“Scull...duggery”

FLORIDA SCULLERS
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Florida Sneaker Blade • Man-U-Trol

It's a Lure World After All!
Williams Wablers in Florida

Florida Antique Tackle Collectors Quarterly Newsletter
Volume 22, Number 2
Award Winners

DAYTONA INTERNATIONAL
2008

Award Winners

AT THE DAYTONA INTERNATIONAL
February 2008

EXHIBIT WINNERS:

Best Educational
Sonny Whitaker (Florida Rod Wrappers)

Best Topical
Kenny & Bretha Bryan (Darters)

Best Florida
Luke Pemberton (Pemberton Lures)

Reels
Jim Duncan (Coxe)

Junior Division
Megan Hardy (Fly Display)
Rachael Roberts (Frog Lures)

Outstanding Display

Walt Blue (Poe’s)
Rob Mallard (Florida)
John Zuhike (Pearl)
Mike Malis (John Aston)
Mike Sims (Al Foss)
Luther and Kay Tilghman
(Pal-O-Mine Scramble)
Gil Sorenson (Barracuda)
Bill Long (Florida)
Scott Watkins (Woodie)
Ray Haffington (Metal)
Ed Pritchard (Reels)
Steve Cox (Barracuda)
Frank Carter (Florida Lures)
Lloyd Jett (Florida Lures)

Mark Hosteller (Heddon)
Jan Cummings (Old Shakespeare)
Dan Kleiser (Rods)
Gene Meisberger (Fly Rods)
Clarence Smith (NFLCC Grading)
Norm Pinard (Otto Zwarg)
John Campbell (Paw Paw)
Ed Baueries (Florida Lures)
Paul Snider (Hook Gougers)
Graham Hardy (Heddon)
Martin Concannon (Flood “Shinner” Variations)
Joe Stagnitti (Birth of Wooden Minnows)
Doc Gamble (Fly Rods)
Bernie Schultz (Barracuda)
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Cover Photo: Not one, not two, but three exciting articles are in store for the reader with this issue! Lure collecting has universal appeal, as documented in the Williams Wablers in Florida article, featuring Otto Koestler’s ancient tackle box. Fellow buccaneer, Bill Stuart Jr., uncovers the buried treasure of Florida Scullers. The third feature, Part 1 of The Origins and Early History of FATC, focuses on the shows and lively auctions from the Club’s first five years.

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**Vice President**... Mike Mais, Ocala, FL
**Secretary**... Ed Bauries, Jupiter, FL
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Ed Pritchard, Jupiter, FL
Dennis McNulty, Chesapeake, VA

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**FATC News Editor**
Steven W. Cox
P.O. Box 288; Panama City, FL 32402
850-769-5594 (H), 850-769-5585 (W), 850-784-4829 (F)
email: econin@knology.net
or swcoxl@knology.net

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How many times have we met a total stranger, only to find that there is a kindred spirit, a thread of commonality, if you will, that brings everything back to fishing? Such is the case with the subject of this article, Mr. Otto Koestler. Mr. Koestler’s story comes to FATC by way of his grandson, Ken Koestler II.

Ken is an account manager with Allegra Print & Imaging, the firm that has provided FATC with its graphic design, layout, and printing of the FATC Newsletter for the past 2+ years. Ken and I met during one of my frequent sessions with Allegra’s staff preparing the magazine. He was intrigued and attracted by all the fishing lures, and introduced himself. The conversation soon focused on Ken’s memories of fishing with his grandfather, Otto Koestler.

Otto was born in the Buffalo area of western New York in 1904 to German/Austrian parents. Buffalo was then home to a large German immigrant population, and this group was a primary reason for the existence of the thirty-two (+ or -) beer breweries located in and around the city. Lake Erie was a key asset to the area, having an endless supply of clean water, and serving as a main shipping port for ingredients such as grains, hops, etc.

