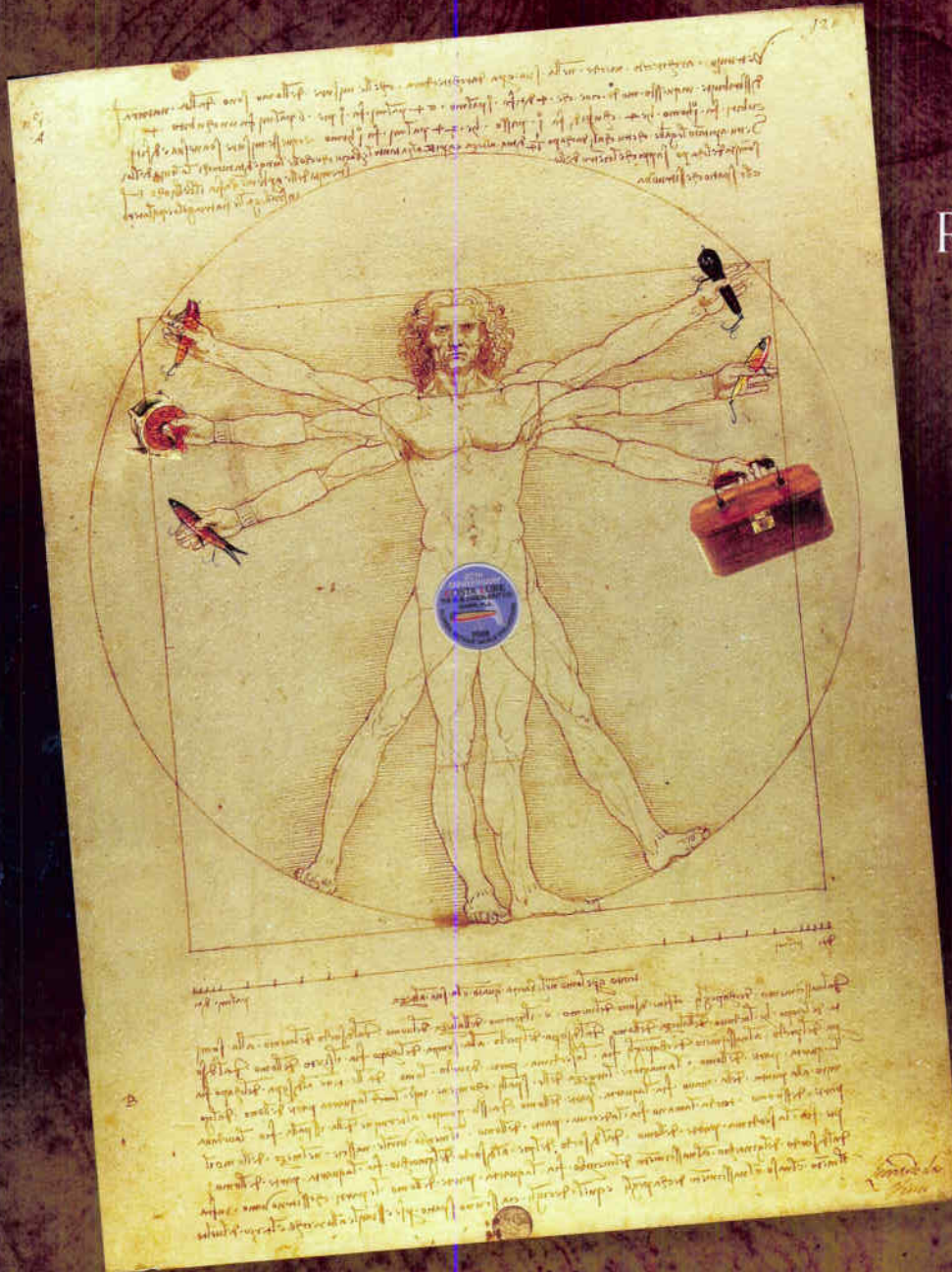


F.A.T.C. NEWS

Florida Antique Tackle Collectors Quarterly Newsletter

Volume 22, Number 3



RAMBLINGS OF AN OLD...
COLLECTOR? DEALER?
PACKRAT?

NOTHING VENTURED,
NOTHING GAINED.

A MAN FOR
ALL REASONS

*The Origins and
Early History of
F.A.T.C.*
PART 2

THE ANATOMY OF A TRADE



Lots of interesting stuff from "off the street!"



Appraisals of old tackle brought in for possible auction



"On the spot" auction action



Award Winners

AT THE ST. AUGUSTINE SHOW
May 2008

EXHIBIT WINNERS:

Best Educational Lures

Dennis McNulty (*Bug-N-Bass*)

Best Topical Lures

Ed Bauries (*Barracuda*)

Best Florida Lures

John Zimpleman (*Florida Lures*)

OUTSTANDING DISPLAY:

Doug Brace (*Do-All*)

Steve Cox (*Barracuda*)

Jim Duncan (*CCBCO*)

Stephanie Duncan (*West Virginia*)

Jan Cummings (*Shakespeare*)

Russ Griffin (*Fly Rod Lures*)

Bill Stuart (*Bagley*)



Dennis McNulty's award for "Best Educational Display" (*Bug-N-Bass*)



John Zimpleman's award for "Best Florida Lure Display"



Ed Bauries' award for "Best Topical Display" (*Barracuda lures*)



Jan Cummings' magnificent hand crafted lures



Some of Bill Stuart's unusual Bagley lures



Dennis McNulty's award winning Bug-N-Bass display



Folk Art lures made by Joe Moore



Larry Mayer's homemade lure display



John Zimpleman's Florida lure display



Ed Bauries' Ousley Snook Minnows



F.A.T.C. NEWS

The Newsletter of the Florida Antique Tackle Collectors, Inc.

