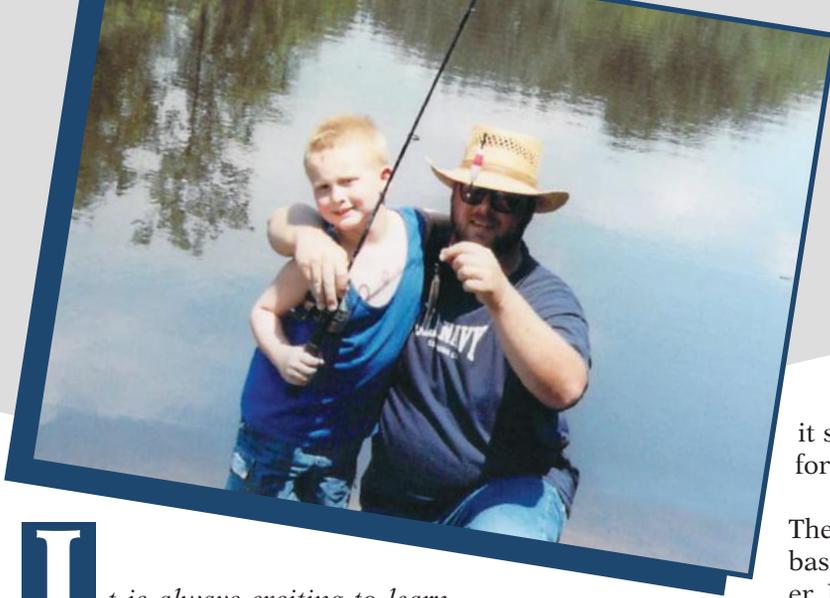


A TRIP



It is always exciting to learn what event inspired someone to become a collector. While in his first semester of college, Life Member Brendan Larrison completed a writing assignment and chose to share the background of what made him interested in collecting knives. Those who have met Brendan quickly learned that he is very passionate about Case knives, the Large Stockman ('75) pattern in particular. He has spent many hours, even days learning and discussing knives and his posts on the Case Knife Forum are welcomed and appreciated. It is great to see someone who is just 19 years old share the same excitement as so many other collectors. A special thank you goes out to Brendan for keeping the spark alive. The story below is one that will make you smile and want to become one of his friends.

On a cool summer morning when I was twelve years old I found myself on the shore of a fishing reservoir just north of Columbus, Indiana, along the Johnson and Bartholomew County lines. This was a very special place and I remember it quite well. Many outdoorsman refer to this beautiful oasis as Camp Atterbury. My father and I were the only ones fishing in the area that day since my brother was away at summer camp. My dad knew that he would be gone all week, so he took a few days off of work and took me fishing. This was probably the best fishing day I ever had and

it sparked a fiery interest inside of me that I hope will last for the rest of my life!

There are two reasons why this day was like none other. The fish were biting and we caught twelve bluegill, three bass, and a turtle wound up on my line somehow or another. But, the most exciting part of the day was when I found an old pocketknife in my dad's tackle box and he let me use it. I wanted my own pocketknife for some time and both my mom and my dad told me no.

As our time together quickly came to an end, I decided to approach him and ask the frightening question that had been sitting in the back of my mind for the entire day, "Would it be okay with you if I kept this knife?" It went pretty well. He told me that I could keep it, but was lecturing me about being careful with it and that knives are not toys and that I shouldn't play with them.

My father had no idea what he started on this day by simply giving me an old pocketknife found in his tackle box. After this small gesture of kindness, I was on the lookout for knives everywhere we went. Whether we were at a garage sale, a flea market, an antique mall, or an auction, I was always searching for any and all knives that I could buy and add to my collection. Looking back now, I don't really think that I was a collector at that time, but I sure thought I was. My mother would get upset with me every time I would bring up the idea of getting another knife, even if it was only a couple of dollars. She would tell me that I needed to talk to my dad about what the knife looked like, how much



TO REMEMBER

By Brendan Larrison - Life Member

it was, and anything else that could possibly be attributed to that knife. My dad had the final say as to if I was able to purchase that knife or if I had to keep going on my way.

After a few years of buying junk knives, I decided to save up my money and buy something a lot nicer for a slightly larger price tag. I did some research and found a few knife brands that sparked my interest. I started with a brand called Rough Rider™ because they were more traditional knives and I had just enough money to buy a few. I was into those knives for a little bit and then I decided these weren't really getting the job done. I really wanted something more.

I was checking out another brand of knives for some time and the knives were incredibly beautiful. I went online to learn more about the company and I realized they have been making their knives in America for over 100 years. I thought this was an interesting fact, but because these knives were made in America, the retail price was somewhat higher than others that I bought in the past. I approached my parents with the idea of getting one of these Case® knives and they were resistant.

Eventually, I was able to purchase my first Case knife. I got another one a short time later, accumulating about one, maybe even two a week for the next couple of weeks. I always looked forward to going to Brown County on the weekends because I knew I would be able to pick up a knife. By April of 2014, I joined the Case Collectors Club® and had an ever growing collection of Case knives. I also got my driver's license that same year! The day that I re-

ceived my club membership packet in the mail, I went to wrcase.com and signed up to be a Case Knife Forum member (*balarrison* is my username). I was immediately welcomed to this family of collectors with kind words and friendliness. Some things that occur on this member-only forum include buying, selling, and trading knives, talking about knives and upcoming Case Consumer Events, asking questions, and joking with others.

Since joining this online community, I have made numerous friends, bought many more knives, and have had a wonderful experience. Another benefit of the forum is that I was able to know about many consumer events, being held all over the country, that were sponsored by Case. At these shows, I gained even more knowledge about Case knives and I met a lot of wonderful people that I now consider friends. I am younger than them all and cannot wait to learn more. One year after joining the Case Collectors Club®, I upgraded my membership to life member status and I am one proud collector.

My collection of knives has grown over the past few years and I also enjoy collecting different advertisement pieces from Case or products that carry the Case logo. I don't think anybody could have guessed that all of this joy would be a result of a fishing trip at a little reservoir in Camp Atterbury with my dad. Collecting Case knives is one pastime that both my dad and I share today. He is also now a member of the Case Collectors Club and the Case Knife Forum (*Slimtrap48* is his username). There are many knives out there for us to get and it will be a lifetime of fun as we watch our collections grow and proudly travel to many more events as father and son.