Otto owned and operated D. Newlands & Co. Florist, with vast greenhouses, where he raised all of his own bulbs for the floral needs of the western New York aristocracy. He contracted grounds maintenance and flower services/perpetual care for estates and burial plots/cemeteries. Otto and his wife Marie (from the Alsace Lorraine French/German border) had six children; four sons and two daughters. Two of the four sons, Ken and Karl, always fished with their dad. Otto worked 12 to 14 hours per day, and fishing was a privileged time and a luxury, tucked in after all labor and chores were complete. Once you were able to fish, “bringing home the bacon” was a necessity. As a result, while Otto fished for food, he also had a reputation for being one of the most serious trophy anglers in the area.

Marie was in charge of cleaning the fish, as well as pheasant, squirrel, rabbit, grouse, and other game for the Koestler table. The evening meal was always referred to as supper, never dinner! Ken II remembers his grandfather returning from a fishing trip with wooden barrels similar to nail kegs, lined with large pike, which his grandmother would immediately filet, skin, and de-bone the small “V” bones that discourage so many unskilled fishermen in their attempts to clean the tasty pike. Marie could do this quickly and accurately, and probably blindfolded as well!

Ken II fondly recalls the old Williams Gold Refining Company factory in Buffalo (now demolished). His grandfather’s ties to Alexander Williams and his son Reginald Williams had its roots in the landscaping services Otto performed for the Williams’ homes, which were large estates at the time. It was common to barter for items, goods, and services, especially during the lean depression and war years. Otto would often trade flower bulbs...
for produce, poultry, pork, tires, and other staples; not to mention the very expensive Williams Wabler fishing lures produced by the company. In lieu of payment, Otto took the fine 24K gold and pure silver spoons, spinners, and other tackle. This provided Otto with an endless supply of tackle from his friend Mr. Williams! Furthermore, Mr. Williams benefited by filling his floral needs, as well as having an expert fisherman to test his wares.

The Williams Gold Refining Company, Inc., had its indirect origins in northeast Canada, with John Scott Williams, a gold miner, John's son, Alexander D. Williams, followed in his father's footsteps, working a claim in the famous Klondike Gold Rush of 1898. As the claim "played out", Alexander came south to the United States, where he and a partner began producing a special dental gold filling amalgam in Kansas City. By 1912, he moved the company to Buffalo, New York. Within five years, he convinced his brother, Malcolm C. Williams, to establish another plant in Fort Erie, Ontario. This is the plant that still manufactures the Williams Wabler lures. Williams Gold Refining Company continued with research and development, securing patents on many processes of induction melting, plating, use of new alloys, dental appliance design and manufacturing. The firm continues as a thriving part of the Niagara Falls area economy to this day. Purchased by Breck's in 1989, Williams still makes the Wablers and other fishing tackle.

Otto, Ken's dad, Kenneth A. Koestler, and his uncle, Karl Koestler, fished the Niagara River and Lake Ontario near Wilson, New York. They also frequently mounted fishing expeditions on Lake Erie, the Erie Barge Canal, Lake Chautauqua, and Rice Lake, Ontario in the 1930s through the 1960s. Muskellunge, Northern Pike, Walleye, and Whitefish were the primary quarry. Fishing was done from shorelines, docks, and Otto's small wooden rowboat, equipped with the light metallic green 5.5 horse power Johnson Sea Horse outboard motor. Large spoons were trolled or cast for Muskie and Pike, while smaller lures were best for Perch or Walleye. Ken also remembers fishing for Steelhead, Lake Trout, and the rare "Blue Pike", which is now reported to be extinct. The Blue Pike, thought to be a subspecies of Walleye, was prominent in Lake Erie toward Cleveland and Angola, before pollution and the negative impact of non indigenous species such as the Zebra Mussel and the Round Goby (which were brought into the Great Lakes in the bilge of ocean-going cargo ships) had impacted its habitat. The Blue Pike fishery's most recent successful spawning occurred in 1954, and the fishery collapsed within the next three years.