July 2008 Volume 22, No. 3

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Cover Art: The incomparable Leonardo Da Vinci shadows his easily recognizable sketch of "Vitruvian Man", firmly entrenched in a heavy tackle trade. Since Da Vinci's art has graced so many covers of the medical text *Grey's Anatomy*, it seems only natural to borrow it for "The Anatomy of a Trade". Da Vinci was the master designer and architect of his time, and would probably approve of our addition of two extra arms to his sketch, with the knowledge that it would assist in illustrating a complex trade with his fishing buddies. As for the modified fig leaf, it is self explanatory, considering this is a family publication.

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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: econfinatackle@knology.net
 or swcoxclu@knology.net

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Steve Linkous' "Virginia made" lure display



Chuck Heddon's Deep-O-Divers



Jim Duncan's cool Creek Chub Plunker assortment



Lloyd Jett's FATC patches and lures, combined with his creative representation of the covers for the *Florida Lure Makers* reference books.



Outstanding display winners



DELUDED (DILUTED?) DIGRESSIONS

By Steve Cox

Reflections on Mealworms, Needle Nose Pliers, and Grammy's Lake Place

As I sat on my mother-in-law's deck overlooking the historic Congamond Lakes, which had provided most of New York City's ice in the early 1900s, I contemplated the events of the past few days. My wife's mom, Claire Cigal, had just passed away after living at home for over ninety one years. Obviously, this was a difficult time for the whole family, but especially for Claudia and our daughters, Nicki and Haley, who were all very close to "Grammy".

Claire and her husband Aldo, who died in 1991, had built a beautiful home on South Pond, part of the Congamond Lakes chain, in 1989, and it was a real treat to fly up to Connecticut in the spring and summer each year to visit. At Grammy and Grampa's, Nicki, and later, Haley, learned to fish for Bass and Punkinseeds, Bluegill and Bullheads, and the exciting nighttime thriller, large brown eels! We would drive across the lake and go north to Southwick, MA, to our favorite bait & tackle shop, Barb's Bait (with the motto "Quit wishin, go fishin!") or south to Granby, CT, to Robblett's Sporting Goods, where the owner, Ginger, was always grumpy, but also where the best bass minnows (shiners) could be found.

We purchased night crawlers, medium sized minnows, trout worms and the dreaded, terrifying, mealworms (packed in sawdust, no less!). It was so amusing and perplexing to me that both girls, despite the 1 1/2 year difference in their ages, readily grabbed a night crawler and would stab it by various means with a fish hook, but wouldn't even touch the scary mealworms, with their insect head and small legs bunched up around the front of their bodies, and the balance of the worm appearing not unlike a mega-maggot on steroids! Nicki said they reminded her of a miniature of the monster sandworms in the "Tremors" Sci-fi movies. Nicki and Haley both knew, however, that the Punkinseeds and Bluegills loved the mealworms, and would beg me to bait their hooks with the grubs.

This activity would continue until the fish were in such a frenzy that I couldn't keep the girls' hooks baited for having to remove all the fish. Necessity being the mother of invention, an impatient Nicki finally resorted to grabbing mealworms with Grammy's needle nose pliers and hooking them in that manner. It was such a hoot to be a proud Dad and just step back and watch Nicki showing her little sister Haley how to impale the bait without touching it! Haley soon caught on, and she has since expanded this technique to hooking crickets while bream fishing at White Oak Plantation, too!

I was relegated to a supporting role observing my girls fishing on their own. From then on, my assistance was needed only during a reel backlash, or when night fishing. That was usually when the panic of a large eel dragging our unattended rod and reel into the water got Nicki and Haley too excited and spooked to wade in and retrieve it on their own, especially in the dark!

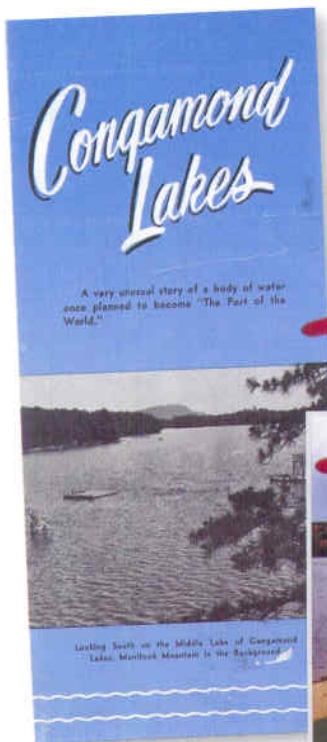
We usually fished from the floating dock or from shore, but one memorable day, Nicki and I took Uncle Ron's canoe to a secluded cove. There we found a large area of bedding Bluegills in only two feet of water! The fish were so thick we ran out of bait, and still the fish would bite, even on a bare hook! We always released them, so there would be plenty to catch on the next trip to Grammy's "lake place".

As I reminisced about the vivid recollections of days gone by, I recognized that this was the end of an era for our family. The house on South Pond will be sold in the near future, and the annual trips to fish at Grammy's with my daughters are but a memory. While I fight back the tears of sadness at this prospect, I am also amazed at how blessed our family has been to have a "lake place" to visit, to grow up, to enjoy, and to experience. Claudia's parents did a great many good and wonderful things in their lives, and nothing can be more meaningful than the sanctuary they created for their future generations. God bless you both, Aldo and Claire. Perhaps we all have similar blessings happening around us, which we should cherish, defend, and appreciate. Open your eyes and your heart, and take them in...

Those of you who were unable to attend Mike Hall's and John Zimpleman's St. Augustine Spring Show missed out on one of the best turnouts from the public in several years. One hundred and twenty one visitors showed up, and fully half of them brought tackle for appraisals. Some of this gear was quality stuff, and several spot auctions were held, with the results being smiling visitors with cash in their pockets, and smiling club members with nice additions to their collections. Mike and John advertised the show well, and it was a great success, with a number of St. Augustine baits brought in. I personally made several good trades and ate at some excellent restaurants each night, too!

