

April 2017

Meetings are held at Smoke'n Pit Bar-B-Que, 1641 North Tamiami Trail, North Fort Myers, located on Rte 41 (Bus) between Pine Island Rd (SR78) & the Edison Bridge. First Tuesday of every month, at 4:30



Ft Myers Knife Club - Last Meeting Update

The March meeting of the Ft. Myers Knife Club had an attendance of 22 members & guests. This month's door prizes consisted of a Browning Liner Lock w/Clip and a Frost Cutlery Advertiser Lockback. The winner of the Browning was Bill Cyphert and the Frost knife went to Jim McDonnell. The monthly 50/50 drawing of \$40 went to Renate Taylor. Congratulations to all the winners, you too can be a winner of our monthly door prizes, 50/50 and/or raffles just simply attend one of your monthly FMKC club meetings.

The Best Special knife for the month was the best Custom Made Stag Bowie. The winner was Russ Smegal for his Steve Powers Stag Bowie. April's Special Knife is: Your best Engraved Knife.

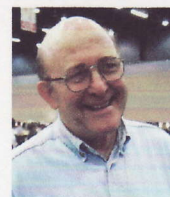
*Next meeting Date: April 4th - Free Door Prizes Drawing
Bring your favorite knives for Show & Tell and/or Sell
April's Best Special Feature Knife is : Best Engraved Knife.*

Bring your best to win a Prize

Monthly Gun & Knife Show Schedule

SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL GUN & KNIFE SHOWS - GO THIS WEEKEND !!!

Apr 1-2	Ft Myers - Florida Gun Show - Lee Civic Center
Apr 8-9	Lakeland - Lakeland Gun & Pistol Show - Lakeland Center
Apr 8-9	Palmetto - Florida Gun Show - Bradenton Convention Center
Apr 15-16	West Palm Beach - Sport Show Specialists - South Florida Fairgrounds
Apr 22-23	Tampa - Florida Gun Show - Florida State Fairgrounds
Apr 29-30	Port Charlotte - 2 Guys Gun & Knife Show - Charlotte County Fairgrounds



**Frank Centofante
Custom Knife
Abalone Tail Lock
Fred Harrington
Engraver**



FMKC WEB SITE

www.FtMyersKnifeClub.mgmikutis.com

FMKC NEWSLETTER



Colonel's Knife Story



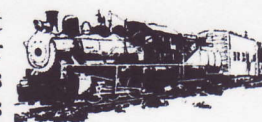
Posted on December 13, 2016 by [Colonel Littleton](#)

"I came from a long line of "knife toters." My Dad carried a pocket knife as did his dad and his dad before him. If they had their pants on, you could be sure they had their knives. So, I developed a love for pocket knives early on. So much so that when I started my business, the first product I ever designed and sold was a gentleman's pocket knife. Since then, we've sold thousands of them. My story below about a young boy and his knife accompanies every knife that goes out the door at Col. Littleton."



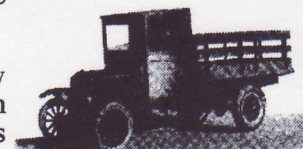
It was the summer of my ninth year. My father put me on the train early that morning. Even though low hanging clouds threatened rain, and a twinge of fear reminded me that I was taking my first train trip alone, nothing could dampen my enthusiasm. With nose pressed firmly against the window of the South Wind Express, I watched as the chug of the steam engine moved us past the houses, farms and fields that separated East Tennessee from West Tennessee. The conductor said we'd be there by sundown, and Mama's "jelly biscuits" would last at least that long. It was the year 1952, and I was to spend the summer at Grandpa Littleton's.

The train jolted to a stop, and there he was. In my mind's eye I can see him, tall and proud, flannel shirt stuffed into baggy wool trousers to ward off the last vestiges of the late spring chill. His long handlebar mustache brushed my cheek, and I was drawn into that sweet smelling aroma that circled from his pipe as he lifted me off the steps at the station. He chuckled good-naturedly, as in my excitement I knocked his weathered hat from his head exposing a generous amount of snow-white hair. Any apprehension I had was put to rest as we walked hand-in-hand to the dusty old Ford truck that would take us to the country. It was to be the most memorable summer of my life.



The best days were Saturdays. Grandpa Littleton would start the old Ford truck, and we'd head for town. Just me, Grandpa and ole Red Dog. We'd spend the morning running Grandma's errands. Then we'd join the group of men whittling away the hours in the summer shade of the courthouse lawn. It was here that the problems of the day were sorted out, politicians were put in their places, weather was forecast and tall tales were spun, disturbed only by an occasional nudge from ole Red Dog, cedar shavings mounting with the gathering shades of the late evening.

All too soon the summer was over and Grandpa Littleton took me back to the train station. Sensing my sadness as I climbed on board, with an awkward hug he slipped something into my hand as the train lurched forward. I watched him grow smaller in the distance. Then I looked down, and there it was, his favorite whittling knife.



Although my young mind could never quite fathom rhyme nor reason for the process of making little sticks out of big ones, the fascination of this peaceful pastime lingers with me. When times get tedious, somehow the comfortable feel of my grandfather's knife in my pocket takes me back to a more unhurried time and a simpler way of sorting things out. That summer began my love affair with pocket knives. -Colonel



GRANDPA LITTLETON'S WHITTLING KNIFE

Notice: Receive your monthly newsletter via e-mail instead of snail mail. Contact the club secretary, Russ Smegal at: rsmegal@comcast.net By doing this you will save the club the newsletter mailing cost.