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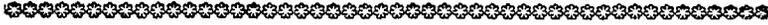
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ZANGARA'S ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

by NATHAN D. SHAPPEE

A COMMUNITY'S MOMENT in history is not usually of its own choosing but comes as some unwanted thing which can be embarrassing and completely frightening. Such was the unhappy fate of Miami on the evening of February 15, 1933 when Giuseppe Zangara tried to assassinate President-elect Franklin D. Roosevelt with an \$8.00 pistol. The attempt failed but Mayor Anton J. Cermak of Chicago died from a bullet wound. And Zangara was electrocuted for his crime.

Until now, however, no account of the affair has been written from the Miami locale, using Miami sources which were also available to the magazine writers who have already exploited the incident.

An interesting cross-section of Americans comprised the *dramatis personae* in Zangara's attempt to kill the president-elect. From very high places were Roosevelt, Cermak, Raymond Moley and Vincent Astor. From the great middle class was the wife of a Miami physician, Mrs. W. H. Cross, who spoiled Zangara's aim; a night club entertainer, flirting with a Secret Service agent; a retired New York policeman who had guarded Roosevelt on the night he had been elected governor of New York; a chauffeur and Mrs. Joe Gill, wife of the president of the Florida Power and Light Company. These last four and Robert Clark, a Secret Service agent, were wounded by four bullets which Zangara sprayed into the crowd after Mayor Cermak had been shot. The sixth bullet hit the ground.

The central figure among these surprised and frightened people was Zangara himself, a tiny man, only five feet one inch tall, who weighed 105 pounds. He was a pathetic, lonely figure, who planned his murder alone; did his own shooting; took all the blame and regretted to the moment of his death that he had not killed the president-elect. He had no remorse for the others wounded by his bullets and blamed them for being in the way, particularly Cermak.

Zangara came to the United States from Calabria in 1923.

He had seen service in the Italian army on the Austrian front and stored up bitter memories of Italy's pathetic performance there. He came out of the war hating officers and particularly the King of Italy who was the head of the officers. He claimed that he had tried to kill the king at Naples but the crowds prevented him from getting within target range. When he came to this country, he merely transferred his hatred of officers and the King of Italy to the president as the head of the state.

In addition to this consuming hatred, Zangara was a constant victim of severe abdominal pains which he claimed started from strained abdominal muscles. These two consuming fixations, hatred and pain, did not prevent him from working as a bricklayer nor prevented him from earning good money. Due to his physical distress, he ate lightly, chiefly dairy foods. He did not drink nor run around with the girls.

He prepared himself for citizenship. When he received his final papers, he joined the bricklayers' union and the Republican Party.

Central to an understanding of this strange and demented man, is this pain he endured but did not master. In the end, it destroyed him since, in his misery, it meshed with his hatred of rulers and the president and gave him the motive to make the attempt on Roosevelt's life. He reasoned that if he killed the head of the state, Roosevelt, his pain would not hurt so much since he had made someone else suffer. Thus, his pain would migrate to the body of his victim and he would lose most of it. This pain was real enough. The autopsy, performed after his execution, revealed that he had a chronically diseased gall bladder with adhesions and he was "therefore a victim of chronic indigestion."

Zangara came to Miami for the first time in 1932 in hope that the balmy winter weather would benefit him. During the cold, northern winters, he could not work at his trade much anyway. He lived in cheap hotels and rooming houses on Miami Beach and in downtown Miami.

Another visitor at the time was his victim, Mayor Anton J. Cermak, the political slayer of Big Bill Thompson in 1931. Before he left Chicago for his winter vacation in 1933, he ordered a bullet proof vest to be ready for him upon his return. When Cermak learned that Roosevelt would make a brief stop in Miami

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before taking the train to New York, he arranged to talk with the president-elect for his support for an R.F.C. loan to Chicago for the payment of back salaries to the teachers, police, firemen and other employes. Authorities cleared this request for the mayor before Roosevelt arrived in Miami.

Roosevelt's stop-over in Miami was merely a little extra time between the end of his twelve day cruise aboard Vincent Astor's yacht, the *Nourmahal*, and his boarding a train for the north. A parade detour was planned so that Roosevelt could greet local residents with a short speech in Bayfront Park on his way to the train. Only forty-five minutes were allowed for the trip from the pier to the park, his speech, and the rest of the trip to the train.

The brevity of this appearance, however, did not lessen the necessity for full security for the president-elect. On February 14, authorities met in the office of Mayor Gautier of Miami and outlined the security measures for the event. At this meeting were the mayor, the chairman of the Dade County Democratic organization, Dade County's sheriff, Dan Hardie, a detail of eight Secret Service men and Marvin McIntyre, Roosevelt's private secretary.

An official party met Roosevelt and his friends at Pier 2 where the *Nourmahal* docked. In the trip to Bayfront Park, the entourage was divided into two parts; the second being composed of lesser celebrities who did not rate inclusion in the first. In this first were three cars and an escort. The first car contained the Secret Service men. Then came Roosevelt and Mayor Gautier. On the way to the park, Vincent Astor told Moley if anyone wanted to shoot the president-elect he could not ask for a better opportunity. In the third car rode Raymond Moley and Vincent Astor.

Roosevelt's car was surrounded on all sides by an escort of twenty motorcycle police. The area's municipalities pooled a force of 160 police to maintain order and security during the president-elect's visit. Of this number, 100 were detailed for patrol in Bayfront Park and 60 were spaced along the routes of march.

No deviation from the plans was made on the trip to the park. When Roosevelt's car drew up in front of the bandstand, he noticed Mayor Cermak seated on the platform and motioned for him to come down. Cermak shook his head, telling his escorts

that he would wait until after the speech. The president-elect slid his body upward until he could sit in the folds of the canvas top. From this elevated position he made a pleasant, sterile speech of 143 words. Mayor Cermak then left the platform and came to the right side of the car for his talk with Roosevelt. The two men conversed briefly. Then the president-elect's escort started their motorcycles preparatory to leading the entourage out of the park. Roosevelt's chauffeur also started the motor of his car.

This was the perfect moment Zangara selected for his attempt to kill the president-elect. While Roosevelt had been speaking, Zangara and a companion came down through the crowd and shouldered their way into the second row of a group of seats ahead and to the right of the car - about thirty feet away. When people began to leave after the speech, Zangara stepped onto the seat of a chair, jostling Mrs. W. H. Cross in the action. She was annoyed and endangered by his rudeness. From this elevated position, Zangara pulled the pistol from his pocket and began firing. Mrs. Cross grabbed his arm; pushed it upward after the first two shots and screamed for help. This brave act spoiled his aim so that Cermak, and not Roosevelt, was shot. When Zangara felt the interference with his arm, he bent his wrist downward to adjust his aim but kept on firing until he had emptied the cylinder. Zangara shot through a crowd of people around him; shot through a group of people around Roosevelt's car and wounded six people with five shots.

Noise added to the pandemonium. The motorcycle police were gunning their motors. People began to scream and yell. Sirens whined and over on Flagler Street, the bands assembled there, thinking that the parade was moving toward them, struck up their marching songs. When the shooting started, the Secret Service men rushed to form a protective interception around Roosevelt's car. One of the agents ran straight toward Zangara. Two Miami police threw themselves across chairs to bring the assassin down while a third dove to retrieve the pistol. The people shot at did not realize that bullets were being sprayed in their direction. Roosevelt thought that someone had set off firecrackers. The night club entertainer, who suffered a scalp wound, thought that she had been hit on the back of the head by an exploding flashbulb, Cermak said later that he thought he had been hit

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by a bolt of lightning. When the crowd realized that people had been shot, they yelled to kill and lynch Zangara.

The Secret Service men yelled to Roosevelt's chauffeur to take his car out of the park and he did start to drive off. Roosevelt, however, made him stop until the wounded Cermak, supported now by his escorts, could be put in the back seat. After he was placed in the car, a race was made to Jackson Memorial Hospital. Roosevelt held his arm around Cermak all the way. The car of the Secret Service men had been filled with the other wounded and it also made the dash to the hospital. The president-elect and his companions stayed at the hospital until 2 A.M. before they returned to the *Nourmahal* to salvage what rest they could from a badly shattered evening. Roosevelt left Miami next morning. When he arrived in New York, 5,000 police guarded the route from the station to his town house.

Zangara also made this trip to the hospital. After his captors had rescued him from the crowd, he was thrown onto the baggage rack in the rear of the Secret Service agents' car where the two officers sat against him. After the wounded were taken into the hospital, he was taken downtown to the twenty-fourth floor of Dade County's skyscraper jail. This place immediately became the point of curiosity for every person and law officer who could gain entrance. Zangara was brought and photographed with his captors. Later he was photographed in shorts only and finally with a towel draped around his waist. In the adjacent cell, a naked, demented Negro squatted on his haunches and peered silently at the crazy scene outside his bars.

The shooting took place at 9:35 P.M. - early enough for extra editions and bulletin announcements on the radio for the rest of the night. The newspaper accounts were remarkably accurate considering the speed and stress under which they were written. James A. Hagerty, now a presidential press secretary, wrote a signed story for the *New York Times* which transformed a puzzled Roosevelt into an expectant martyr:

The President-elect, feeling the bullets were intended for him, straightened up, set his jaw and sat unflinchingly with calm courage in the face of danger which would be expected from one of his family.

With Zangara safely behind bars, attention then turned to aiding the wounded mayor. Zangara's bullet had struck Cermak high on the right side of the chest; had coursed downward until it lodged in front of the eleventh vertebra in a position which forbade surgery. Medical care did everything possible to secure Cermak's recovery but complications of the wound called the turns and on March 6, Cermak died. The autopsy report, signed by nine physicians, relates the grim progression of these complications:

There is a definite continuity of the disease processes dating from the shooting and ending in death.

First, the bullet with immediate collapse of the lung and hemorrhage and profound shock. With cardiac failure as the result of it, a disfunction of the digestive tract, resulting first in a simple colitis, which evolved into an ulcerative and then gangrenous colitis, and a virtually simultaneous development of gangrene at the site of bullet wound in the right lung. Final perforation of the colon with peritonitis with death culminating as a result of the bullet causing cardiac failure, gangrene of the lung and peritonitis.

The authorities acted fast after Zangara had been delivered to the jail. After the newsmen had taken their pictures, Sheriff Dan Hardie, who spoke some Italian, questioned his prisoner. Zangara made one basic explanation of his mad act and stuck to it through both of the trials he had. He meant to kill the president-elect because he hated all rulers and hoped to get relief from his stomach pains by killing Roosevelt.

County Physician, Dr. E. C. Thomas, examined Zangara and attributed his pains to a nervous gastritis induced by fright but he declared the prisoner sane. This was the first of an unchanging line of opinions that the prisoner was sane. The chief of his court-appointed counsel declared him to be a "sane man." Zangara's act had embarrassed Miami and frightened the nation. When Zangara readily pleaded guilty to the charge of murder in his first trial, law officers and a sullen public temper had an easy disposal for this strange, dangerous crank. The Miami Herald in one editorial urged: "Get his kind off the earth." Judge Collins, who interrogated the prisoner in the first trial and could not get a sensible story from him, declared him sane after he had sentenced him to eighty years in prison. In this trial, Collins

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had the report of a lunacy commission he had appointed. The psychiatrists were not asked to rule on the man's sanity so they described him as a "psychopathic personality." Close reading of the trial transcripts on this issue can easily lead one to feel that Zangara was "legally lynched."

The prisoner was brought into court on February 16 for arraignment before Judge Collins on four counts that he had premeditatedly tried to murder Russell Caldwell, the wounded chauffeur, and the three other slightly wounded persons. No charges were presented for the wounding of Cermak and Mrs. Gill since the outcome of their injuries had not been determined. Technically, Zangara was charged with the attempted assassination of the president-elect and with assaults with intent to murder the four less wounded victims of the affray. In order to give the accused a fair and full defense in court, Judge Collins appointed three members of the Dade County Bar Association as his counsel. These men were Lewis M. Twyman, president of the bar association; James M. McCaskill, and Alfred E. Raia, an attorney of foreign extraction himself.

When formal trial opened on Monday, February 20, Zangara's counsel tried to quash the charge that their client had tried to commit a murder on the four wounded persons. Judge Collins denied the motion. Next they argued that Zangara could not premeditatedly try to murder Roosevelt and then attempt to murder someone else when his shooting went awry. Judge Collins denied this reasoning also. Zangara was then brought before the judge and pleaded guilty to the indictments. Attorney Twyman then requested Judge Collins to question the defendant before passing sentence. This the judge reluctantly agreed to do. The transcript of this series of questions and answers certainly supports the contention of the "legal lynching."

Judge Collins opened the interrogation by trying to establish an origin for the attempted assassination:

Judge Collins : "When did it first come to your mind to do that?"

Zangara : "All the time my mind is in my stomach."

Judge Collins: "When did it first come to your mind?"

Zangara: "When I get in trouble in the stomach, when it come, my head look like I am gone. You see I suffer all the time and I suffer because my father send me to work when I was a little boy - spoil my life. If I no suffer, I no have trouble. I no kill the president. If I nice, well, I no bother the president. It get in my mind-capitalists make trouble to the poor people. . . .

When Judge Collins asked Zangara if he was sorry that he had wounded Cermak, he drew an affirmative contrition which the prisoner later repudiated :

I am sorry I shot someone else. . . . I am ready for die; no use living. . . . I am no good; stomach like a drunk man; can't walk on street; people think I am drunk.

The judge then returned to interrogation of the motives for the attack on the president-elect. Zangara returned to the pains in his stomach as the reason:

I suffer all the time from my stomach. I no like capitalists; take all the money. When I read in the paper the president come here, I decide to kill him.

I decide to kill him and make him suffer. I want to make it 50-50. I sick all the time. I just think cops kill me if I kill the president. . . . I got to kill, that is all, because I suffer all the time Sure, I shoot straight to him; somebody move my hand; too many people across; no my fault; people are fool to move.

There was more of this rambling but the judge ended the questioning as soon as he found a good stopping point. Judge Collins then sentenced the prisoner to twenty years on each count with the sentences to run consecutively-eighty years. As he was being led away, Zangara turned and held up eight fingers. Judge Collins nodded. Then Zangara shouted: "Four times 20 is 80. Oh, Judge, don't be stingy. Give me a hundred years." The Judge calmly replied that there might be more later.

Outraged public opinion had secured an eighty year penalty for Zangara's act in only six days' time. He was kept in Dade County jail to await the outcome of Cermak's and Mrs. Gills injuries. When Mayor Cermak died on March 6, then the pris-

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oner was brought in for a second trial under a state statute which permitted trial and sentence for attempted murder and later trial for murder if the condition of one of the wounded resulted in his death.

Cermak died at 6:57 A.M. on March 6. An autopsy was held at 8:30. This report was sent to the coroner at 1 P.M. where a jury confirmed the report in 18 minutes. The coroner's report was then sent to the grand jury which indicted Zangara for the murder of Cermak and had its report and indictment in the clerk of court's office at 5 P.M.

Zangara went to his second trial on March 9. His attorneys pleaded him guilty to the charge of murdering Cermak. Judge Thompson, who conducted the second trial, pronounced the death sentence in a formal, ritualistic speech whose meaning almost escaped the accused man. Zangara then asked the judge: "You give me electric chair?" "Yes," the judge replied.

Then, apparently for the first time, Zangara realized that it was all over and he had been sentenced to die. Nonchalance disappeared now and defiance lighted up his face as he barked at the judge:

Well, I no scared of electric chair because I was thinking I was right to kill the president; it is capitalists for the crooked government and you is a crook man because the crook man put me in the electric chair. . . . You are a crook man.

Guards then dragged the enraged man from the courtroom.

Transcript of the trial and sentence was sent to Governor Sholtz on Saturday, March 11. He set the week of March 20 for the execution with the prison superintendent to set the day and the hour. Sheriff Hardie and his deputies took the prisoner to Raiford on March 11. A detail of machine gunners from the Florida National Guard accompanied the sheriff in the transfer of his diminutive prisoner.

Zangara was executed on the morning of March 20, 1933. As he entered the execution chamber, he shook himself free from his guards crying, "No, don't touch me. I go myself. I no scared of electric chair. I show you."

He then walked swiftly to the chair and sat down in it.

. . . he stared boldly at the assembled crowd of some thirty spectators and, as the electricians worked with the straps around his body, Zangara lifted his voice against the drumming ram on the gray windows of the gloomy room and taunted :

“No movies, hey? Where the camera to take my picture?”

Only silence answered him and the steady beat of the rain.

“No chance for nobody to come here to take my picture. . . . Lousy capitalist - no pictures. Capitalists. Lousy bunch. Crooks.”

When the guards placed the over-sized helmet on his small, shaven head, Zangara seemed to realize the necessity for a decent and dignified exit from the world that had been crazy to him for a long time. Against the sound-absorbing thud of the rain, his voice, now muffled by the helmet was heard to say: “Good-bye! Addio to all the world! Good-bye. Pusha the button!

FLORIDA PIONEER

by ADELAIDE H. REED

Prologue

WHETHER THE SOURCE of the Manatee River was really the "Fountain of Youth" for which Ponce de Leon searched in vain is a question for historians - or geographers - to argue about. But, in its early days, the little town of Manatee really did have a "Fountain of Youth." At least, it was named that. It was not exactly a fountain, but a little spring of clear, cold water bubbling up out of the ground, with a gourd hung on a nearby oak tree from which to drink.

When Father Reed heard of this, nothing would do but we all must visit it and take a drink. He had come to Florida for his health - and if he could regain his youth as well, he was all for it.

So one of our earliest trips was to the Fountain of Youth, and we all drank deeply of its refreshing water. In those days, all drinking water came out of cisterns and most of us strained out the mosquito larvae through a cloth before pouring it into earthenware jugs and hanging them under trees to keep cool. Though there were some who didn't mind the larvae-colloquially known as "wiggle-tails"!

At any rate, I like to think that those generous drinks I took from the Fountain of Youth have contributed to my reaching four-score years and ten, able to walk several blocks at a time with no arm or cane to lean upon, and, what everyone considers more remarkable, no silver streaks in my brown hair.

OFF TO FLORIDA!

The story of my days as a Florida pioneer begins - as such stories often do - in a very round-about fashion. I was a student in the Wisconsin State Teachers' College in Oshkosh - then called the State Normal School - when I happened to see, and immediately answered, an advertisement for a teacher in the nearby town of Butte des Morts - pronounced Beauty More.

I was accepted with suspicious alacrity - and I found out

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why, after I had arrived at the school. The former teacher, just about as young and experienced as I was, had done or said something to annoy some of the older boys in the school - and they had picked her up bodily and thrown her out of the classroom into the snow. She had promptly left them to an undeserved holiday - hence the advertisement for a new teacher!

Needless to say, I was horrified. But I was determined that they should not throw me out. I turned on all the charm I had, suggested that we start out by singing some songs they all knew - surprisingly enough they really could sing - and soon, with the aid of a little diplomacy and an occasional compliment, we were getting along all right.

On Sundays I played the organ in the little Episcopal Church in Butte des Morts. It had been built by a Mr. Hull, who owned the store and much of the land in and around Butte des Morts. He had come from England and, as there were not enough church people in the neighborhood to support a mission - much less a church - he had built the little church on his own land and at his own expense, serving it as lay reader, choirmaster and sexton.

The Reed family - father, mother and youngest son - boarded just across the street from me in Butte des Morts, while their home was being built on the shore of the lake and, since they also attended the little Episcopal Church, we soon became acquainted - an acquaintance that was to lead me far afield from the life I had planned as a school teacher.

Father H. G. H. Reed had been a railroad builder and general superintendent. He had laid the rails for the first railroad to run north of Milwaukee to Ashland, on the shore of Lake Superior, thus tapping a rich iron and lumbering country and opening up thousands of acres of land for farming and dairying.

Now he had retired with the intention of living on the large farm he had purchased on the shore of Lake Butte des Morts and spending his winters in Florida. As superintendent of a railroad, he and Mother Esther C. Reed had travelled both to California and the Gulf Coast. He had only to have his car hitched to the rear of any train he wanted - as a matter of railroad courtesy.

Eventually, he had decided upon a winter home in the South, where he had found better hunting and fishing, and had reduced his choice to two locations - Pass Christian in Mississippi and

Braidentown, where he had spent several previous winters in hunting and fishing in Florida.

So it was in Braidentown that the youngest son and I planned to have our honeymoon. It was not exactly a whirlwind affair. At seventeen, I was considered much too young to get married - and I had to teach school for several terms before my parents would give their consent. But the "period of probation" eventually passed.

