

FATC NEWS

FLORIDA ANTIQUE TACKLE COLLECTORS NEWSLETTER

VOLUME 24 NUMBER 3

It's Alive!

RESTORING A PIECE OF
FLORIDA FISHING HISTORY

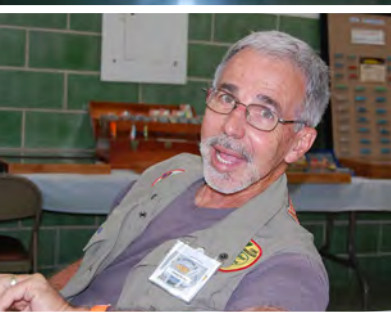
ALSO FEATURING:

The Seminole Club
Memories
Art in your Tackle Room

...AND MORE!

SPECIAL HALLOWEEN ISSUE





Award Winners

FROM THE ST. AUGUSTINE SHOW
MAY 2010

Topical:
Mike Mais - Louis Stewart

Educational:
Lloyd Jett - Go-Ite

Florida:
Roth Kemper - St. Augustine Lures

Outstanding Display:

Craig Swearingen - Robinson

Ed Bauries - Florida Lures

Larry Lucas - Porter

Mike Hall - Jacksonville Lures

Joe Yates - Frenchie Duvalier

John Zimpleman - Florida Lures

Steve Cox - Jack Haley Spot Kings

John Campbell - Tom Mann

Jim Duncan - CCBCO Vipers & Streamers

Stephanie Duncan - West Virginia

Bill Stuart - Pack Fly Rod Lures



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MEMBERSHIP UPDATE

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F.A.T.C. NEWS

The Newsletter of the Florida Antique Tackle Collectors, Inc.

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COVER ART: Mary Shelley's unforgettable tale of "Frankenstein" is no match for FATC member, Joe Castillo's masterful rebirth of Captain Curtis Ware's derelict "meat pole" fishing rod. As Dr. Frankenstein and Igor look on in amazement, the rod is transformed into a work of art while being strapped to the gurney in the scientist's laboratory!

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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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Deluded (Diluted?) Digressions

SO MUCH TACKLE, SO LITTLE TIME... BY STEVE COX

I am taxiing down the runway in International Falls as I write this, feeling rested from a much needed and successful fishing trip to New Moon Lodge, Lake of the Woods, Ontario, with some friends. Whenever an enjoyable excursion comes to an end, the familiar melancholy feeling that another great life experience is over, always seems to creep in and dash what should otherwise be an enthusiastic recharge of adrenaline. This little trip is no exception, having been sandwiched between two dissimilar unpleasanties; (1) receiving the letter from FATC News' printer, Allegra Print & Imaging, that they were bankrupt and closing their doors on the same day I was leaving for the Knoxville NFLCC show, and (2) my scheduled routine five year colonoscopy. I realized the timing was about as good as it was going to get in the summer of 2010.

By now, most of you know this is my final attempt at entertaining you with my Deluded (Diluted?) Digressions as *FATC News* Editor, and I'd be less than truthful if I didn't admit to some twinges of melancholy over this decision, as well. Just as Bill Stuart "raised the bar" with his outstanding editorial efforts after Steve Fussell departed, the past five years have been about striving to bring more value to our membership through the Club publication. I always believed the magazine needed to be as collectible as the tackle we search for so diligently. From the many kind words of encouragement received from you, perhaps this goal has been accomplished to some degree. At least everyone I've heard from says he or she keeps all the issues of the magazine, and doesn't throw them out like so much kitchen trash.

A small but vocal minority within the Club, continues to assert that the magazine is too expensive, and FATC should hoard its member funds for more relevant pursuits. I could not disagree more, for without great tackle shows and a quality *FATC News* publication, we'd have nothing to offer our membership at all. The Club needs to be increasing and maximizing retention/renewal members, rather than cutting benefits to them. Once we succumb to the technology of an online-only newsletter, which quickly becomes lost in cyberspace, there is a significant risk that we are finished as an organization. It is a slippery slope when virtual magazines deteriorate to virtual tackle shows, and on to a virtual Club, where we can just **pretend** to collect old tackle.

So it has come to this... a lot of topics for interesting stories, now shelved for the foreseeable future. Some of these are listed below, as a sample of what might have been;

- A conversation with Joe Lee (grandson of Dr. Ammie Lee)
- Mike Edwards and his "Mo Hawg" lures
- An interview with Russell Holley, (Jack Haley's wife's first cousin)
- The breaking news field find, "Lightning Strikes Twice, a Second Ammie Lee"
- A comprehensive article on Pier Baits
- Shedding light on the BBB Lure Mystery
- "Colonel Blair Davis, a Collector of Immense Proportions"
- Barracuda "Blue Sides", the rarest FFTMC color
- Collector ethics
- A classic, Florida tackle shop series featuring:
 - Kleiser's Sport Shop
 - Denmark's Sporting Goods
 - Ted Henson's Bell Tackle
 - Etc.
- A classic, Florida fishing lodge/fish camp series featuring:
 - Bay City Lodge, Apalachicola, Florida

- Breakaway Lodge, Ocklokonee River
- Pana Vista Lodge, Lake Panasoffkee
- Wingate's Lunker Lodge, Lake Seminole
- Lake Weir's many famous lodges
- Etc.
- A classic, Florida lake and river series (too many to list)
- How to clean (or not to clean) lures? That is the question...
- The "Dammitman Baits"

The opportunities for interesting topics is limitless, and some of these may yet find their way to the printer's press, now that I'll have roughly 450 extra hours per year to play with.

On a positive note, Gary Simpson has generously agreed to sacrifice/donate/volunteer much of his time, and will take the reins as *FATC News* Editor, beginning with the first copy of Volume 25, in January, 2011. To assist him in this endeavor, a brief survey is included in this issue. It will be an opportunity for the membership to voice their opinions about what they want *FATC News* to be in the future. Hopefully, the readers will respond in sufficient numbers to offer a meaningful sample of Club sentiment, and the Board of Directors might be better informed. Please take the time to complete it and mail it back to *FATC News*, at P.O. Box 288, Panama City, FL 32402. I'll compile the results and present them to Gary for his consideration. I'm confident Gary will create his own vision for *FATC News*, thereby "raising the bar" once again, and I truly wish him much success!

The news from the NFLCC National in Knoxville this past July is very positive, with an excellent show, well attended by the membership. The total number of tables seemed to be down a bit from Louisville's great 2009 show, but that is to be expected when the stagnant state of the economy is considered. Staying at the Hilton (the overflow hotel for the show) was a pleasant experience, and the accommodations, food, and service were all first class. Great success was achieved selling much of FATC member, Colonel Blair Davis' lure inventory for the benefit of his recent widow, and I managed to move some of my items as well. Not arriving in time to participate in room trading personally, a number of other members mentioned they had found some nice buys. An added bonus was the introduction of three new tackle books at the show. Rick Osterholt's "Shur Strike" study, Johnny Garland's update on Bagley, and Arlan Carter's comprehensive classic outboard motor guide, are all welcome additions to every collector's library.

An additional step forward was achieved at the annual business meeting, when NFLCC President, Byron Parker, offered a long-overdue and heartfelt apology to Rev. Bob Dennis, on behalf of the NFLCC Board. I talked with both Rev. Bob and Byron after the meeting, and they concurred that the hurt feelings and misunderstandings of the past were definitely on the mend, and all was forgiven. While there have been some who didn't appreciate my reporting of the conflict at last year's meeting, it is gratifying to think our magazine may have had a small role in bringing the matter to a favorable conclusion. Good for you, Rev. Bob, and hats off to you too, President Byron, for having the courage to do what was needed to be done to promote its resolution.

In Club news, Mike Hall hosted an enjoyable Spring show this past May, in historic St. Augustine, with its many great restaurants and antique shops. I even managed to get in a tour of the San Sebastian Winery while I was in town. The National Guard Armory proved to be an excellent repeat performer as a venue for the club.

The highlight of the auction was a beautiful Allen Stripey Costa "Hammerhead" that came in from the public. It was acquired by Lloyd Jett, the high bidder, to trade for a rainbow Costa, which would add to his outstanding collection of rainbow baits.

Ron Gast followed with a very respectable Summer show at the Dolphin Beach Resort on beautiful St. Pete Beach, in early August. The hotel has undergone some renovations, and the beachfront sunsets over the gulf are hard to top. Some great deals were found at the show, as well as the largest portion of corned beef hash and eggs anyone would want for breakfast. Over one hundred lots of tackle came in off the street for the well publicized Saturday night auction, and by all measure, it was a rousing success. Our Fall show is just around the corner, at the National Guard Armory in Tallahassee, on October 22nd and 23rd, so be sure to get your registrations and table reservations in to Sally Jett, Jack and Claire Fenwick, or Frank and Linda Carter.

I am finishing this in early October, and hopefully, as you read on, you will find the combination of educational and humorous topics presented in this issue to be in keeping with those offered in the past. Our cover story, "It's Alive!", challenges master craftsman Joe Castillo to a restoration duel with the Frankenstein monster of all derelict "meat pole" fishing rods, and I throw in a historical sidebar about the original maker of the rod, Capt. Curtis Ware. Bill Stuart entertains us with a little savoir faire culture as he describes his favorite works in "Art In Your Tackle Room". Long awaited contributor, Chuck Heddon, reminds us of the good 'ole days with his fishing "Memories". Bill Stuart and I then collaborate on new facts revealed regarding the mystery of "The Seminole Club", and our regular feature "Past & Current Notes of Interest", rounds out *FATC News* for 2010.

With the debate over the price of printing our magazine taking center stage this past year, I have some encouraging news to share. This issue features a new high-tech digital printer capable of printing the entire magazine in color, then assembling, folding, stapling, and individually addressing each copy using variable data, all in one process. As a result, Volume 24, Number 3, is 4 pages longer at 28 pages, full color, and costs less than the previous method used by Allegra Print & Imaging. Six of the original employees of Allegra, who worked on *FATC News* for the past five years, have joined the new "Curry Print" in introducing this cutting edge process to us, and I hope future issues will be able to take advantage of this breakthrough in technology. In any event, the Club owes these staff members its sincere gratitude for all of their hard work in helping me to make your Club

magazine possible. A very special thanks is in order from me to graphic designer, Aaron Garms, who tirelessly took most of my off the wall ideas and blended them with a few of his own to create the outstanding graphics each of you will enjoy with this issue, as I hope you have in the past.

On a sad note, the "Gone Fishing" section is unusually large in this issue, with the recent passing of five long-time members of FATC. Bill Belliveau, George Coopey, Col. Blair Davis, Dave Keyeck, and most recently Lloyd Jett, all will be greatly missed. Please also keep our other members in your thoughts and prayers, as they deal with significant health challenges.

In closing, I thank you for the honor of serving as your *FATC News* Editor, these five short years. The time has flown by, and the journey has been both challenging and rewarding. Your support on issues of importance to the Club and the quality of the publication, has been tremendous. I will always cherish being able to put some of my long-held beliefs and special memories on paper.