Ken has vivid memories of fishing for Perch with grandfather Otto when he was seven to nine years old, often accompanied by his dad and uncle Karl. When he was older, Ken's love of fishing continued as he moved to Lake Nagawai, a small community on a 98 foot deep glacial lake twenty minutes west of Milwaukee, WI. He enjoyed catching the big Northern, Largemouth, and Walleyes there. Later, he moved to Coventry, CT, where he became interested in "in-line spinners", and fished for Largemouth and Smallmouth Bass. As fate would rule, he relocated to the Panama City

Alexander D. Williams and his son Reginald V. Williams, of the Williams Gold Refining Company, Inc. (photos from the Koestler family's book Buffalo, Lake City in Niagara Land by Richard C. Brown & Bob Watson)

Beach, FL area, and samples our local fishing opportunities whenever he can.

Ken still has his grandfather Otto's ancient wooden tackle box, with the initials O.K. carved into the lid. In its day, this old crate also saw double duty as a knife and gun cleaning kit, and an ammo box, taken in the field on many hunting and fishing trips. He treasures Otto's Meisselbach Tripart casting reel and an unmarked raised pillar reel, along with Mr. Koestler's metal bait casting rod. Ken's chance encounter with FATC has inspired him to rekindle his family fishing tackle heritage and store and display it with a new reverence for the special place it holds for him and his son Kenny Christopher Koestler.

P.S. Its still full of nice lures too! A Muskie Tin Liz, multicolored Pflueger Chum and McMurray Spoons, and yes, some 24k gold and pure silver Williams Wablers reside there, to name a few!

Sidebar: Ken notes an encouraging improvement in habitat and water quality of Lake Erie and surrounding waters, which is underscored by the recent Bassmaster's National Tournament, completed Sunday, July 22nd 2007 on Lake Erie. The winning stringer totaled 63 lbs., all Smallmouth Bass!

The above newspaper article details Ken Koestler's first muskie catch at age 9, fishing with his dad Ken at Cassadaga Lake, near Lake Chautauqua, August 12th, 1967.

A family photo of Marie and Otto Koestler at a Christmas gathering in the late 40s or early 50s.
**DELUDED (DILUTED?) DIGRESSIONS**

By Steve Cox

Political Perversion; Iraq Insanity; Fed Fandango; Fuel Farcicality; Adversarial Airlines; Spitzer Shenanigans; Craig Crazeless; Climatic Charlantans; Sub-Prime Submarine; Recession Reverberations; Unemployment Ugliness; Housing Heartburn; Taxation Tribulation; McCain, Pelosi, Obama, Obama, and Somebody’s Momma; Britney, Lindsay, and Paris Problems; Lions and Tigers and Bear Stearns, Oh My; Bill and Hill, How Much Is That Pill?; Tippecanoe, Tyler, and Chelsea, too!?

Whew! If all this isn’t enough to give anyone a serious headache, I don’t know what is... and remember folks, it’s only April! 2008 is quickly making its mark on our lives, and it is essential to have a respite, a sanctuary, an escape from the madness, if only for a short while. As I am sure it does for many of our members, my tackle collection provides just that.

I can open up my lure cases, study each piece, and marvel at the craftsmanship of the old tackle companies. It’s almost as if I enter a time capsule that takes me back to a bygone era, when American ingenuity and quality were unparalled. Not at all like the nine-year-old KitchenAid dishwasher that we paid extra for because of the “snazzy” touch pad control panel and the company’s reputation as the best and most reliable in the business. The magic touch pad has now bought the farm, and a replacement part costs $400 plus labor to install, when the original dishwasher was $803! It’s all stainless steel however, and our local scrap metal salvage yard will give me $20 per bucket for it (less the $10 for gas it will take to haul it there, and the $200 visit to the doctor to pay for the strained back, plus the prescription co-pay, naturally). Now, where did I put the Gibson?

This issue recognizes the outstanding Daytona exhibitors, and the most award winning displays ever presented at an FATC show. Larry and the membership pulled off another masterpiece, including a lively Saturday night auction. Along with the show highlights, Bill Stuart entertains us with an intriguing piece on Florida Scullers.