The little church in Butte de Morts was too small to hold all of the relatives and guests of the Reed family and mine, so the ceremony was held in the Methodist Church in Winneconnie, with the Episcopal Ceremony. And immediately afterwards we headed for Florida. Although it was a honeymoon chaperoned, so to speak, by both Father and Mother Reed, it was all so exciting that I, at least, was willing to forget this little detail.

About all I remember of that trip was the view from Lookout Mountain, near Chattanooga, where we stopped over for a day to make connections with a train going further South. The Florida East Coast Railway had not yet been dreamed of by Flagler, but there was a single-track line leading from Jacksonville to St. Augustine, Fla., and we spent a day seeing the sights there. Finally, after back-tracking to Jacksonville, we boarded the train for Tampa. There was no air-conditioning and it was too hot to keep the windows closed - so our hair, eyes and clothing soon were full of cinders.

Diners had not yet been invented, and the train would stop at some small station, the conductor would call out, "Twenty minutes for breakfast!" - or lunch or dinner as the case might be. Then everyone would pile out of the train and rush to the station restaurant! I need not say that these meals were scarcely consumed in a leisurely manner! It was a case of grab it and growl.

At other times, the train would stop long enough for boys to go through the train with lunch boxes - invariably containing "Southern Fried Chicken," whose sanitation we did not question. We just ate it.

It was well in the afternoon when we finally reached our destination. The Tampa Bay Hotel - now the University of Tampa - had not yet been built, with its splendid Moorish mina-

rettes - and its then-legal gaming casino. But Father Reed, on previous trips, had located a fairly good hotel, where we stayed until the boat for the Manatee River should make one of its tri-weekly trips, leaving Tampa one day and returning the next.

Tampa, I had been led to believe by my geography books, was a seaport. But there was no ocean shipping to be seen; only a few fishing boats tied up to wharves along the Hillsboro River. The seagoing vessels came into Port Tampa, clear across the Hillsboro peninsula, where they loaded phosphate rock with which to enrich the impoverished soils of many countries.

At last the morning arrived when the steamer was to leave for Braidentown. We found her to be a little side-wheeler, with a walking beam in the center, carefully encased in glass, I presume to keep inebriated passengers from falling into the machinery. We were told that she had once been on the Hudson River Day Line run, brought down from New York when replaced by a larger and more modern craft. I do not remember her name, but am quite sure she was in service before the "Manatee," the "H. B. Plant" and the "Pokanoket" - pronounced by the natives poka-noket - were put in the river run. Maybe she was the original "River Queen."

She had scarcely any draught - which was an advantage considering the shallowness of some of the bays into which she ran. But she stood too high out of the water for Florida's strong south winds and her northers, which sometimes made landing difficult.

I have often wondered about her trip from the Hudson to the Manatee River. Granted that much of her trip was by inland waterway, it must have taken courage and seamanship to have brought her clear around Florida to Tampa.

So here we were - bag and baggage - on the last lap of our momentous journey. And when I say baggage I mean it. Convinced that he would be in the deepest wilds, Father Reed had brought along a huge family encyclopedia of medicine and even larger chest of medicine for self-treatment.

There was even - mind you, this was in 1888 - a small boat, hinged in the middle and mounted on a wheeled chassis - that could be trailed behind a horse and buggy; the great-great-grand-daddy, I suppose, of today's motor boats that ride so easily on land

- behind automobiles. All of this had to be stowed in the steamship's capacious hold.

After the long train journey and the small Tampa hotel, the boat-ride was wonderful. We all sat up in the bow, where we could not miss anything. The sky was blue. The waters of the bay, once we had left the Hillsboro River behind, shone in a dozen different shades of green and blue. Porpoises played around the bow of the boat and occasionally a school of "flying fish" - really needle-fish - would skitter off across the surface. Pelicans stared solemnly from channel markers - as did cormorants.

Wow, as we reached the middle of the Bay, we could see an ancient freighter plying her way up to Port Tampa. All glasses brought to bear, we finally deciphered a Norwegian flag at her stem. St. Petersburg - then little more than a fishing village. Eggmont Key - with its white, gleaming lighthouse and its fort protecting Tampa. The fort appeared only as several sand mounds - but we were told they concealed the latest in long range guns. Then east - to the Manatee River and Braidentown.

The river was not a river at all, but an estuary, some mile and a half wide by ten miles long - with a channel that zig-zagged for its entire length.

On the right-hand side, as we entered, stood a hill, perhaps one hundred feet high - the first we had seen since leaving Georgia. We were told that this was a solid mound of oyster shells, left by the Indians who had come here, once each year, for "The Feast of the Oysters," leaving the shells behind them. Accumulated at the rate of, perhaps, two inches a year, one could figure how long the feasting had been going on before the arrival of Ponce de Leon - who is supposed to have landed somewhere in this vicinity.

Slowly the boat proceeded past the shell mound and up the river, with brief stops at Palma Sola, Fogartyville and Palmetto - just across the river. Finally she made fast to a long pier at the head of which stood an unpainted warehouse.

Braidentown - at long last.

INTRODUCTION TO BRAIDENTOWN

B-r-a-i-d-e-n-t-o-w-n! Yes, it was spelled that way in 1888, with an "i" in the middle and a "town" at the end. The name,

we were told, was derived from an early settler named Braden, who had built a fine antebellum home further up the river as the center of a big sugar plantation.

The home was still pretty well intact at the time we arrived; a two-story house built of "tabby" - a mixture of ground oyster shells and lime laid on courses - and topped with a cupola commanding a fine view in all directions.

Known as "Braden's Castle," it had not been occupied in many years. The windows were gone as were the galleries that once must have surrounded it, but the roof and cupola were still there. And the walls - laid in courses three feet thick - probably are still standing.

It was rumored that the house served as a "fort" during the Seminole wars, with the white settlers defending themselves until troops could come down from Tampa to their relief - hence the name "castle." A more authentic version, probably, is that there was once a stockade fort at the present site of the city.

At any rate, Braden Castle was for years the favorite site for picnickers, and the grounds were dug up over and over in search of treasure supposed to have been buried there, but never, so far as is known, found.

It did not take much imagination to visualize the Indians turning from their oyster shell feasts to fight the new settlers who, fleeing to the "castle," found its thick walls protection from both arrows and bullets while sharp-shooters in the cupola kept the foe at a reasonably safe distance.

As for the "i" - that's another story. Some early county recorder - who knew how to spell not wisely but too well-knew that the word "braid" should be spelled with an "i" - and so he spelled it that-a-way. It was many years before the spelling was corrected. And many more before the "town" was shortened to its present form of "ton" - in the interest of civic expansion.

But Braidentown was not the only "metropolis on the Manatee." In fact, at that time, it was the smallest of at least four towns at which the little steamer landed on its tri-weekly trip up the river.

There was Fogartyville. It was populated entirely by the families of the Fogarty brothers, all of whom were shipbuilders and sea-captains. It had a shipyard in which the Fogartys - now

retired from the sea but still operating coastal schooners - built their own ships; a long pier at which the "Manatee" stopped to deliver the mail, and a general store. It has long since become West Bradenton.

The three Fogarty brothers were named John, William and Tole - but whether the Tole was a real name, an abbreviation of a nickname, I never knew. Tole was the "sailingest" one of the three, making periodic trips to Key West and thence up the coast to Miami, at that time just a fishermen's settlement, reached by a foot-path from Daytona, along which mail carriers came on foot - believe it or not - to bring news of the outside world.

And even this path could be travelled only at low tide.

Palmetto, as I have mentioned, was on the north bank of the river directly across from Braidentown. Ellenton was on the north bank at the head of the bay - and the last stop for river traffic. And Manatee, several miles up the river from Braidentown, on the south bank, was the real metropolis of the region. It boasted half a dozen stores. And, strangest of all, a cemetery in which the victims of a yellow fever epidemic had been buried.

Manatee avenue, the main east-west highway of the area, stopped short at this cemetery - for the authorities decreed that the bodies interred there must never be moved, for fear that the dread disease might break out again. But to return to Braidentown. After several attempts to land, due to a strong south wind, the Manatee finally tied up at the end of the long pier and we walked down the gang-plank - virtually the only passengers and certainly among the first "tourists" to visit the little town.

There was no hotel "conveyance" to meet us - although the "wharf" as it was called was wide enough for a horse and buggy, with a turn-around midway for teams that might meet in the middle, coming and going. So we walked up the long pier, with several colored boys carrying our luggage.

At the shore end of the pier was a small general store, set well off the ground on wooden piers and with steps leading up to a porch across the front. The pier and store were known as Fuller's store and wharf and there were no other places of business in sight.

Across the street - an expanse of gleaming white sand known as Main street - was a two-story house bearing the sign "Duck-

wall House" across the front. This hotel, operated by Paul Duckwall, was Braidentown's one combination hotel and boarding house. Like the Fuller store, it had a porch across the front, on which several old men sat. They looked like they had sat there for hours, watching the boat come in - as, indeed, they had. It was, for Braidentown, the big event of the day.

A few scattered buildings graced Main street a little further up from the wharf. One was a small shop operated by a Mrs. Cowdrey and her daughter, Daisy. It housed the post office - where such letters and papers as arrived were kept in cigar boxes or on a row of shelves. But at least it was a post office.

From Main street, a foot-path led through scrub palmettoes and pine trees to a parallel strip of sand hopefully named Prospect Avenue. And on this street lived the Miller family, with whom we would spend the winter.

WINTER CHEER COTTAGE

The Miller home, towards which we were headed, was located well back in a large grove of orange and lemon trees. The Reed family had spent two previous winters there - and now it was Father Reed's intention to buy it lock, stock and barrel, for a permanent winter home.

The grove had a long frontage on Prospect Avenue, and ran back to a body of water called Weir's Creek, where it had a long curve of water-front. The creek, like the Manatee River, was not, properly speaking, a creek at all, but a small bay at least half a mile wide at that point and extending south for about a mile - at which point the actual creek entered.

There were no sidewalks leading from the sandy street Up to the house - only a path. And this path, I discovered to my sorrow, was bordered by small plants known locally as sandspurs. They were appropriately named, for they grew out of white sand - and the spurs clung to everything with which they came in contact.

I was dressed very much in style in those days - a wide flower hat and sweeping skirts that swept around my ankles - and also swept up those sandspurs in increasing quantities. In spite of the fact that I held my dress immodestly high - well

above the ankles - those sandspurs continued to accumulate on the edge of my dress and petticoats and I spent most of that first afternoon in Braidentown picking them off. But if the styles in dresses were not well adapted to the sandspurs, at least the "picture hats" of the period served to shelter one from the South Florida sun.

Near the shore of Weir's Creek stood a gigantic dead pine tree which must have been at least 100 feet high, and on the tip branch of this tree a bald eagle often roosted while watching for fish hawks, his natural prey. Whenever he saw a fish hawk struggling home with a mullet in his claws, he would swoop down upon it. The fish hawk would drop his dinner in an effort to escape - and the eagle would transfer his attention to the fish, which is what he had really been after all of the time.

Having in mind the "observatories" which German settlers, homesick for the Rhineland, built along the shores of many Wisconsin lakes, Father Reed had this tree cut off some sixty feet from the base and converted into an "observatory" - from the heights of which one could watch the "Manatee" as it turned into the river out of Tampa Bay.

On top of this "observatory" was a flag-pole on which our colored man, Walter, one unfortunate Fourth of July hoisted the American flag upside down. In that Confederate neighborhood, it really created a sensation. But that is getting ahead of the story.

That orange grove! What a bonanza it would have been for the Reed family had they been able to foresee the Florida boom -and just hung onto it. The Miller grove contained orange and lemon trees but no grapefruit - they were considered a curiosity and there was, at that time, no sale for them. The grove did have one tree - an overgrown grapefruit called a shaddock, coarse and bitter to the taste. It, too, was a curiosity - and considered worthless by most people. That it was one of the "parents" from which the present-day grapefruit was developed, none of us realized.

Years afterward a man named Atwood purchased a large tract of land near Ellenton, planted it all to grapefruit, and built a big packing-shed at the end of a long pier there, so the fruit could be shipped out by boat. During the "grapefruit season," culls

from this packing shed were simply thrown into the river, where they floated like so many miniature yellow mines. He had doctors analyse the beneficial qualities of his grapefruit, did extensive advertising, and soon the grapefruit was launched as a Florida citrus crop. Everyone began replacing their lemon trees, which had not proven too profitable, with grapefruit.

To manage his huge grove, Mr. Atwood "imported" an expert gardener to handle the grove while he devoted his attention to promotion and advertising. This was a Mr. Randall who, with his family, made a substantial addition to our little group.

In order to get from Braidentown, where he made his home, to and from the Atwood grove in Ellenton, without being dependent upon the steamer, Mr. Randall purchased and brought to town the first naphtha launch ever seen in the section.

Father Reed, who had operated a steam launch to get from his home on Lake Butte des Morts to Oshkosh and back, had no faith in the new contraption. He predicted that it would "blow up" on the Randall family some day. And, sure enough, it did.

The launch caught fire - and the Randall family, in the water and clinging to the edge of the burning craft, were rescued just in the nick of time. Their eye-brows had been singed off by the fire as they clung to the boat.

That ended the naphtha launch era. Thereafter, until the advent of the gasoline engine, people in the community put their trust in sails or in good old-fashioned, hand-operated oars.

In such a small town, one might think there was nothing to do for amusement - no movies, no radios, no television sets, no baseball games, no horse or dog races-and certainly no automobiles. Even if there had been, they could not have navigated in the deep sand that surfaced every road.

But we found plenty of things to do. The fishing was always good. One need drive only a little way out of town to get a bag of quail. Near the head of Weir's Creek was a large patch of blueberries [blackberries] - colloquially known as huckleberries-which could be picked in season.

We often rented a horse and buggy from the local livery stable and drove out in the country - our trips usually ending up an orange grove from which we were always welcome to help ourselves to as much fruit as we could carry home. My first taste

of grapefruit was at one such grove, whose owner was pioneering in the new product.

And then - we had our cameras and were always taking picture of whatever looked interesting. To avoid the long wait of sending film to Tampa to be developed, we even put in our own dark-room - and thought for awhile of going into the photography business, then in its infancy.

OF SCHOOLS, CHURCHES - AND PIGS

Braidentown had no schools in 1888. A Miss Sue Hough taught the youngsters of Braidentown and Manatee in her home, handling all the grades. When she married Ollie Stuart and kept on teaching, she was still known as "Miss Sue" - and she kept right on teaching until many of her former pupils became grandparents.

The town's first school was built by a public-spirited citizen - a Dr. Ballard, who had retired and moved to Braidentown to make his home. He gave the land and supplied the money with which the school - long known as the Ballard School - was constructed.

Not until many years later was the two-story frame building at the head of Prospect Avenue, which was to become the first high school in the area, built. Students came to this high school from as far away as Manatee, Palma Sola and across the river at Palmetto, a ferry bringing them across in the morning and carrying them back after school in the evening. There was no such thing as a school bus. And no one - even though some of the residents owned their own horses and buggies - ever thought of conveying a student to school.

Those within walking distance - a mile or so - walked. And those who lived farther away bought bicycles and pedalled them through the sand as best they could to get to school. So far as I know, the county never had a juvenile officer.

The Presbyterian Church was the only one in Braidentown at that time. It was a frame building, and stood well off the ground on wooden piers - the theory being that it would be cooler if de air could circulate underneath it.

Unfortunately, it was so high off the ground that there was

plenty of room for the pigs in the neighborhood to congregate there, too, where they could be out of the sun and in the shade. The Lord might have been in His Holy Temple - but those pigs certainly did not keep silence before Him! Every once in a while, the service would be enlivened by the grunts and squeals of a first-class pig fight going on underneath, whereupon the elders of the church nearest the door would go forth and eject them - at least for the time being. Or perhaps it was the music that inspired the pigs - I cannot say.

If we had had a Gaderene Demoniak in the community, perhaps we might have exercised him and driven those pigs to Weir's Creek. But it was an exceptionally sane community. There wasn't even a village idiot.

The pigs - a very distant cousinhood from Poland - Chinas or Hampshires - were thin and scrawny and known as razorbacks. There were no fences and the pigs and cows roamed at will through the community, having been turned loose to forage for themselves.

We met cows frequently on the footpaths which served as sidewalks in the community. This sometimes startled and annoyed visiting ladies. But I wasn't raised on a farm to be afraid of a cow. When I met one on the way to the store, I simply said, "So, bossy!" and pushed on by. They always moved over to give me room and gazed at me thoughtfully. I guess they recognized the "voice of experience."

There were other animals in and around Braidentown besides pigs and cows, however. On the side of "The Point" that separated Weir's Creek from the Manatee River, there was quite a forest of oaks and pines, filled in with underbrush and this made a refuge for such small animals as raccoons, o'possums, and civet cats [skunk]. It was said that wildcats had been seen there, but we never encountered any.

We *did* encounter the civet cat, however. Hearing a commotion in the chicken house one night, we proceeded to investigate. The civet cat fled in one direction - and we lit out in the other - but not before the cat had used his atomizer to good effect on the chicken house, the flock and the neighboring trees. It was some time before we gathered any eggs.

After that, Father Reed built a double box trap, which was

baited and set up near the chicken house. It was firmly constructed of two-inch planking - and when a civet cat was caught in it, he was compelled to keep his perfume pretty much to himself.

We took no chances with it. When we found one end of it closed, we crept up, tripped the other end, loaded it on a wheelbarrow, and transported it to the end of our wharf - where it was unceremoniously dumped into Weir's Creek. Later in the day the trap would be hauled out and its contents - by this time thoroughly drowned - examined.

But those black-and-white kitties were adaptable. Long after the raccoons and opossums had departed, disgusted with Braidentown's growing civilization, they remained - often to make their nests and raise their litters under the barn, adjacent to the chicken house. With a little encouragement, they would have become as tame as house cats.

One other animal roamed at large. That was the hunting dog - usually a black-and-white or a brown-and-white pointer. Everyone had at least one pointer trained to point out quail on a hunting trip and no one ever thought of tying one up. It would have been cruelty to animals.

They had a regular trail they followed along the edge of Weir's Creek, from the "Point" to well up the little bayou-visiting all of the neighboring dogs, our own included, en route. And dogs of any other variety were few and far between. A dog, in Braidentown, was for business purposes - not for a pet. And that business was to aid his master in bagging a nice mess of quail.

THE HALIOTIS

Having purchased the Miller home and orange grove - the Millers reserved one lot facing on Prospect Avenue on which to build a new home - Father Reed next turned his attention to having a sailboat built.

There were no bridges, then, linking the mainland with the Gulf keys - and certainly no such concrete causeways as now connect Tampa with St. Petersburg and Bradenton. It was a yachtman's paradise - and Father Reed intended to make the most of it.

The previous summer he had spent his spare time in draw-

ing up the plans and specifications for the sort of a yacht he wanted - and now was the time to translate the plans into actuality.

He even had a name for it. It was to be named the "Haliotis" - the name of a beautiful sea shell commonly called the ear shell. And, indeed, the boat, when completed, was as beautiful as the shell for which she had been named. The "Haliotis" was unlike any of the coastal craft in those waters, being yawl-rigged. She was some forty feet long and sufficiently broad of beam to provide sleeping quarters on long coastal trips. And her sailing qualities were all that Father Reed had anticipated.

There was only one shipyard on the river capable of producing such a boat - that of the Fogarty Brothers. So there we repaired with our plans. They had never produced anything exactly like her - but they were real ship-builders, capable of reading plans and following them to the letter. The "Haliotis" was a year in building, and it was not until our return in 1889 that she was ready to be launched.

I christened her, as she started down the ways, with a bottle, not of champagne, although we could well have afforded it, but more appropriately with a bottle of the brew that already had made Milwaukee famous. Needless to say, we could scarcely wait to go for a cruise in her.

In planning the "Haliotis" and getting her started, we made many trips to Fogartyville - and got to know all of the Fogarty family well. One of the most interesting members of the family was Madame Jo. I never knew her last name, but she was the mother of Mrs. William Fogarty, and her little yard was filled with strange and beautiful plants.

One of these was a coffee tree - the first any of us had ever seen. It really had coffee beans on it, and one of Madame Jo's proudest possessions was a letter from a president of the United States thanking her for a shipment of the beans and stating that he had roasted them, served the coffee to a group of friends, and that it was delicious.

He stated that he was amazed that coffee could be grown in this country. And so were we.

Madame Jo treasured that letter and showed it to everyone - and I hope the Fogarty family has saved it or placed it in the Bradenton archives.

I do not remember which president the letter was from, but it must have been before Cleveland's administration - in which we went to Florida. Certainly a personal letter from a president - like a coffee tree - is not to be found in every backyard.

Whether the strange plants Madame Jo grew were brought in by the seafaring Fogarty brothers, or came from the Reasoner nurseries, I do not know. The nursery was Manatee County's most remarkable establishment at that time - and is no less remarkable today.

