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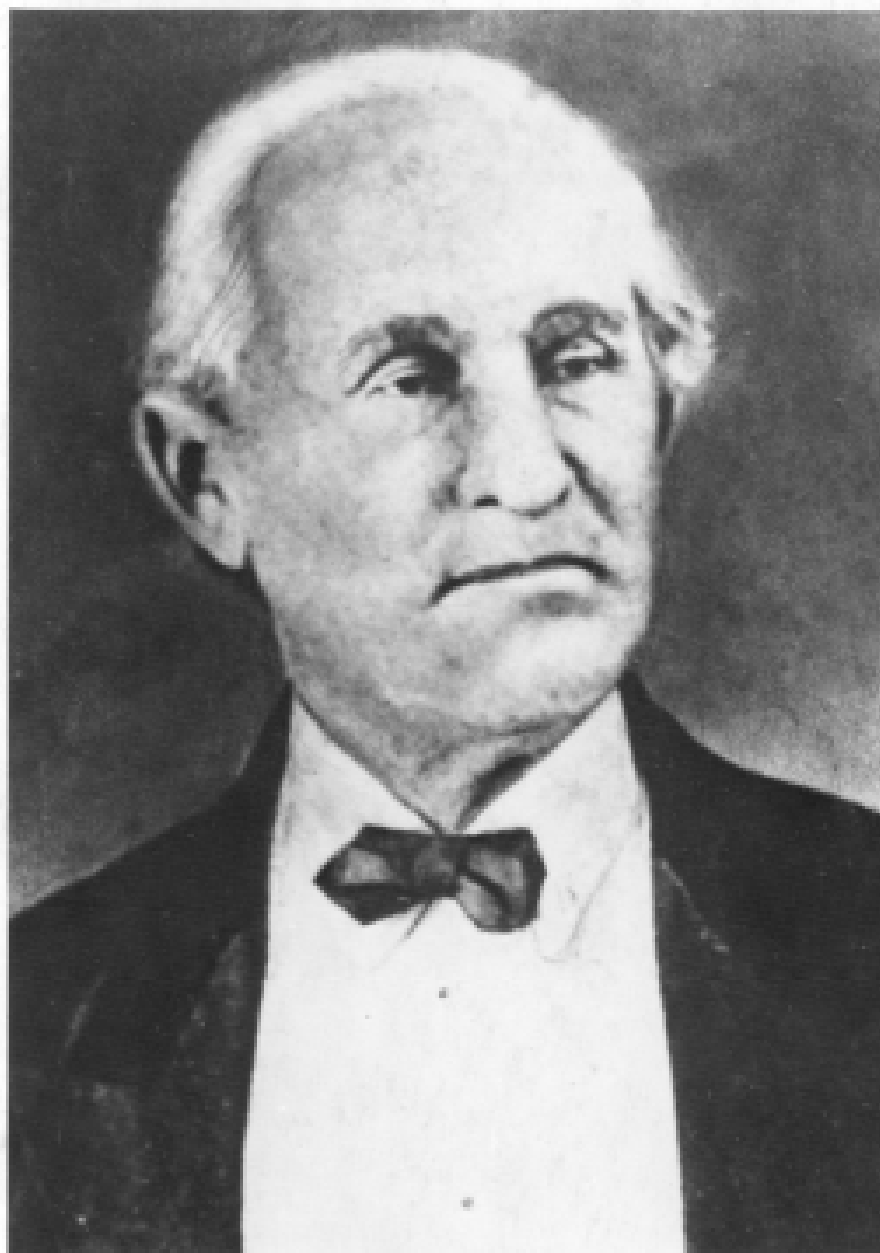
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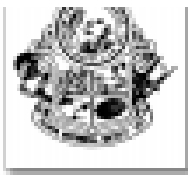
THE SUNLAND TRIBUNE

Journal of the Tampa Historical Society



JAMES MCKAY, I — MASTER MARINER
1808-1876

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THE SUNLAND TRIBUNE

Volume VIII Number 1
November, 1982
(Founded 1973 by Hampton Dunn)

Journal of the
TAMPA HISTORICAL SOCIETY
Tampa, Florida

HAMPTON DUNN
Editor

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ON OUR COVER

James McKay I, Master Mariner (1808-1876) was a fearless, hardhitting young Scotchman who came to America following the smiles of Matilda Alexander, a blue-eyed Scottish lassie whose parents had migrated to this country. He marries her, and settled in Tampawhere he built a business empire and raised a large family. His contributions were permanent and far reaching. Read Tony Pizzo's story on McKay, starting on Page 6.

- Photo courtesy of Helen McKay Bardowsky

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THE OLD McKAY HOMESTEAD

This was the homestead of Capt. James McKay L This view shows the home in the 1870s, and was located on the southeast square of Franklin and Jackson Streets, the present-day site of the new City Center skyscraper. The McKay children were reared in this house.

-Photo courtesy of Helen McKay Bardowsky

JAMES McKAY, I The Scottish Chief of Tampa Bay

By TONY PIZZO

In the closing days of July, 1846, an intrepid young Scottish sea captain, James McKay, with his pregnant wife Matilda, their four children, his spirited mother-in-law, Madam Sarah Call, their eleven slaves, and usehold goods, set sail on his schooner from Mobile,

Alabama, toward the wild frontiers of Florida and the village of Tampa.

This was the beginning of the McKay heritage in Tampa, an illustrious family which has played a prominent part for more



MADAM SARA CAIL
1790-1865

Capt. James McKay's mother-in-law. This spirited and strong-willed Scottish lady earned a niche in Tampa's pioneer lore for her independent character, and active part in the social and religious activities. Her remains rest in the McKay plot in the historic Oaklawn Cemetery downtown.

-Photo courtesy of Helen McKay
Bardowsky

than 130 years in the development of Tampa.

The indomitable character of the young sea captain was demonstrated early in life when, in Edinburgh, in 1835, he met and fell in love with a Scottish lass, Matilda Alexander. Matilda's mother, a wealthy widow, disapproved of the match because of McKay's hazardous occupation and because Matilda had just turned 15 years of age. To remove her daughter from temptation, Sarah



MATILDA ALEXANDER MCKAY
1816-1894

Her captivating smiles attracted James McKay to America, and affected the course of Tampa history. James and Matilda had five sons and four daughters. Their uplifting influence did not cease with their deaths, for they have 1 left a line of descendants who for four generations have given priceless service to the Tampa community.

-Photo courtesy of Helen McKay
Bardowsky

Alexander emigrated to America, settling in St. Louis.

WEALTHY WIDOW

There Mrs. Alexander married a Mr. Call, an Englishman who had large investments in western lands. Mr. Call disappeared while exploring the western wilderness, and left



--The Tampa Morning Tribune

Madam Sarah a widow once again, but much richer.

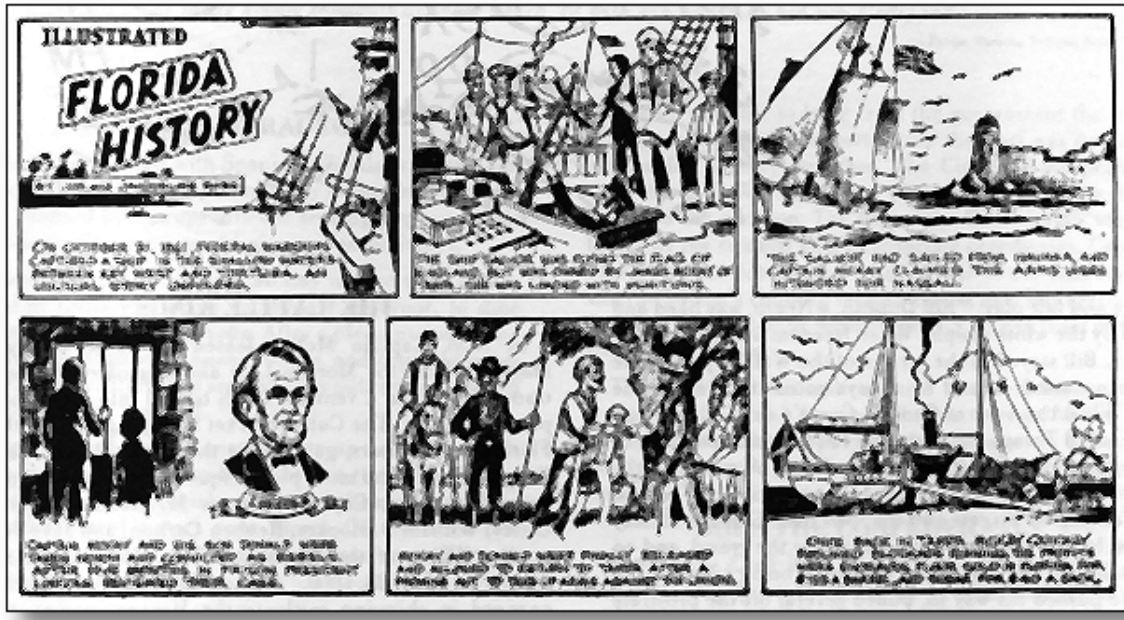
BY OX-WAGONS TO TAMPA

In 1837, the persevering young McKay decided to follow the smiles of his pretty, blue-eyed sweetheart to America. Having accumulated a fortune in his own right, he left Thurso on the northern headland of Scotland, ancestral home of his clan, to visit his fiancée, and seek his future in America.

As the McKay schooner sailed south along the Florida coast, a violent storm drove the vessel upon a reef near the mouth of the Chassahowitzka River. Captain McKay, a brawny man, repeatedly swam through the rough surf to carry his wife, the children, and Madam Call ashore. The slaves also survived the shipwreck, but the entire cargo was lost. They tarried at Chassewiska for a time where Donald B., their fourth son, was born August 8, 1846.

In St. Louis, the tall, broad-shouldered and persuasive young Scot resumed his courtship of Matilda. This time the mother consented to the marriage. McKay was 27 years old and the bride 17. After a few years, the family moved to Mobile, where Captain McKay engaged in shipping enterprises. Four of their children were born in Mobile. In the meantime, Captain McKay had been investigating the west coast of Florida, and finally decided to settle in Tampa because "it gave great promise of developing into an important port city."

The McKay family and Madam Cail walked from the site of the shipwreck to Brooksville, where they stayed for several weeks. The trip to Tampa was trekked in covered ox-wagons through the wilderness. They trudged through bogs, dense growth of pine and oak, and deep white sand made the journey quite onerous. They camped at night close to fresh water and firewood. In the early morning hours, they wakened to the gobbling of wild turkeys in concert with the whooping of red-headed cranes and the



--The Tampa Morning Tribune

hooting of owls. They passed many deer, turkeys, partridges, and water birds, and repeatedly saw wolf and panther tracks. The strange, wild scenery and the numerous creatures of the forest kept the travelers constantly excited and provided some compensation for the difficulties of their trek through the wilderness.

On Oct. 13, 1846, the McKays entered the little village of Tampa which numbered less than two hundred inhabitants, exclusive of the soldiers in Fort Brooke. The village consisted of a few crude log huts thatched with palmetto fronds, with wooden shutters to keep out the cold and rain. The cottages were scattered over a sea of white sand. Cattle and pigs roamed at will.

THE TOWN MARKET

The town market was located on Ashley, just south of Lafayette Street (Kennedy Boulevard). Farmers came from the hinterland to barter their produce,








occasionally joined by sailors from Havana, Key West, Cedar Key, and Pensacola. The mariners brought the only news from the outside world, except the tidbits of news gleaned from trappers or hunters who wandered into the settlement.

The Tampa Bay basin was surrounded by a sylvan wilderness, and the settlers during this period lived in constant fear of Mexican and Cuban pirates lurking in its waters. Notwithstanding the buccaneer menace, the magnificent bay offered a bounty to the pioneers: oyster beds clustered the banks, and sea turtles, turtle eggs, a great variety of fish and sea fowl made Tampa Bay the "Queen of the Gulf." One of the early pleasures for the pioneers in this corner of the world was the sight of "the beautiful flamingos in long files drawn up on the bayshore like bands of soldiers in red uniforms." After the 1870s, the flamingo, like the bear and wolf, was a rare sight.

Fort Brooke stood out like an oasis in a forest, with its old barracks stretching along

June 5 1880.

Record of Marks & Brands
of Cattle Shipped on board
Steamer Ellie Knight James
McKay Master this 5th
day of June A.D. 1880.

No	Marks & Brands	No	Marks & Brands
3	 8	5	 HT
4	 22		 FEL
14	 3	1	 ②
12	 1		 R
10	 1		 ①
16	 1		 S'B
15	 1		 3
1	 NS 4		 41
27	 SX 1		 W
3	 RP 1		 HM
235	 JO 1		 ②
10	 X ①		 ⑤

McKAYS BRANDS

In 1858, Capt. James McKay I originated the cattle trade with Cuba. Shown here is a page from the record book of marks and brands of cattle shipped June 5, 1880, from Ballast Point on the steamer Ellie Knight with James McKay II as shipmaster.

Author's Collection

The river and the ancient Indian mound, its summit crowned by a summer house used as a cool retreat and observatory for the officers.

TRADING WITH INDIANS

Old Chipco, the friendly Indian Chief and his band occasionally entered the Tampa scene. They came to trade wild turkey, venison, plumes and hides for calico, whiskey, and other goods. Chipco radiated strength and charm, and settlers remembered his neutral stand during the Billy Bowlegs war. Chipco frequently dined with settlers. The comings and goings of the Indians gave the village a touch of excitement and color, a sense of drama and destiny.

A small group of Spaniards living at Spanishtown Creek on the bayshore, supplied the villagers with fish - ten cents bought eight mullet. They also made and sold palmetto-leaf hats and baskets, a crude cottage industry.

Captain McKay and his mother-in-law, Madam Call, brought their slaves and a considerable fortune in cash to start a new life in this strange frontier. The family had difficulty securing a house to live in until Captain McKay could buy property and build a home. He was given permission to use a vacant house in the Fort Brooke military reservation located south of Whiting Street near the river.

FIERCE STORM TESTS METTLE

During the fierce storm and tidal wave of 1848, which destroyed or washed away most of Fort Brooke and the village, the McKay house was swept up the river by the flood, and all of the Gadsden Point peninsula was

inundated to a depth of about seven feet. McKay had cattle on the peninsula, and all were drowned. The hurricane had tested the will of fledgling Tampa and the newcomer McKay: the city and man proved tenacious in spirit.

Following the hurricane, military authorities issued tents for the homeless. The McKays erected their tent at the site of the Knight and Wall Building - the southwest corner of Tampa and Lafayette Streets. McKay procured logs and built a temporary home where his family lived for about 20 months. A permanent home was built of finished lumber brought from Mobile; this homestead occupied the entire square where the forty-story City Center Building is now located.

Captain McKay thrived on adversity. Throughout his romantic and exciting life, he demonstrated an indomitable courage, a Scottish firmness of purpose, and a faith in the future of the little town. He became a dominant factor in the building of Tampa. He personally guaranteed the Morgan Steamship Company any financial losses if they would assign two of their vessels to run between New Orleans and Havana on semi-monthly basis from Tampa. Thus, Captain McKay gave Tampa the first commercial connection with the outside world.

HILLSBOROUGH COUNTY CREATED

The first courthouse had been erected in Tampa soon after the County of Hillsborough was organized, Jan. 25, 1834. That little courthouse was burned by the Indians at the outbreak of the Second Seminole War.

In 1848, six years after the termination of the war, the County Commissioners appointed Captain McKay to build a new courthouse. According to the contract, Captain McKay was paid \$1,368 for the construction. In 1870, a visitor commented: “The first building to attract my attention was the courthouse, a frame building set in a clearing in a big scrub. It had a cupola or belfry, and was the first house I had ever seen built of anything but logs.” This building served as the courthouse until 1891, when it was moved to Florida Avenue near Cass Street (where the Kress Building stands) and served as Tampa’s first hospital.

McKay built the First Baptist Church, for which he and Madam Cail donated most of the materials and furnishings. The Captain also contributed generously to the early Methodist and Catholic churches.

“NEEDLES TO ANCHORS”

After Tampa was platted in 1847, Captain McKay began purchasing land. Old records show some of his early purchases – two blocks from Jackson to Whiting Street, between Franklin Street and Florida Avenue, the Knight and Wall block on Franklin and Kennedy, a large tract on the river now the site of the Tampa Waterworks, and police station. On this site, McKay erected a large sawmill – the first mill in Tampa. The sawmill on the “outskirts” of the village supplied the material for building, an indispensable aid to the early settlers. The block on which the Masonic Temple stands on Kennedy and Marion was the site where McKay erected the Hotel Florida. McKay also owned a large section of land from Chapin Avenue to Ballast Point, and several large tracts east of Tampa. He also erected a large building on the southeast corner of Washington and Franklin in which he

conducted a mercantile store offering “everything from a knitting needle to a sheet anchor.”

In 1850, McKay was appointed treasurer of Hillsborough County with instructions to receive “nothing but gold and silver for county purchases.”

For the welfare of his fellow citizens, McKay established the Loan Money Bank, advancing supplies and money to the farmers to help them grow their cotton crops and other staples grown in the county. In 1861, only 153 names appeared on the county tax rolls. Captain McKay appeared as the principal taxpayer with 404 acres of land and five slaves valued at \$1.000 each.

If Captain McKay were living today, he would be classified as an entrepreneur. He was an amazing man – a natural leader with great ability and an uncanny flair for business. Fate dealt him many reverses throughout his lifetime, but he never wavered; he forged ahead despite the setbacks.

STAGECOACH ROUTE

It was only natural that upon arriving in Tampa, he would become engaged in the same endeavor he followed in Mobile – maritime commerce. His first schooner was the *Lindsey*, and within a few years he had accumulated a fleet of steam and sailing vessels. The *Scottish Chief*, *Flying Cloud*, *Southern Star*, *Kate Dale*, and *Valley City* connected Tampa with New York, Havana, and Central America, carrying the mail, passengers, and freight. McKay transportation ventures at sea were complemented by a four-horse stagecoach route between Tampa and Gainesville.

The often fearless quality of the tough and brawny Captain McKay came into play during his eventful lifetime. In 1923, his son, Captain James McKay II, described an event which gives an example of the elder McKay's spirit of courage and fair play: "Bill Duncan, a Negro, was liked and trusted by the white people. When freedom was granted the Negroes, Bill stayed in the service of the Walls, by whom he had been owned - and he always voted the Democratic ticket. When the news of General Grant's election as President reached Tampa the few white Republicans and most of the Negroes celebrated by getting drunk. A group of the Negroes caught Bill Duncan at the intersection of Franklin and Washington Streets and mobbed him. Captain McKay had just landed from a trip to Cuba, saw the crowd, and on being told that old Bill was in danger of being killed by the mob, he pushed his way in, pulled several off the prostrate man and struck one who was choking Bill, killing him with the single blow of his fist."

THE 'CATTLE KINGS'

In 1858, Captain McKay leased the large steamship Magnolia from the Morgan Line and originated the cattle trade with Cuba, a venture which turned into a very prosperous industry. The Cuban market brought great wealth to Florida stock raisers, gaining for them the title of "Cattle Kings." Among the more picturesque cattlemen of the time were Ziba King, Captain Frances M. Hendry, John T. Lesley, William B. Hooker, Reuben Carlton, and Jake Summerlin, "King of the Crackers." The Florida Peninsula reported on July 28, 1860, "Captain James McKay has been engaged in shipping cattle to the Havana market, thus creating a demand for beef heretofore unknown." Spanish gold and silver coins circulated in the village in this

era. It was common to see children playing with rattles containing doubloons. McKay's gross sales in cattle, it was reported, exceeded \$60,000 per month, a most handsome sum in those days.

The wild lands surrounding the village of Tampa sustained great herds of range cattle, descendants of Spanish stock. Captain McKay kept thousands of cattle in the Interbay peninsula for shipping to Havana from the Ballast Point wharf. Rex Beach, the noted novelist who was raised in Tampa, commented that, "most of the stock was shipped to Cuba on the hoof, the steers for the table and the bulls for the arena. The former made tough chewing and the latter made tough fighting. Those cracker bulls were considered more dangerous than Spanish and South American animals, and if one couldn't hook a matador it would kick him."

While rounding up cattle, Captain McKay's cowboys cracked a whip called a drag. The drag or bullwhip, is a very heavy, long leather whip about eighteen feet in length, with a heavy, short handle. These Florida cowboys could adeptly crack the whip, and thus acquired the sobriquet of "Crackers."

Captain James McKay, II

By E. D. LAMBRIGHT

God with you, good old Mariner; and may your final voyage be blessed by favorable winds, by cloudless skies, by sunlit seas; and may you sail past reef and rock, through storm and stress, unto that restful haven which, for more than fourscore years, God and your friends have hoped that you at last might reach.

