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OK - I have to stress again I had absolutely no influence in these results. All entries went in anonymous and the two judges had no background on any of the essays. They were simply asked to pick which essays they liked best and give them back to me. I did not ask why one was chosen over another and why they made the decision they did. I do know they put a lot of thought into their decision and felt good about the decision they made. They did say they appreciated the effort that was put into this contest and could sense that. There was no bribery done to me or the judges and this was done as fair as possibly could be. Hopefully we can post them up and have fun with all the essays, they are quite well done. I did not enter to keep it fair.

Alright the winners are...

1. JARIT - WINS THE MAVERIK RUG
2. JOHNNY - WINS THE LEOPOLD BARREL OF FUN
3. ERIC - WINS THE BIG STICKER AND MAVERIK JACKET
4. DI - WINS THE SIGN AND MAVERIK JACKET
5. SHAGGY - WINS THE APRON AND MAVERIK JACKET
6. BONE - WINS THE 250 MAVERIK BALLOONS AND MAVERIK JACKET
7. BEADS - WINS THE MAVERIK JACKET

Congratulations to all and thank you for participating. Looks like Jarit and Johnny were the big winners after all. Way to go guys. If you scroll down to the bottom of this page you will see links to all the essays. They are all pretty good and will probably get a good laugh out of reading them. Just a reminder on the prize collections. Each winner will have to personally arrange for shipment or deliver of the items. Please give us some feedback through email or on the forum of what you thought of this contest. If everyone liked it, we will do it again soon. Maybe next time we can get more people to participate. Thanks again everybody.

Canuck.

## **The Beadfather: (Maverik Jacket)**

The other day, my brother-in-law happened to see this peculiar shirt in one of his classes at BYU. A dark complected man had worn a shirt with the word MAVERIK on it. He immediately thought of me and went and talked with the stranger. At first, the stranger had no idea who I was. Then, my brother-in-law remembered that none of you know me

as James. He asked if the stranger knew Beads and Johnny Lingo enthusiastically replied that he did. Moral of the story is represent. We have friends and family everywhere and it seems that the world just keeps on getting smaller.

Be proud of the heritage we share. I am not saying that any of you aren't, just don't forget what it is to be a Maverik. There are essentially two definitions. The first is someone who does there own thing. The second is an unbranded wild steer. I think that both of those are very applicable to us. We all follow our own path, regardless of what goes on. NO ONE OWNS US. There is no "brand" stamped on our hide to let people know what category to put us in, what stereotype to use on us.

Peace Be The Journey.

The Beadfather

## **DI: (Sign and Jacket)**

The Spirit of Maverikhood. A true Maverik rides a long way ? Maybe. A true Maverik wants Western independence ? That too. But do these catchy commercial slogans really apply to our brotherhood created over the years? Maybe in some vague way, but I propose a new motto. A true Maverik will always be there. Catchy I know, you can use it for your gas station, but I d rather keep it for us.

It was with these thoughts that I decided not to list all the reasons that I wanted, indeed needed, the very attractive Maverik products being offered. No, I want to apply the new motto to myself and this essay. I want to be there for my fellow brethren. In fact they need that merchandise more than I do...

Canuck could have used that big sign to spice up his boring dorm room wall. (Boy was his room barren!) Leo could have used the nice Maverik jacket the night he almost froze to death sleeping out at the dunes. (Canuck ended up saving him with his blankets donated just in time, but a Maverik jacket would have helped.) Johnny could have used a fully stocked Maverik barrel of fun when he arrived at the top of the Tetons. (He had already drunk three canteens and two bottles full of water & but was still thirsty I m sure.) Beads could have used that rug to keep him from doing the dangerous e-brake maneuvers. (Assuming of course that Maverik rugs were strategically placed over all the black ice in Rexburg &) Eric could have used that big sticker to keep from getting in such girl trouble freshman year. (The sticker would, if placed properly upside down in the hallway, catch the RAs dead in their tracks before they could bust into Eric s room and apprehend the contraband girl under his bed) Shag could have used the apron for all the BBQs that he has done for us Mavericks. (He gets pretty sloppy)

So you see, there is a much greater need represented by the other Mavs. I, in my humble state, am satisfied by merely being there for my fellow Maverik brethren. Oh and by the way, here is the list of merchandise in order from what I want most to what I want least & 1. Rug 2. Barrel 3. Sticker 4. Sign 5. Apron 6. Jacket.

Hey & you can t win em all.

DI.

## **Eric: (sticker and jacket)**

I still remember the first time I saw a Maverik Country Store. The bright orange paint on the building sunk deep into my eyes. I was only eight years old at the time but I remember like it was yesterday. My grandfather was born and raised in Afton, Wyoming and every summer as a child my family and I would pile into the car and drive from Los Angeles to Afton. In Wyoming we would work on the ranch, ride horses and enjoy the outdoors.