This issue offers another gem from Lloyd Jett, rambling both about the good old days and current rare tackle values. Bill Stuart showcases Rev. Bob Dennis and his many talents, and a new FATC News author, Marvin Lilly takes us on a garage sale fantasy journey that's guaranteed to catch your interest. I finish things out with some more early club history, and an interesting (hopefully) diatribe on the art of tackle trading. By the time members get this copy of the newsletter, a number of us from FATC will have returned from the NFLCC National in Peoria, and will be chomping at the bit to get to our Summer Show in St. Pete Beach, hosted by Ron Gast. See you there!

Steve



PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE



Dr. Hook and the Tackle Show

This past weekend, I had the opportunity to get together with a small group of tackle collectors out of state. We did some fishing, ate some great country cooking, and talked a lot of tackle. One of the many topics we discussed involved the difference in today's collectors and those who have been collecting for the last thirty or forty years. The general perception was that tackle collectors who came up from the beginning are much

more versed in all aspects of tackle. They have a general knowledge of most tackle companies and can identify far more tackle than a typical newer collector.

I see a comparison between these seasoned collectors and the old family doctor. I would imagine many of us have appointments with more physicians than we care to these days. Most of us can remember the doctor we had in earlier years, who was most often a general practitioner. The man (in my case) could diagnose anything from a pulled muscle to gall stones. He would set broken bones and remove your tonsils as well. He was forced to learn it all, as there were few specialists around in those days.

This is much like the collector who started in this hobby with little or no reference material, and few other collectors to share information with. They had to do their own research and scratch out lure facts one at a time. I'm certain many of our old general practitioners sat around remorsefully because of patients they had lost, due to the fact that they didn't have the specialized knowledge necessary to save them. Similarly, these early tackle collectors reminisce about great lures or deals that slipped out of their hands because they didn't know what they had, or it wasn't important to them at the time.

I have a G.P. today and she is a great doctor. She takes the time to sit down and listen to my health issues, but most of the time she refers me to a specialist. She may be 99% certain she could cure my ailment, but there are so many specialists, and perhaps due to liability concerns or managed care policies, she passes me along to one of them.

Many of our newer collectors, myself included, have become specialists. In my case, I entered the hobby at the peak of tackle prices in the mid to late 1990s. Within a year, I found out that I could not afford to collect everything I liked. I focused on the Porter Bait Company, since they worked out of my hometown of Daytona Beach.

There are a huge number of specialists in our hobby now. Many are well versed in numerous tackle manufacturers, but choose to focus on a specific company or two. I believe there is a need for this type of collector as well. We are the specialists that the G.P.s refer other collectors to after their basic questions have been answered. Like a medical specialist, we know one thing and know it well. We have a deeper sense of knowledge in our preferred field and can often pick up nuances in lures that many others would miss. We also have a tendency to question authority and ask why something is categorized as one thing when we feel differently. The other good thing about being a specialist is that everyone knows what you collect, so I think you get more offers to buy than a typical G.P.

There is a third type of collector/doctor. They are the researchers. This collector is passionate about knowledge and history and will go to the ends of the earth to research and document a lure maker or

manufacturer. Names like Doug Brace and Bill Stuart come to mind. These collectors are the heart and soul of our hobby. Without them, there would be no provenance, only rumor and speculation. For our collections to be valuable we must build them on facts, for that is what future collectors will care about. We owe these researchers a debt of gratitude, as we do the medical researchers that come up with cures to diseases that took the lives of our parents and grandparents. The fact that these researchers chose to share their hard fought knowledge with us is something very special.

There is a need for all three types of collectors in our hobby. The G.P. goes to the specialist for clarification, and the specialist goes to the G.P. for the overall knowledge they possess. Both groups then count on the researchers to give them facts to build on. The one thing I know for sure is that our G.P. collectors have much better stories to tell. Listening to a doctor that used to make house calls is a lot more interesting than listening to your dermatologist tell stories! Our early collectors can surely entertain with the collecting stories they have amassed.

Most of the knowledge a specialist learns comes from their own research, or by being willing to learn for others. If you are a specialist and have an opportunity to spend time with a good G.P., sit down, listen and absorb what they are saying. There is such a wealth of information our early collectors have that must be preserved and passed along.

I hope everyone is packing their tackle for the St. Pete show hosted by Ron Gast. Mark your calendars for August 22nd through the 24th. The Dolphin Beach Resort is a great place to bring your family, and with the exception of Daytona, few places allow us to enjoy our hobby while overlooking a beautiful beach and pool. There are lots of great restaurants close by, as well as plenty of shopping. I'm also looking forward to our Fall Show in Crystal River, October 31st, November 1st and 2nd. This show is almost sold out, so contact Mike Mais if you will be attending.

Looking back to our May show in St. Augustine, I'd like to thank Mike Hall and his co-host John Zimpleman for all their hard work. I was only able to drive up Friday for the FATC board meeting and a quick walk around, but I heard great things about Saturday. Many people showed up from the area with tackle for appraisal, and fortunately left it for our auction. I would certainly like to get back to that area for another show in the near future.

