

F.A.T.C. NEWS

FLORIDA ANTIQUE TACKLE COLLECTORS NEWSLETTER

VOLUME 34 NUMBER 3



LOOKING BACK AT JAN CUMMINGS



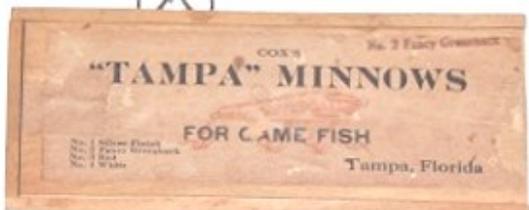
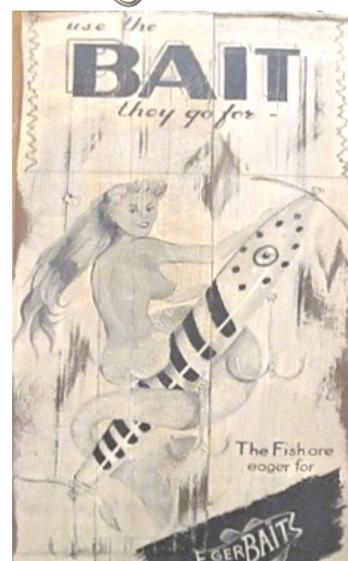
TWO WEEKS
VACATION FOR
TWO BOYS



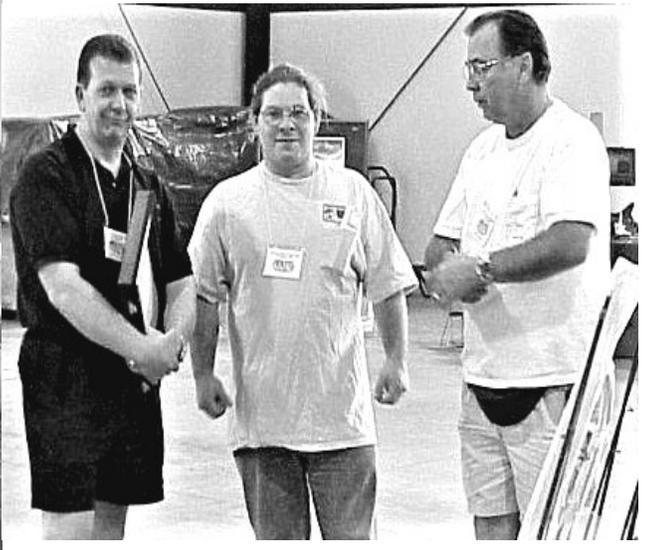
BOB OUSLEY - "Tarpon Mi"
Ft. Myers, FL. c.1970's



WHERE ARE THEY NOW



FATC PAST SHOW MEMORIES



Thanks to all who helped with my collection!

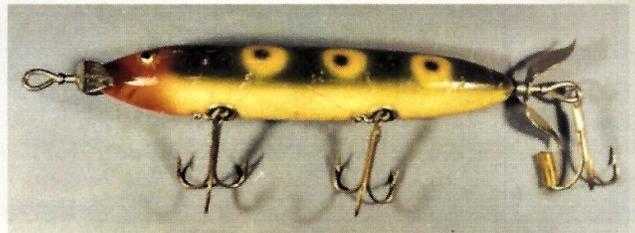
~Chuck

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FATC NEWS

THE NEWSLETTER OF THE FLORIDA ANTIQUE TACKLE COLLECTORS INC.

Summer 2020 Volume 34 No. 3

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Bill Premaza
Antique Fishing Tackle Collector

Member (941) 244-0880 (Home)
 NFLCC/FATC/ORCA (504) 913-4900 (Cell)
 wpremaza@aol.com

President: Mike Mais-Ocala, FL
Vice President: Chuck Heddon-Longwood, FL
Secretary: Rick Vaughn-Nokomis, FL
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Advertising: Bill Premaza-Venice, FL

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 FISHING TACKLE**

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Cover:
 Florida Lures

WANTED
PAW PAW PLENTY SPARKLES
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 jkwlure2@outlook.com

FATC Board of Directors Meeting

Thursday June 4, 2020

Meeting held using video conference call
Mike Mais calls meeting to order 7:01 PM

~Board reviews and excepts current and 2019 year end financial report previously emailed to members by Bill Premaza

~Ron Gast informs board that the proposed site of the club's fall show scheduled for August in St Pete is currently not booking or holding events due to Covid-19 safety issues. Board members are in agreement that the show should be cancelled, and any applicable refunds will be issued to club members.

~The FATC 2021 spring show will be in Punta Gorda, and the 2021 fall show to be in St Pete. The 2021 Daytona show to proceed as scheduled.

~Motion to increase compensation for the newsletter editor/membership director position currently held by Jeff Windisman. Position holder to receive \$500.00 per newsletter, with managing the membership directory and new members included in the payment. Motion seconded and passed.