There may be question of this personal touch; but before my feet had pressed these Tampa streets, you met me on the train which bore me here and bade me cordial welcome to the Tampa of the Then, which became the Tampa of the Now.

It was in your home that I met the Georgia girl, who, as wife, has been the blessing and the comfort of my days.

Just a few weeks ago you sat with me at a luncheon table, where men and women planned to help the movement to carve upon the face of Stone Mountain an imperishable memorial to those who marched and fought with you.

Hence, I am placing this modest tribute upon your bier. Through all my life in Tampa, you have been my guide and counselor and friend. My fondest hope would be that, when my time shall come to sail across the outward bar, my departure may be attended by as many kindly thoughts as those which, lit with sun and star, bid you Godspeed.

-Tampa Morning Tribune, Sept. 7, 1925

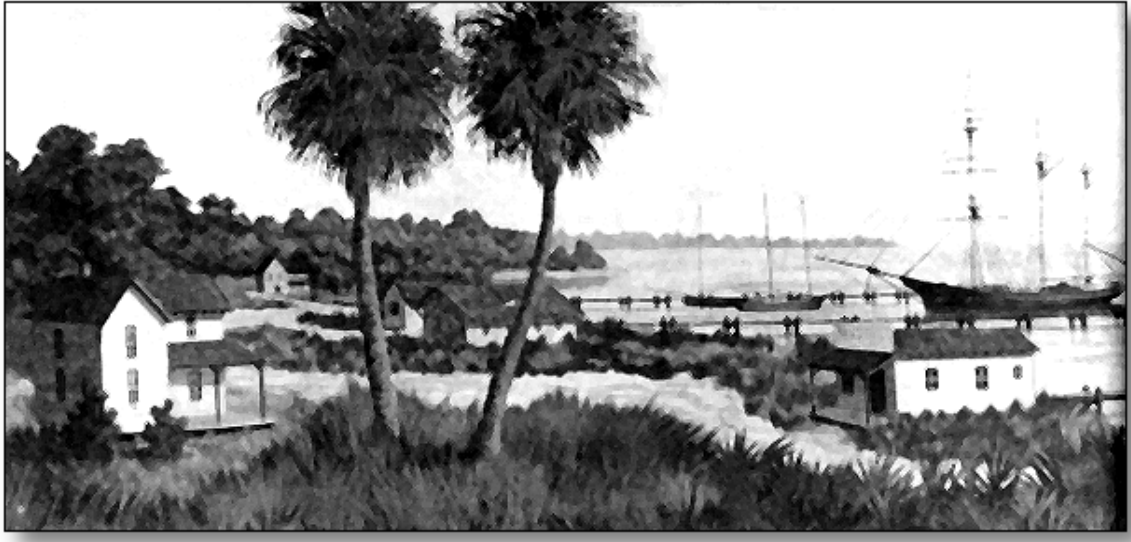
"CAPTAIN COURAGEOUS"

In his cattle dealings with Spanish officials in Cuba, Captain McKay usually exhibited masterly diplomacy. At times he was plagued by corrupt officials seeking graft - that's when Scotch diplomacy would give way to militancy.

On one of his trips, Captain McKay invited the Captain General of Cuba who acted as military governor, to dine with him on board the Magnolia. After a pleasant dinner the Captain General gave his *buenas noche*, and departed in his *volante*. Shortly afterwards several petty politicians came on board looking for a payoff.

McKay ordered his first mate to fire up and cast off. As soon as the vessel began to break breeze the burly McKay grabbed the startled officials and tossed them overboard in the shark infested waters near Morro Castle. After this episode McKay was known to the *Habaneros* as Captain Courageous.

During the 1850s, Captain McKay conducted a thriving trading post on the Caloosahatchee River. During the Billy Bowlegs War Captain James McKay I, "the gentlemanly proprietor of the steamer Tampa", made a tour of the military posts in the Fort Myers region. Simon B. Turman, Jr., editor of the Florida Peninsula, Tampa's second newspaper, covered the expedition, and on June 13, 1857, reported that Captain



TAMPA'S BUSY PORT DURING THE CIVIL WAR

This is Artist Jed Dyer's impression of Tampa Town during Civil War days. The mural hangs in Morrison's Cafeteria. Capt. James McKay I's sailing vessel is anchored near the mouth of the Hillsborough River.

McKay was accompanied by Captain Domenic Ghira; F. R. Pont, engineer; Thomas Murphy, mate; R. Bolesta, cook; and Pete, "a hard specimen of the colored gentry," fireman. Also on board were "seven young pigs, and a matronly-looking hog, of the female gender, as supernumeraries."

McKAY ELECTED MAYOR

The Scottish Chief, the celebrated sidewheeler in Tampa history, arrived in the Hillsborough River for the first time Thursday, July 26, 1859. "Her arrival was announced by the booming of cannon, the flourish of trumpets, and the hearty buzzes of the entire population. The Tampa cornet band boarded her, with a few citizens and she steamed up the river a short distance and returned to the delight and entire satisfaction of all concerned."

While deeply involved in his varied enterprises, in 1859, Captain McKay was

elected Mayor of Tampa. In 1860, as mayor he was able to lease from the government the entire Fort Brooke military property since the Fort was no longer needed for military purposes. The City held the property until the Civil War broke out when the Confederate Army occupied the garrison. The flag of the Confederacy was unfurled by the citizens with appropriate ceremonies. Captain McKay raised his flag in front of his store, followed by Charlie Brown's clothing establishment, and Mr. Ferris and Son, not to be outdone, hoisted the U.S. flag in front of their store upside down.

The Civil War brought an end to the lucrative cattle trade with Havana. A few weeks before the war, McKay had purchased 10,000 head of cattle for transport to Cuba, but most of these were driven to Tennessee for the Confederate Army.

AIDS THE CONFEDERATES



During the Civil War, McKay was active on land and afloat. He was appointed to the Road Commission "to view and make a road from Tampa on the nearest and best ground to the county line on the road to Fort Dade."

During the years of the conflict McKay supplied beef, corn and potatoes to the needy families of soldiers fighting in the North. In his store McKay sold Confederate States stock to help the war effort.

He served as commissary of Florida's Fifth Confederate Military District. His chief responsibility was to keep Florida cattle on the trail north for the Rebel armies. McKay had drawn over half a million cattle from the South Florida region. His cowboys kept the drives going through punishing terrain all the way into Georgia, and beyond.

At the suggestion of the Confederate Government, Captain McKay organized the colorful "Cow Cavalry" for the protection of cattle drives as well as for protection to the settlers. The "Cow Cavalry," composed of former dragoons from Dickinson's Cavalry, seasoned soldiers, ranchers, Indian fighters, and settlers, was directed by McKay until the termination of the War.

NOT U.S. CITIZEN

While McKay's "Cowboy Cavalry" kept the Southern Armies supplied with Florida beef, the Captain, with the help of his son Donald, gained fame as daring blockade runners.

McKay, who had not relinquished his British citizenship when he came to this country, ran his blockade-running ships under the English flag. He served as Mayor of Tampa and municipal judge in 1859-1860 without holding American citizenship, which may be a real oddity in American politics.

As a blockade runner, McKay took cotton, tobacco, molasses, and other commodities to England and brought back materiel for the Confederate Army.

During the last year of the war, McKay and his son, Captain Donald McKay, were captured and imprisoned in the North, but were released within a short time, and returned to Tampa to resume their war-related activities.

ESTABLISHES SALT WORKS

Another service Captain McKay rendered during the rebellion was the establishment of a great salt works on the shore of Rocky Point. Salt was one of the critical commodities needed by the South. This salt works was twice destroyed by the Federal forces, but on one occasion, Joe Robles, while guarding the works, single-handedly captured several Union raiders and became a celebrated war hero with the villagers.

On another occasion, the Yankees found McKay's ships the Scottish Chief and Kate Dale, anchored in a secluded area on the Hillsborough River near the present site of Lowry Park, and set the ships on fire. The alarm reached Tampa and cattle guards caught up with the raiders at Ballast Point. A skirmish ensued, a few were killed on both sides, and this encounter went down in history as the Battle of Ballast Point. An historical marker on the site marks the event.

After the Yankees started bombarding the town of Tampa, McKay built a home as a refuge for the family in Bloomingdale.

With the downfall of the Confederacy, Captain McKay was given the responsibility of preventing Judah P. Benjamin, Secretary of State of the Confederacy, from being captured by Federal officials. McKay hid Benjamin in his home and helped smuggle him to Nassau and refuge aboard a British frigate. For his bravery and loyalty, Benjamin presented McKay with his cavalry sword, his dearest possession. Today this historic sword, a memorial to a brave Tammpan, is on display at the Gamble Mansion Museum where Benjamin was hidden before being spirited away on a schooner.



BON VOYAGE

Copy of an advertisement that appeared in the newspaper Sunny South on Feb. 19, 1861.

-Photo courtesy Calvin
"Pop" Taylor and Judge
Leo Stalnaker, Sr.

COLORFUL CAREER ENDS

After the war, Captain McKay resumed his cattle shipments to Cuba. Mail contracts for his ships were also secured. The Reconstruction era in Tampa, a time for rebuilding, saw McKay feverishly planning for the future of Tampa. He was prospering, succeeding, his town was beginning to see new growth in population when, on Nov. 11, 1876, the brave pioneer died. Tampa will not likely see a personality of his energy, talents, and bravado again. He arrived when Tampa stood little more than a wilderness fort; he departed when the city was poised for greatness. A man of the sea, McKay Bay, in the upper reaches of Hillsborough Bay, forever honors his memory.

Captain McKay's death was not the end of his uplifting influence, for he left a line of



SCOTTISH CHIEF RELICS

Calvin "Pop" Taylor, Tampa diver and historic preservationist, is shown with the helm of the Scottish Chief and other artifacts which he recovered from the Hillsbrough River. The Scottish Chief was set afire by Union troops while hidden at a remote anchorage near Lowry Park on Oct. 17, 1863.

--Photo by Author



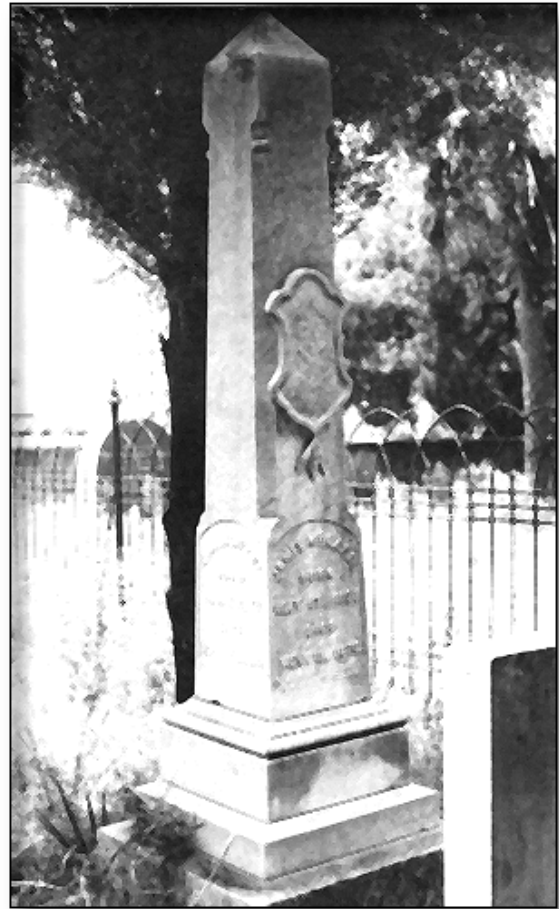
HISTORICAL MARKER

The Tampa Historical Society is placing this attractive marker at Franklin and Jackson Streets at the present-day site of the City Center building.

descendants who have carried on the work he had started. They include some of the most remarkable citizens in Tampa history. For three generations McKays have served as mayor of Tampa, and most of the descendants have in a variety of ways contributed to the progress of Tampa.

Captain McKay's offsprings consisted of five sons and four daughters. The sons were: George, James, John Angus, Donald S., and Charles; the daughters: Sarah, Marian, Matilda, and Almeria Belle. George, the first son, died in his youth, a cadet at Kentucky Military Institute.

James, the second son, became a distinguished citizen in the industrial, political, and social life of Tampa. His life was a thrilling and romantic one, full of service both afloat and ashore. In his early youth, James became a master mariner and Captain of his father's fleet of ships.



CAPTAIN AT REST

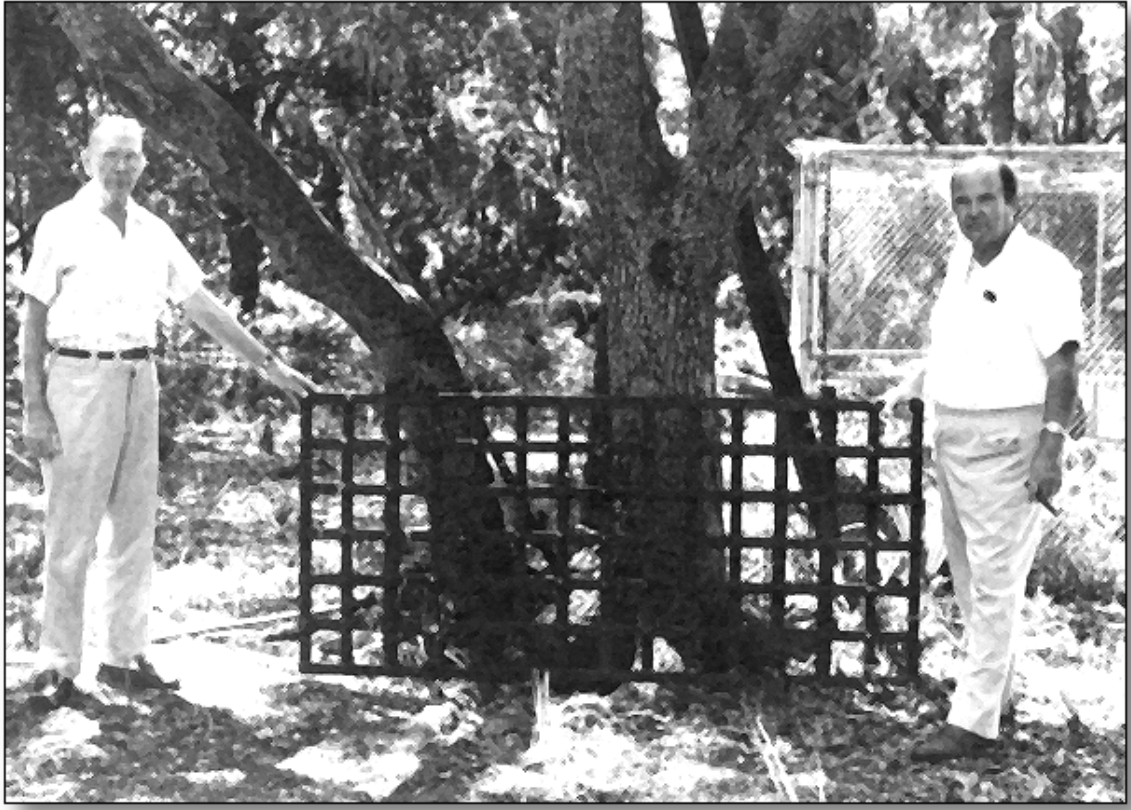
The impressive tombstone marks the final resting place of Capt. James McKay I at Oaklawn Cemetery. The McKay burial plot is enclosed by a neat iron fence. A Masonic emblem is seen on the marker.

-Photo by the Author

CAPTAIN JAMES McKAY II

At the outbreak of the Civil War, James joined the Confederate Army as quartermaster of the Fourth Florida Regiment. In 1864, he was ordered to Florida to help supply beef cattle to the Tennessee and Virginia armies.

He also served as Captain in command of several groups of soldiers protecting the Tampa Bay area "from forays of marauding



JAIL HOUSE DOOR

The iron door from the jail in the old Court House built in 1848 by Capt. James McKay I is preserved by Dr. Albert Gutierrez in his bird sanctuary at the mouth of Palm River and McKay Bay. Shown studying the relic are Robert McKay, left, son of D. B. McKay and great grandson of the famed captain, and his cousin, Dr. Gutierrez.

-Photo by the Author

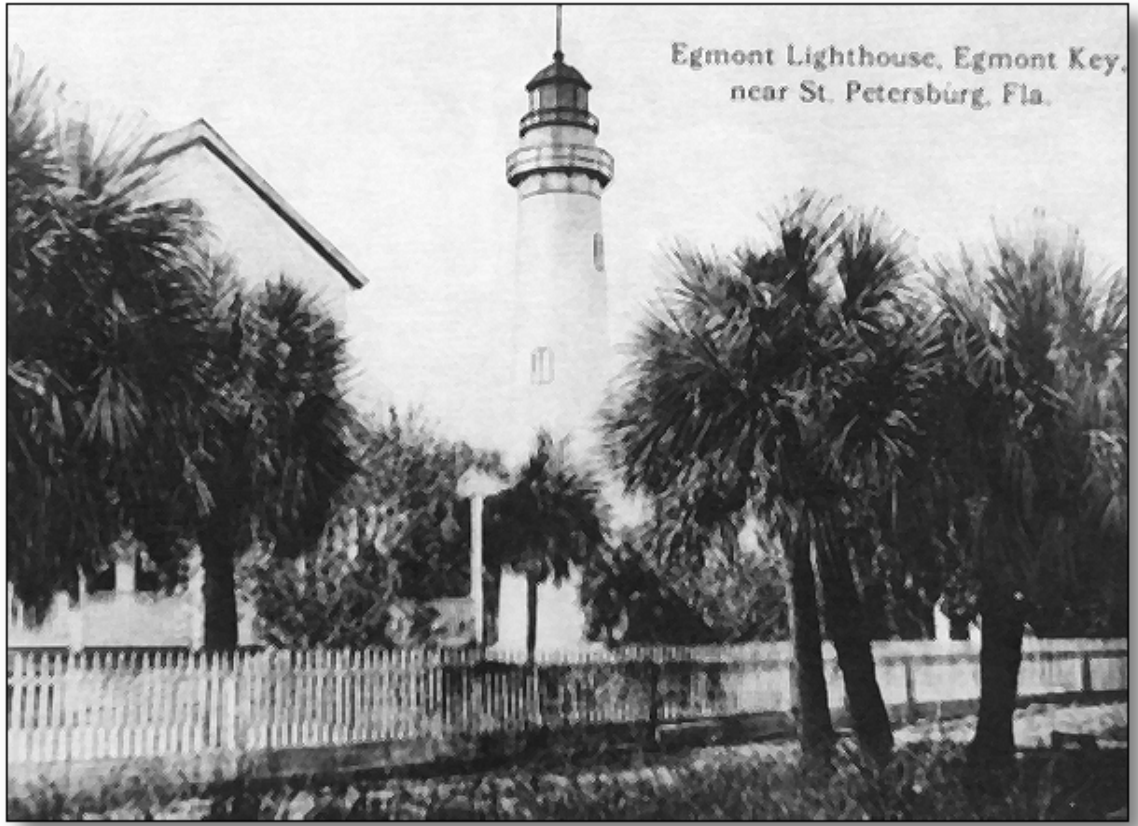
bands and outlaws - renegades which exists in times of war."

Captain McKay, II, like his father, was endowed with a fierce sense of fairplay and a courageous spirit. These traits were gallantly displayed in an incident which occurred during the Civil War.

One day a Union gunboat appeared in the lower bay. An ardent Union sympathizer was on board looking for his son who was strongly in favor of the Southern cause, and had come to Tampa to enlist in the Confederate army.

ELECTED STATE SENATOR

The father sent a message under a flag of truce asking for a conference with Capt. James McKay, Jr., the commander of the home guard. The conference was granted - the Unionist on the gunboat, and Captain McKay on the beach, near Ballast Point, "I have come" shouted the father, "to get that renegade son of mine - I want to take him to Key West and hang him." "If you will come ashore I will give your son the privilege of hanging you," retorted McKay, and that ended the parley.



WITHSTOOD GALE

The historic Egmont Key lighthouse at the entrance of Tampa Bay was built by Mitchell McCarty, D. B. McKay's grandfather. In 1848, the lighthouse withstood the destructive winds of Tampa Bay's most devastating hurricane. For years the lighthouse safely guided the McKay vessels in and out of the bay.

The young man was Judge Henry L. Crane, who lived out his days in Tampa holding many positions of trust.

In 1881, James McKay II was elected State Senator, and the Savannah Morning News in their Feb. 5, 1881 issue reported, "Although a thorough sailor, he seems to handle the parliamentary ropes as readily as he would the tackle of a vessel. He will carefully protect the interest of commerce, and Hillsborough County is fortunate in possessing so faithful and competent a representative." He served for two terms.