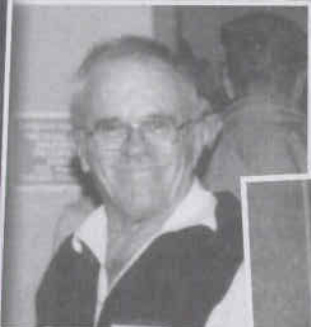
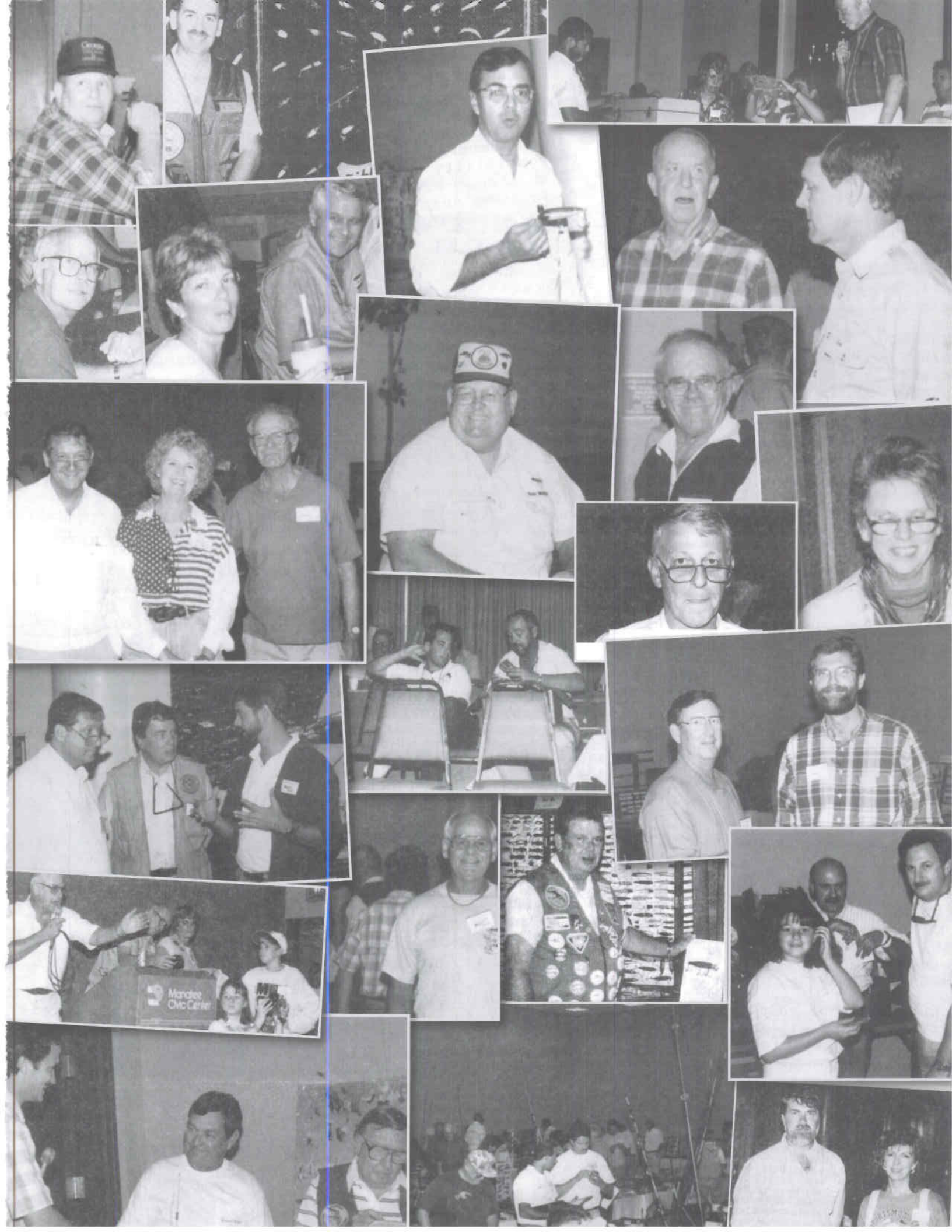
It is always great to see some new authors in our newsletters. Perhaps you have an idea for an article. There are so many passionate collectors in our club; I know many of you have a subject in your head just waiting to get on paper. "Don't worry about being eloquent", Ed Pritchard told me when I became president... "You can send Steve Cox seven random words and he'll make a great article out of them." Please don't let the fact that you may not be the next Ernest Hemingway keep you from sharing your knowledge with other collectors. How many of you light up when your FATC magazine arrives? I know I do. I read it from cover to cover that night. Give Steve or myself a call with your idea for an article and start writing it tomorrow.

I would like to wrap this column up by reminding everyone that life is precious, so live each day as if it is your last. We are not on this planet forever, and these toys we collect, while fun, are only a hobby and cannot define us as people. The legacy we leave behind will be not be judged by how many toys we had, but how many friends and loved ones who's lives we've touched.

Until next time,

Larry 





The Origins and Early History of F.A.T.C.

