

F.A.T.C. NEWS

Florida Antique Tackle Collectors Club Newsletter



FIELD FIND TALES...

WHERE UNTOLD TREASURES ABOUND!

PART III
"THE QUARANTINE BAITS"
THE FINAL CHAPTER



Cox's Sporting Goods Company

A Pictorial Array of the Known Promotional Labels of Grover C. Cox's Early Tampa Store



A Kid, A First Bass
and the Magic of the Tackle Box




Award Winners

AT THE DAYTONA INTERNATIONAL
February 2010

EXHIBIT WINNERS:

President's Award:

John Mack

Educational:

Frank Carter (Florida Time-line)

Topical:

Stephanie Henry (Fly-fishing display)

Florida Lures:

Lewis Townsend (Florida Lures)

Outstanding Display:

Billy Crowley (Georgia Lures)

Gene Meisberger (Shakespeare Winners)

Larry Barnard (South Bend)

Steve Knier (19th Century Reels)

Barry Brunges (Bagley LB4)

David Apple (Bagley)

Rob Mallard (Jim Pfeffer)

Luther Tilghman (Pflueger Pal-o-Mine, Scramble)

Bob Dennis (Creek Chub)

Russell Griffin (Miscellaneous)

Gary Robinson (Eger)

Mark Cotterill (Pflueger Argyle)

Ed Slane (Edward vom Hoffe Reels)

Craig Swearingen (Florida Lures)

Al Helms (Florida Boxes)

Kenny Bryan (Darters)

Arthur Edwards (CCBCO Tarpon Lures)

Charles Tanner (Fish Scalers)

Mike Sims (Al Foss)

Ralph Hecht (Fly-rod Lures)

Jack Fenwick (Florida Lures)

Ralph Acker (Al Foss)

Worley Pruitt (Black & White Lures)

Clarence Smith (Wright & McGill)

Ed Bauries (Florida Lures)

Mark Hostetler (Heddon Lures)

Lloyd Jett (Rainbow Lures)

Jeff Henry (Florida Lures)

Luke Pemberton (Florida Lures)

Roth Kemper (Florida Lures)

Jim Hall (Early Fred Arbogast)

Craig Comjean (Bagley)

Steve Cox (Bender & Flynn, Bender)

Jim Duncan (Creek Chub)

Billy Prince (Heddon Big Bug Lures)

John Campbell (Paw Paw)





F.A.T.C. NEWS

The Newsletter of the Florida Antique Tackle Collectors, Inc.

June 2010

Volume 24, No. 2

Contents

Daytona International Show Pictures and Awards.....2 - 3
 Deluded (Diluted?) Digressions.....4 - 5
 FATC Board of Directors Meeting Minutes 5
 President's Message 6
 Membership Update..... 6
 A Kid, a First Bass, and the Magic of a Tackle Box.....9 - 10
 Past & Current Notes of Interest..... 11 - 12
 Field Find Tales... Where Untold Treasures Abound... 13 - 14
 The Quarantine Baits, Part III15 - 16
 An Interview with Norm Pinardi20 - 21
 Cox's Sporting Goods Company.....22 - 23
 Gone Fishing..... 24

Cover Art: Who could have foretold the massive Tampa skyline when they walked into Grover C. Cox's Sporting Goods store 80+ years ago to purchase a lure? Thankfully, some of those lures and their boxes, adorned with Cox's store label, still exist today.

President... Larry Lucas, Holly Hill, FL

Vice President... Ed Weston, Palm Beach Gardens, FL

Secretary... Ed Bauries, Jupiter, FL

Treasurer... Lloyd and Sally Jett, Quincy, FL

Directors...

Mike Sims, Ft. Lauderdale, FL

Paul Snider, Pensacola, FL

Norm Pinardi, Bradenton, FL

Ed Pritchard, Jupiter, FL

Jim Duncan, Palm Beach

Dennis McNulty,

Gardens, FL

Chesapeake, VA

Matt Young, Tampa, FL

Mike Hall, Jacksonville, FL

Chuck Heddon, Longwood, FL

F.A.T.C. News is published triannually by F.A.T.C., 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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DELUDED (DILUTED?) DIGRESSIONS

By Steve Cox

The Cox household has a new addition in our lives; Hazel, an adorable, now 18 week old boxer puppy named by Haley, our youngest angler in the family! Hazel is so full of life, so affectionate, mischievous, and enthusiastic. She will be a fitting tribute to Nicki's boxer, Roxie, who loved us faithfully for 12+ years, until recurring malignant tumors finally took her to canine heaven.

I am encouraged by the puppy's blossoming personality, and Claudia and Haley have patiently worked with Hazel. She will now sit, lie down, and shake hands on command, and is 100% housebroken! She reminds me of Roxie and Pumpkin, Dottie, George, and Queenie; other dogs who have been honored pets in my life.



Hazel's not picky; she likes drinking from the hose, a lawn sprinkler, or straight from the tap!



Haley with 3 big bass totalling 20+ lbs. caught last August at Lake Adlih, White Oak Plantation.

As a staunch advocate for nostalgia, and all things nostalgic, it is perplexing when innocuous events such as a new puppy can stir strong memories of bygone times. *Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary* defines nostalgia as: (1) the state of being homesick, or (2) a wistful or excessively sentimental, sometimes abnormal yearning for a return to or of some past period or irrecoverable condition. I admit to suffering from both varieties.

For example, I was sitting in my porch swing yesterday morning, drinking a cup of coffee and reading our ever-shrinking newspaper, the *Panama City News Herald*. Our house is less than one mile from the existing airport, and I could hear the familiar revving/feathering of the 6 a.m. commuter turbo-prop in the distance. I savored the noisy moment, realizing that within a month the sound would be but a memory. Some of you may know that the mighty St. Joe Company has pulled off a coup of immense proportions, relocating our airport to a new 4,000+ acre wetlands site approximately 15 miles northwest of town. The old airport's runway was deemed too short for safety, and needed to be extended into the bay. This extension would have the net effect of supplanting 30 to 40 acres of environmentally sensitive sea grass.

A well-meaning but ill-advised band of local "seagrass huggers" whipped the issue into a frenzy, and St. Joe came riding up to the rescue on a big white horse! The company donated thousands of acres of swamp for a new airport to be carved out of the pristine north Florida wilderness. In addition to the terminal and the tarmac, extra acreage has been set aside for the inevitable commercial development that will follow, all to St. Joe's benefit. Obviously, at \$330 million plus, this will have far less impact on the environment than the runway extension... **NOT!** Furthermore, this doesn't even begin to address the additional environmental implications once the old 700 acre airport site is developed. The planned new marina and residential waterfront property will pollute St. Andrews Bay with the accompanying fertilizers, pesticides, and all things inexorable. This risk is magnified by the sobering reality of unprecedented coastal disaster with the ongoing BP oil rig calamity.

Our local leaders have placed all their (and our) chips on this bet, with the hope that the new airport will be the salvation of our local economy. They'd better be right, because we just lost the F-15 program and 800 jobs at Tyndall Air Force Base. Our largest local bank was seized by the Feds a week before Christmas, and the replacement bank has just announced that over one third of the duplicitous work force will be furloughed. To cap things off, we now find out that the "so-called" health care reform legislation [crammed down our throats by Congress] contains a disastrous clause affecting the student loan industry. Obamacare will close our local Sallie Mae student loan processing center, resulting in the loss of another 700 jobs. This all reminds me of one of my father's friends, who recalled his grandfather's thoughts on

"progress". He said, "Back before we had progress, we used to eat in the house, and poop in the yard... now that we got progress, we poop in the house and eat in the yard; other than that, I can't tell any difference."

As I drank my coffee and turned the page of the paper, the next headline read: "Last U.S. sardine cans being packed in Maine". Apparently, the only surviving remnant of more than 400 different U.S. canneries is closing its doors, signaling the end of an era that started in 1875. Immediately, I drifted back to days fishing on Dead Lakes in Wewahitchka with my grandfather. Anyone who's ever been to Gulf County would agree that James Dickey's outstanding novel-turned-movie thriller "Deliverance" could have been filmed on location in "Wewa".

Granddad always brought cans of sardines and potted meat, along with packs of Saltine Crackers for our lunch. We fished in a small wooden skiff, a rented scow from one of the numerous derelict fish camps that dotted the shoreline of both river and lake. Granddad would clamp his white 1959 Johnson Seahorse 3HP outboard to the transom, and off we'd go. It wouldn't be long before Granddad would insert the key and peel back the lid on a rectangular or round can (before pop tops), and we'd chow down.

Now, whenever I open a can of either, the unmistakable smell and taste reminds me of days fishing with him. I still bring these lunch treats with me when I fish in Wewa, and I can fit right in with the banjo pickin' porch rockers. It is unsettling to have yet another nostalgic pleasure taken away.

Only the week before, I read that Mrs. Ann Cook Humphreys' great old local bookstore, "The Ageless Book Shoppe", was having a going-out-of-business sale and would be closing its doors in four days. Ann, now in her late eighties, is in declining health and no longer able to tend to the store. I rushed down to the sale and found her daughter, Laura, a high school classmate of mine, supervising the editorial carnage. We reminisced for a few minutes, and I purchased the two remaining used city directories in stock (1983 and 1993).

I rummaged through the stacks of ancient books, with their uniquely stale smell, looking both downstairs and upstairs in the old building. I finally found one additional title on a shelf, a 1923 edition of *The Americanization of Edward Bok, An Autobiography*. Florida history buffs will recognize the author as a Pulitzer prize winner and the visionary benefactor of the famous Bok "Singing Tower" carillon and gardens in Lake Wales, Florida. The price for the three books was \$4.00, and I gave them an "Abe Lincoln" and sadly left the store for the last time. I repeat, it **is** unsettling to have another nostalgic pleasure taken away.

A further disturbance in the force has recently been announced regarding the future of one of Old Florida's cornerstone attractions. It seems Cypress Gardens has been sold to Merlin Entertainments Group, the parent company of SeaWorld and Universal Studios. Plans are in the works to convert the waterskiing resort and tropical gardens into the world's largest Legoland. In the immortal words of Slim Pickens, "I am depressed..."

All is not lost however, for new urges and sentiments are being created every day. Even reruns of 1970s and 1980s contemporary classic movies "Jeremiah Johnson" and "Field of Dreams" have a nostalgic tug to them. Before long, current PBS offering "Antiques Roadshow" and History Channel's more recent "Pawn Stars" and "American Pickers" will be memorable in cable syndication (as long as there is still cable, or T.V. for that matter!) Take heart in the knowledge that such an odd couple as Charles Dickens and Carly Simon were right when they penned their profound and relevant passages from *A Tale of Two Cities* and "Anticipation" ... "It was the best of times, it was the worst of times", "cause these are the good old days".

This issue is going to press three months after a very successful Daytona show, and right in the middle of our Spring meet in St. Augustine. Included, is the final installment of "The Quarantine Baits", chronicling Major Greenwood Gay's exploits, and some great tackle experiences from FATC member Gary Simpson's "Field Find Stories". While at Daytona, new member Rol Steinhauser was inspired to request that we reprint his story about fishing with his grandfather, and Bill Stuart serves up an interview with long-time FATC member, Norm Pinardi. Nostalgia is well represented with an expanded "Past and Current Notes of Interest", and Ron Gast and I wrap up the magazine with some cool photos and boxes showcasing Grover C. Cox and Cox's Sporting Goods.

The club gets two doses of the same cover with an austerity effort to provide the 2010 membership directory at reduced cost. Slightly trimmed down dimensions allow it to fit within the newsletter, and the directory is relegated to a black and white duplicate of the color magazine cover. No more Pat Sajak and Vanna White "Wheel of Fortune" wannabe covers! Gummed tabs secure it within the magazine centerfold, thereby saving untold fortunes in postage and printing costs. All apologies to those suffering from insufficient manual dexterity to open it. Oh well, here we go making **progress** again...

A return to St. Pete Beach is slated for the summer show, August 6th-8th, and a new Tallahassee venue October 22nd-24th will round out the year in style. One more issue for late August/early September and I'll have completed 5 years as your editor of *FATC News*. I think they've been good ones, and hope you do too.