This past December, when I made the decision that this would be my last year as Editor, I compiled a copy of each issue published since I started in January, 2006. Placing them in protective clear sheets in large binders, I gave a set to each of my daughters for Christmas. On the cover is printed, "Nicki's and Haley's copies of *FATC News* as edited by Dad". As a result, my girls have something tangible to read and remember for years to come, of special times with them, and special thoughts written by their father. Thanks to FATC, this opportunity will always hold a permanent place in my heart.

Lest we get too choked up about emotional things of this sort, I have one more jovial thought to convey to my "hoi polloi" detractors. It was best expressed in the classic Bill Murray comedy, "Stripes". Sgt. Hulka, the Army drill sergeant played so masterfully by Warren Oates, is listening, along with the rest of the platoon, to an overly intense, near psychotic, boot camp trainee named Francis Soyer. When Private Soyer got "over-the-top", threatening to kill anyone that touched him, his stuff, or called him Francis, Sgt. Hulka's only words were "Lighten up, Francis!" (Catch a clip of the scene online at <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=LrllCZw8jIM>)

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Steve
FATC News, Editor





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President's Message

FATC PRESIDENT LARRY LUCAS



I was born in rural, upstate New York, in 1958. At age three, I began fishing on Oneida Lake with my grandfather. Like many young boys, I believed the world was a shallow cove, full of cool, clear water. It was stable, secure, and full of fish willing to pull my bobber under.

At age eight, we moved to Daytona Beach, where I quickly became familiar with the rhythm of the tides. I learned that fish bite better when the tide was moving. During slack tide, all I seemed to catch were stingrays. As I grew older and entered the chaotic teenage years, those tides seemed to rise and fall hourly, along with the highs and lows of the day. Now, as

twenty, thirty, and forty years have passed, I have begun to see the correlation between the pull of the moon on the waters and the pull of time upon our lives.

We each encounter periods of time where we are pulled by the rushing tide as it flows to the sea. Such has been the last six months of my life. I have felt as if my feet were being ripped from beneath me. Struggling to regain my balance, I would stumble on rocks and sink into the gooey muck.

Just when I think the flow would pull me out to sea, the tide begins to slow. You regain your footing, along with your composure. You stand tall, catch your breath and count your blessings.

While the tide has been running out the last six months, I have been saddened by the loss of friends. I've seen those whom I care for struggle to make ends meet, and have watched countless others try to hold their footing as the tide ripped out. I am grateful for a reprieve from the relentless current, but keenly aware that soon it will be pushing the opposite way.

Will the incoming surge bring more loss? Certainly, because that is life. It will also bring the nurturing waters that feed all life near the salt. Everything in our coastal environment relies on the tides. Maybe the rising waters will scare me as they approach my neck. Hopefully the water will make me fight to keep my head above water and prove to myself that once again, I have beaten the flow.

It is, however, only an illusion. Mother Nature always wins in the long run. She is persistent, relentless and always evolving. One can only go with the flow and do their best to hold their footing.

We must continue to struggle as the tides around us rise and fall. There are those among us who attempt to ignore the effects of the tides. They blame all their misfortunes on others, and don't realize that we are all caught up in the same flow. As in fishing, the parts of the tide we remember as we look back are when the water is moving. The slack tide, while restful, does nothing to build who we are or what we become. If I can leave you with one thing, it is this: never give up, but remember that survival sometimes depends on remaining calm and learning to float.

My deepest gratitude goes out to Steve Cox for editing our newsletter the past five years. Steve is stepping aside, and this is his last issue. He has taken quantum leaps with this publication, and deserves a huge thank you.

I hope to see you in Tallahassee,

Larry

Bill Stuart and Ralph Hecht will be available at the Tallahassee Show in October to assist other FATC members and the public in the identification of any fly rod lures brought to the meet.

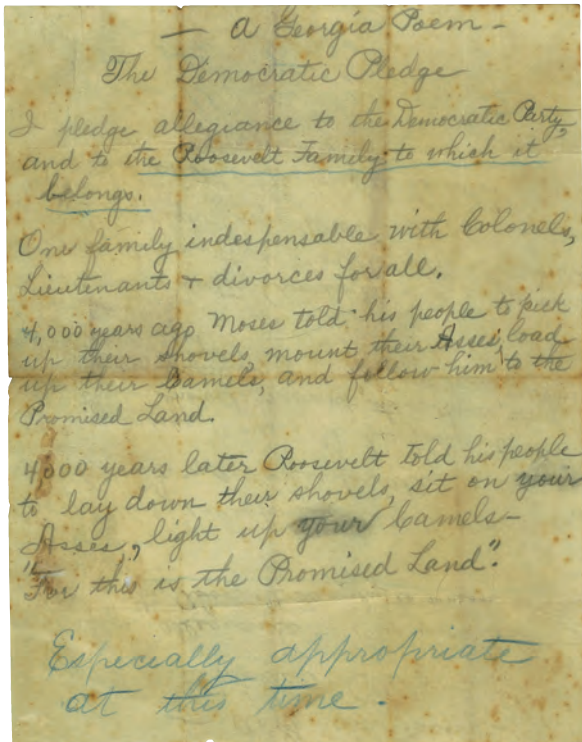


Bill Stuart writes... "The attached may or may not be of any interest to you." He was referring to the two FATC Commemorative lures shown above. The 2001 FATC lure (above left) was designed, made, and signed by Sam Griffin, and the box was designed by Clair Hartman. The lure design is a special size, with 2 trebles and painted in a variation of Griffin's "Chink-i-pin" bream pattern. 300 lures were made and 128 were sold. The other 172 were destroyed by fire. The 2002 FATC lure (below left) was designed, made and signed by Billy Daniels, and its box was also designed by Clair Hartman. The lure design is a special size, has 2 trebles and is painted in a variation of Daniels' "Peace River Purple Perch" pattern. 300 lures were made and 92 were sold. The other 208 were destroyed by fire.

(near right) This photo of a large tarpon and a knicker-clad fisherman was found recently in a long-forgotten promotional publication about the town of St. Andrews, compiled by E. W. Masker for the fledgling Bay County Chamber of Commerce in the 1920s.



(far right) One of Lakeland artist, Kent Hagerman's, rare prints of Florida wildlife scenes entitled "Tarpon Capers".



(below) Bill Stuart took delivery of his long-awaited "The Wonder Fish Well" from Ron Gast at the St. Pete Beach show.



(below) Dick Laneau and his inimitable hat are featured in this photo from Ron Gast at the St. Pete Beach show. Dick turned a young 85 years old at the show!



(above left) This poem from the 1930s was found eight years ago in Mr. D.C. Cox's (Delbert Charles Cox, aka "Captain Cox") desk, copied in his personal handwriting. Mr. Cox was the superintendent of the Bay County Road Department, and warden of the Bay County Prison Work Camp during the 1930s, 1940s, and early 1950s. When Mr. Cox died suddenly in 1957, his entire desk and its contents were preserved like a time capsule. They remained undisturbed until his grandson, FATC News Editor, Steve Cox, archived the numerous papers and personal effects of Mr. Cox. As noted at the bottom of the poem, with a pivotal election only a few weeks away, some things are as relevant today as they were 80 years ago.

February,

THURSDAY, 9.

1854.

Memories...

February,

SUNDAY, 12.

1854.

by Chuck Heddon

A few years back, my sister Laura and I were in Bonita Springs at a memorial service for Andy Stokes. Andy was a boyhood friend of our father, and second son of Harry and Laura Stokes. Our families have been close since around 1900, when our grandfather, Will, first came south to enjoy the hunting and fishing that winters in Florida were known for. The Stokes family owned and operated the "Jolly Palms" hunting and fishing lodge in Mohawk, just east of Minneola, on Plum Pond (they had moved down to the area in the mid 1880s). There was the main lodge and several cabins that were rented by the week, month, or season. Hunting guides, dogs, and horses were included in the room and board fee of \$1.50 a day, and boats and guides for fishing were also available, of course.

Descendants of the family still live there; Rebecca, and her husband Manny, and Laura, and her husband Mike, along with their children. The main house and one of the cabins has made it through the years of wear and tear that only Florida can produce. Laura and her family live in a home they built a few years ago. It's a site we have gone back to many times over the years, and it has a special place in our hearts and memories (my first fish was caught on Plum Pond on a trip with Grandmother).

Dad had grown up with John, Andy, and Dick; and now we were on about the 7th floor of a high-rise condo paying our last respects as representatives of the family. While out on the balcony scanning the mangroves and estuary that had been left as a buffer to development, it dawned on me... there to the southwest is Wiggins Pass, where Horse Creek empties into the Gulf of Mexico, and back a few hundred yards, there was our favorite snook hole, alongside the mangroves on the north side. We never failed to catch a few at that spot, and always fished it. To the east a little more, there was the sand beach that we stood on one night, where we watched the shrimp swarming out to sea so thick we could have walked on them. The tide was running strong and they were right against the bank, but we had nary a net nor pail to scoop them up with! Frustrating, to say the least.



Hogue's fish camp.



Bud Hogue



Jolly Palms guide and wagon, early 1900s



1986, the last cabin left at Jolly Palms. (from left to right) Dick Stokes, Chuck Heddon, Jim Heddon, and young Charlie Heddon, age 7.



A few nice reds, caught at Bud Hogue's fish camp, September 1954, by Billy and Chuck Heddon.



Sharing trout with an otter at Hogue's, 1956.

Bud Hogue's fish camp was our base, and Dad always rented one of his home-made skiffs. Bud ran the camp for many years, aided by his wife, Eva. He never wore shoes, even in winter, and his feet were splayed out wider than normal.

As I looked down again, scanning back to the east, and then turning north in the channel, I spotted where my brother Billy grabbed my bamboo rod, a couple of guides back from the tip, to display a newly caught black drum, and SNAP, there went a nice rod! Continuing to gaze a quarter mile north of that location, the place we ran into a school of redfish along the channel, at the edge of the eelgrass flats, appeared.

Fishing with shrimp, we caught one redfish after the other, and soon started to run short on bait. Dad said, "break 'em in half", so we did, and the reds kept the feed going. Soon, though, we were out of shrimp and ideas, so Dad cranked up and we ran back to Bud's for more bait as fast as 9.5 horses could push a flat-bottomed skiff. By the time we got back and threw out our lines with the nice fresh bait, in anticipation of more frenzied catching, of course the school was long gone, and we were sorely disappointed. Boy, was it fun while it lasted!

Looking down over the area had brought back some fond memories. I thought of times spent with my brother Billy and our father. There were many others over the years, but that was one of the best.

The fish camp is gone, replaced by a huge marina. The whole area that was pine forest and scrub, is now crisscrossed with roads, homes, and businesses, a far cry from the two-rut dirt road that ran down to Bud's from highway 41. From the balcony you can look south to Naples, then north to Ft. Myers Beach, and see solid development. One must admit, though, that Collier County and the state have done a respectable job of preserving some of the flora and fauna of the area, with a state park and a preserve along the beach, as well as set-back rules to protect some of the mangroves.