We have also included some archival club history (courtesy of Ron Gast’s record keeping efforts) of the early origins of FATC with a chronological listing of all the FATC meet dates, locations, and results (where available) for the first five years of the club’s existence.

To close out Volume 22, Number 2, there is a neat article describing how the club and the hobby can cross time zones, locales, and even a century to make a fishing lure connection. It starts with an old timer from Buffalo, NY and the memories of his grandson, and finishes up by being the printed magazine each of us holds in our hands. It underscores the fact that we’re never really that far apart on this planet, and sometimes closer than we ever imagined.

Finally, to all of you who graciously offered your prayers and sympathy/support during a most difficult time with the loss of my father, thank you. It is a great comfort to my family that we did not have to bear the loss alone.

The best thing about this issue is that for the first time in a while, we don’t have a “Gone Fishing” section to report.

Hope to see you at Mike Hall’s St. Augustine Spring Show, the first weekend in May!

**Steve**

### MEMBERSHIP UPDATE

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>New Members</th>
<th>Address Changes</th>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Robert Chaffiot</strong></td>
<td><strong>Michael Arthur</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>406 Lenore Ct.</td>
<td>2801 SW 108th Way</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rockledge, FL 32955</td>
<td>Davie, FL 33328</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>321-432-9287</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>321-446-9363</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><a href="mailto:lovpeace123@yahoo.com">lovpeace123@yahoo.com</a></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Jesse Furman</strong></td>
<td><strong>Ron Bash</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>304 Balsam St.</td>
<td>13247 High Road</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Palm Beach Gardens, FL</td>
<td>Lockport, IL 60441</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>33410</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>561-543-6304</td>
<td><a href="mailto:ronbash@msn.com">ronbash@msn.com</a></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>561-776-5488</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><a href="mailto:jessefurman@adelphia.net">jessefurman@adelphia.net</a></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Chris Howell</strong></td>
<td><strong>Doug Brace</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8152 Sierra Oaks Blvd.</td>
<td>6135 Hopespring Dr.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jacksonville, FL 32219</td>
<td>Orland Park, IL 60462</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>904-765-5150</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>904-233-5087</td>
<td><a href="mailto:marvinlily@comcast.net">marvinlily@comcast.net</a></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><a href="mailto:ckhowell@comcast.net">ckhowell@comcast.net</a></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>James Lanthorne</strong></td>
<td><strong>Paul Bradshaw</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1515 Banana Dr.</td>
<td>1110 Monteauzza Dr.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Titusville, FL 32780</td>
<td>Bradenton, FL 34209</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>321-267-4336 (home)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>321-652-5406 (cell)</td>
<td><a href="mailto:paul@bellsouth.net">paul@bellsouth.net</a></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><a href="mailto:lanthorne@bellsouth.net">lanthorne@bellsouth.net</a></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>John E. Sara</strong></td>
<td><strong>Carolyn Corwin</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2864 Highway View Cir.</td>
<td>418 Nerva Ct.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Clermont, FL 34711</td>
<td>St. Augustine, FL 32086</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>352-243-9896</td>
<td>904-797-6688</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>407-399-6907</td>
<td>new email address pending</td>
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<tr>
<td><a href="mailto:dssjess@yahoo.com">dssjess@yahoo.com</a></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Bob Theilacker</strong></td>
<td><strong>Charles R. Darst</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>861 Pine View Ave.</td>
<td>300 Beach Dr. NE, Apt. 2102</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rockledge, FL 32955</td>
<td>St. Petersburg, FL 33701</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>321-268-1080</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><a href="mailto:bthelilacker@aol.com">bthelilacker@aol.com</a></td>
<td><a href="mailto:davidfaxon@bellsouth.net">davidfaxon@bellsouth.net</a></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>David Tucker</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1150 George Anderson St.</td>
<td><a href="mailto:davidfaxon@bellsouth.net">davidfaxon@bellsouth.net</a></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Daytona Beach, FL 32174</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Loyce T. Jewell</strong></td>
<td><strong>Marvin Lilly</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4201 N. Benten Palm Dr.</td>
<td>4730 Hopespring Dr.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Lot 194</td>
<td>Orlando, FL 32829</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mission, TX 78024</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>M.A. Jones</strong></td>
<td><strong>Rick Marzolf</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>110 Lakeview Lane</td>
<td>68 Fischer Road</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mount Dora, FL 32757</td>
<td>Shropsbury, GA 30277</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Marvin Lilly</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>4730 Hopespring Dr.</td>
<td><strong>Allen M Veach, Jr.</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Orlando, FL 32829</td>
<td>P.O. Box 344</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Saluda, NC 28773</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Richard W. Williams</strong></td>
<td><strong>George Ubil</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>337 Trackrock Gap Rd.</td>
<td>28 Wenark Dr. #2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blairsville, GA 30512</td>
<td>Newark, DE 19713</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>George Ubil</strong></td>
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I'd like to begin by saying thank you for trusting me to guide your club. I will do my very best, with the help of your Board of Directors, and our editor Steve Cox, to continue in our effort to provide an important resource for tackle collectors from Florida, and all over the world. To that end, I have several objectives for my two year term as president.