Quit Wishin' ... Go Fishin'

Steve  EDITOR

FATC Board of Directors Meeting Minutes

The FATC Board of Directors (BOD) met in Daytona Beach on February 20, 2010. Those present were: Dennis McNulty, John Mack, Don Morrow, Larry Lucas, Ed Pritchard, Sally Jett, Lloyd Jett, Ed Weston, Chuck Heddon, Paul Snider, Mike Hall, Mike Sims and Ed Bauries. The topics discussed were as follows:

1. Motion made to approve the Secretary's report from 10/31/09. Motion approved by the board.
2. Motion made to approve the Treasurer's report which was reviewed and approved by the board.
3. Old business discussed; topics are as follows:

FATC "non-injury" insurance:

The FATC will be purchasing "non-injury" liability insurance at a cost of \$900 per year.

Newsletter advertising:

Paul Snider has volunteered to be the contact representative for newsletter advertising. Thank you, Paul.

Savannah Show:

We still need an FATC member to act as a coordinator for the 2010 Savannah show. Arthur and Karen Edwards, along with David Lindsay, will be representing the CATC.

Virtual Newsletter discussion:

Ed Weston presented a proposal for the board to review. Steve Cox gave a rebuttal concerning the online newsletter proposal, and provided an alternate printing configuration cost analysis.

Membership renewal:

Steve Cox checked with the printer to get a cost on a sending a billing reminder to our members. We are getting ready to send out the new directory as well as the latest newsletter; many members may be unaware that they are behind in their membership renewal. Currently, 64 members are past due for their renewal. That translates to \$2,240 in uncollected revenue, which could be used to pay the cost of creating and mailing

the directories and newsletters. For approximately \$440 per year, we can send a billing reminder to each of our members, including reply cards for their timely renewals, thereby avoiding revenue shortfalls to the club.

4. New Business discussed; topics are as follows: John Mack and Don Morrow have decided to step down from their duties as Board members. Don will also retire as the Auction Chair. Thank you, gentlemen, for your hard work and efforts!
 - Proposed Show Dates:**
 - St Augustine: May 21-23, 2010.
 - St. Pete: August 6-8, 2010.
 - Tallahassee: October 22-24, 2010.
5. Meeting closed.

FATC Annual Meeting held on February 21, 2010.

Secretary's report approved.

Treasurers report approved.

Elections held:

President: Larry Lucas, re-elected.

Vice President: Ed Weston, appointed.

Secretary: Ed Bauries, re-elected.

Board Members: Mike Sims, re-elected. Chuck Heddon, re-elected.

Don Morrow to step down from the Board. The FATC is looking for a replacement for the Auction Chair.

Ed Weston now acting as Vice President gave up his Board position.

Jim Duncan has been elected to the Board, and will be representing the Eastern region. Thank you, Jim.

Final Approval of Show Dates:

St Augustine: May 21-23, 2010.

St. Pete: August 6-8, 2010.

Tallahassee: October 22-24, 2010.

The FATC is booked at the Plaza hotel in Daytona until 2015.

Meeting closed.

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE



Happy Spring!

I am writing this a few days into season. It's a welcome time, since we've come through the coldest winter in my memory. In looking back, we had a successful Daytona Show in February. Our two auctions on Friday and Saturday night generated in the neighborhood of \$38,000.00 for the two widows who trusted our club with their late husbands' collections. In gratitude, Mrs. Glenn sent the club \$700.00 for a life membership and

Mrs. Funderburk sent the club \$500.00 to do with what we want. Since Jack was a Creek Chub collector, I would like to propose a Funderburk award that would go to the best non-Florida display each year at Daytona.

A huge thank you is in order for Don and Betty Morrow, who have handled our auctions for years and are retiring. Don has also been a valuable member of our board of directors. They have both taken what it means to be an active club member to a new level, and I am forever grateful.

The list of people who made the Daytona show special is too long to print here, but I would like to acknowledge Dennis McNulty, new Vice President Ed Weston, Chuck Heddon, and Lloyd and Sally Jett for all their hard work putting this huge auction and awards ceremony together. I would also like to publicly thank Gary Simpson for doing more work than anyone will ever know.

Thinking back on the auction, I realize we all must take action now to tell our loved ones what we wish to have done with our collections when we're gone. Nobody wants to dwell on this topic, but we owe it to our families to discuss it. The two club members that passed away were both fairly young and had fantastic collections. Neither one left instructions to their families about what their collections were worth, or possible venues to liquidate them.

Our club did a good job for them, but it was really only luck that we were contacted to begin with. Each of you have probably given this topic some thought, as I have. Taking the time to catalog all my lures, boxes and paperwork, and marking the price I paid, along with an approximate current value, I sat down with my wife. Showing her the book and giving her the names of some trusted collector friends, I then explained the different ways to sell collections and gave her my current preference.

We all know that collections and our ideas about them evolve over time, so it's necessary to have this talk every few years. Take the opportunity to sit down with your loved ones this weekend and have a discussion. You will be doing them a great service and probably will ensure that your collection will be passed on to someone who appreciates it as much as you.

A hearty welcome is extended to Jim Duncan, our newly elected Board member representing the East Region. As mentioned earlier, Ed Weston was elected Vice President, and all the other Board members were re-elected to their posts during our annual meeting February 21st. Your officers and the Board are here to make this

club better for you. Please share your ideas with us. We all see things from different perspectives, so the more ideas we have, the better job we can do.

During the Daytona show, someone was giving me their opinion in a very loud voice. Another club member overheard this exchange and commented that the member was being very rude to me. I take it all in stride. We all have unique ways to communicate our opinions. The important thing is not to keep them to yourself, but to share them with those having the ability and desire to bring about change. No leader will ever make everyone happy. In any organization, 10% of the members love you, 10% hate you, and the remaining 80% are just happy they don't have your job. I'm proud to be your president for another two years and hope to continue to promote growth and passion for our hobby.

Please take a moment at the next show and give Steve Cox a pat on the back. He goes over and above in his job as editor, and I know our club is better for having him in this position. One of my goals is to get our wonderful club magazine back up to 4 issues per year, and to help achieve this goal, Board member Paul Snider has taken on the task of increasing advertising revenue. You may receive a call from him asking you to place an ad in the newsletter. Please consider doing this for the club. If we are successful, a return to a 4th issue may be possible.

Our Summer show is going to be right on the waterfront, at the Dolphin Beach Resort in St. Petersburg Beach, on August 6th, 7th and 8th. This is a great venue for a show, overlooking the Gulf of Mexico. The pool is beachside and the resort is close to dozens of great restaurants. Your host and contact for this show is Ron Gast. Then we are heading to Tallahassee for the Fall show. The Fenwicks, Carters and Jetts will be co-hosting this show on October 22nd, 23rd, and 24th. Flyers for both are included in this issue.

In February, 2011, we are back to Daytona. Regrettably, the flyers passed out at this year's show announcing next year's schedule had the wrong dates listed. Please correct your calendars to mark the revised dates of February 25th, 26th and 27th, 2011, at the beautiful, ocean-front Plaza Hotel. As always, you can go to our website, www.fatc.net, and find all the details to upcoming shows and pictures from previous ones. I would also like to let you know we have a page on Facebook now. More than 50 of your collecting friends have registered and are on Facebook. Give it a try!

Matt Young has expressed an interest in filling the vacancy on our Board as a result of Don Morrow's retirement, and we appreciate Matt's desire to serve the club. Matt lives in the Tampa area, and meets the geographical requirement to represent the West region on the Board. By an email vote the Board has approved his nomination. In other club news, someone is needed to co-host our Savannah show in the spring of 2011 with C.A.T.C. Please contact me if you wish to assist with this event.

I have a lot more to say, but I need to save space for all the great articles in this edition of your *F.A.T.C. News*.

Larry  PRESIDENT

MEMBERSHIP UPDATE

New Members

See 2010 Directory with updated new member listings.

Member Contact Changes

Maxwell Boales
Maxwell.Boales@MSSB.com

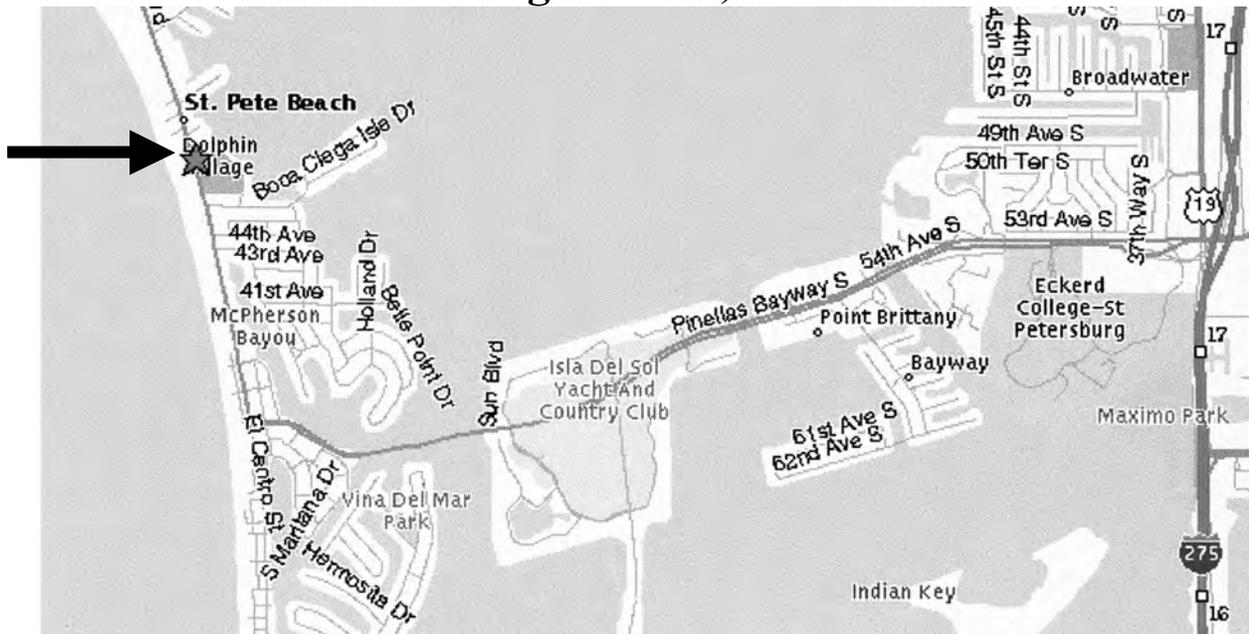
Torben Steen Nielsen
Birkegaarden 83
DK 3500 - Vaerloese
DENMARK

Ed Pritchard
P.O. Box 3
Jupiter, FL 33468

2010 FATC SUMMER SHOW REGISTRATION FORM

Dolphin Beach Resort, 4900 Gulf Blvd., St. Pete Beach

August 6 – 8, 2010



Hotel: Phone 1-800-237-8916 ask for the Florida Antique Tackle Collectors Block or G/FATC/0806. Rates are \$89 (standard) and \$109 (poolside) 30 days prior.
Website: www.dolphinbeach.com

2010 FATC FALL SHOW REGISTRATION FORM

- - October 22 & 23, 2010 - Tallahassee, Florida - -

| <u>Show Location</u> | <u>Hotel Location</u> |
|--|--|
| <p>National Guard Armory 1225 Easterwood Drive Tallahassee, FL 32311</p> <p>Get Map & Directions »</p> | <p>* Cabot Lodge 1653 Raymond Diehl Road Tallahassee, Florida 32308</p> <p>Direct toll free to hotel: 800-255-6343</p> |

* Hotel: Ask for the FATC Room Rate of \$79 single or double. Room block/rate good until October 8, 2010, then rooms and rates as available.