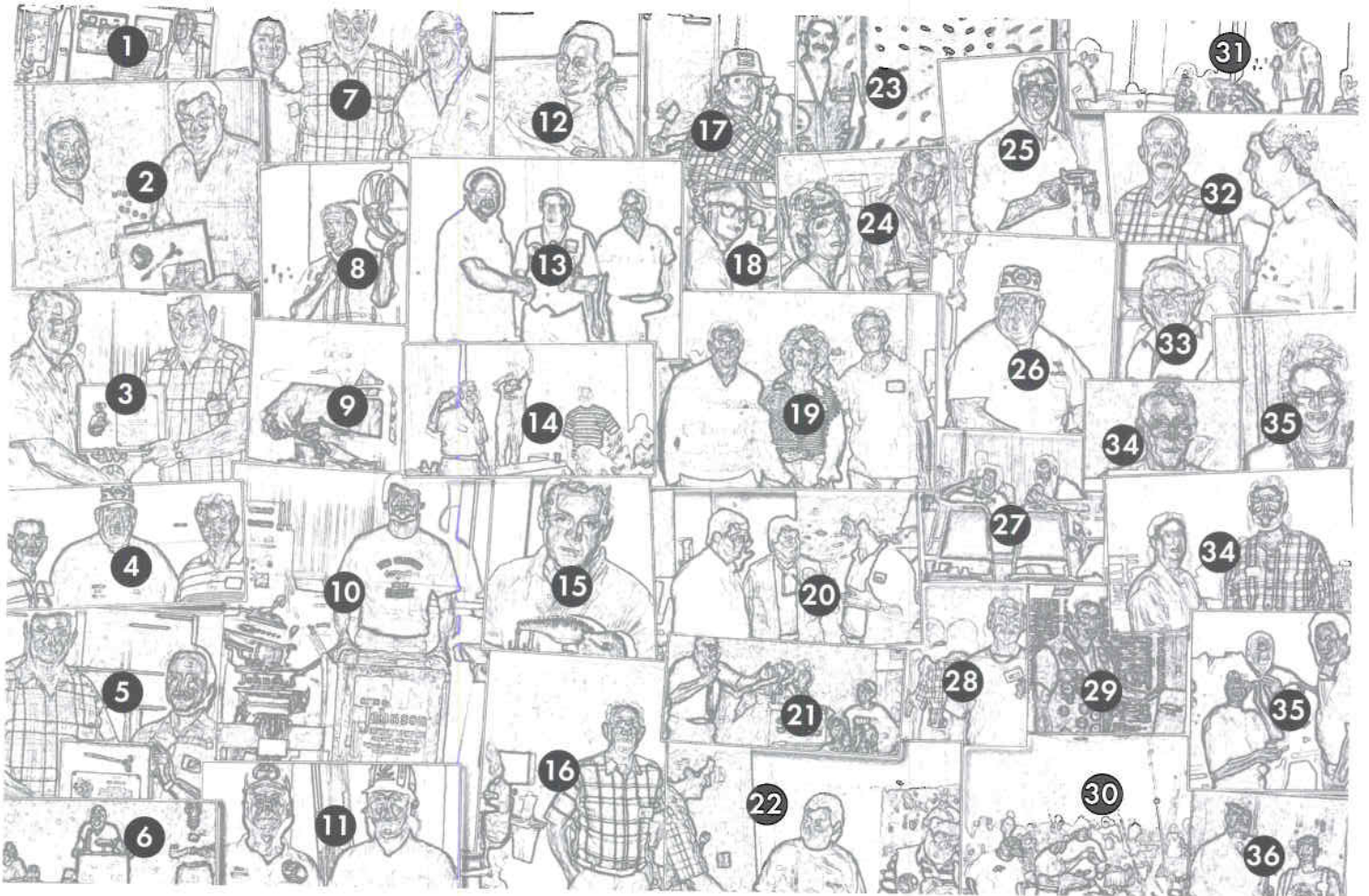
PART 2 BY STEVE COX

In this installment of FATC's early history, a compilation of photos taken from the first five years of the *FATC Newsletter* is offered in the form of the collage on the previous pages. As collectors of vintage tackle, it is common to encounter unidentified lures, reels, rods, and other related items. Being the curious primates that we are, it is **essential** to research, compare, and discuss, until we eventually uncover the true identity of the item or beat it into submission trying. Therefore, in the spirit of the well worn question "Can you identify this old lure?", it may now be appropriate to modify that inquiry so it reads "Can you identify this old lure *COLLECTOR?*"

Using the outlined image below and the blank numbered list on page 17, compare it to the photo collage to see if you can identify the much younger version of these FATC members, both past and present. If some of you have a bad case of CRS, or weren't around back then, a key will be provided in the next issue of *FATC NEWS* to assist.

In any event, it's always fun to look back at ourselves and marvel at how much younger some of us once were. Also, many of us that are now active in the club weren't even collecting tackle when these photos were made, and had no knowledge that FATC or NFLCC existed. Hopefully this realization will provide the membership with the opportunity to mull over where we've been, and where we are going.

In keeping with this thought, President Larry Lucas' message about the old general practitioners of tackle collecting, and Lloyd Jett's "Ramblings" article, challenge all contemporary collectors to seek out the old guard, buy them a cup of coffee or lunch, ask a few questions and see what happens. You might be surprised at the wealth of knowledge which will cascade down upon you and enlighten you about a great many things. Perhaps, one of the collectors in this collage would be a great place to start... if you can recognize them!





Past & CURRENT

NOTES OF INTEREST

FATC News received this response from long-time member Jim Strickland, who reminisced about a "parking lot flea market" which developed at one of the past tackle shows, and an article noting the value of a Haskell Minnow some twenty years ago. Check out the price of the Haskell now! The article also gave a plug to the FATC show scheduled that weekend in Orlando, and hosted by Jim.

Steve,
 Here is a little piece that appeared in the Orlando Sentinel 5/28/88 about Fatc # 2 in Dalmado. I joined FATC at this show. I hosted show # 19 in Orlando. We ran little ads in all the local papers and a lady called me and said she had her Dad's fishing tackle. I told her to bring it to our show. On the day of the show she came to show Registration and introduced herself. I asked her to bring the tackle in, she said there was too much to bring in. We went out to her truck and the bed was covered with cardboard cartons. Most of the stuff was 30 years or less old. The officers came out and picked out some stuff for the auction. Then we invited everyone else out to deal with the lady directly. It was like a Flea market in the Hotel parking lot. Just some of my memories from early FATC.

Thanks,
 Jim Strickland

"Notes From The Street" July 2008

Submitted by D.J. Brace based on personal interviews.

The Club's first show in St. Augustine was well received by the public. Many of the locals were familiar with past lure makers in town and willingly shared their knowledge.

When the question about lure maker Ben Smith was raised: "How was it that someone who operated a drug store/sundry shop had time to make lures"? It was noted that in those days stores were closed Wednesday afternoons, Saturday afternoons and on Sunday; thus creating free time.

"I worked for "B.O." Smith when I was 14-15 years old. His drug store is now an antique shop. The lures were made in the back of the store by "B.O." Some of the plastic material was from melted-down screwdrivers."

E.B. - St Augustine

"A green bench in front of the drug store was sometimes referred to as "Buzzard's Roost". Old-timers often sat here and had a sip of their favorite libation. For a period of time, my father worked for Smith and helped make his lures. "Fatty" Rohair was another local lure maker."

J.C. - St. Augustine

"P.L. Douglas was known as "Sonny Boy/Uncle Doug". He used the windshields of military aircraft as his source of plastic for lures. It was the sinking action of his minnow-type bait that caught fish in the deep holes of Pellicer Creek, about 15 miles south of town."

D.H. - Villano Beach

"Back then, the reason locals made their own lures was because there were times of the year when fish wouldn't bite on shrimp or minnows, or bait wasn't available. Additionally, factory-made lures were both expensive and scarce. This was why my dad made Plexiglas lures from his own brass molds; they were given away to friends."