After the arrival of the railroad to Tampa, McKay became the commander of the H. B.

Plant Steamship Line which plied the Caribbean Sea.

TRANSPORTS ARMY

During the Spanish-American War, Captain McKay II headed the expeditionary fleet which took General Shafter's Army to Cuba. He showed great skill and ability in the loading of troops and materials at Port Tampa, and the unloading on the coast of Cuba. The former rebel received laudable praises from many in high office in Washington for bravery and his excellent performance in the war effort.

In 1902, Captain McKay II was elected Mayor of Tampa.

After his tenure as mayor, McKay was appointed Marine Superintendent of the United States Transports that were chartered by the Federal government. In 1914, he resigned to become postmaster of Tampa.

He was a man of tremendous popularity having such valuable friends as President Grover Cleveland, Thomas A. Edison, and Henry B. Plant. During World War II, Lykes Brothers launched a beautiful ship at Sparrows Point, Maryland, and honored their uncle, James McKay, II, by naming the ship after him.

MARRIED THRICE

Captain James McKay II, was married three times. His first wife was Mary E. Crichton, daughter of Dr. John T. Crichton, who was the mother of his nine children. His second wife was Helene Turton of Massachusetts, and his third wife was Lillian Nimms Warren of New Jersey. The descendants of Captain McKay II were: James Crichton, Harold, John Crichton, and Frederick, sons; and five daughters: Sara Matilda, Blanche, Julia, Madge, and Mary. The oldest son, James, established a large insurance firm in Tampa, McKay & Son, later the firm became known as the McKay, Clark Insurance Company.

John Angus McKay, the third son of James McKay I, like his father and brother James, became a sea captain. He commanded several of his father's ships, and served the Confederate army throughout the war.

' After the war he served as deputy collector of customs at Tampa, and in 1870, was elected as a delegate to the State

Conservative Convention. In 1876, he was elected to serve as chairman of the County Commission. In the latter part of the 1870s he purchased the Orange Grove Hotel, the most popular hostelry in pioneer days.

GENERAL SHERMAN VISITS

In 1879, Gen. William T. Sherman and his daughters stopped at the Orange Grove Hotel, and were escorted on a tour by John Angus McKay. They attended the Catholic Church, visited Fort Brooke, and the U.S. Cemetery which was located on Whiting Street, and now the site of the Fort Brooke parking complex.

John Angus McKay married Mary Jane McCarty. They were the parents of four sons and two daughters. The oldest son was Donald Brenham, affectionately called throughout his lifetime "D. B." He married Aurora Gutierrez, the daughter of a prominent Spaniard and one of the founders of Ybor City. They had 10 children: Donald Brenham, Jr., John Angus, Robert Angus, Helen, Alda, Margaret, Aurora, Mary Jane, Celestina and Petronilla. "D. B. McKay is one of the most remarkable men that Tampa has ever produced," wrote Charles E. Harrison in *Pioneers of Tampa* (1914). D. B. McKay was a self-made man, and the architect of his own fortunes.

He commenced as a youngster in the Tampa Tribune office, and in time became owner and editor-in-chief of the Tampa Daily Times, then the leading evening newspaper in the state.

Elected mayor of Tampa four times and serving a total of fourteen years, during McKay's tenure Tampa experienced the greatest advancement and development seen up to that time.

THE D. B. McKAY AWARD

McKay served on the board of directors of the First National Bank, served for President Wilson as chairman of the President's Advisory Committee, and was one of the founders and trustees of the University of Tampa.

D. B. McKay was named the first County Historian of Hillsborough County; Rollins College bestowed upon him the degree of Doctor of Humanities; King Alfonso XIII decorated him with the Order of Isabel la Catolica; in 1914 he received the Cervantes Medal from the Hispanic Institute in Florida. In appreciation for his interest in the welfare of the Seminole Indians, he was made an honorary chief and named Chief White Cloud.

One of his lasting contributions to Florida is the preservation of Florida history through his "Pioneer Florida" series which appeared in the Sunday Tribune for approximately 15 years. The Tampa Historical Society honors his memory with the yearly D. B. McKay Award for outstanding service in the cause of Florida history.

The second son of John Angus and Mary Jane was Charles A. He attained eminence in the business world. He served as Vice President of Maas Brothers, at that time the largest dry goods establishment in South Florida. He served as the first president of the Tampa Merchants Association, on the board of directors of the South Florida Fair and Gasparilla Association, and was a charter and lifetime member of the Tampa Rotary Club. In his later years Charles McKay became the owner of Bentley-Grey Dry Goods, Inc., one of the largest dry goods distributing firms in Florida.

A LEADING ATTORNEY

Charles M. McKay married Irene M. McKeague from Pennsylvania. They had three girls: Mary Irene, Eleanor May, and Charlotte Ann.

The third son of John Angus was Kenneth Ivor McKay. He was born in 1881. He earned a degree in law from Washington and Lee University. He returned to Tampa to practice law, and became one of the city's leading attorneys. He served as a director of Lykes Bros., Inc., Lykes Bros. Steamship Co., Tampa Interocean Steamship Co., Berriman Bros., Inc., J. W. Roberts & Son, and Vice-President of the Tampa a-Clearwater Bridge Co., builders of Davis Causeway. He married Olive Petty. They had four children: Kenneth Ivor, Shirley Louise, Herbert Gifford, and Howell Angus. At the time of his death he was senior partner in the firm of McKay, Macfarlane, Jackson and Ferguson and Chairman, Board of Trustees, The University of Tampa. John Angus and Mary Jane McCarty had three other children; a son, Mitchell Frederick and two daughters, Margaret and Ada.

The fourth son of Captain James McKay I, Donald S., like his father followed the sea for thirty-five years.

During the Civil War while serving as a blockade runner with his father he was captured by the Federals and imprisoned in New York. After his release he enlisted in the Confederate Army as a member of the Eighth Battalion and became adjutant to the battalion.

EARLY DEVELOPER

After returning from seafaring, he returned to Tampa and invested in eight acres of land on the south side of Lafayette Street (Kennedy) across from the entrance to the University of Tampa. The property was divided into lots, and Donald became one of Tampa's early developers.

Donald S. McKay was married twice. The first marriage was to Mary M. Collier, daughter of Rev. and Mrs. W. E. Collier. They were married Jan. 10, 1868. His wife died the same year on Oct. 8. The second marriage was on Jan. 10, 1872, to Martha Hayden. They had 10 children, all born in Tampa. Four of the children died young. The surviving children were three boys: Hayden, William George, and Donald Jr., and three girls: Marion A., Martha A., and Susan May.

Of the daughters of James McKay I, Sarah, the eldest, married Robert B. Thomas of Kentucky, an officer in the U.S. Army. Marion, the second daughter, married William Randolph of Tallahassee. Their one daughter married William A. Carter, a Tampa attorney.

The third daughter, Matilda, married Dr. John P. Wall, a prominent doctor. Matilda died in 1893. They had one son, Charles McKay.

THE LYKES BROTHERS

The fourth and youngest daughter, Almeria Belle, married Dr. Howell Tyson Lykes of Brooksville. Eight children of Howell Tyson and Almeria Belle McKay Lykes: Matilda McKay, Frederick Eugene, Howell Tyson, Jr., James McKay, Lipscomb Godwin, Thompson Mayo, John Wall, and Joseph Tallafarro.

Dr. Howell T. Lykes, the progenitor of the Lykes family in Tampa, had two things in common with his father-in-law, Captain James McKay I. He was also deeply involved in the cattle trade with Cuba, and owned several schooners. It was natural that the seven Lykes brothers - one half Lykes and the ' other half McKay - should turn to the cattle industry, and something to do with the sea.

They started out with small funds, but with big ideas, and a tremendous determination to succeed.

In time they developed large pasture lands in Florida, Cuba, and South America, and amassed the largest merchant marine fleet in America. During World War II, the Lykes ships made important contributions in the service of the United States, and continue to be an important asset to the merchant marine of this country.

Captain James McKay I, through his far-reaching contributions to Tampa, and the continued good work of his descendants, has left a rich legacy to posterity. They are a fitting tribute to the great Scottish Chief who came to a jungle port to spawn a bonny American heritage.



Tony and Josephine Pizzo

...He's the New Hillsborough County Historian

TONY PIZZO NAMED OFFICIAL HILLSBOROUGH COUNTY HISTORIAN

(Editor's Note: In May, 1982, Tony Pizzo was named official Hillsborough County Historian by the Board of County Commissioners. Thus, he follows in the steps of D. B. McKay and Theodore Lesley, the two previous Tampan to hold this position. Following is a personality sketch on Pizzo that appeared in The Tampa Times on May 15, 1982. It was written by special correspondent Fortune Bosco).

**By FORTUNE BOSCO
Tampa Times Correspondent**

Besides being known as the historian par excellence of Tampa, Tony Pizzo has a green thumb. He has transformed his Davis Islands backyard into a botanical paradise, adorned with an Ybor City-style lamppost and fountain and a statue of Apollo of Belvedere.

"This is my favorite corner. I come here to think and relax," said Pizzo, who recently was named Hillsborough County Historian. "This is my little piece of heaven."

There, amid the crotons, mimosas, guava trees and grapevines, he reminisced about growing up and living in Tampa.

The son of Pauo and Rosalia Pizzo was born in 1912 and raised during the boom times of the cigar industry and the Latin Quarter.

HIGH SCHOOL SWEETHEART

"I attended Philip Shore Elementary," said Pizzo, whose father helped found the Italian Club. "Later on in my life I became a great admirer of Mr. Shore, whose real name was Costa. He had been a Neapolitan sea captain who was instrumental in the development of the shipping activities in Tampa and Florida. I also attended George Washington Junior High and Hillsborough High, where I met and fell in love with my wife, Josephine Acosta."

Pizzo attended the University of Florida and Stetson University. To pay for tuition, he waited on tables, sold shoes and tutored students in Spanish.

"George Smathers, who later became a U.S. senator, was one of my pupils. I also tutored Grafton Pyne, who was a cousin of President Franklin Roosevelt.

"To show me his gratitude, Grafton took me on an all-expense-paid tour of Europe," said Pizzo.

'DIAMOND IN THE ROUGH'

"I witnessed Germany's preparation for war, comparing this to the light spirit of France, totally unprepared for what would happen later in World War II."

Returning to the states, Pizzo went into the insurance business.

He became friends with Tampa Tribune reporter Bill Abbott, "who truly loved Ybor City and the Latin culture."

Bill told me one day that Ybor City was a diamond in the rough and that we should do something to immortalize the glory of the past and the efforts of its people.

"Mayor Curtis Hixon understood the meaning of Ybor ... He appointed me to a committee for the restoration of Ybor City.

"I received support from the Rotary Club and went to Havana in search of Ybor City's roots. I was lucky to meet Fifi Brock, son of a tobacco magnate, who promised financial backing for the research," he said.

MARTI SLEPT HERE

"I was encouraged by this promise and upon returning to Tampa, I sat for many hours with old residents of Ybor. I listened to their stories and I began cataloging the events of a great past."

Pizzo continued: "The turning point in my historical research came one day when an old black man, whose name I don't remember, told me that the house where he presently lived was once occupied by Ruperto and Paulina Pedroso. It was the place where Jose Marti had lived during his stay in Tampa. Ruperto Pedroso had been Marti's bodyguard in the turbulent days that preceded the Cuban revolution."

Pizzo and other Tampans obtained the house and formed a committee to preserve it. But the house proved to be too decrepit, so it had to be razed.

GIFT FROM BATISTA

He traveled to Cuba, where he obtained historical verification regarding Marti's stay at the house. Pizzo also received \$18,000

from then-Cuban President Fulgencia Batista to develop a park on the site.

Today the Jose Marti Park marks the historic spot at Eighth Avenue and 13th Street.

"We began placing historical markers throughout Ybor City and Tampa," said Pizzo. "They were expensive and I was fortunate to receive financial support from the Rotary Club, local banks and The Tampa Tribune. "

Inspired by Tribune editor Leland Hawes, then a reporter, Pizzo wrote a book, "Tampa's Latin Heritage."

Tampa publisher Harris Mullen sent Pizzo, s manuscript to Marjorie Stoneman Douglas, a historian and publisher from Miami.

"I waited for weeks with trepidation and hope. Finally I received her letter, which in a terse and meaningful sentence told me that I had 'a creditable manuscript and I want to publish it.' "

"The book's title became 'Tampa Town - The Cracker Village With a Latin Accent. ' "

Pizzo, who is an executive with Fruit Wines of Florida Inc., is preparing another book on Ybor and its people.

REQUIEM FOR A READER

By DR. GARY R. MORMINO

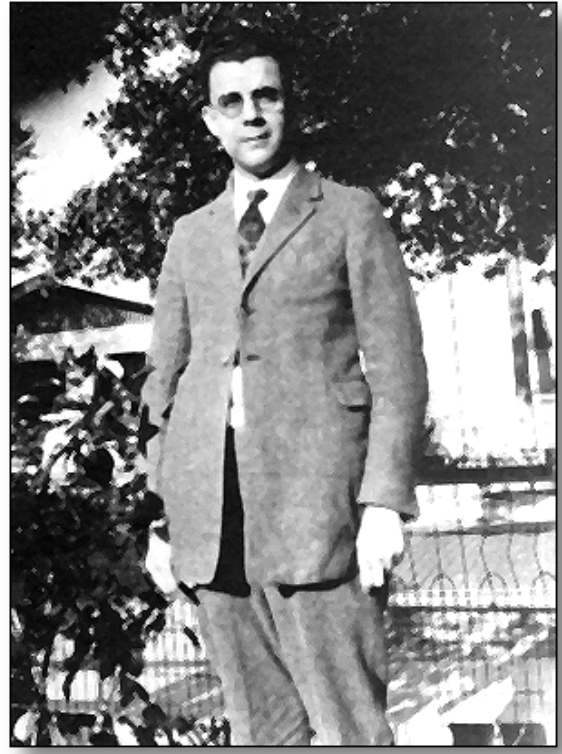
One week in August, 1982, two ninety-year old giants died in Tampa. The demise of the Tampa Times was well publicized, since the obituary count of afternoon dailies has become ghoulishly chic (sixteen have failed in 1982). Not so publicized was the death of Victoriano Manteiga, the legendary founder and editor of La Gaceta.

Tampa will not see the likes of Victoriano Manteiga again. His status as an emigrant was not so unusual, considering that not-so-long ago places like Tampa and Chicago brimmed with foreign tongues and exotic enclaves. Manteiga left his beloved Cuba in 1913. The Tampa he discovered seemed more like a little Havana, for Manteiga's new love was a sprawling Cuban, Spanish, and Italian community called Ybor City. Outsiders called it "little Havana," and worse.

Manteiga's tote bag included two white linen suits and a ten-dollar bill. Whereas most of his contemporaries found work at Ybor City's two-hundred cigar factories, Manteiga brought skills that literally raised him above the workers. He was hired as el lector (the reader) and his job was to climb to the elevated seat and read to the Latin craftsmen and women. Yes, read.

THE CLASSIC MODE

Steeped in a pre-industrial, old world culture, the reader followed the emigrants from Spain and Cuba. Cigar rolling, a quiet task, permitted workers to hire a reader to



VICTORIANA MANTEIGA
... Photo Taken In Late 1920s

inform and entertain. Manteiga fit the classic mode of el lector: he possessed a voice that could soothe and strain, solicit and scold; he exhibited a keen intellect, devouring literary classics and political tracts.

On the cutting edge of social and political conflict, Manteiga's career embodied change: he articulated an ethos as champion of the underdog when he founded La Gaceta in 1922, a logical extension of his heralded tenure as reader.

In a city where labor wars were waged with passion, the reader stood a bastion of democracy. The workers (men, women, white and black) not only elected the readers, but paid their salaries, and selected the manuscripts. Today, elderly cigar makers who never learned to read and write, can recite with Latin fervor lengthy passages of Don Quixote and Les Miserables. Today, many ex-cigarmakers weep with the passing of Manteiga, for now his fraternity numbers only one or two. The voice has grown silent.

NO REPLACEMENT

In 1931, city fathers and cigar owners sought to censor the voice. Workers struck, as they had in 1899, 1901, 1910, and 1921. And lost. But when was the last time the Teamsters struck for culture? The reader was replaced by the radio, and soon machines displaced the workers.

In a poignant parallel, the radio's replacement of the reader bears witness to television's conquest of the afternoon newspaper. Other media will take the place of the Tampa Times. The same cannot be said for Victoriano Manteiga

The death of Manteiga and the Times will not slacken the frenzied pace of Tampa's development. In May, the city christened a new downtown, strictly uptown Hyatt Regency, and unveiled plans for a \$50-million arts center. Glass panels and stainless steel mirror the urban renaissance, an architectural boom that has made Tampa indistinguishable from any other post-war town.

The Ybor City which Manteiga leaves behind stands as a wrought-iron oasis, albeit an urban renewed oasis. Latins constructed lavish mutual aid societies with touches of Havana, Madrid, and Palermo splashed

across palmetto scrubland. Long abandoned by the economic sector, Ybor City lives in the past while the new Tampa rushes into the future.

At the Centro Asturiano and Circulo Cubano, the dominos skid across the table with a tempo more adagio than allegro. How sad that soon few will remember Victorio Manteiga and the men and women who built the factories that made the cigars, that made Tampa famous.



THE TAMPA TIMES DIES AT AGE 90

Saturday, Aug. 14, 1982, was a sad day in Tampa journalism. For that was the day The Tampa Times, nee The Tampa Daily Times, was extinguished and put to death by The Tribune Company. It was in its 90th Year of publication. The old independent The Tampa Daily Times was swallowed by The Tribune on June 1, 1958. It was revamped, the staff beefed up, and it was published for 24 years, but finally, according to Richard "Red" Pittman, the newspaper was folding because of the economy and changing life styles.

This was the front page of the farewell edition. The newspaper's "obituary" was written by Assistant Managing Editor Bob Turner, who had started his outstanding journalistic career Writing "obits" on the old Times.



His family was on hand the night the Ybor Optimist Club honored Dr. Frank S. Adamo in October, 1981. A handsome plaque designating the World War II hero El Mejor Ciudadano de Ybor City. Mrs. Adamo is seen at the doctor's right, while his grandson, Frank Saxon, and Mrs. Saxon, extend congratulations. Adamo Drive is named for the famed medico.

LA GACETA Photo by Charlie Mohn

HOME TOWN ORGANIZATIONS RECOGNIZE DR. FRANK ADAMO, BATAAN MEDICAL HERO

REPRINTED FROM THE TAMPA TRIBUNE

Dr. Frank Adamo is nothing if not modest. To hear him tell it, there's nothing extraordinary about his life.

Just your average story of a boy who drops out of elementary school, begins attending night school at 16, becomes a doctor and respected member of his community, discovers a revolutionary way to treat gangrene, performs heroically as an Army physician captured by the Japanese during

the war, and returns home to find one of the main streets in his town named after him.

The Hillsborough County Medical Association disagreed, since they honored Adamo the evening of Dec. 1, 1981 during a banquet at the Marriott Hotel by inaugurating the Frank Adamo Outstanding Service Award.

Adamo, the oldest living past president of the Medical Association at 88, was made the first recipient of the award, which will be given annually to Hillsborough County

citizens making outstanding contributions to their community.

Adamo, who shrank from 160 to 90 pounds while a Japanese POW in the Philippines, and continued to treat fellow POWs even while he was afflicted with beri beri and other diseases, said he didn't feel like a war hero.

"No, I don't, because to tell you the truth, I was scared like anyone else," Adamo said, smiling.

Congressman Sam Gibbons, one of the 375 people present at the banquet, praised Adamo as "a leader in the medical profession" and led the audience in giving the retired physician a standing ovation.

A letter of appreciation from Tampa mayor Bob Martinez was also read to Adamo during the banquet by the association secretary, Emilio Echevaria.

Adamo, who was born in Ybor City, had Adamo Drive named after him, and is a former chief of staff of Hillsborough County Hospital. He began to treat gangrene with hydrogen peroxide in the 1940s, making it possible to save thousands of gangrenous limbs during the war.

THE AMULET

By **KENNETH W. MULDER**

It had been twenty new fires since the last of DeSoto's army had landed and marched north from the Bay of Espirito Santo in 1539. Tanpa was approaching full manhood. He was taller than most of the young men of his village and his skin was much lighter in color. A birth defect made him even more distinctive as two of his toes were grown together on each foot.

But Tanpa had grown up among a scarred tribe of people. A trail of ravage was left in the wake of the advancing army of DeSoto. Those remaining, suffered through the rebuilding of their villages, sacred shell mounds, and attempts to salvage their lives. Those few months following the landing of the strangers would be remembered as the 'terrible times'. Among the survivors were many women who were left pregnant and cast aside as used utensils of male animalistic desire by the 'conquistadors', as they called themselves.

