

VOLUME 24, NUMBER 1

F.A.T.C. NEWS

Florida Antique Tackle Collectors Quarterly Newsletter



MYSTERIES FROM THE FIELD

PLUS...

*MUSKIE LURES IN FLORIDA, PART II
*THE QUARANTINE BAITS, PART II
*A FAMILY TRADITION
AND MORE!





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Bill Long's Fishing Guide is featured in Florida Sportsman, Outdoor Life, Field and Stream, and has appeared on ESPN's Wayne Pearson Ultimate Outdoors. Having you land big trophy bass is our number one priority.

If you are interested in seeing Central Florida's beauty by boat, call for your special sightseeing tours. Bring your cameras as you will see old Cypress Trees, Spanish Moss, Water Hyacinths, birds, wildlife and alligators.

Our central location puts you 30 minutes or less from major attractions such as: Disney World®, MGM, Epcot, Universal Studios, and Sea World.

Award Winners

AT THE PALM BEACH GARDENS SHOW
October 2009

EXHIBIT WINNERS:

Educational:

Mark Hostetler (Heddon collection)

Topical:

Clarence Smith (Makinen display)

Florida Lures:

Ed Bauries (Miscellaneous Florida)

Outstanding Display:

Scott Morgan (Homemade Lures)

Gene Meisberger (CCBCO Fly Rod Lures)

Lloyd Jett (Rainbow Lures)

Dave Rutherford (CCBCO Lures)

Ed Zorzi (Sturgis Display)

Bill Stuart (Bagley)

John Mack (Dixie Carroll Book and Display)

Russ Griffin (Miscellaneous Florida and CCBCO Lures)

Stephanie Duncan (Mortimer Mouse)

Craig Swearingen (Florida Lures)

Dave Keyeck (Homemade Lures)

Milo Watson (Milo's Lure Halloween Outfit)



MEMBERSHIP UPDATE

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F.A.T.C. NEWS

The Newsletter of the Florida Antique Tackle Collectors, Inc.

January 2010
Volume 24, No. 1

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Cover Art: Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's classic novels featuring *Sherlock Holmes*, serve as the backdrop for "Mysteries from the Field". The famous detective's study comes complete with his tools of the trade, interspersed with puzzling tackle finds waiting to be explored in the article.

FATC Board of Directors Meeting Minutes

The FATC Board of Directors (BOD) met in Palm Beach Gardens on October 31, 2009. Those present were: Dennis McNulty, John Mack, Mike Mois, Larry Lucas, Ed Pritchard, Sally Jett, Lloyd Jett, Ed Weston, Chuck Heddon, Mike Hall, Mike Sims and Ed Bauries. The topics discussed are as follows:

1. Motion made to approve the Secretary's report from 8/22/09. Motion approved by the board.
2. Motion made to approve Treasurer's report, which was reviewed and approved by the board.
3. Old business discussed, topics are as follows:
Shows to be hosted in 2010:
Daytona: 2/10, St. Augustine: 5/10, St. Pete: 8/10, Ocala, 11/10
Back to Daytona: 2/11, Savannah, Georgia: 5/11.
With shows scheduled through 5/11, the idea of three shows per year will be left on the back burner.
*President Larry Lucas is concerned about the negative impact on attendance when displays are broken down early. Show hosts may impose restrictions on early breakdown.
4. New business discussed, topics are as follows:
 - There have been two large consignments to the Daytona Show 2/10. These consignments are part of a two day auction held on Friday and Saturday night. There will be a 10% buyer's premium added to your purchase.
 - Elections for the positions of President and Secretary will be voted on while at Daytona 2/11.
 - The board has approved the purchase of a portable PA system to be utilized at FATC functions. The portable PA will remain in the possession of the next show's host, along with the "war chest" transported to each show.
 - Joe Yates will be renovating the FATC website. Thank you, Joel
5. Meeting closed.

President... Larry Lucas, Holly Hill, FL
Vice President... TBA at Daytona, February 2010
Secretary... Ed Bauries, Jupiter, FL
Treasurer... Lloyd and Sally Jett, Quincy, FL
Directors...

Mike Sims, Ft. Lauderdale, FL	John Mack, Birmingham, AL
Norm Pinardi, Bradenton, FL	Paul Snider, Pensacola, FL
Ed Weston, Palm Beach Gardens, FL	Ed Pritchard, Jupiter, FL
Don Morrow, New Port Richey, FL	Dennis McNulty, Chesapeake, VA
Chuck Heddon, Longwood, FL	Mike Hall, Jacksonville, FL

FATC News is published quarterly by F.A.T.C. and is a voluntary, non-profit corporation. Past issues can be viewed online at our web site: www.fatc.net

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Printed by: Allegra Print & Imaging, Panama City, Florida

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Past & CURRENT

NOTES OF INTEREST

2 + 2 = 2 ???

The editor received a phone call from long-time FATC member, retired U.S.A.F. Colonel Blair Davis, with kind words from him for the interesting newsletter and story on Major Greenwood Gay. Col. Davis noted in the caption for the cover, the B-24 is described as the "venerable **twin-engine** World War II legend". The Colonel reminded me that the B-24 has 4 engines, rather than 2. I can easily explain this oversight, since I was obviously thinking of the twin-engine B-25 Mitchell when I described the Liberator on the cover. Its good to know you readers are paying attention... sorry for the gaffe! Blair also mentioned that he will be 88 years young on Valentine's Day, 2010. Congratulations on your longevity, Colonel, and may you have many more; as sharp as ever, we can't get one past you!



B-24 Liberator



B-25 Mitchell



Thanks to Rick Osterholt, who, coincidental to the "Mysteries from the Field" story, found this Schmelzer's lure box and posted a photo of it and the Schmelzer's window display on joesoldlures.com. He discovered the window display photo on the same MVSC/Kansas City Public Library site listed in the story, and sent them both to us with his permission to print. Also, thanks to Doug Brace for bringing it to our attention, just in time to go to press.



Gone Fishing...

Recently, the F.A.T.C. received notification of the passing of former Club member, Randall Glenn. A resident of Tampa, Glenn was one of F.A.T.C.'s earliest members.

A Club Newsletter notes that Glenn was the Show Host of the August 1989 event held at St. Petersburg's new Hilton Hotel and Towers. Notice was made that this was the Club's nicest facility to date. Seventy-five tables were sold and 120 lots of tackle were auctioned off for over \$8,000!

"Randall's St. Petersburg meet ties with the Spring Vero meet as the best organized and smoothest run".

It should also be noted that Glenn was one of F.A.T.C.'s earliest historians. In "Notes On The Florida Collection", by Steven W. Fussell, 1989, credit is given to Glenn for documenting the Dalton Special evolution. Additionally, credit is also given to Glenn for researching the Bender Bait Co.

In 1992, Glenn relocated to Islamorada in the Florida Keys and later to Key West, then to Pomona Park. He passed away in August, 2009. The F.A.T.C. is grateful for the research Mr. Glenn did, and we are all more enlightened because of it.

Randall is survived by his wife Caroline, and daughter Jessica.

DELUDED (DILUTED?) DIGRESSIONS

By Steve Cox

It's the weekend before Thanksgiving, and I am sitting under a large oak tree, just as dawn is breaking. This is part of a ritual followed every fall, that of returning to my great-grandfather Charles Wesley Cox's homestead on the banks of Econfina Creek. The cool morning air wafts gently through the golden hickory and russet oak leaves, accented with fiery red gum tree foliage, as the similarly red crested head of a handsome pileated woodpecker appears. He raps his beak against a decaying tree trunk with a resounding staccato, interrupting the sounds of silence with his incessant drumming.

In stark contrast, the longleaf pine stays deep evergreen, while the tall cypress closer to the swamp have turned a wispy rust color. You can almost imagine this is someplace else; perhaps Virginia, or Tennessee, or the Carolinas. Surely, north Alabama or Georgia, but Florida? Autumn looks real in the panhandle...

My fishing gear has been put away for nearly two months now, and all attention has turned to hunting. This morning's mission is to fool the wily gray squirrels that proliferate in the piney woods, hardwood bottoms, and turkey oak scrub. Mind you, these are not the docile "city park tree rats" that take a peanut out of your hand; these are WILD! Every predator from barred owls and hawks to bobcats, foxes, and coyotes are after the little guys, and you're a pretty stealthy woodsman if you can stalk to within thirty yards of them. Far better to sit quietly and let **them** come to you, a lesson I learned from my Dad some forty-five squirrel seasons ago.

These squirrels taste better than the backyard variety, too! They've been eating acorns, holly berries, pine and hickory nuts (and the corn from my deer feeders), instead of the neighbor's trash. My wife, Claudia, has laughingly coined the descriptive phrase "free-range squirrels" for these pure, organic critters. Since squirrel is supposed to taste like chicken, and every self-respecting 21st century urbanite knows that free-range chicken is the only way to go... thus free-range squirrel. The only problem is that these city folk won't eat squirrel, free-range or not, and neither will Claudia!

Each year my friends and I set up an outdoor kitchen on the creek bank known as Cox's Econfina Log Landing, where ancient loggers would haul the giant yellow pine logs by oxen and launch them into the creek for the float down to North Bay. Econfina has many hairpin twists and turns above our property, and "old man Wes Cox's" landing was the beginning of the straightest portion of the creek (to avoid log jams). Our crew sets up two propane fish cookers, assorted coolers, camp chairs, dove stools, and tailgates. Then we get to work heating up some peanut oil; salt, pepper, and flour the dressed and quartered squirrels, and fry them until golden brown. In the second cooker, freshly peeled and cut home-fried potatoes and onions are rising to the top of the hot grease, just in time to scoop up and drain for a minute while the squirrels sizzle a bit longer.

Once they're done, almost all the peanut oil is drained off, saving just enough of the drippings for a separate cast iron skillet. My friend, Ken White, "the gravy master", then embellishes them with more flour, salt, and pepper to make scrumptious squirrel gravy. A loaf of light bread (white bread to you transplanted Yankees), makes for great gravy sopping, interspersed between tasty pieces of fried squirrel and potatoes and onions. The whole meal is washed down with sweet tea (if it ain't sweet, it ain't tea) and all the world's troubles seem to fade away, at least for the rest of the afternoon...