It was established by the two Reasoner Brothers - one of whom traveled to all parts of the world gathering plants and the seeds of plants he thought might be well adapted to Florida, while the other remained at home and tested them out to see if they would grow. A surprising number did. And, as a result, the Reasoner nursery did a business even at that time, that extended all over Florida and well along the Gulf Coast.

We made use of a hired livery stable rig to drive out there one day, spending the day admiring the plants. Over a sandy road, in which the wheels of the buggy sank below the rims, it was an all-day trip - as, indeed, was any trip of more than a few miles out of town.

Another all-day trip was to the Warners, who lived at Palma Sola, near the mouth of the river. The Warners lived on the highest location on the river - a bluff some twenty feet high, down which ran a flight of wooden steps leading to the customary wharf extending out to deep water.

Most people, however, took the road from Braidentown, which led through a magnificent forest of pines at the base of which grew fragrant evergreen shrubs called rosemary. The deep sand was carpeted with brown pine needles and these, with the rosemary, made the drive aromatic indeed.

The Warners were an unusual family. The senior Mrs. Warner - a charming old lady whose snow-white hair was always topped by a lace cap - had two sons, Harry and Warburton, who was the husband of the "junior" Mrs. Warburton Warner, who lived in a house next door. She also had one daughter, Kate.

The Warburton Warners had one son named Gilbert, and called "Bert" for short, and three daughters Ethel, Alice and Susan. Alice and Susan are still living - Susan in a house of her own and Alice in the old home nearby.

Like the Fogartys in Fogartyville, the Warners formed another family community. And like Madame Jo, they cultivated many new plants. It was here that I first tasted - and did not like - the mango. The mango of that day tasted mainly like turpentine and was so slippery it was claimed the only safe place to eat one was in the bath-tub. They have been much improved and now are one of Florida's specialties. Here, too, I tasted Surinam cherries for the first time. And close by "Miss Kate's" home stood and flourished a tamarind tree - the first and only one I ever saw.

We discovered that the Warners were all Episcopalians - and we had quite a session planning how we might build a House of Worship of our own. The Warners, Leffingwells and a few other families were at that time meeting in various homes, with Judge A. T. Cornwell as lay reader.

For many years, the big Warner home, with its exotic shrubbery, was the traditional site of Sunday school picnics and the annual Easter egg hunt - at which, due to the fondness of some of the boys for brightly tinted eggs, the number collected never totalled with the number put out. Fortunately, no one ever died of egg-dye poisoning after the event - proof, I guess, that the Lord takes care of His own.

THE BRIDGE AT WEIR'S CREEK

When Kipling wrote, "East is East and West is West, and Never the Twain shall Meet," he definitely was not referring to East and West Bradenton.

From earliest time, Manatee, Braidentown and Fogartyville were connected by Manatee Avenue - and the Weir's Creek bridge. This may not have been as complicated a structure as that built by Ceasar, but it was complicated enough in those early days.

In compliance with government regulations, which were in effect on even such an insignificant body of water as Weir's Creek, this bridge had been built with a "hump" in the middle to permit sailboats to slip through without the necessity of unshipping their masts, giving it, roughly, the appearance of a dromedary with its head in the sand on one side and its tail in the sand on the other.

Coming to town one day, the two Warner girls drove up this hump on one side and were preparing the more rapid descent on the other when "something," as the old song puts it, "happened, but Heaven knows what." Either the faithful old horse slipped on the boards recently moistened by a shower, or he became frightened. At any rate, he bolted through the railing on one side - and he, the buggy and the two girls were swiftly deposited in the water beneath. Fortunately, the tide was low.

Dr. Ballard, whose house adjoined the Braidentown approach to the bridge, was sitting on his front porch at the time - all the houses along Weir's Creek faced the water rather than the more or less non-existent street - and witnessed the accident. Sounding the alarm, he rushed to the rescue, as did all of the neighbors within reach. They fished the girls out of the water. The old horse, disentangling himself from the harness, made his own way ashore. And, with some difficulty, the buggy also was righted and hauled away.

Later in the day the girls were dried out, purchased their groceries and returned home. But it was more exciting than anything Braidentown had enjoyed in a long time - and that it did not turn out to be a tragedy was due to the fact that the tide happened to be low at the time.

In later days the bridge figured in another accident, when Father A. C. Killefer, who was rector of the Episcopal Church at the time, encountered the grocer's cart in the middle of the structure. The hump had been removed then, in favor of a drawbridge - the government insisting upon this even though all the boats traveling up the creek at the time did so by virtue of gasoline engines instead of sails.

In those still pre-automobile days, Dr. Killefer visited his widely separated parishioners on a bicycle. Either he was thinking about a sermon or the grocer's boy was thinking about a girl. At any rate, they collided right in the middle of the drawbridge - and the grocer's boy later reported, with much respect, that he had never known anyone with such a command of the English language.

But now it was May - and time to return to Wisconsin. It was time to sow the wheat in the big farm on Lake Butte des Morts, which Father Reed had christened "Lindenwood" because

the house was located in the middle of a grove of linden trees.

He had big plans afoot for the following winter. The big pine tree in the front yard was to be sawed off and converted into an "observatory." The "Halyotis" was to be built and delivered in the fall. A new wharf and boathouse had to be constructed for her. And he had great plans for "modernizing" the orange grove and making it pay. But all this would have to wait. We made the rounds, saying goodby to all our new-found friends from far and near.

We packed - fortunately a lighter job than was required when we came, since many things would be left behind for future use. And having in mind the sketchy manner in which we were compelled to eat on the way down, we prepared a huge basket of food to take with us - everything from fried chicken to home-made cake.

At last the day of departure arrived, and we drove out the long Braidentown pier to board the boat. She was supposed to come back down the river from Ellenton about two in the afternoon, on her return trip to Tampa. Ellenton was around a bend at the head of the bay, so we could not tell exactly when she left the pier there.

After a long wait someone happened to glance *down* the river instead of up - and discovered that the old "Manatee" was still tied up at the Palma Sola pier, below Fogartyville, where she occasionally touched to let off passengers. She had never come any further up the river at all.

Later in the day, the passengers arrived by horse and buggy from Palma Sola - along with the mail bag - and we learned what had happened. She had broken down and would be tied up for an indefinite period undergoing repairs. So we had to return home, eat the lunch we had so carefully prepared, and wait with what patience we could. It was two days later before we got off.

Fortunately, this did not cause us to miss any connections, because, in the absense of both telegraph and telephone, we could not have made any. Indeed, even with the aid of the telegraph, connections were very sketchy in those days. Trains were nearly always late - and if you didn't make a connection with the train you wanted, you just waited until it came along the next day.

It steeled Father Reed, however, in his determination to complete the "observatory" for, as he said, we could then sit in our front yard and see whether the Manatee was coming up the river - or tied up somewhere for the day.

ALL ABOARD FOR SARASOTA

One interesting thing about "going north" for the summer is that, when we returned in the fall, there was always something new to observe. In the fall of 1889, it was a new railroad, which extended south from Braidentown to Sarasota, providing that community, for the first time, with regular communication with the "outside world" - if Braidentown might be called that.

Sarasota had no regular steamship service, as did Braidentown and other points on the Manatee River, although it was at the time quite a sizeable town and even boasted a hotel for the benefit of residents of that area.

Father Reed, as an old railroad man, was somewhat piqued over the fact that this railroad - even though no more than ten miles long - had been constructed without his aid or assistance. But it required no particular feats of engineering. The ties were just laid in a straight line through the piney woods - the land being perfectly level - and the rails duly spiked in place.

How the wood-burning locomotive and flat cars got there, I do not know - possibly they were brought in on scows and transferred to the rails at Sarasota. At any rate, it was there, intact, when we returned.

And it was not long before Dr. J. B. Leffingwell and his wife proposed a dance at the hotel in Sarasota.

The good doctor did not, like the Wesleys, quite have "the world for a parish", but he was the only physician in an area that now includes both Manatee and Sarasota counties - making trips, by horse and buggy, from Manatee to Palma Sola and from Braidentown to Sarasota to visit patients.

There were no specialists in those days - Dr. Leffingwell was a family physician who attended to all of the ills that man is heir to. Nor were there any maternity hospitals. He met the stork at the door - if he could get there in time with his horse and buggy. He delivered the babies and watched over them through their early months of colic and teething.

But people did not worry too much about the so-called children's diseases. It was thought that children should have such diseases as chicken pox and mumps as they came along - and so obtain early immunity.

How so many survived is a mystery to me. But Dr. Leffingwell - and the Florida sunshine - prevailed over the community's general ignorance and most of them reached a ripe old age.

At any rate, when one of the doctor's patients, who owned the Sarasota hotel, suggested that some of his Braidentown friends come down for a dance, the idea was seized upon with alacrity as something new and different to do. But when it was suggested that the group take the new railroad's train to Sarasota as being more rapid transportation and easier on the horses, nobody quite realized what they were getting into.

The Braidentown to Sarasota Railroad had no palatial parlor cars. Indeed, it had no day coaches at all. Its rolling stock consisted of several flat-cars, used for hauling lumber, and orange crates and several "stock cars" used for hauling cattle. As the cattle cars were not exactly the cleanest things in the world, we chose a flat-car for transportation.

Orange crates and boxes were laid out on the car - and we sat on these. They definitely were not comfortable and they jolted at every rail connection, but we did not mind, it was a lark. At least, it was at the start.

The locomotive - not too far ahead - burned fat pine for fuel and emitted clouds of dense black smoke, which, since the wind was from the south, soon surrounded us. As the train progressed, we sang such songs as "I've Been Working on the Railroad," "We're 99 miles from Home," "We'll Ride awhile and Walk awhile," "We're 98 Miles from Home," "Clementine" and - speaking of revivals, "The Yellow Rose of Texas," which was then brand-new and popular.

I leave it to your imagination how we looked when the train finally reached the end of the line in Sarasota - and we proceeded to the hotel. In the words of another old song, we were like the king of the cannibal island who had "forty wives as black as soot-forty more of indelible smut!" But we washed up as best we could - and had just as good a time at the dance as if we had ridden there in taxicabs.

Sarasota - the name is supposed to be an abbreviation of "Sierra de Soto" - liberally translated as "The Hill of de Soto" - was not the resort of the wealthy then that it is today. With the exception of the hotel and a few stores, it was smaller, if possible, than Braidentown. Its main street stretched out along the bay front and on this most of the homes - and the hotel - were located. And instead of private yachts, fishing boats lay tied up at its piers.

We danced until the small hours of the morning, when the wood-burning locomotive was shunted to the other end of the string of flat-cars - and we proceeded home.

This time - such was the speed of the train - the wind blew the smoke ahead of us, and, now that it did not particularly matter, we made our way relatively free from smoke and cinders. Arrived in Braidentown, we thanked our hosts. Dr. and Mrs. Leffingwell, and found our way home, tired, smokey, and happy. This was the first of several "special train" parties to Sarasota - and vice-versa.

The Braidentown to Sarasota Railway did not last long. The venture did not prove profitable, even for its simple facilities. And it was many more years before the Seaboard, en route from Tampa to Sarasota, finally bridged the Manatee River and put forth spur lines into Palmetto and Braidentown - lines on which the train carefully backed into both stations and as carefully pulled out again.

The rails, ties, rolling stock and even the road-bed of the old Braidentown-to-Sarasota Railroad have long disappeared. But its memories still remain.

THE TELEPHONE COMES TO BRAIDENTOWN

Father Reed had, somehow, missed out on the construction of the Braidentown to Sarasota Railroad. But this does not mean that he had not been busy. The "Haliotis" had been completed and launched, and christened with a bottle of beer.

The "observatory" had been constructed on top of some fifty feet of dead pine tree - fortunately with no casualties among the carpenters, who freely expressed themselves on the subject of what they considered "the craziest job they had ever tackled."

And he had developed into the region's first orange grove scientist - in a period when agricultural colleges were still being established. He ran the land turtles - locally known as gophers - out of their sandy domain among the orange trees by tilling the soil and planting beggar-weed, supposed to provide new fertility to the soil.

At picking time, he devised an iron pan set on top of a long pole. Filled with sulphur and set afire, this pan, not unlike the brazier which led the Children of Israel through the wilderness with a "pillar of fire by night," proved deadly to the wasps that infested the trees and impeded the orange pickers in their work.

Unhampered by the cold, which kills wasps in other sections of the country, these insects build nests often a yard in diameter and containing as many fighting warriors as a hornet's nest.

He purchased and put in use one of the first orange graders in the county. And he waged unremitting and unsuccessful war against the white fly which, although itself white, covered the fruit with a film as black as soot.

But this was more or less out of his line. He had decided to settle down permanently in Braidentown, whose sunshine and south breezes had done much to restore him to health. And now he yearned for something that would provide more familiar engineering problems.

Alexander Graham Bell supplied it. To have a telephone system, you must first have an exchange and Braidentown had no building suitable for this purpose. So it was proposed to build one. This took the form of the first brick building to be constructed in the town-and there were quite a number of skeptics, armed with the Biblical quotation about the house built on sand instead of rock, who claimed that it couldn't be done.

True, there was nothing under Braidentown but sand. But none of the skeptics had visited New Orleans or seen the lotus-columned Federal Building, so they did not know that a masonry building can be built on nothing but bottomless mud, if it becomes necessary.

The new store and exchange building was two stories in height and was decorated across the front with a row of iron pillars supporting a gallery. The main floor housed the general store of H. G. Reed and Oliver Stuart-and the embryonic tele-

phone exchange. The second floor carried-off all things-an opera house, known as Warren's Opera House.

This was reached by a long flight of stairs up to one side, and had a complete stage, with dressing rooms for the actors, and a series of doors opening onto the balcony at the rear, where the patrons could cool off between acts. The floor was flat-at last providing a dance floor for the young people of Braidentown-and was supplied with chairs instead of the usual folding seats. And, for the first time, Manatee County could provide a place for the road companies that were popular in those days.

A little later, when Gilbert and Sullivan became popular, the young people of the community staged "The Mikado," "H. M. S. Pinafore," and most of the other famous operettas "on their own" -and had a lot of fun doing so.

But I started to tell about the telephone exchange. In establishing the first telephone lines in Braidentown, the Reeds formed a father-and-son team that proved quite effective. The father supplied the mechanical ability and the son, who had previous to this time, been somewhat of a play-boy, furnished the energy needed for the enterprise. Soon nearly all of the homes in the little community had telephones installed in them.

And what telephones! They were fastened to the wall in some convenient place and at what was supposed to be a convenient height for conversation-but, of course, no two people were exactly the same height, so the telephones were supplemented by everything from books to chairs to stand on. They resembled old-fashioned coffee grinders more than anything else.

You turned the crank at the side. Then the operator asked for the number you wanted-everyone was supplied with a book containing the numbers in the system, and eventually, if there was no trouble on the line, you got the person you wanted.

The fact that you had to stand up to use the telephone may have shortened some conversations-but not many. And it was not long before customers demanded that their telephones be installed at chair height and that was that.

Soon lines began to be extended to Manatee, Fogartyville and even to Sarasota. But the problem was to get to Tampa. Eventually this was solved by an underground cable across the Manatee River - a real engineering feat in those days - which tied in

Palmetto and eventually was extended as far north as Tampa to really connect Braidentown with the outside world.

As a railroad builder and later as superintendent, Father Reed had a working knowledge of the telegraph which proved indispensable in the installation of a telephone system-which, after all, was a simplification of the telegraph-and, with the financial backing of most of the town's leading citizens and a son to carry on the construction work, the venture was a success-one of the first of its kind in Florida.

It was not until many years later that the privately-owned system was purchased and incorporated into the present Southern Bell Telephone and Telegraph Company.

BRAIDENTON LOSES AN "T"

Braidentown was growing up. For one thing, it was a sportsman's and fisherman's paradise. True, there were no automobiles and no long bridges connecting the mainland with the various keys bordering on the Gulf of Mexico. But nearly everyone owned some sort of a sailboat with which to traverse the blue-and-green waters of Tampa Bay and Sarasota Bay.

And, with rail transportation from Sarasota to Braidentown, with water transportation from the Manatee River to Tampa, orange groves proved a profitable proposition. The fruit could be readily gotten to market, and the sandy roads that led out of Braidentown began to be lined with orange and grapefruit groves.

Finally, a tourist trade began to develop-people who, like Father Reed, were tired of the rigors of a northern climate and, after spending a few winters in Braidentown, decided to move there permanently.

Perhaps the first indication of growing pains was the selection of Braidentown as the county site. This was hotly contested by Manatee, which felt that it had a prior right as an older-and at that time a larger town. Indeed, if Manatee had been named the county site at that time it probably would have become the leading community in that area. Certainly it would have been significant and appropriate - although having a river, a county and a county site all with the same name might have been too much of a good thing.

In any event, there seems little question that at one time-before the section became too civilized-the manatee, or sea cow, *did* inhabit the upper reaches of the river, this being one of the few places in North America where it has ever been seen.

With Braidentown selected as the county site, the next progressive step was to build a county courthouse and, after much discussion about it, the site of the town's first and only church was decided upon.

The Presbyterian Church was accordingly moved from its location on Main Street to a lot that had been purchased at the corner of Manatee and Prospect avenues, right across the street from Dr. Ballard's.

The Ballards were delighted, as they were pillars of that Church and now found it very handy indeed. Only one member of their household objected. That was little Georgie Prime, whose mother had lived with the Ballards ever since her husband had died.

Mrs. Prime, too, was a staunch Presbyterian and a leader in all of its woman's activities-hence Georgie was detailed to go across the street, open the doors and windows, and ring the bell for all church services. That he escaped building the fires, too, was only due to the fact that they were unnecessary in Florida's mild winter weather. Georgie was a great pal of mine-and I must say that I sometimes sympathized with him.

Now that Braidentown was the county site, and a courthouse under construction, several leading citizens decided that it was high time something was done about the sand that constituted the city's streets.

Fortunately, the solution was close at hand. In the Indian shell mound at the mouth of the river were countless tons of oyster shell - ready to be used. Furthermore, this mound was close to navigable water - so it was a simple matter to load the shell on barges and tow them to the foot of Main Street - which was the first one to be paved.

I do not remember how those barges were moved, before gasoline engines came into being. Perhaps it was by steam tug. But soon Main Street was paved as far as the courthouse square - then Prospect Avenue was paved. Finally Manatee Avenue and a few other cross streets were paved - if it might be called that.

Carriage and wagon wheels soon crushed the first shells-and the shoes of the horses eventually crushed the rest of the area to produce ribbons of gleaming white that criss-crossed Braidentown and eventually extended all over the county.

Being named the county site soon brought other ventures to Braidentown. The Reed and Stuart general store, which had enjoyed a virtual monopoly on everything from straw hats to sharp-pointed shoes for some years, began to have competition. The town's first drug store was opened on Main Street by a Dr. DeTar. Although a physician as well as a pharmacist, he did not practice, as did Dr. Leffingwell, but contented himself with filling prescriptions and dispensing drugs for the community.

A surveyor, Mr. Edwin Camp, appeared out of nowhere to lay out the streets in a more orderly fashion and put some semblance of geometry into what had previously been a series of cow paths.

Finally, the cigar box post office was replaced by a brick building which had lock boxes for those who wished to come and get their mail - and getting the mail was the high point in the day for many citizens who, when oranges were not being picked or court in session, had little else to do.

Finally, someone pointed out that Mr. Braden, for whom the town had been named, did not have an "i" in his name - and it was duly left out of the town's nomenclature - although a great many years were to pass before another enterprising citizen decided that Bradentown was no longer a town - and that the name should be shortened to its present form - Bradenton.

THE FOUNDING OF CHRIST CHURCH

The beginnings of Christ Episcopal Church, whose new building has been completed on West Manatee Avenue, were simple indeed. They consisted of less than a dozen people, meeting in homes for services under the leadership of Judge Cornwell, who served as lay reader, and it was quite a few years before there were enough communicants to consider building a small chapel.

A few winters after we had made our first trip to Braidentown, however, this small group had increased sufficiently to finance a building of its own-and the question of where the church was to be located then came up.

There is something about a body of water - even so small a stream as Weir's Creek - that tends to divide communities. The people east of the creek wished the church to be located in Braid-entown and those west of it wanted it in what was then Fogartyville.

Father Reed offered two lots on Prospect Avenue for a location in town, and the Williamson family countered with an offer of as many lots on the east side of what was then Sarasota Avenue - now 26th street, I believe, with the proviso that they should be buried in the graveyard there. Thus matters stood when the time came for us to go North for another summer.