It was the summer of 1983 when my family and I rolled into town. I still remember driving into town and seeing the Red Barron, the elk horn arch, the fair grounds and Maverik. We then stopped at Maverik to get some gas and I was captivated. The gas stations in California were never orange and white. I walked towards the doors and noticed a sign on the side of the building. It featured the Maverik Bunch. There were big, colorful pictures of Maverik, Leopold and Polly. Underneath the sign a quote read, Come join the fun. I looked at the sign and then back at the doors, I couldn't wait to get in and see what Maveirk was all about. I pushed open the front doors and my eyes were immediately fixed on an orange bucket. It had Leopold drinking from a bottle. On the side of the bucket it said, Leopold's barrel of fun. I ran up to it and sunk my hands into the icy cold water. The bucket was full of icy cold drinks. I swirled my hands back and forth in the icy water until my hands felt like they were going to fall off. I remember thinking that was a clever way of selling soft drinks. The Maverik attendant noticed me playing with the Leopold's barrel of fun. He smiled and said, pretty cold huh? Just then my father came in through the door to pay for gas. I began tugging on his pants to show him what I had found and asked if I could pick out a drink from the tub. I was so excited. Never had picking out a soft drink been so much fun!

On this specific vacation, the only thing I wanted to do was go to Maverik. My father promised me if I was good and worked really hard on the farm that my reward was going into town and going to Maverik. Every time we went I always had to pick a drink out of Leopold's barrel of fun. I didn't care what the flavors of the drinks were; I only cared about pulling out a drink from the barrel.

As the years went on, it was always a treat to go to Wyoming and visit the country store. Even though I got older, I still wanted to get a drink out of the barrel. The only time that I could enjoy Maverik and Leopold's barrel of fun was during the short summer trips every year. 17 years have passed since my hands first splashed the icy water, but I still find myself being a kid again when my hands go

down into the barrel to pull out a drink. The drinks in Leopold's barrel of fun always seemed to taste better and quench more than drinks from the fridge.

Why do I deserve Leopold's barrel of Fun? I am probably one of the only people in the world that has been fixated and fascinated by the barrel for over 17 years. Now that I am married and starting a family of my own, I look forward to the time when I can take my son to Maverik for the first time and let him experience the Maverik Bunch and Leopold's barrel of fun. Maverik is more than a gas station. For some it is an experience and it would be a dream come true to be able to have a piece of Maverik merchandise that has so much personal meaning to me.

Eric.

## **Jarit: (Maverik Rug)**

I remember the fall of 1994. The weather was turning brisk, however my attitude was lax. For I was a MAVERIK! The Mavericks, a name feared by some, embraced by others. Who would have begun to think that an idea created in the peaceful settings of Afton, Wyoming would have sparked the interest of many a young boy. Not only spark an interest, but also created a flaming fire, one that burns so bright and so Orange, that it carries on >from one generation to the next. And remains strong throughout each of our lives. This essay is not to downplay any of my true-life friends, nor distort any views. This is simply to state, Why I deserve the Maverik Rug. I will begin with a story of sorts. Early fall 1994, September to be exact.

The snow had just begun to flutter its peaceful, quiet flakes to the Rexburg floor. The ground was wet from the melted snow. Almost as if the ground wasn't ready to hibernate, refusing to be covered in its inevitable white blanket, like a child not ready for bed. Eazy and I were sitting in the dorm room and suddenly were overcome with a strong urge for a maverik run. We needed a cookie and a refill. We grabbed our mugs and started on our daily sojourn to the most perfect country store west of the Mississippi. As I was graced by the sacred and awesome presence of the Maverik Country Store I looked to the ground to make sure of my footing on this cold, wet day. I noticed a Beautiful Orange rug with a Bull on it, welcoming me. Although the rug was very dirty from ungrateful people wiping their filthy wet feet on it, I knew, from that first day I saw it, that the rug and I belonged together! While the store clerk wasn't looking, I quickly and deftly rolled up the huge rug and stuffed it in the back of Eazy's car. We drove it home and immediately took it to the dorm showers. It was almost like a surgery and this rug's life was at stake. We grabbed the shampoo and began to save this rug's life, from the dirt and grime that infested its wonderful Orange skin. As we hung the rug out to dry, my first intentions were to keep this rug all to myself. After all, I was the one who was quick and stealthy. Nobody had seen it. I was, as they say, Scott Free. But something inside me, as well as a few of my other Maverik friends convinced me that one day it would be right, but not at that time. After a lot of see sawing and wrestling, I decided to return the rug, only this time it almost outshone the sun. We unfurled it in all its glory in front of the maverik store and as we walked away I could almost hear the bull on the rug snort, as if to say, let me come with you. I turned and in my mind said, not yet my friend, not yet, and as I turned, to give my last farewell, I could have sworn that I saw the bull wink at me. And I heard someone say; One day I will be yours, one day my friend .. I will be yours.