Now, I know I've made most of you hungry, but you're probably also wondering what all this squirrel hunting hoopla has to do with collecting fishing tackle. If you retrace this article back to

the beginning paragraphs, it is all about sitting under a tree for meditation and reflection. By recalling days gone by, remembering hunting and woodsmanship skills imparted on each of us fortunate enough to have experienced them with a grandfather, father, or other mentor, then it becomes applicable to the most casual observer. I submit that most of us collect antique fishing tackle because it reminds us of these same precious moments with our mentors, learning fishing and boating skills in the identical manner in which we learned to squirrel hunt. These memories usually go back to our childhood, and accordingly, we've had them nurtured in our hearts and minds longer than almost any other experiences in our lives.

Two of my earliest mentors were my dad, born in 1931, and my maternal grandfather, born in 1908. Both had a profound effect on me in my youth, because they took me fishing and squirrel hunting. As was often the case with men of their generations, praise was sparse and expressions of emotion were virtually nonexistent. My dad would take my stepbrothers and I plinking and target shooting with the old Winchester Model 62A .22 pump, and we learned to shoot very proficiently at all types of objects, both alive and otherwise.

One of the memorable preludes to plinking was the all-important visit to the Western Auto on 4th Street in downtown Panama City. Dad would buy two boxes of Revelation (Western Auto's store brand) .22 shells, usually shorts or longs. Occasionally, he would splurge and pick up a box of Remington Express or Winchester-Western Super X long rifles, if he had enough money in his pocket. We loved to shoot the long rifles because they went faster, sounded louder, and really nailed the target!

Christmas, 1964, found me with a new Savage Model 24, a 20 gauge "over and under" topped with a .22 Magnum; a gift from Santa, my mom and my stepfather. For the rest of the hunting season, I campaigned for my dad to take me squirrel hunting with my new gun.

I didn't understand why at the time, but dad was reluctant to let me use the new Savage. Perhaps it was because he didn't buy it for me, perhaps it was because he wasn't familiar with that firearm, perhaps, perhaps, perhaps... I was relentless in my efforts,





however, and just when it appeared hopeless, Dad said, "Let's go squirrel hunting tomorrow, and be sure to bring your new gun!"

It was just the two of us, and I don't even remember where we went that morning. Back in those days, virtually all timberland was open, and we hunted in different directions outside the city limits, usually five to fifteen miles at most. We got to the woods early, and I recall it being a crisp, clear sunrise. After spotting several squirrels in the distance, we startled a bushy-tail in a huge oak "den tree". The squirrel charged up the tree and ducked into a hole at the first fork of the oak's large spreading limbs, thirty feet off the ground. Dad said to sit down and keep quiet, so we picked a spot between the exposed roots of the tree where we could be still and comfortable. Seemingly forever, the minutes passed, and after ten to fifteen of these precious sixty second moments, I heard the squirrel's claws rustling up the bark of the tree. Directly overhead at the twelve o'clock position, I spotted him and fired the Savage. The squirrel cascaded down and landed right in my Dad's lap. He grinned and said, "that's purty good, son, purty good!" Dad and I waited a long time to build a close relationship, and for the first twenty years of my life, this was its pinnacle.

My maternal grandfather, W.B. George, was always a fisherman and never a hunter, but he owned several nice firearms. He was very stoic at all times, and I don't remember him ever calling me by name. He just referred to me as "son". He had a large pecan tree in his back yard, which produced prodigious quantities of nuts each season. This tree also acted like a giant squirrel magnet, attracting every bushy-tail in the neighborhood.

I was about thirteen at the time he approached me regarding the squirrel problem. He said "Son, do you think you could take my old .22 and get rid of those squirrels?" Of course, I was thrilled at the chance to even **hold** the octagonal barrelled relic Model 12, much less shoot it! He went to the dining room and pulled the Remington out of its thin canvas case, loaded it up with .22 shorts (not too loud, so the neighbors wouldn't get upset) and handed it to me. "Shoot 'em in the head, if you can, son... we don't want to mess up the meat!"

I maneuvered into position, scrambling under a big live oak next to the porch, then by the fig tree, then under the pecan tree itself. Each time I popped another squirrel, until after seven shots, all movement in the tree ceased. I gathered up the seven bushy-tails and laid them on granddad's porch step. He carefully picked up each one and examined it, then turned to me and exclaimed, "Hotta Mighty, son, six in the head, and one in the neck - boy, that's good shootin'!" He smiled at me and gave me the heartiest, firmest handshake I'd ever experienced. Four years later he was gone, but not from my memory or my heart.

The inner peace I derive from reminiscing special times and recollecting halcyon days gone by clears my mind of the sensory overload that bombards us all. We must endure satellite and cable, computers, radio, video, e-mail, voice mail, cell phones, iphones, ipods, and assorted other stimuli, all of which tend to clutter up our psyche. Some of my best ideas originate under (or in) a tree, and some of my more creative lure trade efforts have too! Do yourself a favor and go fishing, hiking, or squirrel hunting. The inspiration you receive may pay dividends with your tackle collection, and perhaps even your outlook on life...

Reports from the fall Palm Beach Gardens show and CATC's Myrtle Beach event are very favorable. Both meets went well and were enjoyed by everyone in attendance. The CATC gang says this was their biggest show ever, and the facilities and location worked so well that they are booking again for next fall.

This issue of *FATC News* follows up on Dan Basore's Len and Betty Hartman article with Part II of "Muskie Lures in Florida", and my

second installment of Major Greenwood Gay's experiences during WWII in "The Quarantine Baits Part II". A double feature penned by Bill Stuart adds to the offering, with interesting pieces on Daniel Graham and Jack Gourlay. Craig Swearingen's touching message to his grand dad hits home in "A Family Tradition". Then, I round out the slate with a brief composition regarding those "Mysteries from the Field", several of which are hinted at on the Sherlock Holmes style magazine cover! If you look closely, there are more than a few clues to great tackle sources contained in the article to help in your search.

This issue marks the beginning of my fifth year as your editor, and I've got to admit having more fun with *FATC News* than any other prolonged endeavor experienced to date. There have been some hurdles and a few naysayers along the way, but 95% of you have been lavish with your kind words and encouragement. Together, we've fashioned a "neat little rag" that, by most reports, the membership keeps after reading, rather than throwing away. We are fortunate to be able to provide this publication to our membership while annual dues remain very reasonable. Print media is under siege throughout our society, economy, and culture, as the "get it quick and then toss it" mentality permeates our lives. Most newspapers and many periodicals are folding under the weight of increased costs and declining subscribers/readership. Tragically, some *FATC* members have even talked up the idea of having the newsletter confined to the club's website, with no hard copy being printed and mailed, all in an effort to save money... but at what cost?

Because we are incurable pack-rats drawn to **stuff** like moths to a flame, my goal has always been to create a publication as collectible as the very fishing tackle we are in search of. I owe Bill Stuart a great debt of gratitude for having confidence in my ability to handle the task he so successfully cultivated during the club's formative years, as well as his support with a full page ad in each issue. Knowledgeable, frequent contributors like Bill, Doug Brace, and Frank Carter have made the job much easier, and I couldn't possibly generate enough material to keep the membership interested without their help. The ability to feature new works by creative artisans such as Lloyd Jett and Jan Cummings, continues to furnish *FATC News* with fresh subject matter. Generous benefactors, Robert and Hilda Pitman, have quietly supported the cause by purchasing full page color ads, while waiving their ad copy so the magazine could use the space for additional color content.

Most of all, I deeply appreciate the *FATC* members that take the time to read *FATC News*, since it's all about each of you. Your lives, your experiences, and your values make this club the best one in any hobby in the country. Graciously, President Larry Lucas has agreed to stay on for another term, and has been kind enough to ask me to do the same. I accept the challenge, and will do my best to make us all proud of *FATC*.

By the time you read this, it will be 2010, and I hope each of you will have had a merry Christmas and an enjoyable holiday season with your family and friends. A new decade will be upon us, with the hope of a rejuvenated economy and a less intrusive government. Rest up, for a wonderful Daytona show and huge club auctions are right around the corner!

Quit Wishin'... Go Fishin'

Steve  EDITOR



P.S. **ROLL TIDE!**

National Champs, again!



PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE



Testament of a fisherman,

"I fish because I love to; because I love the environs where trout are found, which are invariably beautiful, and I hate the environs where crowds of people are found, which are invariably ugly; because of all the television commercials, cocktail parties, and assorted social posturing I thus escape; because in a world where most men seem to spend their lives doing things they hate, my

fishing is at once an endless source of delight and an act of small rebellion; because trout do not lie or cheat and cannot be bought or bribed or impressed by power, but respond only to quietude and humility and endless patience; because I suspect that men are going along this way for the last time, and I for one don't want to waste the trip, because mercifully there are no telephones on trout waters; because only in the woods can I find solitude without loneliness; because bourbon out of an old tin cup always tastes better out there; because maybe one day I'll catch a mermaid; and finally, not because I regard fishing as being so terribly important, but because I suspect that so many of the other concerns of men are equally unimportant and not nearly so much fun." - By Robert Traver

I borrowed these wise words from the "Anatomy of a Fisherman", written by Robert Traver in 1964. I found this excerpt in a book called *Fishing Moments of Truth* and it got me thinking. Where did the great outdoor writers go? I can remember as a kid, pouring through *Field and Stream* and *Sports Afield*. I read about giant salmon in Alaska and hunting killer lions in Africa. The writing captured and even enhanced the experience; it put you in the stream or on the savanna. In today's world, we can see every experience known to man on our televisions and computer screens. It just doesn't seem as exciting as reading it. Our imaginations are wonderful creations. Our minds can put us in places we have never dreamed of visiting and get us back safe and sound. I am a huge fan of getting out and doing, but if I can't be there in person, I love to read about it. It would be sad to have to read everything on a computer, but it seems like that is the way society is moving. Advertisers are cutting back, while printing costs and mailing are getting higher. As far as this wonderful publication goes, please help the club continue to provide the quality you are enjoying now. Any advertising you list with us, even a business card ad, helps, and it lets all your collecting friends know what you are looking for.