When we returned next fall, the congregation had taken a vote and decided upon the Williamson location. The Braidentown contingent had simply been out-voted by members of the congregation living in Fogartyville and Palma Sola.

Father Reed was not so fortunate as his friend, Dr. Ballard. Instead of having his church located right on the corner, he had to hitch up Old Kit and drive a mile to it. Fortunately, it was located in a grove of pine trees, to which horses could be conveniently hitched during services. He took the matter with good grace, however, always contributing generously and during the last years of his life serving as Senior Warden.

The first Christ Church was, of necessity, a frame building, for the cost of transporting brick or stone to Braidentown was prohibitive. But the little frame building, designed and built by a member of the congregation - Mr. Harry Wadham - was quite dignified and churchly in appearance. It had a steep roof, supported by cross girders, Gothic windows - which in the absence of air conditioning, opened out to take advantage of whatever stray breeze might wander in - and a tall spire and belfry.

The windows had panes of colored glass - but the chancel window, given by the Cornwell family in memory of Mrs. Cornwell's father, was a beautiful piece of stained glass and, I dare say, the only real stained glass window at that time south of Tampa.

Its bell was Christ Church's most unusual feature. Cast in France by a famous bell-casting firm, it weighed six or seven hundred pounds, and had a beautiful tone. Fogartyville boys took turns ringing the bell for church services - and each New Year's Eve, they would get together and ring the old year out and the

new one in - a procedure usually lasting for at least half an hour. In this manner, the year 1900 was rung in - though whether it marked the 19th or the 20th century, no one was ever able to decide.

For several years, Christ Church operated as a mission, with a clergyman coming down from Tampa once a month to hold services and Judge Cornwell "filling in" for the other three Sunday's. But it was a place in which to meet.

Finally the services of the Rev. Mr. TenBroeck were secured on a full-time basis. The Rev. TenBroeck was a recluse who had bought a grove and built a small home for himself near the headwaters of Weir's Creek - where, at that time, he was far enough away from everyone as any recluse could possibly want to be. He had an independent income, a small sailboat, and subscriptions to just about every magazine in print, which he gathered in on occasional visits to town to replenish his larder.

Some of his ideas were not considered to be quite orthodox at the time. He held, for one thing, that the Lord and the Devil were co-equal in power and that it was nip and tuck which one would win out in the end - a heresy, if such it was, which has appealed to me at various times since. And when a misfortune occurred - like a hurricane or a long drought causing the orange crop to drop and be lost or a freeze blackening the trees, he always said that "the devil simply squirted it down on us." As, indeed, he may well have.

The Rev. Mr. Ten Broeck, so far as I know, was never actually unfrocked for this little heresy. But he would much rather stay home and read or go sailing in his small boat than visit the parishioners. So he eventually was displaced by someone more "active", to put the matter in its most kindly light.

In later years, when it became obvious that Bradentown, not Fogartyville, was to be the county's metropolis, a new church was built in town - and once more Weir's Creek became the embattled dividing line.

A compromise was finally reached by utilizing the old building as a Sunday school - while a handsome Gothic stone building was erected in town. Well - it wasn't quite of stone. In the meantime, a process of simulating stone had been invented, forming artificial stone blocks from sand, cement and water - and the second Christ Church was constructed of these materials.

As for the Williamson's dream of a county church-yard in which, after the Anglican fashion, they were to be interred; it dissolved-leaving them in lonely graves in the midst of a small grove of pines-and a serious problem to the community, which had a private cemetery on its hands in the midst of a growing residential district. Such is the "American Way of Life."

THE GAY NINETIES

In those days, we went to church morning and evening on Sundays - many of us driving for miles to attend the services in horse-drawn vehicle. Younger children were expected to attend Sunday school - and when they got older, to go to church. And most of them did. There were no Sunday night dances for the young people as there are today. Nor were there parish houses to attend to their needs. Indeed, young people got along as best they could for entertainment.

Yet vandalism was unknown. I can recall only one case in those early days. After the new Christ Church had been built down-town and the old one virtually abandoned, some boys broke open the corner stone of the old building, stole the few coins it contained, and scattered the papers about the yard. They were apprehended later and given a lecture on the sin of vandalism and the sacreligious nature of this particular act. But that was all the punishment they received. Those were the Gay Nineties. Our friends were scattered over a wide area-but that made visiting all the more exciting. To visit the Fogartys or the Warners, one turned off 26th Street - then known as Sarasota Avenue - and took a winding road along the banks of the Manatee River. Where it turned west to Fogartyville, there was a little stream bridge and a series of wobbly planks over which we had to drive very carefully. Then came a forest of oak trees. And, finally, Capt. John Fogarty's general store and shipyard. The little stream filled up with sand and the oak trees disappeared-and now exist only in the memories of some of the older inhabitants.

Captain Tole had a large two-story home, with wide verandas across the front and a parlor large enough to hold a dance in and, with his two sons and three lively daughters, we spent

many an enjoyable evening under his roof. And I need not add that the long drive home was equally enjoyable.

We found plenty to do in those days. Once in a while a band of Seminole Indians would come to town, dressed in bright colors. They would stand and stare at us - and I must confess we would stand and stare at them. The Reed and Stuart store was usually their magnet. There were no cash registers in those days and little "trolleys" with baskets were dispatched from various vantage points to the office at the rear of the establishment.

These were a never-failing source of amusement - and amazement to the Seminoles. I must admit they were something of the same to us. At any rate, the Seminoles never said a word in making a purchase. They would point at the merchandise they wanted, which would be paid for, wrapped and delivered to them in equally solemn silence. Then they would watch the transfer of the money to the office and return of the change in the little wire basket with delight. I believe they always bought more than they intended - just to watch the basket. And I know it was one of the town's chief attractions. Then, there was the Opera House. When a touring opera company could not be secured, we put on our own local talent plays. Looking back, I can see some of the talent was not so good. But Gilbert and Sullivan provided an outlet for our histrionics-and "H.M.S. Pinafore" was an oft-repeated favorite. What we lacked in training we made up for in enthusiasm-and we always played to full houses. What was more the town re-echoed to the strains, hummed or whistled, of "I washed the windows and swept the floor" for days.

We even had a mandolin club. Mandolins were popular in those days and, with the aid of a piano, a trap drummer and a violin or two, we could put on a quite passable concert.

Then, of course, there was the "Haliotis." She was large enough to carry quite a party - and many a cruise we had to the outlying islands - even to Sarasota and return in her.

With the little church completed, Mother Reed called a meeting of the ladies of the congregation at our home, and a Women's Guild was organized to raise the money for such incidentals as altar coverings, carpeting for the aisle and chancel, prayer books and hymnals. This led to still more activity. Each year we had a social on our lawn - complete with Japanese lanterns and a fortune teller's booth-to raise money for the Guild.

I distinctly remember one dear old lady who bought gadgets at the ten-cent store for a dime-and sold them in her booth for five cents. She had a tremendous business for a while - but, fortunately for the Guild's finances, the ten-cent store soon ran out of stock.

The Gay Nineties ended with the Spanish-American war. Tampa became the headquarters for operations against Cuba. The Tampa Bay Hotel, just completed, became a sort of unofficial officer's club. And the Great White Fleet came to anchor, for a time, in Tampa Bay.

We crowded the rails of the little "Manatee" to view the ships at anchor as we passed them by. It was our one and only chance to view the United States Navy at its best. Then we had dinner at the Tampa Bay- a never-to-be-forgotten highlight in our lives.

It was popular, then, to catch chameleons, and fasten them with a little gold collar and chain to the coat lapels of the ladies -a high style that I had never seen before and never have witnessed since.

But after the troops left for Cuba, we returned to a Bradenton that would never be quite the same again.

THE ROOF-RAISING

We did not have radios, televisions or even phonographs in those days. Nor did we miss them. What with trips to the "keys," amateur operettas, a mandolin club, the Women's Guild and its annual "bazaar" and a little bridge club that met once a week, we found plenty of amusement.

The one draw-back, from Father Reed's viewpoint, was that the house he had bought was too small to admit of dances or large parties of any sort, and he proposed to remedy this as soon as possible.

He had two choices-to tear the old house down and rebuild, or to enlarge it. He chose to enlarge it-and the method he took was quite unusual. Not wishing to live in a hotel-or rent a houseboat, as one family did while its house was under construction-he determined *to live at home and enlarge the house at one and the same time.*

Among other things which he had brought to Florida with him was a drawing board and set of instruments, which had been placed in his "office nook" along side of his big roll-top desk, which was supposed to have a secret compartment, but successfully resisted all efforts to find it. Now he set about designing a house which could be built over the one we occupied.

The result was a masterpiece of ingenuity - if not, as I now realize, of architecture. It left the first floor of the old house intact, added a room on the north side and a complete new second story and left that vital part of the establishment-the kitchen-intact while rebuilding operations were in progress.

The end results were remarkable. It resembled, in plan, a "T" with a short one-story stem-the kitchen-and a long top, which was the two-story house proper.

On brick piers, with two massive chimneys, it certainly met all of Father Reed's ideas about more spacious living. Since there was no city water at that time, all water being drained off the roof and stored in cisterns for the dry season, the ridge-pole was decorated with a scroll-work designed to keep off the buzzards, who contributed nothing to the purity of our water supply.

And, in lieu of the then-unknown air-conditioning, the porch was extended around three sides of the house-with a hammock, I remember, strung across each corner. Thus, whether the breeze came from the north, east or west, one could always catch it with a book and a glass of lemonade. Since we raised our own lemons, we never lacked this.

Although, to be fair, Father Reed preferred a toddy in the evening to any of Florida's native drinks which, in the absence of canning factories, had to be made-and drunk-on the spot as it were.

The highlight of this "re-construction period" occurred one morning when the carpenters employed on the job discovered a five-gallon jug of orange wine Father Reed had made and stored in the attic to age. They imbibed of this, not wisely but too well, with the result that very little work was done for several days-much to the mystification of both Father Reed and the contractor until the empty wine jug was found stashed away behind a pile of lumber!

Occasionally one reads of treasure being found when an old house is being remodelled or torn down. But this is one of the few cases on record where a jug of wine was unearthed-or unroofed, as the case may be. And it ranks along with the time, much later, when a still was found in the belfry of Christ Church. It did not, however, gain the bad publicity of the still.

The remodelling gave us virtually a three-story house since, when visitors from "up north" arrived, the younger members of the family were parked in two attic rooms, at each end of the building, thus providing more space for the older members of the family.

When remodeling was completed, came the task of furnishing all those extra rooms. And such furnishings, I dare say, were never seen before nor have they been seen since. The living room had a fire-place set with tile and topped by a mantel on which stood a gilt French figurine clock carefully kept under a glass case and wound up once a week.

The living room table was of mahogany with a marble top on which reposed an old-fashioned kerosene lamp. Indeed, for many years people in Bradentown had to depend on kerosene lamps and either wood or gasoline stoves for cooking, as the town had neither gas nor electricity to serve the purpose. Even when electric lights were installed, Mother Reed refused to use them in her room, claiming they were "bad for the eyes!"

The rest of the furniture-believe it or not-was of wicker. Period design? I guess it must have been "Teddy Roosevelt" period - for our bedrooms had grass mat carpeting and our beds were of iron, with many fancy curlicues.

But it was all "high style" in those days - if sometimes a trifle mixed up - and, anyway, Bradentown folks went in more for comfortable living than style. And I doubt if there was anyone south of Atlanta who could have told the difference between Chippendale and Hepplewhite.

At last we had a home big enough to give parties in-and with sufficient bedroom space to accommodate visitors-and that was the main thing. And whatever we may have lacked in style we made up for in spaciousness.

HOUSEBOAT ON THE MANATEE

With the remodeling of "Winter Cheer Cottage"-now, alas, no longer a cottage - we did not have to wait long for guests, for Father Reeds oldest son, Harry, and his family began coming to Bradentown each winter for a month.

These trips were sponsored, paid for and largely managed by his father-in-law, A. J. W. Pierce, who had fallen in love with Florida as Father Reed had previously done, and who now made the trip an annual event. Sometimes he brought the whole family along - and he never failed to bring less than three or four with him on these expeditions.

He never quite reached Father Reed's decision to move to Florida - but as long as he lived, the after-Christmas pilgrimage to Bradentown was an annual event.

A great fisherman, the high point in his Florida fishing occurred when, on a trip up the Little Manatee, he hooked and landed a four-foot alligator which, somehow, got on his hook instead of the expected bass.

He had quite a struggle landing the "critter," as he called it, and even a tougher time tying it up in the boat, but eventually he brought it back, sank a tub of water under a tree in the back yard, and tethered it by means of a stout rope.

The alligator, however, had no intention of staying put. It promptly chewed the rope in two, scrambled out of the tub and, with unerring instinct, made its way to the waters of Weir's Creek, where it lived for some time and never, so far as I know, got hooked again.

On one trip South, Mr. Pierce learned of the house-boat in which a family and lived while having their home built, and was seized with an idea. Why not a house-boat trip to the keys?

Gasoline engines had come in by then, and Dr. Leffingwell's oldest son, Jack, had a launch-which he had outfitted with rakish masts and a false stack to look, at a distance, about four times as large as it really was.

Mr. Pierce promptly rented the house-boat and engaged Jack to tow it out to Anna Maria Key - and come back for it when a two-weeks stay had been completed. The house-boat, what with the two Reed families and his unmarried daughter, Nannie,

would be a bit crowded, it must be admitted. But wouldn't it be fun? It was!

The day set for the cruise was not particularly auspicious. Clouds kept banking up in the north and a norther was predicted, but Father Pierce was "rarin' to go" and Jack was sure he could make the turn south at the mouth of the Manatee before it began to blow - so we started out.

Unfortunately, the wind struck before anyone had anticipated and Jack's brave little launch was not quite equal to the task of pulling a house-boat against it. After battling all day only to reach Palma Sola, we had our choice of returning home-or spending the night at the "cut-off."

The "cut-off" was a channel, dredged across a narrow spit of land to connect Terra Ceia Bay with the Manatee River to shorten the trip made by the river boats. In making it, the dredge had simply thrown the sand up on either side, after the manner of a Mississippi levee, and "bolted" it in place with heavy piling and planking. Back of the low "levee" on either side was a jungle of mangroves.

It was not exactly an inspiring camping site, but by that time all of us - and particularly Jack - were ready to welcome any place at which we could tie up for the night. What none of us realized was the tide - as was often the case when a norther was blowing, was unusually high - and that, after the blow was over, would be unusually low. We learned the hard way.

We built a fire and had a wonderful time that evening. Go home? Of course not-next morning the norther would have blown itself out and we would be on our way.

We slept so hard no one noticed that the house-boat, tied to the shore, had begun to tilt more and more. But when we woke up the front end was high and dry - and no amount of pulling on the part of Jack's tug could get it off!

The men had a wonderful time. They found a patch of woods a little way back from the canal and pitched a tent - and if there had been boy scouts at that time would really have had themselves a jamboree.

For the women, it was not so amusing. We watched the pelicans diving for fish -but most of all we watched the waves as they lapped the stern of our house-boat, in the vain hope that

the tide might be coming back so we could be pulled off.

Instead of coming back, it went further out all that day, so that the table tilted at an uncomfortable angle and it was almost impossible to sleep in the bunks.

That evening, at supper, Nannie declared that she had not come all the way to Florida to be marooned in a "throw-up." Since it had not been rough and nobody had been sea-sick on the trip, we pressed her for an explanation.

"Well," she said, "that dredge threw the sand up on either side, didn't it? So I guess that makes it a throw-up!" Thereafter the cut-off became the "throw-up" in our family conversation.

We never got any further on that trip. By the time the tide finally came back, most of the week had passed. Both Nannie and Harry's oldest daughter, Kathie, were dead set about not going on with the expedition any further. They contended that they had seen enough sand, sea-gulls and pelicans to last the rest of their lives. And the thought of home and a fire in the parlor fireplace - a norther can be cold in Florida - finally induced everybody to have Jack tow us home, once he had succeeded in pulling us off the bank.

Only Mr. Pierce had regrets. He averred that he had seen another alligator sunning himself on a log in one of the bayous near the "throw-up" - and he was certain he could have caught it, if we had stayed a day or two longer. Much as he wanted one, to be stuffed by a taxidermist, he never even got a claw for a watch-fob.

DECADE OF PROGRESS

The period between 1900 and 1910 was, for Bradentown, a decade of progress. Not that growth was not accompanied by some "growing pains," for it was. But the gains, in the long run, more than overcame the losses sustained.

By 1900 the town had grown to the point where it could support two doctors - and Dr. F. C. Whitaker, who had recently completed his medical education in Atlanta, Ga., hung up his shingle. In time a third doctor - Dr. H. C. Baer, who had graduated from the medical school in Charleston, S. C., also joined the group.

Curry's Point, which lay between Weir's Creek and the Manatee River, and, with the exception of the Curry's residence had been a wilderness of palmettoes, scrub pine and cactus and the abode of opossums, raccoons, wild-cats and other "varmints," was subdivided and cleared and became Bradentown's first subdivision.

With all boarding houses filled up in the growing "tourist season," the time had now come for a real hotel-and the Manavista Hotel was built on the river's edge at Main Street. It was an imposing edifice of artificial stone - and it introduced Bradentown to the art of "filling in" the area along the river by means of a sea wall and a dredge pumping sand from the bottom of the Manatee River.

Soon everyone with river or creek frontage was taking advantage of this relatively inexpensive method of adding to their acreage.

The old Ballard school was replaced by a new two-story frame high school - the only fully accredited high school in the county - to which students came, not only from Manatee, Bradentown and Palma Sola, but from Palmetto, across the river. Miss Sue, relieved now of teaching *all* the grades in the school, took over the primary grades-and continued to teach for many years.

Electric power came to Bradentown, in the shape of a power plant, built on the river bank to insure "water delivery" of coal -the only fuel then in use for that purpose. Since South Florida had no hills - only the Indian shell mounds - water power was simply unavailable.

John A. Graham - afterwards Major Graham - was responsible for the power plant. A native of Manatee who had gone north and made a fortune in the business world, Mr. Graham had returned to Manatee with his charming wife, a son and a daughter, and had built a beautiful home on the banks of the river.

Now he conceived the idea of building a power plant and an electric trolley line to connect all of the towns strung along the south bank of the Manatee. For some reason best known to itself, the city council refused to let the tracks be laid on Mana-

tee Avenue - the logical location for such a venture - so they were laid several blocks south.

Nor were they laid on Sarasota Avenue-now 26th street-which was another main-travelled street-but a block further west, where they terminated in a long pier and modern warehouse designed to capture the "steamer trade."

It was wonderful-while it lasted. But there just was not enough trade to keep the trolleys in operation and eventually the line was abandoned - and Mr. Graham's efforts were concentrated on the electric power plant.

Bradentown's first street lights-each consisting of two carbon sticks forming an arc and attracting all of the night-flying insects within miles-were installed and electric lights began to replace kerosene lamps in the homes.

A proposal to install "tower" lights was vetoed by the government, which feared that they might be mistaken for the lighthouse at the entrance to Tampa Bay and so cause wrecks.

Next came the railroad. It didn't exactly come either to Bradentown or Palmetto but at a point somewhere between, with spur tracks backing into both towns, as it preceded by the shortest possible route to a terminus at Punta Gorda.

The demise of the trolley line and advent of the railroad inspired the following from one of Bradentown's would-be poets:

There was a man in our town
And he was wondrous wise.
He built a great, long trolley track,
But much to his surprise
He found that street-cars didn't pay
And so, with might and main,
He jumped onto his trolley track
And pulled it up again!

Another man in our town,
The mayor, good and wise,
He watched them pulling up the rails
And burning up the ties;
And, as he watched the mournful scene,
The mayor said, "We must
Have another kind of railroad track
In the place of the one that's bust!"

And so, into his fertile brain,
 There popped a little scheme;
 'Twas to have another tram come down-
 The kind that's run by steam,
 And now the locomotive's shriek
 Has replaced the trolley's gong-
 But we sadly miss those trolley rides
 As we slowly walk along.

We did not have to walk, however, for many years before the automobile came to our rescue. The first pre-Ford ones had a door at the back through which we entered. We all wore long coats, called "dusters," and long chiffon veils around our heads to keep our hats on as well as to protect our complexions - or as much of them as the Florida sun, on cruises, fishing trips and outings to "the beach" had not yet ruined.

Finally a municipal water system replaced our roof-drains and cisterns. The water, from artesian wells, was strongly sulphurous - an indication, some said, that Florida really was close to the "other place" - but at least we no longer had the duty of fishing an occasional dead rat out of our water supply.

As for the sewage system - for those living on the river or creek it was very simple. We just ran the lines down to the water and let it go at that.