## **Johnny: (Leopold s barrel of fun)**

Reflecting back on my first experience at a Maverik Country Store evokes good feelings and fills my heart with happiness just like every time I refill my 52 oz Maverik Mug. Maverik Country Store is so special to me because I find a sense of belonging and joy in going there.

In the summer of 1994, my mother dropped me off at Ricks College, which is located in a small southern Idaho town. I vividly remember her driving away as I stood in the parking lot next to my apartment, feeling lost and lonely in my new town. I was hundreds of miles from my friends and family down in Houston, Texas. I felt so scared being on my own. I couldn't sleep that whole night. By morning I decided that I was a college man and I would explore the town and see the sights. So, after class I did just that; I set off on foot and walked about a mile where I saw a Maverik Country Store.

It made a big impact on my life. I read the signs on the walls, I'm for Western Independence, another sign read, I'm Honest Maverik Rides A Long Way. Those signs gave me a sense of courage to be independent. They made me feel brave for being adventurous and wanting to explore the west. The store made me feel emotionally and physically better, I bought a drink, triskets, and cheese whiz. I felt so much more comfortable in Idaho now that I found Maverik Country Stores. So, I walked straight home to my apartment because I felt I had found what I was looking for, a sense of belonging.

Three months later, I made friends with a group of guys in the dormitory that held the same Maverik pride that I had. We sported our Maverik mugs on campus and we would frequently go on Mav Runs, where we would buy nachos, cookies, sandwiches and refill our mugs. Therefore, people would refer to us as the Mavericks. Six years later and the label has still stuck to the group.

Johnny.

## **Shaggy: (apron and jacket)**

Many people have tried to explain over the years what a Maverik is or what it means to be a Maverik. I have come to the conclusion that few can accurately do so. My name is Shaggy and I am of the second generation a Mavericks following in the footsteps of the older generation. I am brother to DI, one of the founding Mavericks. I am Maverik to the bone and have instilled in my belief system a true Maverik ideology. I have strived to keep the Maverik spirit alive as I dwell amongst non-Maveriks. It has been a hard road to travel but one well worth it.

I have gained self respect, pride, love, and many other qualities due to my brotherhood with the Mavericks. The prizes awarded in this contest are mere objects which have no monetary value at all. They do, though, have a deeper more intrinsic value which is derived from their symbolic nature. Any of the objects up for grabs would remind the awarded of the many memories as a Maverik. The rug would remind me of the many times I drove to the corner Maverik to refill my mug with my brothers. The jacket would mean to me that I could carry around me as a sign to all that I am a Maverik and I am proud. This is why I want to win a prize. To show to the world that I a a Maverik and to remind me of what matters most,

Maverik love.

## **T-Bone: (250 balloons and jacket)**

What is the source of Maverik respect? I think it all began for each of us the first time we stepped foot into the Maverick Country Store in Rexburg, Idaho. I feel that the reason I deserve a Maverik item is because I will use it to increase Maverik respect in my own life and in the lives of other Mavericks. If I am awarded Leopolds barrel of fun, I will proudly bring it to every Maverik reunion and use it as a conversation piece to spark the memory of many Maverik experiences and further strengthen the Maverik bond. What is this Maverik bond? It stems from Maverik respect. In the following paragraphs, I will explain what Maverik respect means to me.

Some time ago, while making the long drive from Rexburg to Los Angeles, I had more than adequate time to think deeply upon the term, Maverik respect. I believe it was the Bead father who originally coined the phrase sometime just before the first generation Mavericks were all leaving on their missions. I remember that phrase being brought up on many occasions in the letters I received from Half Pint who was in Rexburg at the time establishing another noble generation of Mavericks. I remember thinking a lot about those two simple, but deep words while serving my mission in France. I think Maverik respect is the very glue that holds us all together through thick and thin. It is the thing that will prolong this brotherhood throughout our lives no matter where we do. I know that we all desire to keep this Maverik bond strong in our lives, so I think that now is the time to start talking about how we can do that.

You can break Maverik respect down into two main categories. First, respect for the Maker, and second, respect for our brethren. These two areas encompass all that which makes each us a Maverik. These are not the philosophies of men. These are time-tested, life guiding facts that have helped me through the most difficult of life's growing pains. I have tried to keep these two commandments of respect as a main focus of a well-balanced life.

I could expound for pages on the specifics of these two categories, but I think simply pointing them out will allow the reader of this essay to ponder them and make their own conclusions. Thank you for taking the time to read this essay. I hope you will consider my deep commitment to my friends and my profound desire to strengthen these bonds when awarding the prizes of this contest. Thank you,

--Troy Salo T-BONE