By the time you read this, our 2010 Daytona International Show will be almost upon us. As I write this column in early December,

Proposed slate of new officers and board members to be voted on during the annual meeting in Daytona, February 2010.

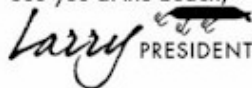
President, Larry Lucas
 Vice President, Ed Weston
 Secretary, Ed Bauries (will continue, but would like someone new to relieve him)
 Board Member East Region, open due to Ed Weston agreeing to serve as Vice President. Jim Duncan has volunteered for this chair.
 Board Member at Large, John Mack
 Board Member Southeast Region, Mike Sims
 Board Member Northwest Region, Paul Snider

there are only 16 tables available for the show, and it will be sold out for the third year in a row. I want to thank all those who travel long distances and haul their beautiful displays. Without you, there would be no show and no club. Remember, our Daytona Show is open to members only, on Friday, Feb. 19th, and the public on Saturday, the 20th. The show is open until noon on Sunday, but that is primarily time for breaking down and last minute deals. In an effort to give our guests their money's worth, I am asking all those that have a table to leave everything up until most of the public is gone at 4 PM. In past years, some of our members began breaking down at 1 or 2PM. This does not give a good impression of our organization to nonmembers. Please help us and offer the public a great show this year.

As many of you know, we have a new, updated web site thanks to Mr. Joe Yates. If you haven't checked out our club site lately, take a minute to go to www.fatc.net and have a look. We have some great ideas for the site and you will see it evolve over the next year. I'd like to give a big thank you to Joe for taking on this project and, also, thanks to Ron Gast and Mike Mais, who handled it for so many years.

I'd like to talk a little about clubs in general. All clubs are made up of individuals with common interests. Ours, like most clubs, is very diverse. We have people from all walks of life. Also, like most clubs, 90% of the work is done by 10% of the membership. As you start this New Year, I would like you to consider giving a little back to this hobby we all love. Host or co-host a show, run for office or just ask a board member what you can do to help. Our 10% that does so much work for you can get burned out. For the most part, what we do is thankless, and many times we only hear about problems and issues that need to be fixed. Even if you are unable to help, take the time to thank a board member, show host or helper for the work they do. I appreciate the time that everyone who helps this club gives, and will never take it for granted.

In closing I would like to take a moment and thank all of you that support our club, our shows and our hobby. Without you, well you know....

See you at the beach,

 PRESIDENT

FATC MEMBER SHOW REGISTRATION INFORMATION:
"THE FLORIDA INTERNATIONAL"
 February 19 - 20 - 21, 2010 (Until Noon on the 21st)

AT THE PLAZA RESORT AND SPA
 600 NORTH ATLANTIC AVENUE, DAYTONA BEACH, FL.
 FATC BLOCK RATES \$104.00 PER NIGHT
 FOR RESERVATIONS CALL - 800-874-7420

Check the FATC web site for show times and schedule:
www.fatc.net
 Make Checks Payable To FATC And Mail To: Larry Lucas
 614 Riverside Dr., Holly Hill, Florida 32117
 Phone: 386-527-4338 or 386-254-5179
larry@flowerscentral.com

****DON'T FORGET TWO BIG CLUB AUCTIONS FRIDAY AND SATURDAY NIGHT!****

WANTED

WANTED: "Old Hickory" marked casting rods, boat rods, other rods, reels, line guides and/or tip tops, which are lead balls with a center hole and "Old Hickory" hooks, etc.

WANTED: Peckinpaugh catalogs/price sheets: 1924 #19; 1925 #20; 1928 #23. Were Depression year catalogs 1929-33 printed? Were War year catalogs 1942-45 printed? 1946 and later, years and catalog numbers are the same. Need 1946, 47, 50, 53, 55, 57 through 1970 except 1969.

WANTED: Peckinpaugh flies, all types, on cards or in boxes; Dick Splaine Salt Water Fly or Bone Fish Fly NOC, etc.

Peckinpaugh Fish Getter Hopper Fly

Peckinpaugh Rubber Froggie or Mousie

Peck's Hickman Fly - note 2 hooks

Peck's Doodle Bug a.k.a. Lucky Bug

Peckinpaugh Double-Body Bass Fly

Peckinpaugh Look - Alive Minnow

Florida Lure Makers and Their Lures

Price for US delivery Vol. I - V, \$42;
Vol. VI, \$49. Both prices include ph&i

WANTED

WANTED: Fish Getter Catalogs/price sheets except 1929 & 1951. Also Fish Getter flies on cards, etc.

WANTED: Eger Bait Company marked rods, reels, lines, or pork rind jars, 2pcbb that reads Eger's Florida Special or has drawing of Eger Florida Special on the box top, etc.

WANTED: Eger Special Muskie, Kingfish & Tarpon Lure.

WANTED: Eger Bass Hawg Box w/Bass Hawg on the top of the box.

WANTED: Francis Fly Co. or Jim Harvey flies or fly rod lures on cards or in boxes, etc.

Jim Pfeffer Sunfish, Pigfish & Mullet

Early Period Robinson lures & Fly Rod Lures

Porter Gator Bait

Dazy Vance Wooden Box & Lure

Frenchy Chevalier Wooden Box & Lure

**Contact Bill Stuart, The Museum of Fishing, PO Box 1378, Bartow, FL 33831;
tel: 863-533-7358; leave a message; email Bstuartmof@aol.com**



Muskie Lures

MADE IN FLORIDA PART II

By DAN BASORE

In the last issue, we discussed Len Hartman's early years, fishing up North in season, then making Muskie lures in his Florida workshop during the winter months. After perfecting them, he had made quite a quantity to sell and use, but his supply couldn't keep up with the opportunity for vastly increased sales.

By 1961, demand for his lures had grown so that he agreed to have them produced by a company in Ogdensburg, New York. These baits were made of plastic and first packaged in orange, two-piece cardboard boxes. They were later offered in clear plastic boxes with a paper instruction sheet insert. Also included were warnings against leaving the baits and boxes in the sun.

John Grek, Muskie Master and Illinois Muskie lure maker, shares his experiences with this bait: "They were hard to find, but a store owner would order them for me, if I would buy a dozen for \$36.00. That was a lot of money back then, but we got a group at work to commit and bought them. The baits proved to be very effective on Muskie and Northern. By 1969, though, they were being discontinued. I found a whole table of them for \$1.00 each in a Milwaukee tackle shop."

Hartman also developed a smaller size called "The Guided Missile", that was sold by the Madison House of New York in *Sports Afield* Annuals in the 1960s. His prototypes were made of wood in his Florida shop during the off season, but the production lures were made of plastic.

Each Hartman had a boat, not just to earn more money, but to cover more water. Even after a full day of guiding, Len and Betty would both take to the water in their own launches. They would fish well into the night, as they were driven to compete with the fish, other anglers, and especially each other.

HARTMAN'S TACKLE

Back on the water, they found that smaller diameter 12 lb. test line allowed the lures to

run even deeper, while a limber spinning rod told them the action of the lure, and if it had fouled. They soon realized that Betty was the genius at tuning lures for their best action and results. On one early trip, bikini-clad Betty (her standard guiding uniform) boated six Muskies while fishing alone!

Later, desiring that "Muskie Bugs" again be made of wood, Len contacted Russ Smith of Minoqua, Wisconsin, the maker of the "Smity" line of lures. In the early 1980s, Russ made several prototypes of the "Muskie Bug" (Len's packaging spelled it "Musky-Bug"). Hartman agreed to the production of two styles for a royalty.

As demand increased, Smity made many wood body blanks, ready for the seasons ahead. But Len Hartman was disappointed that more money wasn't made in this deal, and sent him a "cease and desist" letter, forbidding him to make any more Hartman lures. Russ salvaged what he could, and still to this date, is producing quality hook sharpeners using the previously crafted bodies as the handles.

After terminating the relationship with Smity, Len signed on with the "Little Nellie Bait Company" of New Berlin, Wisconsin, whose national sales manager was Jim Grandt. Grandt also made a line of quality rods endorsed by Len. He is still making top notch rods today. (see www.grandtrods.com)



Rollie and Helen Bessett with Len Hartman

CUSTOM LEN HARTMAN SERIES MUSKY PIKE RODS BY GRANDT LTD

Len Hartman is hands down the true living legend of musky fishermen everywhere. Len has 6 world line class records with the latest coming this past fall of '92. For starters we have 4 rods available which can handle all of the latest methods of today's musky hunter; trolling, casting crankbaits, bucktails of all weights, jerkbaits and even jigging for musky's on breaklines. All of the rods are made of a very high modulus graphite material with stress points added where they need to be for the best performance, not only fighting your trophy musky, but casting your lures with the least amount of effort. We have added oversized line guides to the rod that you will not find on other musky rods. The theory behind it is that as you are casting the big guides will allow more line to go through with less friction which in turn gives you longer and more accurate casts and a much truer drag setting. Carbonloy tips, quality cork handles, graphite reel seats and stainless steel hoods to give you strength and light weight. Excellent wrapping and the Len Hartman trademark label. Why not be a part of musky history and fish with the rods that Len designed and uses exclusively. This is the finest musky rod on the market today. **LIFE TIME GUARANTEE.**

Item #	Length	Pieces	Type	Line	Lure oz.	Price
601-100	6'6"	1 piece	bucktail-jerkbait	15-30	3/4 oz-2 oz	\$209.99
601-101	6'9"	1 piece	heavy-jerkbait	17-40	1 oz-3 oz	\$209.99
601-102	7'6"	1 piece	bucktail-trolling-surface	15-30	1 oz-3 oz	\$209.99
601-103	7'6"	1 piece	bucktail-trolling-surface	15-30	1 oz-3 oz. (spin)	\$209.99

Your custom rod can also be made in 2 piece for traveling \$20.00 more per rod. (2-3 week wait - \$5.00 extra for shipping)

Hartman's endorsed rods sold for over \$200.