And as for culture - we had it in the form of a one-room public library, built by public subscription and without benefit of Andrew Carnegie. Everybody contributed what spare books they had - I remember Mother Reed contributed a complete set of Godey's Ladies' Book to the cause - and a small membership fee kept things going once a small start had been made.

Yes, pioneer days were over. But, if there were discomforts, we did not seem to mind them. Nor did we much miss the modern conveniences the twentieth century was to bring.

Life was simple and relatively inexpensive. And the fact that we had to make our own fun rather than have it brought to us by radio and television made it, as it now seems to me, all the more enjoyable.

THE DEMOCRAT

by ARTHUR KENNERLY

FOR MORE THAN FIFTY YEARS *The Tallahassee Democrat* has been the major newspaper of the capital city of Florida.* In the half-century since it first appeared, the newspaper has frequently changed its "face" and has been challenged by several short-lived local rival publications. But no matter how much opposition it has had and regardless of how many readers curse it, *The Democrat* has survived and prospered.

It started back in the horse-and-buggy days of 1905 when John G. Collins was the editor and publisher of the predecessor of the current newspaper.

On March 3, 1905, the first issue of *The Weekly True Democrat* rolled off the press as an eight-page, tabloid-size newspaper with five columns of type, and a "patent inside" section—that is, the four inside pages were printed in another part of the country by a news syndicate and shipped each week to the local paper containing state and national news. Front-page stories in that first issue included the acquittal of Charles Swayne, U. S. District Judge, of Pensacola, on impeachment charges in Washington, D. C., announcement of a Florida Press Association meeting in Lake City, and a column of comments from other newspapers concerning the founding of *The Weekly True Democrat*. On page two of the first issue were editorials and a letter to the editor from the fishing village of Panacea Springs which claimed hunting had not been good that year due to the bad weather. The newspaper noted the preceding winter had been the "severest winter for many years . . . if, indeed, not the severest ever known." Advertisers included J. D. Cays' feed and sales stable, F. C. Cole's confectionery and grocery store, S. P. Rozear's plumbing establishment, Miss Adele Gerard's shop for millinery, neckwear, gloves and fancy work materials, and Duval Brothers, who took out a half-page notice that listed their store as "pioneer cash merchants" in Tallahassee.

A native of Monticello, near Tallahassee, Collins entered journalism through the back shop as a printer, as did most

* Sources for this paper are articles in *The Tallahassee Democrat* of March 3, 18, 19, 20, 1955.

editors of his day. About 1883 Collins had become associated with Newton M. Brown in the publication of *The Floridian*, a Tallahassee newspaper which ceased publication around 1900. One historian has called *The Floridian* "the most influential paper in Florida for a half-century." Just prior to the establishment of *The Weekly True Democrat* by Collins, two other newspapers, *The Tallahasseean* and *The Capital*, had merged into one publication, thus leaving room for another newspaper to be created. Old pictures of Collins show him as a man with an appearance typical of his era, complete with mustache and slight sideburns.

There was no such thing as a wire service (AP, UP, and INS) when the first issue of the Collins newspaper was published. News which could not be obtained locally or from "correspondents" in surrounding communities was clipped from other newspapers and credited to them. Published every Friday morning, the newspaper cost one dollar "in advance" for a yearly subscription. The first subscriber was J. W. Dollar, "a well-known resident of Leon County." Collins placed on the masthead of his newspaper the motto "Good government; honesty in public office; equal justice to all - special privileges to none." Headlines were used sparingly and were usually not much larger than the letters used in the body of the news articles. Page one generally featured a column entitled "Doings At the State Capitol," listing appointments of the government and official actions taken by the governor and the various state departments.

Collins gave his newspaper a heritage of forthright journalism. Old-timers in Tallahassee recall Collins as a soft-spoken man, conventional in dress and manners, but who did not hesitate to take sides in various state and local issues that arose. He stormed constantly at politicians. He stoutly defended southern traditions. In the first issue of *The Weekly True Democrat* Collins leveled his editorial wrath at Harvard College's President Eliot for criticizing the South and urging Southerners to treat Negro problems in the "sane and intelligent fashion" of Bermuda. Collins countered Eliot's statements by editorializing that "it would do President Eliot and his kind incalculable good to travel a little and learn something of conditions existing in their own country before presuming to instruct and advise those who know much more than themselves."

At the time Collins was editor, the Civil War had been over only about forty years and the United States government was just returning to the southern states the Confederate battleflags captured in battle. Always ready to promote the South, Collins less than a month after the Eliot criticism reprinted an editorial from *The Cincinnati Enquirer* which said "take back your (Confederate) battleflags brethren of the South! We yield them to your keeping willingly and gladly. They were ours by the fortunes of war; they are yours by the right of magnificent courage with which you defended them."

Often at odds with Florida Governor Napoleon Bonaparte Broward (1905-1909), Collins once wrote that "Governor Broward and the administration gang seem to have been very 'obfuscated' " in the appointment of a certain judge. He also criticized the governor for his stand on Everglades drainage and bitterly attacked a governor-sponsored bill to establish the state military headquarters at St. Augustine rather than in Tallahassee. Later when Broward ran for the United States Senate, the newspaper called Broward "the principal joke of the senatorial campaign."

The editor kept things hot for only four years. In the November 6, 1908, issue of the newspaper Collins announced his retirement as editor and publisher due to ill health from the effects of "La Grippe." Later on he worked at the state comptroller's office. He died in 1919 in Tallahassee at the age of sixty-six.

Milton A. Smith bought *The Weekly True Democrat* from Collins and soon transformed it into a twice-weekly publication and later on made it a daily.

Tallahassee was known as a newspaper "graveyard" when Smith purchased the local sheet. The city's first newspaper appeared in 1825 not long after the community was organized, and since that time at least ten other newspapers had started publication and eventually passed out of existence. *The Floridian* had been the most hardy of the pre-*Democrat* newspapers, lasting seventy-two years through frontier days, the Civil War, and Reconstruction. Smith was aware of the history of Tallahassee newspapers, but he dug in and steered the local newspaper through twenty-one years of good and bad times.

The new editor-publisher had once operated a newspaper in Anniston, Alabama, called *The Hot Blast*. The newspaper got its name from nearby iron-smelting works and not because of its editorial policies. From the very first Smith wanted to make the Tallahassee newspaper a daily publication. He eventually made it a semi-weekly, then for a brief time it was tri-weekly, and in August of 1914 he came out with *The Daily Democrat*, Tallahassee's first full time daily.

Smith's widow, who lives at 408 West College Avenue, remembers those days when Tallahassee was a staid, sleepy, little country town. But folks liked Tallahassee the way it was, even though traveling salesmen passing through the town on the train would jestingly rise in the aisles of the train's coaches when the train approached Tallahassee and say to all present: "Take off your hats in the presence of the dead." Electric lights had just been installed when the Smiths moved into the town. Unlike today, the newspaper Smiths for many years were the only Smiths in town with a telephone. Mrs. Smith said Collins' old printing office was located where Carter's Sporting Goods is now located. She said her husband moved the newspaper to new offices next door in the building now known as the Daffin Building, in the 100 block of North Adams Street. Next to the newspaper office was a livery stable.

Soliciting for advertising, writing editorials, and bookkeeping for the newspaper were all handled personally by Smith. Type was set by hand in the early days of Smith's venture. Newspapers were mailed to subscribers, not delivered by newsboys. Later when he started printing his newspaper daily, Smith hired boys to deliver the subscribers' copies to their homes.

News traveled slowly back in the days before World War I. But when some big news did reach Tallahassee, newspaper "extras" were a common mode of getting the news out on the streets. Once during World War I, the station agent at the railroad depot telephoned the Smith residence early one morning and reported excitedly that the war was over. Smith rushed to his office and started rolling off an "extra" about the end of the war. It was only after the newspapers had been delivered that the report was found to be a false alarm.

Financial difficulties caught up with Smith in the 1920's.

In 1929 he sold *The Daily Democrat* to Colonel Lloyd C. Griscom. Smith died in 1935.

Wealthy Colonel Griscom bought the struggling little newspaper in the year the great depression began. Griscom said the little daily had a circulation of only 1,500 and was slowly starving to death from a lack of financial food even though it was the town's only newspaper. Griscom was urged by some public-spirited citizens to purchase the newspaper and revive it. He took their advice and proceeded to lose \$25,000 a year for the first three years as he tried to modernize the publication while the whole nation bogged down into the depression. But Griscom said recently that "this paper has since prospered to a degree far exceeding our hopes."

A transplanted Yankee who spends his winters in Tallahassee and his summers in New England and New York, Colonel Griscom is now eighty-five years old, has owned the newspaper for twenty-nine years, and is currently chairman of its board. He lives in Tallahassee at Luna Plantation north of the city. His family has maintained a plantation home in Leon County for about fifty-seven years. His parents owned the old Horseshoe Plantation, which was divided into Horseshoe, Luna, Water Oak, and Bull Run plantations.

The son of a shipping magnate, Griscom entered the University of Pennsylvania at the age of fourteen. "I put on my first pair of long trousers for my first lecture at the university," he said. When he was fifteen years old, he started a small newspaper in Haverford, Pennsylvania, where he lived and hired his father's coachman as circulation and advertising manager. The coachman was a good salesman. He called on all the merchants with whom the Griscom household dealt and sold them advertising space in the young publisher's newspaper. The comparative success of the publication kindled a journalistic spark in the boy.

Colonel Griscom has led a many-faceted life that entitled him to be known at various times as an attorney, a soldier, a writer, a dramatist, a career diplomat, a sportsman, and a business executive. He was once United States ambassador to Italy. When he decided to leave his ambassadorial post and return to the United States to enter the newspaper business, the king and

queen of Italy reportedly half-jestingly asked him to hold open a journalistic job for them "in case we should get turned out of here [Italy]." It so happened that the royal couple were eventually "turned out" by Mussolini.

After purchasing *The Democrat*, Col. Griscom spruced up its appearance and staffed it with trained journalists. Two years after World War II ended, the newspaper changed its name to *The Tallahassee Democrat*, moved into a new building, and increased its circulation and appeal by installing a new and larger press and modern printing equipment. Today *The Democrat* has a circulation of about twenty to thirty thousand that extends into a dozen North Florida counties. It has been generally conservative and orthodox in appearance and editorial opinion in the years that Griscom has owned it and gears its articles for a family audience of readers.

FLORIDA BIBLIOGRAPHY AND HISTORIOGRAPHY

I. THE DEVELOPMENT OF KNOWLEDGE REGARDING THE FLORIDA INDIANS

by HALE G. SMITH

ANTHROPOLOGICAL KNOWLEDGE concerning the Florida Indians has been greatly increased during the last twenty years. The largest percentage of the publications has been in the field of archaeology. However, advances also have been made in the field of ethnography.

The historian and the anthropologist have for years lamented the fact that our known early documentary sources have been so relatively sterile of specific references to particular Florida peoples and their cultures. Many of the early writers had the opportunity of observing the indigenous cultures of the Florida Indians but somehow their emphasis was placed in other quarters. The early disruption of the aboriginal cultures and the extinction of most of the Florida Indians are factors that help explain the lack of documentary evidence.

In fact many things and events one would like, and possibly expect to be documented, have been presented from the work of the archaeologist rather than from traditional documentary evidence. However, this fact has, I believe, been important in tying the historian and the anthropologist closely together in a cooperative venture in Florida.

In reviewing the literature, I am going to refrain from referring to the various early documents that are quite familiar to all, especially a gathering of historians. So the various De Soto narratives, Fontaneda, Dickinson, Barcia, Romans, and the Bartrams will be deleted. John R. Swanton and his works will also be omitted.

I have not made an exact count, but a bibliography on the Florida Indians would probably run well over two thousand items. So, obviously, this paper cannot hope to cover but a very small fraction of the total. I have selected items that I believe are outstanding and/or synthesize the knowledge up to a particular time or are at points that indicate new developments in the field.

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One of the earliest writers to mention the prehistory of Florida was H. R. Schoolcraft, who in 1847 wrote of the aboriginal pottery found in the peninsula area.

The nineteenth century publication *Notes on the Floridian Peninsula; its Literary History, Indian Tribes, and Antiquities*, printed in 1859 and written by D. G. Brinton was the real beginning of interest in things Indian (Historic as well as Pre-historic). In 1872 Brinton wrote a more specialized article on the prehistoric Florida Indians in the *Smithsonian Institution Annual Report, 1866* entitled "Artificial Shell Deposits of the United States."

Jeffries Wyman wrote in the *American Naturalist* of 1868 "An Account of the Fresh-Water Shell Heaps of the St. Johns River, East Florida." This work showed acute observation and conclusions on the part of its author.

The man, who even until today, has been responsible for moving, by excavation, more aboriginal remains than any other individual is Clarence B. Moore. For over two decades he systematically dug into mound after mound. The professional archaeologist does not know whether to damn him or praise him. As the old saying goes - "for his time he did rather well in the reporting of his findings." His major works appeared in the *Academy of Natural Sciences Journal of Philadelphia* and from 1892 until 1915 he produced many monographs in this series. It is obvious that his works are still basic reference books for the professional.

In 1897 appeared F. H. Cushing's, "A Preliminary Report on the Explorations of Ancient Key-Dwellers Remains on the Gulf Coast of Florida" published in Vol. 35 of the *American Philosophical Society Proceedings*. The carved wooden artifacts found by Cushing have never been equalled. However, I do not know of any Eastern archaeologist that would not give his wife and children into slavery for the opportunity to excavate such a site.

Another landmark in the development of the total picture of our prehistory was the work by E. H. Sellards, a geologist, who published in 1917 a paper on "Human Remains and Extinct Vertebrates" in the *Journal of Geology*. Here a greater time perspective of the Florida Indians began to develop. The im-

portance of Sellards' work and subsequent geological correlations still have not been fully realized. However, today the archaeologist thinks in thousands of years B. C. when working on early materials without thinking himself radical.

In the so-called modern archaeological tradition, which arbitrarily I will place as beginning in 1939, we see the development of a whole new series of archaeological techniques, theories and types of monographs. In 1939 appeared John M. Goggin's "A Ceramic Sequence in South Florida," published in the *New Mexico Anthropologist*. This was the first time a scientific treatment of a Florida archaeological area was completed.

This publication was followed in 1942 by "A Chronological Outline of the Northwest Florida Coast" by Gordon R. Willey and R. B. Woodbury, printed in the *American Anthropologist*. The full report of this work appeared in 1949 in the *Smithsonian Miscellaneous Collections* Vol. 113, entitled "Archaeology of the Florida Gulf Coast." This work synthesized all known archaeological facts of the Florida Gulf Coast from Pensacola to the Tampa Bay Area. This article still is the fieldman's handbook of reference for this area.

In 1949 the publication *The Florida Indians and His Neighbors* published by the Inter-American Center, Rollins College, also appeared. This publication was the result of a round table conference attended by all the experts in the area of Florida Anthropology. Here for the first time Florida's aboriginal prehistoric and ethno-historic position was examined internally in its broad aspects, as well as Florida's relationships to the adjoining archaeological and ethnographic areas.

After the appearance of *The Florida Indians and His Neighbors*, the archaeological picture becomes even more clearer due to the printing of several monographs on various archaeological areas.

In 1951 the *Yale University Publications in Anthropology* published Irving Rouse's "A Survey of Indian River Archaeology, Florida" and Vera Ferguson's "Chronology of South Indian Field, Florida." In the Northwest Florida area the Spanish Indian Mission period was discussed in a publication *Here They Once Stood*, by Boyd, Smith and Griffin.

In 1952, John M. Goggin in the *Yale University Publications*

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in *Anthropology* published "Space and Time Perspective in Northern St. Johns Archaeology," (Florida.) John W. Griffin in the same year published "Prehistoric Florida: A Review," in *Archaeology of Eastern United States*.

Chronologically in terms of historic time and for this paper Wilfred Neill's monograph *Florida's Seminole Indians* should be mentioned.

The most recent synthesis of the Florida Indians is now in press. It is entitled *Florida Anthropology* and is a result of a round-table discussion at the 1957 annual meeting of the Florida Anthropological Society. It is a joint publication of the Department of Anthropology of the Florida State University and the Florida Anthropological Society.

The growth of an interest in the Florida Indians might be indicated by reviewing the major publication sources in Florida of anthropological materials.

The Florida Anthropological Society has a regular schedule of quarterly publications of the *Florida Anthropologist* in addition to a memoir series.

A series known as *Notes in Anthropology* is published irregularly by the Department of Anthropology, Florida State University.

The Florida State University has a publication series called Florida State University Studies in which volume 16, 1954 was devoted to Anthropology, and future issues are open to anthropology.

The Florida State Museum has published in their series *Contributions of the Florida State Museum--Social Sciences* anthropological materials.

The Florida Geological Survey has had a continuing interest in publication of archaeological materials.

A series, now defunct should also be mentioned and that is *Contributions to the Archaeology of Florida*, of the Florida Park Service.

Of course, you all know that in your own publication *The Florida Historical Quarterly* has appeared many anthropological articles. They have also appeared in *Papers of the Jacksonville Historical Society* and *Tequesta*, The Journal of the Historical Association of Southern Florida, as well as *Apalachee* a publication of the Tallahassee Historical Society.

We in anthropology are very grateful for the cooperation and knowledge we have received from the historians of Florida. Prior to 1949 the historical journals of Florida were the only sources we had in the state for publication of anthropological works.

In summary it might be said that although our knowledge of the Florida Indians has grown during the last twenty years, there is still much to learn. Many areas archaeologically are virtually unknown. Ethnographically we are waiting, and helping when possible, for the historians to discover additional documents that will shed more light on the Early Historic Indians of Florida, and there are several research projects when published will extend this area.

My prediction is that by 2200 A. D. someone should have the knowledge available to write a fairly good monograph on the Florida Indians.

II. WRITINGS IN FLORIDA HISTORY ON THE PERIOD 1821-1860

by HERBERT J. DOHERTY, JR.

The years 1821-1860 cover Florida's American territorial period and the fifteen years of ante-bellum statehood. More writing has been done on this part of Florida history than any other period since Florida came into the hands of the United States. Indeed, only the long Spanish colonial period has a comparable volume of writings. By way of concrete illustration, the *Florida Historical Quarterly* in its thirty-six years of publication has carried about 415 articles. Two hundred of these have dealt entirely, or in large part, with the 1821-1860 period. Because of the limitations of this paper it became necessary for me to lay down certain rules of selection governing my evaluation of this vast body of literature. My first decision was to ignore the very large body of unpublished writings, with only one or two exceptions, because they are not generally available. My second decision was to omit the general histories of Florida because they are widely known and are usually syntheses of previously published specialized works. The major concern of this paper, then,

is the published monographs and special studies bearing on this period. In instances where monographs and special studies were lacking, I have drawn on the best articles available in the *Florida Historical Quarterly* and the *Journal of Southern History*.

I will point out at the outset that the general history which brings together the greatest quantity of published and unpublished research is J. E. Dovell's recent *Florida: Historic, Dramatic, Contemporary*. His coverage of the pre-Civil War period is rich and detailed. Sidney Walter Martin's *Florida During the Territorial Days* is a history of the 1821-1845 era which is a good general survey, but it contains many errors of fact and typography. Edwin L. Williams' manuscript "Florida In The Union" picks up the story at 1845 and carries it through 1861, but this work has not been published and I know of no plans for its publication.

One of the most fascinating facets of the history of any region is the life of its people-its social history. Much has been written on the romantic side of plantation life in ante-bellum history but not much has been recorded of life as seen through the eyes of the city merchant, the poor white, the plantation overseer, the housewife, the independent professional man, or the Negro. The elegance of plantation society in old Florida is best portrayed by two women who knew it first-hand, Ellen Call Long and Susan Bradford Eppes. Mrs. Long, the daughter of Governor Richard Keith Call, published in 1888 a chatty volume appropriately called *Florida Breezes*. She revealed Tallahassee high society as she remembered it, but she ventured to treat of the intrigues, animosities, and conflicts within this social circle as well as its glittering social activities, and her book was a controversial one in its day. The success of its sales has been attributed in part to the fact that those who fancied themselves slighted in its pages are said to have bought up the supplies of local booksellers in order to destroy them.

In *The Negro of the Old South and Through Some Eventful Years*, we find reflections on ante-bellum society by Mrs. Eppes, a defender of all that was Southern. Mrs. Eppes, a granddaughter of Governor John Branch, tells of a South which she remembered only as a child. Her tendency to romanticize was greater than that of Mrs. Long who wrote of plantation society

as seen through the eyes of a mature woman. Both of these great ladies of old Florida have told stories full of charm and grace and sentimentality, but neither has told us the story of life as it was known to most Floridians. In the books of both, leisure rarely gives way to labor, paternalism holds sway perpetually, and only white columned mansions dot the cotton-bearing country side surrounded by shaded cabins full of happy singing "darkies." In these writings the scent of the magnolia is a bit too sweet!