Show Schedule and Activities

| <u>Friday</u> | <u>Saturday</u> | <u>Sunday</u> |
|---|--|-------------------------------------|
| <p>Cabot: 6:30 AM - Free Breakfast Show: 8 AM - 5 PM Members only Cabot: Free Happy Hour - 5:30 to 7:30PM</p> | <p>Cabot: 6:30 AM - Free Breakfast Members Show - 8 AM to 5:30 PM Show open to public - 9 AM to 3 PM Members BBQ lunch - Noon Cabot: Free Happy Hour - 5:30 PM</p> | <p>Show Tear Down - 8AM to 11AM</p> |

2010 FATC SUMMER SHOW REGISTRATION FORM

Make check payable to FATC and mail to:

Ron Gast
 2306 Leeward Cove
 Kissimmee, FL 34746
 Phone: 407-496-7940
 Email: ron@luresnreels.com

Friday: Members Only 9AM – 7PM

Saturday: Members 8AM – 7PM
 Open to Public 9AM – 5PM

Sunday: Exhibit tear-down

You must be a member of FATC to be admitted on Friday, exhibit or trade.

Name _____

Address _____

Telephone # & email address _____

Guest Name(s) _____

Tables: _____ Wall Tables @ \$35 Each: _____

_____ Aisle Tables @ \$35 Each: _____

Membership Dues (if unpaid): \$35 _____

Prepaid Member Registration Fee: \$15 (\$20 at Show) _____

TOTAL ENCLOSED: _____

2010 FATC FALL SHOW REGISTRATION FORM

Make show registration check payable to FATC and send with this registration to:

Lloyd Jett / FATC, 2891 Juniper Creek Road, Quincy, FL 32351

Phone: 850-442-9084 Email: lloydjett@aol.com

For additional information you may call or email:

Jack Fenwick: 850-926-7788 - fenwickj@comcast.net - or - Frank Carter: 850-574-9718 - fandl@comcast.net



===== ✉ =====



Name: _____

Address: _____

Telephone # _____ Email Address: _____

Guest Name(s) _____

Show Registration Fee: \$25 - Includes Sonny's catered Bar-B-Q Lunch (Saturday only) -- \$ _____

Additional Lunch(s) are \$9 each I need ____ Lunch(s) @ \$9 each = \$ _____

Tables: cost of 1st. table is - \$30 I need one or 1st. table @ \$30 -- \$ _____

Additional Tables: are \$20 each I request ____ additional table(s) @ \$20 = \$ _____

Total Enclosed: \$ _____



A Kid, A First Bass and the Magic of the Tackle Box

AUTHOR'S NOTE: *In January, 1983, an article I wrote about my grandfather's tackle box first appeared in the Outdoor Notebook, and is reprinted here with the publisher, Mr. Maciulis', kind permission.*

The other day, I was going through my old tackle box, straightening it out, sharpening hooks, and arranging lures. You know every tackle box has its own unique smell. Believe it or not, the odors of old pork rind bottles, pike slime and "6-12" oil bring back fond memories of many years ago at Crescent Lake, near Rhinelander, in Oneida County, Wisconsin.

Each year, my family was expected to put in an appearance at Grandpa's (Edward Steinhauser) cabin in the north woods. It seemed that from age four or five, July would find our family spending one or two nights with my grandparents at their cottage.

We would normally be camping at such magical places as Big, Star, Butternut, or Big Muskellunge lakes. But when the time came, we would pile into the '49, '51, or '53 Nash to go up to see Grandpa at Rhinelander. On the way we were told to mind our manners, stay out of trouble, to be polite, and eat everything that was given to us, and especially, **don't fall in the lake!** We were reminded of "old" Route 8 and "new" Route 8 and the tornado that had passed through a couple of years ago. For us kids, Grandpa's cabin was like a magnet and we anticipated it with every mile.

We would usually get there at about 3 p.m. Immediately, beers were opened for the adults, and pop for the kids. Sometimes Uncle Rudy would be there with Aunt June and their children.

Dinner would be served, and because the summer light lasted long after 6 p.m., we kids couldn't wait to be excused from the table. We were allowed to run down to the lake to look for frogs and crayfish. Maybe, we could also get a peek into the live box that Grandpa almost always had some finny representatives confined in.

Sooner or later, darkness would fall and the inevitable "come on in," was heard. Generally, this would be synonymous with a chilly bath in the metal wash tub with ice cold well water, and then off to bed above the rafters, where we would fall asleep listening to the popping fireplace and, you guessed

it, fish stories. These tales could be either true, exaggerated, or sometimes totally invented and fabricated. Occasionally, the evening would be livened by a bat coming in from the outside!

When I was nine, I was invited to fish with my father and Uncle Rudy after dark for walleyes near the portage to Emma Lake. I never caught a walleye, but was able to catch my first "legal" bass (a keeper) on a red and white "Pikie Minnow", which my uncle swore was **the** premium night lure. To celebrate after our return, I was given my first "short" (and I mean short) glass of bitter stuff called Rhinelander beer. Grandpa became excited and had to open his massive metal South Bend tackle box.



Grandpa Ed's largest musky, taken in the 1960s, with his boat behind him.

When I saw it opened and noted its magic aroma, I think I was hooked and destined to be a fishing addict. One by one he pulled out the lures, explained their names, usage, and what they were meant to catch. His favorite, by far, was the "Bass-Oreno", but others like the Shannon "Twin Spinners", "Pikie Minnow", "Injured Minnow", Paul Bunyan "Vamp", "Basser", and probably dozens of others, were shown and discussed. After the lures, naturally, the rods and reels made an appearance. Grandpa usually fished with a South Bend steel 5 1/2 foot casting rod, black dacron line, and as you might surmise, a Pflueger "Supreme" reel. He used the rod so often, he literally destroyed its metal tensility and sent it back with a letter, and yes, South Bend sent him a new rod. Maybe that's why they went out of business...

Grandpa had six weeks each summer to spend at Crescent Lake, and he fished almost every day. He was an expert on Crescent. He would fish for walleyes, bass and northern, but his favorites were muskies, of which he caught many. His biggest was his last... said to be a "47 class" (could be pounds, could be inches). His love for the sport was unending. And his tackle box demonstrated it.

My grandfather was a musky fanatic. Yes, he caught walleyes, bass, and northern pike, but it was kind of *Old Man and The Sea* with him when it came to muskies. His favorite



Grandpa traveled around quite a bit before "settling down" at Crescent Lake. I believe this shot was taken in northern Minnesota at a farm where he stayed, after a journey by train and horse drawn wagon from Chicago, probably in the early 1920s.



North end of Crescent Lake



Later on, he camped at Smith's cabins on Crescent Lake. When Smith went out of business, he purchased one of the cabins, and most of the shoreline shown above.



Grandpa and friends; cottage in background.



This is Grandpa Ed's True Temper rod, his Pflueger "Supreme" reel, and South Bend "Musk-Oreno". In this case, graphic artist Aaron Garms, has waved his magic wand, turning the red and white lure into the author's long sought after green crackle-back plug.

lure was a green crackle-back "Musk-Oreno". (Knowing more now, I believe he must have special ordered them from the factory.)

As you can see from the photographs, he rowed his aluminum boat out to his secret fishing spots. He had no depth finder, GPS, or contour maps. He knew where he wanted to fish and he caught fish. In his later years, my dad and uncle purchased a Neptune "Mighty Mite" outboard motor for him to use on his aluminum ten foot "john boat". I believe he used it once, and then went back to the oars. He was kind of eccentric, but made his own rules and then followed them.

His last and largest, most treasured fish was caught on an October evening in the 1960s. There's a story about that one; he caught the fish while alone in his small boat (as usual). He did not have a gaff or landing net, and I believe he was going to try to "beach" it. That didn't happen, and because of his failing eyesight and the low light of the evening (after 7 p.m.), he took out one of the oars and whacked it. He did too good a job and killed it. It sank to the bottom of Crescent Lake in front of his cabin. Depressed and disappointed, he arose the next morning and rowed out to see if he could find that fish. He did, and after diving into the frigid waters and spotting it, he brought it in.

Later he took it in to the Rhinelander Bait and Tackle Shop to be weighed and measured. He did not have the trophy fish mounted. He took the head and a cross-section of the fish skin, and those, along with pictures, were his bragging rights. (I have seen the head and the skin, and the pictures are included with this article). He would not tell anyone where he caught the musky, or on what bait, as was his habit. That part of Crescent Lake was "his" and he wanted it for himself, with no "interlopers".

I have in my own collection, his "True Temper" rod and Pflueger "Supreme" reel with its box and case, but do not have the green crackle-back "Musk-Oreno" lure. I know it is a rare one, but it would complete the rest of Grandpa's story. Does anyone out there have one for purchase?

In February, 2010, my wife accompanied me to the Daytona Beach FATC show, (her first), and did we have fun seeing all the old familiar lures from Grandpa's tackle box! For her, it was back with old friends, since she grew up in a fishing camp in the Boundary Waters canoe area of northern Minnesota in the '40s, '50s, and '60s, on Basswood Lake. She could say "I caught an 8 lb. northern on that "Pikie Minnow", or a 4 lb. walleye on this orange "Flatfish", in such-and-such part of Basswood," with great delight. There were so many great lures and so much interesting tackle and equipment, we had a fantastic weekend there. And to think it all started when I was hooked by the magic of Grandpa's tackle box!



Grandpa Ed demonstrating that catch and release after green crackle-back plug was not a big concept in this era.

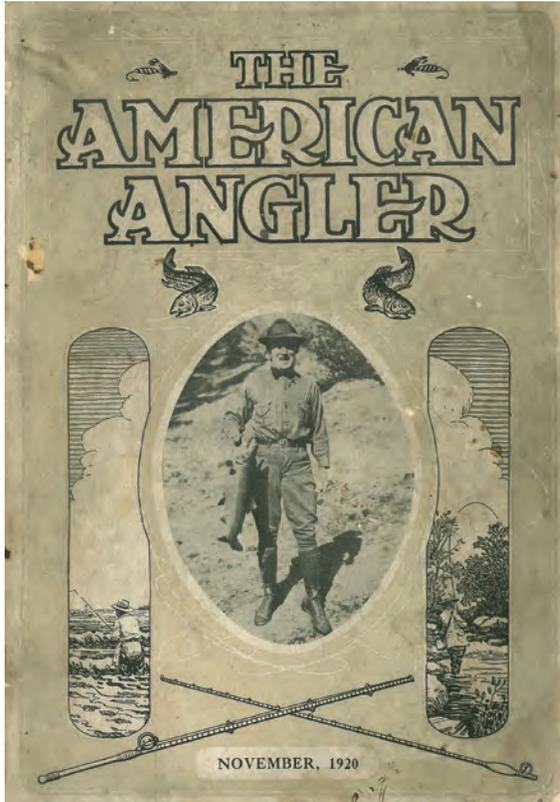


My Aunt June with a mixed stringer of table fare.



Past & Current

NOTES OF INTEREST



Florida Protests the Gang Hook

From the Belleview Gun and Rod Club, Belleview, Fla.

IN the South, where fishing is hedged about with few restrictions, and where the laws forbidding the use even of fish-traps on lakes and rivers is not always so rigidly enforced, there are signs of the dawn of better days. Or, at any rate, of a revolt against another form of unsportsmanlike sport—the artificial bait bristling with treble hooks. Its use already is prohibited in several Eastern states, but the first voice of protest from the Southern tier has been raised in Florida, and it is not unlikely to result in the passage of prohibitory enactment by the legislature of that state, where wood lures, from which dangle no less than five of the treble hooks, are so common as to amaze the sportsman-visitor from other parts of the country.

The movement to oust it from the "Land of Flowers" has been undertaken by the Belleview Gun and Rod Club, an active and aggressive organization in the

attractive little city of that name, and located where bass abound and are to be caught from January to December. The club's sentiments, which are clear and emphatic, are expressed in the following resolutions, which have been spread on its minutes:

"Resolved: That the Belleview Gun and Rod Club views as unsportsmanlike, and therefore, with disfavor, the use of baits carrying more than one treble hook, and, in particular, unreservedly condemns those brutal and brutalizing baits carrying five of such hooks.

"Resolved further: That other organizations of sportsmen be urged to discourage their use and manufacturers be urged to discontinue their production and substitute more humane single and double hooks; failing which, this club suggests to the State Legislature the advisability of enacting a law prohibiting their use in the waters of Florida."

Fish vs. Pearl Buttons

The advisability of following through to the end of the chain of causation is emphasized by Hugh M. Smith, Director of the Bureau of Fisheries, who has just finished a bulletin for the National Geographic Society on the relation between certain fisheries and the pearl button industry.