The Cacique and Shamon met with the principal men of the tribe to decide the fate of the children born of their women who were raped by the Spanish. Traditionally, names were passed from father to son, but it was decreed that the first male child born of these unions would be named for the village of his birth. Other male children would be named after the first animal the mother saw after birth and female children after the first bird the mother saw.

DESOTO'S FAVORITE

Tanpa's mother, a handsome woman, had won favor with one of DeSoto's captains and

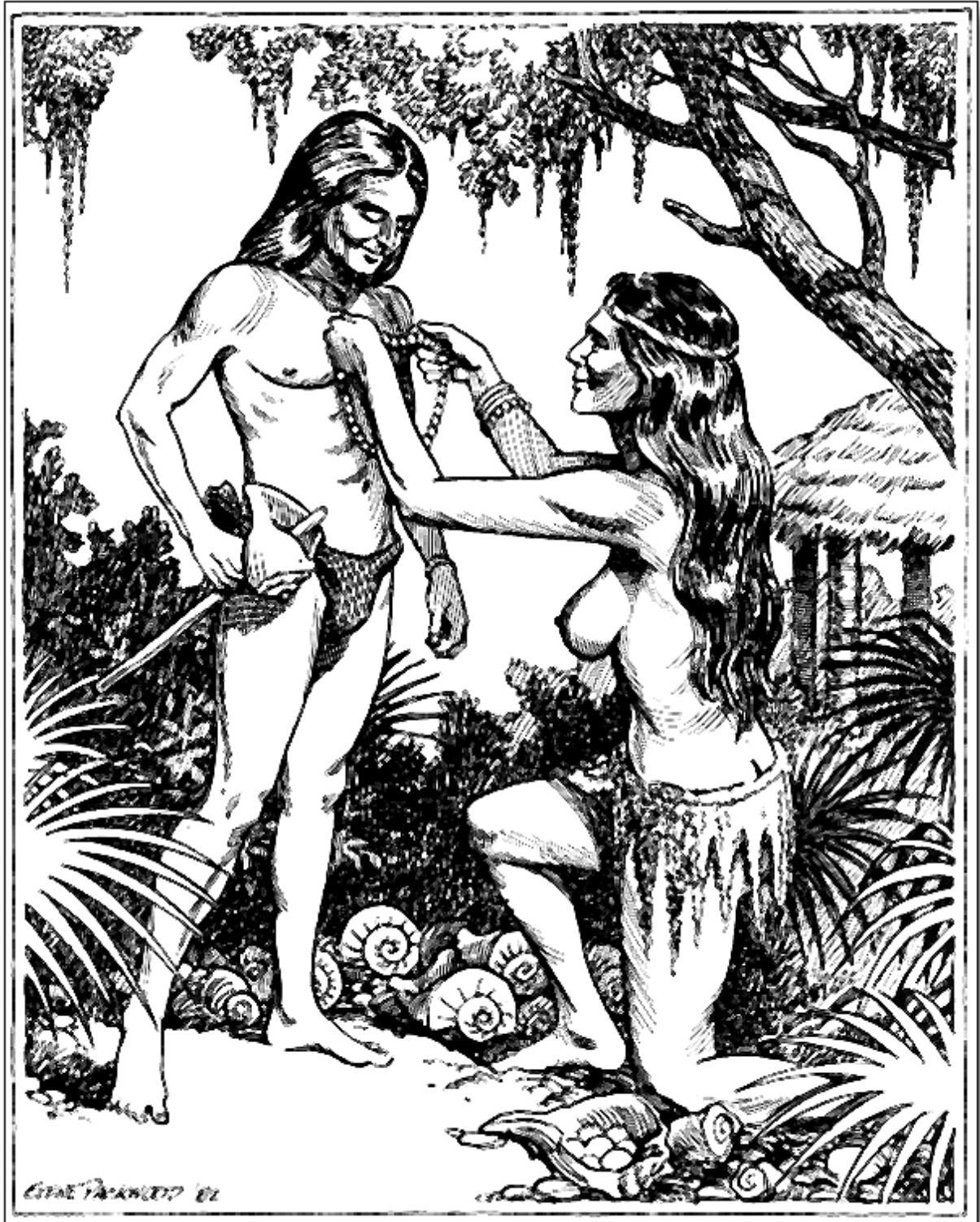
her life was spared and she became his personal attendant. He had shared her thatched house during his stay in her village and they knew their lives together were only for the present. Her memories of him were softened by his kindness to her.

The terrible times had changed the destiny of Tanpa's people and the tribes near and far who were touched by DeSoto's army. He knew the story well. From Cuba, DeSoto had sent Juan de Anasco, the chief pilot, the year before to find a suitable landing site to unload the Andalusia horses, mules, pigs, and over a thousand men with supplies and armor for his invasion of the land called Florida. The coast near the huge shell temple mounds had been selected for the landing of the great ships as they came into the open bay and the conquistadors had made their base camp in his coastal Timucan village. Their purpose was to claim this land for their native Spain; to take back gold, jewels or other valuables; and to teach the people found there about their God.

The Timucan village called Tanpa had been selected because DeSoto knew that in the village with many shell mounds would be people he could subdue and capture and use for slaves to carry the heavy supplies and equipment north into the interior of this new land.

GIANT CANOES APPEAR

In the spring of that year, the scallops had begun migrating from the deep Gulf waters into the bay of the coastal village. The people were gathering them when they first



THE AMULET

sighted the giant canoes with white clouds hovering over them coming into the bay. As the great ships came closer, the sunlight played on the shiny armor and helmets the foot soldiers wore, and they could be seen by the natives from atop the mounds. Brightly colored banners were hoisted up the masts with strange designs.

The smell of penned animals on the ships was blown toward the shore; a strange stench to the natives. The horses began braying as they smelled fresh water, green grass and the foliage of the land and they became more restless. This startled the cargo of pigs and they began their high-pitched squealing. These strange noises drifted to shore. This story had been told to Tanpa many times by his mother and each time, as he grew older, he understood a little more.

The half native-half Spanish children of the tribe were scorned and were assigned the hardest tasks of the village. Tanpa and those like him were constant reminders to the survivors of the terrible times of Spanish cruelty.

THE FIREWOOD DETAIL

Tanpa was assigned the chore of bringing firewood to the village every day. He would leave the village at dawn and be gone for most of the day. Through his searching, he was familiar with the area around his village. Most days, he used the canoe,

paddling up and down the coast and into the rivers and streams to find firewood. He knew all the animal trails, the various watering spots, and the rivers and streams that flowed near his coastal village. In his search for firewood, he became an expert hunter and many times upon his return to the village he would have a deer piled on top of the wood in a canoe he pulled behind him. Tanpa was known for his height and strength; his strength gained it] part by this arduous work. He was the winner of most tribal games, but his rewards were never enough to satisfy him.

He was the first born in his village of a native mother and Spanish father and his tribesmen scorned his mother through no fault of her own. The tribe would not permit her or the other women who bore light-skinned Spanish children to have any part in the tribal ceremonies or rituals. They had made a special place for themselves at the end of the village near the turtle crawls and the manatee traps. Crabs and fish were kept alive and fed in the salt water traps near the village. No native man would take one of these women as his mate so the mothers and father-less children had grown accustomed to their life of work, including the care and feeding of these delicacies which belonged to the whole tribe. It was a lowly job, but necessary if they wanted to live and eat; as without a husband, these mothers were dependent on the village for all their needs.

Another fine article of accurate historical detail with a fictional flair, "The Amulet," by Kenneth IV. Mulder, Immediate Past President of The Tampa Historical Society, appears here.

In the historical writings of Hernando de Escalante Fontaneda, a shipwrecked lad who lived among aboriginal Indians of the Central West Coast of Florida for 17 years circa 1575, wrote of a large Indian village named TANPA. The name was later changed by map makers to Tampa, our beloved city, whose beautiful bay shares the same name. It was this bay that DeSoto named Espirito Santo when he arrived here in 1539. "The Amulet" is a beautiful story that follows DeSoto's landing in the Tampa Bay area, doorway to the New World in North America.

TONY PIZZO
Hillsborough County Historian

A GIFT FROM DAD

During the years that Tanpa's mother raised him, she spoke often of his fattier. She gave him a small amulet made of a hard substance, that looked like two sticks, one laid across the other. It hung from his neck on a strand of the same material which gleamed brightly in the sunlight. Tanpa wore it constantly and proudly, as it was the only thing his father had given to his mother.

The women were not the only ones to suffer by the hands of the Spanish invaders. The men of the coastal tribes were also brutally treated by the Spanish. Some were instantly killed. Those who fought bravely were powerful warriors. Their accuracy with a bow and arrow tipped with shark's teeth points was devastating to the conquistadors. But they were no match for the powerful cross bows and arquebus (long sticks that spit fire). The horses, never before seen by these people, struck terror in them. When the men were captured after a battle, the Spanish were brutal and cruel, cutting off their hands, ears or fingers, leaving them disfigured for life.

Many were forced to be slaves and made to carry the heavy armor and supplies the Spanish brought with them. Steel collars or leg irons were applied so they could not escape. They were carried in bondage for many miles from their villages before being released, to be replaced with slaves from a new village.

LIFE AS A HALF-BREED

For some time, Tanpa had wanted to leave the coastal village and follow the trail northward where his father had gone long

before. There was no future for him in the village, scorned as he was; but, it was the only home he knew. He knew he could never hold a tribal office or take part in any of the sacred rituals. His mother's recent death had left his life empty. He could not take a wife from among the native village girls and his days were spent without purpose.

Yet, Tanpa's life as a half-breed was not nearly as bad as the banished members of the tribe. He knew what happened to men declared outcasts; the loneliness, scorn and solitude of their lives. He came upon many of the outcasts in his wood hunting trips. Many had gone completely mad and were no better than the wild animals who shared their part of the woods. He was forbidden to speak to them, and they to him.

His decision was made while chopping the trash fish to feed the sea turtles. The osprey, who's nest had been built high in the black mangrove tree nearby, came screeching and swooping in for his free handout of fish scraps too. Tanpa loved these birds. Many of the village rituals and dances took their form from the mastery of their flight.

The bald eagle, their nest high in the virgin pine trees along the coast, were the supreme masters of the air. The buzzards (the death birds) were plentiful with their rookeries everywhere. The fierce Caloosa tribe to the south, enemy of the Timucans, worshipped these hideous rednecked birds and were called the Buzzard Cult.

THE EAGLE'S NEST

Tanpa knew the birds well. The eagle, who mates for life, builds his nest strong to be used year after year until a storm destroys it or the tree rots down. If this happens, they



THE ESCAPE

stay in the same area and build again. The eagle's nests along the coast and inland rivers were mileposts for the Timucan people. Tanpa knew them all as did others in his tribe.

As a young boy, he had compassion for birds and doctored them with herbs and aloe oil, and saved many of them from death.

His decision made, he knew that he would leave today on his search for wood and would never come back to his birthplace. Past the manatee pens he walked. No more would he have to tend them. Gathering his bow and shark tooth tipped arrows, his throwing stick and shell tools he had made, he headed for the canoe for his daily wood gathering trip. No one noticed anything

different as he had done this most of his life. Walking through the main village toward the huge temple mound at the other end, Tanpa looked up at the houses of the Shamon and Chief built high on top. As a young boy, he played in the many storerooms where the ceremonial masks of the tribe and the village's winter supplies of maize, dried beans, pumpkins and nuts were stored; along with the discarded relics left behind by the Spanish in his village.

GUMBO LIMBO TREES

He and the other children had played with the old helmets and broken swords made of a similar hard substance as his amulet. They had gathered berries and nuts in the many

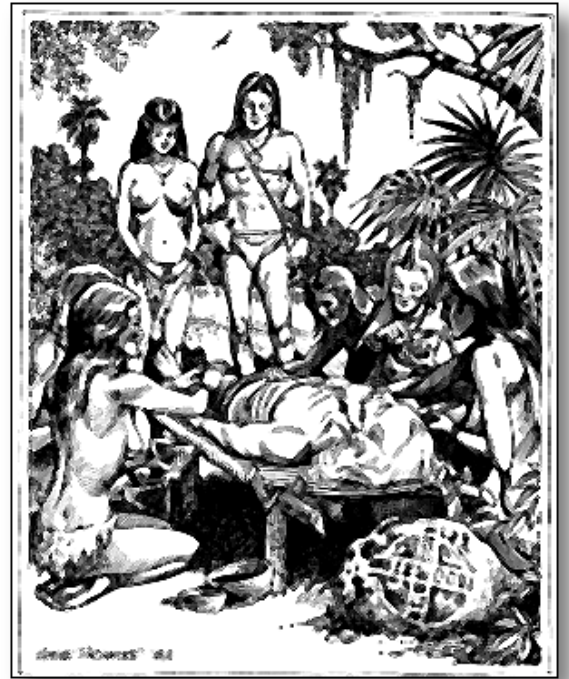
discarded colorful olive and wine jars the Spanish left behind. This was the temple mound. Built of shells from the sea over a long period of time, it faced east so the rays of the sun were seen first from its big flat top every morning. The sacred rituals were performed here.

Before turning his eyes away from the temple mound, he stared at the wood-carved bird with gilded eyes that was perched on top of the Shamon's house. It seemed to stare at him and say, "follow the trail north, you half-breed. Be gone and away from us."

The giant gumbo limbo trees surrounding the temple mound were in full bloom now. The bright green foliage stood out against the dark brown bark. Soon the pods would pop open and the bright red seeds would drop to the ground as they had done for eons of time. These giant trees were also a sacred symbol of his tribe, like the bird with gilded eyes on the Shamon's house. The trees were valuable to the tribe, yet mysterious. They provided the red seeds for decorating and trading; wood for rafts, bowls, facemasks for rituals; floats for nets; the sap and resin for treating ailments of the old people. His people loved the color red and the seeds were eagerly gathered by all members of the village. Holes were bored through them and they were strung as beads. Combined with brightly colored sea shells, they made ornaments which they placed on their arms and legs to further decorate their tattooed bodies.

BEST HUNTER IN VILLAGE

Tanpa paused and looked down at his ankles at his own ornaments made of these red seeds and remembered the Shamon had given them to him as the prize for the best



**DEATH RITES OF THE OLD
CONQUISTADOR**

hunter in the village. This was the only honor he could ever get as a half-breed.

Leaving the temple mound, he passed the large pile of wood he had gathered and stacked, soon to be used at the Ripe Green Maize ceremony when the annual new fire would be built. He would miss this part most of all, as this was the annual thanksgiving to the god his village worshipped. Near the wood pile, he bent over and picked several slivers of the aloe plant and placed them in his pouch, preparing for cuts, scratches, or burns he may get on his venture north. He had already packed smoked fish and strips of dried venison and was ready to go. The canoe, worked from a fired-out cypress log, belonged to the tribe, but as the woodman it was his to use for his work. The Shat-non demanded that firewood be in the village at all times and Tanpa had proved to be the best wood gatherer in the village.

He passed his mother's place of burial and touched again the hard surface of the amulet he wore at his neck. He thought of his

mother's lifetime of caring for him; but he could do nothing further for her.

He pushed the canoe off from the shore and paddled north from his coastal village following the shoreline of the bay. Traveling four days brought him to another village whose people were akin to his tribe at the mouth of a large river. On his journey, he had killed a large deer and upon landing, took it to the village and laid it down next to the village central fire - a tribute to peace and offering of his friendship. He knew of this village and had been near here on his wood gathering trips.

CAMPFIRE WELCOMED

Fresh venison was a welcome gift and the principal men of the village were pleased. His ankle decorations distinguished him as a great hunter as the practice of honoring their hunters with the circle of red seeds was used by this tribe also.

The Shamon of this village assigned people to clean and dress the gift, while the women of the village prepared other dishes to go with the fresh meat. It was near night fall when Tanpa arrived at the village and the campfire was a welcome sight. The Cacique and the principal men asked him many questions about people they knew and who were kin to his people, as the two villages were in the same area confederation of the Timucan clan. This village had also experienced the atrocities of the Spanish army. Their former Cacique, Hirrihiqua, had his nose cut off and his aged mother was fed to the dogs of the conquistadors.

Tending the campfire that night were three old women who constantly worked with the fire. Standing in the shadow of the outer circle of the firelight, he saw the form of a young girl. When he looked her way, he

caught a glimpse of a smile. She finally came closer carrying wood to the old women. In the light, he was immediately struck by her light skin-a half-breed like himself about his age. He inquired of the Shamon for the name of the girl as she dropped her pile of wood and retreated with the three old women.

"She is Shira (the red bird), the daughter of the wood woman," he was told. "She lives on the edge of the village by the swamp."

SHE WAS BEAUTIFUL

Tanpa was up early the following morning. The village was still asleep as he walked toward the edge of the village. He saw her near the spring. She was beautiful. Her light skin was radiant with the first rays of sun. Her eyes were bright and she stared at him with admiring approval. He was different; taller and walked with a confident stride. He was not like the young men her age in her village. He held out his hand to her and she responded. Their palms softly touched in the symbol of peace and friendliness. A strong attraction began with friendship for them both.

Tanpa fell welcome in this river village and postponed his travels north for a while. He learned from these people and shared with them the brightly colored shells he brought with him. He learned of their method of decorating their clay utensils and the use of flint. He saw much more of the hard shiny material of his amulet and had metal (which the Spanish brought) explained to him. He tried new foods. He gave the girl, Shira, aloe plant and stingray spikes to be used as needles to sew the heavy skins.

One morning, he met Shira again at the spring at the edge of the village. The crows and blackbirds who lived in the swamp near

the village became startled and flew from their perches, circling and squawking in an endless chatter. Shira spoke, "Someone is approaching the village from the north by way of the stream."

TRADING PARTY ARRIVES

"The stream begins at the water god's spring to the north about three nights travel away and empties into the swamp," she told him. "My village trades with the people from there. It must be the traders."

Inland tribes brought many items for trading including red ocher, blue dye, flint for arrows, and copper for knives and utensils to the river and coastal tribes. They traded for smoked fish and roe, pearls, alligator hides, bright sea shells, shark's teeth, sap and resin from the gumbo limbo tree for treating gout, and caged red birds and parakeets that the tribes from the north treasured.

There were both men and women in the trading party and they had come in three canoes with their wares. Tired and hungry, the Shamon bid them welcome. Oysters and clams, both raw and cooked, were offered; smoked fish and fresh venison, fresh spring water flavored with wild honey, coonie bread, nuts, berries and palm hearts (seasoned with meat of squirrel and rabbit).

Tanpa and Shira joined the village in welcoming the traders. One who was light-skinned as Tanpa spoke first. His features were as Tanpa's, with the mixed blood of the Spanish. Tanpa immediately noticed the motif of the Spider Cult on the shell amulet tied around the hatchet handle of the light-skinned trader.

COMMON SIGN LANGUAGE

Words of understanding by both tribes, together with a common sign language, was used for trading. After all exchanges were made, Tanpa approached the speaker and admired his hatchet. It was beautifully carved of flint with markings of many designs on the handle. The amulet with the Spider Cult motif hung prominently on the hilt. Tanpa knew the traders were not of the Spider Cult (the people of his birthplace), and asked the trader where he got the amulet. The trader said, "From the tall, white-haired Spaniard who lives in the village near the stone cross marker." At this point, he noticed the bright object Tanpa wore around his neck. "The stone marker looks like that," he told Tanpa.

"Is the white soldier still alive?" asked Tanpa.

"Yes," the trader told him, "but old now. His hair is white and he walks with a bad limp. He lives with my mother's sister and has been in the area for twenty new fires. He was wounded when the big battle was fought. Our Chief spared his life because he was a brave man and lay on the battlefield two days barely alive. He had crawled to a stream and lived on snails and mussels. Near death, he was found and brought to our village."

TANPA IS LEAVING

"I would like to meet him some day and learn more of my father's people," said Tanpa.

The traders never spent the night in a strange village. When trading was concluded, they would start again on their return journey

making camp along the way. The canoes were much lighter now with the heavy flint stone and copper unloaded along with the heavy leather bags of ocher. The trader like Tanpa. He was different from these village people; more like himself. He invited Tanpa to travel north in their canoes. He offered to take him to see the whitehaired man he spoke of.

Tanpa had no further need of the canoe he had brought with him and he gave it to the Shamon for the village. The Shamon was pleased. Tanpa explained to the Shamon that he was leaving and asked for Shira to be allowed to go with him as his wife. Her bondage as a wood woman would be ended if she found a man who would take her from the tribe. With approval given for Shira to leave, she packed her few personal belongings, said goodbye to her mother and the wood women, and followed Tanpa and the traders through the swamp to the river landing where the canoes were left.