Time must pass, as it always has, and change will occur, no matter how we wish it wouldn't. Friends and family pass on as we ourselves must, but memories are the pillows of life, and anytime we want they can be called up to relive and enjoy.



Bud Hogue and Laura Heddon.



Bud and Eva Hogue



Grandmother's "sunblock".

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(Except I'd like to buy one of the Handi-Safes)

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3. Wrap 3 loops around eye as in Figure 2.
4. Thread end of line under all loops as in Figure 3 and pull end of line tightly while pushing loops off end of eye. Continue pulling end of line to tighten loops.
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Our sincere thanks and best wishes to **Gary Simpson** for stepping into the position of Editor-in-Chief of our **FATC Newsletter**

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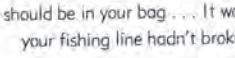
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[illegible]

It's Alive!

RESTORING A PIECE OF FLORIDA FISHING HISTORY

By: Joe Castillo, FATC Lifetime member, IGFA

The year: 2010

The place: The FATC Daytona International

The day started on a very promising note, with calm seas, and the sunrise casting a beautiful lavender and orange tinge over the skies of central Florida. There was a cool and gentle breeze. With a cup of coffee in hand, I proceeded to do my table hopping. There was so much to see, and so many items that I could add to my own collection.

I came upon the display tables of our FATC magazine editor, Steve Cox. He said, "Hi Joe, I have something I want to show you." That is always an interesting comment, because one never knows what follows. Steve leaned over and reached under one of his tables. He pulled out what appeared to be a 2" by 4" by 10' piece of construction grade lumber. Both ends were wrapped with some sort of foam and tightly secured with tape. I looked at him, and he looked at me, giving one of his quintessential grins.

The piece of lumber was dark brown in color, blistered and mildew-ridden. On one side, there were four rusted hinges, and hook locks on the other. Steve said, "A

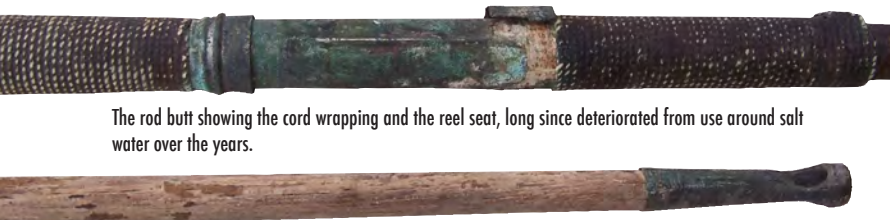
local man stopped by my office and begged me to buy this 'historical' rod and case made by his great grandfather. I did not want it because of its rough condition, and believed it to be unrestorable. However, the young man needed cash, and his father-in-law was a member of my Rotary Club. He wanted \$100, but I offered \$50. We settled on \$75, and I felt that I had just thrown away a bunch of money."

Steve proceeded to untie the ends of the box and pried it apart. Apparently, it was some sort of rod case, because inside there was what looked like a wooden fishing rod (or perhaps a long, nasty pool cue). "Joe, this fishing rod belonged to a very famous pioneer Florida commercial fishing captain by the name of Capt. Curtis Ware, of the historic fishing village, St. Andrews, now within the city limits of Panama City." I said "OK", and waited for the next piece of information. Steve looked at me and I looked at him with trepidation, because I feared what he was going to say next. "What do you think, can something be done with this?", Steve inquired.

I didn't know what to say, and tried to be polite about it, as I stared at the thing in front of me. Sitting on the floor in order to get a better look at Steve's find, I took note that the 2" by 4" had been ripped and carved out into a fishing rod case, however, I don't think it was made for this particular rod. Steve tried to show me how the rod might fit in the case, but it was like trying to fit a girdle on a fat



Remnants of the thick, frayed white twine that once held the missing rod guides in place.



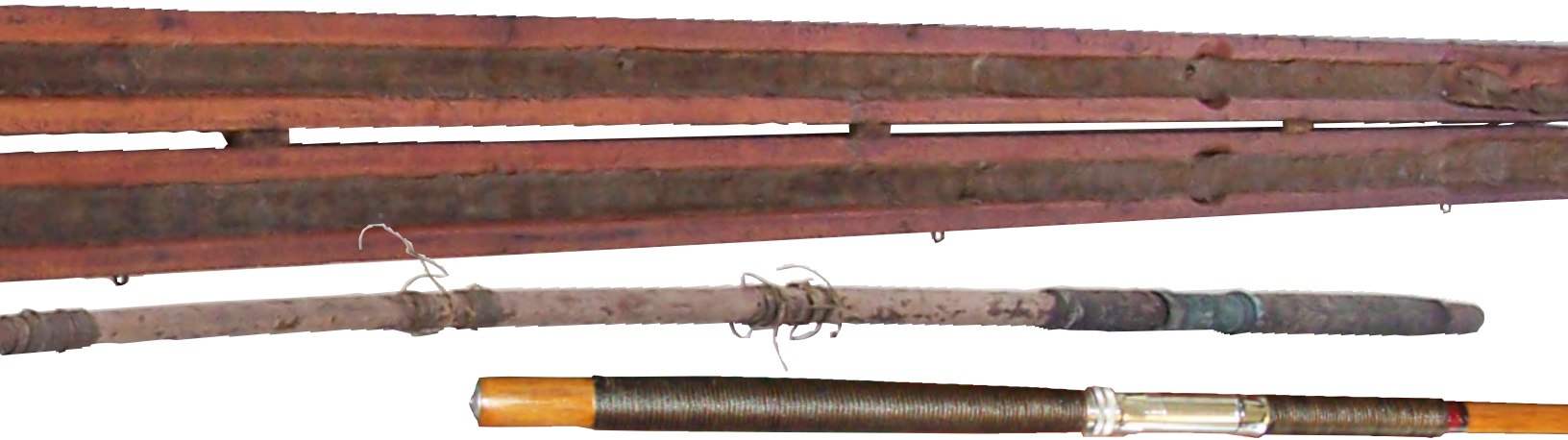
The rod butt showing the cord wrapping and the reel seat, long since deteriorated from use around salt water over the years.

This vintage funnel guide tip was the only hardware remaining on the wooden blank other than the corroded reel seat.



The green oil-base, paint encrusted cord originally used to wrap the rod butt could not be saved.





woman. The rod had such a bend in it that it would jump out of the case like a spring! Steve smiled.

The rod looked like a dried out tree branch that was ready for the fire place. "I think it's cherry wood," Steve said. The rod measured 7 feet in length; it had a set on it that resembled the horn of a Texas Longhorn. The handle, as well as the butt, was wrapped with a dark colored cord. I thought it was white, but I couldn't tell for sure, due to the accumulation of grime. The rod had no guides. There were remnants of a thick, frayed, white colored twine that at one time, held the rod guides in place. The tip was a funnel guide.

The story became more interesting as Steve talked about the history of the piece. We discussed how he wanted the rod to turn out, and I gave him my thoughts as to what a restoration of a rod like this should look like. In my opinion, a restoration should maintain the appearance and character of a vintage piece, and should not try to make it pass as new. "Very interesting, Steve", I said.

We agreed to meet later on and finalized our thoughts on the project. In reality, I was hoping to elude Steve and make a quick exit at the end of the show. It didn't work! When we met again, I agreed to restore the historical rod and case, as long as the project appeared as an article in the FATC magazine showing the step-by-step process involved with such an effort. A hand shake sealed the deal.

The Rod

The first step was to completely strip the rod. Closer inspection revealed a one piece, well-turned solid piece of wood, most likely cherry wood or hickory. The cord used to wrap the butt and handle was imbedded with green, oil-base paint. It was far beyond salvaging.

The next step consisted of trying to straighten the rod. To do this, the rod spent the next two months under forced rehab. First, the rod was soaked for eight hours in water, and then allowed to sun dry while clamped between two strips of metal. Taking the set out of wood is almost impossible, and even more so on a rod that has been in that condition for so many years. If it's a hexagonal bamboo rod, too much soaking in water will make the lamination come apart. A solid piece of wood, such as this rod, will start to "check" (meaning, starting to crack) . So, one has to be very careful not to soak the wood excessively.

After the initial two months of rehab, I was able to get the rod almost straight; however, a slight set is desirable, as it shows that the rod had been used, and had acquired the curvature imposed on it by the stress of pulling against a fish through the years. The rod was then prepped for refinishing by sanding it several times with 220 and 380 grit sandpaper. A new reel seat was installed, as well as a set of old Agatine guides and tip, to maintain the vintage look.

The handle and grip were re-wrapped with 500 lb. black nylon cord, and accented with a gold thread in between the wrappings. Several coats of "Clear" finished the job. "Captain Curtis Ware" was inscribed on the rod and finally, the rod was done!



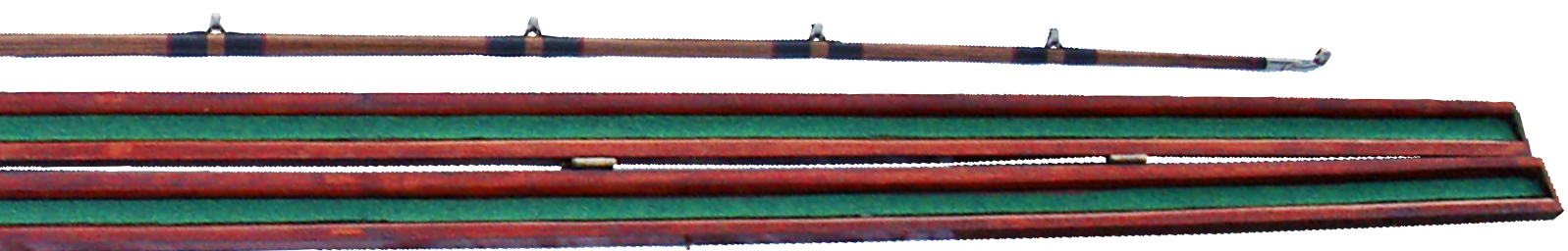
Though not on the original rod, as a finishing touch to the restoration, Captain Ware's rod was personalized.

The Case

As far as the case goes, it was obvious that it was not made for the rod; however, it was refinished anyway. It took several coats of paint stripper to remove most of the old finish. The wood was cedar, and it cleaned up beautifully. All the hinges and locks were dismantled and refinished by polishing them and then applying several coats of "Clear". The inside of the case was trimmed in "hunter green" felt. The outside of the case was finished in a mahogany stain, with five coats of "Spar" varnish.

I invested more than thirty hours of work on this project. It was the challenge of it that snared me. There was many a time that I wondered what I had gotten myself into, but I must say, it was a lot of fun! I hope Captain Curtis Ware is looking down on us from that wonderful fishing haven he is in, smiling at Steve and me for restoring his fishing rod.

Next time someone says to you, "Let me show you something...", beware of the consequences!