LEN'S MUSKY-BUG LURE

CATCHES MUSKIE, NORTHERN-PIKE, WALLEYE AND LAKE TROUT

Five years of development and testing has produced the first combination casting and trolling lure in its field.

Directions: For surface and top water fishing retrieve the lure extra slow or troll extra slow. To fish at varying depths fish the lure faster till desired depth is reached. To fish the lure extra deep retrieve or troll faster. In trolling the speed is around 4-mph depending on currents and wind drift. In retrieving you will feel the lure strike bottom. Slack off a bit and repeat till it strikes the bottom again. Keep repeating this as it makes the lure appear to be feeding on the bottom and big fish will strike without fear.

Offers a tantalizing action on the surface and crawls along the bottom flashing out its presence with its stainless steel lip.

First place winner in Field & Stream 1963 Contest

LEN Hartman TACKLE COMPANY

Paper insert packed in the plastic baits.

MUSKIE RECORDS

It was most frustrating for the Hartmans to have contests won by the Lawtons, another couple who avidly fished the St. Lawrence River system in New York, and Louie Spray, of Wisconsin. They knew from confidants and contacts that Muskies were being sold to restaurants and individuals illegally. Weights were being added to fish in order to win contests, so they fought lead with lead!

The \$200 prize in some contests was quite a sum back then, but more important was the recognition and residual rewards. Muskie angling fans were truly amazed by the records of Louie Spray, the Lawtons, and Hartmans. Many wrote of their great exploits and how they were out-fishing all other Muskie anglers in the world, combined.

Then "The Article" was published, with admission from Len Hartman that he and Betty had caught no fish that weighed over 60 pounds. It was published in *Musky Hunter Magazine*. Right after he confessed, Len called Jim Grandt, speculating that sales might drop by 10%. But Jim realized, "We were done!" Demand for Hartman lures, articles and seminars practically stopped.

WINDING DOWN

We knew Len, and he liked to hang around our Historical Fishing Display at midwest sport shows. In addition, we have met many people who have shared experiences with Len. Jim Hugunin, owner of Land O' Lakes Tackle, who is widely known for his "Big Kahuna Bucktail" Muskie baits, was the last person to hire Len as a Muskie guide.

The first week in September 1995, Len and Jim attacked Canada's Eagle Lake. By then, at the age of 79, Len had been through a lot. The main blow he suffered was the loss of his wife and fishing partner Betty. Then, there was "The Article" and subsequent disappearance of friends, admirers, and income.

Regardless, Len was still an old school Muskie Man, with habits like dipping his morning toast in coffee and always being the first to cast in a spot. He was still teaching how to tune baits and stressing the advantages of spinning tackle for deep trolling with light (by today's standards) 17 lb. lines. His aches and pains, plus frequent trips to the shore, were foretelling of the future, and that he had only 25 months of life left. Still, he ignored white-capped waves that were so big they crashed over the boat's bow, while urging his companions onward, sending them to seek shelter on the boat's floor and leading them to lunkers that exceeded 50 inches.

Trapping tips were also shared, while enjoying the companionship, scenery, and memories. Stories and jokes were steady, and he talked of his wife Betty a lot. Len said the full moon in August is tops. Several quality Northern were caught, and a number of big musky follows were noted. One was the biggest Len said he had ever seen!

After the final day's fishing, Len posed with Jim for pictures, as he acknowledged this was his last Muskie trip. Lures were given and promises made to keep in touch. But except for a couple of phone calls, he was gone.



Hartman's plastic plugs made in New York.



Hartman wood lures made by the Smity Bait Company in Wisconsin



The last maker of Hartman lures was the Little Nellie Bait Company.



Hartman "Guided Missile" lure prototypes and production lures.

He died a very lonely, broken man in a home in Crystal Lake, Illinois, on October 23, 1997, at the age of 81. Most of us have been taught that if we confess our sins, we will be forgiven. Tragically, it didn't happen for Len, at least in his life on earth by man.

He continues to hold the 17 lb. test line class world Muskie record. His catch weighed in at 47 lbs., 11 oz. This feat was widely witnessed and verified.

On Sunday, January 3, 2010, I was invited to bring an exhibit of Muskie lures, which included my Hartman display, to a dinner program hosted by the Temple Bay Lodge. It is located on Eagle Lake, Ontario, and is the most professionally run fishing resort operation I have ever witnessed. They preempt all of the local sport shows by offering a sumptuous meal in a banquet hall, drawings for tackle and free trips, a top-notch speaker on Muskie fishing, video presentations of fishing highlights, and more. Five hundred anglers enthusiastically attended, and many waited anxiously in line while the five reps signed them up for trips.

There I met Jim Almeroth, who produces the DVDs for the Lodge. Jim shared that he had been filming Hartman and his friends fishing, but had transferred to one of the guest's boats to video them just **ten minutes before** Len caught his line class record! He will forever regret this near miss.

With the present controversies about so many of the world record fish, I'm often asked by the press and others for my thoughts. After much troubling contemplation, my conclusion is that I'm glad that record keeping is not my job, and happy that others will take care of this part of fishing history. My goal is to acquire, preserve, and share the history of old fishing tackle.

Here's hoping you will learn a lot from Len Hartman's life, and can better appreciate his Florida-made lures. Many times, the tests come first and the lessons come later. Len was a great husband, fisherman, lure developer and maker who, like all of us, wasn't perfect; but I forgive him for his fishing lies, and hope that you will too. I'll also enjoy the lures he made, the breakthroughs on where big Muskies lurk, and the methods and baits that will catch them.



Len Hartman's 47-pound 11-ounce, 54 1/2-inch-long monster from Ontario's Eagle Lake in 1992 stands as the 17-pound test line class record. This well-documented musky was the largest (known) kept fish in North America that year.

This is the only record that still stands for Len Hartman.



MYSTERIES FROM THE FIELD

BY STEVE COX

We've all stumbled across them at flea markets, garage sales, antique shops, and even online... Those pesky little field finds (that ask more questions than they answer), cause serious collectors to pull their hair out searching for a beam of light in the darkness of tackle obscurity.

What the heck is this thing?

Growing up, most of us enjoyed classic Philip Marlowe private eye thrillers (originally novels by Raymond Chandler), featuring Humphrey Bogart, Sydney Greenstreet, Peter Lorre, and Mary Astor. Then, more contemporary offerings including the Indiana Jones series, all the way to current productions like Antiques Roadshow and History Detectives, have tapped into our collecting minds. If we truly admit it, each of us wants to find the "Maltese Falcon"!

When you do locate an unidentified lure, rod, reel, or tackle box, where do you look for help? Most of us that been in the hobby for some time, rely on multiple sources to assist in identifying unknown tackle items. Here are a few to consider:

- Fellow Collectors
- Reference Library (you can't have too many tackle books)
- Recognized Experts in the Hobby
- Posting/reviewing web sites such as joesoldlures.com, hudsonriverantiquetackle.com, antiquefishingreels.com, oldfloridalures.com, etc.
- U.S. Patent Office Data* (patft.uspto.gov, then follow onscreen prompts)
- Tackle Shows

- City Directories
- Old Newspapers**, Catalogs, and Outdoor Magazines
- Tackle Publications from NFLCC, ORCA, FATC, etc.
- Tackle Mailing Lists (i.e., Larry and Pat Sundall's, etc.)
- Auction Houses such as Lang's (www.langsauction.com), etc.
- Computer Databases such as Google, etc.
- The Original Source Where the Tackle was Found (don't overlook the obvious)

There are numerous other, more specific places to look for clues; enough to satisfy the needs of the most demanding sleuths.

It doesn't even matter that most items are not valuable once their ID is confirmed. As curiosity seekers, we'd like to know **what** it is, even if it's worthless, rather than continue to be nagged by the uncertainty of it all. So don your detective caps and trench coats, grab your Sherlock Holmes pipes and magnifying glasses, and commence with the investigations. You can probably start with your own collection, which undoubtedly has some mysteries begging for discovery! And remember, just because it's unknown to you, it seldom turns out to be a mystery to everyone...

* Thanks to Ed Pritchard for the U.S. Patent Office site info

** Thanks to Nicole Cox for providing a new source for Florida Newspaper Archives: <http://ufdcweb1.uflib.ufl.edu/ufdc/?c=fdn1>
See also The Library of Congress for other national newspaper archives at: chroniclingamerica.loc.gov

Two For The Road!



During some recent trading at the "Lake Talquin Inner Sanctum" (Frank Carter's shop), these two unidentified cuties appeared. We both drew a blank on them, but Frank was willing to trade, and I liked them enough to seize the moment. I had absolutely no clue about the frog bait, and figuring it out was made even more challenging because the leather legs were missing. The metal side brackets gave only a vague hint of what they might be used for. The little bug-eyed bait with the strange diving lip looked "Joe Pepper'esque" to me, so maybe... With the help of Murphy and Edmisten's recent 2007 version of their book, *Fishing Lure Collectibles, An Encyclopedia of the Early Years 1840 to 1940*, and FATC member Jack Gallagher, these two lures have now been identified! The frog is a LeVan Industries (Lionel) "Lim-Bo-Legs", Chicago, Illinois, from 1939, and new leather legs have been added to replicate the photo in Dudley and Rick's book. Thinking Joe Pepper, I sent a photo of the little bug bait to Jack, and he happened to have a version of it. It is apparently a Homarth or Joseph's (Jos. in Art and Scott Kimball's *Early Fishing Plugs of the U.S.A.*) "Doodle Bug", Indianapolis, Indiana, circa 1930s. Well done, and thanks guys!



Samsonite, Anyone?

This cool little coral red fiberglass tackle box is surely a rarity. It looks more like a piece of lady's overnight cosmetic case luggage, than a container to hold fishing gear. It has no markings other than an adhesive label inscribed with "Reinforced with Owens-Corning Fiberglas Mat". It has a lid with aluminum hinges, white plastic handle, and folding black plastic trays for carrying assorted lures, weights, hooks, swivels, etc. With this funky color, it is assumed this was not a big seller... perhaps its a prototype?!?!?



Gateway to the West image from eBay Midwest Centennial Celebration Postcard



Never Heard of This One Before!