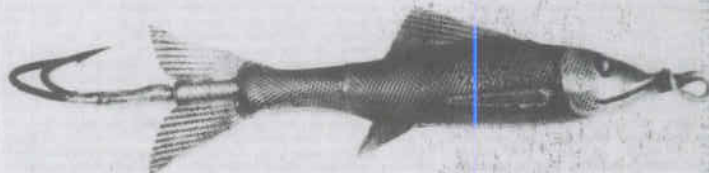
J.P. - St. Augustine



Former **SMITH'S SUNDRIES** (operated by lure maker Benjamin O. Smith), located at the intersection of San Marco and Cincinnati, as it looks today.

ANTIQUES

RALPH AND TERRY KOVEL



World record price of \$20,350 was paid for this Haskell Minnow, a lure made in 1859.

Old fishing lures become alluring

Fishing tackle and sporting goods are becoming some of the fastest rising collectibles. Last year, collectors were surprised when a small lure sold for more than \$9,000, and recently a new record was set when one sold for \$20,350.

This record-setting lure, a Haskell Minnow about 6 inches long, was made in Painesville, Ohio, in 1859. A Minnesota man who had seen a picture of the \$9,000 lure said he thought he had seen one in his collection of lures.

Two weeks later he found it and sent it to auction. His wife, who had always wondered why her husband was such a pack rat, keeping all sorts of old gear, no longer wonders, now that his habit has bought new carpeting for their home.

All sorts of old fishing gear, from wooden plugs to split bamboo fly rods, some made as late as the 1940s, are bringing high prices.

Collectibles change in value quickly. It pays to look again at the stuff you've accumulated in the attic or garage. There may be some overlooked treasures in your stored sporting equipment.

Check out old hunting and fishing items, golf clubs, tennis rackets, bicycles, skis and skates.

Tackle show, sale

An antique fishing tackle show, sale and auction will be held today and Sunday at the Radisson Plaza Hotel, 60 S. Ivanhoe Blvd., Orlando.

Sponsored by the non-profit Florida Antique Tackle Collectors Inc., the show will feature 50 dealers displaying more than 10,000 items.

Exhibits will include the collection of Longwood resident Chuck Haddon, whose great-grandfather, Jim, started a lure manufacturing company in Dowagiac, Mich., in 1896. Fredrick Flood, Frost-proof, will show his collection of carved folk art lures crafted in 1927.

Tackle collectors tend to be sport fishermen who seek the items as material links to their interest, said club secretary Steve Fussell. However, he said, many valuable lures are in danger of being discarded by people who have inherited the tackle box of a parent or grandparent, but have not inherited a fondness for fishing.

Show hours are 8 a.m. to 10 p.m. today and 8 a.m. to 4 p.m. Sunday. The auction begins at 1 p.m. Sunday. Free appraisals of tackle will be given throughout Sunday. Admission is \$2.

—DENISE SALVAGGIO

THE ANATOMY OF A TRADE

BY STEVE COX

Most FATC members who know me are familiar with my passion for organizing complicated trades involving up to seven or eight different lure/tackle collectors. This is confirmed by my slogan embroidered on the back of my fishing shirts, which reads "No Cash, No Checks, No Credit, Just Old Lures". Whether it's the thrill of the hunt, the smell of the chase, or the strategic chess game maneuvers required to pull it off, the trade is what I enjoy the most about collecting. Oh, yes, let's not forget the agony of defeat either! As often as not, a seven or eight-way trade falls apart like a house of cards, because there's just so many things that can go wrong; so many moving parts; so many egos to avoid bruising!

Typically, a trade develops between only two or perhaps three collectors. John has a "Cross-eyed Chugger" in rainbow in a mint box that Bob wants, but he's not sure Bob's price is right, or if he'll even sell it... John knows Bob has an awesome collection of "Red Breasted Mattress Thrashers," and Paul has the one color Bob needs to complete his collection.

For all you potential traders that are still with us, this should be easy! All John has to do is find out what Paul needs to free up that bait for Bob, and the trade is in the works! If Paul only wants pictures of dead presidents, then it's a done deal... At the most, John has only to race across the room and ask one of the Club experts (we've all done it) if Paul's price is right, and return to Bob's table to confirm that the condition of the bait is acceptable to Bob. If Paul's price is okay, and Bob likes Paul's bait, John can then decide if he wants the "Cross-eyed Chugger" enough to \$\$\$ consummate the transaction.

I would classify this as a two-way trade with cash "boot" to a third collector. Not the easiest trade, but still fairly routine among our Club. If John had a trader for Paul, it would be a three-way trade, since each of the guys pulled from their own collection, to effect what amounts to a lure swap between the three parties. This works great until the depth of one's collection proves too shallow to pull from one's own inventory.

When this is the case, the scenario changes ever so slightly, and things can get complicated in a hurry! Paul may take the position that he's not giving up his "only one known in this color Red Breasted Mattress Thrasher" unless he can get John's "Frogskin Feathered Flapper" and Will's "Slant-nosed Subtorp" (for another trade he has going with Joe). Under these circumstances, John's chances of completing this trade are severely reduced! At this point, most people give up in frustration, but it's really just getting interesting.

John knows emotions run high and personalities sometimes clash, causing animosity, or worse! Will may not want to help Bob, because he kept one of Will's baits for more than a year and then decided he didn't need it after all. It was returned

with a pointer in the paint on the left side that wasn't there when Will first gave it to him. Besides, Bob's never done anything to help Will's collection, and Will believes Bob is jealous of the resources he has at his disposal. Furthermore, John is reminded that Jim has a well-deserved reputation for being an unapologetic know-it-all. How could John possibly endure the long dissertation (Q: What time is it? A: Did you know this clock has a 23 jewel Swiss movement?) he knows will be coming once he approaches Jim?