Captain Curtis Ware

A PIONEER FROM ONE OF NORTH FLORIDA'S LEGENDARY FISHING FAMILIES

By Steve Cox



A childhood photo of Curtis Ware



A dock sign for Captain Ware's earlier charter boat, the Amberjack (Note: three digit phone number)



Captain Ware's wife, Pearl, with a nice stringer of fish

When Todd Ware stopped by my office with his great grandfather's dilapidated fishing pole and mismatched case, I tried my best to discourage him from parting with it. Notwithstanding its deplorable condition, I didn't really want to obtain an artifact that should have such sentimental importance to the family. However, Todd needed cash and his wife, Natalie's, father, Bobby Conner, suggested he bring it by to show me. Bobby and I are members of the Rotary Club of Panama City, and we've known each other for many years. In a small twist of fate, I ended up with Capt. Curtis Ware's homemade relic, and Joe Castillo's adjacent story described what happened next in great detail.

Hoping to shed some light on who Capt. Ware really was, I didn't have to look far for answers. FATC member Winston Chester's award winning 2001 book, *Full Box*, and Richard Holley's 2005 work, *The Great St. Andrews... In the Shoes of a Fisherman*, have numerous passages and references to the Ware family. Beginning with brothers Lambert Ware in 1879, and Francis "Frank" Ware in 1882, the family settled in Bay Head, and operated Ware's Mercantile, and later built a post office and hotel. Eventually moving to St. Andrews, they purchased the schooner, *W. H. Crawford*, and started their fishing business. Later, they traded up, replacing the *W. H. Crawford* with a larger schooner, the *Nettie*.

Captain S.W. Anderson, another North Florida fishing pioneer, gave his daughter, Sarah Matilda's hand in marriage to Frank Ware in 1886. They had two sons, Curtis and Clarence. Curtis showed a natural interest in all things nautical, and became a pilot boat captain at an early age. In time, he was also regarded as one of the most respected charter boat captains, with the *Amberjack*, and later, the *Anita Gail*, for which he is best known.



Four generations of the Ware family; from left to right, "Grand Pa" Frank Ware, Curtis Ware, Newton Ware, and infant son Gary Sanders "Sandy" Ware



Captain Curtis Ware relaxing on the Anita Gail



Curtis Ware's son, Newton, and wife, Mildred



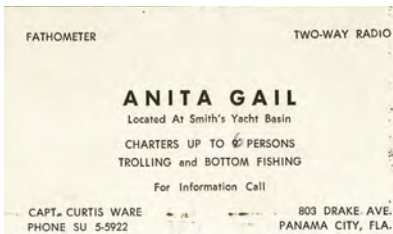
Large wire baskets full of fish from a successful outing with Captain Ware



The pilot boat, Captain Ben Mitchel, near the pilot station off Hurricane Island (now known as Shell Island) about 1914; left to right, Captain Will Spiva, Tom Croft, Captain Alex, from the Ware family album



The Anita Gail, moored at Smith's Yacht Basin on the left, and underway on the right



Captain Ware's business card



A blurry sailfish comes to the dock



Tourists gather at the dock to view the day's catch



Pilot boats off Davis (or Hawk's) Point. The smaller boat has Captain Alexander and a friend on board, and the larger boat is manned by Captain Spiva and Captain Curtis Ware.

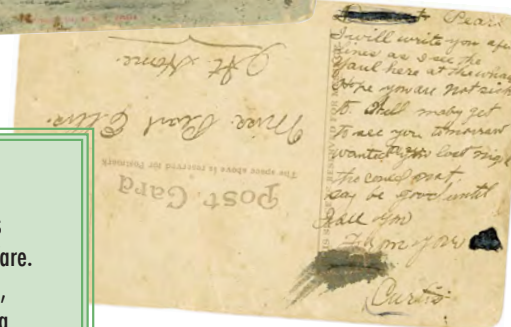
Curtis and his wife, Pearl, had one son, Newton Ware. Newton and his wife, Mildred, had two sons, Gary Sanders "Sandy" Ware and Mike Ware. Sandy and Mike both became well known charter captains in the area, Sandy having spent a number of his early teenage years deck-handing on the *Anita Gail*, for his grandfather, Curtis. According to Winston Chester, Sandy captained the *Maybelle*, *Captain Joe*, *Miss Penny*, *Captain Sandy*, and *Captain Sandy II*, and credited his granddad, Curtis Ware, Don Morrell, and Skipper Carden as having significant influence on his fishing career. Interestingly, my step-brother Ron Menck and I had the pleasure of deck-handing for Captain Don Morrell on the head boat *Captain Anderson II*, out of the Panama City Marina during the summer of 1968.

Sandy's brother, Mike Ware, was a very talented captain in his own right, and his primary fishing vessel was the *Captain Blood*. Sandy's son, Todd, also holds a captain's license. Todd has continued the Ware family fishing legacy, as a fifth generation seaman.

For more information on the history of commercial fishing in North Florida, go to your local library or bookstore and check out these fine books: *Full Box* by Winston Chester, and *The Great St. Andrews... In the Shoes of a Fisherman* by Richard Holley.

Special thanks to Todd Ware, his wife, Natalie, and his mother, Virginia Ware, for making this article possible, and for their historical information and loan of family photos. Thanks also to Bobby Conner, without whom I would never have known of Captain Curtis Ware's rod.

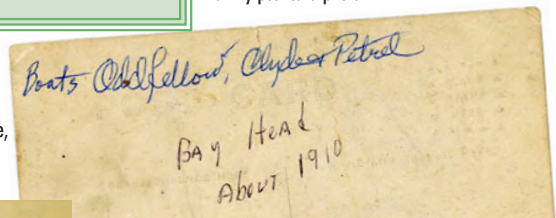
The Oddfellow, Clyde, and Petrel, with a full load of passengers, docked at Bay Head about 1910, from Ware family photos. Bay Head was an important landing for local St. Andrews Bay commerce for many years. The land around Bay Head was flooded by the damming of North Bay, which created Deer Point Lake, now Bay County's major source of fresh water. Econfina Creek, Cedar Creek, Bear Creek, and Bayou George Creek all flow into Deer Point Lake.



The Bank of St. Andrews, Florida, is featured on this postcard from Curtis to Pearl prior to their marriage. Note Pearl's address as "At Home".



Captain Curtis Ware's father and mother, Frank Ware and his wife, Sarah Matilda Anderson Ware, known as Grand Pa and Grandma Ware in this family post card photo.





William Lloyd Jett

William Lloyd Jett died at home in Greensboro, Florida, on September 18, 2010. He was born on August 29, 1936 in Albuquerque, New Mexico. He graduated from Leon High School in 1954 and attended Florida State University. He began his career with Landrum Insurance Agency, continuing on to become part-owner of Jett Trading Company. He spent the majority of his career with the Florida Department of Insurance, finally becoming an independent contractor for the state's insurance department. He is survived by his wife, Sally Jett; his two children, Becki de la Rionda and Bill Jett; his five grandchildren, Susanna Elliott, Beth de la Rionda, Caroline de la Rionda, Preston Jett, and Dalton Jett; his brother, Robert Jett, Jr.; and five nieces and nephews. He was preceded in death by a sister, Elizabeth Wyrick, and by his parents, Robert Jett, Sr. and Claribel Jett. Lloyd was a member of the National Guard, Treasurer of Florida Antique Tackle Collectors, a member of National Fishing Lures Collectors Club, and a member of the Case Collectors Club. He spent most of his free time hunting, fishing, and collecting fishing lures and knives. He crafted hand-made fishing lures in his shop in Greensboro, Florida. His collection of Florida-made fishing lures is on display at the Antique Car Museum in Tallahassee, Florida.

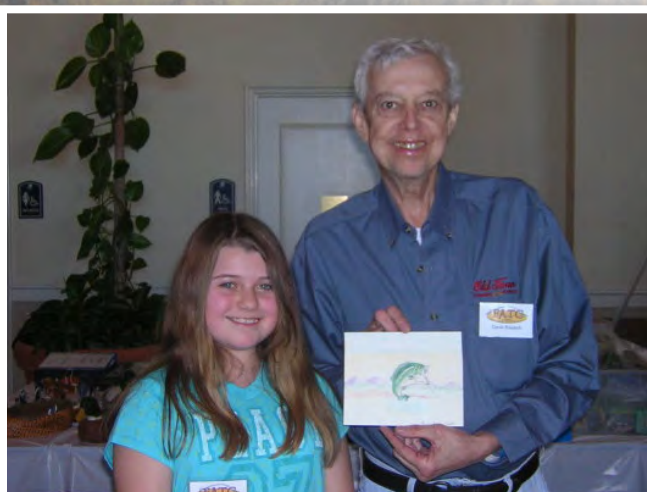
Blair J. Davis

Blair J. Davis, Lt. Col USAF (Ret.), 88, passed away Monday, May 17, 2010 at a local hospital. He was born February 14, 1922, in Columbus, Ohio, and served with the U.S. Army Air Forces in the South Pacific during World War II. He flew with the Ohio Air National Guard from 1949 to 1951 and with the U.S. Air Force from 1951 to 1972. After retiring from the Pentagon in 1972, he moved to Panama City. He is survived by his beloved wife of 68 years, Naomi; daughter, Dee Roth (Allen) of Bexley, Ohio; son, Blair Davis (Cynthia) of Worthington, Ohio; grandson, B.J. Davis of Grove City, Ohio; and many nieces and nephews. He was predeceased by his sister, Beulah Morrison. Graveside services and burial took place May 24, 2010, at Forest Lawn Cemetery in Columbus, Ohio. Full military honors were conducted by the Honor Guard from Wright-Patterson AFB, Ohio.



David Brian Keyeck

David Brian Keyeck, 58, of Lilburn, GA died Tuesday, July 27th. Dave is survived by his wife, Kathy, son, Brian, and daughter, Kelly. Both Brian and his wife, and Kelly and her husband will be celebrating the birth of Dave's two new grandchildren soon. Dave was an active member of NFLCC, CATC, and FATC. He was always generous and helpful to young collectors.



Gone Fishing...

Breathe deep
The gathering gloom
Watch lights fade
From every room
Bedsitter people
Look back and lament
Another day's useless
Energy spent

Impassioned lovers
Wrestle as one
Lonely man cries for love
And has none
New mother picks up
And suckles her son
Senior citizens
Wish they were young

Cold hearted orb
That rules the night
Removes the colors
From our sight
Red is gray and
Yellow white
But we decide
Which is right
And
Which is an Illusion

The Moody Blues, 1967



William N. Belliveau

William N. "Bill" Belliveau, 61, of Port Charlotte, Fla. passed away Monday, March 15, 2010. He was born in Nova Scotia, Canada, Feb. 14, 1949 to Clifford and June Belliveau. Bill grew up in Waltham. He worked in the transportation business for over 20 years before moving to Port Charlotte in 1993. Bill is remembered with love by his wife of 23 years, Maralyn; brother, Roy (Kathleen Belliveau) of Port Charlotte; sister Diane (Robert) Morlock of Berlin, daughter Marie Freitas; and grandson Anthony of West Bridgewater; stepdaughter, Jennifer (Andrew) Carroll of Billerica and grandchildren, Phillip, Heather and Benjamin; stepson Christopher (Mary) of Winchendon, and grandchildren, Jessica, Jordan, and Jamison; niece Kimberly (Daniel) Ryan of Berlin, Ma., stepfather John (Joan) MacNeill of Northboro, and dear Mother-in-law Stella Panagakis. Bill was preceded in death by his loving mother, June MacNeill; and lifelong friend, Patrick LeBlanc. A celebration of Bill's life was held on April 18th, in Berlin, Ma.