~Newsletter to continue on regular schedule [late August & spring].

~Board agrees treasurer Bill Premaza shall receive his yearly compensation as usual.

~Board agrees to another board meeting to be held virtually at a date to be determined this fall.

Meeting adjourned 7:48 PM

Board members in attendance;

Mike Mais Bob Coon Ron Gast Ed Weston Mike Hall Chuck Heddon Bill Premaza
Rick Vaughn Submitted By Rick Vaughn-Secretary



FATC MEMBERSHIP DUES

[PLEASE READ]

Over the years we have received membership dues from existing members and new members in a variety of ways and locations. Some have been sent to officers and directors of the club, some have gone to the presidents and an increasing number have been paid through PayPal. On occasion, some of these payments have been misplaced or not received at all, frustrating our new and existing members alike. As a result members were not receiving any information or newsletters from the FATC.

To resolve this issue and smooth out our process, we would like all new and existing membership dues sent to one location "shown below". This is our Treasurers address. Send it to this address if you are paying by CHECK [make checks payable to FATC] "PAYPAL WILL ALSO BE ACCEPTED AND IS THE PREFERABLE WAY TO PAY. [see the FATC website].

Also, in order to get everyone in the directory, who wants to be listed in the directory, we are requiring that all membership dues be paid by [March 1st of each year], so we can include the directory in our second newsletter sent out in April. THANK YOU for your help in these matters and we're looking forward to seeing you all at the next show!

MAIL CHECKS TO: FATC 485 Marsh Creek Rd.
Venice, Florida 34292-5314

PAY THROUGH PAYPAL AT FATC WEBSITE:
www.fatc.net

EDITOR NOTES

Jeff Windisman

This year has been one for the age's, I hope everyone's doing well with this virus floating around. With the rest of the FATC shows cancelled for 2020, and other clubs doing the same, lets look forward to 2021 and the Daytona Show to start our collecting habit back to a somewhat normality again.

In this newsletter, we have pictures from our long past shows. See if you can recognize any of the location. We have a story that Chuck Heddon submitted with the permission of Don Lyon's, from his book "The Heddon's and Their Baits". A very interesting story of two 13-year-old boys and their adventures. Joe Yates has another unknown Florida maker for us to try and unmask its provenance. Doug Brace sends a story, "Looking Back" at Jan Cummings

The Dalton Man



WE WILL SEE EVERYBODY AT:
**THE 30TH ANNUAL FLORIDA
 INTERNATIONAL
 ANTIQUE FISHING TACKLE SHOW**
 IN
DAYTONA BEACH, FL
FEBRUARY 26 TO 28, 2021

MISSING

An Article by YOU
PLEASE CONTRIBUTE

NOTE: Of all of the nice displays that we see at the shows and of all of the information that is in the your heads - we all have a lot we can share.



FATC AWARDS CRITERIA

It has come to our attention that many of our FATC members are not aware of the various benchmarks used to judge the exhibits at our FATC shows. The following is a synopsis of the criteria used to reach our decision.

- 1-Educational Information
- 2-Identification & Labeling
- 3-Rarity
- 4-Completeness
- 5-Condition
- 6-Overall Presentation
- 7-Uniqueness and/or Originality

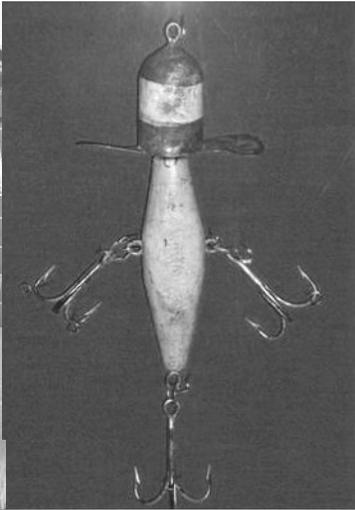
An exhibitor who wins a major award at one show is not eligible to win another major award for a period of one year. The exhibitor however, may win a major award within this time period, if they display an exhibit that is entirely different.

Exhibit cards with the name of the exhibit and the owners name, should be displayed prominently on their exhibit. These cards can be obtained at the registration desk.

