

# PROSPECTOR'S BREAKFAST CLUB

December 19, 2013

[www.prospectorsclub.com](http://www.prospectorsclub.com)

## WHERE ARE WE MEETING AT?

*Deer Creek Country Club*

*7030 West 133<sup>rd</sup> St.*

*Leawood, KS 66209*

Meet and Network - 7am

**Breakfast at 7:30 am**

**Program at 8am**

**Don't forget about our Ater The Fact event at Goodheart's Jewelry TONIGHT, Tuesday, Dec. 17<sup>th</sup> from 5pm to 7pm – 7040 West 105<sup>th</sup> St, OPKS.**

**WHAT DID IT FEEL LIKE LEAVING JOHNSON COUNTY LAST THURSDAY? MAYBE WE SHOULD ASK THOSE THAT LOVE THE URBAN CORE!**

*Here is this week's speech that would have been given by Darryl Hawkins of Innovative Design and Renovation had we not been enjoying ourselves so much at Voltaire last Thursday.*

Gratitude was my theme last time, listing every Prospector and what they have done for me (so it wasn't about me). The time before I talked more cars than architecture. THIS time I was going to give more of my background. ...me.

Born in Tulsa, OK, Dad was a race car driver (19) and Mom was the Future Farmers of American (FFA) Queen (18). I grew up in an affluent neighborhood (similar to Mission Hills), Mom became an artist (and an accountant), Dad started his own real estate firm, buying a dozen rent house and retiring from real estate at 37 (and just became a rental house repair man like Doug A.). He was also an astronomer, watch repair man, jeweler, he just preferred to do everything himself (whatever it is). Even at 70, he was climbing on the roof painting the house, he replaced the roof himself at 60.

I was always drawing as a kid (usually cars), I also started taking piano lessons at 10 years old. I always had lots of 2 wheel vehicles, I wanted to be Evil Knievel. Remember several mini-bikes by the time I was 5. Built my own go-cart at 9, built my own mini-bike at 10, bought my first car at 14 (first Honda sold in American, a air cooled 2 cylinder), totally rebuilt the whole car, Dad and I took everything apart in the motor. I sold it at 16 for 4 times what I paid for it and bought a show worthy Triumph Spitfire, which I then began teaching people to race cars at the local Sports Car Club of America (SCCA) events.

I became an Eagle scout at 17 (dad was scout master), went to Philmont, built a BMX bike (which I totaled in a head-on collision with a motorcycle). Became one of the best Frisbee guys at the school, added a windsurfer sail to my skateboard (crazy speed). Dad and I rebuilt a 1962 Alfa convertible, a 1958 23' Chris Craft cabin cruiser (solid mahogany), along with an older Honda bike. I got almost straight A's in high school, but hung out with the gear heads (that usually had poor grades).

In college, I started a new chapter of the SCCA, became treasure of the college auto club. Buying a RX-7 to race with the clubs, but later being pulled to sailboat racing, much cheaper and there was more girls in the sailing club. I was so not cool, I had a 50cc motorbike my freshman year (moped powered bike) I think it would do zero to 60 in about 40 seconds? (super slow).

I even bought the lowest HP Honda (CRX-HF) they make my Junior year (I was painting houses to make money for 5 years straight). I still remember riding my skate board to the Honda dealership to pick it up. I had the cash in my pocket, my skate board's wheel fell off, so I walked back home and took my 6 year younger brothers ALVA skateboard. The dealership was surprised this skate punk was buying a new car. It got 70 MPG, and I had studied the torque curves of the



only local team). Now don't get me wrong, I love American, but American football is no place for a 135lb 6' tall (skinny lad) in a speedo.

I was still playing the piano a lot (most kids stopped by the time got to high school, just not cool for boys???) , there was a stage grand (9' Steinway) in my dorm, and I would play it for 2 hours almost every night, sometimes walking away with a new date. ...but most of the time I was just clearing my head, playing that piano as hard as I could, from classic to hard rock and everything in between. ...lots of Elton John. I had sold my electric piano (and guitar) to buy that RX-7, architecture did not give you any time to be in a band (which I thought I would always do).

Upon graduating from College (2 to graduate after 5 years, 400 had started, only 2 finished), I quickly bought a house (vintage in an old lady neighborhood), bought 1985 Honda crotch rocket, bought a 1969 Italian convertible (custom), ordered two Miatas (Mazda didn't know what a Miata was then) and started moonlighting under the name Progressive Design & Renovation. I bought the most expensive mountain bike I could find (it's now in a museum). I bought the most expensive road bike I could find (started criterium racing, did really good). Dated the receptionist at the firm, dated the marketing girl for the firm, but then met my first wife (at a criterium event). I got married that year, bought a 1972 citroen (for me) and a new Mitsubishi Eclipse for my wife. We quickly had two kids (17 months apart), doubled the size of our home, putting \$30k on credit cards, paying them off in full upon re-financing. Beautiful restoration, double shower, double tub, double vanities, double skylight in the master bath (all part of the new addition). Life was good. My garage was 3 stories and almost 2000 S.F.