George H. Coopey Jr.

Born May 16, 1947, George H Coopey Jr., 63, of Venice died May 27, 2010. Services were held at Farley Funeral Home, Venice Chapel, and burial followed at Sarasota National Cemetery. Survivors include his wife, Mary, of Venice; and sons George H. III and Dana R., both of Ottawa, Kan. He is also survived by grandchildren Devon R. Coopey, Seth A. Coopey, Carson B. Coopey and Madison J. Coopey.



I cannot deny that I have always enjoyed art; have tried to collect some of it; and think I have an appreciation for art. On the other hand, most of the tackle rooms I've been in were pretty skimpy on art. I am not sure why that is. I recall about 10 years ago Henry Broggi of South Bay Auctions called our sale at Daytona. He was trying to sell a piece of art and was having a hard time getting an opening bid. Henry, in frustration, stammered something to the effect that Florida tackle collectors had no taste in art.

I'm not sure I would completely agree with Henry. However, I think maybe we just don't think of what we might hang on our walls as art. Let me give you a list of a few of the things I have on my wall, each of which I consider to be art.

There is a scale model of an ice sailing sloop, named "Sno Flake" (see Photo 1) of the DN design, the type that was used on the lakes in the Detroit area. An older gentleman visited the Museum in the early 1990s and was so impressed that he went home and made this model. He presented it to me and the Museum a couple of weeks later. Would you believe I also have a very large hornet's nest artfully displayed. (see Photo 2) One quick suggestion. Be sure that all the hornets are dead before you hang it.

Included on my walls are: photos of Red Grange, the Galloping Ghost, (see Photo 3) who is one of my heroes as well as my dad, and few other famous men. In the 1970s, I had an opportunity to meet and become a friend of Grange's. Consequently, I was only one of two people other than his Junior NFL liaison who could persuade him to speak at a public event. There is a tailer, which probably originated in England or Scotland, and it was used to land salmon that were too large for landing nets. (see photo, next page) A Beany Bachus print (see Photo 4) which is featured on a place mat that the ladies of Ft. Pierce produced and sold as a fund raiser many years ago, also graces the wall.

I have an outboard motor hanging on another wall. (see Photo 5) It is an ELTO (Evinrude Light Twin Outboard) which is next to the smallest sized motor they ever built. It has no sentimental value, I just think it is super cool, especially placed on the wall! A photo of Ted Williams with a number of his flies, some made by Ted personally (and others by Ted Williams, Inc, a Florida fishing tackle company) has a special place (see Photo 6).

There are a couple of other items worth mentioning. Sometime in the 1950s, while quail hunting in Sumter County, my hunting partner literally picked up his two bird



Photo 1



Photo 2



Photo 3



Photo 4

dogs and crawled onto the hood of the jeep. Bill Bryan was fearless in the woods. I had on another occasion killed a rattlesnake by shooting between his legs, after I had pulled his dog by its tail through Bill's legs and away from the snake. However, on this day he was on edge. Not only did I have to kill that snake, but then I had to tramp around for another 10 minutes looking for his traveling mate and send it to everlasting sleep also. The skin of the first one graces my wall and I just love it! (see Photo 7)

Some twenty years ago, I had an opportunity to buy two pieces that were painted on curly pine. (see Photo 8) They had been done for a hunting and fishing club in Panama City, Florida, or so I was told. I think the wood is nicer than the paintings.

Over the years, I kept the fishing scene and sold the hunting scene. "Ah ha!", not only do I use my walls, but also my ceiling! Hanging aloft is a Fishing Kite (see Photo 9) made here in Florida by the late Capt. Bob Lewis. It is certainly a conversation starter.

Lastly, I want to tell you about one of my favorite pieces of art. It is a print of a fly fisherman in fishing coat, hat, and tie with two cows that the artist must have borrowed from the Chick-Fil-A ads. One of the cows has the net part of his landing net in her mouth and the other cow is just licking the back of his jacket. I named the print, "One Good Lick Deserves Another." (see Photo 10) In the background, you can see four other fly fishermen watching carefully as this scene unfolds. Henry Hintermeister painted the original, but that is not where the story begins, and I just love the story. Let me quote it for you with a few notes...

The first note is that this explanation, which I will give to you verbatim except where noted, was published by the Osborne Company to go with six of these prints, which as a group were entitled, "Days To Remember, A Portfolio of Six Chapters From the Life and Times of the World's Most Famous Fishing Five." Other groups of six were also printed, as were groups of twelve and singles. I do not know if the Osborne Company was always the publisher of the sets or singles. Here is the story:

"No figment of artist's imagination are the adventures recounted in this portfolio. They are as true as only fishing stories can be. For more than 20 years

it was the custom of five old friends to get together on Opening Day of the fishing season. What happened to them is something that must be seen to be appreciated. That is why they are pictured here for your enjoyment."

Note; this paragraph has been rewritten as it relates to the print that I have. The central character of all these pictured stories, is Dave Engle. Reportedly, Dave was possessed of an ungovernable temper, which was wont to dissipate as suddenly as it exploded. When not fishing, he was manufacturing superintendent of a big publishing plant. Left to right in the picture; Wilbur Newson, pioneer calendar salesman and an expert fly fisherman; Henry Sedgwick, one of the best craftsmen of his day and a maker of fly rods which are the priceless treasures of those who own them; Roscoe Clark, one-time City Engineer of Hartford, Connecticut; Dave Engle; and Gene Field, a well-known professional photographer, also from Hartford.

"Every business day of the year these five cronies took their lunch at one of Hartford's leading hotels. Other members of the group included bankers, insurance executives, and newspapermen. Whenever the talk turned to fishing, as it so often did, one of the five would recount some extraordinary thing which had befallen them on their annual Opening Day excursions to the Green River in the Berkshires. Here was rich material for a feature story, reasoned one of the newspapermen. He talked his editor into assigning a photographer to go along with them the next Opening Day. The illustrated story won so much comment when it appeared that the feature became an annual one. Years later, the photographs found their way into the studio of artist Henry Hintermeister and he used them as the basis for a series of Opening Day paintings, each with its own adventure."

"There's only one Opening Day in a year, but the memories of the Days which have gone before and the keen anticipation of the Days yet to be enjoyed seem to keep the thoughts of the Day alive in the hearts of all of us. It is well - for Opening Day is just about the grandest, happiest, most important day of the whole year."

In conclusion, it does not really matter what you hang or don't hang on your walls, or whether or not it has sentimental value to you. It should just be what you like and what you want. It could actually be something like an old lure, rod, or reel. I have more of that than anything else!



Photo 5



Photo 6



Photo 7



Photo 8



Photo 9



Photo 10



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Florida Antique Tackle Collectors, Inc.

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

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

FATC was founded in 1987. The founders felt that a statewide organization would provide additional opportunities for residents of Florida and others to learn more about the history of angling in Florida and elsewhere. FATC sponsors four exhibitions, open to the public, annually at different Florida locations. At the exhibitions members display their collections, interact with the public, and engage in other activities in keeping with the purpose of FATC. FATC publishes a newsletter tri-annually, and an annual membership directory. FATC is not affiliated in any way with the National Fishing Lure Collector's Club (NFLCC) or the Old Reel Collectors Association, Inc., (ORCA) but encourages FATC members to support those organizations.

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

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

Classified "Tackle box" ads	\$3.50 1x	\$10.00 3x
Business Card ads (black & white)	10.00 1x	29.00 3x
¼ page black & white ads	50.00 1x	120.00 3x
½ page black & white ads	90.00 1x	215.00 3x
Full page black & white ads	160.00 1x	380.00 3x
½ page color horizontal	200.00 1x	450.00 3x
Outside back cover - color (horizontal only)	275.00 1x	619.00 3x
½ page color (Contents page only - vertical)	300.00 1x	679.00 3x
Full page color (except covers or center)	375.00 1x	900.00 3x
Inside front or back cover	525.00 1x	1,179.00 3x
Single center page	450.00 1x	1,019.00 3x
Centerfold (No vertical center gutter)	850.00 1x	1,919.00 3x

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MINUTES FROM THE FATC BOARD OF DIRECTORS

MEETING AT ST. PETE BEACH, FLORIDA - SATURDAY AUGUST 7, 2010

OLD BUSINESS

- Minutes from previous meeting read and accepted by the board.
- Treasurers report unavailable - Jett's not in attendance due to illness.
- Newsletter advertising selling well and being collected on time.
- The new show coordinator is Bonnie Saliba. Compensation will be \$5.00 per table sold. The hope is to generate more table sales and membership attendance. Bonnie will start in Daytona, 2011, and board will finish details at Tallahassee show. Bonnie could also run the 50/50 raffle to help pay for her costs.
- A bylaw change should be made to state that we can have between two to four shows a year. We will initially shoot for three shows a year; February, June & October.
- Send out membership renewal notices to members who have not sent in their dues. Go back into the directory two years and mail out renewal notices to all members who are not current. This could be another job for Bonnie.

- New membership - Mike Sims, Chairman. Things we need to do for new members: make up a package for new members to include things such as a bumper sticker, membership roster, back issues of the newsletter. Have the new member contacted by his regional board member just to say hi, how are you doing, got any questions, etc. Perhaps have a club member with similar interests in collecting assigned to mentor the new member.

NEW BUSINESS

- Can our web site get more play on search engines? Ask Joe Yates, our web master.
- Gary Simpson has volunteered to be our new Newsletter Editor. The club will pay Gary's expenses to go from Gainesville to meet with Steve Cox to see how things are done. We will go back to four newsletters a year and print in B&W if necessary to reduce costs.



by Steve Cox (with the invaluable assistance of Bill Stuart!)

When I first acquired Membership Certificate No. 100 for the Seminole Club in Auburndale, Florida, at an FATC Show in Bartow, the relic raised more questions than answers. I purchased it from Steve Linkous, along with two small, early, hand-signed Florida wildlife prints by noted Lakeland artist Kent Hagerman. Rumor has it the certificate was first uncovered by long-time FATC member, Russ Riddle, some years ago.

Rushing back to Panama City after the show, I had a nice color copy of the certificate scanned, and then took the original and the Hagerman prints to my favorite frame shop, Underglass Framery. There, Gary Schierberg, the shop owner, matted and framed them under UV protective glass with acid-free matting in rustic wooden frames. I proudly hung them on the wall in my tackle office, and proceeded to examine the scanned copy more closely.