The first is to grow our membership. No organization can succeed without a strong and growing membership. We need to bring in more young people as well. I'm 49 years old, and it's scary when I'm the youngest guy in a room.

The second goal I have set for myself and the club is to encourage more members to get involved with our club operations. In any organization, 10% of the people do 90% of the work. We need a few more members to step up and help those that serve. Thanks to Ed Baukies for answering the call and becoming our secretary after Ron Gast stepped down following 20 years of hard work.

My third and final goal is to remember to keep it all fun. It is a hobby after all. I see collectors that get so worked up over the smallest things, and I have been known to let situations get out of proportion myself. If you see me getting upset over something that won't mean a thing tomorrow, please remind me to have fun!

Daytona Memories.

While much of our sold out Daytona Show is a blur to me, there are a few memories that stand out. The first is looking up from the registration table on Saturday afternoon and seeing Barbara Brace with a big tray of oysters, crackers and cocktail sauce. It sure was nice of her and the shuckers to remember me.

The second memory I have of the show occurred about 1 PM on Thursday afternoon, the day before the show started. A group of us met early that day to organize and set the tables. It's a lot of work, and I greatly appreciate those that helped. The memory I have is walking through the show rooms after all the work was done. Nobody was around and the halls were quiet. It was very satisfying to see a year's worth of work come together.

The final memory I'd like to share is of the devastating look I saw on Ken Bass' face Saturday. Apparently, he bought a very nice lure for his collection, only to have lost it somewhere in the show. I think we can all relate to how he was feeling. He told me that he had no hope of ever seeing it again. Later that night, at our annual meeting before the auction, Johnny Garland announced that he had found a lure on his table and if the owner could identify it, he would happily return it.

This is the type of camaraderie that makes our club so special. We have a large number of quality men and women in our group; people that are willing to lend a hand, (setting up the show), serve our membership, (Barbara Brace), and lift the spirits of those in need of help, (Johnny Garland).

I'd like to ask our membership to get out and spread the word. A club this great shouldn't be kept to ourselves. Invite your friends, neighbors, and acquaintances to one of our shows. Take some time, show them around, and introduce them to our fellow collectors. I think they will thank you when you're done. I'd like to increase our membership 10% every year. I can't do it alone and need your help!

To everyone that helped at the Daytona Show, I am very grateful. Can you imagine having to judge all those wonderful displays? Ed Weston, Chuck Haddad and company did a great job. To all the people that gave up their time to offer appraisals, much thanks. To the folks that brought beautiful, incredible, and educational displays, the show would be nothing without you. Finally, to the people that worked registration, collected money for the 50/50 drawing, and stayed late to assist with our Saturday night auction, thank you from the bottom of my heart.