THE SPANISH TRAIL

New sights, different birds, and strange trees and bushes were observed on the canoe trip north with the traders. Tanpa and Shira slept together under the deerskins she brought, making a mattress of soft pine needles gathered each night as they made a new campsite on the banks of the stream they traveled. Tanpa observed the trees with bright sun-colored fruit growing in abundance. The trees were familiar to him as the trail the Spanish army traveled was clearly marked with these trees which had grown up from the seeds the conquistadors dropped as they ate the fruit they brought from Cuba.

The traders told Tanpa that they bagged them in skin sacks and took them north of

their own village for trading to the sandhill people. The orange trees the conquistadors unknowingly planted along their trail would not grow in the cold area. The people had learned to love this new delicacy and had found many uses for the skin and the Juice of this fruit.

The traders now approached their village. The smell of the sulphur water from the spring hung heavy in the air as they neared the landing of the traders village and the stream they had traveled had broadened into a larger river, clear as glass. Three nights they had camped with three days of travel. Tanpa and Shira were tired but excited as they started a new adventure and life together.

The trader's village was much larger than Tanpa's coastal village and Shira's river village. A crowd was gathering on the landing to greet the returning traders. The children were excited about the light-skinned man and woman with them. Shira and Tanpa immediately recognized that a large number of young adults about their age had the same light skin and different features, as well as a number of younger children. Tanpa commented on this and one of the traders told him, "I was but a youngster myself, but I well remember the amorous Spanish. DeSoto's conquistadors were here about three months and both of my sisters have light-skinned children born after the Spanish marched north."

WELCOMING CROWD

The trader was also a sub-chief and immediately took Tanpa and Shira through the welcoming crowd to the main Shamon's house and explained to the Shamon that the old white-haired Spaniard living near the stone cross might be a friend of Tanpa's

father. The Shamon welcomed Tanpa and Shira to the village and they realized that here they would not be outcasts.

The Shamon talked of the crippled Spaniard, now in his declining years, who had lived a fruitful life here with the village people. He, who had come to conquer and exploit, when left to die by his countrymen, had instead, become loved and respected. A devout and religious man, he used a cross carved in flint to say his prayers every morning and evening. He had taught the village people many things, customs from his Iberian peninsular, and had learned their native language. He also taught them many Spanish words and the meaning of the cross.

He had helped his own kinsmen too. Shipwrecked Spaniards from the coast were brought here by the native people. The old man would help them to regain their health. Some stayed near the spring, but many tried to make their way towards the northwest to New Spain. But those who stayed, wounded or crippled, blended in with the native people, producing more of the new race of people, Spanish-Indians.

BIG SULPHUR SPRING

Anxious to meet the old Spaniard, Tanpa and Shira were led by their friend the trader toward the sulphur spring. The orange trees were plentiful around the big spring where the conquistadors had a base camp for many months during their march into the interior. A big coral head boulder (petrified flint) marked the big sulphur spring that flowed into the stream they had traveled.

The trader told Tanpa the story of the flint cross. Blacksmiths who came with DeSoto's army had pitched their forges near the spring and had used the cold fresh water to temper and cool the shoes of the horses and to

sharpen, mend and remake the toledo swords, pikes and lances the foot soldiers carried. Tanpa began to understand metal as the hard substance of his amulet and the relics stored in the Shamon's house in his coastal village.

It was here, he was told, the friars and priests encouraged the master blacksmiths to permit the apprentices to carve a christian cross on top of the coral flint rock. The result was a perfect cross, the lines formed of raised and carved out sections and a carved circle surrounding it.

The trader told Tanpa more stories of these Spanish invaders. Their king had told DeSoto and his conquistadors that their God would go with them and they should build this symbol of their faith along their journey. Other crosses were erected of wood. At other campsites, two trees were nailed together and left to stand, but time rotted them away. The stone carved cross on this coral flint rock would last for eternity. At last, Tanpa knew the meaning of his treasured amulet.

OLD SPANIARD DIES

The Shamon had told Tanpa that the old Spaniard had taken sick about three days ago. When they arrived at his house near the stone cross, they found his woman alone there. She told that she and other women of the village had used every know herb and tonic to cure his fever, but to no avail. Last night he died. His body was now being taken to the stone cross at the sulphur spring to prepare for burial.

Tanpa followed the procession and watched as the women removed all of his tattered clothing except for a loin cloth about his middle. The women rubbed red ocher on his body as was the custom at death. The one

rubbing his feet was his woman who had lived with him all of his lifetime in the village. Tanpa and Shira walked over to the burial ritual and in her wrinkled old hands, the woman was rubbing first red ocher on his feet and toes and then the final sacred blue. They both saw it. On both feet, the two toes next to the large one, were grown together.

The Shamon, dressed in his finest painted deerskins and feathers, led the way through the wild orange trees a short distance away to the burial place. The old Spaniard would be forever in the midst of his orange trees, near the stone carved cross and the spring of sulphur water he loved.

Their decision already made, Tanpa and Shira stayed at the village by the spring and with other half-breeds started a new race of people in the new world - half aboriginal and half Spanish - the half-breed, Spanish-Indian.



The Tampa Historical Society unveiled this plaque Nov. 11, 1981 in remembrance of Baldomero Lopez for his valor during the Korean War. Left to right are E. J Salcines, State Attorney for Hillsborough County; Ken Mulder, representing Tampa Historical Society; Lt. Col. James Bruce, representing Marines; Jose Lopez, Baldomero's brother; Tony Pizzo, representing Tampa Historical Society; and Victor Yeats, president of Tampa Federal Savings.

BALDOMERO LOPEZ

Baldomero Lopez is a name you may have never known or may have forgotten, but he was one of Tampa's finest heroes. The example he set for others should be remembered by all of us.

Baldomero Lopez was born in Tampa on August 23, 1925. He was the son of Baldomero Juan Lopez, an immigrant from Spain, and Frances Reina Lopez of Tampa. He graduated from Hillsborough High School in 1943 where he distinguished himself by receiving the American Legion Award for Scholarship and Leadership and was the commander of the R.O.T.C. unit. He

immediately joined the Navy and 11 months later was selected from the ranks to attend the U.S. Naval Academy. He graduated from the Naval Academy in 1948 in the upper third of his class and was commissioned a lieutenant in the U.S. Marine Corps.

Lt. Lopez served in China and at various stations in the U.S. When the Korean War broke out in 1950, he was a leader of a platoon of Marines. On September 15, 1950, in the evening while leading his men in the assault landing in Inchon, Korea, he gave his life.

For this he was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor. So far as is known, he is the only Tampan who ever received the Congressional Medal of Honor. His heroism in throwing himself upon a grenade about to explode in order to shield his troops from injury so that they could accomplish their assigned mission was an act of extreme courage and self-sacrifice.

On Veterans Day, November 11, 1981, the Tampa Historical Society unveiled a plaque telling the story of Baldomero Lopez. This plaque is located on the property of the Tampa Federal Savings and Loan Association on the corner of Florida and Madison. The funds for the erection of the monument were provided by the officers of Tampa Federal.

HOMESTEADING IN HILLSBOROUGH COUNTY

By MARTHA M. PARR



MARION AND ARTIE STEARNS' HOMEPLACE, 1907.
... Artie Stearns Holding Baby Thurman, son George in Wagon.

Sarah A. Stearns (1841-1910) was a young widow with three small sons, Everett W., Marion A., and Dallas J., when she sold their home in Marion County, loaded a one-horse wagon with the barest necessities, and told tier neighbors she was "pulling stakes and going to parts unknown." The year was 1878.

We can only guess as to why the little family chose the site they did. Perhaps the majestic oak trees and the large pond seemed to Sarah an ideal spot for a new beginning, or perhaps they were just tired of traveling. The land on which they camped, staying 30 days and 30 nights without leaving in order to establish homestead requirements, is known today as

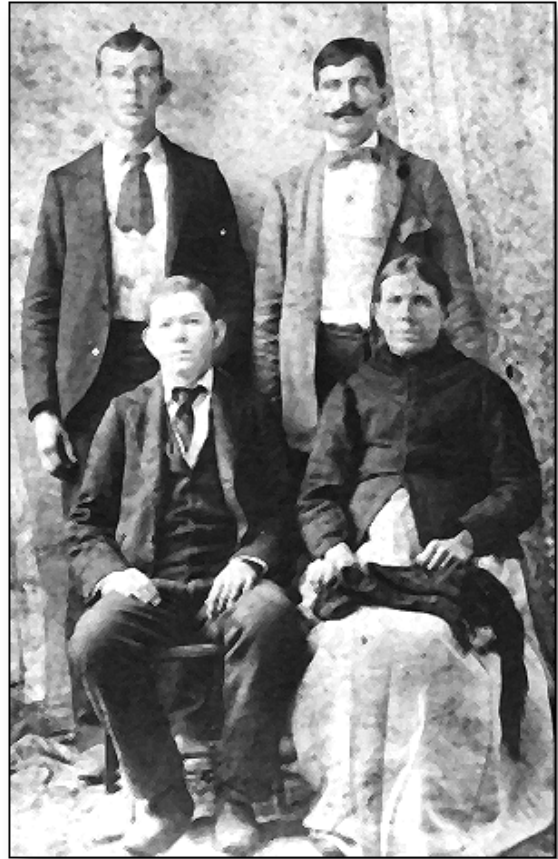
Bloomington, and is bordered by Lithia-Pinecrest Road on the east, Fulton Road on the west, and Stearns Road on the north.

Though settlers were sparse, there were grim reminders of others who had attempted to claim the land before them. Seven tombstones clustered together near the northern border of Sarah's property were all that remained of a family wiped out by Indians. The story is told that one of them was a man plowing his field when he was shot with an arrow. He ran a mile and a half, pursued all the way by his attackers, before he fell dead near what is today Little Road and Oakview. For reasons unknown, all but one of the graves were moved to another site in later years, but that one stands today, on property owned by the Pulido family. The time-ravaged tombstone reads, "Sacred to the memory of John Carney who was born August 23, 1804 and was cruelly massacred by the Indians on April 17, 1856. Here in the silent grave lies one whom no man had aught against."

ORANGE TREE A LANDMARK

With the help of two hired men, Sarah set about building a small one-story frame house and establishing a new home for her sons. She raised sweet potatoes, corn, sugarcane and peas. One of the several orange trees she planted around the house still stands as a landmark, though the house is gone and the property has long-since changed hands.

Shortly after acquiring the land, Sarah sold a parcel of it to a family named Buzby, who proceeded to build. Her middle son, Marion Alexander, four years old, was fascinated by the construction and went there everyday to "help". To keep him out of mischief, the



SARAH STEARNS WITH SONS
.. Everett, Marion and Dallas

workmen set him to the task of sorting nails into buckets. Little did anyone realize at the time that the house would become an integral part of Marion Stearns' life in years to come.

The community continued to grow as more families searched for new beginnings. In 1897 when yellow fever threatened those living in heavier populated areas closer to Tampa, Preston and Eliza Bailey Randall moved their family to nearby Lithia.

'AUNTIE ROSE' SUMMONED

Though they escaped the yellow fever, it was only a few years later, in 1901, that



RETURNING FROM A HUNT, 1920.
 ... Marion Stearns, son George and others.

young Ariminthia (Artie) was awakened by her father in the middle of the night. Her mother had been taken seriously ill and Artie was sent to summons "Auntie Rose", a Negro lady who was their nearest neighbor. The child made a terrifying run three miles through dark woods populated by panthers, bears and snakes. She brought Auntie Rose to tend to her mother, but Eliza succumbed to the unknown illness before morning.

As homes and farms were established, community needs were felt and fulfilled. A Mr. Norton donated land for use as a cemetery; a two-room schoolhouse was built; churches flourished.

School teachers were recruited from Tampa, usually young ladies who were brought by their fathers to the country to board with the

Parrish family during the week while they taught school, then were picked up again on Friday evening to return to town for the weekend.

In addition to the Methodist, Baptist and Presbyterian churches, the Methodists were given land where they built a two-story tabernacle to be used for camp meetings. The upper story was rooms where the visiting preachers slept, and there were cottages and dormitories to house the families attending the meetings. The Methodist church was sold in later years and moved to Brandon where it is still in use. The Methodist parsonage was also sold and loaded onto pine saplings and pulled by mules to its present site on Stearns Road.



ETHEL RANDALL STANFORD
...and her husband John.

-Photo by Burgert & Son, 1310 ½ 7th Ave.



ARTIE RANDALL AT AGE 6
...with Brother Augustus, Sister Abbygail.



WALTER STANFORD
...wearing polka dot dress.

-Photo by Burgert & Son,
1310 ½ 7th Ave.



DAVID STANFORD.

-Photo by Burgert & Son,
1310 ½ 7th Ave



ETHEL RANDALL STANFORD.

-Photo by Burgert, Ybor City



NELLIE RANDALL QUICK.
... and husband Ed.



MILDRED STEARNS.
...Dallas' Daughter.
-Photo by C.A. Corwin, Tampa

CHILD SORTS NAILS

The years passed and the children grew up. In 1902 young Artie Randall and Marion Stearns were married. They lived with his mother, Sarah, until after the birth of their first child, George, in 1904. A short time later, Marion purchased the house where he had sorted nails as a child, returning the land to his mother's family.

The two-story frame house with the porch across the front was an imposing structure for its day. A gutter directed rainwater into a large tank at the corner of the house, which was their source of water. The house was heated by a large potbellied stove and by the wood stove in the kitchen. In winter, each child would place a brick on the coals in the wood stove to heat during the day, then at bedtime the brick would be wrapped in cloth and placed at the foot of each bed for

warmth. Perishables were stored in the "dairy", which was a small structure near the kitchen door. The smokehouse was used for the preparation and storage of meats.

A turpentine still located between the Stearns home and Lithia provided work for Marion as his family grew. The turpentine was hauled in barrels on a mule-driven cart to the distillery in Lithia, then shipped out by railroad flat cars.

INITIALS ON CROSSTIES

Another means of income was cutting logs for crossties and rafting them downriver to Tampa. It was the custom for each man to cut his initials into each of his logs for identification. Years later, several of Marion's sons dragged the river and located three of the logs bearing his still-legible initials.

Those logs were milled and used in the construction of their present homes.

Oxen teams were highly prized and much wagering was done to determine who had the strongest team. Fighting roosters were also a popular sport, with matches held in the "low woods" and tournaments in Orlando. It was a highly prosperous sport, though illegal, and Artie heartily disapproved of Marion's participation.

There was much visiting among friends and neighbors from Brandon, Seffner and Riverview. Baseball, croquet and horseshoes were favorite games, and frequently the horseshoe tournaments would last all night, by the light of a big bonfire.

Marion and Artie Stearns' family continued to grow as Thurman was born in 1907, Clarabel in 1908, then Frank, Austin, Doyle, Carl and Alice. In September 1910, Grandmother Sarah Stearns died in her little house she had built so many years before.

THE SAGA OF THE BELL

About 1923, a family named Wynn bought a parcel of land near the Stearns home. By the gate, they had discarded a large old dinner bell. Little Austin slipped away one day and asked Mr. Wynn if he would sell the bell to him. Mr. Wynn set the price - one day's labor hoeing corn. Austin got a whipping for slipping off from home, but his mother let him do the work he had contracted to do, and Mr. Wynn delivered the bell to him. The bell was mounted on crossties located close to the kitchen door, where it was to become an important part of the lives of many people for years to come.

Not only was the bell used to relay messages to family members, but during World War 11, it played an important role in the

community as well. Many people from Bloomingdale and surrounding areas worked in Tampa at the shipyards, and due to shortages of tires, gasoline, etc., carpooling was a necessity. Clocks were also in short supply, but Artie's mantel clock enabled her to act as the "alarm 11 for her neighbors. She would get up at the required time and ring the bell, which could be heard for more than three miles away, to wake the workers.

As the years passed and the children left home, the bell was neglected and forgotten. In 1934 Marion passed away and Artie was left alone. As she had no phone, Austin once again thought of his bell and mounted it to the side of the house with a pull-rope through the window, so that his mother could summon a neighbor in an emergency.

OLD HOUSE SOLD

The demands of the big old house became too great for Artie as she grew older and in 1957 she sold it. She and her daughter, Clarabel Stearns Summerall, moved into Brandon. The bell was moved once again by Austin, to his home on Wheeler Road near Seffner, where it stands today, a silent reminder of the past. His sister, Clarabel, wrote the following poem for him, which poignantly expresses the emotions evoked in all of us as we attempt to understand and appreciate a way of life gone by.

"The old bell stood by the paling fence,
Its piers had rotted away.
Like the old gray mule and the one-horse
plow,
It belonged to yesterday.

Never again will children know
The joy that it could bring,
With its welcome chime of 'dinner time

To those who heard it ring.

At the break of dawn on a summer morn,
Its message was 'Arise,
Hurry, get some plowing done,
'fore Sol heats up the skies.'

The old bell told of many things
To those who knew its code.
Five taps meant 'Company's coming, Pa,
A whole dern wagon load.'

Two taps meant, 'The cow is out,
Perhaps the old sow, too.'
Three taps meant, 'The preacher's here,
So mind now what you do.'

One tap just meant, 'You're wanted, Pa,
But do not fret or worry.
Just come on home when you get time;
There is no need to hurry.'

Mom had a different touch, it seemed
For every message sent,
And Dad could recognize them all
And knew just what she meant.

Sometimes, in case of fire or death,
The bell would sound at night
And neighbors would come from far and
near
To help Dad in his plight.

The old bell was not retired
When Mom was left alone.
It was erected on her house,
As Mom did not have a phone.

Yes, the old bell told a story
To every listening ear.
Sometimes I stand and view it now
And brush away a tear.

For the old bell will not ring again
To greet the waking morn.

It stands aloft on another pier,
At Austin's, majestic but forlorn.

(Author's note: This is the second installment of a series on "Homesteading in Hillsborough County". These articles are based on oral interviews of the families involved and tell the stories of the "country" people, the farmers and laborers who are just as much a part of our heritage as the more well-known names in the history books.

The Stearns family is another fine example of the sturdy people who contributed so much to the early growth of Hillsborough County and, subsequently, Tampa. They are a tribute to a time past when one's community was an "extended family" and everyone "got involved".

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Brandon, Fl, 1982.



THE CHILDREN'S HOME, INC., AT TURN OF CENTURY
... Facility was on Florida Avenue near Fortune Street.

-Photo from HAMPTON DUNN Collection

TAMPA'S OLDEST CHARITY CELEBRATES 90TH ANNIVERSARY

Ninety years: It means more than just another anniversary for The Children's Home, Inc.

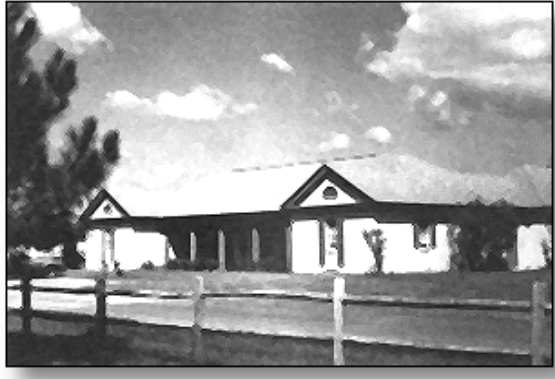
It means 90 years of providing loving care for more than 12,000 troubled boys and girls. Ninety years of finding adoptive families for 5,000 homeless infants and youngsters.

No Tampa Bay area charity has been on the job longer. Since 1892, The Home, a

private, non-profit agency, has done some of the most important work of the community by giving homeless, neglected and abused boys and girls a decent start in life.

THE CRY OF A BABY

Along with many Tampa "families," The Children's Home has struggled, changed and grown during the past 90 years. One of its earliest recorded child care cases can be



THE CURRENT CAMPUS
10909 Memorial Highway
Lykes Cottage

found in an 1896 issue of the Tampa Weekly Tribune:

"At four o'clock in the morning the crying of a baby startled (a Tampa) household. It was wrapped in a brown bed quilt, and was dressed in a long white slip ... a girl baby, apparently about three weeks old. The little foundling was christened and placed in the orphan's home for future care."

Today, The Children's Home provides residential care, counseling, education, job



For 45 Years Children's Home Located at 3302 Florida Ave.

training and supervised recreational activities for 70 children. These youngsters

have emotional problems due to disruptive pasts and families that have broken down.

Keeping the doors open always has been a challenge. In the early 1900s, fire twice forced the relocation of the Home. Always, hard-working volunteers toiled to feed, clothe and care for the children.