The fish of the lower Mississippi are being gradually exterminated. Because they are, the men and women who work in the pearl button industry may lose their jobs.

The investigations conducted by Dr. Smith show an intimate relation be-

tween certain kinds of fishes and the mussels, which yield valuable pearls and support a pearl button industry which in turn gives employment to about 20,000 persons and has a product worth from \$5,000,000 to \$6,000,000 annually. The perpetuation of the fish supply of this river, therefore, is exceedingly important.

It behooves everybody to be careful when monkeying with the arrangements of the Creator. The fish of the Mississippi may take vengeance on the human beings who destroy them.

Send us \$8.00 for one **Hand-made 'Old Hickory' Casting Rod**
 Four-foot, one piece, cork handle, silk wound, good mountings, guides and tip; beautiful casters, accurate, and built for a life's service.
 Kinney's Automatic Weedless Hood FREE.
 We sell nothing LESS than the BEST in Fishing Tackle, Lines, Reels and Lures.
H. A. KINNEY & CO., Bangor, Mich.

Every Angler's Library Should Contain a Copy of

FISHERMAN'S LURES and GAME-FISH FOOD

By LOUIS RHEAD
 Author of "American Trout Stream Tactics," "Book of Fish and Fishing," etc.

THIS interesting volume is profusely illustrated by the angler-subject artist with colored pictures from life of various creatures fish eat and new improved artificial imitation nature lures and chart plans to show the haunts where fish feed on them in lake and stream. Not written on theory, but based on practical experience of the author.

A few chapters which this valuable book contains are as follows:
 Characteristics and habits of various surface and bottom creatures that gamefish eat.
 How different food affects gamefishes.
 Description of some new lures for floating water baits.
 Advice to anglers on how to make their own stream lures.
 Gamefish that keep above the surface in a running lake.
 The proper outfit for trout fishing.
 The importance of minnow and their value for gamefish food.

Other Volumes—Price, \$4.00

AMERICAN ANGLER, Book Department
 220 WEST 42nd STREET NEW YORK, N. Y.

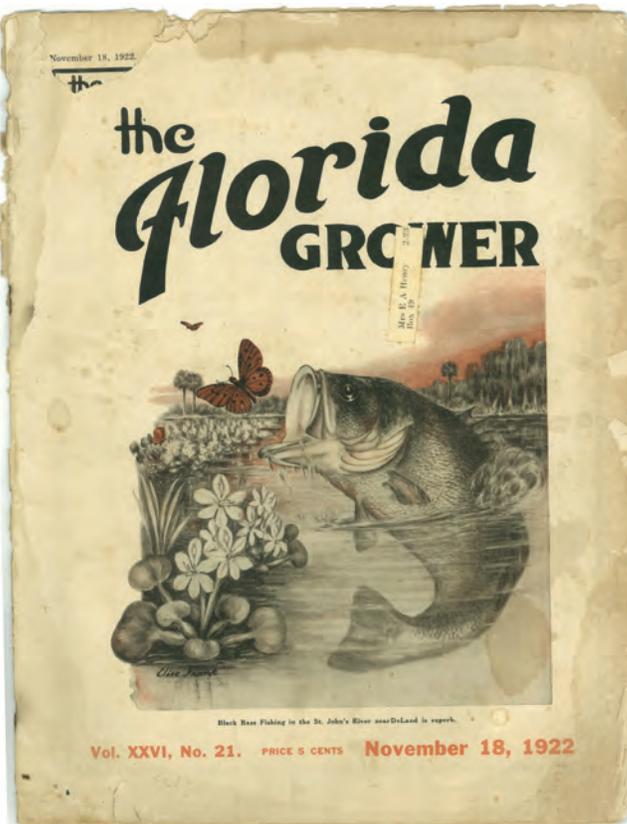
TO THE NOVICE

By J. W. HARPER

FOR THE MAINE WOODS

You may call it a "bite" instead of "strike,"
 A "break" instead of a "rise."
 Your salmon may "turn" instead of "swirl"
 And "jump" clear up to the skies.
 And every break you chance to make
 The gods will shiver your soul.
 Save this, I beg, for Heaven's sake,
 Don't call your rod—a "pole."

▲ This November 1920 copy of *The American Angler* contains several relevant subjects for Florida collectors. A rare advertisement for H. A. Kinney and a book by noted fly specialist Louis Rhead promote these fishing legends. Two appealing articles and a clever poem by J. W. Harper are also reprinted, and provide an interesting perspective on the state of the art of fishing 90 years ago.



November 18, 1922. THE FLORIDA GROWER 23

Two Great Florida Projects

Key West is the terminus for the greatest causeway ever built.

When the Gandy bridge is completed Florida will boast two of the greatest bridges in the country.

Behind these two great projects lies an interesting story.

The world knows that when Henry M. Flagler, that great empire builder who brought the east coast of Florida to the front, conceived the idea of an over-seas causeway his associates and leading engineers generally doubted his wisdom and questioned his farsightedness. They discouraged him.

Had Henry M. Flagler been a poor man he possibly could never have financed the great project. Had he not been a man of iron will and tenacity, the Over-Sea extension to the Florida East Coast Railway might not have been built today. Not many would have undertaken even the construction of the East Coast Railway at that time. Both have proved tremendous successes. The causeway has brought Key West position as one of the South's leading export and import centers. The causeway, in spite of its tremendous cost, has been a financial success. Its cost was several times greater than Mr. Flagler himself estimated. But he willed to

achieve. He had the funds and he lived long enough to see its accomplishment as he had dreamed.

Now for comparison—

The Gandy bridge was "dreamed" of years ago by George S. Gandy, Sr. He encountered many difficulties at first, just as every pioneer with a big idea does. But he soon conquered. Men of affairs financially and men of large engineering and construction experience agreed to its feasibility from both an engineering and construction standpoint. Others able to speak from a financial standpoint agreed to its financial soundness.

George Gandy will not have the obstacles to surmount that Henry M. Flagler encountered.

The Gandy Bridge will be built. With Florida money preferably, but with outside money if necessary. It will make Tampa and St. Petersburg almost next door neighbors.

Florida investors will do well to investigate the Gandy bridge proposition. It is expected to prove one of the greatest developers in South Florida.

Get in touch with The Gandy Bridge Company.

THE GANDY BRIDGE COMPANY
 St. Petersburg, Florida

◀ The wonderful cover art on this November 18th, 1922 copy of *The Florida Grower* emphasizes the true-to-life action of a bug and bass. Contained within the magazine is the full page ad foretelling the future growth and development of the Bay area and the planned new Gandy Bridge Project. The privately owned and funded bridge opened in November, 1924, and cut the distance between Tampa and St. Petersburg from 43 to 19 miles.



◀ These three photos are of the Earl Gresh tackle box and lures Ron Gast recently found. The box is nicely inscribed with "Stan Foster" in 1957. This is the first twelve-lure compartment box Ron has seen. It's the same width and length of a regular Earl Gresh tackle box, but it's only 2 1/4" high. The Earl Gresh tackle boxes are usually 6 1/4" high.



MARVELS IN WOOD

The EARL GRESH WOOD PARADE

THE outstanding display of the Earl Gresh Wood Parade, which is attracting nation-wide attention, is a series of pictures in wood, each an event from the life of Christ created by the skilled hands of the Master Craftsman Earl Gresh.

Started in 1922, this set of pictures is being completed with the addition of a new picture each year. At the present time there are 17 completed and when finished not one drop of stain used to produce the various shades.

These murals are actual paintings in wood. There is not one drop of stain used to produce the various shades and color combinations as woods from the far corner of the Earth have been assembled to produce the Earl Gresh murals.

See . . .

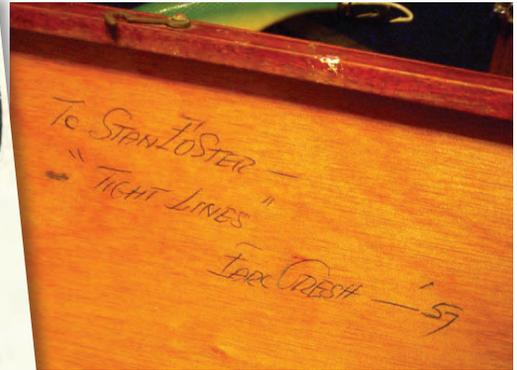
The Daily Mirror Wood, Virginia during Washington's time. Exclusion of a Sterling Hall. Cross Section of a 1275-year-old Cypress Tree. The Tree that Grows a mile. Part of a full Cedar of Lebanon. And many other additions to wood.

Earl Gresh - Artist

Visit the world's most unique museum . . . Thrill to amazing artistry of craftsmanship in rare woods — significant murals, furniture, clever and unusual gifts. Pay a visit to pleasure you'll profit by . . .

The Wood Parade

FOURTH STREET AT TWENTY-SECOND AVE. N., ST. PETERSBURG, FLORIDA

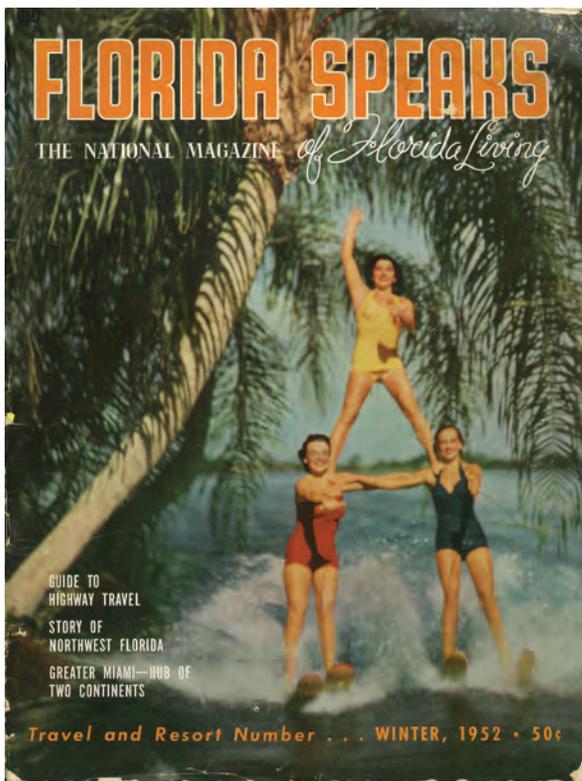


TROPICAL SUNSET

Gertrude S. Philipps-Howard

*The rhythmical inflowing tide
Rocks a decrepit fishing dory;
A curlew's poignant oratory
Proclaims another day has died.
While foam-edged billows override
A wind-heaped sand dune's promontory
The rhythmical inflowing tide
Rocks a decrepit fishing dory.
A stylus, sunset fingers guide
On vellum sky, rewrites the story
Of how the heavens declare His glory
And on the silence, ocean wide,
The rhythmical inflowing tide.*

This Winter 1952 issue of *Florida Speaks* features waterskiers from Cypress Gardens on the cover. Fast-forward to 2011, and a waterskiing Lego-man just might be the new star of the show. Earl Gresh was a regular contributor to *Florida Speaks*, and the above ad is taken from this issue, along with a succinct poem by Gertrude S. Philipps-Howard.



NEWSFLASH!

World's Largest Legoland Amusement Park to be built at the former site of one of Old Florida's premier attractions, Cypress Gardens.



New park scheduled to open by the end of 2011. Merlin Entertainment Group, parent company of SeaWorld and Universal Studios, announces acquisition of the property and plans to preserve the gardens and waterskiing shows along with many new attractions.

This nasty little taste treat is also advertised in the same issue of *Florida Speaks*; surely one of Old Florida's culinary secrets that should have remained secret, especially with such a "lusty" description! ▼

A Treat from Tropic Seas



CHILI CONK with beans

Enjoy this lusty Chili, made with conch, (say "Conk"), a shellfish from clear Caribbean waters. Excellent LENTEN dish, contains no meat—mild, not greasy—great for FRIDAY or any day! Serve alone or in a casserole with rice, spaghetti, etc.

Surprise your family and friends with this delicious old West Indian Chili recipe.

Package of EIGHT 10 1/2 oz. cans only \$2.95 Postpaid

HE-MAN FOODS CO., Dist. F
4628 N. W. 36th AVENUE MIAMI, FLORIDA

FIELD FIND TALES...