Former FATC member and exhibitor Roy McGraw, turned up this gorgeous Schmelzer's fly rod in Alaska. It is high-quality split bamboo; with a premium cork handle and nickel silver engraved reel seat, agate tips, and stripper guide. It is in its original round fabric lined wood case, with separate channels and notches for each section (with guides) to fit snugly into. According to John Ganung of Lang's, and *Dr. Todd's Fishing History Blog* (www.fishinghistory.blogspot.com), Schmelzer's started as a munitions company in 1857, in Leavenworth, Kansas. Moving from Leavenworth to "The Gateway Of the West", Kansas City, Missouri, in 1887, Schmelzer's became a premier outfitter similar to Abercrombie and Fitch, supplying outdoorsmen with all types of gear, including fly rods made by numerous manufacturers of basic to extremely high quality, usually with the Schmelzer's brand. The company reportedly closed their doors due to financial troubles, in late 1930.



Schmelzer storefront illustration courtesy: Missouri Valley Special Collections/ Kansas City Public Library

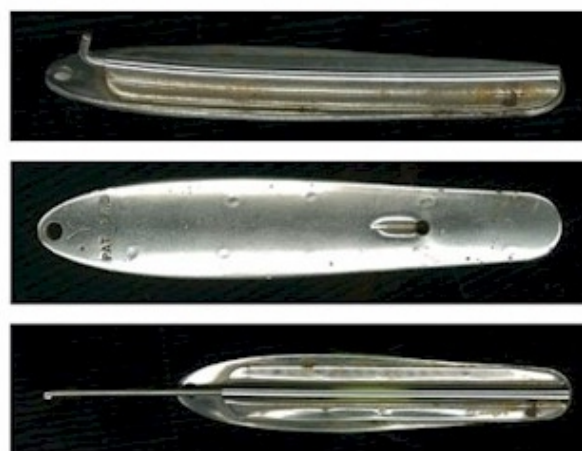


The Eyes Have It!

Major Greenwood Gay had this neat Texas bait in his tackle box, and it is believed to be a "Doug English Pluggin' Shorty". Upon closer inspection, this one has a metal eye similar to a beveled pin head on a short stalk mounted through the fins along the head of the shrimp. The left eye is missing, but you can see the hole in the fin where it was previously mounted, as well. Major Gay was known to alter many of his baits with custom paint jobs, and it is possible he added the eyes himself. There appears to be a distinct commercial quality to the eye design, however, which may indicate that they were factory installed. None of the Texas shrimp collectors have seen this type of bait with metal eyes; have you? Special thanks to FATC member Emil Polansky for identifying this bait.

So Far, the Experts are All Stumped By This One!

Tom Stanley of Panama City, Florida, discovered this unusual "Y" Spoon at a garage sale in Graceville, Florida. The lady that sold it to Tom said her grandfather made it many years ago, and held the patent rights on it. His name was Peter Don Smith, and he was a Native American Indian from Perth Amboy, New Jersey. The spoon is well designed and crafted, with an ingenious "Chinese handcuff" principle being employed to securely fasten a straight-shafted eyeless hook to the spoon. By sliding the metal clip rod down the tubular channel brazed to the reverse of the spoon, it would thereby bind the cliprod and the hookshaft together. The harder the hooked fish would pull, the more binding pressure the clip rod would exert on the shaft of the hook.





PART II

THE "QUARANTINE BAITS"

A TRIBUTE TO MAJOR GREENWOOD GEORGE GAY AND THE 93RD BOMBARDMENT GROUP

Greenwood Gay's J&J "Flap-tail Mullet" in a rare, fresh water color for muskies. This lure was sold at the National in Louisville, KY, July 2009.

BY STEVE COX

Upon realizing the historic significance of Major Greenwood Gay, it became apparent that I should contact Russell Scarritt to see if he still had Greenwood's remaining tackle. I emailed a draft copy of "The Quarantine Baits" and called him the next day. Russell was excited to hear from me, as I explained my plans for expanding the FATC article honoring his mentor. We promised to set up another meeting in a few days.

I called Ed Bauries to discuss the purchase of Russell's remaining gear, wanting to see if he was interested in continuing our partnership on the tackle find. Ed was satisfied with the outcome of the sale on the previous baits, and he urged me to pursue the balance on my own, because he knew I was well into the research for the magazine. With Ed giving me the green light, I grabbed some cash and took off for Pensacola once again.

Pulling into Russell's driveway, I had the feeling that something special was happening. It seemed that I was being guided by a greater force, perhaps the spirit of Major Gay himself. My mind drifted to thoughts of my father, a U.S. Navy veteran, and I wondered what he might think of my quest to honor the Major...

With all of us no longer concerned about a flu quarantine, Russell and his family greeted me warmly and we exchanged handshakes and smiles. He and I then entered the room where Greenwood's tackle was stored. I immediately walked over to the two UMCO model 1000 tackle boxes, one green and the other wood grain. As I opened them, I noticed that both had Greenwood's name vibro-penned into the aluminum frame, or I.D. plate, and the wood grained version had his address inscribed, as well!

The boxes were full of well-worn classic baits, many of which had been jazzed up by the Major's fisherman-influenced artistry. I could have spent hours studying each plug, but I just turned to Russell and said "I want both boxes, the nice little cork handled bamboo casting rod, and oh yes, where is the cardboard box with all the reels?" Russell said it's a good thing I came when I did, because someone else had called on the reels and Russell had put them in his truck to show them the next day. I offered him a generous price, and he happily accepted, especially with the amount I was paying him in two trips exceeding what he was originally hoping to get for all the tackle in the first place! However, I am sure I got a **deal**... some nice tackle and some great history!



The outside cover of Gay's personalized matchbook, as found in his green UMCO 1000 tackle box.

We had lunch near his house, at the Marina Oyster Barn on Bayou Texar. Russell explained that Greenwood gave his tackle and personal papers to him only a short time before the Major's home, at 626 Silvershore Drive, was destroyed by Hurricane Ivan. We talked at length about Greenwood's adventures, and Russell told me he had urged him to put them all down on paper while he was still able. Then Russell handed me the Major's detailed account of his last mission, his time in the German hospital, and Stalag Luft I, personally typed and signed by Greenwood on March 5th, 1995.

I was thrilled at the prospect of running Greenwood's account in *FATC News*. Russell also gave me a copy of the letter written to Greenwood by an older German woman who had helped him recover from his wounds while in the hospital. She suffered a year of imprisonment in a concentration camp as a penalty for assisting the enemy, and wrote the letter to him after the war, in July, 1947. Russell said, "When Greenwood learned of Marie Anzuiger's plight, he wrote back to her and sent her 'care packages' of supplies each year thereafter until she died." These documents are reprinted in their entirety for all FATC members to enjoy.

Russell gave me one additional piece written by Major Gay. It is a semi-truth/semi-fiction story typed by him as a yarn combining actual events during his service in the war, with some adventures Russell surmises that perhaps Greenwood wished had happened. This story will run in the third and final installment of "The Quarantine Baits".



Most of Major Gay's classic wooden baits were contained in this wood grain UMCO #1000W tackle box. Please note that all of the lures shown in Part I had already been sold, and are missing from these photos.



(above) The aluminum frame of the wood grain UMCO #1000W, virbro-penned with Gay's name and address.

(below) Marie Anzuiger's July 1947 letter to Major Gay, appealing for help because of the deplorable conditions and challenges they were facing after the war. Note Greenwood's personal comments penned by him at the bottom of the copy.



(above) A wonderful 1930s Heddon "Little Mary #850" with two-piece flap rig, in iridescent pearl, and blue blush around the eyes. I did not see this bait the first time I looked through Greenwood's tackle boxes.



(above) Even though these two "Bombers" have been doctored up by Greenwood, they happen to be scarce early versions. The top lure was made for about ten months in 1949, and is the first plastic Bomber, known as a "49er". The bottom lure was then made in 1950 through 1955 to distinguish it from the 1949 version, which was criticized by fishermen. It is known as the "Fat Forward" model and was a return to a wooden Bomber design.

Dahn, July 23. 47.

Dear Mr. Greenwood Gay

This is the third letter I am sending you I hope you will forgive me for doing it. As I do not know if you ever was so happy to return to America after the war was over. Mr. Arthur Collins the Gentleman who was in the hospital in the same time is back home in England. When I came to the hospital for my daily visit you told me you coming back to Dahn some day. Many day I had the feeling I would see you once more in my old days. Mr. Greenwood I am so ashamed but I have to ask you for a little help in our misery. I am sure you know all about Germany from the Papers but the real truth you hardly can't imagine I am not asking for myself. I am 65 years old but for my son and his children I live with them and only for them I am asking for a little help. We lost a little girl 9 years old. We really can't stand this misery and starvation very much longer anymore. We live in the french zone and I can't describe the misery we go through. Please send me a few lines if you reunited with your family again. If I don't get no answer I must think you not home. I wish you all the luck for your future way.

Yours truly

Marie Anzuiger

23 F. Dahn Platz, Germany
French Zone.

This letter is from the woman who kept me alive by bringing food to the hospital - she was caught + sentenced to 1 year in a concentration camp for feeding the enemy

Special thanks to Russell Scarritt for invaluable first person anecdotes and documents on Major Greenwood Gay, and the opportunity to learn the story of the man, as well as his fishing tackle. University of Florida graduate student and history detective Nicole Cox, and fellow UF graduate student and resident techno-sleuth Ryan Keith, have been of great assistance uncovering the web sites, contacts, and archive data for this compelling story. Fred Preller, Don Morrison, and Phyllis and Joe Duran have all been very kind in sharing their knowledge of the Fighting 8th Air Force and the 93rd Bombardment Group. Jennifer and Bob Landman have also assisted by passing on additional details of Greenwood's experiences as a POW to Russell Scarritt, as told by Greenwood and reprinted in this issue.

Stay tuned for Part III, the final chapter...

