

Beaver Business

In 2011, I was making the rounds at a convention. Sadly, I cannot remember exactly which one. I happened across a booth manned by Jeff Dunnier. He was selling his book titled *Beaver Business*. I looked through the book and put it back on the table. I started to walk away when I overheard Jeff and someone looking at the book talk about the use of explosives to remove beaver dams. I returned to the booth and told Jeff that any book that had explosives in it was well worth the amount he was asking for the book, so I bought it.

Within the year next couple of years, I was looking for antique books on eBay. I happened across another book with the title of *Beaver Business*. The book was from the 1960s and told about the activities or "business" of beaver at a grade school level. The book was priced right so I bought it with the intention of giving it to Jeff the next time I saw him at a convention.

I saw that Jeff was going to be at a convention, so I brought the book along. I saw him and said that I had a book for him. I also commented that I had bought his book. I got the book and gave it to him.

Jeff was genuinely thankful for the book and appreciated that I had gotten it for him. Since then, whenever we see each other at a convention, "Beaver Business" is the main topic discussion with me usually saying that if his book did not have the chapter on explosives I probably would not have bought it and him saying that he was surprised that I had gotten him that book.

Prior to the 2017 FTA Convention at Manchester, Iowa, I got a call

from Jeff. He asked if I was going to be at the convention because he wanted to buy a copy of my book, *Adirondack Dick*. I said I was and would have a booth selling the book, so he could find me there.

I arrived at the convention and was looking around away from the booth one day. I heard someone say my name. The person had a coyote fur, mountain man hat with the legs and tail hanging down. The person's face was partially covered so I could not see who it was. I walked over to the person and found it was Jeff. We discussed "Beaver Business" as usual and then the topic turned to my book. He said he would stop by the booth and get a copy.

I was back at the booth and Jeff walked up. He handed by \$40 for my book. I was reaching for \$10 change, but he said I could keep it. Jeff may have been trying to compensate me for the *Beaver Business* book I had given him before. I said I could not keep the extra money,

but he would not take the \$10 from me. My dad was with me selling honey, so we offered him some honey instead of the \$10. Jeff gladly accepted the honey.

As we talked, Jeff asked about the shirts I had made to advertise the book. I had made five for myself, so I could be a walking, talking billboard. Jeff asked about getting one. The sizes I had made for myself were too large for him, so when I got home from the convention, I had one made and sent it to him.

So I found that good friendships can begin with explosive conservations while conducting "business" and that it takes something more than money, like honey, to sweeten the deal.

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