Our next show will be in St. Augustine, May 3rd, 4th and 5th. Give Mike Hall a shout to book your tables. As many of you know, my wife and I own a business that imports flowers, which we then sell to florists. It seems as though our Spring Show always falls the weekend before Mother's Day, and I am never able to attend. This year is not an exception, and you won't be seeing my smiling face in St. Augustine. I have full confidence in V.P. Mike Mas and the rest of the board to pull off another stellar show. It's a shame that we allow work to get in the way of our hobby, but I guess we couldn't afford to add to our collections without working hard in our various occupations.

I'll close by giving a big THANK YOU to Ed Pritchard. He has been an active club member for almost 20 years, and even though he is one of those "real guys", we owe him our deepest gratitude for guiding our club the last four years. I expect to lean on him for advice during my term as president. He has a great way of putting things in the proper perspective. I can only hope to be able to give as much back as those before me.

Until next time,

Larry

---

INDIAN CUTTING GRASS
Katherine Gorman

Prosue garments hide his copper breast
Whose sides wore the scarlet filigree
Of beads and feathered hair like raven-crest.
Here Seminole and Creek and Cherokee
Saw deer and fox patrol the forest cove.
His plundering canoe felt the otter's lurch
As many panthers flashed the hidden plover
And screaming eagles shook the tasseled birch
Where now the galax grow in verdant soil.
His kextrel eye show nothing of the dawn
Made brightly crimson by the frozen hoar.
And stolidly he moves the paleface loin
No plugging mustang bare against the loin
His noble head a profile on a coin.

A prophetic glimpse into the future from 56 years ago, as poet Katherine Gorman laments the plight of Florida's Native Americans in Florida Speaks, Summer 1952.
Reeling It in: When Fishing Lures Fetch $30,000

by Robert H. Boyle

THE STOCK MARKET FISHING, THE DOLLARS IS DIVING, and housing has hit the skids, but the market for fishing collectibles—rods, reels, lures, boxes, and more—is up, and even further up. Witness the prices realized, some absolutely crazy, at Lang’s auction in Rockport, Mass., in November. Two years earlier, Lang’s had set a world angling auction record by topping $1 million. Since then, for the fifth straight sale, the Watervliet, N.Y., firm has set record after record, with this last auction totalling a new high of $2.25 million.

Angling enjoys worldwide popularity, and about 975 of the 2060 lures come from Japan, Britain, Argentina, New Zealand, Germany, Norway, Canada, Sweden, Korea, Australia, and China, while absentee bidders, wherever they were on the planet, could call in on seven phone lines or bid by Internet via eBay. According to John Gannang, who with his wife, Debbie, owns Lang’s, Internet bidders accounted for a third of the sales.

The big draw: two very special collections, the first owned by San Diego Padres owner John Moores, who consigned 667 lots to benefit the Carter Center in Atlanta. Moores chairs the Center for ex-President Jimmy Carter. His fly-fishing buddy who described him in the catalog as the “first guy in the river and the last guy out”.

The second collection, 160 lots offered by the husband-and-wife team of Dan and Terry Tashjian, consisted of tackle and artifacts that belonged to Zane Grey, the purple-prose author of Western novels and the most famous fisherman in history. He once went 88 days at sea without ever a strike, but remained ever enthusiastic, saying, “The enchantment never fails.”

Her bidding began almost instantly with Lot No. 5 in the Moore collection: the only known example of a boxed-harlequin reel, made in 1869 by William Binghamhurst in Rochester, N.Y. It’s not anything that anyone would actually use, but as the first patented American fly reel, B. fished $10,250, more than double the high pre-sale estimate of $4,000.

A more orthodox offering: a Fliehfrevke & Paul handmade raised-pillar trout reel, estimated at $7,000 to $9,000, went for $10,000. As the only known example of a reel marked “Win. Mills & Co,” Wall Street metalworkers may have played a part in its making. Until the venerable tackle shop of William Mills & Son at 21 Park Place closed in 1971, it was the favorite toy store for generations of phonetically passionate brook- and bankers, many of them members of the nearby Anglers’ Club of New York.