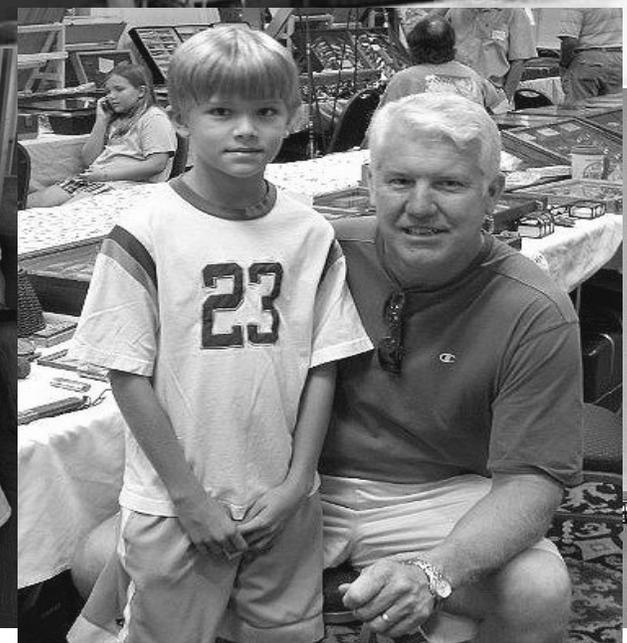
THANK YOU

Awards Committee
 Rick Vaughn & Paul Snider

FATC PAST SHOW MEMORIES



FATC PAST SHOW MEMORIES



UNKNOWN FLORIDA LURE MAKERS

Joe Yates



The bait is spray-painted in a striped pattern similar to that used by the Eger Bait Company on many of their Dillinger lures. It has a black bar painted the length of its back and three black spots on the belly. Notice that the gill marks on the belly are slightly off center.

The lure measures 2 1/8" inches and weighs .37 ounces. It has a belly weight and uses a fairly wide-rimmed cup with screw eye hardware.



This lure used to live in the collection of William H. "Bill" Stuart, Jr. Bill thought that it was a Florida lure, but he had no idea who made it. He has never seen another lure like this one and neither have I.

Drop me a line if you have any information about this lure and its maker.

I would love to share the story with other collectors.

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“LOOKING BACK”
AT
JAN CUMMINGS
 BY: D.J. Brace July 2020



The **F.A.T.C. News**, September 2000, [Vol. XIII No. 4], acknowledged Jan Cummings as a “New Member” of the organization. His workmanship and attention to detail that also included metalwork, began to be noticed by fishing tackle collectors. Cummings initial platform as alure maker was to hand craft artificial baits in the likeness of those from a bygone era, initially made by well recognized manufacturers. Photographs of artificial baits found in collector books, especially those furnishing measurements, became his source for creative reference.

An interview with Cummings in 2006 by F.A.T.C. writer, Bill Stuart, revealed that **“Jan’s lure making began in the early 1990’s**. Stuart further noted that **“He was captivated by the design, brilliant colors and patterns of antique lures”**. This was a likely outcome of Cumming’s training , years earlier at the Ringling School of Art.

At the time Cumming’s joined the F.A.T.C. in 2000, he was an avid lure collector himself concentrating on early metal baits of Chapman, Gregory, and Pflueger. It was not uncommon for him to trade his lures, those done in the likeness of others, for metal baits to add to his own collection.



When Cummings began to display his work, there was a strong sentiment within the collecting community towards repaints and reproductions of artificial baits. Cummings adopted the N.F.L.C.C. guidelines by permanently stamping his mark into the wood bodies. Cummings early pre-production baits can be found stamped under the finish coat with digits **“52”** [his birth year] positioned within the single letter **“C”** for Cummings. However, this mark required three separate punched stampings. This proved difficult on baits with rounded bellies in addition to a potential for damage.

This procedure gave way to only the digits **52** and lastly the letter **C**. Again, the stamping was purposely done to alleviate concerns about remakes and copies of baits possibly being offered as factory originals.



For wood bodies Cummings elected to use cedar; metal accents were often German Silver. Prior to creating his own distinctive designs, what he terms as his “production” period, he was known to have hand crafted lures in the likeness of Weed Bugs, Tarpon Pikies, Pikaroons, birds , various minnows and this giant-size, 7” inch Ding Bat [L], to name a few.

The annual Daytona Beach Show offered an ideal venue for Cummings to sell his lures or, sometimes trade to add to his own collection. He was also constantly on the lookout for old tackle hardware that was “*of the period*”, for use on his own hand made lures.



During a tackle show in these earlier years, Cummings was approached by a collector asking him to repaint a tarpon pikie that in Cumming’s words ‘**could best be described as a beater**’. Cummings followed with “**how about I make you a new one? It would actually be easier for me to make my own**”. Using that same beater as a model, Cummings went on to shape a wood body, build his own form to hand make the early style diving lip, in addition to creating the hook hanger hardware used on the belly. The hook swung freely on a German Silver rod secured internally to an apparatus fashioned from repurposed bicycle spoke parts! The example shown here is belly-stamped with a “C”.

Cummings commented, **I tested all my baits out back. My Swimming Minnow [shown here] was a delight to watch while it made big, wide, sweeping turns.** This example is stamped “52”.



Shown left is a 5-inch wood body Coast Minnow with HPGM. This example is stamped with the digits “52” placed within the letter “C”; the girth is 3 3/4” inches. Numerous wire wraps at the line tie and hook eye limit any potential pinching.