For additional historical data, don't pass up the opportunity to visit these websites:

<http://mighty8thaf.preller.us/php/1Unit.php?Unitkey=93>

<http://aad.archives.gov/aad/record-detail.jsp?dt=893&rid=4469765>

<http://aad.archives.gov/aad/record-detail.jsp?dt=466&mtch=1&cat=GP24&tf=F&q=Greenwood+Gay&bc=,sl,sd&rpp=10&g=1&rid=67625>

<http://www.93rdbombardmentgroup.com/>

<http://www.merkki.com/photo.htm>



(above left and right) Two Porter "Baby Spindle 17s", one with the typical name stenciling, while the other bait is uncharacteristically left unmarked. Note, the baits are the same color, but each sports a different shade of yellow on the belly. I missed these Florida lures on my first trip to Russell Scarritt's home in Pensacola.



(above) Greenwood liked Texas baits, with "Doug English", "Bingo", and "Pico" all being well represented. While common, the shrimp are still interesting, and the Pico "Mullet" at the bottom right has always been somewhat hard to find.



(above) An array of the Major's lures, all having been customized by his special paint jobs.



(above) The fish must have really liked this black and platinum "Big Mo" Miracle lure, as evidenced by the tooth marks.



(above) Two nice Shakespeares that were fished by Major Gay.

(below) The inside cover of the personalized matchbook, found in Greenwood Gay's green UMCO 1000 tackle box.



(above) This green UMCO #1000U displays numerous plastic baits and a substantial quantity of both fresh and salt water flies and poppers.



5 March, 1995.

After being shot down on 22 Feb. 1943, taken to the German civilian hospital at Dahn vetta Schlißbach, at the edge of the Schwartz Wald (Black Forest) and operated on by the German doctor, I was informed by a sister prisoner that the doctor would come for me and take me to a German POW camp. The wound to my chest on the left side was still infected and I was having a problem walking due to a not yet healed wound above my right ankle. Two German guards, one a soldat and the other an Obergefreiter entered my room and nudged me and led me to a truck at the entrance to St. Josephs Kriegenhouse, this was the 23rd of August, 1943. I was taken to a railroad station and put on a train and was taken to Berlin, in the underground, in the mess room, I saw a "Xlroy Was Here" over one of the latrines, this let me know that an American was here before me. I was put on a trolley, tied to a seat with the two guards behind me and was told that we would board a train for Frankfurt on the Main, the DLAgluft Interflug center. There were several young Germans, members of the Hitler Youth organization ahead of me, they immediately began to sing "Lilly Marlene" they were very upset when I did not react, I still do not know what was intended. German Nuns in black gars entered the street car and went by me to be seated in the rear, the Hitler youth at the aisle sat on one of the nuns, the Corporal guarding me got up, walked back and hit the one who spit in the mouth, knocking his down and bringing blood to his mouth, none of the youths made a sound for the balance of the trip. After solitary confinement at DLAgluft and numerous interrogations by the SS, I was led out into a courtyard along with about forty allied officers, we were marched in a column four wide into the streets of Frankfurt where the SS called to the German civilians along the way, telling them that we were the American Terror Flyers, they responded by throwing stones and hitting us with sticks until we entered the marshalling yards, we were lined up on the platform at the train station and were told not to move, we were there about four hours and as night fell, the air raid sirens went off, the guards entered our noses and told us that anyone who moved would be shot and that the "Bomben" Bombers would not hit us as they were our friends, the Lancasters and Halifax heavy bombers of the RAF were guided to the target (Frankfurt) by a Mequito bomber who came in at very high altitude and dropped a smoke flare over the yards, the bombers hit the target with "Black Busters" a very large 10,000 pound bomb in the shape of a cylinder with screwers on the exterior, when dropped, they sent up a screen that was deafening, when they exploded, the concussion knocked us back against the wall, this continued for about four hours. We were then marched about five miles down the railroad tracks and were put forty men to a cattle car, referred to as forty and eight. (forty men or eight horses) we took turns sitting down as there was not enough room for all to sit at one time. My chest began to bleed and the stomach from the infection made me sick. Two Australian Squadron Leaders, Ian McHittchie and Ken Watts took turn cleaning my wound, the guards gave me a very dirty piece of cloth soaked in water which they used to stop the bleeding. We arrived at Stalag Luft I, Barth Pomerania four days later after numerous strafings by the American and British fighters and fighter bombers, none of our cars were hit but two engines were knocked out, the engineers were killed.

After several weeks in camp, and after a very thorough interrogation by the American, Canadian and Royal Air Force commanders, it was determined that I was who I claimed to be and was assigned to barracks two, south compound, room 2. Everyone went through this procedure to be certain that the Germans were not settling in ringers, which had happened in the past, they were usually found out, thoroughly beaten and run out of the barracks into the compound. I found that the Intelligence unit of the Germans were going to take us for photographs for identification purposes. Several of us asked the XIX committee for permission to screw up the whole process by changing Kriegesfangen ID's, they agreed and all of us immediately swapped our ID's and were taken in batches of ten to the German compounds, pictures taken and returned to our barracks. When both compounds were completed, they held a "Lapel" German fall out. Our Kriegs numbers were called and we went before Col. Von Mueller, he was enraged beyond belief when not one number matched the picture and had us locked out on the parade grounds for 24 hours without food or water. After a short time we were taken one by one and photographed after the Germans identified our Kriegs number. This took five weeks to complete and they then had the right picture with the corresponding number. They had the first roll call which had us come in front of the commander who was accompanied by a Gestapo agent from Berlin, it took several hours to get all Krieges identified and after each batch they took the wooden trays of cards with the photos and put them on a table behind the seats for the Germans, McHittchie, Watts and Eigger Williams all RAF pilots sneaked up behind the Germans, took one box at a time, hid it under their great coats and took them to the barracks where each was hidden in the stove in the room, when the Lapel was completed, the Guard took the one remaining box and took it to headquarters. About 6PM all hell broke loose when the Commander and the Gestapo agent discovered that the cards had been stolen from under their eyes. All Krieges were forced out of the barracks and a search by the Intelligence unit was started, they found no trace of the ten boxes that had been burned, the stove in each room was red hot but it never dawned on them to think that the ID cards had been burned, allowed two small lumps of coal which they used to stoke the stove and had us locked out for 15 hours in a very cold drizzle we were headed back to the barracks. At about midnight, the door to our room was unlocked and Col. Von Beck, the German vice commander entered the room, he offered us a loaf of white bread and a bottle of wine for each room member if we would give him the ID boxes, he promised that there would be no reprisals. He became enraged and stalked out of the room. He was a native of Vienna Austria and was a wealthy nobleman before Germany took over Austria.

One night during a snow storm, three barracks that housed the Russian pilots, erupted in a very loud scuffle between the Russian pilots, the Germans led five very large German Shepherd dogs to the compound and gave them orders to attack, the dogs entered the barracks and much screaming and yelling accompanied by such barking finally quieted down. The next morning five dog hides were draped over the barb wire fence, the dogs were never put in their compounds.

Page 2.

ound again. The Germans seldom entered their barracks, what little food was given to them was left at the gate and the Germans backed off until it was retrieved by the Russians.

I was called to the South compound and was told to see Col. Robert "Hub" Semke, the commander of all allied POW's. He informed me that I was a member of the XIX, escape committee and would work with Sgt. Leader McHittchie, Watts and Dower. We were given free rein to do as we pleased. My first act was to stage a fight with two Krieges at the gate to the compound, the German guard put his rifle against the fence, drew his pistol and started to separate the two fighters, I removed the bolt from his SM Nussner, stepped on it burying it in the dirt and all departed. An hour later a German troop entered the compound took all prisoners one at a time and searched us, the bolt was never found and that guard was not seen again in our compound.

I used a pair of wire cutters made by McHittchie from ice skate blades donated by the Swiss Red Cross to cut a 30 foot length of wire from the warning wire at the track, I was covered by a mass fight staged for the benefit of the guards. I used wet sand to polish the wire, and attached one end to a brick pillar under our room, I used a red hot poker to burn a hole in the roof, pushed the polished end up where it would be seen by a guard. It worked to perfection, they roused us from the barracks while they searched for the radio which they were certain that we had operating, not finding it, they tried to pull the wire through the floor, not having enough room to dig with a shovel, they took up part of the floor, after digging down two feet, they found it was wrapped around the brick piling. They never thought of cutting off a shovel handle instead of removing the floor.

When our Commander announced that the "Lapel" would be a German Lapel it was up to us to screw up the roll call event in any way possible to hide an escape attempt. They lined us up six deep and counted the number of ranks, multiplied by six and gave the tally to the German Master Sgt. While he was counting, at a signal, the last row moved to our left while the soldier was writing each number down, we practiced this all the time and were seldom caught. The poor guard turned in his tally and when it was counted and six too many were on the tally sheet, the guard was called before the Sgt. hit in the mouth, knocking him down and the count repeated until it was correct, this could take several hours. During a sit-out, Maj. Kohler, who spoke excellent German, Polish and French, used a rifle whittled out of a fence post to search two Krieges out of the gate with their hands clasped over their heads as the Germans had us do when we were to be taken to the command headquarters for disciplinary action. The guard opened the gate and they searched out and were not discovered to be missing for four days, during this time all camp guards were called back for full time duty until they were captured, when returned after a capture, they were all three given 10 days in solitary confinement in a box about 8 feet long, five ft wide and five feet high, eight one of Schwarz broken (black bread) and a pint of water daily, we were allowed one hour a day to use the latrine and to exercise. This was not considered to be a fun assignment.

It. Ramona Clodfeller, 4th fighter group, a track star from the University of Illinois went before XIX and asked us to trade for a bamboo pole (used to roll carpets and rugs) , he was to practice with it until he was certain that he could clear the fence, 8 ft high with the warning wire 40 feet from the fence, we were certain that he would be stopped short of the fence but we were finally able to get a very heavy pole about 15 feet long of bamboo, he set up two pieces of timber that we were able to trade for and using a string, he practiced vaulting until he was able to clear about 11 feet. The guards were fascinated with his practice and were avid cheer leaders when he finally cleared 11 feet. During evening lapel, he left the pole next to the warning wire and when the count began, he broke for the fence, picked up his pole went past the warning wire, vaulted the fence and took off until he disappeared into the dense woods just past the fence. Not one German made a move to stop him, they were thunderstruck. He stayed out for three days, about the time limit with no food or water, after his return, he was given solitary confinement and the Germans issued a bulletin that "pole vaulting" would no longer be tolerated.