WHERE UNTOLD TREASURES ABOUND!

by Gary Simpson

a hundred dry runs worthwhile, and keeps the field find fire stoked.

It's not bad at all to be in a place that attracts old tackle like a magnet. Sometimes it just seems too easy when folks actually bring their old fishing stuff right to you. Luckily, I spend my days in just such a situation.

I had graduated from high school in early 1976 and was attending community college when I was hired at The Tackle Box in Gainesville. As an already serious angler, the fit seemed natural for a summer job at a storied hub of area fishing since the 1950s. I was just starting to dabble in bass tournament fishing, and this job would, at least, provide me with discounted equipment. But something strange happened... an almost unexplainable connection with the atmosphere, the tackle, and the people—co-workers and customers.

A few years later, I discovered tackle collecting and came to recognize that I was in a top-notch place and situation to acquire these "field finds." With that realization, thoughts of moving on to another line of work slipped back to a burner at the rear of the stove of life. After 34 years, I remain happily at the old tackle store... admittedly, a poster child for underachievers, but unceasingly thrilled with the benefits.

In one of my custom tackle cases built by Arthur Edwards to display Florida-made lures, resides a unique, walnut-size, frog skin covered misfit with a single hook hanging off its rear. It's a pretty tough bait to find, and it is one of my favorites. The first time I laid eyes on the rare gem, it was literally bouncing across a glass Tackle Box counter top towards me. A customer had walked in the door and casually pitched the odd-looking lure in my direction. It's funny how fast the mind of an avid collector can process something dear to his heart, but in that second or so, I recognized the bait as an Eger "Feathered Frog" and scooped it up halfway through its trip across the counter. Fortunately, the painted tack eyes had not been damaged by the rough treatment. "Like that old bait?" the man asked. When I responded in the affirmative, he chuckled.

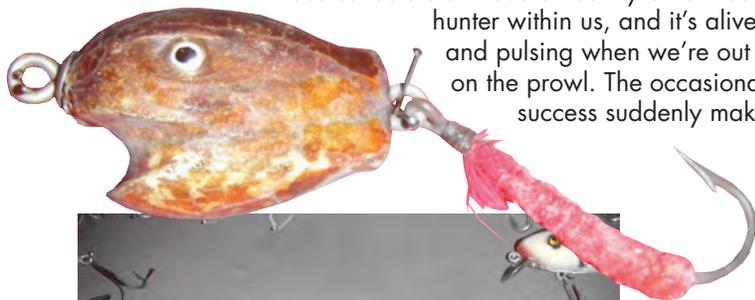


W.J. Kauth's early hand-painted efforts remind me of classic Jim Pfeffer baits, and were found in his tackle box pictured on the next page.

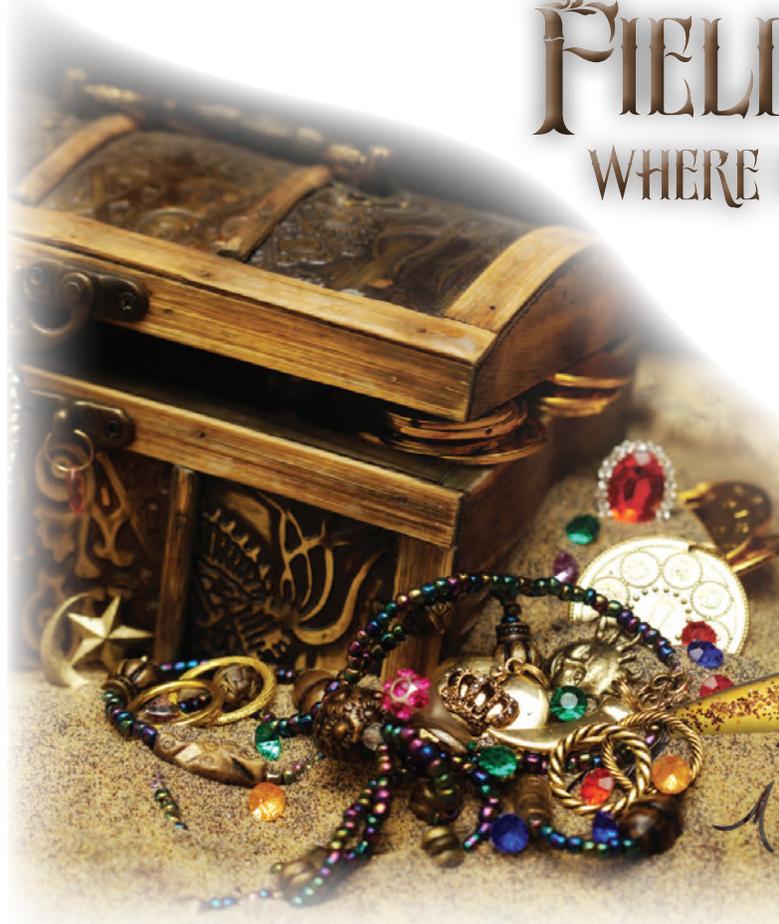
It is a term that somehow seems a bit unfitting, but few two-word phrases can elicit more pleasant and hopeful thoughts among tackle collectors than "field find." Some apply the term to their purchase from another collector, or from online auction sites. For me, a "field find" is a piece or accumulation of fishing equipment that has been stored for years in an attic, basement, shed, closet, or even an active tackle box. The key is that it hasn't been owned by another collector.

It's probably true that the most exciting field finds are made... well, in the field. There's nothing like a lead, a road trip, and the anxious moment when the tackle box lid opens to a collector's eyes for the first time. Much of the thrill is truly in the chase.

We collectors all have a healthy bit of treasure hunter within us, and it's alive and pulsing when we're out on the prowl. The occasional success suddenly makes



This rare Eger "Feathered Frog" made its way to my case of frog skin baits, by bouncing across the glass counter at my tackle store, The Tackle Box.





W.J. Kauth's ancient metal tackle box, which is one of my treasured finds. Note his name on the lid, and the interesting lures it contains.

We made a trade, and I still smile when I see the thing pinned down among his frog skin covered brothers.

Another gentleman brought in a tackle box that had belonged to a family member. I was busy that day, and didn't have a good chance to scrutinize the box. At first glance, it looked to be a fairly typical, large metal box, with thirty or forty "northern baits" and some miscellaneous items. A Heddon "Giant Runt" sporting huge glass eyes, appeared to be the top production bait, but four beautiful, hand-painted, jointed diving baits were also very interesting. They reminded me of Pfeffers, although I was sure they weren't. I made the man an offer and he accepted. We thanked each other, and I went back to selling fishing equipment. At closing time, I looked at the tackle box a bit more carefully, and saw something I hadn't noticed before. Painted in red on the weathered green top, was the name "W. J. Kauth". I recognized the name as an Illinois maker of the lure that would evolve into the "Chubby Minnow". The neat and colorful handmade baits were some of his earlier efforts. Lining the bottom of the old box were pages from two newspapers; *The Sunday Pantagraph* of Bloomington, Ill., dated April 11, 1937 and the *Chicago American* from Monday, April 12, 1937!

The wicker creel under the arm of another customer was one more all-time high point. The trout basket was of excellent quality, but that wasn't what really knocked my socks off. The items stashed inside were the **real** treasures. Along with a painted copper "Yellow Bird" rotary-head lure, still sporting every bit of its yellow and gold paint, was a tiny Edward vom Hofe model 355 "Peerless" trout fly reel, still filled with silk line! I kept the reel for several years—until another collector wanted it more—and still have the flawless lure.

While it doesn't exactly fit my own "field find" criteria, my visit with Henry Holleman at his home in Columbus, Mississippi will always be a special memory. Friend and fellow FATC member Bernie Schultz had already visited Mr. Holleman, and had asked whether I could also see his treasure trove of tackle while I was in Columbus to fish a BFL Regional bass tournament. Elderly and in failing health, Mr. Holleman was a gracious host, showing me an incredible collection; not only of antique tackle, but also of medals (including the Silver Cross), and commendations, including a



My favorite field find lure, given to me by Henry Holleman. This unusual Four Tees "Dalton Special" look alike, has classic Florida lines that set it apart from any other.



personal, hand-written letter from the Queen of England regarding his epic involvement in the Korean war. You see, Henry Holleman is the real-life inspiration for the "Capt. Henry Blake" character in the "MASH" movie and book!

At the end of my visit to his amazing lure room, standing amid the Heddon "Suckers" and 5-hook "Musky Minnows", he asked me, with a sparkle in his eye, which my favorite was. I walked over and pointed to a rather plain "Dalton Special" look alike, and explained that I believed it to be a heretofore-unseen Florida lure. Henry Holleman smiled, took the Four Tees bait off the wall, and handed me the lure, which has become my favorite.

Occasionally, I have been privileged to obtain the fishing effects of a famous angler, a well-known personality, or an old-timer friend. It has often occurred to me that it would be neat to create a display of these items honoring their previous owners. I try to keep the items in these tackle boxes together, pretty much as found, just in case I have the space needed to put the idea into reality someday.

These are especially treasured pieces, most of which would not be considered very rare or valuable. Their importance to me has to do with the circumstance around which they came my way... or memories I have of their maker, or former owner.

Mr. Holleman's lure heads the "treasured pieces" list, and the Kauth cache certainly qualifies, but there are many others. The creations of Gainesville-area lure makers Preston Roundtree, Sid Menge, and Max Clarke rank highly, as I was privileged to know all three men. Kirby Huff was killed by a rattlesnake before my time, but his prominence in early lure manufacturing in Florida is legendary, and I am fortunate to have many of the beautiful lures he personally made.



Sig Menge's hand painted scramble-finish "Pal-o-mine", which Sid used to catch his largest-ever bass in Lake Santa Fe.

There are lures cast by noted Gainesville fisherman, Emerald Robinson. Also represented is outdoor writer, Frank Philpott, whose angling effects were graciously passed on by the late Jack Funderburk. These three wonderful fishermen are friends I also miss.

Every old rod, reel, and lure tells a story. If you're ever in a position to extract any part of that story from the previous owner, that definitely adds to the aura of the piece. It was years after I acquired the Menge tackle, that Sid's nephew, Tom Prevost, mentioned that his uncle had taken his largest-ever bass in Lake Santa Fe, with a unique bait. And, yes, it was a lure that still sat in one of his tackle boxes. Thanks to the offhand comment, the stature of that hand-painted scramble-finish "Pal-o-mine" rose tenfold in my eyes.

As collectors, we tend to value our field finds according to monetary worth, and this is understandable. In some cases, however, the measure has to be different. I would have a tough time, indeed, pricing the aforementioned favorites. When the time comes for another collector to own them, though, I will be sure to pass on every detail. Thirty-four years of hanging around old fishermen has instilled in me the value of story telling... an often overlooked aspect of tackle collecting and field finds.

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.



PART III

THE "QUARANTINE BATS"

THE FINAL CHAPTER

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

BY STEVE COX

As a final salute to Major Greenwood Gay's heroic and exhilarating military career, we alternately admire and humor him with a full reprint of "Saga of 970 'J' for Jenny". This was typed by Gay and blurs the lines between fact and fiction with the account of his near-death experiences and imprisonment in Stalag Luft 1. Many of the details he provides obviously come from his own first hand knowledge, and yet he seems to stretch the facts surrounding the entire encounter with information contrary to official military records of his ordeal.

He leaves us wondering which adventures are true and which are those that may be interlocked with factual events, embellished by Gay. Perhaps his imagination allowed him to cope with the harsh realities he was exposed to during the war. Whatever the reader's final verdict is, there is no doubt Major Gay was a charter member of the Greatest Generation.

A right side reel, left side reel, and full profile rod view of Major Gay's J.A. Coxe model 25-2 nickel silver bait casting reel, and the split bamboo Union Hardware casting rod with its agate guides. This is the item of Greenwood's tackle find which I will always keep in my collection.