I sold the crotch rocket, I sold the citroen (4 times what I paid for it), split the profit with my wife and bought a 1969 Victory 21, a one design racing sailboat that was in terrible condition. I spent several years restoring that boat, during that time I got licensed, passing the 9 tests (5 days long) after my third try. I also became a certified building official, once again, 3 test and the 3rd time I passed all three. I became the youngest senior associate at my firm. The highest paid at the firm of anyone my age. I had seen the firm go from 33 people to 733 people. I knew them all. I had kept racing the Miata and by this time (1996) I was getting 1st place at the race track. I also got the sailboat working and it got 1st place on its first voyage (yea I entered the boat in the race that day). ...once again life was good, very good.

Things started going south. I saw 400 people laid off, all my friends. I got hired by one of the firm's principals that went out on his own. One principal started buying and selling cars, other one had two Lamborghini's, one with wings and one without the wings (same car the contach). ...crazy money. I would be in California on Tuesday, Maine on Thursday, I was top level frequent flyer on every major carrier, flying 1st class half the time

...but my boss was having trouble also, and I found myself sending resumes to KC, I sent 5, got 5 offers in one week, drove up and interviewed and decided to take a new job in a new city, sell the house???, sell the boats???, ...sell the toys???. I sold three bikes (including a Paramount tandem) to buy my newer downhill bike.

We find a great buy on a great location (figured we would flip on a couple years). ...but things started going south in the marriage. We bought a new mini cooper trying to bring back some spark in the marriage (the Saab was getting old). I became treasurer of the neighborhood association, but got fired from the board due to lack of attendance, because I was trying to understand my wife at the time. She was doing a lot of stupid stuff, there is a reason I got the house and I got the kids, along with everything else I asked for from her. ...sure I had to write a big check to her, but then we were done, ...done.

Turns out my boss at the time, didn't like me leaving so much either, and he put two letters in front of me on a Friday, resignation, or fired? ...I took resignation and resurrected my moonlighting company, changing the name a bit to **Innovative Design & Renovation**. Zero money, zero clients and I had signed a 2 year non- compete with my boss (I had been running that firm). ...turns out that Monday was also the day I was officially served my papers on the divorce. ...not cool.

I volunteered for everything, became President of the neighborhood, ( Tracy was now Treasurer). I did everything, got active in church, the Urban Core group, the AIA, DNA, southtown, started the bungalow club, you name it. I even participated in the world naked bike ride in Chicago. I was the KC urban tour guide for many years, ambassador at the art fairs. Started dating again, I knew three ex playboy models. One of them I dated several times. Had my eyes on several

motor, and it was much better than the engines with twice the HP that Honda sold. I raced it for 4 years and always perplexed the Porsche and corvette crowds.

That next year I spent a semester in Paris, France, for a boy from Oklahoma it changes my life, there was 1) **mini coopers** running around 2) **citroens**, 3) **topless women**, and 4) **no american football**, only futball (which my dad had been the coach on our

only local team). Now don't get me wrong, I love American, but American football is no place for a 135lb 6' tall (skinny lad) in a speedo.



pretty much broke up after that.

I did lots of small stuff, doing 100 jobs a year and at an average fee of around \$1k, money started coming back, but then 2008 hit, yikes, a little rough, that's when Tracy and I started dating. There was 5 ladies that wanted to date me (and I knew Tracy the least), so I gave her a shot and never looked back. ...no drama, super smart, and she could still rock a bikini.

It took me 4 years before I got the engagement ring commissioned, it wasn't easy. Alan Goodheart even had a hard time understanding my concept. Very organic, almost like a tumble weed, but with a rainbow of gems, each one standing for a person in our new soon to be blended family. Go to my facebook page, the background is a photo from inside the ring (super close up). ...you feel like you're in a galaxy somewhere in space.

2 years ago sailed my friend's boat (Nigerian man I taught to sail) from Venezuela back to the US. He was proud of his black heritage. I was re-discovering my Native American roots (my kids are card carrying Chocktaws, and I'm a card carrying Cherokee). My indian name has become "wind in face". Not a day goes by that I don't think about that trip, 70' seas, 2 shredded sails, 9 squalls, broke the steering 4 times, hailed Mayday once, lost at sea for a couple weeks. I'm writing a book, Bill Emerson has been giving me advice. ...that's a whole other story.

You know FLW (Frank Lloyd Wright) got all his accolades from small projects. He wasn't even known as a good architect until way into his 50's, in fact he was almost run out of Chicago for his crazy antics up until he was over 50. I've really honed my practice, shredding 9 sheets of drawings (from another architect) into one page. Part of why I'm able to do this at almost 1/10th the fee.

We're all a little bit crazy at first, especially when you're a young 40 something.

