area. It was called Petoskey stone. This was great, because the camp was in that area.

I wrote to a rock dealer in that region and asked him what to look for. He told me, "Wait till it rains and go out and look. You'll find it all over where you are going to be!" Man, was he right! The first time you see the mottled, shell-like rings of the rock, it just grabs your eye. Once you see it wet, it is easy to spot even when it's dry.

It is formed from some fossils of the past. It was everywhere. The reason for that is because the rockhounds did not get into the air base to hunt for it. Well, a slight drizzle of rain and Tom Peter and me went out searching. Boy, did we find it! We picked up a pretty good batch and when I got home, I polished up some for Tom. It was a new item for the shop and I gave most of it away to my customers. Oh, what fun!

Rockspectfully,

Evey

THE FAMOUS BLUE CELESTITE AT HOMESVILLE, NEBRASKA

Celestite was a very lovely blue color and was hard to find, even in this quarry in Nebraska. I have forgotten the name of the quarry but it was well known, and I think it is in Roger's book. My son Gary and I went down with a few other folks and we really went out of our minds. There were crystals everywhere you looked, since they had been moving the limestone out of the quarry all the time. But the folks who were working the quarry were not too interested in the crystals.

One of the most famous rock folks who went to the quarry regularly was a guy from Maryville, Kansas, by the name of Glenn Hawkins. He and his partner were masters in getting out the best and nicest singles and groups. It was not easy to get the choice specimens. Oh, no! You had to dig for the good ones. Plus, a lot of times it was really hard work. Ol' Glenn and his buddy would come up with two or three flats and want to trade. Hey, I'll take that deal any day. I would take a flat to my next show and sell it fast. The blue celestite is rare to find any time, so it was a fast seller for me.

I don't know whatever happened to that quarry, but they closed it to the rock folks. Probably someone did damage to the equipment, but it's closed.

Rockspectfully,

Evey

ROCK HUNTING IN SOUTH TEXAS

We spent twelve winters in south Texas, and we also did four to six shows every year while we were down there. One of the clubs had invited us to a rock hunt on a certain weekend, so we made arrangements to meet up with them.

We ended up down by the Rio Grande River at a sand pit. It was hot but fun, and we got right into the hunting part. Now if I had never seen agate and wood before, I would have never even stooped over and picked any up. But years before we started going down to Texas, a man stopped by our shop and had about three gunnysacks with some of this agate and wood in it.

When he dumped it out to show me, I looked and said, "Man I could not sell that stuff here. It's worth nothing." He chuckled and said, "Yes, but you can't see what's on the inside." Also he told me he'd be back the next year and have some cut and polished up for me and it would cost me a little more.

Well, he did come back and man, when I saw the agate and wood specimens he had, I really flipped out. There were reds, yellows, and blues, moss agate, on and on. This time when we went to the place to get the Texas woods and agates, I loaded up. When I got back to Lincoln, I cut off an end piece and polished it. I sold it by the piece.

So always go with the native and always pick up some extra.

Rockspectfully,

Evey

WHAT ICE STORM?

Yes, that's the question Eddie Tripp asked me. When I told him, he was so surprised, because I was in Texas.

Lois and I had left Lincoln pulling our 22- or 24-foot trailer. Isn't that bad when you can't even remember how long the trailer was? The night in Lincoln it snowed really hard. We had spent the week before packing the trailer to live in and the ol' blue cargo van for the rock show.

As I said, it had snowed in our town of Lincoln, and I pushed off the snow from the van but left it on the trailer. I said to myself, "As I drive, it will all blow off". Hmmm...Guess what? It did not blow off. It was still on there through Kansas and Oklahoma and six miles into Texas.

As we got to the border of Oklahoma, we started to pick up rain, then sleet, then ice, and man what a mess I was in. I was loaded for three or four shows and the trailer loaded for the winter. As we approached the Texas and Oklahoma borders it really got bad. The van was covered with ice. The trailer was really covered with snow and ice and I was beginning to get very scared.

See, as we drove along maybe 15 to 20 miles per hour, and came to a curve or where the pavement leaned toward the median, we felt the trailer slowly sliding to that point. I looked over at Lois and she was really praying! I stopped and said a little prayer myself. Mine was, "Lord, help me out! I promise that at the next turn-off I'll turn off even if it is on a dead-end road."

I started up again real slow and crept along at 5 to 10 miles an hour. In one mile I came to a small incline. When we topped that hill, guess what! There was a turn-off to Todenson, Texas. We slowly got in town and I pulled into a filling station to gas up. After I filled up, I went inside to pay and the guy asked me, "How far are you going?"

I said, "To Blue Ridge". He laughed and said, "Not for a day or two. See, this road is not open even to the edge of Denison." Well, what do we do now? I know what we did. We parked the trailer in the corner of the parking lot and stayed. After we got all settled in our nice warm room, I called Eddie.

He said, "Hey where you at?" I said, "Denison." He said, "you're only 45 to 50 miles away so come on down." Ha!! I was not leaving that warm room for anyone. So we stayed in the motel till the next day and still everything was closed.