The certificate was hand-numbered 100 at the top center of the obverse, and was issued to G. O. Hatcher on "This 19th day of April, A.D. 1909" with Club secretary T.H. McRorie signing on the left and Club president J.E. Melton signing on the right. It was fancifully and finely engraved with hunting, fishing, camping, and wildlife scenes depicted throughout. A raised gold seal embossed with "Seminole Club, Auburndale, Fla. SEAL" arranged clockwise in a circular fashion, was affixed to the lower left side of the certificate. It confirmed that the member "Is hereby granted hunting and fishing privileges on all the lands and lakes controlled by said Club for a term of twenty-five years from the sixteenth day of April, A.D. 1907". At the bottom center of the certificate, a value of \$100 EACH was noted.

The reverse was equally well engraved with verbiage relating to provisional terms of transfer of the certificate to another party, and additional typed confirmation that it was "Membership Certificate No. 100 in the Seminole Club, Auburndale, Florida issued to G. O. Hatcher dated April, 19th, 1909". It was also stained with what appeared to be an ink spill on the center panel of the trifold design.

As I inspected the ancient document, my mind drifted back in time, trying to visualize what it must have been like to be a member of such an exclusive outdoors, sporting, and fraternal organization. Where exactly was the Club property located, and how large a tract of land did it encompass? How many members were there, and did each pay the sizeable sum of \$100 during the last years of

the Roosevelt administration (Teddy, not Franklin) for the privilege? Furthermore, who was this guy G. O. Hatcher, and his buddies McRorie and Melton, for that matter?

Promising myself to pursue the investigation at a later date, I put the matter on hold for several years. Then, in April, 2008, a new cover was needed for the upcoming FATC Membership Directory. The certificate would work beautifully, so it was printed in color, and 500 copies were mailed out to the membership.

Thinking this might jump-start renewed interest in the history of the piece, I waited for a response, a clue, a spark of research... Well, the silence was deafening. Sadly, no one seemed to know anything about the Seminole Club. FATC member Jeff Windisman, a resident of Auburndale, thought he had a lead on some info, but at the St. Pete Beach show this past August, he said it proved to be a dead end. Determined to shed some light on the mystery, I decided to go sleuthing after the facts myself.

Finally getting an opportunity to head to the Auburndale/Lakeland area, I combined a trip through Gainesville to drop off a large bookcase to my daughter, Nicki. My plans were then to travel on to Bartow to spend the evening with Bill Stuart for some tackle trading, etc. On my way, I made a stop in Micanopy, searching for Henry Graak Jr.'s Silver Springs pottery at the neat antique shops. I also stopped by and showed the Club certificate and my Kent Hagerman prints to Larry Roberts, a noted Florida historian, author, and antiques dealer.

Larry had never seen the certificate, but mentioned hearing about a Seminole Club in Jacksonville! He suggested I visit the Special Collections area at the Lakeland Public Library. He thought they might have some info on it, and noted they also had a number of Kent Hagerman prints similar to mine, available for inspection.

With renewed enthusiasm, I pulled into Bartow, whereupon Mr. Stuart proceeded to show me his Polk County hospitality. It had been nearly ten years since I last visited Bill and Nancy's beautiful home, and at the time, they had just moved in, and still had many of their furnishings packed in boxes. Bill and I had a nice dinner, then went back to his house and broke out the libations, while looking through my negligible amount of tackle, and his large, unbelievably rare collection!

We eventually got around to discussing the Seminole Club, and Bill said, "I've got a photo of the clubhouse!" He pulled out a file with the picture and an email from Tom Muir, curator of the Polk County Historical Museum. In the email, Mr. Muir indicated that the clubhouse of the Seminole Club was located on the shore of Lake Ariana, and opened on December 20th, 1908.



Lake Ariana was a popular swimming area, and there was a pavilion used for dances in the 1920s. Mr. Muir noted that Seminole Clubs were located in several southern cities, and the Club was a social/fraternal organization. Muir had not found any additional info on the Club, but stated that the Lakeland Public Library Special Collections, Polk County Ephemera (RG3000), 1901-2003, contained an original 1910 constitution, by-laws, and membership list for the Auburndale, Florida, Club!

Charged up by this new information, I suggested, then insisted, that Bill go with me to the library the following morning. He said, "Fine, but let's have breakfast first and then go by the Polk County Museum." Bill had a number of his local Bartow area tackle collections on display at the museum. Besides, Bill had never been to the Lakeland Public Library, since it was so far away from Bartow (14 miles)!

We managed to get all of the above activities into our busy schedules that morning, and I must say the trip to the museum was thoroughly enjoyable. We then proceeded to Lakeland, and eventually found the public library, where we were directed to the Special Collections area. When we asked the librarian about information on the Seminole Club in Auburndale, he said, "This is the **Lakeland Public Library**, we don't keep any information on Auburndale, here!"

Bill then pulled out his email from Tom Muir, and told the Special Collections librarian which file it was located in... The librarian looked puzzled, but said, "OK, let's take a look there." Within three minutes, he produced the documents we requested, and expressed surprise that they were in the collection.

Bill and I reviewed the file and asked if we could have two sets of copies made. Reluctantly, the gentleman agreed, but said he'd have to charge us for them. We said, "Fine", and after some technical problems with his equipment, he returned to the desk with the two sets of copies and said, "That will be \$2.20". Being the high rollers that we are, we paid him in cash. He was not set up to provide us with a receipt, but like a bad Mitch Hedberg donut joke, we were not interested in documenting the inconsequential transaction for reimbursement.

I then mentioned Kent Hagerman to the librarian, and he knew exactly where **that** file was. Moments later he produced a dossier on Hagerman, along with numerous pieces of his engraving and printing work. I was very pleased to see press releases of his many awards and catalogued works. There was also a feature on him in the March, 1997, *Polk County Historical Quarterly*, which showed a fishing print I'd never seen before. All in all, this was a very successful and productive morning!

Bill and I had lunch and then said our goodbyes. I headed back to Gainesville and had dinner with Nicki and her boyfriend, Ryan, then returned to Panama City. I now had enough information to begin writing this article.

The Seminole Club constitution was not what would pass as politically correct with today's social norms, but it did reflect the mood of the Deep South at the time. It

was interesting to note that only a handful of the more than 500 members were from Florida, and the majority were from Georgia. Mr. G. O. Hatcher, who originally held certificate number 100, was listed in the membership directory as residing in Social Circle, Georgia. Looking up the town in a current *Rand McNally Atlas*, I found that it is located 12 miles south-southeast of Monroe, and near Interstate 20, some 45 miles east of Atlanta.

The copy of the lease boasts of having 66,000 acres and 200 lakes within Polk County, on which the membership could hunt and fish, all teeming with game including "deer, turkeys, ducks, snipe, and quail abound." "The water is pure freestone, clear as a crystal and fine." The lease goes on to note that the land is the highest elevation above sea level in the state, at 226 feet, and said to be "the healthiest, warm in winter and cold in summer." This must have been before it was determined that the elevation near the Alabama state line in the Panhandle, between Defuniak Springs and Crestview, is higher, at 345 feet!



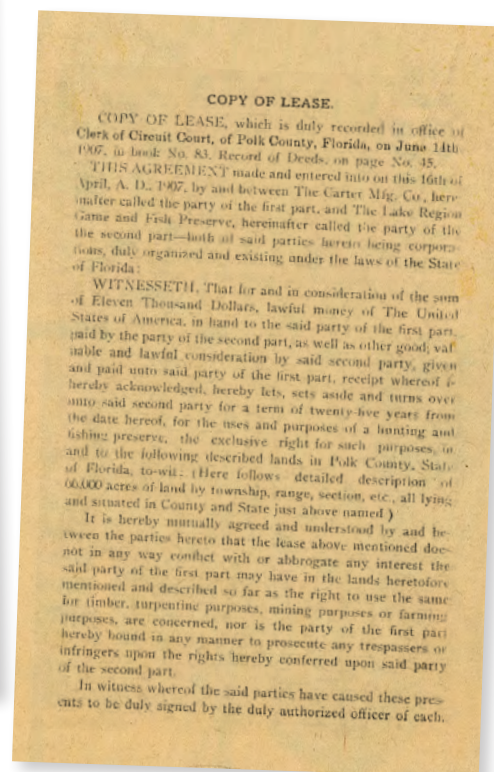
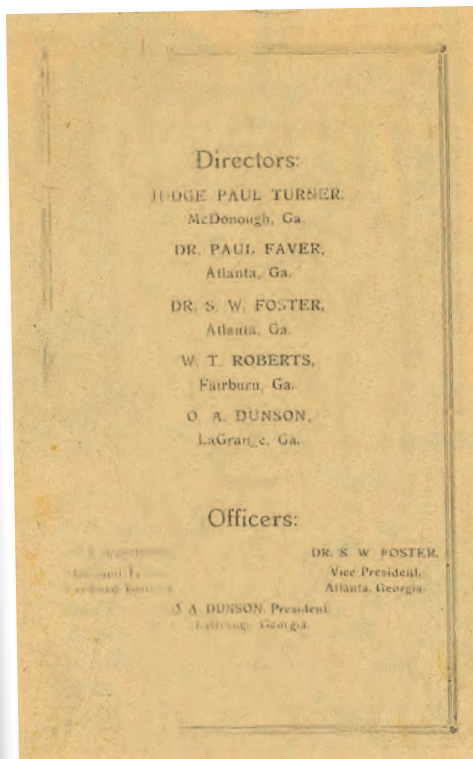
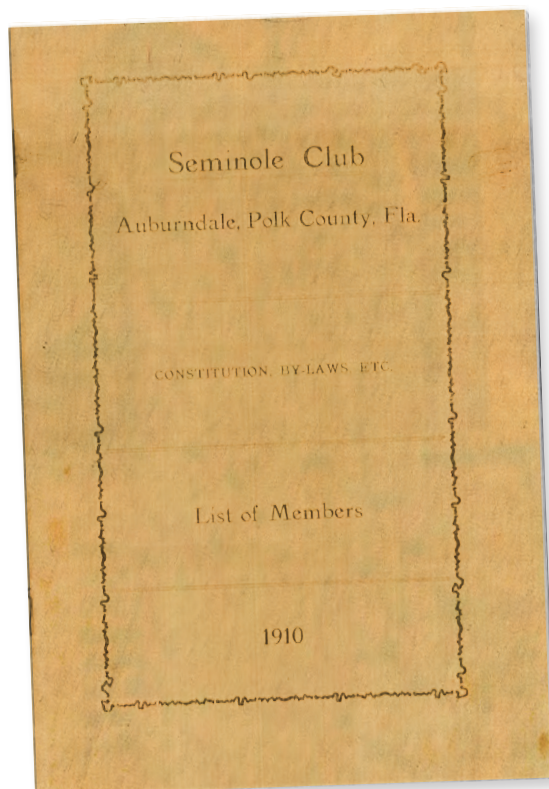
This photo, from a local Auburndale newspaper, reads, "Seminole Club House in 1911. The famous hunting and fishing club received its first visitors the week of December 20, 1908. T. H. McRorie as the promoter, and a short time later, Col. J. H. Bruce was the manager. The club was a big success, as members of the club came to Auburndale each winter. The Club originally built on an old Indian mound, but moved a couple of years later." Perhaps the members eventually thought better of building their clubhouse over a Native American burial ground, especially for a club sharing its moniker with the tribe.