TAMPA'S FIRST FAMILIES

Among their ranks were many of Tampa's most distinguished families: The names Bentley, Booker, Brorein, Conn, Davis, Dekle, Diaz, Giddens, Henderson, Humphreys, Lesley, Lopez, Lowry, Lykes, Maas, Macfarlane, Parkhill, Vega, Wall, Wolfe and many others figure prominently in the Home's history of service.

Writes D. B. McKay, a long-time supporter and advocate of the Home:

"I give credit for the conception of The Children's Home to Miss Carrie Hammerly, one of the Lord's anointed."

She and other members of the Ladies Missionary Society of the First Methodist Church in Tampa founded the Home in the E. A. Clark residence (in what is now known as downtown Tampa). Mrs. A. C. Moore served as first president of the Home's Board of Lady Managers, predecessor to the Board of Directors.

DISASTER STRIKES AGAIN

After a blaze ruined the Clark house, the Home relocated in another private residence on Florida Avenue, near Fortune Street. Then, in 1920, disaster struck again.

"A terrible fire has destroyed our cherished Home," said Mrs. Abe Maas, president of the Board of Lady Managers for 25 years. The Home temporarily was moved to a

building donated by Robert Mugge as its supporters faced the task of rebuilding.

The redoubtable Mrs. Maas was angered further when she found that tattered, useless bits of clothing were all some people saw fit to donate. "Our tots are not ragamuffins, even if they are homeless," she declared.

A NEW BUILDING

But it wasn't long before the Home was back in business. Col. Hugh C. Macfarlane and Dr. E. S. Crill donated two acres, at 3302 N. Florida Ave., and an intensive building drive to erect a fireproof structure was headed by D. B. McKay. The Tampa Lodge of the B.P.O.E., the YMCA and many others worked hard to find \$112,000 in funds, and in 1922 the Home moved to its new quarters - its fourth location in three decades.

Many Tampa Bay area residents still recall the Florida Avenue facility, which housed the agency for 45 years.

During that span, thousands of homeless children received loving care and many were placed with adoptive families.

PLACE OF LOVE, HOPE

As the Suncoast's population boomed, more and more children were taken in by the agency. By the mid-Sixties, the crowded Home needed a more spacious facility and yard. Sam Davis headed the drive to raise \$394,000 for a new administration building and six cottages. The City of Tampa donated a large tract in northwest Tampa at the end of Memorial Highway, and in 1967 the oldest charitable institution on the west coast moved to its present campus.

Through the decades the goal of the Home has broadened. It's grown from a 19th Century "orphan's home" to a residential center that provides care and counseling for 70 children with emotional problems and special needs.

And as always, The Children's Home seeks to achieve its ideal - "What the wisest and best parent wants for his own child, that must the community want for all its children."

The Children's Home: A place of love and hope since 1892.

HIDDEN TREASURES OF TAMPA HISTORY IN TOBACCO JOURNALS AND CIGAR LABEL ART

By DR. L. GLENN WESTFALL



-From Photographic Collection of Dr. L. Glenn Westfall

Tampa's modern day glass and steel skyline has replaced an historical horizon once silhouetted with imposing brick clock towers and multi-story edifices, homes of the once famous clear Havana cigar industry.¹ When the Perfecto Garcia factory closed its doors June 11, 1982, the cigar industry had already become only a reflection of its former grandeur, almost forgotten by the general public. Fortunately, it has been revitalized and sustained by the scholarly

study of historians researching Tampa's past from local, state, national and international perspectives.

Few persons are cognizant of the fact that Tampa's incredible surge of prosperity was the consequence of enterprising Cuban and Spanish born entrepreneurs. By 1886, they transformed the sleepy coastal community into a major 1900 industrial center. Consumers avidly purchased clear Havana



-From Photographic Collection of
Dr. L. Glenn Westfall

cigars, convinced through eye appealing advertisements that they were superior to cigars made of domestic tobacco. The intricately detailed advertisement art, perfected by German lithographers, was as important to cigar sales as was the quality of tobacco.

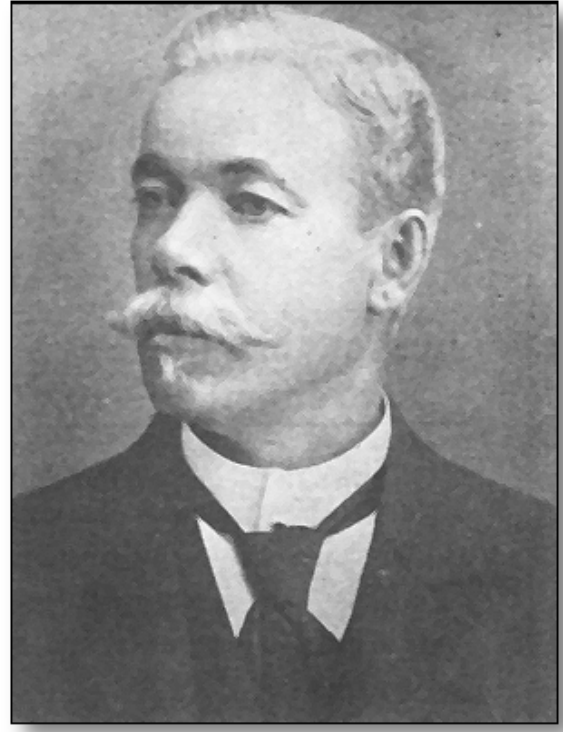
During Otto Von Bismark's unification of Germany in 1870's, numerous skilled lithographers immigrated to the United States pursuing a more stable economic and political climate. They soon stimulated the lithographic industry with their talented skills, directed into advertisement art in

which the cigar industry was a major customer. In a veritable renaissance of pre-Wall Street advertisement sales promotion, printers created cigar posters and labels in fantastic quality and detail which lured customers into buying a particular brand.² By the late 1870's, brilliant multi-colored chromolithographic prints were extremely popular as an advertisement art form.³ Chromolithography came into prominence as an advertisement medium approximately the same time Cubans immigrated to the United States, producing and popularizing domestic clear Havana's to the delight of American cigar smokers.

The George Schlegel Lithographic Company, a leading firm since 1841, was particularly popular in Tampa manufacturing circles because it specialized in clear Havana advertisements.⁴ The company printed some of the nation's most popular labels, hiring the best available lithographers to compete with print competitors.

Cuban cigars had already attained an international reputation for their quality before they were produced in the United States. Prior to 1868, they were prohibitively expensive because of a high import tax placed on them, for the benefit of American manufacturers. This situation drastically changed when the Cuban Ten Years War (1868-1879) forced Cubans to emigrate by the thousands to the United States.⁵ Key West, only ninety miles from Cuba, was transformed from a tiny village into a cigar manufacturing center where refugees were employed as cigar makers. Since there was no tax on Cuban tobacco leaf, it was imported in large quantities, and domestic clear Havanas became the most highly sought after cigar in America. Northern firms producing cigars from domestic tobacco

responded quickly to this sales threat by opening branch factories in Key West, joining in the clear Havana bonanza. Key West was suddenly a boom town. By 1885, it was classified as the thirteenth largest port in the United States.⁶ The prosperity and sudden growth did not come without some serious consequences, however. By far, the most serious problem were disruptions in production created by labor agitators who were among the thousands of new arriving workers. From the evolution of the Key West industry to its growth in the 1870s and 1880s, agitators caused more numerous hostile shutdowns, strikes and boycotts, culminating in a catastrophic 1885 six month strike. Its consequence was so serious that a leading manufacturer, Vicente Martinez Ybor, decided to leave the island. His departure was followed by an even more disastrous fire in 1886 forcing other firms to rebuild or leave the island city.

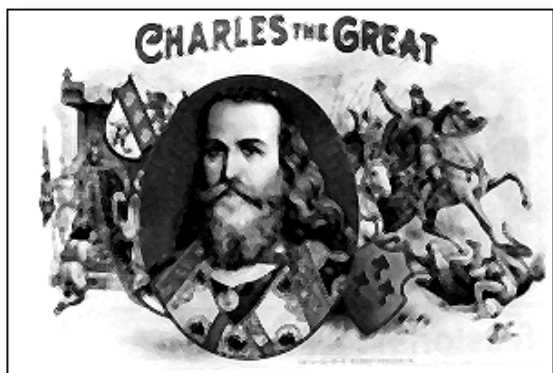


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Dr. L. Glenn Westfall

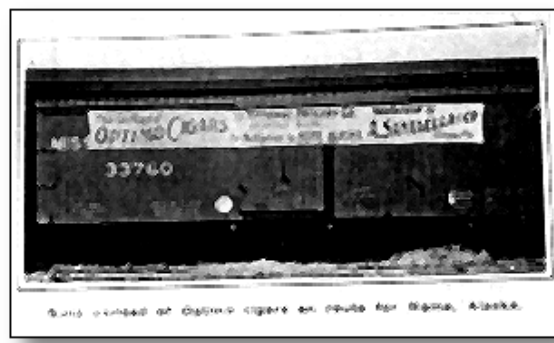
A native Spaniard, born in 1818, Ybor emigrated to Cuba in his youth, becoming one of the early founders of the clear Havana industry. In 1869, Spanish agents were informed of his assistance to Cuban revolutionaries, and they threatened his life with a planned assassination. Upon hearing of their plan, Ybor fled immediately to Key West, in 1869, opened new production facilities, and prospered until the 1885 strike convinced him to move elsewhere.⁷ His frustration with labor agitation was shared by a friend and fellow manufacturer from New York, Ignacio Haya. Together, they searched for a new location, eventually choosing land two miles northeast of Tampa. Their new industrial community, called Ybor City, was founded in 1885. It was an immediate success with other manufacturers because of two district advantages. Ybor and Haya offered enticing free ten-year leases on buildings to

manufacturers. In addition, the Tampa Board of Trade agreed to expel any labor agitators immediately. The response was tremendous. Ybor City growth was so rapid it was incorporated by Tampa in 1887 for obvious tax advantages. Its unprecedented success convinced a local Tampan, Hugh Macfarlane, to establish Tampa's second industrial community, West Tampa in 1894, on the west side of the Hillsborough River.⁸ Both commercial centers maintained the Key West tradition of producing domestic clear Havanas. Northern manufacturers who were not impressed with Key West now realized the potential Tampa had to offer, and the rush was on.

Regardless of the quality of a cigar, it could not be widely sold unless there was excellent promotion. When the clear Havana trade entered competition with the American



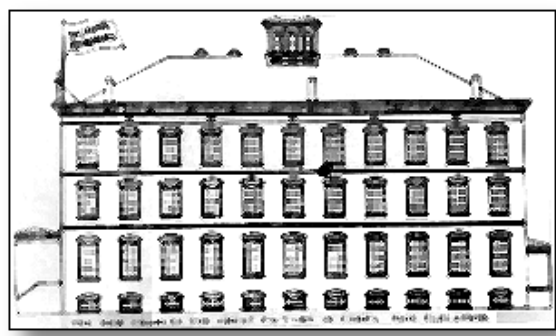
-From Photographic Collection of Dr. L. Glenn Westfall



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-From Photographic Collection of Dr. L. Glenn Westfall



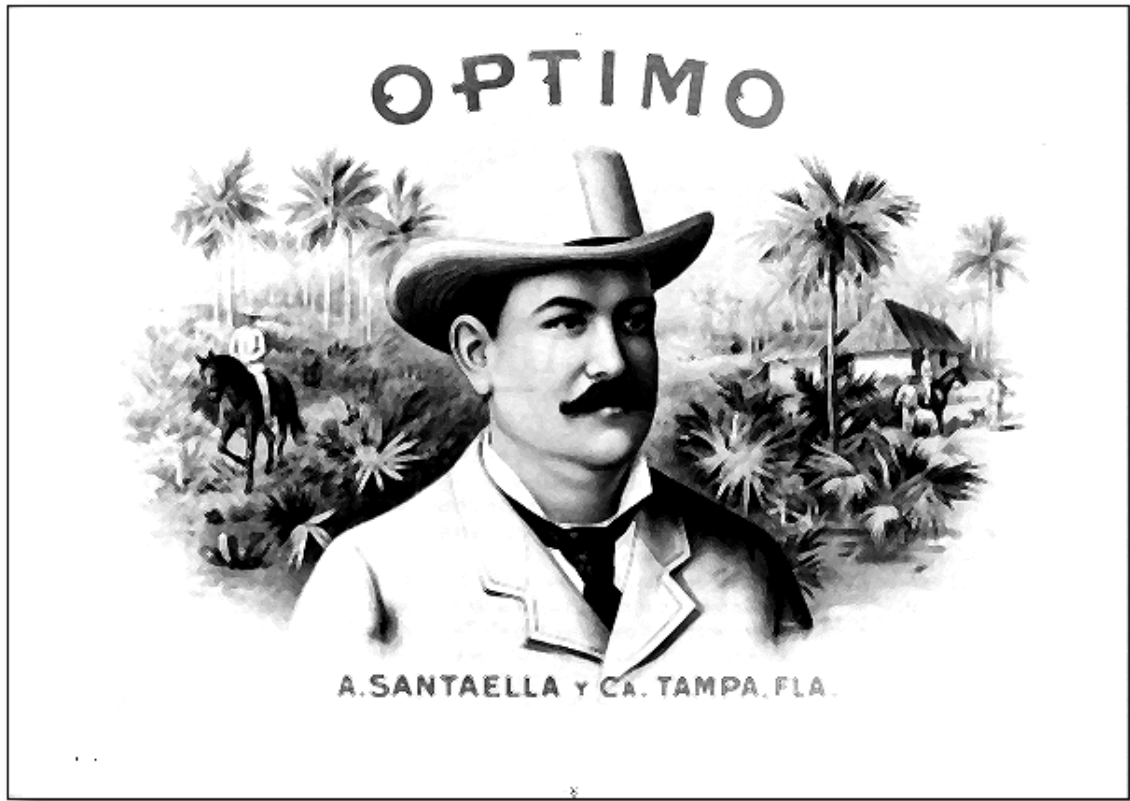
-From Photographic Collection of Dr. L. Glenn Westfall

domestic cigar market, the buying public had to be convinced of clear Havana qualities over domestic cigars. Advertisement art served this purpose. The advertisement art printed on posters and labels for Tampa firms was the most

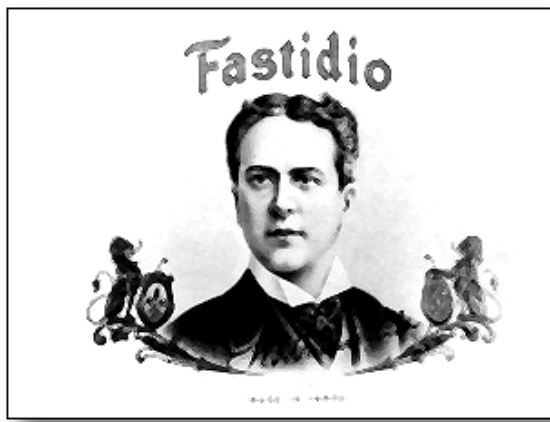
successful method of reaching customers. Havanas dominated cigar sales from the early 1880's until the mid 1930's. Smokers associated any brand with a Spanish-sounding name as synonymous to a quality cigar. This association was used by several unscrupulous manufacturers who placed Spanish titles to cigars made from domestic tobacco leaf. Buyer appeal was also enhanced by relating brands to labels which portrayed famous personages or landmarks.

A pandora's box of data on manufacturers, new labels and factories was promulgated in numerous tobacco publications, the three most respected being Tobacco, The Tobacco Leaf, and The United States Tobacco Journal. They contained invaluable biographical sketches, social columns as well as detailed information on new factory construction. These publications were encyclopedic source of information on the early development of the Tampa I s clear Havana industry and its leading entrepreneurs.

One such famous man of commerce, Salvador Rodriguez, was born in Asturias, Spain, in 1846. He moved to Cuba when he was fifteen, where he entered the Cigar industry. The Cuban Ten Years War forced him to emigrate once more, this time to New York in 1871. There he slowly accumulated



-From Photographic Collection of Dr. L. Glenn Westfall



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Dr. L. Glenn Westfall



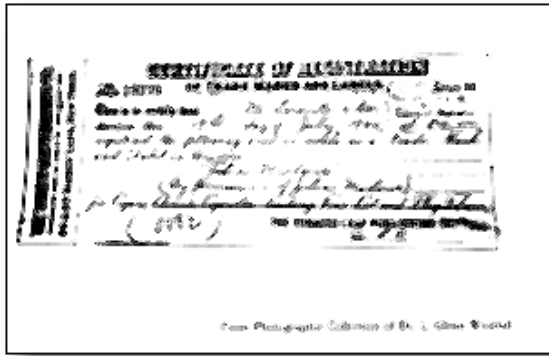
-From Photographic Collection of Dr. L. Glenn Westfall

capital to form his own factory.⁹ In 1891, he contracted the printing of a label, "Charles the Great," the only leading clear Havana cigar without a Spanish name. It portrayed the Emperor Charlemagne, "Flanked on one side with the Pope crowning him at Rome in the Christmas of 800 A.D.... and on the other side a battle scene."¹⁰

Sr. Rodriguez joined the exodus to Tampa in the late 1890's, opening a wooden factory on Livingston Avenue in East Tampa. The 50' by 101' structure "stood on a corner, and the new well-kept fences and newly built sidewalks together with the large outside electric lights which illuminate the corner at night present an attractive appearance even to the casual passerby."¹¹ The attractively situated building soon outgrew production needs, in part, because of the conscientious

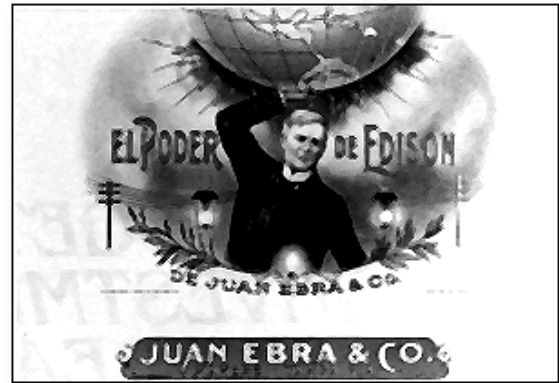
efforts and enviable reputation of its founder. "Of all the cigar manufacturers who occupy prominent positions in the trade circles of this country, here is no more conspicuous and picturesque a figure than Salvador Rodriguez . . . he stands in point of experience almost equal without peer."¹²

A new factory, completed in 1903, reflected the excellent reputation of its owner. It was "centrally located between Ybor City and Palmetto Beach, Tampa, Florida, upon the highest point of the Clarkson subdivision . . . a departure from the stereotyped style of factory in the manner in which the tobacco will be handled. An underground vault or humidor has been constructed entirely separate from the factory, entry to which is made by means of a short vestibule from the basement . . . built entirely of steel and

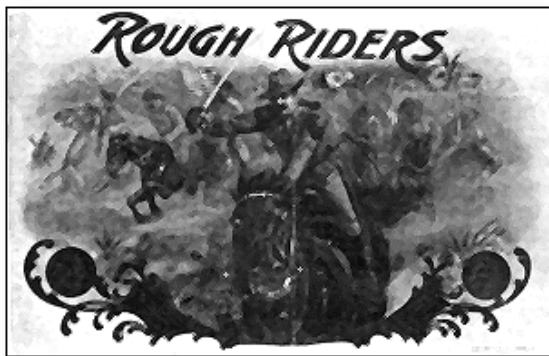


From Photographic Collection of Dr. L. Glenn Westfall

-From Photographic Collection of Dr. L. Glenn Westfall



-From Photographic Collection of Dr. L. Glenn Westfall



-From Photographic Collection of Dr. L. Glenn Westfall



-From Photographic Collection of Dr. L. Glenn Westfall

concrete . . . and entirely fireproof."¹³ The vault allowed immediate access to tobacco leaf, an advantage over other factories which had to rely on transporting leaf from distribution warehouses nearby. In addition to the unique humidor the structure contained "a cupola, where a birdseye view can be obtained of Tampa, Ybor City and the surrounding sheets of water. This view cannot be surpassed in the city and is well worth a visit to the factory."¹⁴

Another New York firm transplanted to Tampa was that of Spanish-born Antonio Santaella. He opened a New York factory in 1889, a Key West factory a few years later and in 1905 constructed a tremendous three

story structure in West Tampa, surrounded by a white picket fence on the southernmost side of the building. His firm had a wide distribution for their cigars in Chicago, the Mississippi Valley, the West, and made a great fanfare in advertising a carload of their cigars which were shipped to Nome, Alaska. The firm's leading label was "Optimo" meaning, the very best. It was the topic of discussion in a Tobacco Leaf article which said, "In the great struggle for supremacy which has characterized the manufacture of

domestic clear Havana cigars within the past few years, it must have been noted by even the most superficial observer that while the battle of quality and publicity was in progress, the matter of fitting titles has received but scant consideration. It seems to us, however, that the house of A. Santaella & Co. of Tampa, have struck the keynote of the situation in their Optimo brand."¹⁵ The label portrayed Sr. A. Santaella, and remained their most popular selling brand for decades.