The next day I was sitting in the lobby and a guy came in from the south and asked the clerk, "You got a room?" So as he was talking, I went up and asked him how far he had come. He told me about 100 miles, but then he ran into all this ice and stuff and decided he would stop for the night. I asked him how far south the ice went and he told me maybe 10 to 15 miles. So, as it was getting dark, I went back to the room and got Lois. We jumped into the blue van and crept out of town.

Guess what we saw! No snow, no ice, nothing but dry ground. So back to the motel we went and hooked up the trailer, and the next morning we headed for Eddie's place. It was out from the little town of Blue Ridge, population 596. When we got to Eddie's, he was waiting for us. He came out and looked at the van and looked at the trailer and said, "You guys are going nowhere tonight but here!"

That's what we did. See, I had wanted to get to his place because he had lots of oriental items, soapstone carvings, carved wooden items, all kinds of small agate carvings plus other things. He and his wife were so gracious to Lois and me. His kids who lived close by came over for supper. What a lovely couple!

We stayed there until the next morning. By then our trailer and van were melted of all the snow, so we went on south.

We did lots of shows with Eddie Tripp and his gang of wholesalers. The last time I saw him and his wife was in the Kansas City Show in the industrial center. Thanks for everything, Eddie.

Those were the days.

Rockspectfully,

Evey

THE DAY I SOLD MY ROCK SHOP AFTER 48 YEARS

Yes it's true. I did sell my gem and mineral business! Yes, I know I had in the past said many times, "Hey, I'm selling out!" All the dealers who came to the L.G.&M.C., Inc. show kidded me every time they saw me. I'll admit that at the 28th year of business I did have a very large auction. Man, did the folks ever get the bargains that day! I had about 40 or 50 milk crates of rough. There was about 40 or 50 pounds in each crate, and the highest any sold for was \$4.00. That was for "large" specimens and the lady who bought that one told me she wanted to "Put them around her mailbox". What a rip.

Anyway, that's all history. See, on the date of July 21 and 22nd, we started to pack it all up and move it out.

My kids had been after me for about three or four years to sell it while I was alive, since they had no idea of the value that was there. At last I decided I would contact my friend Richard Henry, the owner of "Jay Hawk Rock Shop" in Hill City, Kansas. Well, he had to change the date, but I knew he was coming.

On the 21st, which was a Sunday, I had come home from eating after church. My son called me and told me Richard was in town and wanted to see me. So I did as I had wanted to do, and told Gary, my son, to tell Richard to meet us at my house.

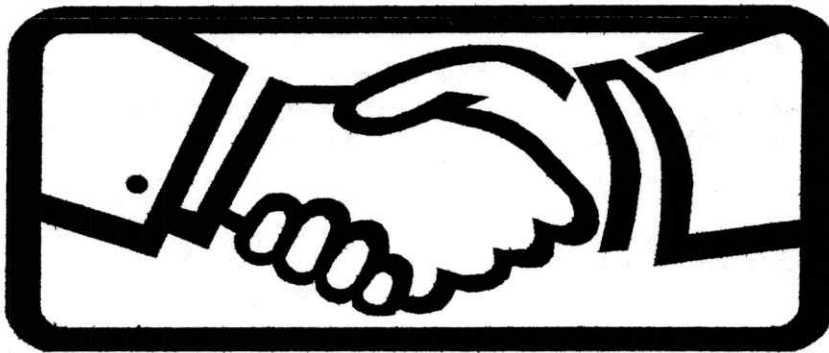
Well, it was good to see Richard, and I have written several stories on him – all true! After meeting and hugging and telling each other how one of us had got to the other, we got down to all that I had in the shop. Ol' Richard said as he looked around, "You rat, you told me you had a couple of suitcases of stuff!"

The deal was made and we all decided that as long as we had a lot of help, we would start Sunday night in packing and loading out as much as we could. Dick brought a man with him who helped, along with my son Gary, his two sons Jason and Patrick, and me as the boss. Off we went. That Sunday night we made a little hole in the shop and decided to all meet back the next day. This time my son-in-law was there, and what a help he was.

Well, it was the passing of tons of memories, of a 48-year relationship with the shop and from a start of sadness to a kind of joy that Richard had taken everything. When Richard left, Gary and my grandson Jason just sat there with for a while and we talked a little. Gary said, "I don't ever remember when there was not a rock shop here. Also, I remember having to carry boxes down after a show." Jason said, "I remember Grandma down here cutting and grinding stones, but I am happy for Grandpa and yet I feel a little bad too."

Rockspectfully,

Evey



A TRIBUTE TO THE LINCOLN GEM AND MINERAL CLUB
Hosts of the 1980 National Show
(With apologies to Bob Hope)

By George "Chick" Cihacek

THANKS FOR THE MEMORIES....

Of rocks and gems galore
Brought in from shore to shore,
So beautiful and gorgeous
You wished that there were more.
WE THANK YOU SO MUCH!

THANKS FOR THE MEMORIES....

Of friendships that we made
While admiring the jade
And other stones and crystals
Whose beauties never fade.
WE THANK YOU SO MUCH!

Shows like this do not come often,
In some ways that may be good.
The efforts expended would soften
Even those who are made of wood.

SO THANKS FOR THE MEMORIES....

We'll cherish every hour
We spend upon the floor,
Admiring this show of shows.
Now who could ask for more?
WE THANK YOU SO MUCH!