Saga of 970 'J' for Jenny

I graduated from Luke Field, Chandler Arizona, just outside Phoenix and was given a 10 day delay enroute a system set up in the military so that it did not count against your 30 days per year annual leave. I arrived in Pensacola after a very boring flight in a C-47 "Goose Bird" flown by an upper classman from Luke who was selected for transport duty. My orders read to report to Lt. Col. Daniel Brauner who was a very close friend and the squadron commander of the P-47 Combat training wing. After checking out in the aircraft we were put through extensive training in maximum performance combat maneuvers which taxed the stamina of the aircraft as well as the pilot. Aerial gunnery was performed over the Gulf of Mexico off Tyndall Field at Panama City, Florida. We went through all modes used to get an altitude advantage over an adversary as well as get inside of him in turning maneuvers. Ground gunnery was performed near the Everglades using all eight 50 caliber Browning machine guns, this was great sport as it was all done at tree top height and hits were plainly visible. After completing OPU, I was called in and briefed by Col. Brauner and told that I was to be the first American trained fighter pilot to be assigned to the 4th fighter group commanded by Col. Donald GBM Blakesley who flew Spitfires for the RAF as commander of the Eagle squadron. I was the only living non British pilot to be awarded the DSO (Distinguished Service Order) - most recipients were awarded post humously, even Brillin. I left the states from Roosevelt Field Long Island and was ordered to fly wing on a Martin B-26 P-47's picked up at the factory in Farmingdale NY. We were led five of us all in brand new P-47's and ordered to base and ordered to not discuss our flight with anyone, we ate in the Canadian officers mess at dinner and at breakfast, we were briefed on the weather between Gander and Reykjavik, Iceland, while enroute and well past the point of no return, we were told that we were to increase our air speed because the field was fast closing down with visibility near zero here, we tacked in very close to the B-26 and as we hit the end of the landing runway, he went around again and all P-47's landed safely, the smell of whale oil lamps was overpowering and the pilots elected to eat "K" rations as opposed to an Icelandic meal which was quite seely, we took off with the ceiling about 200 feet and visibility about a mile, climbed in about a half of fuel, refueled and B-26 and headed for Butts Corner Ireland, landed with about a small sniff of fuel, refueled and were given sealed orders with instructions to climb above the overcast, read our secret orders and each of us was to proceed to a base in Britain. Mine read Lebdin, a former RAF base now being occupied by the 4th fighter group, I was given a heading, true course to Lebdon with orders not to transmit on the radio, when near the field, I was to tune in on a "Sphalerite Beacon" at the end of the runway, using the radio compass to home in. I flew through a gaggle of barrage balloons used to keep the Germans at a high altitude as the mooring cable had 20 pound explosive charges every 100 feet up the cable, if you hit the mooring wire you were a dead duck automatically. I was not briefed on this part and was lucky to survive as I had never even seen a barrage balloon. I checked the wind direction and used a combat approach, dive at the numbers on the active runway, break sharply upward, chopping the throttle and using minimum power, make a 180 degree turn, roll out on the runway heading and land. A white colored Jeep met us at the end of the runway and led me to my quarters which had walls 15 feet high to protect us from strafing by "Jerry" I had not uttered a word until I opened the canopy and was greeted by Master Sgt. Wynn, the group first sergeant, the head enlisted man on the base. I was very tired and had difficulty getting my toes in the toe hold; a spring loaded step that retracted when pushed with the toe and returned to flush position when the toe was retracted. He picked me up bodily and gently lowered me to the ground, and addressed me as Lieutenant, gave me a run down on what to expect and took me to my room in what had formerly been a sanitar house owned by the Earl of Cornwall, now turned over to the Yanks for the duration. I had zero hours of combat and the next man to see had 250 hours of combat in Spitfires with the Eagle Squadron. I was about as popular as a dose of Fox. I was invited to have dinner with Col. "B" Blakesley, at about 8:00 PM, I was seated, Lord Haw Haw, the German war singer broadcast from Berlin welcomed me to Lebdon, he gave the call sign of my aircraft, my name, rank and serial number, where I trained and my regiment number. I was somewhat shocked but no one even blinked an eye, it was his common practice to do this to all new arrivals in Britain, it had a sobering effect as I was an sealed, secret orders from Roosevelt Field to Lebdon. So much for secrecy. I was assigned "Tail End Charlie" the last man in the last flight and told to fly wing on Capt. Peterson. I flew his wing for about 20 missions and was challenged to a fight with Capt. Gentilly, the leading ace in the theater, he had me at tree top level in about 20 minutes but learned a lot about combat by watching what he did to me to humiliate me in front of the old timers. I jumped Capt Dave Van Eppe, who was one of the average pilots and managed to hold my wing with his for 40 minutes of mock combat, he admitted that he had never had me in his sights during the "boom". I flew solo every day that I was on stand down and practiced what "Black Snake Peterson" had shown me so eloquently, after several weeks, I challenged him to a "GO", we flew wing to wing to 25,000 feet, each turned 90 degrees and had at it, I did not beat him but he did not get a single picture of me in a "Kill" position. Col Don assigned me to fly wing on Major Duane W. Beeson, now the leading ace in the ETO European Theater of Operations, I did very well until he sighted a gaggle of ME-109's at a 12 o'clock position above us, we started to climb and the Me's dove on us and Beeson made a violent turn in a dive, shot down two of them before I caught up with him, I should have been 50 feet behind him and off his wing during the bounce but he took me by surprise and I was chucked out on landing. After about 30 missions, I had learned his every move and was able to anticipate when at he was going to do before he actually made a bounce. He was actually flying 109's. I was never off position once and Beeson now had 19 confirmed kills and 5 possibilities, all in the air, none on the ground. Some pilots were counting ground kills as victories but Col. Don would not allow this in his group. We were jumped over Baden Germany by about 30 FW-190's, Germanies best new fighter, it had excellent turn and dive characteristics and was a match for any aircraft at that time. We lost three pilots and I was shot up very badly, I had been hit numerous times before but never like this, I took hits aft of the cockpit and several in the right wing, a 20 MM hit the engine cow and blew off the top cylinder which began to pump oil violently, Beeson averted the

across the channel and I flew his wing to touchdown at Lands End, an emergency field on the tip of the English Coast. The engine ran until I shut it down in a revetment. I examined the aircraft and was shocked at the damage done, being interested in getting back kept me occupied and a Linsy ground crewman walked up to me and said "Thank your Butt its bleeding", I felt back and discovered that I had been hit during the wobble. I was presented with the Purple Heart and asked that the place that I was hit not be mentioned in the report. I continued to fly Beeson's wing for my entire tour. After 350 hours of combat, you were ordered Stateside and then re-assigned either back to your group or to the Pacific. Col Don called me into his office and told me that they were to get the first P-51s in the ETO and that he would like me to return to the group. I was elated as the Mustang the North American fighter with the Packard Merlin engine was the worlds best fighter without any doubt. I agreed and was put on stand down until an aircraft was to pick me up and fly several pilots back to the states for R&R, I packed my possessions and said my fairwells to the regulars in the bar, I had wtn 50 pounds, I packed my possessions and planned to use it on my return stateside. Sgt. Wynn shook me gently at 4:15 AM and told me that three pilots were down with colds and would not be allowed to fly until they cleared up and that the Col. wanted to know if I would volunteer for one last mission as it was to be a piece of cake. I agreed and despite a hangover, I suited up, cotton underwear under wool long Johns, a khaki wool uniform with no rank or insignia, a pair of NAF leather flight boots and a leather jacket. I ate in the mess hall, drank too much coffee, was taken out by "Lorrie" a large ten wheel truck of British origin to the aircraft 970-J which had been towed out of revetment and placed on line ready to start when the red flare was shot off. At 7:15 AM, I saw the flare, called "Clear" to my crew chief and hit the starter switch, the starter turned over but the prop did not turn which indicated that the shaft was broken to the starter motor, I think that I had gotten spooky about volunteering and decided to call it quits. I asked the crew chief to get me a long length of manila rope from the tie down, got out of the cockpit and put a knot in the end of the rope, around the hub of the four bladed Hamilton Standard prop tied the end to the hook on the tail of the Jeep and told the chief that when I signaled him, he was to flip forward the Jeep and to just keep on going, the engine turned over and began to fire, the belching smoke from every stack from accumulated oil, it smoothed out and I took off with a full load of fuel, flew to the coast and caught the group. I flew under Col. Don and he gave me 12 fingers which indicated that I was to take lead in the low flight, I pulled up under the leader signaled him to move back and I took over, we escorted B-24's from the 93rd group which were headed for Neurenburg to bomb the stadium where Hitler was to make a speech, they hit the stadium but Hitler was not there, we had no contact with Jerries until we were south of Karlsruhe, in the Ruhr valley, often called happy valley due to the tremendous number of anti aircraft guns surrounding the city, we plucked up risk which burst below and ahead of us as we changed course with a violent turn and lost 500 feet of altitude, no one was hit and when I went back to the original heading, I saw a gaggle of aircraft parked on the active runway and signaled my intention to go down and have a look, Col Don told me that I was to split "S" down back of the autobahn, make one pass getting as many on the ground as possible and continue toward home plate at low altitude to save fuel. I rolled over from the perch position, went down behind the curve in the autobahn and saw the parked aircraft, they were dumales, I knew that I had to get out as fast as possible and I called my wingman and told him to hang tight, use full throttle and attempt to outdistance the Jerries which I knew were above us to spring the trap, the Jug had no peers when it came to speed in a dive, we were about 50 feet off the deck when Red Leader called and reported bogies at 6 o'clock high and diving on us, he identified them as FW-190 so I continued straight ahead hoping to out distance them, while watching them approach from behind and above, I saw five 109's in a loose Vic off to my right, I immediately turned to face them head on as no one in their right mind would face the B fifty caliber guns as it was considered suicide, they broke but the 190's had closed to about 200 yards and began firing at my wingman took a hit at canopy height and went straight in and exploded on contact, Col Don told me to break into them and that a flight from group would get down and bail me out, I was in a turn to port when I felt an explosion from behind and I felt a terrific impact in my left chest, I saw a huge hole in my yellow "Mac Vest" at about nipple level on the left side and my right leg was hit and I lost control as the Jug blew up, I remember hitting some trees and falling in a snow bank, I was paralyzed on my left side and losing blood from my chest so I rolled over and managed to get a rock under my left chest and rolled up my haderchief and put it in the hole on the left side, German civilians appeared and began beating me with large sticks and throwing rocks at me, I could not move but passed out and did not remember anything until I was told by a Catholic priest that I was in St. Joseph's Krogenhouse and that it was impossible to die because they had no antiseptic or anesthesia and the loss of blood made it impossible to operate on me to get the stainless steel wires from my rip cord, pieces of the harness from my chute and two layers of wool and leather which prevented them from removing the debris from the wound. Blood had coagulated due to the very low temperature in the hospital hallway, the priest gave me the last rites and my first recollection was bright sunlight and my body wrapped in my chute including my face, I awoke and a nun came over, removed the chute from my face and called for the "Doktor" a man in a spotless uniform in his late forties appeared and pulled the chute off and examined my wounds, he spoke flawless English and told me that he was Kurt Von Singer, the ships surgeon on the SS Bremen, flagship of the german passenger service and that he would do what he could to ease the pain, I remember nothing until I realized that it was very dark and that I was alone in a hallway, I tried to call out but only managed a gurgle which brought one of the Nuns on the run, she felt for a pulse and went for Herr Doktor, he reappeared and was surprised to find me still alive, he told me that he had taken the heroine from the escape kits of two American airmen and had injected me to ease my pain, I now know that the two were gunner was shot down from bombers on the same raid that I had escorted. The doctor explained that he was going to remove everything he could from my chest and told me that my chances for living were very poor, he had no antiseptic and no anesthesia and gave me a glass of Schnapps and told me to