Red collectors, whose mainstay is condition, condition, condition, can be ultra-fussy, with just one little “ding” —say, a hook-point puncture in the cork handle—enough to put them off. But rarity and historical importance trumped condition with four signed 19th-century American fly rods. Compare the estimates with the prices realized: a Charles Murphy 12 1/2-foot (estimated at $300 to $1,200) for $4,775; a 14 3/4-in. Thomas Mark of Boston (estimated at $700 to $1,000) for $8,500; a 14 7/8-in. J.C. Corry (est. $600 to $800) for $2,250; and a 12-inch Thaddeus Norris ($5,000 to $7,000) for $17,250.

In line with this, seven historic flies in a shadow box (estimated at $2,500 to $3,500) —with one fly tied by Theodore Gordon, hailed in the catalog as “the father of American fly tying,” and another one by his admiral, Wall Streeter and angling author George LaBranche—brought $9,275.

Prices rocketed into outer space for books from the grand collection of Derrydale Press limited editions that Moores bought 12 years ago from Don Frazier for a nice bargain $25,000. And these of the 275 lots realized $307,280, including Atlantic Salmon Fishing by Charles Phair, deluxe two volumes, one with mounted fish and materials (estimated at $10,000 to $20,000), sold for $30,000. Four 1829-1830 membership documents of the Anglers’ Club of New York, three printed by Derrydale (estimated at $4,000 to $6,000) brought $7,250. A Book of Trout Flies, by Preston Jennings, deluxe two volumes, one with mounted flies ($20,000 to $30,000) soared to $89,600, more than double the auction record set a year ago.

Dealer Judith Berman of Bedford, N.Y., lamented: “I went with $150,000 to bid on seven books, and I got just one.” Her catch: Charles Cotton and the River (estimated: $1,000 to $2,000), required her to pay up $11,200.

Zane Grey press was well, well. His original fishing chair (estimated at $3,500 to $10,000) realized $24,000. His personal fishing permit in red and blue, with initials “ZG,” (estimated at $3,000 to $5,000) went for $25,400. A pair of leather cowboy pants he wore in the West (estimated at $5,000 to $8,000) sold for $6,825.

A recent biography by scholar Thomas Pahly revealed that although Grey was married, he had a dozen women on the side. The auction included four lots of love letters to him in a code he devised for his pals. The lot of the two partly cabled letters from Mildred Smith (estimated at $300 to $500) brought $1,061. Well, the man didn’t fish all the time. \m

Robert H. Boyle, based in Cooperstown, N.Y., is the author of The Ausable River: A Natural and Unusual History.
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Far Right: Graham Hardy's massive Heddon exhibit

Left: Tampa Bay Rod Wrappers
Right: Bob Dennis' Creek Chubs
Far Right: Martin Concannon's cool Flood assortment

Left: Walt Blue's Poe's Lures display
Right: Bagley LB4 Bass on White collection
Far Right: Jim Duncan's Coxe & Perez Reels

Left: Florida Flapper display case courtesy of Luke Pemberton
Right: A great arrangement of Creek Chub Tarpon Pikies
Far Right: Worley Pruett's black & white theme

Left: Paul Snider's comprehensive hook remover collection
Right: A nice case of Kent Frogs
Far Right: A fine early Shakespeare display
A whole case of Shark Ikes

A varied grouping of South Bend lures

Left: Arthur and Karen Edwards' beautiful Chippewa Baits
Right and Far Right: Dan King's Spoon Plugs in a variety of colors

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Right: Natural wood lures in all sizes
Far Right: John Zuhike's "MOP" Pearl collection

Left: 1st Strike lures from Sarasota, FL
Right: A presentation of CCBCO red & white lures
Far Right: Jo Dell White lures & FATC 2008 embroidered patch

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