I made a saw from a stainless steel dinner knife, using a nail file to cut the teeth, McHittchie set the teeth using a stove bar iron and a nail to put set in the teeth, using this it took about fifteen days of constant work to cut a trap door in the floor to get entry for a tunnel. We would start a tunnel, making it very obvious and the Germans usually found it within a day or two, they used a board and barb wire to seal the entry after discovery, we then would remove the barrier, dig as long as we could, replace the barrier and the guards would inspect it daily and finding it in place, would ignore it. This usually resulted in an easy way to hide our digging operations. You must have wood to shore up the tunnel after it advanced and light was available using a short length of GI web belt in a can of melted German Margarine. Mud was rubbed on the raw edge of the boards cut in the floor to disguise the cut. Dirt was then swept into the cracks daily to further disguise it. A canvas barracks bag and tin cans from Red Cross parcels were used to get air to the single digger, a crude valve was made using the tin foil from cigarette packages as a crude solder, pushing the bag forced air to the worker. To get rid of our diggings, we made a hole in our two side pants pockets tied the hole with a string, went out to the parade ground, untied the hole and let the dirt fall out, sufficing it made it hard to distinguish from the sandy soil only a quarter mile from the Baltic Sea. Eighteen tunnels were completed in various areas of the camp using this method as outlined, seldom was a tunnel discovered before it was used. Once discovered, the guards were forced to destroy the entire length, confining all of the equipment we used, this meant such hard work to start over again. One worker in the North compound lit his Krieges light (w/c), entered the tunnel and discovered a large note which read, "Hoses Are Red, Violets Are Blue, This Is Tunnel Number 22, signed Herr Von Mueller. Naturally everyone in the room over the tunnel was taken to solitary. This humor was replaced with an order form.

Page 3.

Himmel, the head of the SS, "Escape is no longer considered a sport, anyone caught in the act of digging a tunnel or after using it will be shot on the spot without trial by a military tribunal as required by the Geneva Convention" This allowed our activities but did not halt escapes. The necessary items for an escape attempt were dependent on finding someone willing to sell you a "D" bar a highly nutritious chocolate bar in the infrequent red cross parcels. You had to have a container to allow you to drink water from a brook or from a farm pump. The American cigarette were the medium of exchange in camp. Marlborough were the most valuable with Phillip Morris, lucky strike, camels, Chesterfields in that order, Old Golds were at the bottom of the list but when trading with the guards for needed items, we told them that we would trade anything but old golds for the desired items we wanted, before long, they demanded only Old Golds as barter.

Flight Officer Robby Robinson RAF flying a decrepit Bolton Paul Defiant, a fighter bomber on patrol along the shore of the Baltic sea, had a German Messerschmidt 109 fly along side of his exchanging hand signals, both having lit cigarettes and were smoking when the German waved good bye, dropped behind his and shot him down. He was quite put out and let the German soldiers who picked him up to his country (England) would take the necessary action over this violation, he was told that he was shot down one minute after midnight, War having been declared at midnight, he became the first allied pilot shot down.

Having time on his hands, he asked for and received many books from the Germans as they were not too unfriendly at this early date, he learned that most Germans have nothing to do with mentally retarded people, regardless of sex or origin. Using this as a guise, he became very agitated at times and often went into a trance like state for their benefit. When Stalag Luft I, an old German camp used to train "Flak" gunners (Anti Aircraft Artillery) was converted into the first POW camp. He used cigarettes to trade for an old Concertina. He squawked this instrument for almost the full daylight time in the hopes that the Germans would accept him as having gone "Over The Hill", they did, to the extent that not one of the guards would search him or even touch him, giving him a wide berth. He was an excellent radio buff and his skill and knowledge was used to have XIX trade the Germans for parts to construct a radio receiver and a set of head phones. He put his radio inside of the Concertina, removed and hinged a key to allow for the headphones to be used, this radio was used to get BBC, the English broadcast from London. We heard BBC daily, writing down pertinent information which was written on toilet tissue, rolled around a pencil and published as "Red Star" our intelligence daily report, searched by the Gestapo, AdWahr, SS and camp guards never found the radio and it was still in operation at the time our camp was overrun by the Russians. As the war became more intense after the invasion, it was difficult to get radio parts for Robbie. We found that the guards were given a 3 day pass if they found a tunnel. We then offered to dig a tunnel for a guard if he was successful getting the parts we needed, they loved the idea and came daily to check on the progress. After a short tunnel was prepared, we let him "Discover It", we could then depend on a steady source of parts in exchange for a tunnel. If a guard became a problem, we would bump him at Lapel, slip a package of American cigarettes in his coat pocket and then alert a friendly guard that he was trading with people outside of XIX, he would get a reward from us for turning the guard in to intelligence and we would get rid of the unwanted guard. This became very effective, we would warn the guards that if they crossed us, we would plant evidence on them. This kept most in line.

I was first out of a tunnel that was to get 24 of us outside the fence, I watched the search light from the guard tower, ran for cover as it passed over and took off for the village of Barth on the Baltic. Laying low in the forest the first day, I waited for dark, broke a section of wire from a farm fence, wired a brick to each end, twirling it around to gain momentum, I released it to get it to cross high tension wires from Barth to camp, it took about ten attempts before I succeeded, it was beyond my wildest dreams, when it crossed the upper wires, fireworks erupted, it melted the 4 legs of the tower and darkness immediately depended on the area. I was caught at the village water pump when I tried to get water, the pump was decrepit and squeaked when I operated the handle. I was confident that they would not pin the electrical display on me because it would be 23 others implicated, when tried before the Luftwaffe Tribunal, I found that I was the only one to get out, through an error in timing, the rest were caught at the exit hole. I was convicted of espionage against the third Reich and was sent to Neubrandenburg for sentencing, the Russians broke through and crossed the Oder River before they could pronounce my sentence. Brigadier General Russ Spicer was also in the same prison, having been condemned to death by firing squad for inciting a riot. We were taken back to Stalag Luft I by the Russians and stayed there until flown out in B-17's by the 8th Air Force.

Greenwood

Greenwood's personal account of his experiences during World War II, reprinted in its entirety as typed by him in March, 1995. You'll probably need to borrow Sherlock Holmes' magnifying glass to read this small print, but the content is worth it!

Florida Antique Tackle Collectors, Inc.

A NON-PROFIT EDUCATIONAL ORGANIZATION
DEDICATED TO THE PRESERVATION OF OUR ANGLING HERITAGE

Florida Antique Tackle Collectors, Inc. (FATC) is a non-profit, educational corporation, incorporated in the State of Florida. The purpose of FATC is educational through the collection and distribution of historical and technical data regarding fishing equipment, its development, its inventors and manufacturers from the earliest times through the present day, and to assist other groups and individuals having a similar purpose. In order to enhance the knowledge of these subjects, the collection and preservation of examples of fishing tackle is to be encouraged for the benefit of present and future generations.

FATC was founded in 1987. The founders felt that a statewide organization would provide additional opportunities for residents of Florida and others to learn more about the history of angling in Florida and elsewhere. FATC sponsors four exhibitions, open to the public, annually at different Florida locations. At the exhibitions members display their collections, interact with the public, and

engage in other activities in keeping with the purpose of FATC. FATC publishes a newsletter quarterly, and an annual membership directory. FATC is not affiliated in any way with the National Fishing Lure Collector's Club (NFLCC) or the Old Reel Collectors Association, Inc., (ORCA) but encourages FATC members to support those organizations.

FATC annual membership dues are: \$35 domestic, \$40 Canada, \$45 Foreign or \$700 (Domestic) Life Membership, \$800 (Canada) Life Membership, and \$900 (Foreign) Life Membership (20x annual dues). Please direct membership inquiries or applications (with your dues) to the FATC Secretary listed below. For membership applications visit our web site at: www.fatc.net

One time ads will be given a 3% discount for prepayment and three time ads will be given a 10% discount for prepayment.

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The FATC News is the quarterly publication of the Florida Antique Tackle Collectors, Inc.

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The Encyclopedia of Old Fishing Lures Made in North America



This is a set of roughly 15 - 18 encyclopedias that cover over 125 years of lure-making history throughout the United States and Canada. The books are each averaging 425 - 450 pages and are half text and half pictures, featuring over 3,000 lure makers. Lure makers appear in these books in alphabetical order and are indexed in each book. The author, Robert A. Slade, has been a lure collector since 1958 and a long-standing member of the NFLCC, as well as a contributing author in past years. In 1999, he published HISTORY & COLLECTIBLE FISHING TACKLE OF WISCONSIN, which sold 4,500 copies. Slade has spent ten years researching the history for these books in museums, newspaper archives, and collectors' homes in eleven states and three Canadian provinces. The books are being published by Trafford Books out of British Columbia, Canada, on a print-on-demand basis. Collectors wishing to purchase these books can buy a whole set for \$450 (based on 15 books) or individual books for \$30 each, plus shipping. If a buyer only wants a specific book or just a part of the alphabet, he or she can order just that in any quantity. To order a complete set or individual books, buyers can arrange to meet Mr. Slade at upcoming lure shows, or write to ROBERT A. SLADE, S75W18983 Circle Dr., Muskego, Wisconsin, or e-mail TSLADE3@WI.RR.COM or call (262) 679-0804.

A Family Tradition

I never thought I'd be writing this; I got the Jim Pfeffer "Sunfish", the "Holy Grail" of the all the Pfeffer lures! The Pfeffer "Sunfish" had just surfaced on eBay, one of less than two dozen known. It was listed as a "folk art lure", and when I got word of this, I was really excited. The seller had no clue the lure he put up for auction was such a rare piece. Surprisingly, he lived across the country in the state of Washington!



He has enjoyed collecting lures for over forty years. Sadly, his love of life and the great outdoors, and his passion for collecting, are coming to an end. Although it has been a trying time, if he was to write a bucket list, I can assure you that a Jim Pfeffer "Sunfish" would be at the top. The night the lure auction was to end, he had fought sleep and waited up for my call. When I finally called him and told him we had won the auction, he was in tears...