think all that I could because what he had to do was going to be very painful, I managed to get some of it down and began to drift off because the doctor and the nurse who was sister Wilhelmina were becoming very blurred. He began by pulling off my clothing which had adhered to my body with congealed blood and I must have passed out. My first memory was of being in a small room with a bed with white sheets, no one was in the room and I had no idea of where I was or how long I had been there. An older nun appeared, used a paper bandage wet with well water and began cleaning up my chest area. I then realized that my right arm was splinted in place and my right leg was also splinted, when she began cleaning me up she told me that I had not been breathing for some time and that they thought that I was dead. As my wounds began to heal, infection was apparent from the odor of the wound in my chest. Dr. Von Singer appeared and asked me to give him my watch, a Longines watch that was in my flying suit pocket, my GI watch was still on my left arm, I gave it to him and he traded for Sulfur drugs which he used in powder form on all of my wounds. I now was able to see a large gash above the right ankle and another just below the right knee. I already knew about the wound through my right elbow which was lacerated to allow the blood to clot. A German M6-210 pilot was brought in and I learned that he had his left leg blown off below the knee, I had little contact with him and he was soon taken from the hospital and to a German Military hospital in Karlsruhe. The leg and elbow started to heal but the chest was still infected and from time to time, I must have lost consciousness because I had lapses in memory which I could not explain. On Easter Sunday, a German First Lieutenant appeared at my door and in good English asked if he could enter, I nodded and as he came across of me, he saluted smartly, sat down gave me a small package of elegant Corporal cigarettes, a boiled egg, a chocolate egg and a bottle of homemade white Rhine wine, he called and they brought him two glasses and he guided my left arm and helped me drink it, it was the best wine that I had ever tasted. We discussed fighters and tactics, he had very little nice to say about the Jug, he hated to face the B 29s but loved the P-38, "Forked Tail Devil" he could out turn the P-38 but it was faster flat-out, he did not like talking with the Spitfire nor the Mosquito as he was shot down by a Spitfire about two weeks before he shot me down, he laughed when he told me that he had gotten inside of my turn below me, pulled up and fired a five second burst hitting around the cockpit and under the tunnel to his supercharger, he was certain that I had not gotten out of the aircraft until he heard in a local tavern that an American with severe wounds was in the hospital at Dahn. He asked me to sign his log book to verify that he shot me down but I declined and he laughed and left. I never heard from him again. One of the high lights of my stay was Sundays, the villagers brought everyone who could walk to the hospital, they were allowed to pass through my room to see the "Kinder Killer" (one who shoots children) it was the highlight of their week. A German Teenager was brought in to cut my hair, one of the Sisters shaved me every other day and bathed me twice a week. The barber used only a straight razor to cut my hair and from the look on his face, he was almost as frightened of me as I was of his straight razor, he discovered that I had two German cigarettes, took one and went on his way. Frau Maria Anninger, a local woman of French/German descent came to see me, she spoke possible English and brought me a Rabbit stew in the night time, she gave the guard on my door a share to let her in. After the war, I sent 200 pounds of wool clothing and a CARE package every week until she died. She was sentenced to six months in a detention camp for aiding the enemy when someone in the village gave her away to the Burgemeister, she survived but was down to skin and bones when released. I corresponded with her and have sent of her letters in my scrap book along with a picture of the hospital with an arrow pointing to my room. Before my chest healed, they sent an Army Corporal and a Soldier to take me to the interrogation center in Frankfurt on the Rhine, Dulagluft II. We were strip searched, put in a box about nine feet long, 3 feet wide and five feet high with a port in the front, a hole with a plywood screen so air could enter but you could not see out, the floor had dirty straw, no blanket or any thing else. The right side had a heater coil heated with stones which they turned on until you had to shed all of your clothing from the heat then turned it off. Until you became exhausted from taking them off and putting them back on you learned to leave them off and to only use them to cover your body which saved energy. A pint of water and eight ounces of Schwarz Brot (Black Bread) was all we had each day, we were taken out once a day for relief and exercise and locked up again for ten days, it was not very pleasant and the flies and lice made life miserable until we were released after interrogation, we were then put in cells in a civilian prison and held until transported to POW camp. From Dahn to Frankfurt, I was on a street car with six Hitler Youth, they taunted me by singing Lilly Marlene but I had no idea of what I was suppose to do and this made them angry. My hands were tied behind my back with cotton rope and I was tied to the seat, a Nun boarded the car in her black habit and one of the Hitler youth spit in her face. The Corporal went to the back of the car, lifted the young man from his seat and deced his with a flat to his south, there was not a sound on the car for the balance of the trip. The Underground subway in Berlin, there was an inscription over the latrine "Kilroy was Here" I knew that an American had been there ahead of me. We were taken to a rail yard in Frankfurt and herded down a cobblestone street where the guards egged the civilian population into throwing rocks at us, luckily I was in the center of a group of 20 men and did not get hit. The 5 German guards had 9 MM burp guns which they used to prod us on the lower back which gave us quite a shock as it started the wound to bleed again. We were forced to stand against a wall at the freight depot during a night raid by the RAF in 4 engine Lancaster bombers, they dropped one bomb called a block buster by the British, it weighed about 12,000 pounds, looked like a welded iron fuel tank, had screeners on it which sounded like the end of the world when they left the bomb bay, they screamed all the down until impact, upon exploding, the concussion knocked us back against the wall where the guards told us that if anyone moved they would shoot us and not to worry as the British were our friends and would not hit us, the raid lasted most of the night and dawn, we were herded into 40 and B 8 cars used by the French to signify that held 40 men or B horses, we were 55 to a car which meant that we had to take turns sitting down and standing up, it was impossible to lie down. My chest began to bleed and two Australian pilots, Squadron Leader Ken Watts and McItiche were in my car and they talked the guards into letting them use a dirty cloth to soak in water to clean my wound, we remained close friends until Watts died this past year. McItiche designed the sight, the fuse and planned the Aisens

on at Aisens France where over 200 French underground prisoners were held to be executed in batches of 20 at dawn with the entire French population of the town were to be turned out to watch the proceedings. McItiche flew a twin engine Mosquito bomber # 58E the fastest twin engine aircraft of the war. He led a squadron and hit the prison at dawn, they knocked out the 4 guard towers with a single bomb to each tower, then bombed the German barracks which housed about 150 German Guards, those that escaped the bomb blast were machine gunned as they left the barracks. Five French Freedom fighters were killed in the raid from the blast, the rest escaped and none were ever caught, they provided the intelligence needed to make the invasion at Normandy a success, they harassed the Germans behind the lines with the Americans advancing into the hedgerows pointed out by the French. McItiche was shot down by AA fire, his navigator was killed and he was wounded, when the Germans caught him they beat him until he was unconscious and unrecognizable as even a human, this continued until they grew tired of beating him when he continued to call them ----- Muns, he ended up in the same car with me, I have pictures taken of Bauers, McItiche, Watts and I who were photographed as members of the IZ comilla, an escape or liberation of POWs who were the final approving authority on any plan of escape, this was based on the date that you were shot down and not on rank. I have an oil painting depicting the Mosquito leaving the prison just before his aircraft was hit, the painter was Frank Harding who was artist of the RAAF (Royal Australian Air Force) he did the painting that I have and died shortly after. It is a beautiful piece of work.

Squadron Leader Ken Watts was flying a Spitfire Mark V when he was shot down straining a crew of twelve men near Eden, his wing man was shot down at the same time but did not survive the crash landing. Ken was called "Red Death" by Lord Haw Haw on radio in Greenland because he was known to shoot at anything including bases that he found anywhere in Germany, according to the radio reports, there was a \$10,000.00 Reichsmark reward for his capture dead or alive. He swapped dog tags with his wingman and was given an assumed name for the duration of his confinement, about eight of his very close friends knew the story. He died in October of 1995 after being paralyzed from the neck down from a rifle butt to his head after his capture, having just strafed a factory, it would be normal for the Krauts to do this especially if he were unarmed and securely tied up.

Probably our greatest COUP was the screwing up of the POW ID cards, we devised a plan to swap Kriegsgefangenen numbers when going to be photographed by adwer (Intelligence) personnel, when the cards were all assembled and a stand down roll call was held by the resident Gestapo agent with Col. Von Mueller in attendance, a name from the card was called and a POW went forward to be identified, not one picture matched the name called and there were some infuriated Germans who had to answer to the Gestapo. They then devised a plan to call each POW and have his produce his ID, photograph him and continue until all were photographed, this worked to the satisfaction of the Gestapo agent in charge and at roll call, all pictures matched the name, the cards were in wooden boxes 30 inches long, 12 inches wide and 6 inches deep holding a hundred or so cards, at the completion of each box, the guard placed them atop a trash receptacle of bricks and went to the next box McItiche, Watts, Bower, Blacj snake Peterson and I got on great coals, each picked up a box, returned to our barracks and burned box and contents in the stove in our rooms, when roll call was completed, the guard looked for the boxes and apparently decided that another guard had returned them to headquarters at 1130 PM, all hell broke loose, the siren was sounded and all Kriegies ordered to lapel (roll call) we were searched individually and after heated arguments by the senior guards we were locked out of barracks for the night, it was very cold but we immediately organized a baseball game and appeared to be having a ball, they then ordered us back to barracks, we refused to go back until the game was over, they then placed bayonets on the Model 98 Mauser rifles and threatened to stick anyone refusing the order, we left reluctantly. Near noon, Col. Von Beck, the assistant commander called us out and offered us a loaf of fresh French white bread and a bottle of wine if we would return the ID cards, we professed a complete lack of knowledge about the cards and he went back to face the head of the Gestapo. When the Russians overran the camp, they had only about half of the total card redone.

I joined 25 other Kriegies in digging a tunnel, we spent about six months on it and when finished we planned to wait until an air raid to make a break, the raid occurred in April of 44 and we went out, I was first to leave, without the search lights from the towers on due to not wanting to attract the Mosquitoes strafing the Aisens next to camp at Barth, I left without being noticed, I ran until I was completely spent, came to a wire fence near a tower carrying electricity to the town of Barth, I removed a long strand by bending it back and forth until it parted the piece was about twenty feet long. I searched near the farm house and found a pile of small bricks, I tied the bricks to each end of the wire, swung it violently to gain velocity and released it toward the supporting tower, the shorting of the power lines melted the tower and knocked out power to Barth, the POW camp and the airfield. I was caught about four hours later but did not worry because I knew that with that many escaping, they would have to blame all of us and would not be able to pin it on one man: This was proven false as I was the only one to make it past the guard wire, the rest were caught when lights were turned on at the completion of the air raid. I was in a civil jail at Barth when the Russians released me at the time that they overran the camp.

Greenwood G. Gay, 1st. Lt. Army Air Corps.

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. Jenifer 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.

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&ff=F&q=Greenwood+Gay&bc=,sl,sd&rpp=10&pg=1&id=67625>

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A NON-PROFIT EDUCATIONAL ORGANIZATION
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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

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AN INTERVIEW with Norm Pinardi

by Bill Stuart

Editor's Note: FATC Member, Bernie Schultz, suggested a "Twenty Questions" style interview series with long time members as a resource to those of us who weren't around the hobby a quarter of a century or more ago. Bernie felt that we could all benefit from learning more about these sages of antique tackle collecting. I agree wholeheartedly, and hope this series becomes a regular addition to FATC News. Emphasis will sometimes be placed on the collection, and other times on the collector, without much regard for the actual number of questions and responses having to equal twenty. To start the series off, two legends of FATC contribute an eleven question interview, this time with Bill Stuart quizzing Norm Pinardi. Enjoy, and please continue to communicate your comments, thoughts and suggestions...

BILL: "Norm, whatever possessed you to collect fishing reels?"

NORM: "Bill, I collect handmade reels, which are specimens of the finest craftsmanship of their era. Reels that are made of nickel silver endure the ravages of time, and with very little care still perform beautifully. Frankly, I enjoy holding one of them in my hands and feeling and hearing the spools and gears perform!"

BILL: "How did you start collecting reels?"

NORM: "I began collecting Kentucky reels, and especially tournament reels which had been fine-tuned by either the maker, or the tournament fisherman, to perform specific tasks such as casting for accuracy, casting for distance, etc."

BILL: "When did you become interested in Otto Zwarg?"

NORM: "Years ago, I happened to meet a lady, Patricia Robinson, who had been the secretary of the Otto Zwarg Company in St. Petersburg, Florida. I purchased an Otto Zwarg fly reel from her. It was new in a leather case, and had been owned by her uncle, who took over the Zwarg company after Otto's death. I also purchased a Maximo reel from her, which had been used by another uncle, and an Otto Zwarg catalog in new condition."

BILL: "How did you learn more about the man behind the reel?"