Well folks, this is where the wheat gets separated from the chaff and the faint of heart should never delve. It's also the perfect time to reinforce the Golden Rules of Trading:

1. Trade unto others, as you would have them trade unto you. Don't take advantage of a fellow collector, especially a beginner.
2. A trade is not a success unless **all** parties are happy and satisfied.
3. Pigs get fat and hogs get slaughtered.
4. Repeat numbers 1, 2, and 3 as many times as necessary.

If these rules cannot be followed, the entire trade should be called off, and any components of the transaction already completed reversed.

It should also be noted that it is probably a good idea to let all parties in the trade know what's going on and who is involved. Some collectors may disagree with this and take the position that they must hold their cards close, thereby not revealing their sources. They reason that they can avoid being bypassed (if one party knows another's interest in a particular bait and attempts to eliminate the "middle-man" in the deal). Again, I would refer them back to the Golden Rules of Trading, because this strategy runs the risk of having one's integrity in the deal tainted (especially if the "middle-man" gets greedy and is discovered by anyone in the deal).

Usually, (but not always), the collector with the most valuable or rarest item in the trade is firmly planted in the center of the trade and has control, since his item commands the most give and take, the highest value, the toughest collateral to make the trade happen. However, the **most motivated trader** is often the catalyst, the facilitator, and the "point man" in the trade. As such, he has more control than what his stake in the deal might otherwise justify.

This facilitator must be able to mix well with others, communicate effectively, and be pretty good with math. Considering the number of twists and turns that can happen, and the significant values involved, it is often necessary to work these out in one's head. I've been blessed with the ability to recall numbers and event timelines fairly well, and



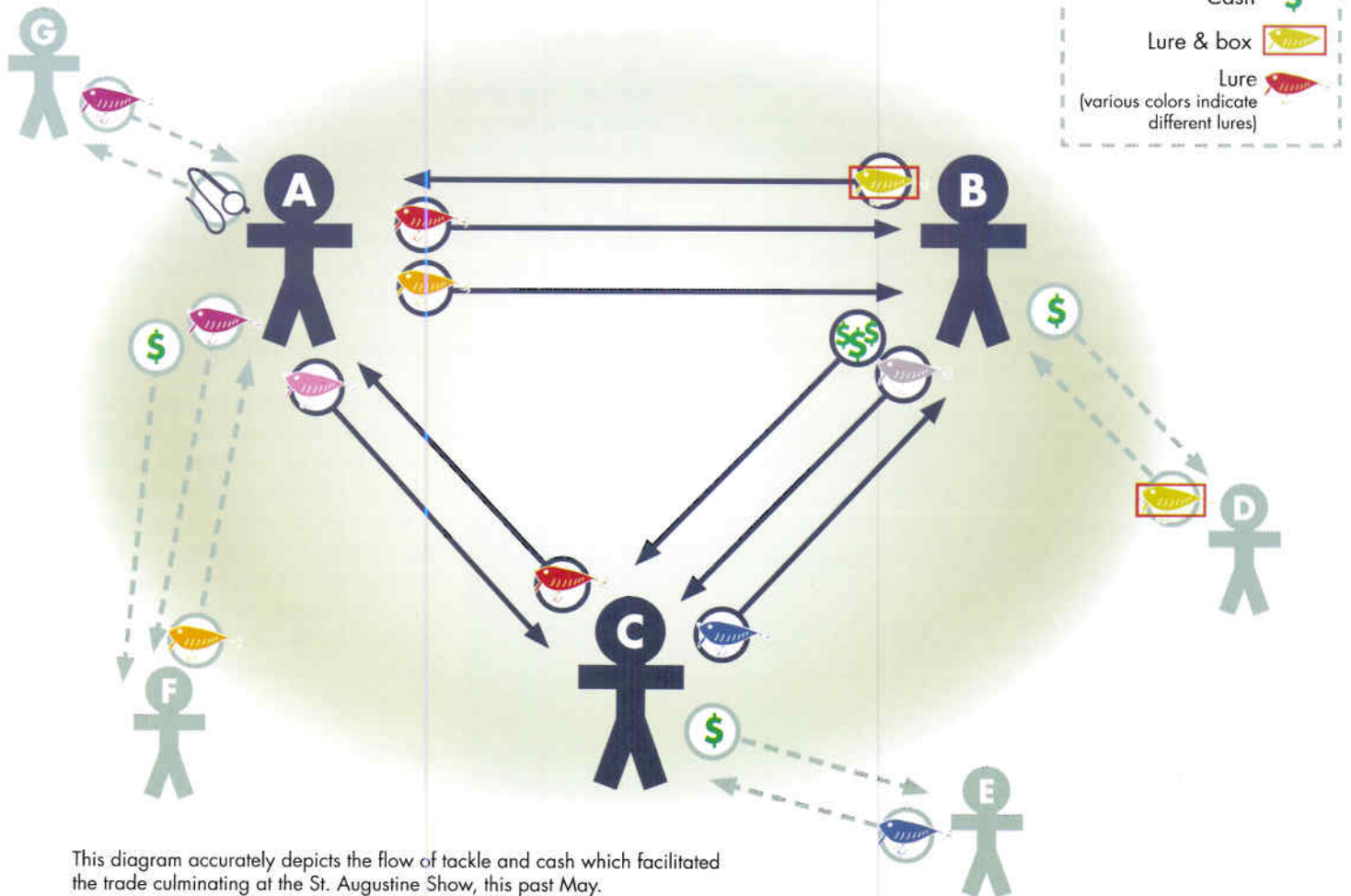
this surely helps keep track of things so the whole trade doesn't blow up in my face! I've always remembered my client's phone numbers, so I've never needed to carry a book or refer to my cell phone's stored memory. However, as I get older, I've noticed that I will dial a client's office, and the number will be correct, but by the time someone answers, I've forgotten who I've called! In a panic, do I ask them embarrassingly who's speaking, or do I just hang up and hope they don't have caller ID? Therefore, I've come to the conclusion that it's perfectly acceptable to carry a pocket notepad and pen or pencil, and diagram the trade as it happens, or at the very least, as soon as possible after it's finished, so everyone can stay on track. That's exactly what happened in the seven-way trade (illustrated below) six other club members and I achieved in St. Augustine this past May.