How many people do you know that 1) Road in World Naked Bike Ride in downtown Chicago, 2) Hailed Mayday from a 50' sailboat, broken in 70' seas, 3) bought a 44 year old chopper on his 50th b-day. I know one.

I would add 4) being a Prospector. Just last week I had a full week of Prospectors. Breakfast on Thursday, Rich Sirna help us move on Friday, Bill Sirna helped us on Saturday, Brian Rapp let me pick-up the chopper on Sunday (his favorite of all the bikes he sold), Monday, Jeff Morgan fixed 3 toilets, Tuesday, Brad Page did the carpets, Wednesday Doug Airey let me haul his firewood, and then Thursday, Prospectors again, crazy, but I'm ok with crazy.

How long can I keep this up? Not for long, I do want to answer the phone "kick-ass architect", but I'm losing some of my spunk. I've lost 40lbs this last year, I want to lose more. I'm getting a little saturated in Brookside. I mean just last week I got a call from a guy that just bought a new house, he said he was 6011 Oak, I was like "oh Beth's old house, I did the upstairs bathroom and closet". He didn't know that, he didn't know the previous owner, he had gotten my name from a friend and wanted me to come out to look at his new place. ...funny... small world.

Part of what I've learned - you have to be attentive, nice and giving to everyone, because you NEVER know who they might know. I invite EVERYONE to my Open House the first Friday in February. Last year I invited over 10,000 people. This year it will also act as my ATF event. Next year I want to do a prospectors evening event at a venue that has piano. I will be the entertainment, and once again, I will just write something for the newsletter, if anybody is still reading, call me, let's go to lunch, I keep an open door policy at my place. A front porch is like a welcoming hand shake to visitors. ...it's the best room of the house, Grand Central Station in my little corner of paradise on Main Street.

Tracy officially moved in last week, so now the studio has that whole "loved" feel to it again. ...I like that. ...cheers (til next year). ...darryl (531-2221)

famous ladies like Perigrin (owner of Birdies, the party store lady). Would regularly go out with this famous older lady (as eye candy), even hanging out with the ex-mayors daughter. I even dated two bi-sexual ladies, still remember the one having a heart to heart conversation with me, she was 33 (red head, very cute) and she says "Darryl I'm married? ..to a 51 year old blonde girl", I was like what does that mean? ...She said if I played my cards right, it could be good??? ...hey it sounded interesting, but we



# PROSPECTOR'S BREAKFAST CLUB

## WHO'S SPEAKING NEXT?

Dec. 19<sup>th</sup> – at Deer Creek CC – Annual White Elephant Gift Exchange

**DO YOU KNOW ABOUT OUR ANNUAL WHITE ELEPHANT EVENT THIS COMING THURSDAY?**

**Here's the basics. Come ready for a nice breakfast and sharing with fellow Prospectors for the last time this year. In lieu of a speaker, we will be exchanging “white elephant” gifts. Something funny, something weird, something bizarre, something crazy. The wilder, the better. An ugly sweater, funny toy, a Christmas gift gone mad. We'll leave it to your imagination.**

**Come have fun, and remember – if you don't bring a gift, you won't get a gift!**



TRIVIA QUESTION:-

WHAT FRENCH WINE IS BEST  
SERVED BETWEEN 41 AND 45  
DEGREES FAHRENHEIT?

**Dec. 26<sup>th</sup> – NO MEETING – CHRISTMAS WEEK**

**Jan. 2<sup>nd</sup> – NO MEETING – NEW YEAR'S WEEK**

Jan. 9<sup>th</sup> – at Deer Creek – Resume our regular schedule – details to follow



### **THIS WEEK'S PROSPECTORS SPOTLIGHT MEMBER**

**This week's Prospector Spotlight Member is Vivek Dayal of Phone Tech**

**Communications.** Do you use a phone or computer? Internet? Hmmm... Maybe you need to be talking to someone that can see if there is a better way to be communicating with the world. Who better than Vivek! See what he can tell you and maybe he will learn more about you as you talk. Please... just give Vivek a call. How about an early cup of coffee or tea, or an after-hours beverage? Here's Vivek's info: - phone is 913-345-0437, and email is – [vivek@phonecommunications.com](mailto:vivek@phonecommunications.com)

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# **PROSPECTOR'S BREAKFAST CLUB**

## **Last Week's Trivia Answer:-**

The answer to last week's trivia question – **YOUR PITUITARY GLAND IS LOCATED AT THE BASE OF YOUR BRAIN.**



## **WE NEED YOUR HELP – WITH BOXERS AND SOCKS !!!**

(Try finding a publishable men's underwear picture on the internet...)

Alan Heriford of Johnson County Automotive has stepped up his game and has been collecting new men's underwear and socks to give to the homeless and less fortunate in the City Union Mission. For every pair of underwear or socks donated, he will give you \$10 off any repair, or a cash donation goes directly to those in need the most, good until Christmas. Thanks Alan for making a difference to those less fortunate than ourselves.