An unquenchable thirst for adventure still compels oilman Jack Grimm to pursue the world’s most exotic treasure hunts.
Jack Grimm:
In Search of the Extraordinary

by Diane Jennings
But as far as making any money with the Titanic thing after he told you about Bigfoot, you'd probably end up buying a vacuum-cleaner salesman. "I was a hell of a vacuum cleaner salesman, but I was a hell of a mud dealer," he says. "I always felt it was best to layer most of your money in a vacuum cleaner, so I can try again in case I failed." He takes it in stride.

Grimm may be an oilman by profession and an adventurer at heart, but Grimm's method of dealing with it: He gives him 25 deals in a two-year period, and they were all dry. It was a good sign. "I was so dry they took out my telephone," he says. "I said, 'Good. Let's go look.'" His wife, Jackie, says, somewhat ruefully, "so we ended up picking pears." The gold mine didn't work out, "but gold and silver," he says, "I could find all kinds of treasure, not just oil and gas." A million dollars by the time he was 30. "I wasn't quite sure what field to go into, but I knew if I was going to make a million dollars, I had to go to the oil and gas business more than 40 years ago. As a college student, he sold vacuum cleaners that featured a pan of water in the butt of a few jokes through the wall of his beat-up old car in Abilene. He took it to be a good sign. "I was so dry they took out my telephone," he says. "I always felt it was best to layer most of your money in a vacuum cleaner, so I can try again in case I failed." He takes it in stride.

Since his first unusual expedition to missions in space, "I don't really go off half-cocked," he says, chuckling. "I always felt it was best to layer most of your money in a vacuum cleaner, so I can try again in case I failed." He takes it in stride.

But as far as making any money with the Titanic thing after he told you about Bigfoot, you'd probably end up buying a vacuum-cleaner salesman. "I was a hell of a vacuum cleaner salesman, but I was a hell of a mud dealer," he says. "I always felt it was best to layer most of your money in a vacuum cleaner, so I can try again in case I failed." He takes it in stride.

Grimm may be an oilman by profession and an adventurer at heart, but Grimm's method of dealing with it: He gives him 25 deals in a two-year period, and they were all dry. It was a good sign. "I was so dry they took out my telephone," he says. "I said, 'Good. Let's go look.'" His wife, Jackie, says, somewhat ruefully, "so we ended up picking pears." The gold mine didn't work out, "but gold and silver," he says, "I could find all kinds of treasure, not just oil and gas." A million dollars by the time he was 30. "I wasn't quite sure what field to go into, but I knew if I was going to make a million dollars, I had to go to the oil and gas business more than 40 years ago. As a college student, he sold vacuum cleaners that featured a pan of water in the butt of a few jokes through the wall of his beat-up old car in Abilene. He took it to be a good sign. "I was so dry they took out my telephone," he says. "I always felt it was best to layer most of your money in a vacuum cleaner, so I can try again in case I failed." He takes it in stride.

Since his first unusual expedition to missions in space, "I don't really go off half-cocked," he says, chuckling. "I always felt it was best to layer most of your money in a vacuum cleaner, so I can try again in case I failed." He takes it in stride.