The lure was found in an old tackle box, which belonged to his grandfather, an Englewood, Florida, native. His grandfather, who passed away here in Florida in the 1970s, was an avid outdoorsman and fished all over the central part of the state throughout the 1940s and 1950s. The seller had wanted to establish an eBay business, and thought he would start out small by selling a couple of old fishing lures. Little did he know that the "folk art lure" he had listed was to become the biggest sale of his life. By the time the auction ended, I had the winning bid on the lure for a whopping \$4,900; still, a fair price for such a rare Jim Pfeffer!

The "Sunfish" couldn't have come at a better time. The Lord sure works in mysterious ways! The day the lure arrived in the mail was definitely one to remember. He never thought that after forty years of collecting, he would finally own Pfeffer's most famous bait.

I told him we had the opportunity to write an article for FATC News, and he was overjoyed. I hope he is still with us and able to read this article by the time the magazine arrives. I would like to include a message to him:

This was an opportunity of a lifetime. I had to sacrifice a lot of nice lures to get this one, but I think it was worth it; definitely the best addition yet to the Swearingen family collection. My grandfather, Ernest Swearingen, Sr., is responsible for getting me interested in fishing lures at a young age. He especially liked Jim Pfeffers, not only because they were our home town bait, but also his favorite bass fishing lures when **he** was a young man. Over the years, when we went to garage sales or flea markets, before we ever got out of the truck, he always jokingly reminding me that he had dibs on the Pfeffer "Sunfish"!

"Thanks for all the great times, grandpa... Lure collecting with you has been the most knowledgeable and memorable time of my life. I am forever grateful you shared your passion for collecting and your love of the great outdoors with me. It has been the best family tradition a boy could have. I hope you love the "Sunfish".

I am blessed to have a grandfather like you..."

-Craig

Two days after our first FATC show in Altamonte Springs, we had to rush him to the hospital, and the outcome was not good. He was diagnosed with terminal cancer, which left me devastated. The doctors advised us that his days were numbered. After we got him home, I told him about the Jim Pfeffer "Sunfish", which had just been listed on eBay, and he couldn't believe it.

I would like to thank all FATC and NFLCC members for their input on the "Sunfish"; as well as all the e-mails and prayers for my grandfather and our family during these trying times.

God bless, and keep a pluggin',

Craig Swearingen, New Member, FATC



Daniel Mark Graham

By Bill Stuart

Dan didn't start carving lures until 1992, but he's been carving **something** all his life. Before the lures, he carved all sorts of things, with decoys being one of his ongoing favorites. His largest carving to date is a carousel horse. The Christmas season has always driven him to carve Santa Claus figures, and lots of them. In an article, "The Lure of Carving", by J. A. Dunn, a staff writer for the *Ocala Star-Banner*, the writer noted, "Give him a piece of wood and Graham will make art."

One of the interesting things about Dan's carving is that he always makes things in batches of twenty-five. (Well, he didn't make twenty-five carousel horses, but that was an exception!) I think this is very unusual for a contemporary carver.

He does use a Carba-Tec variable speed mini-lathe, equipped with a "Universal Duplicator Mechanism" to turn the bodies; which gives him a good head start on that twenty-five. Still, it remains that most carvers don't make things in batches.

In a *Tampa Tribune* article, entitled "Getting hooked on Old Lures", written in 1998 by Jim Tunstall, Graham is quoted as saying: "I carve the more complex lures by hand, using a flexible whittling tool, rather than a knife. You monkey around and monkey around and monkey around with a knife and you get nowhere. The flex tool gets it done."

Dan signs and dates all the lures he makes, and has finally decided to carve and sell a lure he calls the "Graham Surface Frog". The "Frog" is 3 1/4" long and weighs about 8/10 of an ounce. The color pattern is a dark or medium green frog with yellow spots. Up to this point, Dan has only sold his lures to friends or at flea markets, and he hasn't yet sold them packaged in a box. Dan told me he plans to begin advertising his lure for sale in the *FATC News*, as well as other fishing tackle magazines. In addition, he stated his intent to design a box in which to package the lures for sale, including the "Graham Surface Frog". He is a member of FATC and has attended some of our shows.

I think he may also change the way he sells his fish decoys. Dan has been making decoys for about 25 years. His most popular decoy is also a frog, with a wooden body and copper

arms and legs. Like the lures, his decoys are all signed "Dan Graham", and most are dated. The decoy's overall length is 6 1/2" and the body length is 3 1/2".

Dan is originally from Titusville, in western Pennsylvania, about fifty miles southeast of Lake Erie. His birthplace is approximately twenty miles north of Oil City. I mention that

because Dan was in the oil real estate business for roughly twenty years. He made his living putting oil "deals" together and marketing them. He graduated with a degree in real estate from the University of Pittsburgh, in Titusville. Dan is married, has a daughter, and now resides in Ocklawaha, Florida.

Dan is always willing to help anyone who wants to make lures. His full address and information is: Daniel Graham, Hand Carved Lures & Decoys, PO Box 2108, Ocklawaha, FL 32183; tel: (352) 288-2380; Email: simplelife94@aol.com.

It should be interesting to watch Dan as he shifts his emphasis and marketing strategy, and I'm sure we all look forward to new artistic creations from him. Our sincere thanks to Mark Devlin, Jr., for introducing us to Dan Graham.

Editor's Note:
Please see Dan's ad
on page 19 in this
issue of *FATC News*.



"Graham Surface Frog"



Graham and some of his lures on paint sticks.

JACK'S Hookers.

By Bill Stuart

Jack Gourlay moved with his folks to the Cocoa Beach area of Florida when he was four or five years old. Growing up, his best friend was Perry Roberts, of West Melbourne. They did everything together, except fish. When Jack wasn't with Perry, he loved to fish, especially in Goat Creek and the Eau Gallie River. One of his constant fishing buddies was Paul Gentry, who has provided most of the information for this story.

Sometime around 1987 or 1988, Jack started to make a few fishing lures. Paul talked him into producing the first one, which he called "Sophie". After several of these, he fabricated another lure, and named it "Sadie" (because Paul's wife drove a Sable). Jack then made a "Rachel" and a "Ruby". Later, he fashioned a "Fibie", and his last lure was named "Amazin' Grace". There were also a number of unnamed lures that he crafted along the way, many of them at Paul's behest. As a group, he called them "Jack's Hookers". Paul reckons that Jack made somewhere between 400 and 500 lures altogether.

All of the lures were shaped from dowels bought at the local Home Depot, and included rattles. Jack used two sizes of eyes, one for the "Rachel" lure, which were the large doll eyes, and a smaller doll eye for the "Sadie". However, it was possible to buy a "Sadie-eyed Rachel" or a "Rachel-eyed Sadie". After the rattles were inserted and the eyes drilled, the lures were all hand painted.

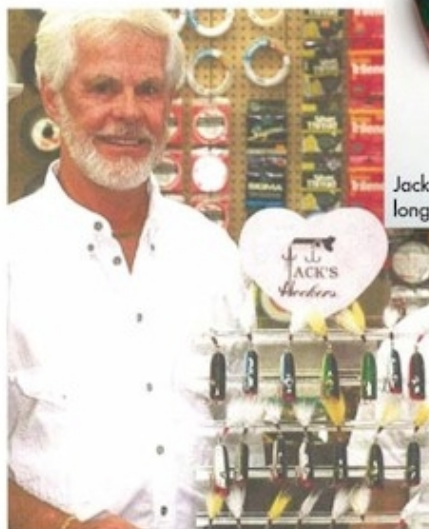
What color lure did you want? As long as the local ACE Hardware store stocked it in a spray can, you could get that color. Jack used a white spray paint for his base coat, and the mouth was painted with fingernail polish. After the base coat dried, he gave them a top-coat of "2-Ton Epoxy", which he hand mixed. It was his preferred finish because it did not mess up the paint. Jack rotated the epoxy-covered lure to dry it by hand, all the while carrying on a conversation with whomever was in earshot. When the epoxy was dry, he would add the screw eyes used for the line tie and the hook hangers.

All of the lures were intended for saltwater fishing, and each of them had a popping mouth and a shape which caused the lure to spit. As far as Jack was concerned, if the lure wanted to be one of his, it had to both pop **and** spit each time. If you look at one of his lures in profile, the top of the mouth appears to rise a little, or sneer, and it was this treatment that made the lure spit. If the shape of the mouth did not make it spit naturally, he would build up the top of the mouth with fingernail polish, before he painted the lure, to make it spit. Lastly, the new lures were tank tested once again, and they had to be just right, or Jack would pitch them. He didn't even bother to salvage the hooks and hardware.

Jack was not interested in making lures commercially. However, he did sell some through Harry Goode's store and Salt Water Concepts tackle shop. The lures were packaged in a soft-side plastic snap-top box, made to hang on peg board. He used a bright colored insert, showing that they were "Jack's Hookers". Jack could not keep up with the demand, and in time there was a mutual lack of interest in continuing to market the baits.

Jack died on June 28, 2006. Throughout his life, he was a great competitor, and he counted each fish that was caught. Size didn't mean anything to Jack. It was the catches that mattered, and if he happened to hook a fish in the tail by accident, he still counted it.

Our sincere thanks to Jack Selman, who originally put John Zuhlke on Jack's "Happy Hooker" trail. Thanks also to Jim Carleton, who loaned us lures to photograph, and photographs to copy. Finally, to Paul Gentry, who sat down with us for several hours and allowed us to photograph all of his "Hookers". As noted above, some of this information was also provided by the article in *Florida Today*.



Jack with a group of his "Hookers" in Harry Goode's tackle store. Photo reprinted by permission from *Florida Today* (taken by Rik Jesse).



Jack's last lure, "Amazing Grace", 4 inches long and 1 1/4 inches in diameter.



The paper insert Jack included with his boxed lures.



The FATC News

P.O. Box 288
Panama City, Florida 32402

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Published by the Florida Antique Tackle Collectors, Inc.
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FATC Fall Show (November 5, 6, 2010 - tentative)
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