Moonlight’s Pikaroon, a sleek styled artificial bait was giving Cummings artistic scale treatment and wrapped through-body rear hook hanger. He regards this as a transition bait into his production period. On this example the belly is stamped with “52” inside the letter “C”.



While making inroads towards the acceptance of his work, Cummings still experienced comments that his examples were not a positive influence for the hobby. Cummings was not alone in this. Jack Swedberg, from Wisconsin, was known for his over-sized replicas of familiar lures. While in attendance at a Daytona Beach Show with his family, it was explained to Swedberg that his lures were in conflict with current F.A.T.C. Club policy. Since the lures were not an issue with N.F.L.C.C., Swedberg objected and never returned to an F.A.T.C. event.



Jan Cummings 2016 HM

Cummings however, chose to reinvent himself and in 2006 introduced a series of his own design and paint schemes. The first was the **“American Minnow”**, followed by his **“Fairform Frog”** No.1 diving and No.2 floating. **“It was at this point my paint patterns came to be more creative”**, Cummings stated. Twenty of the diving types and ten of the floaters were reportedly made. When his **“Savage Shrimp”** was first offered at an F.A.T.C. Show in Bartow, Florida, there were not enough shrimp to satisfy the demand! He Later succumbed to numerous requests for a fly rod size which he made in limited numbers.

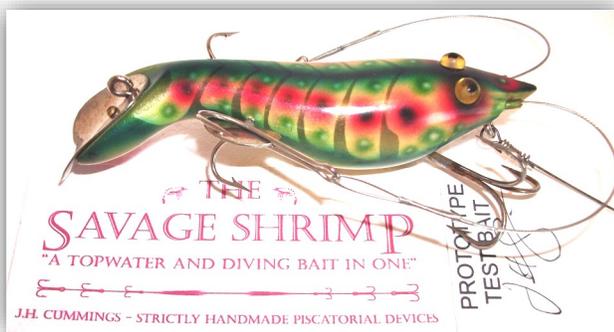
“These fly rod baits were the most difficult and intricate baits I’ve made”, he later commented. For several of his minnow bodies, he did his own electroplated Metalizing process. The Cummings artistry carried over into his handmade boxes. Ten years after Cummings took this change in direction, the F.A.T.C. elevated him to the status of Honorary Member, additionally he was also awarded a certificate of Honorary Member from the N.F.L.C.C.



[L] Jan Cummings
“American Minnow”



[R] Jan Cummings
“Fairform Frog”



The purpose of this article is to bring to light some of the early works of established artist Jan Cummings. Should you be presented with the opportunity to acquire an example of his earlier works, perhaps some of what is contained here will aid in that decision.

Authors note:

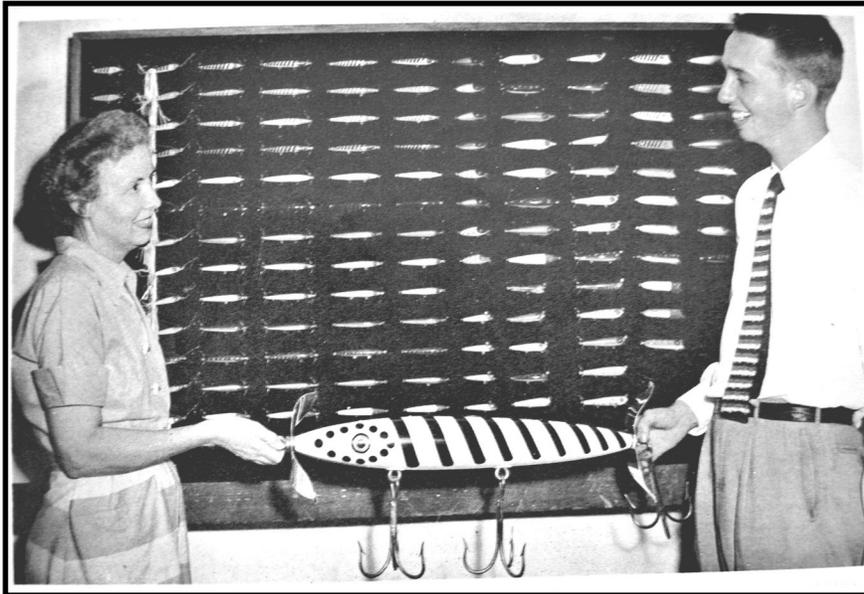
A nautical word from Cumming’s boatbuilding past is the term **“fair”**. It is the end result of wood that has been curved or bent being free of hollows or raised bumps, when viewed along sightlines. The greater degree of expertise applied the degree of **“fairness”**. Thus providing the reason behind Cumming’s **“FAIRFORM”** product name.

A special thank you to Mr. Jan Cummings and to those collectors who shared their photos.