The Club property was described as being "on the Atlantic Coast Line Railroad, main line between Jacksonville and Tampa, 197 miles below Jacksonville, and 43 miles from Tampa about one mile from the depot of Auburndale, Polk County, Florida." The clubhouse grounds encompassed 12 acres, and "overlooks one of the most beautiful lakes in the State, with an area of 1,000 acres, and almost a perfect circle, and surrounded by a pretty white sand beach." It was "the natural home of the orange, grape-fruit, pine apple, guava, etc., not only admirably adapted to all citrus fruits, but also to all varieties of truck-farming, such as strawberries, tomatoes, potatoes, celery, sugar cane, grapes, cantaloupes, etc."

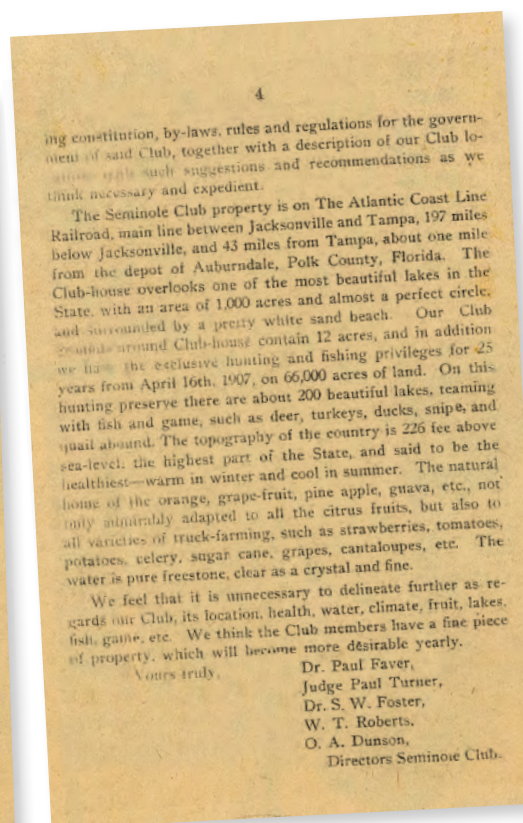
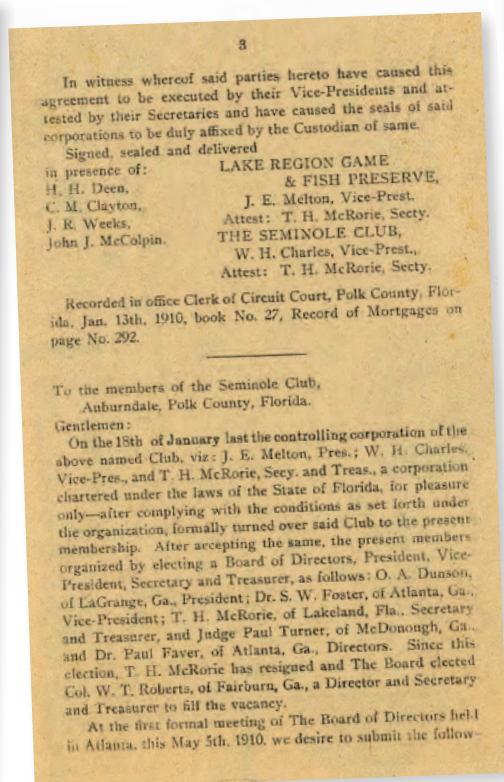
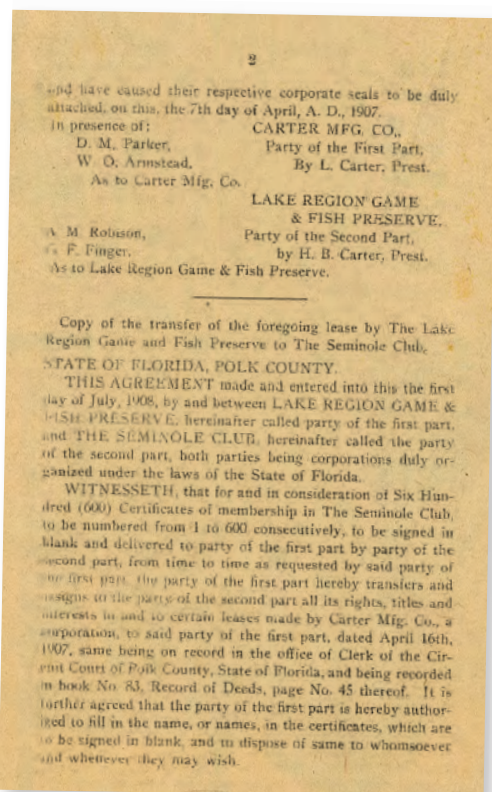
This "larger-than-life" promotional language became the standard in Florida real estate efforts through the early decades of the twentieth century, and the Seminole Club embraced this marketing strategy. The Club document was meant to entice prosperous folks to come down to Polk County for winter and early spring respites, and to enjoy nature's bounty. As is still the case today, no mention of mosquitoes, cockroaches, ticks, yellow flies, dog flies, sand gnats, no-see-ums, alligators, rattlesnakes, cottonmouths, coral snakes, malaria, yellow fever, hurricanes or other pesky conditions can be found when one consults with a broker to buy his or her very own piece of paradise!

The three major entities involved in the Club's arrangement were the Carter Manufacturing Company, the Lake Region Game and Fish Preserve, and the Seminole Club of Auburndale, Polk County, Florida. Various individuals shared officer and director positions within the entities, and sometime between the April, 1909, date of G. O. Hatcher's certificate, and the May, 1910, date of the Constitution and By-Laws, the officers and board members, including J. E. Melton and T. H. McRorie, resigned, and a





The Seminole Club Constitution, By-Laws, and list of members in 1910. A review of each page of the document reveals many interesting details and insights, along with social norms that might now be frowned upon, given the ever-changing shape of our country's culture. Each page has been reproduced so that the reader may experience the depth of detail a new Seminole Club member would encounter, once he or she paid a substantial sum of cash and received a promise of real estate as a benefit of membership. This Club was not an "everyman" organization, and potential members had to be well read and capable of understanding and transacting complicated contracts.



new board and officers were approved. O. A. Dunson, of LaGrange, GA, was named president, with Dr. S. W. Foster, of Atlanta, GA, as vice-president, and W. T. Roberts, of Fairburn, GA, serving as secretary and treasurer. Along with these three gentlemen, Judge Paul Turner, of McDonough, GA, and Dr. Paul Faver, of Atlanta, GA, rounded out the new board of directors. With an all-Georgia cast, the Seminole Club was poised to be a reality.

As I was wrapping up this article for *FATC News*, Bill's "go-to-guy" in Bartow, Tom Muir, again dazzled us with his research knowledge and abilities. He forwarded three links to Bill; one from the Florida Heritage Collection in the Florida State University Library, and two from the *Atlanta Journal-Constitution* newspaper. The *Atlanta Constitution* articles first appeared on May 26th, and July 19th, 1908, and deal specifically with the Auburndale, Florida, Seminole Club.

The *Atlanta Constitution* articles confirm much of what was already gleaned from my membership certificate and the Lakeland Public Library Special Collections, with two exceptions: (1) The Lake Region Game and Fish Preserve had its main office in Lakeland, FL, and was touted as the largest game preserve in the South. The articles reproduced the same graphics engraved on the membership certificate, and both were captioned "Camp Scene on Lake Region Preserve"; and (2) "each membership in the Seminole Club carries with it a building location at Auburndale in order that every member may build a winter home there, if so desired." The May 26th piece also states "the Seminole Club will be strictly a high-class institution from every standpoint, its members being some of the most prominent people of the South, among whom are Hon. Hoke Smith, governor of Georgia, Mr. S. C. Callaway, vice-president of the Empire Life Insurance Company, and others in Atlanta." And, yes, Mr. G. O. Hatcher, of Social Circle, Georgia, was listed as well.

The July 19th, 1908, article's first paragraph reads as if it was printed yesterday, lamenting the plight of sporting hobbies loved and appreciated by so many of us. The introduction sets the theme for the necessity of an organization such as the Seminole Club. It states "the time has come when Southern sportsmen find difficulty in getting good hunting and fishing grounds. Conditions are unsatisfactory in most localities. Game has almost wholly disappeared from thickly settled localities and posted land increases each year. The time is coming when the gun will rust for lack of use and the dog and his master grow stale for want of recreation. The only real solution of the problem lies in the organization of hunting clubs and game preserves. Sportsmen must get together. United action will get for all that which is impossible for the individual." Perhaps the old adage is still true; the more things change, the more things stay the same!

The link from the Florida State University Library Archives, confirms both Larry Roberts' and Tom Muir's assertion that other Seminole Clubs existed. It is a 1913 original Seminole Club manual, containing the Club's charter, rules, officers, and members. The document is a wealth of information about a slightly older club organized in Jacksonville, Florida, April 19th, 1887, and eventually incorporated in Florida, March 13th, 1906, as a "Corporation not for profit". The Club had no less than seven different clubhouses scattered throughout Duval County. The Club charter states that "The general object of the corporation shall be the promotion of social intercourse among its members, with all the rights, powers and



The obverse and reverse sides of G. O. Hatcher's membership certificate. Note his name's inclusion in page 13 of the membership roster shown below. A full size reproduction of the certificate can be found on the front and back cover of the 2008 FATC Membership Directory.

13

Goudelock, Miss Pearl	Atlanta, Ga.
Graham, G. L.	Rome, Ga.
Golden, J. P.	Columbus, Ga.
Garrard, Frank U.	Columbus, Ga.
Garrard, Guy	Columbus, Ga.
George, W. F.	Vienna, Ga.
Goforth, H. R.	Knoxville, Tenn.
Griffin, Virgil C.	Montgomery, Ala.
Grant, Edward M.	Morristown, Tenn.
Gaines, Ambrose	Knoxville, Tenn.
Gaulding, J. W.	Tifton, Ga.
Gregory, T. H.	Unadilla, Ga.
Hill, Ed. Y.	Washington, Ga.
Harris, Jno. L.	Winder, Ga.
Hill, H. G.	Winder, Ga.
Hattzog, O. B.	Greenville, S. C.
Hamilton, D. B., Jr.	Rome, Ga.
Hightower, W. J.	Dublin, Ga.
Harter, W. E.	Fairfax, S. C.
Hunter, J. F.	Toocoo, Ga.
Hall, J. S.	Dalton, Ga.
Ham, M. M.	Gainesville, Ga.
Hatcher, G. O.	Social Circle, Ga.
Hayes, C. R.	Nichols, S. C.
Henley, Wm. T.	Atlanta, Ga.
Hudson, D. S.	Montgomery, Ala.
Hurst, J. M., Jr.	Social Circle, Ga.
Harvery, D. N.	Monticello, Ga.
Hulet, James M.	Johnston, S. C.
Harper, A. O.	Elberton, Ga.
Hecht, J. E.	Monticello, Ga.
Hillman, J. H.	Madison, Ga.
Hardaman, Louis A.	Buford, Ga.
Hammond, R. A.	Monroe, Ga.
Hipp, O. D.	Griffin, Ga.
Hanner, J. C.	Madison, Ga.
Hutchinson, S. C.	Chattanooga, Tenn.
Houston, Clarence	Atlanta, Ga.
Hamberger, Geo. S.	Columbus, Ga.
Holliday, J. J.	Americus, Ga.
Huff, M. D.	Atlanta, Ga.
Hawkins, C. C.	Americus, Ga.
Hoeleman, H. C.	Eufaula, Ala.
Heard, O. M.	Vienna, Ga.
Hill, D. B.	Brownwood, Ga.
Hopper, C. W.	Selma, Ala.
Holt, N. B.	Montgomery, Ala.
Hart, Will J.	Johnson City, Tenn.
Haskin, B. D.	Chattanooga, Tenn.
Hill, H. O.	Americus, Ga.

privileges permitted by Chapter 4898 of the Laws of Florida, entitled "An Act as to the Incorporation of Social Clubs or Societies not for profit," including the collecting of money under the name of fees, dues, fines, rents, sales or otherwise, such as may be prescribed in the by-laws, to the end solely of promoting social intercourse as aforesaid and not for profit or dividends, and, to such end solely, the acquiring, holding, leasing, mortgaging, selling, transferring, and conveying of property, real and personal." Obviously, the document, with its extensive use of run-on sentences, intended to specify a broad range of business and transactional capabilities for Club members to engage in while pursuing their "social intercourse".