Reality was something less than charming. At its peak in 1860, Florida society was one in which less than one-third of the people were members of families owning slaves, less than three hundred farms or plantations were 500 acres or larger, and only forty-seven men owned as many as one hundred slaves. If we consult *Florida Plantation Records*, edited by U. B. Phillips and James D. Glunt, we get a corrective to the Eppes and Long writings. Here are documents pointing up the grim side of plantation life: the heartbreak of crop failure, the ravages of disease often fought with only crude medical treatment, the deadly monotony of agricultural routine, and the inefficiency of the slavery system.

The writings of travelers to Florida are abundant and often shed impartial light on the life of the people. The French visitor Castelneau, in a travel account reproduced in the *Florida Historical Quarterly*, tells us that he saw a society in which such human failings as intemperance, gambling, brawling, and murder loomed large. He observed that contentious planters were not ashamed to fight on the streets, their friends and slaves joining in. One would scarcely recognize this as the society Mrs. Long and Mrs. Eppes lived in. Dorothy Dodd, in a *Quarterly* article, tells us of this society that it was said that half the men who settled in Tallahassee died drunkards.¹

Among the many visitors who wrote of ante-bellum Florida we might single out John James Audubon, who wrote particularly of East Florida and the St. Johns River region; Achille Murat, who wrote in the style of a de Tocqueville, emphasizing politics

1. Comte Francis de Castelneau, "Essay on Middle Florida," *Florida Historical Quarterly*, XXVI (January, 1948), 199-255, and "Notes Concerning Two Itineraries from Charleston to Tallahassee," *ibid.*, XXVI (April, 1948), 300-324; Dodd, "Florida in 1845," *ibid.*, XXIV (July, 1945), 3-27.

and manners; William Cullen Bryant, whose *Letters of a Traveler* shed interesting light on Florida; the Englishwoman Amelia Murray, whose eye was somewhat hostile to things American; and the Swedish traveller Frederika Bremer, whose pages on Florida are charming, descriptive, and reasonably neutral about southern institutions. *Bishop Whipple's Southern Diary*, edited by Lester B. Shippee, is a travel account by a native New Yorker, Henry B. Whipple, who came to Florida in the 1840's for his health. Not yet in the ministry when he made this trip, Whipple spent much of his time idling in St. Augustine. His observations on early tourist accommodations are valuable and point up their drab, almost primitive condition. In regard to southern institutions, Whipple showed a notable degree of objectivity.²

The history of religion is one phase of Florida social history that has not been neglected. Virtually every important denomination has its historian, though their works vary in merit. The Catholic Church has almost the slimmest literature in the 1821-1860 period. Only one pamphlet of forty-six pages, *Notes on the Catholic Church in Florida*, by H. P. Clavruel is presently available, if we except the general works on Catholicism in America which make reference to Florida. The outstanding Protestant church history is undoubtedly Charles T. Thrift's history of Methodism, *The Trail of the Florida Circuit Rider*. Though this work is limited largely to Florida east of the Apalachicola River, it integrates church history well with the history of Florida, and with national developments in Methodism. Until 1949, the Baptists were without a comprehensive history but in that year John L. Rosser's pioneering work, *A History of Florida Baptists*, appeared. Characterized by much quotation from documents, it is not fascinating reading but it is the standard work on the Florida Baptist Convention. Writings on Jewish history in Florida are also rare, Samuel Proctor's article "Pioneer Jewish Settlement in Florida" being the only treatment.³

The Historical Magazine of the Protestant Episcopal Church

2. Audubon, *Delineations of American Scenery and Character* (New York, 1926); Murat, *America and the Americans* (New York, 1849); Murray, *Letters from the United States, Cuba, and Canada* (New York, 1857); Bremer, *The Homes of the New World* (New York, 1853).
3. *Proceedings of the Conference on the Writing of Regional History in the South*, Miami Beach, February 15, 1956.

has carried a short history of "The Episcopal Church in Florida, 1763-1892," by Edgar L. Pennington. Though lacking in much that would add interest, it sketches the church development through the ante-bellum era. *The Early Planting of Presbyterianism in West Florida* has been traced by William E. McIlwain in a brief pamphlet which sketched the movement of Scotch Presbyterians from North Carolina to West Florida. This work is anecdotal in nature and too often lacks dates where most needed. Except for this latter pamphlet, each of the church histories singled out here treats of more than the 1821-1860 time span, but each is the best or the only work which is available that treats in a general way each denomination through the years we are considering. It should be pointed out that there is a quantity of historical writing about individual, local church organizations. A few of these local church histories are good, but from the standpoint of the historian most of them are not. In general the writing of church history tends to overemphasize personalities or the growth of forms of religious organization. Some are largely personal reminiscences of the author's association with a particular church. The problems of the church, internally and in relation to the community, and the contributions of the church, to its members and its community, are usually ignored. The church is treated in isolation from the larger history of all human institutions.

Educational history is another aspect of life which should be treated by the social historian. It is not surprising, however, that since there was very little public education in Florida before the Civil War, there is not much writing about it. The most recent work touching this topic is Nita K. Pyburn's *History of the Development of a Single System of Education in Florida* which devotes seventy-five pages divided into ten chapters to Florida antebellum education. All histories emphasize that far more important than public schools was the role played by the private academies - but unfortunately few records have been preserved to tell their story. The story of one such private school, the Micanopy East Florida Seminary, is told by C. L. Crow in a *Quarterly* article.⁴ So far as higher education is concerned, Flor-

4. "The East Florida Seminary-Micanopy," *Florida Historical Quarterly*, XIV (January, 1936), 193-216.

ida State University is traced from its 1857 origins in William G. Dodd's very brief *History of West Florida Seminary*. The origins of the University of Florida in the East Florida Seminary of 1853 have been treated at greater length by Samuel Procter in his manuscript history of the University, the possible publication of which is hopefully anticipated.

For arbitrary reasons, stemming partially from the nature of the writings noted, I have classified the history of the Seminole War of 1835-1842 as social history. Certainly it had a great impact on the life of the people. I will not examine at length the writings on the Indians since that is Dr. Smith's task. The standard work on the war remains John T. Sprague, *Origin, Progress, and Conclusion of the Florida War*, despite its 1848 publication date. It will not attract most readers for its style is tedious and the narrative is frequently interspersed with letters and documents reproduced in full - a great aid to the historian but an annoyance to the interested but casual reader. The non-professional reader would find the narrative in Edwin C. McReynolds, *The Seminoles*, published only last year, far more engrossing. The writings of Mark Boyd should also be noted, particularly "The Seminole War: Its Background and Onset," which occupied the entire July, 1951, number of the *Florida Historical Quarterly*. Boyd's writings often bring clarity and organization to a narrative which easily becomes confused and unbalanced when handled by contemporaries or non-professional secondary writers.

For different reasons, both historians and casual readers, however, will often find their interest attracted by the reminiscences of Indian war contemporaries. Almost every important military figure of the mid-nineteenth century-and many unimportant ones-served some time in Florida and recorded and published their experiences. The two which I single out as of most worth are the works of minor military figures. Jacob Rhett Motte's journal, *Journey Into Wilderness*, edited by James F. Sunderman, is well written and of absorbing interest. The work of an army surgeon, it is highly informative-not primarily as a contribution to military history but as a document revealing

much of the problems of ordinary life in Florida in his day. The other account is the history of the trials and tribulations of one cavalry regiment in Florida from 1836-1842. Theodore Rodenbough, a captain of the Second Dragoons, published this personalized history of his regiment, *From Everglade to Canon*, in 1875. The volume of writing on the Seminole Wars is very large, but within my time limits only these are worthy of mention. As to the Seminole troubles of the 1850's virtually nothing of significance is generally available.

Before turning from social history, there are several *Quarterly* articles worth noting. William G. Dodd's "Theatrical Entertainment in Early Florida" is an important contribution to an almost completely neglected area of research. Slavery is another topic largely untouched in published writings, but three articles make contributions to its history. Thelma Bates, "The Legal Status of the Negro in Florida," traces the laws regulating slavery and free Negroes, as well as post-slavery regulations up to 1909. Edwin L. Williams, Jr., has done the best historical sketch of Florida slavery in "Negro Slavery in Florida." No one interested either in slavery or social history should pass up the bizarre story in "Zephania Kingsley-Nonconformist," in which Philip S. May carefully outlined as fully as the scanty records would permit the story of this fabulous slave trader and free-thinker.⁵

Histories of the professions in Florida make an appropriate transition from social to economic history. Unfortunately, too little has been done in this area. James Owen Knauss produced twenty-seven years ago a first rate, excellent study of *Territorial Florida Journalism* which surveys the newspapers and their editors, but no comparable work has been published for the early statehood period. J. E. Dovell has written a *History of Banking in Florida* which in its first four chapters tells the story of antebellum banks, but not bankers. In the field of medicine the only work is Dr. Webster Merritt's fine study, *A Century of Medicine in Jacksonville and Duval County*, about one-fourth of which is devoted to the pre-Civil War period.

5. Dodd, "Theatrical Entertainment," *Florida Historical Quarterly*, XXV (October, 1946), 121-170; Bates, "Legal Status of the Negro," *ibid.*, VI (January, 1928), 159-181; Williams, "Negro Slavery," *ibid.*, XXVIII, (October, 1949), 93-110, and (January, 1950), 182-204; May "Zephania Kingsley," *ibid.*, XXIII (January, 1945), 145-159.

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The economic distress of the 1830's and 1840's which so disorganized Florida business is best treated by Reginald C. McGrane in one chapter of his *Foreign Bondholders and American State Debts*. This is a thorough, detailed exposition of territorial financial entanglements with the banking institutions, entanglements which stemmed from the issuance of the famous territorial "faith bonds" to the banks-bonds which the banks could not redeem after the depression of 1837 and which the territory repudiated. More light from a somewhat different vantage point is shed on this topic by Kathryn Abbey (Hanna) in her *Quarterly* article, "The Union Bank of Tallahassee." This is a brief but thorough exposition of the organization and operation of a key financial institution.⁶

The development of transportation facilities is a branch of economic history which has its own unique band of devotees. By far the best book in this field is George W. Pettengill's, *The Story of the Florida Railroads*, which was published six years ago by the Railway and Locomotive Historical Society. This book contains individual historical sketches of each of the many railroads which sprang up in Florida in the nineteenth century, with important information as to their methods of financing, land grants received, and sometimes comments on the effects which the roads had on the communities through which they passed. Details, and often pictures, are included about the rolling stock maintained by the roads.

Unfortunately no other aspect of transportation has received the attention which the railroads have. There is an article in the *Quarterly* which gives an informative, but very brief, survey of water, rail, and road transportation, along with passing reference to the accommodations available for travelers at taverns and inns. This is found in Alice Whitman's, "Transportation in Territorial Florida."⁷

In the pages of the *Quarterly* are also a few other articles which contribute to significant aspects of economic history. Outstanding among these are Dorothy Dodd's, "The Wrecking Business on the Florida Reef, 1822-1860." In territorial days

6. Abbey, "Union Bank of Tallahassee," *ibid.*, XV (April, 1937), 207-231.

7. Whitman, "Transportation in Territorial Florida," *ibid.*, XVII (July, 1938), 25-53.

wrecking in the keys was often referred to as Florida's chief industry, and was an enterprise of international concern. One of the major economic problems of the cotton planter - fluctuating and uncertain prices - has been ably treated by Weymouth T. Jordan in his article, "The Florida Plan: An Ante-Bellum Effort to Control Cotton Sales." The plan described was largely the brainchild of James E. Broome and essentially entailed the formation of a giant cotton growers' cooperative. To the present day such schemes have not enjoyed marked success. Some aspects of the sugar industry in the 1830's have been treated by Wilbur Siebert in "The Early Sugar Industry in Florida," and T. Frederick Davis parallels this story with "Early Orange Culture in Florida and the Epocal [*sic.*] Cold of 1835." Sidney Walter Martin has described the organization of the public land system in an article in the *Journal of Southern History*: "The Public Domain in Territorial Florida." James Owen Knauss has contributed to two areas of history in his pioneering *Florida Historical Quarterly* article, "St. Joseph, An Episode of the Economic and Political History of Florida."⁸

Political history is probably the most written about phase of ante-bellum history. The general histories heavily emphasize it, and the quantity of articles, monographs, and theses centering upon it is formidable. Outstanding studies of the politics of the acquisition of Florida are Philip C. Brooks, *Diplomacy and the Borderlands* and Hubert B. Fuller, *The Purchase of Florida*. Brooks' volume is not only thirty-three years younger than Fuller's, but is undoubtedly the superior work. The story of the transfer of authority and the provisional regime of Andrew Jackson is told in some detail in three chapters of David Y. Thomas, *History of Military Government in Newly Acquired Territory of the United States*, despite the fact that Jackson was not a military officer at this time and his provisional government was not a military one. In some respects this book is outdated and it exhibits an anti-Jackson bias. As a corrective I offer my own

8. Dodd, "Wrecking Business," *ibid.*, XXII (April, 1944), 171-199; Jordan, "The Florida Plan," *ibid.*, XXXV (January, 1957), 205-218; Siebert, "Early Sugar Industry," *ibid.*, XXV (April, 1957), 312-319; Davis, "Early Orange Culture," *ibid.*, XV (April, 1937), 232-241; Knauss, "St. Joseph," *ibid.*, V (April, 1927), 177-195, and VI (July, 1927), 3-20; Martin, "The Public Domain in Territorial Florida," *Journal of Southern History*, X (May, 1944), 174-187.

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articles on the transfer and Jackson's administration, in 1954 and 1955 numbers of the *Quarterly*.⁹

The statehood movement and constitutional convention in St. Joseph have been treated by many writers but all treatments must take a back seat to Dorothy Dodd's authoritative volume, *Florida Becomes a State*. In seventy fact-filled pages of text Dodd traces the early statehood agitation, the St. Joseph convention, the fight for admission, and the first state election. Three hundred ninety pages of documents follow, covering almost every aspect of the statehood movement. Immediately following the St. Joseph convention Florida's Democratic party formally organized and its history has been told by William T. Cash. His book is competent narrative history, though not penetrating or analytical. His pro-Democratic bias is usually evident. After the Democrats organized, their opposition gradually crystallized into the Whig party. The only Whig study, however, is my own unpublished manuscript, for which I entertain hopes of eventual publication.¹⁰

Unlike most southern states, Florida does not have a full-blown monographic treatment of the secession movement or the political developments of the 1850's. Five articles must be referred to to fill this void. My own article, "Florida and the Crisis of 1850," in the *Journal of Southern History*, treats Florida's response to a serious sectional crisis a decade before secession. Arthur W. Thompson's "The Railroad Background of the Florida Senatorial Election of 1851," in the *Quarterly*, sheds significant light on one part of the same story - Senator David L. Yulee's defeat. Thompson shows conflicting railroad ambitions to have been perhaps more important than Yulee's 1850 radicalism in explaining his defeat. In the political history of the 1850's Dorothy Dodd has again made the most important single contribution in an extended *Quarterly* article, "The Secession Movement in Florida," which tells this tragic story as it unfolded in the decade before 1861. The *Journal of Southern History* carries an important contribution to the 1850's in Arthur Thompson's

9. Doherty, "The Governorship of Andrew Jackson," *Florida Historical Quarterly*, XXXIII (July, 1954), 3-31, and "Andrew Jackson vs. the Spanish Governor," *ibid.*, XXXIV (October, 1955), 142-158.

10. Cash, *History of the Democratic Party in Florida* (Tallahassee, 1936).

"Political Nativism in Florida; 1848-1860: A Phase of Anti-Secessionism." ¹¹

Biography may be considered a subdivision of political history since biographers seem to be largely attracted to political figures. Surprisingly, there are only three full scale biographies pertaining to men of this era and each played a relatively minor role in the era. Twelve years ago A. J. Hanna's study of Achille Murat, *A Prince in Their Midst*, was published. In 1954, Joseph T. Durkin's *Stephen Russell Mallory*, a competent but uninspired volume appeared. In 1956, William F. Keller's life of Henry M. Brackenridge, *The Nation's Advocate*, was published. It exhibits massive scholarship and extremely detailed treatment. The worst that can be said of it is that its author lavished more time, money, and care on the book than the importance of its subject merits. Brackenridge's connection with Florida was largely as United States Judge for West Florida from 1822-1832.

Two autobiographical writings should be noted: Thomas Douglas' *Autobiography* and the recently published autobiographical sketch by William Marvin edited in the *Quarterly* by Kevin Kearney. Judge Douglas' book is a significant commentary on politics and politicians and Judge Marvin's sketch contains similar comments. Both add to the knowledge of the social scene.

The libraries of Florida universities, as well as those of other states, abound with biographical theses pertaining to this period of Florida history but they are of vastly uneven quality and it seems quite unlikely that much of this material will be published. Two dissertations may soon lead to published biographies, my own study of Richard Keith Call, which has been accepted by the University of Florida Press, and a study of the political and economic thought of David L. Yulee by Arthur W. Thompson. Thompson, however, does not project a full scale biography.

In the field of local history a vast amount of writing has been done, most of it bad. When we think of competent city and county history only a handful of names come to mind: Pleasant Daniel Gold, in connection with histories of Volusia and Duval

11. Doherty, "Florida and the Crisis," *Journal of Southern History*, XIX (February, 1953), 32-47; Thompson, "Railroad Background," *Florida Historical Quarterly*, XXXI (January, 1953), 181-195; Dodd, "Secession Movement," *ibid.*, XII (July, 1933), 3-24, and (October, 1933), 45-66; Thompson, "Nativism in Florida," *Journal of Southern History*, XV (February, 1949), 39-65.

counties; Karl Grismer and Karl Bickel, in connection with the histories of the Tampa Bay region and the lower west coast; and T. Frederick Davis, in connection with Jacksonville area history.

Throughout this paper I have been attempting to point out what seem to me to be the most important published works. In some areas the volume of writing has been so small that I have mentioned works which might not otherwise have justified notice. Already it should be evident what many of the important gaps in our published history are. There are some areas where almost everything remains to be done; there is hardly any field where nothing remains to be done. In the field of social history, for example, there is need for a dispassionate study of the institution of slavery or perhaps the plantation system as, a whole-its profitability, its effect on Negroes and on white slaveholders, and its role as a cultural factor explaining the sharp spirit of defensive sectionalism apparent in southern literature and politics. There is room, too, for a series of monographs or even a general history of social attitudes and customs: the practice of duelling, the prevalence of intemperance and the growth of temperance societies; the forms of popular entertainment-theater, horse racing, jousting tournaments, fairs and carnivals, and patriotic celebrations; and the history of the growth of fraternal organizations, religious, charitable, and philanthropic societies, and ladies' clubs and associations. From all the various travel accounts which we have noted could also be composed a synthesis which, as an account of Florida society as seen by outsiders, would be a contribution valuable to our history.

A history of the professions would be an important contribution, emphasizing medicine and law. Sketches of the private educational academies-while difficult to document - would fill an important void in the history of education. A unique contribution might also be made by social histories of minority groups - the Minorcans of East Florida, the old Spanish inhabitants of Pensacola and St. Augustine, the free Negroes of Key West, Pensacola, and St. Augustine, and even the Seminole Indians. Admittedly, sources for such histories would be difficult to obtain.

The field is still wide open for a lucid, perhaps even popularized, history of the Seminole Wars which might draw upon memoirs, older secondary accounts, and the voluminous govern-

ment records, both published and unpublished. Special aspects of the wars still could be profitably explored, for example, the relative importance of various long range causal factors explaining Indian-white frictions: disputes over slaves and lands, corruption in the administration of the Indian Office, or cultural differences which often made communication between whites and Indians difficult if not impossible. One might examine the importance to the prosecution of the war of such factors as the shortage of commissioned officers, the reputed unreliability of militia, conflict between militia and regulars, the inadequacy of supplying and provisioning arrangements, the frequent change of commanding generals, and the disorganization in the War Department. The role played by the federal government's Cherokee Indian troops might also yield material for a monograph which would certainly be of interest.

Careful, analytical histories of key businesses would be worthwhile additions to economic history. Broader studies of the history of a general business field would be helpful: the naval stores and lumbering industry, fishing, brickmaking, merchandizing, or the operation of the Navy Department's live oak plantations. A study of the actual operations of the federal land system would shed light on the importance of land speculation and immigration patterns, as well as show the connections between the administration of the land offices and local political rivalries. A general history of ante-bellum transportation would significantly extend our economic history, as would a detailed general history of Florida agriculture which emphasizes improvement of techniques and the problems of agricultural financing and marketing.