Another reason for pursuing lure/tackle trades is that you know what you're after and where it is, and it's usually the only way to obtain the rarest baits. I've been fortunate to trade for an Ammie Lee, two Superstrike Shrimp in boxes, a Kinney bird, three Costa Hammerheads, several Dazzy Vances, Manons, and Tampa Bait & Tackle pieces, glass eyed Barracudas and Egers, Blue Springs Minnows in boxes, Garland "Barber Pole" and Corkhead lures, Bender-Flynn Rainbow Tigers, BBBs, Gilson tackle boxes, and others. These items just don't come up for sale very often, and finding them in the field is more rare than "hen's teeth." If they are to be procured, it is probably at a tackle show where the trade can be orchestrated, run down, and closed out all in the same day, or at least by show's end.

A cautionary note: be prepared to give up a tough item to get another tough item, or your trade may be finished before it gets started.

Other collectibles can come into play when trading for difficult and valuable pieces. I've traded guns, knives, duck decoys, folk art, porcelain and tin signs, taxidermy, and even paintings and limited edition prints for lures, rods, reels, etc. A trader is limited only by their imagination and their contacts. Club members, antique dealers, flea market pickers, and other hobbyists are all potential traders, and represent some of the most fertile ground available when searching for missing pieces for your collection, or building working inventory for future trader material. You can also obtain quality pieces for your collection without having to cough up the scarce commodity known as **cash**.

In any event, a tough lure trade can be almost as difficult as negotiating peace in the Middle East, but it doesn't have to be. Finding a great lure on eBay is fun, and finding that lure in the field is even more satisfying. However, to me, nothing is more fulfilling than making a trade for the same lure. Perhaps it's because of the close interaction with others involved in the trade. Some trades, like some personal relationships, don't work out; but several of my best friendships have their genesis in a lure trade long ago. Try a trade sometime—you might be surprised at the rewards it brings you!



This diagram accurately depicts the flow of tackle and cash which facilitated the trade culminating at the St. Augustine Show, this past May.

RAMBLINGS OF AN OLD ...

Collector? Dealer? Packrat?

OBSERVATIONS AND OPINIONS FROM LLOYD JETT

I guess I should chunk in a disclaimer at the outset; these are the views of a 70+ year old, opinionated fishing tackle collector, that may have jumbled up thoughts, even without chemotherapy and radiation.

When I started gathering up ol' fishing tackle, back when most people gave it to you, I did not know any lure collectors. However, I did obtain the 1st edition of *Luckey's* and *White's*. In the 70s, I met other people addicted to this hobby. One sage told me during the middle 80s to buy at *Luckey's* price and sell at *White's*. Sometimes I was successful at this, and other times I was less fortunate.

Most serious collectors of thirty years ago were much more interested in the rarity of a bait than its condition. Many fishermen (and collectors) took their lures out of the boxes and threw the boxes away or stored them somewhere, and as was in my case, had great difficulty locating them again. If I was fortunate enough to find my boxes, I had no clue as to which lure went into which box.

As the years passed and clubs became popular, with many people joining and new collectors becoming involved, the collections and priorities changed. It seems that in the last 15 years, condition has become more important than rarity. Of course, boxes are dynamite! As we know, with all collectibles, guns, coins, stamps, etc., condition is very important. Perhaps this was a good change, perhaps not, but in any case, change was inevitable.

Many of the newer collectors have vast amounts of accessible research information: books, eBay, Joe's Message Board, and others. The downside to this is that the knowledge of many newer collectors, believe it or not, is very limited today. My guess is these younger enthusiasts start collections with Heddon, Shakespeare, South Bend, Paw Paw, Florida

lures, Punkinseeds, Crazy Crawlers, etc., and the list goes on forever. In other words, they have an advantage to being able to specialize, that is, to study only what they are interested in collecting. They usually fail to accumulate a broad knowledge about the whole realm of antique tackle collecting.

When I began, I had to find all of my collections in the field and worked very hard at this. I wore out my two books looking up the tackle, boxes, baits, and reels. I tried to remember the lures and reels with the higher values. Of course, I had never seen 90% of them before attending tackle meets. Like most collectors then, you collected everything you found, and the more the better. This methodology forced me to study everything, especially when I started attending tackle shows and began trading and selling. Even then, we got educated (\$\$\$) from the more knowledgeable and, of course, the smooth operators (that's a nice way of saying it). I believe we do need all types of people in the hobby, including the dealers and dealer/collectors, but I also believe in the Golden Rule. I have placed many lures; rare, not so rare, and common, in numerous collections around the USA and abroad. This practice has been returned to me many times over.

We have had plenty of "experts" come, go, and get lost, while some hung around. In my opinion, only factual proof of a lure being "this" or "that", is any better than my opinion. Oh well, it's only human to make mistakes (except for the collector who does absolutely nothing and has no opinion). What a bore! Therefore, many newer collectors may not need the varied knowledge required of the earlier collectors, who had to find their treasures in the field.

Observations on rarity, condition, and values.

Today, many extremely rare lures and boxes may not command the monetary value of a lesser lure and/or box. For instance, I offer Florida baits as a reference, since I built a large collection and have specialized in this area for many years. I have to say that the following are the views of some collectors I have listened to, and some of these baits are so rare, the market has not been tested with a sale to back up, or corroborate if these positions are correct.

Let's talk about Dr. Ammie Lee's box and bait. We know of eight lures and three boxes in existence. The lure's advantages are multiple, in that it is mechanical, large, and is vividly

Lloyd and Sally pose with the extensive collection at its new home, DeVoe Moore's Tallahassee Antique Auto Museum. Lloyd encourages all members and their families to visit the museum's new addition.