Notable personages were another favorite subject for cigar label advertisements. The Tampa-Cuba Cigar Company received permission to portray a famous actress, June Mathis, on one of their labels. The Company, organized in 1912, was owned and operated by the Wholesale Druggists Association of the United States.¹⁶ The non-Spanish owners used their vast chain of stores across the country to distribute their own generic cigar brands.

The Fernandez Y Hermanos Y Ca. was another company receiving permission to use a famous portrait, that of a Vanderbilt. The Fastidio label, a portrait of a handsome young millionaire, had obvious sales appeal to smokers who undoubtedly felt that a cigar good enough for a Vanderbilt was certainly good enough for them.

The Corral Wodiska Company purchased the "Julia Marlowe" label, named after the famous Shakespearian actress. Edward Wodiska, colorful entrepreneur of the firm was reputedly friends with Miss Marlowe. The label was copyrighted by the Tobacco Leaf Publishing Company in 1900 to the original owners, the M. Lorente Company. On the back of the certification were a list of other firms controlling the label before it became the property of Corral Wodiska.¹⁷ Label resales were quite common. When a brand was no longer popular, it was usually discarded, but sometimes was transformed

into the symbol for other-than-cigar items. "Sun Maid" of raisin fame, "Camel" cigars and "Dutch Maid" were all originally cigar labels.

The Alvarez Valdex Company associated a Spanish title to a famous inventor in their 1903 "El Poder de Edison" label. The company at first questioned the association of Edison to a cigar, but "second thoughts are always best, and a little subsequent reflection convinced one the great name Edison denoted something which combines strength and magnetism—two mighty useful qualities in a cigar label."¹⁸

Other Florida firms capitalized on Tampa's name, relating their cigars to the city's famous cigar reputation. The Tarpon Springs Edwards Cigar Company printed a label with spongers and stated in bold letters that they were only 26 miles from Tampa, Florida.

The St. Augustine C. Meitin Company appealed to Tampa's fame by naming their brand of cigars, "El Mascotte de Tampa."

Other appealing label subjects were buildings or personages of historical significance, especially if they could be related in any way to the Tampa Bay area. The V. Martinez Ybor & Sons Co., had their name emblazoned in lightning over a stormy Tampa Bay, with the sumptuous Tampa Bay Hotel to the right side. The label illustrated was from a proof-set, and the ten colors used for its printing were listed below the pictorial scene.

During the Spanish American War, Theodore Roosevelt and his Rough Riders came to Tampa on the way to Cuba, and left an indelible impression on the city ever since. What better topic could be chosen for

a cigar label than the Rough Riders and Teddy?

These fascinating views of Tampa's past in tobacco journals and label art are but a sample of the materials awaiting research and publication on Tampa's clear Havana past. It is through these sources we can begin to appreciate the tremendous role in which the clear Havana industry had in making Tampa the great city it is today.

NOTES

¹ The term "clear Havana" refers to cigars made from Cuban tobacco. The region of Vuelta Abajo was especially noted for its fine quality tobacco, and this name was often placed on the cigar advertisement to assure smokers of an exceptional cigar. Clear Havanas produced in Cuba soon lost out to domestic clear Havanas produced in the United States. Only the location of their production differed; the quality remained the same.

² Collectors of cigar labels have classified labels into two approximate size classifications. The 6" x 9" 's refer to labels placed inside the cigar box lids. 5" x 5" 's refer to a square label usually used to seal the box, containing a miniature of the topic or the 6 x 9 label.

³ David Richard Quinter, Nico, .A Selection of Original Painted Designs for Cigar Box Labels (1895-1920) From the Collection of the Art Gallery of Windsor, Ontario, Canada, 1982. This informative publication not only discusses the private collection of the Gallery but also gives an excellent overview of the printing process of chromolithography.

⁴ The photographs of cigar labels used in this article are a part of the private collection of Mr. Thomas Vance, great grandson of the famous Ignacio Haya, who owned the first factory to produce cigars in Tampa, known as Factory Number 1. The generous use of his labels for this article is greatly appreciated.

⁵ Jacksonville, Florida Union, September 16, 1869

⁶ New York, Tobacco Leaf, January 17, 1885

⁷ For a more detailed account of the formative years of the Key West tobacco industry, see L. Glenn

Westfall, Don Vicente Martinez Ybor, the Man and his Empire; Development of the Clear Havana Industry in Cuba and Florida in the Nineteenth Century, Doctoral Dissertation for the University of Florida, 1977, Chapter 2.

⁸ A background of the format on of West Tampa may be found in L. Glenn Westfall's article, "Hugh Macfarlane: West Tampa Pioneer", The Sunland Tribune, Vol. V, No.1, November, 1979.

⁹ New York, Tobacco Leaf, July 18, 1900, also, December 7, 1902

¹⁰ New York, Tobacco, August 7, 1901

¹¹ New York, Tobacco Leaf, February 17, 1899.

¹² New York, Tobacco Leaf, December 7, 1902.

¹³ New York, Tobacco Leaf August 25, 1903.

¹⁴ Ibid.

¹⁵ New York, Tobacco Leaf, January 16, 1901.

¹⁶ New York, The United States Tobacco Journal, January 20, 1912

¹⁷ Certification of Registration, Corral Wodiska Factory Fides, Tampa, Florida.

¹⁸ New York, Tobacco Leaf April 8, 1903

Note: Mr. Thomas Vance, whose photographs of labels appear in this article, respectfully requests that his written permission be requested before any of these photo, of, label, are duplicated.

COL. GEORGE MERCER BROOKE

HE BUILT A FORT IN THE WILDERNESS

By JUNE HURLEY YOUNG

Col. George Mercer Brooke was a professional soldier who saw a lot of action in the War of 1812 against the British, but this new kind of duty in peacetime pioneer America did not match his expectations.

The army of 6,000 men was assigned to guarding the frontiers, that "cutting edge" where white settlers met the Indians. Except for preserving the peace, the soldiers' job was boring and uneventful. There was little prestige connected with the Regular Army. They laid out roads, cleared land, built temporary forts, cut wood and planted vegetable gardens.

In the 1820s, there was political pressure to move the Indians southward and westward. Many of the Seminoles harbored runaway slaves, and the Southern planters were frustrated that some of their "property" had strayed over the Florida line into Spanish-held territory and out of their jurisdiction. It was a relief when Florida became part of the United States in 1819 and Andrew Jackson became the dynamic force moving for Indian Removal.

Far south in the Tampa Bay peninsula, some Cuban fishermen and a few pioneer families were concerned about the bad feelings brewing between Seminoles and settlers. Isolated from the rest of the nation, they watched warily for signs of uprisings in the nearby Seminole camps. News from North Florida of uprisings and massacres spurred them to petition the United States government for protection.

In answer to their plea, Col. George Mercer Brooke was dispatched from Pensacola to establish a garrison for them near Tampa Bay. It took many months to secure the needed building supplies, equipment and provisions, and the colonel was in no hurry to face the challenge of the mosquito-ridden wilderness, but he landed with his men at Tampa Bay Jan. 22, 1824.

"We found a jungle-like land with giant live oaks spreading enormous limbs as big as tree trunks, hung with pendants of Spanish moss and yellow jessamine," he wrote in his journal.

The best site for the encampment turned out to be a piece that was previously claimed and cleared by Robert Hackley, an Englishman who had purchased it from Spain but lost his rights to it when the United States acquired Florida in 1819.

Col. Brooke spent the first month landing supplies, clearing the "worst undergrowth he had ever seen," and planting gardens. He wrote that the Indians appeared "to be more and more displeased with the limited land of their reservation in the center of the state."

In spite of the lack of trees for lumber and clay for making bricks, Fort Brooke, named for its commander, was finished by September 1824 and stood where Florida and Eunice streets intersect in today's downtown Tampa. A marker near the Platt Street Bridge marks the company's landing.

The settlers had close ties with the garrison, providing the soldiers with fresh vegetables and fruit until their gardens produced, and Cuban fishermen such as Maximo Hernandez provided fish and succulent turtle steaks.

Col. Brooke had many personal tragedies during the six years at the fort. His wife Lucy was too frail for the steaming jungle climate and the ordeals of frontier life. Their fourth child, John Mercer Brooke, the first resident to be born in Tampa, was delivered Dec. 18, 1826, but by the next year Lucy had to return to Pensacola for her health and Col. Brooke went on furlough to be with her. Lucy lost two of her children to fever and another son was stillborn. The tragedies overcame her and she died in 1839, only 35 years old.

Much of their life together had been spent at Fort Brooke. Though there were Indian troubles, there was no war. In early 1829, he became a brigadier general and was transferred North, leaving this key outpost that was destined to play a major role in the Seminole Wars - the fort that would be the embryo that would blossom into the thriving port that is today's Tampa.

It's a treasure trove of memorabilia

Hampton Dunn gift brings Florida's history to life

By RICH BERUBE

(Reprinted from University of South Florida Magazine, USF, March, 1982)



USF HONORS AUTHOR, HISTORIAN

Hampton Dunn makes a few remarks during a reception honoring him for his gift to the University of South Florida. Behind him is a selection of his own works; on the left is Katie Brown, wife of USF President John Lott Brown. More than 400 persons attended.

-USF Photo by Don Pilai

A hand-colored French map of Florida dating from 1848. More than 3,000 photographs of Florida taken between 1880

and 1940. Three Florida court dockets dating from the 1840s-when the area was still a territory. Twenty-seven reel-to-reel

and cassette tapes with interviews that focus on the history of WDAE, Florida's first radio station. A large bronze sign bearing the name, THE TAMPA DAILY TIMES, which was mounted for more than half a century at the entrance to Tampa's oldest brick building.

They're just a tiny part of a veritable treasure trove of Florida historical materials that now belong to USF, thanks to journalist and historian Hampton Dunn, who in January, 1982, presented the first installment of his vast collection to the University.

"We've got a great story to tell, and until now, it's been a well-kept secret," said Dunn in making the presentation. "We must go into our attics and bring it to a safe place." For his collection, that safe place is now the University Library's special collections department, where future historians will be invited to discover, in Dunn's words, "Florida's rich and colorful history."

COLLECTION IS 'ENORMOUS'

While that rich and colorful history may have been until now a well-kept secret, the size of Dunn's collection has been no mystery. It's enormous.

The foundation of the collection is its reference library-more than 1,100 volumes relating to the state's history. Added to that are more than 3,500 photographs (a group believed by one St. Petersburg appraiser to be the largest collection of Florida photographs in private hands), 5,000 postcards, tens of thousands of newspaper clippings, and assorted prints, paintings, maps, documents, tapes, reports and various other pieces of memorabilia.

One of the books has a special meaning for Dunn. It's a copy of the controversial Cross Creek autographed by the author, Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings. Miss Rawlings was being sued by a character in the book for invasion of privacy, and as reporter for the Tampa Daily Times, Dunn was covering her trial. He won the Associated Press Award for the Best News Story of 1946 in Florida for his coverage of the trial.

PRIMARY SOURCE MATERIAL

The gift, says Jay Dobkin, director of special collections, will vastly increase the library's primary source material for early Florida-particularly photos.

The bulk of the collection, says Dunn, was put together during the past 25 or 30 years-primarily through a process of "haunting antique shops, flea markets and second-hand stores." Many items were also given to him by friends. His son's roommate found the three aging court dockets, which Dunn considers to be one of his prizes, while he was renovating a dilapidated old house in Gainesville.

The Citrus County native, who is considered by many to be himself a walking history book of the area, says he assembled the materials to use as reference sources for his own writing. "I've been recording history day by day for many years now, and so I just got into writing history." He's written more than a dozen books, including Yesterday's Tampa and the recently published Wish You Were Here-A Grand Tour of Early Florida via Antique Post Cards.

WORLD WAR II VET

Dunn's writing career began in 1932, when he published his first article as a Boy Scout correspondent for the Citrus County Chronicle. "I always wanted to be a reporter, although to this day I don't know why," he says with a chuckle.

During World War II he served as both a public information officer and war correspondent, and later spent a brief period providing news commentary for WCKT-TV in Miami. Prior to joining the Peninsula Motor Club of the American Automobile Association as editor of its monthly magazine, Florida Explorer, he spent 22 years on the staff of the Tampa Daily Times, as both a reporter and managing editor.

The energetic 65-year-old Carrollwood resident says he decided to donate his library to USF as a way of celebrating his "golden anniversary" as a journalist. (Another account he gives has his wife playing a major role in the decision: "Charlotte was about ready to throw both me and my junk out of the house!")

NEED TO PRESERVE

"Seriously, though," he says, "I wanted a good home for my collection. I like Jay (Dobkin) and I have a lot of confidence in him, and USF was an ideal spot because of their fine, new library. Everyone was quite gracious and Steve helped out a great deal with the transition."

"Steve" is Steve Lawson, an associate professor of history at USF and managing editor of Tampa Bay History, a local historical journal. In his work with Tampa Bay History, Lawson had often used Dunn's photos and information for the semi-annual publication, and had even recruited him for its board of advisers. Through their working

relationship Lawson realized the unusual nature of both the collection and the man.

"Although Hampton is a journalist, he is special in that he has a historian's sense of the need to preserve," says Lawson. "My main concern was that such a valuable collection could be damaged or destroyed if a natural disaster, such as a fire or flood struck his house. If we didn't protect our collections, we would lose a way of recording our past."

'THE REAL BEAUTY OF IT'

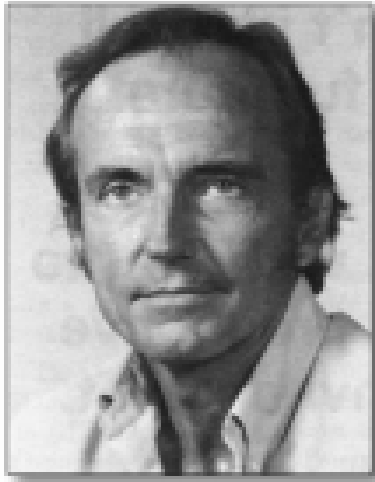
Dunn surveyed his cluttered den where most of his collection would remain until its transfer to USE He too spoke of the danger of loss, but in a different light: "There are treasures like these stored in every family, but once Ma and Pa die, their sons and daughters often throw it all away."

He gently lifted an old photograph from one of the shelves. It was a picture of Clara Barton, the founder of the American Red Cross, taken while she was visiting the Tampa area during the Spanish-American War. The only other known copy of the picture is on display at the Smithsonian Institution. His finger slid deftly across the photo to remove some dust.

"You know what the beauty of this is?" he asked, looking around at 30 years of work. "It's all going to be taken care of. That's the real beauty of it."

Rich Berube is a senior majoring in mass communications.

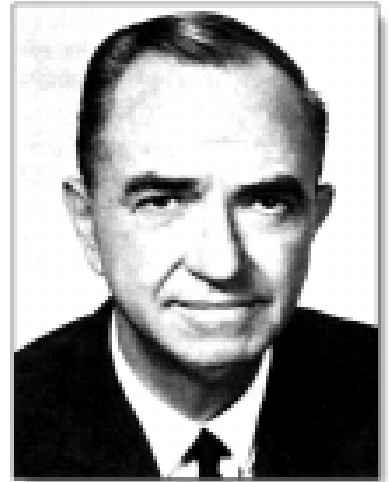
**RECIPIENTS OF TAMPA HISTORICAL SOCIETY'S
COVETED D. B. McKAY AWARD
For Distinguished Contributions To Florida History**



1972 Frank Laumer



**1973 State Sen. David
McClain**



**1974 Circuit Judge James R.
Knott**



1975 Glorida Jahoda



1976 Harris H. Mullen



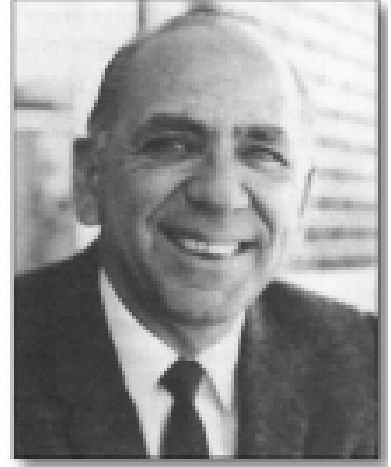
1977 Dr. James W. Covington



1978 Hampton Dunn



1979 William M. Goza



1980 Tony Pizzo

THE D. B. McKAY AWARD

For Distinguished Contributions to Florida History

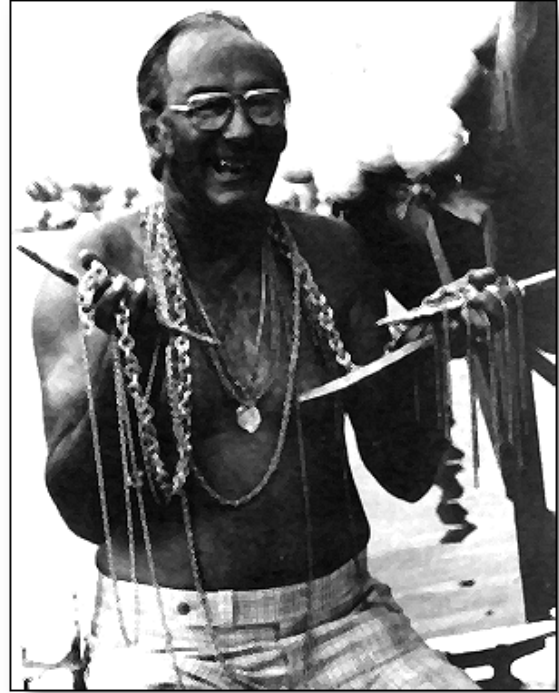


WHO'S McKAY?

D. B. McKay, native and member of a pioneer family, was three times Mayor of Tampa and for many years was the distinguished Editor and Publisher of The Tampa Daily Times. In his later years, he produced the Pioneer Florida pages for The Tampa Tribune. The D. B. McKay Award was created by the Tampa Historical Society in 1972 to honor others who have contributed to the cause of Florida History.

-Photo from HAMPTON DUNN
COLLECTION

1982 WINNER



MEL FISHER

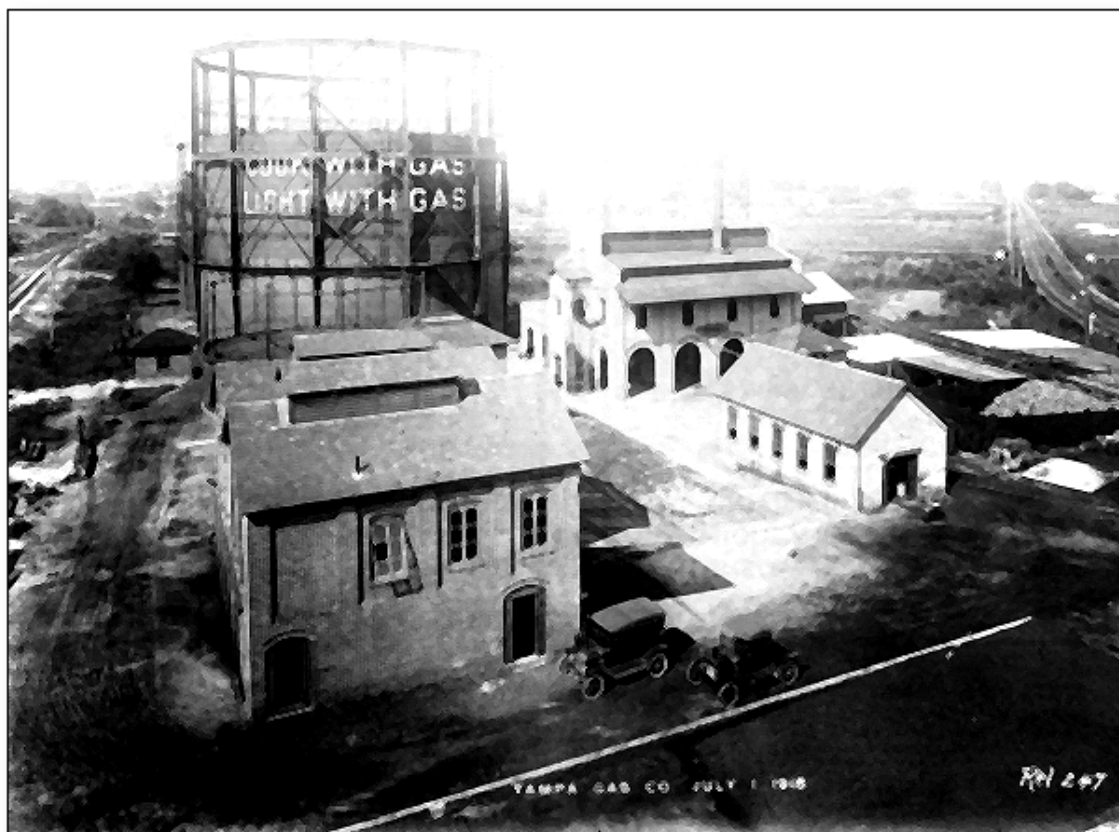
This year, 1982, the D. B. McKay Award goes to that fearless Treasure Hunter Mel Fisher for his mammoth contributions to the Cause of Florida History through his explorations and recovery of centuries-old treasures off the Florida coast.