In the realm of political history, the period of transition from Spanish to American rule could easily stand a reworking based on more research, particularly into Spanish records, and showing greater objectivity toward Andrew Jackson. Such a study should place Jackson's personality in proper perspective and show the plurality of causes which worked to promote conflict between Spanish and American officialdom. Traditional narratives of this period are as superficial as they are prejudiced.

Other worth-while writing might be done on the history of the administrative system built up by the territorial legislatures and governors, the way in which federal patronage was used for

local political ends, the evolution of methods by which candidates were nominated for public office, or a history of the impact of immigration trends on election returns and the character of public officeholders.

As I indicated, biography is an open field. It is surprising that so little has been written about William P. DuVal - a man who led a colorful, rough and tumble, up and down sort of life that usually makes for popular biography. Potential biographers might also cast their eyes upon the brilliant, young Whig congressman, Edward C. Cabell; the shrewd, politically powerful entrepreneur David L. Yulee; the urbane, gentle, introspective Jeffersonian democrat Robert Raymond Reid; the influential, socially prominent congressional delegate Joseph M. White; the lusty, rough, machine politician James D. Westcott; or the sober, stolid, ultra-conservative Whig governor Thomas Brown. There were outstanding women, too, whose lives might make interesting studies: Mrs. "Florida" White, Ellen Call Long, and the novelist Caroline Lee Hentz.

Local history, too, remains an open field but not for the amateur. It is the careful scholar, the serious writer, the professional historian whose attentions are needed in city and county history. Because so few such persons have been attracted to it, well written and well documented local histories are extremely rare. Local historical organizations might well promote careful studies of the history of their area but should do this with the advice and cooperation of responsible professional historians. The universities of the state might well encourage their promising undergraduate as well as their graduate students to explore this field, under the guidance of their professors.

If the suggestions made here as to areas of research and writing which need to be worked further do not seem to offer broad enough fields of interest I refer the interested student of history to a great source work which the federal government has commenced publishing, the territorial papers of Florida. Here is a vast accumulation of hitherto inaccessible documents, well indexed and carefully annotated. Only the first volume, covering but four of the twenty-four territorial years, has been published yet it contains almost eight hundred separate documents and a detailed index of 140 pages. As the remaining volumes appear

and the opportunities they present for new writing and rewriting becomes evident to Floridians, they may well agree with the professional historians that it is highly unlikely that the history of any period of time will ever be finally written.

III. HISTORICAL WRITING ON TWENTIETH CENTURY FLORIDA

by CHARLTON W. TEBEAU

If we limit ourselves to anything like comprehensive treatment in descriptive and analytical narrative, we can only conclude that the twentieth century is almost untouched in articles or books. Writers have shown a decided preference for the Spanish and British periods, the Indians and the nineteenth century, with little attention to anything after 1900.

All of the writers of general histories do, of course, bring their narratives reasonably up to date and include the current century up to their dates of publication, but they are well grounded in these earlier periods and less complete and less sure of themselves in the later chapters. Dr. Samuel Proctor's *Napoleon Bonaparte Broward* might be cited as an exception since this is a rather complete treatment of the subject but as much of it is nineteenth century as is twentieth. The same may be said of *Florida's Golden Sands* by the Hannas.

This suggests that possibly most students of Florida history may be defining the subject to exclude the contemporary. This is the more remarkable for local and amateur writers since work in the earlier periods often involves special problems in securing materials and special skills in anthropology, archeology and foreign language, none of which have suffered from over development in Florida.

This scarcity of writing on twentieth century topics is understandable in the case of books which usually involve the collection of considerable material on larger topics. It is less understandable in the matter of articles and monographs. As examination of the titles of three dozen theses and dissertations at the University of Florida (mostly unpublished) shows six on the present century, fifteen partly so, and fifteen on topics before 1900. At the University of Miami where only a limited number of these have been

written only one in three deals with the contemporary period.

In the *Florida Historical Quarterly* the first article on a twentieth century topic was a prize essay in 1931 on the founding of Dania. Then in 1947 came two in a single issue: Samuel Proctor's, "Broward: The Years to the Governorship," and Herbert J. Doherty's "Florida and the Presidential Election of 1928." The next was in 1952, and several have appeared since that date.

In *Tequesta*, the Journal of the Historical Association of Southern Florida published since 1941, which deals principally with an area developed almost entirely in this century, the ratio of articles on this century is only slightly higher. For each article on the century, there have been two partly on the century and six from the years before 1900.

If we define history a bit more broadly, and I feel that we must, there has been a considerable amount of writing devoted almost exclusively to the present century. Reminiscences of pioneers have greatly enriched our knowledge of the state's past. For example, see Isidor Cohen, *Historical Sketches and Sidelights of Miami* (1925), Allen H. Andrews, *A Yank Pioneer in Florida* (1950), and Judge Ellis Connel May, *Gaters, Skeeters, and Malary*. Jefferson B. Browne's *Key West, Old and New* (1912) is somewhat more than reminiscence and provides considerable data from an earlier period, but does not belong to the twentieth century.

Eleanor H. D. Pearse published a delightful account of visits to Florida between 1887 and 1910, titled *Florida's Vanishing Era* (1947). It dealt mostly with the lower southwest coast and was remarkable for the more than 200 photographs reproduced. No other travelers left such graphic impressions of their visits.

Naturalists and sportsmen, writing in books and periodicals too numerous to mention describe the natural wonders of the state and provide incidentally some information on the human inhabitants and their doings and some useful insights and observations on passing events. No historical researcher can neglect them, but they scarcely qualify as history.

The real estate boom of the twenties produced a spate of volumes which are remarkable chiefly for the way in which they recall the madness of those days. Examples are: Rex Beach, *The Miracle of Coral Gables*, Alan Parsons, *A Winter in Para-*

dise, T. H. Weigall, *Boom in Florida*, and Victor Rainbolt, *The Town That Climate Built*.

In this decade the various bureaus and departments of state government have produced a growing number of reports that are largely informational and promotional in character which include valuable historical data.

What has not been written is of more importance to us in the Florida Historical Society. The previous paper listed a long series of topics that need study. As history conscious as we are becoming all over the state, the history of our counties and communities, of our pioneer industries and of many persons of local or statewide importance is still unrecorded.

The previous speaker has urged that professional historians must give more attention to state and local history. That is not enough. It must be admitted that professional historians do not usually concern themselves with local history. It is not to their professional advantage to do so. They are not likely to do so in the future. If you wish to measure the role of the amateur in the field of writing count the articles and books written by them in contrast to those written by trained historians.

The term "amateur" is an unfortunate one. Freeman Tilden in *Interpreting our Heritage* (Chapel Hill, University of North Carolina Press 1957) points out that this too often means a dabbler, a bungler, a producer of something inferior. He argues for the importance of the "happy amateur," the person doing something for the love of it, whose interest and enthusiasm overcomes lack of formal training and often make him superior to the professional in learning and interpreting local history.

Whatever the merits or demerits of the amateur, if Florida history is to be written, it will be written largely by him. This is true at least of the spade work, the collecting of the data that must be made available before the larger and more critical works can be produced. Miss Lillie B. McDuffie writing in the *Florida Historical Quarterly* in January 1946 made a plea for the writing of contemporary history, pointing out among other things that the records are so perishable and so easily lost. In communities developing as recently as many in Florida much of it in fact, goes to the grave with the passing of frontiersmen who observed and took part in the events. Archeologist and anthropo-

ligist are disturbed that bulldozers are destroying so many remains of Indian antiquity as they reshape the surface of the state. These same changes are scattering and destroying many of the records of contemporary events as well.

Every community has its local "historian" or "historians" who "know" what happened and "who did it." To be sure, memory plays tricks on them. Folklore and even myth may creep into the narratives, and possibly sheer imagination plays its part. But these provide priceless data, leads and insights. And some of the data can, of course, be checked and verified.

The function of this society and others like it is to encourage the amateurs to collect and preserve the record, to write down their own recollections and those around them. The society can offer them encouragement and assistance in their efforts as well as the publication of their writings when they reach a standard acceptable for such publication. This is not to disparage the efforts of the professional historians. On this program we have witnessed a happy association of professional and amateur historians to make it one of our more successful program meetings.

BOOK REVIEWS

Kentucky Cavaliers in Dixie. By George Dallas Mosgrove, Edited by Bell Irwin Wiley. (Jackson, Tenn., McCowat-Mercer Press Inc., 1957. \$6.00)

As we approach April, 1961, the number of books having a Civil War theme flows in an ever-increasing tempo from the various publishing houses, and one wonders if by July, 1963, there could be any subject yet unnoticed by the relentless historian. Some of the current books concerning the Civil War are excellent, and some others should never have been printed. How many ancient and dusty dissertations have been rewritten, padded, patched-up, and sent to the publishers in an effort to "cash in" on the coming centennial?

The Monographs, Sources, and Reprints in Southern History series, published by the McCowat-Mercer Press with Bell Wiley as editor, has issued an impressive list of books pertaining to the Southern side of the war. *Kentucky Cavaliers*, written by one who served with the Fourth Kentucky Cavalry, is a good account of the fighting through the eyes of a Confederate cavalryman. The book was first published in a limited edition in 1895, and prices for this rare item have been very high. Judging from style and reliability, the account certainly deserves reprinting.

When he was eighteen years old, George Dallas Mosgrove enlisted in the Fourth Kentucky Cavalry Regiment in September, 1862, and remained an enlisted man during his period of service. He fought in the important battles during that period in eastern Tennessee and southwest Virginia. The account of the Saltville, Virginia, raid is outstanding and is one of the few available views concerning the Confederates' successful defense of the salt works.

Mosgrove's views of soldiers' life are particularly good. He tells about a Confederate soldier writing in the diary of a dead blue-coat the words, "today I was killed." He writes about stupid and smart leaders, cowards and brave men, fun and despair. War veteran and school teacher, Mosgrove has written a good book.

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Editor Wiley might have added a few footnotes to help clarify or correct certain parts of the text. Even this famed writer and authority in Civil War history seems to have been unbalanced by the mad rush to write and publish Civil War material, and his work here hardly deserves the title of editor. A map showing the travels of Mosgrove during the war would indeed have been very helpful. The introduction by the editor, however, is most adequate and stimulating.

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Parson Clapp of the Strangers' Church of New Orleans. Edited by John Duffy. (Baton Rouge, Louisiana State University Press, 1957. 191 pp. \$5.00)

Unitarianism, cholera, infant damnation, Congregationalism, yellow fever, Presbyterianism and numerous other theological and epidemiological matters are treated in this fascinating volume.

The main portion of the book consists of the autobiography of Theodore Clapp, written in 1857. John Duffy, the editor of the work, has prefaced this with an excellent review of the main events in the life of Clapp.

In Clapp's own career, one finds a strange summary of much of the theological struggle that gripped New England and New Englanders throughout the first half of the nineteenth century. Schooled at Williams, Yale, and Andover Theological Seminary, Clapp found himself caught up in the aftermath of the struggle between orthodox Puritanism and the liberalism of Boston that ultimately flowered into Unitarianism and Transcendentalism. Clapp was always groping for more light in his theological quest as he migrated from his native New England to Kentucky and finally to New Orleans. Ordained a Congregationalist, he became pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of New Orleans. This was not an unusual arrangement at the time, for the Plan of Union between the two denominations was in effect.

Liberalism and so-called heresy finally led to Clapp's expulsion from the Presbyterian ministry. This led to the organization of what he called "The First Congregational Unitarian Church

of New Orleans." The church became a real attraction for visitors though it never had a large number of regular communicants. So radical had the church become, that when the structure burned in 1851, all the churches in New Orleans refused to permit temporary shelter to the congregation. A new building was erected in 1855. True to his principle that sectarianism had no place in Christianity, Clapp refused to associate either Unitarianism or Congregationalism with the name of the new church and finally selected the name "Church of the Messiah." There was no denominational affiliation of any kind and so completely had Clapp discarded the trappings and rituals of orthodoxy that he refused to hold any kind of dedication ceremony.

Strangely intermixed with extreme liberalism in theology was Clapp's view on slavery. He was thoroughly convinced that slavery was both morally and economically sound.

The recurrent epidemics of cholera and yellow fever form an almost constant back-drop against which the drama of the career of Theodore Clapp was unfolded. The editor's natural emphasis upon religious matters in no way obscures the fact that from the standpoint of historical value the great worth of the book is in its vivid and accurate picture of life in New Orleans in the second quarter of the nineteenth century. The venerable clergyman is at his best in relating the events of the epidemic years. His graphic accounts recreate the atmosphere of terror and suffering, of filth and despair, and of fear and hope as found in ante-bellum New Orleans.

CHARLES T. THRIFT, JR.

Florida Southern College.

The Baptist Church in the Lower Mississippi Valley, 1776-1845.

By Walter Brownlow Posey. (Lexington, University of Kentucky Press, 1957. x, 166 pp. \$5.00.)

To his two earlier books concerning the Methodists (1783-1824) and the Presbyterians (1778-1838) of the Old Southwest, Professor Posey, of Agnes Scott College and Emory University, has now added an account of the Baptists (1776-1845). The setting for his study, the Old Southwest, was a region lying

between the Ohio River and the Gulf of Mexico. The era involved ordinarily falls between the 1760's and 1815, although these are not necessarily the precise beginning or closing dates for the history of either the era or the region. The Census Bureau, for example, collected data under the heading of "Southwest" (Old Southwest in part) for many years after Mississippi and Alabama were settled. Professor Posey is making a great contribution by concentrating his research on a region and period which have been woefully neglected by professional historians. He has carried on in the tradition of one of his mentors at Vanderbilt University, Carl S. Driver, and in his particular specialty, church history, he occupies a primacy unequalled by any other historian. Let us hope that he will also write accounts of the Episcopalians and Roman Catholics, for he will then have truly covered his field.

Following a brief introduction about Baptist developments in the Anglo-American colonies, the author presents an intriguing and enlightening account of Old Southwest Baptists from the organization of their first church in Kentucky, in 1781, until the creation of the Southern Baptist Convention in 1845. Kentucky receives more coverage than any state mentioned, but the other states come in for their appropriate share of attention. Among the subjects emphasized are interests and activities in Indian missions, typical sermons, education (as well as the lack of interest in education), discipline of wayward church members, representative ministers, revivals, camp meetings, and the break with Northern Baptists over slavery. Disputes over doctrine within the church, the organization of de church, and association with other denominations also are depicted. That Baptists were faced with all sorts of problems is shown by the fact that a Georgia minister once prayed that the Lord would remove two Baptist families from his community and that Presbyterians would move in to replace them! At one camp meeting, not mentioned by the author, everyone thereabouts was invited except Episcopalians! The Baptists were indeed up against stiff competition, but they went on to become a host in themselves - a position which they still retain - because they eventually adopted evangelistic procedures which attracted the mass of Southerners. Their driving sincerity, unrelenting missionary zeal, and appeal-

ing democratic form of church government enabled them to forge ahead of all competitors.

WEYMOUTH T. JORDAN

Florida State University

Lee's Dispatches; Unpublished Letters of General Robert E. Lee, C.S.A. to Jefferson Davis and the War Department of the Confederate States of America 1862-1865. Edited by Douglas Southall Freeman and Grady McWhiney. (New York, G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1957. viii, 160 pp. Illustrations, index. \$5.00.)

This volume is chiefly a reprint of the earlier edition (1915) which was limited to 750 copies. As a consequence of the small number printed, copies are almost unobtainable. The publishers are certainly to be commended for making this treasury of Civil War documents readily available for the first time. Like the earlier one, this edition includes all of the 204 dispatches and telegrams not printed in other sources at that time. These were taken from the more than 600 dispatches and telegrams included in the two volumes that in 1914 were in the possession of Mr. W. J. DeRenne, of Georgia. The letters and telegrams from the collection that had been reprinted elsewhere prior to 1914 were not included in the original edition.

In addition to these letters, eleven other communications have been added to the collection. These also have the distinction of not having been printed in other publications. The originals, except for one letter, are in the Robert Edward Lee Papers of the Duke University Library. These eleven letters do not make any new or startling contributions, but rather complement and corroborate the rest of the collection.

Most, if not all of this correspondence, was from the personal file of Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederate States of America. It may be assumed that this was his "top secret" information, maintained so he could have quick reference to the intelligence supplied by his most important field commander during the 34 months covered. This is the chief reason for the

genuine value of this file and the fact that so much of it had not been made available in published form prior to 1914.

The introduction to the first edition, written by the late Douglas Southall Freeman, has been reprinted here in its entirety. Probably no one has been any better qualified to write on the subject of General Lee. Mr. Freeman's comments on Lee's strategy, his understanding of the general situation, the relations between Lee and President Davis, and Lee's exemplary character are plainly the results of his years of concentrated study and his intricate knowledge and understanding of his subject. Admittedly, the author was biased. Even so, the introduction is of sufficient importance to warrant its reprinting separately.

Professor McWhiney's foreward is all that one could ask for or really expect. Mr. Freeman left him practically nothing to say. Who of the historical guild could compete with Mr. Freeman on this subject?

The physical characteristics of the book leave little to be desired. The type is large enough; the paper is of good quality; it is well and attractively bound; and the price of \$5.00 places the volume within easy reach of everyone. Without question, this is a "must" for all those who are interested in the history of our great Civil War.

T. R. PARKER

University of Miami

NEWS AND NOTES

The Program of the Annual Meeting

by JAMES W. COVINGTON

THE FLORIDA HISTORICAL SOCIETY held its 1958 program and business meeting in Tampa at the Hillsboro Hotel on April 10-12 with the University of Tampa and the Hillsborough County Historical Commission as cosponsors. James W. Covington, representing both the University of Tampa and the Commission, was chairman of the program committee and J. Ryan Beiser of the University of Tampa was in charge of local arrangements. The Board of Directors met on the evening of April 10 and the report of their activities appears below. Dr. Jesse Keene, professor of history at the University of Tampa, presided at the opening program session on Friday morning. Father Jerome of St. Leo Abbey delivered the invocation.

Three separate greetings were extended to the assembled historians: Mr. Fred Clampitt, administrative assistant, spoke for Mayor Nick Nuccio of Tampa, Mrs. Harry L. Weedon for the Hillsborough County Historical Commission and Acting President, Dr. M. C. Rhodes for the University of Tampa. Miss Dena Snodgrass, president, responded for the Society. Messages of good wishes were read from Mr. Julien C. Yonge and Senator Spessard L. Holland.

Papers during the morning treated happenings in Florida in recent years. Dr. Ben F. Rogers of Florida State University spoke on "Florida During World War II." Mr. Walter Fuller of St. Petersburg, a past director of the Society, humorously detailed the flight of Tony Jannus and the beginnings of commercial aviation. "The Zangara-Roosevelt-Cermak Episode" was realistically related by Dr. N. D. Shappee of the University of Miami. The interpretation of Florida history for public enjoyment in museums in the state's parks was described by Dr. Arnold B. Grobman, director, Florida State Museum. Slides of recently completed projects were shown.

Theodore Lesley of the Hillsborough County Historical Commission presided over the luncheon session when reports of local historical societies were heard. Reporting were: Mr. Louis

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Capron, Palm Beach Historical Society; Dr. Ben F. Rogers, Tallahassee Historical Society; Dr. Charles T. Thrift, Jr., Polk County Historical Commission; Mr. Justin Havee, Historical Association of Southern Florida; Mrs. John Branch, Florida Genealogical Society; Mr. W. I. Drysdale, St. Augustine Quadricentennial Celebration Committee; Mr. T. T. Wentworth, Jr., Pensacola Historical Society; Mr. William Griffen, St. Augustine Historical Society; Mrs. C. C. Miller, Lakeland Historical Society; Miss Dena Snodgrass, Jacksonville Historical Society; Mrs. Harry L. Weedon, Hillsborough County Historical Commission and a report by Mrs. Ianthe Bond Hebel, Volusia County Historical Society was read by Dr. Rembert W. Patrick.

The afternoon session, a seminar in Florida history, was presided over by Dr. Weymouth T. Jordan of Florida State University. The panel members were Drs. Hale Smith, Florida State University, Herbert J. Doherty, University of Florida and Charlton W. Tebeau, University of Miami. Their papers encompassed the span of history from the days of Indian habitation to the present. Dr. Rembert W. Patrick led the discussion which followed.

A reception for the guests was held in the museum room of the Hillsborough County Historical Commission at the court house.

The highlight of the meeting was the annual dinner at which Mr. Anthony Pizzo of Tampa gave a stimulating talk on Jose Marti and his activities in Florida.