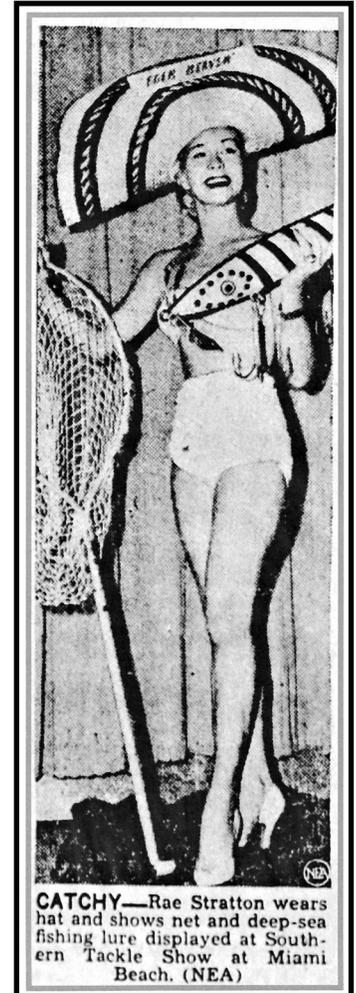
SOME LURES CAN BE LIKE AN OLD GIRLFRIEND,
AT TIMES THEY CAUSE YOU TO WONDER.....

WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

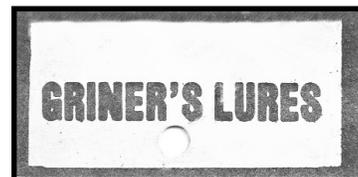
D.J. Brace July 2020



Shown above are Eger Bait Co. officers Cornelia Morris, Secretary and Vice President Kenneth Curtis Jr. A year later, December 1951, popular model Miss Rae Stratton is pictured in the Panama City News Herald holding the same oversized Dillinger while at the Southern Tackle Show , Miami Beach.



J.C. Griner, Orlando, Florida , pictured above shortly before His death August 29,1990 at age 68.



TWO WEEKS VACATION FOR TWO BOYS

Some of you have read this story in Don Lyon's book: "The Heddon's and Their Baits". For those that haven't, you should enjoy the adventures of two cousin's in the mid-1800s. This is reprinted here with Don Lyon's approval. Submitted by Chuck Heddon.

In the course of my research, I found two newspaper articles written by James Heddon's cousin, William Tuttle. They were written in 1916 and 1917, well after James death in 1911, as well as approaching the end of his life, and reminiscing about the adventures of those two young boys. William's reminiscences of those adventures over 50 years earlier were so poignant that I had to include them but getting them to fit neatly into the flow of the narrative was a challenge. I decided instead to use them here, in the introduction, as a reminder that these were real people with real hopes, dreams and struggles that were not so different than what each of us experiences today. *Don Lyon's*

TWO WEEKS VACATION FOR TWO BOYS

One summer, when Cousin Jim and I were about thirteen years old we obtained permission from our folks to go on a fishing and hunting excursion that was to last one week. After mature reflection and a great deal of discussion, we decided to go first to Magician Lake in Keeler, and fish all day. We had permission from Charlie Hills and his wife to stay the night with them and get our eatables there. We, of course, took our rifles with us, for we did not consider it safe to go anywhere without them.

So, one nice day I walked from our home in Hamilton to the Hills farm and at the same time Jimmy walk out from Dowagiac. We met there and the rest of that day rested and hunted chipmunks. The next morning, we started for the lake, with a good lunch put up for us by Mrs. Katie Hills, and on arriving at the lake we interviewed Fred Gould, rented a boat from him for the day and started out. Lake Magician was not as thickly populated in those days as it is now, so far as I remember there was only one house on it's banks, although there were other farms and houses not far away. The Gould house looked right off over the whole length of the lake, the same as it does today, and it was a very pleasant place. But comparatively, the lake was a very lonesome place then.

Now the shore is all dotted around with summer cottages and the lake is fished until I do not see how it is possible that there can be even a minnow left in it. In those days the lake was full of fish, large and small, and some very large one's were caught there.

WE START TO FISH

Well, we started out; I rowed the boat and Jimmy got his trolling line with a spoon hook on the end of it. We commenced our fishing, but during all that we scarcely got a bite, and began to feel pretty well discouraged. About noon we rowed over to of the little islands in the west end of the lake. I think there are two small islands in this lake; we landed on one of them, built a fire, warmed our tea and did full justice to the excellent dinner that Mrs. Hills had put up for us; then we rested awhile, shot at a mark, told stories, and in fact , acted just as boys of our age would, and late in the afternoon we started out to try our luck with the fish again. This time we had better luck, for we caught several good-sized ones. I would row the boat awhile and let Jimmy do the fishing, then we would change off and I would fish.

Once when Jimmy had the line out, he had a bite that almost pulled him over the stern of the boat and he declared that he must have hooked a whale. Jimmy tugged and pulled and the fish did the same, and for a while it seemed about an even thing whether he would pull the fish into the boat or the fish would pull him down to the bottom of the lake. Finally, Jim got the best of the fish and got him up near to the boat where we could see him, and surely he was a monster for two small boys to capture. Jimmy declared that he was at least ten feet long and would weigh fifty or sixty pounds.