NORM: "From my visit with her, I learned that Otto's daughter, Inge Tucker, still lived in St. Petersburg. I wrote and called her to introduce myself and asked if she had anything related to the Zwarg company. She agreed to meet with me when her daughter, LaVone Tucker, was in St. Petersburg again. I was able to purchase a number of items from them. These included a reel made by her father when he was still with the Vom Hofe company, a black bass Vom Hofe reel he made for his wife."

BILL: "Were you able to obtain any other Zwarg memorabilia?"

NORM: "Yes, I also purchased a 1/0 fly reel encased in acrylic, which was presented to her when the company was sold; another catalog, numerous photographs of the company, and some company forms, letters, etc. The reel encased in acrylic was being used as a door stop when I purchased it. Mrs. Tucker later moved to South Carolina to be near her daughter, and subsequently passed away."

BILL: "Did you discover any other leads about the history of Otto's company?"

NORM: "Mrs. Tucker's daughter, LaVone, told me about Rudy Kramer, a man who ran the machine shop for Otto, crafting shop drawings of components for the machinists to follow. She

stated her desire to see him again, but since he had dated her mother at one time and they later broke up, her mother did not wish to be involved with him. LaVone looked on Rudy as a father figure at the time."

BILL: "Were you able to help LaVone in locating Rudy Kramer?"

NORM: "I found Rudy in a St. Petersburg phone book, tracked him down and met with him. I told him that Otto's granddaughter really wanted to see him. I hosted a dinner for the reunion, and they were both very excited to meet again. Rudy told me he had always urged Otto to let him produce shop drawings for his various reels, but Otto vowed there would never be drawings for his reels, because he wanted each to be handmade. For many years, Otto even refused to make screws in quantity, making a screw only for a reel that had been ordered. Later, Otto relented and had his shop produce a quantity of screws."

BILL: "Did Rudy have any special examples of Zwarg reels?"

NORM: "Most definitely! Rudy showed me a one-of-a-kind Zwarg reel in the original box, made for him upon his retirement from the company. It was a "1/2 0" reel, made by Ritchie Haertel, one of the machinists who made many of Otto's reels. He scaled down the components of a 1/0 reel and hand-crafted the reel from scratch. He engraved Rudy's initials on the reel. Rudy sold me a Zwarg catalog and a number of forms and pictures from the company, and identified the people in the photographs I had already purchased. After several years of friendship, Rudy sold me the reel, and it is the centerpiece of my Zwarg collection."

BILL: "Would you say that this reel is your favorite?"

NORM: "I have to say the reel I got from Rudy is one of two favorite reels in my collection; the other one being a Meek and Milam #1 reel."

BILL: "Norm, is there a method to your madness in collecting?"

NORM: "I am always on the lookout for Kentucky reels, but building the Zwarg collection is my primary interest at this time. With one exception, I own examples of all the cataloged reels made by Zwarg, and a 9/0 Maximo reel which is not found in the catalogs, along with the "1/2 0" one-of-a-kind reel I bought from Rudy. The only catalog reel I am missing is a Model 300 Fly reel in 6/0 size, and I continue to look for one to complete my collection."

"In addition to owning an example of each cataloged reel, I have a Maximo reel purchased by one of the founding partners of the company for presentation to his boss, a name

that is familiar to many people. This gentleman, Mr. L. G. Balfour, was president of the Balfour company that made high school and college rings in the South. It is engraved for the owner and even the reel case has his name on it."

"I also have a reel that had been purchased by NBC for a presentation to a comic in appreciation for a year's programming. This work was a predecessor to NBC's hit series 'Laugh In'. I own the first reel made in Florida by Zwarg, marked with the serial number B-1, and having a reel cover with only the letter "Z," made before Zwarg had received the reel covers stamped with the name of the company and 'St. Petersburg'."

BILL: "When will your collection be complete?"

NORM: "There is really no way to complete a Zwarg collection. Ed Pritchard has a 12/0 reel made by Otto, and I have personally seen a Zwarg reel which is the B-Ocean reel once made by Vom Hofe. Who knows what other special orders Zwarg filled during his years in business?"



Otto Zwarg "1/2 0" resting atop the Zwarg box marked for the reel



Norm Pinardi and Rudy Kramer



Norm's Meek and Milam #1



A Kentucky tournament casting reel

Thanks to all who helped with my collection!

~Chuck

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Cox's Sporting Goods Company

A Pictorial Array of the Known Promotional Labels of Grover C. Cox's Early Tampa Store

From the Collections of Ron Gast and Steve Cox.

Relax and drift back to a simpler time. Grover C. Cox's quaint sporting goods store front is evident in this photo, courtesy of Ron Gast. The ancient shop, dating from the late 1920s to early 1930s, serves as a stark contrast to today's concrete, metal, and glass Tampa skyline. The side banners refer to "Our New Home", and the right side of the building shows an advertisement for a "Music Revue", with what is obviously a staircase for ushering passers by to another floor. To the left of the store, an early Model T or similar vehicle is parked near the rear of the building. The marquee appears to be a lighted sign which combines the letters C, O, and X in a unified emblem.



Imagine yourself as a local fisherman. You can't contain your excitement at the prospect of a new retail establishment to shop for your fishing gear. You can even tell your lady friend you're innocently going to the sporting goods store in your old Ford, and while you're at it, you might stop in on the sweeties at the music revue on the second floor! How our minds can wander...



These Creek Chub box lids feature similar store labels which actually cover up the CCBCO graphics. Note the variation of each box label, with the first one from Ron Gast's collection, having a hunter and bird dog on the left, and a key on the right. The label on the second box appears with a female golfer on the left, and female tennis player on the right. Contained in it is an early Creek Chub "Pikie Minnow" in silver shiner with double line-tie and original papers, which dates this piece to the late 1920s. This lure and box is also featured in Ron Gast's story on Grover C. Cox in Volume VI of *Florida Lure Makers and Their Lures*. The lure was previously owned by Bill Stuart, who later traded it to Steve Cox.

Ron Gast intrigues us with two additional versions of labels used by Cox's Sporting Goods Co. Note that the upper example has a label on the bottom of a CCBCO box, like the Heddon box below. The label indicates the same address and uses the same primary print font for the store name, but with a different overall logo and marketing slogan. The next example to the right lists an earlier address and is much simpler in its graphics and design. Apparently the same individual that thought it wise to place the label over the CCBCO box tops from the opposite page, had been employed by Grover for some time. He was already covering the lids with a Cox's label indicating the original store address. This version of Grover's label actually refers to the bait as "Cox's C.C.B. Lure". Cox may have been attempting to take credit for Creek Chub manufactured and designed baits. Was a patent dispute ever pursued by CCBCO? At least we know why Grover changed his label.



This early "down leaping bass" Heddon box from the mid-to-late 1920s comes with a different version of the Cox's Sporting Goods Co. label, and is matched with the same label applied to the back of a baseball scorer's notepad. They were probably printed on a roll and cut to size prior to application. The notepad label appears to have been torn off the roll by hand, perhaps by an employee hired to plaster labels onto all merchandise in Grover's store! Ron Gast is the proud owner of the notepad, and Steve Cox recently obtained the Heddon box from FATC member Bob Drozd. The box is unmarked, so we can only speculate as to what lure might have been inside... maybe a "no-chin Zaragossa", looking surprisingly similar to Cox's "no-chin Tampa Minnow", for which production halted within a year or two prior to Heddon's patent for the Zara. Did Cox and Heddon make a deal? For more tantalizing theories, check out Ron Gast's story on Grover C. Cox in Volume VI of *Florida Lure Makers and Their Lures*.



From Club Secretary Ed Bauries

I am requesting that our membership offer any suggestions/ideas to improve member retention and renewal. The good news is we have 48 new members in the 2010 Directory who were not in the 2009 Directory. The bad news is 199 members listed in 2009 **did not renew**. This represents a net loss of more than 150 former members, or nearly thirty percent. This also results in a loss of annual club revenue approximating \$5,300.

Club membership in all service organizations is declining, and the dismal economy is certainly responsible to some degree. However, more than a few members have reported attending the shows on Saturday, as a member of the public, without paying their dues or registration, and benefiting without paying their share. While this strategy might work in the short term, if it were adopted by a

majority of club members, there would be no shows to attend, or a club to host them.

Another issue needing Board resolution is to establish a new system of invoicing the membership each year at the same time, for their annual dues. Historically, people do not write checks without an invoice for the goods or services they receive. If the club does not send one, should anyone be surprised when the check isn't in the mail?

Additional ideas to address member retention are welcome! Please, don't hesitate to comment to your Board members or Officers in person, by phone, email, or on the new FATC Facebook page.

Thanks,
Ed



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Gone Fishing...

ARTHUR J. TAYLOR

Renowned water color artist and bamboo rod builder Arthur Taylor, passed away April 25, 2010, near his home in Maine. He was a member of the FATC during the winters he spent on the West Coast of Florida.

He was 84, and is survived by his wife of 62 years, Ruth; daughters Leah Taylor and Shane Crisco of Conway, S.C., Laurie T. Brown and husband Robert, of Bangor, and Susan T. Rioux and husband Peter, of Winterport, and three grandchildren. He is also survived by one special sister, Lou Taylor of Quincy, Mass, and many nieces and nephews.

Arrangements with Clay Funeral Home, 7 Lee Road, Lincoln, ME. Contributions may be sent in his memory to the building fund for "Home on the Grange," 53 Slipper Ridge, Lee ME 04455. On-line register for condolences at www.clayfuneralhome.com

Born and raised in South Boston, he attended the Museum of Fine Arts, and graduated from Vesper George School of Art, where he met Ruth. He had a very successful commercial art career in New York and Boston, and moved to Maine in 1966.

He always found time to help conservation groups, and his paintings and illustrations have appeared regularly in sporting and art publications like the Atlantic Salmon Journal, Fly Rod and Reel Magazine, and the Art of Angling Journal. He received the Roll of Honor award from the Atlantic Salmon Federation in 1988, and was named Artist of the Year by the Federation in 1993.

He also co-authored a coffee table book, "Penobscot River Renaissance: Restoring America's Premier Atlantic Salmon Fishery."

Arthur was a close friend of FATC members Dick and Peggy Hall of Riverview, FL, and close to many FATC members.

Norm Pinardi

Published by the Florida Antique Tackle Collectors, Inc.
www.fatc.net

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

FATC Summer Show (August 6, 7, 8, 2010)

(see flyer enclosed)
Dolphin Beach Resort, St. Pete Beach, Florida
Show Host: Ron Gast
407-933-7435, ron@luresnreels.com

FATC Fall Show (October 22, 23, 24, 2010)

(see flyer enclosed)
Show Location: National Guard Armory
Hotel: Cabot Lodge, Tallahassee, Florida
Show Hosts: The Carters, The Fenwicks, and the Jetts
Frank Carter: 850-574-9718 - fandl@comcast.net
Lloyd Jett: 850-442-9084 - lloydjett@aol.com
Jack Fenwick: 850-926-7788 - fenwickj@comcast.net

FATC Daytona International (February 25, 26, 27, 2011)

Plaza Resort & Spa, Daytona Beach, Florida

FATC Spring Show (May, 2011)

Savannah, Georgia

Send Dues check or
money order payable to:
FATC, P.O. Box 2877,
Jupiter, FL 33468-2877

NFLCC Regional Meet Calendar

July 8 - 10, 2010, The National

Show Hosts: Bob Beebe and Phil Dawson

Knoxville, TN, at the "new" Knoxville Convention Center

Holiday Inn Downtown Hotel, (800) HOLIDAY / Direct (865) 522-2800

Hilton Knoxville Hotel, (800) 445-8667 / Direct (865) 523-2300

September, 2010, Council Bluffs, IA - (402) 397-2042 or (712) 256-2736

September, 2010, Fort Worth, TX - (817) 295-7750

September 24 - 25, 2010, Decatur, AL - (256) 355-6726 or (256) 565-8191

October, 2010, Grantville, PA (formerly Allentown)

October, 2010, Wisconsin Dells, WI - (715) 877-3328

October 23, 2010, Fort Wayne, IN - (260) 622-7107

November 5 - 6, 2010, Kelso, WA (Fall Show) - (206) 526-5814

November, 2010, Osage Beach, MO

November 11 - 13, 2010, Bakersville, CA