The Saturday morning session was unusually well attended as the program was of special interest, centering around the difficulties of Spain's rule of Florida. Mrs. Helen Tanner of the University of Michigan was chairman. Spanish-Indian relationships during the seventeenth century were discussed by Mr. Lewis J. Larson, Jr., of the Georgia Historical Commission. Dr. Charles Fairbanks, Florida State University, brought new interpretations into a discussion of the Seminole during the first period of Spain's ownership of Florida. The many economic problems of Spanish governors in the territory were described by Dr. John J. TePaske of Duke University to an amused and sympathetic audience. Dr. Charles W. Arnade, Florida State University, as discussant, cleverly interwove the speakers' themes in summary.

BUSINESS MEETINGS

by RUBY J. HANCOCK

The Directors Meeting

The board of directors met in annual session on Thursday evening April 10 at the Hillsboro Hotel in Tampa. The members present were Miss Snodgrass, Mr. Manucy, Mr. Wentworth, Mrs. Hancock, Mr. Patrick, Mrs. Sette and directors Mr. Capron, Mr. Covington, Mrs. McRae, Mr. Richardson and Mr. Ruder. Former director, J. Ryan Beiser was also present, at the invitation of the president, as chairman of the membership committee.

The president reviewed the Society's efforts toward the establishment of a state historical commission. She reported that the executive committee had decided against introduction of the bill presented at the 1957 meeting by John C. Blocker as a number of the members were opposed to the bill's provisions requiring that the Society become a state agency. The executive committee favored the alternate plan, a petition to the Governor of Florida requesting the appointment of a study committee to consult with pertinent state agencies and with historical groups and prepare a bill creating a state historical commission for presentation to the 1959 legislature. The work on this plan is progressing. Mr. Manucy suggested that the matter be left in the hands of the executive committee and that it be pushed forward as rapidly as possible.

The board expressed its appreciation to Gilbert Lycan, chairman of the annual junior historical writing contest and to John Johns and Mrs. Ella Teague DeBerard, members, who assisted him in judging the large volume of papers entered in the contest.

Mr. Beiser reported thirty new memberships but felt this return from mailings of letters of invitation was low. He expressed the need for directors to supply the secretary special listings of prospective members. Mr. Richardson told of his success with maintaining interest in history through news media, followed by personal interviews.

Mrs. Sette reported that memberships now total 982 and that there was a gratifying gain in the upper classifications of membership.

It was suggested that as soon as the budget allowed, the general expenses incurred by the president should be borne by the Society. A check for \$25 toward this expense next year was given to the treasurer by the president.

Quarterly editor Rembert Patrick reported that the funds to print the index were adequate, having been augmented generously by Lucius Ruder, the St. Augustine Historical Society and the Tallahassee Historical Society. The editor stressed the need for more material for the *Quarterly* and urged board members to report usable articles to him.

The situation relative to widening Fort Marion Circle, adjacent to Castillo de San Marcos, and the Bay Front in St. Augustine was discussed fully. The consensus was that the Society should record its opposition to opening up this area of the city to additional traffic especially in view of restoration plans now under way. The president reported good response to her message to the membership on the danger to the fort of de proposed route of the highway.

Resolutions adopted by the board, combined with those initiated in the membership meeting, appear below.

REPORT OF THE TREASURER

March 15, 1957 - April 1, 1958

Balance March 15, 1957	\$ 3,270.48
Location of balance:	
Florida National Bank	
at Gainesville	\$1,030.92
First Federal Savings	
& Loan Assoc.	2,239.56
Receipts:	
Annual membership	\$3,917.12
Fellow memberships	540.00
Life memberships	300.00
Contributing-Institutional	225.00
Quarterlies	467.25
Annual dues - St. Augustine	100.00
Contributions to Index	2,022.00
Microfilms of quarterlies	148.50
Reprints	116.60
Interest	103.98
Gift (anonymous)	60.00
Refund from Postmaster-Tallahassee	10.63
Total receipts	\$8,011.08
Total receipts and balance	\$11,281.56

Disbursements:

Printing of quarterlies	\$3,521.52
Printing, other	173.98
Copyrights	20.00
Essay contest	52.50
Microfilm	83.39
1957 meeting	73.22
Purchase of back issues of quarterlies	22.50
Columbia Gas Bonds	106.87
Miscellaneous	243.87
(membership, office and library supplies, postage, bank charges, taxes, etc.)	\$ 4,297.85
Total disbursements	\$ 6983.71

Balance March 31, 1958

Location of balance:

Florida National Bank
at Gainesville \$2,135.17

First Federal Savings &

Loan Assoc. 2,848.54
Columbia Gas Bonds 2,000.00

\$6,983.71

THE BUDGET

April 1, 1958 - March 31, 1959

Estimated income:

Membership dues:

Annual	\$4,000.00
Libraries	500.00
Student	12.00
Fellow	540.00
Contributing-Institutional	225.00
Index orders	700.00
Interest	150.00

Total estimated income \$6,127.00

Estimated expenses:

Florida Historical Quarterly	\$4,200.00
Printing, other	250.00
Binding of Quarterlies	225.00
Printing of Index	3,000.00
Essay contest	60.00
General expenses-postage, suppl. etc.	400.00
Copyright	16.00

Total estimated expenditures \$8,151.00

The Annual Membership Meeting

The annual business meeting of the Society followed the program session on April 12. A report of the actions taken by the board was approved by the membership. Although word was received that a compromise route for the highway near Castillo de San Marcos had been approved, the membership felt that several features of the situation were not yet clarified and that the Society should express its opposition. The following resolution was prepared by the executive committee and received unanimous approval. Copies were sent to Governor LeRoy Collins, the State Road Department members, the City of St. Augustine, National Park Service executives and the Florida Congressional delegation.

"The Florida Historical Society in annual meeting assembled on April 12, 1958, respectfully requests the State Road Department of Florida and the City of St. Augustine, Florida, to refrain from widening Fort Marion Circle and the Bay Front until such time as an over-all plan of the city can be made effective as such widening is incompatible with the development of St. Augustine's principal resource -its historical uniqueness."

The resolutions committee, Louis Capron, chairman, Lucius Ruder, Mrs. Mary McRae and Albert C. Manucy, submitted the following resolutions which were adopted as read.

1. Be it resolved that the Florida Historical Society in annual meeting convened, expresses its heartfelt sorrow and grievous loss occasioned by the death of past president John C. Blocker of St. Petersburg.

2. Be it resolved that the Florida Historical Society extends its felicitations to Honorable D. B. McKay on his approaching 90th birthday, commending him for his tireless efforts in collecting and disseminating Florida pioneer history.

3. Be it resolved that the Florida Historical Society expresses its unanimous appreciation to the University of Tampa and the Hillsborough County Historical Commission for their efforts in their role of co-hosts of this successful meeting and more particularly to Dr. James W. Covington and his program committee and to Dr. J. Ryan Beiser and his arrangements committee.

4. Be it resolved that the Florida Historical Society expresses its appreciation to the management of the Hillsboro Hotel for the provision of meeting rooms and for courtesies extended to the Society.

5. Be it resolved that the Florida Historical Society expresses its appreciation to Harry Simonhoff of Miami Beach for his thoughtful donation of a savings bond as the prize in the junior historical writing contest of 1958.

6. Be it resolved that the Florida Historical Society commends Harry Simms of the *Lakeland Ledger* and A. H. Tebault of the *St. Augustine Record* for their contributions to public interest in Florida history by the consistent publication of articles in this field.

7. Be it resolved that the Florida Historical Society commends the quadricentennial committees of Pensacola, Jacksonville and St. Augustine for their work in planning in anticipation of these anniversaries extending from 1959 to 1965.

8. Be it resolved that the Florida Historical Society expresses its sincere thanks to Miss Dena Snodgrass for two years of tireless, dedicated and efficient service as president.

Winners of the annual junior historical writing contest were announced by chairman Lycan. Lists of winners and of all papers submitted appear below. Miss Snodgrass has offered to donate the prizes for the 1959 contest.

The following slate was presented by George Bentley, chairman of the nominations committee, and elected unanimously: president, Albert C. Manucy; first vice president, Gilbert L. Lycan; second vice president, T. T. Wentworth, Jr.; recording secretary, Mrs. Ruby Hancock; executive secretary, treasurer, Mrs. Lois J. Sette; directors, Ben F. Rogers, R. V. Rickcord, Albert L. Rogero, W. C. Pedersen and Mrs. M. H. Latour; nominations committee for 1959, Miss Dena Snodgrass, chairman, Mrs. Mary McRae, Mrs. Ruby Hancock and Harley Freeman.

The 1959 Annual Meeting

President Albert C. Manucy called a brief meeting of the board of directors to consider invitations for next year's annual

meeting. The invitation of the City of Pensacola to meet in that city during the year of its quadricentennial celebration was accepted. Other invitations were acknowledged with thanks and referred to a committee for consideration at another date.

The Julien C. Yonge Graduate Research Professorship

The establishment of the Julien Chandler Yonge Chair of Florida History at the University of Florida honors a man who has devoted a lifetime to the study of his state and to sharing with others his knowledge and love of Florida. With his father, Philip Keyes Yonge, Julien C. Yonge began, about 1900, to assemble a collection of Floridiana which today is worth more than a quarter of a million dollars. He gave this collection to the people of Florida in 1944 by placing it in the University of Florida Library as a memorial to his father. Here it has been the inspiration for students to study and write of their state, to authors whose books are read in many lands, to writers of texts, to many who ask for information.

In the June 29, 1958, issue of *The Florida Times-Union*, Robert H. Akerman paid editorial tribute to Mr. Yonge, writing, in part: "Even in academic circles the richness and importance of state history have not always been properly understood. Julien Chandler Yonge has done much to remedy this neglect. . . . He has been the Ponce de Leon of the rediscovery of Florida. May many more explorers make the journey along the way he has marked out for us. There is a 'fountain of youth', in the sense of perpetual sources of renewal, for any state that possesses itself adequately of its heritage."

Mr. Yonge retired from the active directorship of the P. K. Yonge Memorial Library of Florida History on July 1, but will remain at the library as a consultant. Marking his retirement was the establishment of the professorship in his name and the presentation of a resolution of appreciation by the Board of Control.

The Florida Historical Society, deeply indebted to its editor emeritus, rejoices in the recognition of Julien C. Yonge's many years of faithful service, adding its voice, to many others, to: "Congratulations, Mr. Yonge."

Centennials

This year Suwannee County is observing the anniversary of its creation in 1858.



The St. Johns Railroad, founded in 1858, transported its passengers by wooden mule-car from St. Augustine to Toco Landing on the St. Johns river, a distance of 15 rough miles, much of it through swamplands. The cost of the journey was \$2.00, one way, a charge so high as to elicit many complaints.

The road was built by Dr. John Westcott, surgeon, surveyor and Confederate army major. To those who objected to the price of the tickets or complained about the four to five hour length of the trip, he said: "It may be quite true, sir, that you have never heard of a charge of \$2.00 to travel a distance of 15 miles. Though I don't want to tell you this, you will travel longer over this line than over any other in the U. S. for the same sum."

Mr. Graville Bathe of St. Augustine has made a model of the train and has presented documents depicting the road's history to the St. Augustine Historical Society.



The Kanahapa Presbyterian Church, a few miles east of Gainesville, marked its centennial in June of this year with a "home coming." In November, a pageant depicting the history of the church and of others founded by its congregation will be presented.

An Historic Motorcade

"The most extensive and important public event ever sponsored" by the Historical Association of Southern Florida was the June 7 dedication of three markers along the Tamiami Trail in observance of its 30th anniversary.

The ceremony began with a breakfast in Miami at which Senator Spessard L. Holland, a charter member of the Association, spoke and the first marker was unveiled. Members and guests then formed a motorcade to Everglades, the location of the second marker, and then to Fort Myers, the site of the final marker.

The Society for the History of Technology

In an effort to assess the impact of technology on society, a group of interested scholars have joined to form the Society for the History of Technology. The Society will sponsor meetings at which various aspects of technological history will be investigated and will publish a quarterly journal, *Technology and Culture*, devoted to the study of the development of technology and its relations with society and culture. Publication is planned to begin late in 1959. Applications for charter memberships (\$10) in the Society should be sent to Professor Melvin Kranzberg, Room 315, Main Building, Case Institute of Technology, Cleveland 6, Ohio.

JUNIOR HISTORICAL CONTEST

More students from more schools entered the Society's annual Junior Historical Writing Contest this year than ever before: over 100 papers from 29 schools. The papers were judged by Dr. Gilbert Lycan and Dr. John Johns of Stetson University and Mrs. Ella Teague DeBerard, all of DeLand. The following awards were recommended by the committee and approved by the Society.

First Prize

"The Everglades" by Barbara Joyce Bond, Dan McCarty High School, Fort Pierce.

Second Prize

"Gold Beneath the Sands" by John Patrick Boyle, St. Paul's High School, St. Petersburg.

Third Prize

"Aviation in Florida" by Lavert W. Jones, E. O. Douglas High School, Sebring.

Honorable Mention

"It Could Have Been O'Riler" by Huette A. DuPont, University High School, Talahassee.

Roster of Other Papers Submitted

Booker High School, Booker:

Eleanor Houston, "The Story of Sarasota."

Bunnell High School, Bunnell:

Baynard Beeman, "Ante-Bellum Era."

Choctawhatchee High School, Shalimar:

Mike Hazelwood, "Early Gulf Coast Indians;"

John L. Scott, "The History of the Bay Area of Okaloosa County."

Citrus High School, Inverness:

Dorothy Pratt, "Pioneers of Florida."

Clearwater High School, Clearwater:

Nathan Steele, "Colonel Daniel Newnan's Campaign in Central Florida."

Dan McCarty High School, Fort Pierce:

Judy Curtner, "History of Pineapple Cultivation in Florida;"

Carol Coxe, "A Daughter of Florida Speaks;"

Vicki Hardison, "The Life of Daniel Thomas McCarty;"

Sandra Lawder, "Reminiscing with Dr. Platts;"

Carolyn Warber, "Florida as a United States Territory;"

Judith Whitaker, "Florida Historical Society;"

Sally Yates, "Florida Historical."

Eglin Airforce Base School, Capehart:

Sharye Anderson, "Indians of Florida."

E. O. Douglas High School, Sebring:

Joseph E. Aaron, "The Indians of South Florida;"

Alfred Lane, "Sebring as a Tourist Center."

Fort Myers High School, Fort Myers:

Natalia Brown, "Thomas Alva Edison."

Dorothy M. Pierre, "The Fountain of Youth."

Joanne Procopio, "Seminoles of the Everglades;"

Frostproof High School, Frostproof:

Ferne Futral, "Wagon Trails Across Central Florida."

Hillsborough High School, Tampa:

Barbara Roham, "The Dade Massacre."

Howey Academy, Howey-in-the-Hills :

Mitzine Guizzetti, "Spanish Moss in Florida;"

Gay Heist, "Tales of a Small Community;"

Roxana Huke, "History of Melbourne Beach;"

Steven M. Read, "The Early Explorers of Florida;"

Beverly Trippeer, "Tomoka State Park."

Horace Mann School, Miami:

Jack M. Shapir, "Florida Versus the Union Naval Blockade."

Jones High School, Orlando:

Faye Henderson, "How Christian Education in Orlando
Churches Affects Community Life."

Marianna High School, Marianna:

M. R. Kirkland, "Webbville and the County Seat Controversy
of Jackson County."

Melrose High School, Melrose:

Jessanna Terrell, "The History of Edgar, a Kaolin Mine
Town."

Miami Edison High School, Miami:

Lloyd Blouin, "George Scott Gregory;"

Carolyn Davis, "How Florida Became a State and How She
Succeeded from the Union;"

Joan Dickman, "The Seminole War;"

Harriet Gragg, "Slavery in Florida;"

Yvette Garrard, "The Seminole Indians of Florida;"

Jo Hirsch, "The State of Florida is Great;"

Edith Claire Lyles, "The History of Florida;"

David J. Patten, "Edward William Bok;"

Bob Stewart, "Lake Okeechobee;"

Andrea Wells, "Five Flags Peninsula State;"

Patrecia Wichkam, "Florida History;"

Jacquelynn Wigley, "The Struggle with the Indians."

Mulberry High School, Mulberry:

Pat Davis, "Florida Everglades;"

Diane Duke, "The Development and Settlement of Florida;"

Shirlejane Meridith, "Pioneer Life in Florida;"

Jerry Miller, "Runaway;"

Rebecca Rimes, "The Gamble Mansion;"

Wanda West, "Mulberry, Phosphate Center of the World."

Palm Beach High School, West Palm Beach:

Phillip Knight, "The Creator of the Gold Coast, Henry M.
Flagler."

Paxon Senior High School, Jacksonville:

Kathleen Ward, "Trails of the Seminoles."

Richard J. Murray High School, St. Augustine:

Gerald Eubanks, "Saint Augustine."

Robert E. Lee High School, Jacksonville:

Glenn Bondurante, "Report on Kingsley Plantation;"

Katharine Widner, "Why People Come to Florida."

Roosevelt High School, Lake Wales:

Wilmer Moran, Jr., "Lake Wales - 'Crown Jewel of the
Ridge'."

St. Paul's High School, St. Petersburg:

James Andriskos, "Florida's Natural Beauty;"

Marcia Bauer, "The Everglades;"

Stephanie Bass, "Early Indians of Florida;"

Paul Beattie, "Juan Ponce de Leon, The Founder of Florida;"

- Susanna Bergerson, "The Discovery, Conquest and Rise of Florida;"
- Marie Burke, "Florida, the Most Versatile State;"
- Peter Callahan, "The History of St. Petersburg;"
- James De Rosa, "The Everglades;"
- Charles Dougherty, "The Seminoles;"
- Frances Fahrenthold, "Florida and the Second War for Independence;"
- Mary Grissett, "Early Spanish Explorers of Florida;"
- Frederick Gruel, "St. Augustine, Old and New;"
- Allan Hazen, "Famous Men in Florida History;"
- Jeffrey Johnson, "St. Petersburg, Florida, 1843 - 1890;"
- James Jones, "The Seminoles;"
- Nancy Kitkowski, "Governor Leroy Collins;"
- Jerilyn Kothe, "Early Explorations and Settlements around St. Petersburg;"
- John K. Langelier, "The Everglades;"
- Donna Mala, "St. Augustine and the Mission Nombre de Dios;"
- Frances Manilli, "Key West;"
- John J. Mann, "Saint Augustine, City of Old;"
- Helen Mansmann, "Florida, Our Sub-Tropical Peninsular State's Children of God;"
- Katherine Morrissey, "Florida's Attractions to Tourists;"
- Timothy Murphy, "Hernando de Soto;"
- Sharon Ogg, "Ponce de Leon;"
- Carol Prochniak, "Pinellas County;"
- Marilyn Ruga, "Lakes of Florida;"
- Bernadine Rys, "St. Petersburg: 1843 - 1930;"
- Leona Schmitt, "Osceola;"
- Rose Marie Sloan, "Florida Transportation;"
- Judy Smith, "Growth of Transportation in Florida;"
- Ronald Stoddard, "Early History of St. Petersburg;"
- Nancy Vogel, "Exploring the Everglades;"
- Parker Welch, "The Man Who Named St. Petersburg;"
- Eileen M. Wheeler, "Florida's Gold;"
- Priscilla Yerbury, "Citrus in Florida."

Seacrest High School, Delray Beach:

Elaine Cooper, "Osceola, War Chief of the Seminole Indians;"

Stephen Wm. Manger, "Geology of Florida;"

Satyra McMurrian, "The First People of Florida;"

Tate High School, Gonzalez:

Ann Adcock, "T. T. Wentworth, Jr.;"

Phillis Hamilton, "The T. T. Wentworth Museum;"

Louis Higdon, "T. T. Wentworth, Jr.;"

Sharon Mason, "T. T. Wentworth and His Museum."

Taylor County High School, Perry:

Dozier Hendry, "Taylor County of Florida."

University High School, Tallahassee:

Alfreda D. Blackshear, "The Orange Blossom Classic;"

Carmena M. Greene, "Florida History;"

Theresa Kershaw, "A Historical Development of the Florida
Agricultural and Mechanical University."

CONTRIBUTORS

NATHAN D. SHAPPEE, Professor of History at the University of Miami, delivered his paper on Zangara at the annual meeting in Tampa.

The reminiscences of Adelaide H. Reed were sent to the *Quarterly* by J. H. Reed of San Antonio, Texas.

ARTHUR KENNERLY wrote his article on the *Tallahassee Democrat* while he was a graduate student at the Florida State University.

An interesting session at the annual meeting in Tampa was a panel on the writings in Florida History. HALE G. SMITH is Professor of Anthropology at the Florida State University; HERBERT J. DOHERTY, JR., is Assistant Professor of History at the University of Florida; CHARLTON W. TEBEAU is Professor of History at the University of Miami.