Jim hung to him and managed to get him up near the top of the water and not very far from the boat, and I took my rifle and put a ball through his head and that settled the fight. But even then, we could not get him into the boat without danger of tipping it over, and finally we had to tow him to the shallow water. Then we got out into the water and drew him ashore.

Jimmy became so excited while all this was going on that he was almost crazy; he danced and capered around and sang and hollered. He declared that no such fish had ever been seen around that part of Michigan before and that we would be called heroes when folks came to see it.

THE BIG FISH

Well, I have forgotten the exact length of that pickerel, but he surely was a whale for us two boys to take into camp. He was about four feet long from the end of his nose to the tip of his tail, and weighed about 20 pounds, but to us boys he looked like a leviathan of the deep. We got him strung up on a pole and started for Charlie Hills where we were to stay again that night. Both of us were so excited over our catch that we could scarcely eat a bit of supper. Jimmy dreamed all night that he was catching big fish, and I did too, so that in the morning we were both just about as tired as we were when we went to bed. We spent the next day, showing that fish to all our friends and talking about it. Then we had to have the fish dressed and divided amongst our friends, for it would not keep any longer.

The next day, bright and early, we started for the lake again and fished faithfully all day but our luck had deserted us. We hardly got a bite, and at night we were disgusted, and made our minds that we would try some other kind of fun. We had an uncle - Pearse Tuttle, who lived on the bank of the lake, and we decided that we would go there the next day or two and hunt squirrels with Cousin Albert. I presume the Hills family were not grief stricken to see us off, but anyway they had treated us tip-top, and asked us to come again when we wanted to. The next two days we spent with Uncle Pearse and his wife, and these two days we hunted squirrels and killed lots of the poor things.

That was about the time the Civil War broke out, and the grown-ups talked of nothing but war, just as they are doing now, but that didn't interest us very much. All that we could think of or talk about was big fish, and every day that fish of ours grew in length and weight, so that by the time Jim got back to Dowagiac it had grown to be not less than seven feet long, and weighed not an ounce less than forty pounds. From Keeler Lake we walk to my home in Hamilton, and the rest of the week we spent in hunting squirrels and fishing in our mill pond. Strange as it may seem. That old mill pond of my father's had lots of fish in it. They were not so very large but they were plenty large enough to be good eating, and we caught a lot of them. One day we went to Christie's Lake, hunting on the way, and fishing between times but we had no luck there, and got nothing worth carrying home.

We spent one day making our plans for sugar making in our little bush, and seeing that our hut was all right for use the next spring.

CHILDHOOD'S HAPPY DAYS

Oh, those were happy days. every hour of the day was exquisite pleasure, and nothing to worry about. We had no work to do nor a thing to thin of except as how we could get the most fun out of the time. We never dreamed that there would be a future that would not be all fun and no work. By this time the week we had engaged to be gone was up and Jimmy was lamenting the fact he must go back home and go to school again, while I began to feel pretty dismal at the prospect of being left alone with no jimmy to hunt and play with so I put the matter up to my father to see if he didn't think that we could have a few days more.

Father and mother consulted about it; and said there was no school they didn't see why us two boys shouldn't play as long as we liked, and that we might go ahead and fish and hunt to our hearts content until something came up that made it necessary to quit. Well, so far as I was concerned that made it all right, but jimmy looked rather doubtful. He knew well enough that his father wouldn't be such an easy mark as mine was, and he mistrusted that if he over-stayed his time there would be something doing when he did go home. My father said he would write to the folks in Dowagiac and tell them how it was, and that he would guarantee it should be all right in the end. We knew that he would make his word good and no one ever saw two 'tickedder" boys than we were when the matter was finally settled, and there was to be another week of fun for us.

ANOTHER WEEK OF FUN

The next week we hunted and fished all around in Hamilton. We went out to our sugar camp [*Author: A sugar camp was usually a makeshift building to give shelter when making maple syrup. The sap from maple trees was gather by hammering a spile [or tap] into the tree and hanging a bucket with a cover, over the spout for the sap to flow into. The sap was gathered and hauled to the sugar camp to be boil down to make syrup. This would have been over an open wood fire that had to be kept hot enough to boil the syrup for about 7-9 hours a day to make one quart. It takes approximately 10 gallons of sap to make one quart of syrup*] and did all that we could to put it into good condition for the next spring's work, and once in a while we would be called upon to do a few chores around the house and helped father in the saw-mill when we felt like it. The pleasanter the time the faster it passes away and before we realized it, here was Saturday night again and our last week was up and we didn't have enough nerve to ask for another extension. Bright and early Monday morning I was told to take the team and take Jim to Decatur so he could catch the train for home. I did a few errands in town for father and then drove home feeling though the pleasure had all gone out of life. My chores that day were lonesome work for me, but I tried to make the best of it, and amused myself by going over in my mind all the fun that Jimmy and I had managed to have. In my mind, I caught that big fish at least forty times.

