

# EVER LOSE A KNIFE?

By ibdennis

Well, I did. Only once though. What a heartache it was. I have misplaced and displaced knives for years, but I have always found them sooner or later. I have also put knives in "always know where they are places" and forgot. But eventually the ole floppy disk in the brain comes around, and I discover where that special place was. But the one knife I really lost has bugged me for years.

In July, 1993 I purchased a small single blade knife from Jim Corrado from Glide, Oregon. I had a love affair for that knife and it was my constant companion every day. The knife was a reject from an order Jim had completed. The ivory handles had a check (or as dear elayne calls it - A crack) at one of the rivets. There was also a discoloration of the ivory on the back handle. I had no problem with these personality features and the knife became a one of a kind best friend.

On August 5, 1993 we took a trip via airplane to San Diego. (It was a nightmare trip and nothing had gone well in the planning.) This was during the days when one could carry a pocket knife on airplanes. My Corrado knife was a gentlemen's knife and I wanted to walk proud with it in my pocket. Into the airport we went and when I went through airport security I placed it and my pocket "stuff" in the basket so I wouldn't set off the metal detector. And from there we went to wait for the airplane. During this wait I reached for the Corrado knife and it wasn't there. I raced back to the security people and they gave me this dumb but suspicious look like "I dunno nothing." I was not convinced but I had to go along with it rather than raise a stink. A "stink" would have bought me a no plane ride. Elayne even made me back track to the car. No knife.

I was sick and broken hearted. When I returned from the trip, I confronted the security people at the airport again, but no luck. I went back to Jim Corrado, and he offered me another knife in the same pattern but with a cocobolo handle. He also had a damascus ivory handled knife in the same pattern so I purchased it too. But it wasn't the plain blade ivory handled knife like the original. I went back to Jim Corrado and begged and pleaded for him to make a knife just like the knife I lost. He made it from pieces and parts that he had left over (complete with a check in the ivory) and I was pleased. But the lost knife bugged me for years.

On September 27, 2003 Elayne and I went to the Great Northwest Knife Show in Salem, Oregon. It was a small show so Elayne and I split up with the thought that we could always find each other in a moment. Within a few hours Elayne grabbed me and wanted to show me a knife. Elayne always wants to show me a knife so I followed her once again to where she wanted me to be. Inside a case was a knife and her question was, "Does that knife look familiar?" I replied that it looked like a Corrado and had features like the lost knife. The knife belonged to David and Mary Ann Schultz from Beaverton Oregon. In fact David had been carrying the knife in his pocket and within the last ten minutes of Elayne discovering it he had placed it on the table with a price on it.



I really didn't believe, as Elayne did, that it was the "lost" knife but what the heck. We asked to see and touch the knife; and when I rolled it over to look at the back handle, my heart stopped. The always remembered check was at the rivet and the discolored ivory was where it should have been. Our long lost knife. We told the story to David Schultz and in a curiosity vein we tried to track the previous owners hoping to find how it had traveled. David got it from Bill Claussen from Salem, Oregon.

Bill got it from Ted Dzialo from Portland, Oregon. Ted got it from a knife friend of his..... stop I said. Enough as it didn't appear that the original source would be found. It wasn't important any more.

So with my story unfolding I purchased the knife one more time. David was a prince and made me a very special price although I said he could name whatever price he wanted. Once purchased Elayne took possession of it claiming that I would not be losing "her" knife ever again.

So it was ten years and one month before our beloved ivory knife came back to us. I guess I could say that I never really lost it and just allowed several people to be guardians of it over the years. All the previous owners did as I had done and carried it on a daily basis. And carried it with pride too as it's condition was as I remembered when it was new. So now I can end this by saying I have never ever lost a knife..... Well..... 