When Bill Stuart reviewed the membership directory of the Jacksonville Club, he noted the Baker family of Jacksonville as having a business relationship with his father as far back as the 1930s. Also, C. G. Menniger, of Lakeland was recognized as a business associate of Bill's family as well. Bill found some significant differences between the two Clubs, and offers this comparison chart:

Jacksonville

1. The older club - membership driven
2. Unlimited membership
3. A dues payment gave you club access
4. A social club
5. A male only club
6. two classes of general membership, resident and nonresident

Auburndale

- a stock company
- only 600 stockholders allowed
- a stock purchase gave you hunting and fishing rights on 66,000 acres for 25 years and a home site so you could eventually build a winter home
- a hunting and fishing or sportman's club
- had male and female members
- just one class of general membership

Special thanks to Tom Muir, Curator, Polk County Historical Museum, Bartow, FL; Larry Roberts, Roberts Antiques, Micanopy, FL; Lakeland Public Library Special Collections, Lakeland, FL; and Bill Stuart, Jr., Museum of Fishing, Bartow, FL.

While many details still remain to be answered regarding the ultimate fate of the Seminole Club of Auburndale, we now know much more about it, and can safely assume the Club no longer exists. Nonetheless, G. O. Hatcher's membership certificate initiated a journey into the Sunshine State's past, and provides a snapshot of the economic and cultural movements at play during Florida's formative years. I can't help but wonder how these early State pioneers would react to Disney World, the Kennedy Space Center, South Beach, college football, the Tampa skyline, condominiums, tourism, and all that we define as Florida, today...

CONSTITUTION
Of The Seminole Club of Auburndale, Polk County, Florida.

ARTICLE 1.
Name and Location—The name of this corporation shall be the Seminole Club, and its headquarters and place of location shall be at Auburndale, Polk County, Florida.

ARTICLE 2.
Nature and Object of Corporation—The general nature and object of said corporation is that of a social and literary society; a fishing and hunting club, with such club-houses, hunting grounds and hunting and fishing preserves as are incidental to such society and club.

ARTICLE 3.
Qualification of Members—Any good reputable person shall be entitled to membership in said corporation, whose application shall have been approved by the President of said corporation and the Board of Directors thereof, and who shall have paid the admission fee required by the by-laws.

ARTICLE 4.
Term of Existence—This corporation shall continue for a term of 25 years, from issuance of its charter, unless sooner dissolved according to law.

ARTICLE 5.
Officers—The officers of this corporation shall be a President, a Vice-President, a Secretary and Treasurer (one person) and a Board of Directors, consisting of five members of said corporation, same to be elected annually on third Tuesday in January by the members thereof.

ARTICLE 6.
Control—This corporation shall be controlled by a Board of Directors, and the by-laws of said corporation are to be made, altered or rescinded by them.

ARTICLE 7.
Limit of Liability—The highest amount of indebtedness to which this corporation shall subject itself shall be \$5,000 (Five Thousand Dollars), and it shall at no time subject itself to an indebtedness or a liability greater than two-thirds of the value of the property of the corporation.

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ARTICLE 8.
Amount of Real Estate—The amount in value of real estate this corporation may hold is Ten Thousand Dollars, subject always to the approval of the Circuit Judge.

(NOTE—It was necessary, of course, to make CONSTITUTION conform exactly to the Charter of the Club, which is duly recorded in office of Clerk of Circuit Court of Polk County, Florida, Book A, Record of Incorporations, page 312 thereof.)

BY-LAWS. Of Seminole Club, Auburndale, Polk County, Florida.

SECTION 1.
Membership—The membership of this Club shall be limited to 600 members, and shall consist of those persons who, at the date of the adoption of these By-Laws, are members of the Club and also such other persons who may be elected to membership by the Club as provided for in the Constitution, Section 3, of The Seminole Club. Any one desiring to become a member of this Club shall make application in writing, accompanied by the membership fee, after which the election shall be by ballot of the Directors, and one negative vote shall constitute a rejection.

SECTION 2.
Membership Fee and Annual Dues—The membership fee in this Club shall be \$25.00. The annual dues shall be \$10.00 for 1911 and \$5.00 annually thereafter, same to be paid on or before the 1st day of July each year.

SECTION 3.
Forfeiture of Membership and Interest—Any member failing to pay dues or any indebtedness to the Club, within 60 days after having been notified in writing, signed by Secretary and Treasurer, directed to such member, at last known post-office address, shall thereafter cease to be a member, and all rights in the Club shall be forfeited.

SECTION 4.
Officers—The officers of this Club shall be elected annually

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as provided in the Constitution, Section 5, of the Seminole Club.

SECTION 5. DUTIES OF OFFICERS.

President—The President shall preside at all meetings of the Board of Directors, also at the annual meetings and at any special meetings which may be called of the members, and shall attend generally to the executive business of the Club.

Vice-President—The Vice-President shall act in the place of the President in his absence.

Secretary and Treasurer—The Secretary and Treasurer shall keep the minutes of the Board of Directors, give notice of meetings and perform all duties, which are customary and incident to the office of Secretary. As Treasurer he shall have charge of the books of the Club and of the Title Deeds of the properties of the Club, and all other papers pertaining to the Club. He shall collect all dues and shall have charge of all funds, and shall make such reports of the receipts and disbursements in such form and detail as the Club may direct.

SECTION 6.
Board of Directors—The Board of Directors shall have entire control and management of the Club and its properties. It shall have power to delegate from time to time such authority as they may deem necessary to any one or more of their number, acting as a committee, in order that the business of the Club may be transacted with promptness and dispatch. They shall have the power to fill any vacancies which may occur in their Board. Meetings of the Board of Directors may be called at any time by the President or a majority of the Board, and held at any place they may direct, except the annual meetings, which are fixed by the charter and also Constitution of the Seminole Club, Section 5.

SECTION 7.
Annual Meetings—The annual meetings shall be held on the third Tuesday in January each year at the Club-house, Auburndale, Polk County, Florida, at twelve o'clock (noon). A majority of the members present and represented shall con-

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stitute a quorum. Members may vote by written proxy at any of the annual or special meetings.

SECTION 8.
Special Meetings of Members—Special meetings of the members may be called by the Board of Directors, who shall embody in notice of such meeting the object and purpose for which the meeting is called, same to be mailed to each member two weeks previous to the date fixed for said meeting. The power of the meeting to act, so called, shall be limited to matters set forth in such notice.

SECTION 9.
Rules—The Directors may prescribe the rules for the use of the Club-house by members and their guests.

SECTION 10.
Hunting Season—The season for killing all game shall conform to the period allowed by the laws of the State of Florida, relating thereto.

SECTION 11.
Club-House and Accommodations—The Club-house will be open from December 1st until March 15th of each season. No colored servant shall be allowed to occupy a room in the Club-house. Members are liable for damage and breakage. No dog can be kept in room at Club-house. Accommodation for guests shall be made subordinate to those required for members.



Award Winners

FROM THE ST. PETE BEACH SHOW
AUGUST 2010

Topical:
Dennis McNulty - Heddon Catalogs

Educational:
Sam Bryant - Daltons

Florida:
Ron Gast - Earl Gresh

Outstanding Display:
Larry Lucas - Porter
Bernie Schultz - Barracuda
Doug Brace - Florida Saltwater
Mike Mais - Griner
Susan Mais - Beetle Bugs
Jacob Mais - Dalton
Mark Hostetler - Heddon
Steve Cox - Barracuda
Roth Kemper - Florida Lures
Barry Brunges - Bagley





The F.A.T.C. News

P.O. Box 288

Panama City, Florida 32402

ADDRESS SERVICE REQUESTED



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

Show Location: National Guard Armory

Hotel: Cabot Lodge, Tallahassee, Florida

Show Hosts: Sally Jett, Frank and Linda Carter, and Jack and Claire Fenwick

Frank Carter: (850) 574-9718 - fandl@comcast.net

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

NFLCC Regional Meet Calendar

- October 8 - 9, 2010 - Osage Beach, Missouri - (573) 480-3939 or (573) 280-5726
- October 16, 2010 - Ft. Worth/Burleson, Texas - (817) 295-7750
- October 16 - 17, 2010 - Grantville, Pennsylvania (formerly Allentown)
- October 16, 2010 - Wisconsin Dells, Wisconsin - (715) 877-3891
- October 23, 2010 - Fort Wayne, Indiana - (260) 622-7107
- November 5 - 6, 2010 - Kelso, Washington (Fall Show) - (360) 274-8045 or (206) 526-5814
- November 11 - 13, 2010 - Bakersfield, California - (661) 399-1580 or (661) 858-0188
- January 7 - 8, 2011 - Pigeon Forge, Tennessee - (615) 449-5431
- January 8, 2011 - Carthage, Missouri - (417) 358-5116 or (417) 437-5330
- January 14 - 15, 2011 - Milwaukee, Wisconsin - (262) 632-4735
- February, 2011 - Bartlesville, Oklahoma
- March, 2011 - Indianapolis, Indiana - (765) 653-3670
- April 9 - 10, 2011 - Palmyra, New York - (315) 597-4793
- April, 2011 - Effingham, Illinois - (217) 644-2294 or (217) 868-2427
- April 1 - 2, 2011 - Kelso, Washington (Spring Show) - (360) 274-8045 or (206) 526-5814
- April 28 - 30, 2011 - Temple, Texas - (254) 774-1967, (254) 721-2998, (512) 990-8703, (903) 316-6938, or (903) 455-6008
- May, 2011 - Kansas City, Missouri - (816) 350-0255
- July 21 - 23, 2011 - The National, Louisville, Kentucky