Jimmy was a very energetic boy; he was always on the go, and invariably had some scheme in his head that he thought would work out into something great. Sometimes his schemes materialized and sometimes they did not, but that made no difference; if one failed, he had another one ready. I was no hand to plan out things, but if Jimmy lead the way I would follow him through anything or anywhere, for I always had implicit confidence in his leadership, and generally we got through some way and came out all right.

In 1916 W.H. Tuttle of Decatur wrote a letter to the Decatur Republican telling of sugar making 50 years before with his "Cousin Jim" who was none other than James Heddon of Dowagiac. There was a wood lot on the Tuttle farm in Hamilton township with about 30 maple trees and every spring his Cousin Jim would come from Dowagiac to help him make maple sugar and maple syrup.

"COUSIN JIM" AND SUGAR MAKING

My mother would contribute the kettles in which to boil the sap and we would have a few weeks of perfect happiness. We got our 30 trees taped, troughs hewed out, the stove kettles hung up next to a large log and were ready to do business when the sap began to run. To complete our happiness father hitched up his team one day and drew a small load of lumber from his mill to our camp and showed us how to make a small hut. We took some of the shorter boards and set them up endways in the shape of a tent and then boarded up the back tightly leaving the front open facing the fire. We got some straw from the barn for the floor and if we weren't happy no one was.

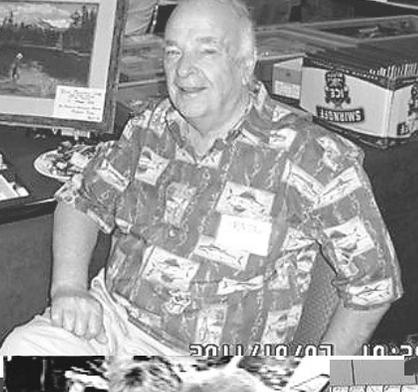
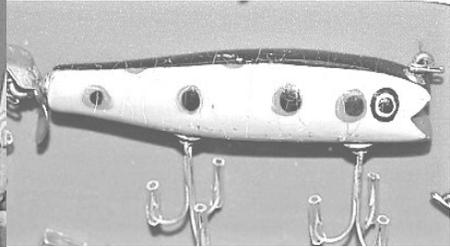
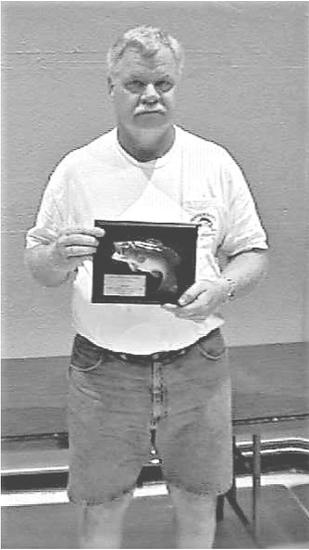
We had potatoes to roast in the ashes and meat to cook on sticks and mother saw to it we had plenty of pies and cookies. We each had a gun and all we had to do was keep the sap boiling, lie on the straw in front of the fire and read Beadle's Dime novels and occasionally go squirrel hunting. In Planning our future lives Jim and I decided to be Indian fighters, hunters and trappers somewhere out in the unknown west.

For all of our lack of modern conveniences we made some very good sugar and syrup. Sugaring off day about once a week was a great event. Then we would take all the thin syrup we had made during the week and boil it down again until it was thick enough to grain and pour into pans and stir it until it solidified. And we would have the nicest fine white maple sugar, fit for a feast.

Jim and I made sugar that way for several seasons, then my people moved to town. Jim had to go to work and I had to go to school and the little sugar bush, and our hut was left to themselves. The trees were all cut down and sold. I do not know what became of the hut, but the last time I saw the place it was a cleared field.

"Jimmy is dead and I am left to think it over, once in a while and regret that I cannot go back and live it over once more. Those were great and glorious days to us two boys and they beat being grown up a long ways".

FATC PAST SHOW MEMORIES



WELCOME NEW MEMBERS

Randy Howrigan
 903 20th Ave. W.
 Palmetto, Florida 34221
 941-224-3578
 randy@rhowrigan.com

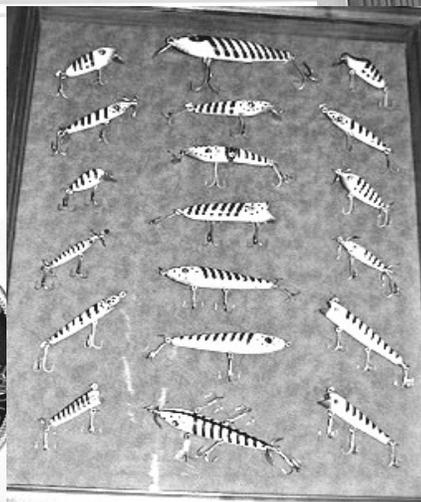
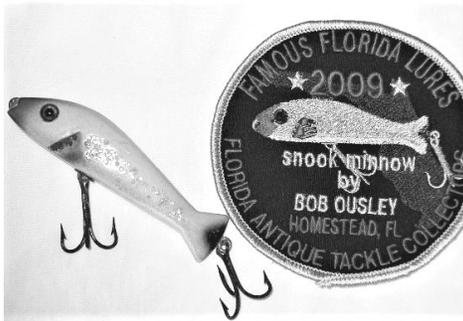
Robert Hill
 14 Riverview Front Dr.
 Venice, Florida 34293
 941-769-1931
 snookpole@aol.com

CHANGES IN DIRECTORY

Mike Mais, email - siammike9@gmail.com

Bob Coon, email - recoon73@gmail.com

Dick Braun, home phone# - 941-639-8330



President: **Mike Mais**, 352-622-2868, siammike9@gmail.com
 Vice President: **Chuck Heddon**, 407-862-7562, cheddon@mpinet.net
 Secretary: **Rick Vaughn**, 941-223-8996, fishboy6500@yahoo.com
 Treasurer: **Bill Premaza**, 504-913-4900, wpremaza@aol.com
 Auction Chair: **Dennis Coley**, 727-647-4807, myhotride@yahoo.com
 Awards Committee: **Rick Vaughn**, 941-223-8996, fishboy6500@yahoo.com
 And: **Paul Snider**, 850-485-2111, paulsnider@cox.net
 Advertising: **Bill Premaza**, 504-913-4900, wpremaza@aol.com
 Newsletter Editor: **Jeff Windisman**, 863-326-0757, jkw lure@tampabay.rr.com
 Membership Director: **Jeff Windisman**

DIRECTORS

Dale Van De Voort, 863-205-1408, luredale@verizon.com [W]	Rick Vaughn, 941-223-8996, fishboy6500@yahoo.com [SW]
Ed Weston, 561-301-9062, enotsew@hotmail.com [E]	Paul Snider, 850-458-2111, paulsnider@cox.net [NW]
Tom Wilkerson, 352-209-9654, oldstufflures@gmail.com [NE]	Butch Carey, 305-496-1873, butchcareykw@aol.com [SE]
Ron Gast, 407-496-7940, ron@luresnreels.com [C]	Bob Coon, 386-316-6910, recoon73@gmail.com [AL]

{FATC AD RATES} EFFECTIVE 2020

Classified “Tackle Box” Ads [Black & White]	\$3.50	1x	\$10.00	3x
Classified “Tackle Box” Ads [Color]	\$5.00	1x	\$12.50	3x
Business Card Ads [Black & White]	\$10.00	1x	\$29.00	3x
Business Card Ads [Color]	\$15.00	1x	\$40.00	3x
1/4-Page Ads [Black & White]	\$50.00	1x	\$120.00	3x
1/4-Page Ads [Color]	\$75.00	1x	\$200.00	3x
1/2-Page Ads [Black & White] “Horizontal”	\$200.00	1x	\$450.00	3x
1/2-Page Ads [Color] “Horizontal”	\$300.00	1x	\$679.00	3x
1/2-Page Ads [Black & White] “Vertical”	\$160.00	1x	\$380.00	3x

FLORIDA ANTIQUE TACKLE COLLECTORS, INC.

A NOT-FOR-PROFIT EDUCATIONAL ORGANIZATION

DEDICATED TO THE PRESERVATION OF OUR ANGLING HERITAGE

Florida antique Tackle Collectors, inc. [FATC] is a not-for-profit educational corporation in the state of Florida. The purpose of the 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 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 about the history of angling in Florida and elsewhere. FATC sponsors three exhibitions, open to the public, annually at different locations. At the exhibition members display their collections, interact with the public and engage in other activities in keeping with the purpose of the FATC. The FATC publishes a newsletter tri-annually and annual membership directory. FATC is not affiliated in any way with the National Fishing Lure Collectors 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, \$40Canada, \$45 foreign or \$700 life membership [domestic], \$800 life membership [Canada], \$900 life membership [foreign] 20x annual dues. Please direct membership inquires or applications [with your dues] to the FATC membership director listed above. For membership applications, visit our website at: www.fatc.net



2020 FATC CLUB PATCH

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

THE 30TH ANNUAL FLORIDA
INTERNATIONAL
ANTIQUÉ FISHING TACKLE SHOW

PLAZA RESORT & SPA, DAYTONA BEACH, FLORIDA

SHOW HOST: LARRY LUCAS

PHONE: 386-527-4338

theporterguy1@gmail.com