COUPLE WINS 1981 AWARD

The Tampa Historical Society broke precedent .last year by making the D. B. McKay Award a joint honor for a couple of outstanding Floridians who have teamed together to collect and publish and preserve Florida history. Hampton Dunn is shown presenting the Award to Allen Morris, veteran journalist, Clerk of the Florida House of Representatives and compiler of The Florida Handbook, and his wife, Joan Lee (Perry) Morris, Curator of the State Photographic Archives at Strozier Library, Florida State University.

TAMPA PASTIMES



LANDMARK TAMPA GAS TOWER IS COMING DOWN

By HAMPTON DUNN

They were busy tearing down one of Tampa's most familiar landmarks during this year, 1982. The storage tower of the old Tampa Gas Co. (now Peoples Gas System) was being disassembled because it was no longer needed for storage and its upkeep was costly.

This photo, made July 1, 1915, was taken a short time after the 600,000 cubic foot tank was erected, along with a much larger plant, in 1912. At the time the tower was constructed at 212 feet it was the tallest structure in town.

According to Historian Karl H. Grismer, the Tampa Gas Co. was organized in 1895 by A. J. Boardman and Frank Bruen, of Minneapolis and Edward Manrara, Tampa cigar manufacturer, advancing most of the money. Peter O. Knight also was a member of the company. A small gas plant and a 30,000 cubic foot storage tank were constructed.

In the beginning, the gas company had difficulty in meeting expenses. Wood was cheap, black cooks were plentiful, and few persons wanted to go to the expense of piping gas into their homes. The company probably would have gone broke had it not secured a contract from the City of Tampa for 250 gas street lights, installed in 1898.

In 1900 the firm was purchased by a syndicate of Eastern capitalists headed by John Gribbel, of Philadelphia. Three years later the company had only 363 customers and of those, only 109 had gas cook stoves. But the "new-fangled" fuel finally became popular and by 1910 the number of customers had increased to 1,160 and annual sales totaled 35,000,000 cubic feet.

-Photo from HAMPTON DUNN COLLECTION

A Photographic Essay

**A LOOK AT SOME OF TAMPA'S
CIGAR FACTORIES INSIDE AND OUT**

**By EARL J. BROWN
Vice President Emeritus
HavaTampa Cigar Company**



HAVATAMPA CIGAR CO., 2007 21st St., 1930

The most notable change in Havatampa Cigar Co. by Jan. 1, 1930, was in the size of the sales force—from about four in 1920 to about 40 in 1930. In center of picture on the front row with light-colored hat in hand is Ell Witt. Also on front row, fifth from left, is D. H. Woodbery (colloquial). On back row fifth from the right is T. W. McElvy. Back row on right end is W. Van Dyke and next to him is John Andrews.



V. M. YBOR FACTORY IN 1904

This was the private office of Ybor executive Hester. Note secretary and her typewriter, also wash basin and towels.

By the turn of the century there had been many cigar manufacturers lured to Tampa as the result of wide publicity and the success of several large firms which had either started here or had moved here during the period 1885-1900.

In the latter year there were 147,848,000 cigars made in Tampa and ~y 1905 production had increased to 220,430,000. (There were 410,000,000 cigars produced in Tampa in 1981). Many other factories continued to locate here, both new companies and a number from other cities.

Cigar production in 1919 had increased to close to 423,000,000. In 1920 the industry received a real jolt - the cigar makers strike. This upset the industry and dropped

production to, 266,000,000 for the year. During this strike many new workers were brought into some of the factories and taught the skill of cigar making. Heretofore the workers were long time cigar makers, or members of their families and were mostly mates. This seemed to be a turning point in the makeup of the work force. Many females were taught the art and many men and women from other parts of Florida and from Georgia came to Tampa seeking jobs.

Production started climbing in 1923 and by 1929 reached a high of slightly more than 500,000,000. Things were going too well. The boom was on. Then suddenly B A N G!! It burst and dropped Tampa's production to 292,000,000 in 1933. Later business did



WORKING IN THE CAGE AT YBOR FACTORY

The busy office workers in the Ybor office in 1904 are identified only as Mr. King, Mr. James and Mr. Parks.

take a turn for the better but not before a number of Tampa's factories had folded. The next 30 years it was up and down with the increases coming out on top. In 1965, the year following the Surgeon General's Report, Tampa's factories produced approximately 750,000,000 cigars. This quantity was manufactured by the estimated 26 factories still in operation at the time. The number of factories still in operation in Tampa has decreased even more to the point that there are only about 15 or so.

But let's turn history back to 1900. The Havana American Company, a member of the great American Tobacco Company Trust, had purchased several of the largest of the old companies, notably the Ybor-Manrara & Co. (formerly V. M. Ybor

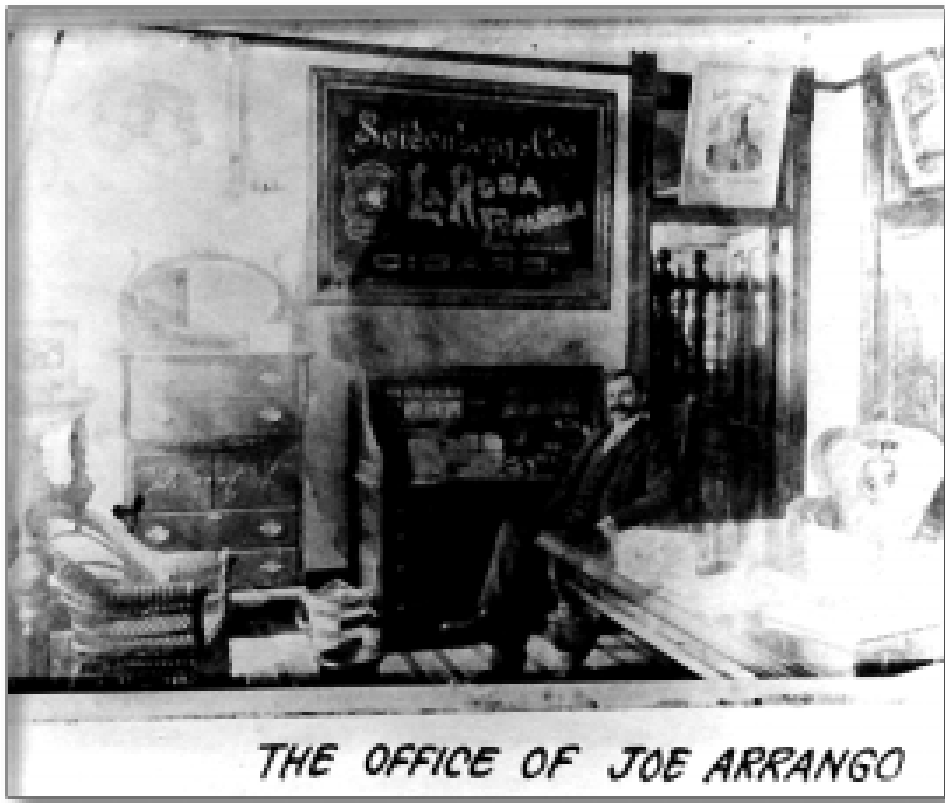
& Co.) and the Seidenberg & Co. Several photographs taken both inside and outside of these factories along with an explanation of each accompany this article.

There were many, many cigar factories that started after 1900 but as I do not have photographs or information on them I am unable to tell of their history. You will however find a brochure on Corral, Wodiska y Ca. and a series of photographs taken inside and outside the Havatampa Cigar Company which started in business in Tampa in 1902. Both of these companies are still in operation.



SEIDENBERG & CO. AT 2205 20th ST. CIRCA. 1895

Post card view shows building and landscaped garden, taken showing the north side and west end of structure. The factory faced on 20th St. and was bounded by 11th Ave. on the south. Sign on wall advertises "La Flor De Cuba," the firm's best known brand.



JOE ARRANGO'S OFFICE AT SEIDENBERG

Rattan (called wicker back then) furniture and a "bureau " dresser chest of drawers added a homey touch to the executive Office of Joe Arrango at Seidenberg & Co., 2205 20th St., in circa. 1895.



THE HOME OF JOE ARRANGO ON 12TH AVE.

The home of Joe Arrango is seen from the Seidenberg building looking directly north across 12th Avenue. The street car is on 12th Ave. between 20th and 21st Sts. and is marked C.E.L. & P.R.R. Co. (Consumer Electric Light & Power Rail Road Co.).



HAND ROLLING CIGARS AT HAVATAMPA

This photograph, taken in 1922, shows skilled cigar makers rolling the smokes by hand



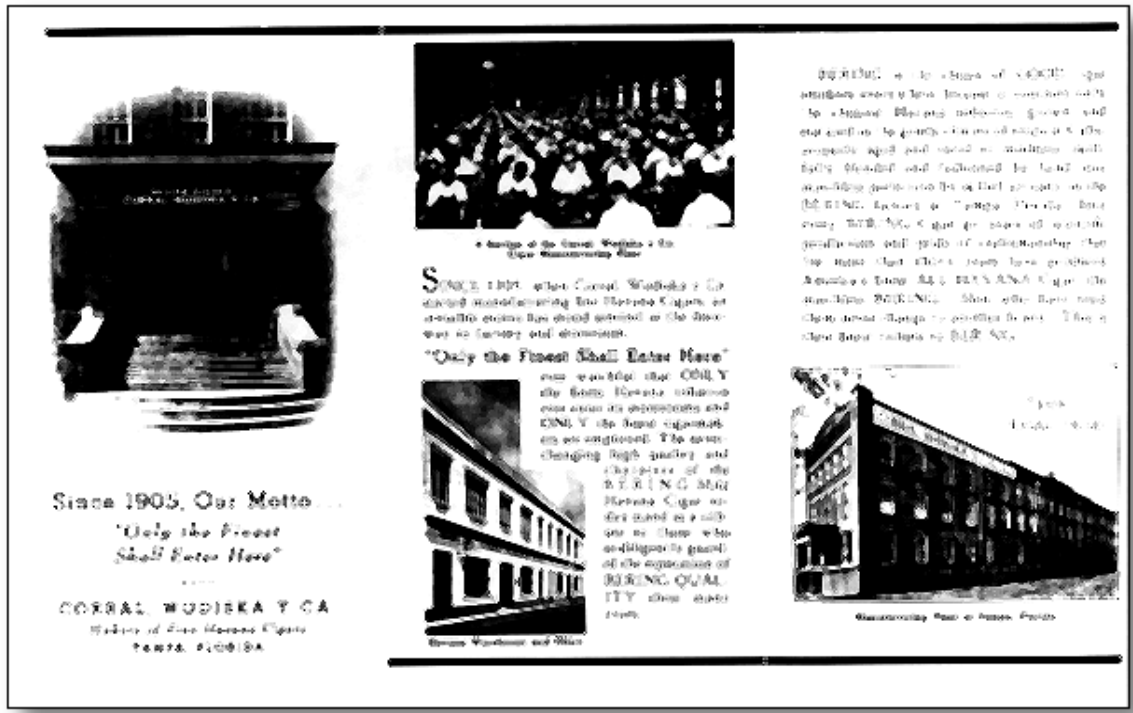
WPA USED OLD FACTORY IN DEPRESSION

At the turn of the century, The Havana-American Co. purchased the Seidenberg Co. and operated it for a number of years, later closing it. During the 1930s, when this picture was made, the building was occupied by a sewing room of the Works Progress Administration (IVPA). The building at 2205 20th St. is shown with curtains in the windows of all three floors!



HAVATAMPA HOME' FOR 52 YEARS

This building at 2007 21st St. was purchased from E. Regensburg & Sons. It was the home of Havatampa for 52 years. The photo was made in May, 1920-look at those sporty Fords!



BERING is the choice of GOOD cigar Smokers everywhere because it contains only the choicest Havana tobaccos, grown and matured in the gentle climate of tropical Cuba, properly aged and cured to mildness, skillfully blended and fashioned by hand into matchless perfection by skilled artisans, in the BERING factory at Tampa, Florida. Into every BERING Cigar go years of scientific production and pride of craftsmanship that for more than thirty years have produced America's finest ALL-HAVANA Cigar, the matchless BERING. Men who have tried them never change to another brand. This their finest tribute to BERING.

Since 1905, Our Motto...
"Only the Finest Shall Enter Here"

CORRAL, WODISKA Y CA.

Makers of Fine Havana Cigars
TAMPA, FLORIDA

SINCE 1905, when Corral, Wodiska y Ca. started manufacturing fine Havana Cigars, an invisible motto has stood sentinel at the doorway to factory and storeroom, "Only the Finest Shall Enter Here" ever watchful that ONLY the finest Havana tobaccos ever enter its storerooms and ONLY the finest cigar makers are employed. The never changing high quality and character of the BERING Mild Havana Cigar today stand as a tribute to those who so diligently guarded the reputation of BERING QUALITY these many years.

'ONLY THE FINEST SHALL ENTER HERE'

This old brochure of Corral, Wodiska y Ca. shows views around the plant and spotlights the firm's slogan.



ANOTHER SCENE OF WORKING CIGAR MAKING

This is another view of the cigar makers hand rolling their product at Havatampa Cigar Co., 2007 21st St., circa 1922. A poster on the wall advertising the Shrine Circus gives the laborers something to look forward to when they're off.



HAVATAMPA GENERAL OFFICE IN APRIL, 1930

Havatampa employees, starting at left and continuing around the room, are Alma Glover, R. R. ("Railroad") White, Mrs. Hawkins, Charlie Holmes, E. D. ("Chief") Fisher, and standing, Joe Verdyke, one of the three original partners of the firm.



YBOR FACTORY LABEL ROOM CIRCA 1904

J. A. Dalton works alone in the label room of the V. M. Ybor factory in 1904.



PUTTING THE FINISHING TOUCH ON CIGAR BOXES

Pasting the outside seal and Internal Revenue stamp on boxes of cigars at Havatampa in the late 1920s are foreground, George Hammond, A. C. "Tip" Frink and Lola Sanches; background, Loren Jones and Mr. Graham.



SELECTING WRAPPER TOBACCO

These Havatampa employees are selecting and counting wrapper tobacco in the late 1920s. The man in the photo is Harry Krasue, foreman.



THE SUNLAND TRIBUNE

First issue of the original The Sunland Tribune, appeared March 2, 1876, Thomas K. Spencer, Publisher, Dr. John P. Wall, Editor.

The name of The Sunland Tribune was changed to The Tampa Tribune, March 1, 1883.

And it was in The Sunland Tribune of Jan. 19, 1882, that the need for a Tampa Historical Society was first noted publicly. Under a major headline, TAMPA SHOULD HAVE A HISTORICAL SOCIETY, the newspaper reported Judge J. G. Knapp of Hillsborough County as follows:

"Ponce 'de Leon landed at Tampa Bay and started his march through the wilderness in search for the Fountain of Youth. This is one reason why Tampa should have a Historical Society.

"We reflect - how long will it be before not a vestige of the history (of our past) will remain, unless snatched from irretrievable loss by the men and women of the present day."

Eighty-nine years later, in 1971, the Tampa Historical Society was, indeed, formed with Tony Pizzo the first president.

In 1973 when Hampton Dunn created a Journal for the Society, he named it, appropriately,



Earl J. Brown



Hampton Dunn



Dr. L. Glenn Westfall



Dr. Gary Mormino



Kenneth W. Mulder

MEET THE AUTHORS

EARL J. BROWN spent his entire life, which began in 1937, with Havatampa Cigar Company. He became interested in presenting the history of his famous Tampa firm and has published *A History of the Name HAV-A-TAMPA*. Brown is Vice President Emeritus of the company.

HAMPTON DUNN has been a leader in Florida journalism for nearly 50 years. He was managing editor of *The Tampa Daily Times*, one-time commentator on Television Station WCKT-TV in Miami, and presently senior vice president of the Peninsula Motor Club (AAA). He is a founder and past president of the Tampa Historical Society and winner of the 1978 D. B. McKay Award. He is chairman of the Historic Tampa/Hillsborough County Preservation Board and has had much service in preservation. A prize-winning author of more than a dozen books on Florida history, he was one of 76 Floridians chosen as Florida Patriot during the 1976 Bicentennial. In 1980, he was honored by the American Association for State and Local History.

KENNETH W. MULDER is a past president of the Tampa Historical Society. A native Tampan, he was educated at Plant High School, University of Tampa, and the University of Florida. He has been active in insurance sales for 31 years and taught at the University of Tampa for 25 years. He is a Vice President with the Tampa headquarters of Poe & Associates. Mulder is an author, lecturer, and historian on early Florida.

MARTHA M. PARR is a fifth generation Hillsborough Countian whose article in this issue is the result of a lifelong interest in preserving heritage and tradition. A former legal secretary, Martha Parr now devotes her time to her husband, Bert, and daughter, Rachel, as well as to genealogy and oil painting.

TONY PIZZO was born and reared in Ybor City. He is author of *Tampa Town: A Cracker Village With A-Latin Accent*. He was co-host on the 10-part television series *Tony Pizzo's Tampa* presented on WUSF-TV, Channel 16. He also instructs a class, "Tampa's Latin Roots," at the University of South Florida. Pizzo also is a founder and past president of the Tampa Historical Society and winner of the 1980 D. B. McKay Award. He is long-time historic preservationist.

DR. L. GLENN WESTFALL is a charter faculty member of Hillsborough Community College and Past President and now Executive Director of the Tampa Historical Society. He is a director of the Florida Historical Society.

DR. GARY MORMINO has been an assistant professor of history at the University of South Florida since 1976. He earned his Ph.D. from the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill. In the academic year 1980-81 he was a Fulbright professor at the University of Rome, Italy. He is co-author of the forthcoming book on Tampa history, *Tampa – Queen of the Gulf*. He is a member of the Historic Tampa/Hillsborough County Preservation Board. He and his wife Lynne and two daughters live in Temple Terrace.



Martha M. Parr



Tony Pizzo



PINELLAS CARTOONIST RIPPED TAMPA 'POLITICIANS'

From 1886 until 1911; W. L. Straub, St. Petersburg historian and publisher, kept up a withering campaign of criticism Of Tampa in the battle to divide a Pinellas County out of Hillsborough. Typical of the cartoons he used to illustrate his attacks are shown here.

PINELLAS SPLIT 'MOTHER HILLSBOROUGH' AFTER LONG-RUNNING FEUD 70 YEARS AGO

By HAMPTON DUNN

(Reprinted from The Tampa Times, Aug. 14, 1965)

They razed the rickety old two-lane bottleneck Seminole Bridge in St. Petersburg back in 1965. It was replaced with a shiny new four-lane span designed to accommodate safely the heavy traffic on Alternate U.S. 19 between Tyrone Boulevard and Bay Pines.

And this \$800,000 project had been given "top priority" and "rush-rush" treatment by a Tampa politician who represented the area on the old State Road Board at the time.

Therein lies a story of historical significance.

For it was the violent collapse of a jerry-built structure over the same spot in 1911 that cinched the division of Pinellas County from the apron strings of "Mother Hillsborough."

The main beef the west coast residents had had against their Tampa-dominated county government was the inattention and neglect in providing decent roads and bridges to

serve the near water-locked "Point of Pines" peninsula.

Through the years, dating as far back as 1886, there had been agitation to break away. But powerful political interests in Tampa held the upper hand and always were able to squelch any serious attempts to split the county.

But a skillful maneuver in the 1911 session of the Florida Legislature resulted in a law creating Pinellas County subject to a referendum set for Nov. 14 of the same year. A full blown controversy raged over secession and even within the territory that could become Pinellas County there was dissension over pulling out, and the election was in doubt.

That is until the Seminole Bridge broke down.

This truly was a sore spot. For many months, alas for years, the folks around St. Petersburg had lobbied their Hillsborough County commissioners to build them a span across the mouth of the elongated Lake Seminole. They even formed an Automobile Club and raised by popular subscription \$2,600 cash toward the \$10,000 cost of the bridge.

ALONG CAME A TEAM OF MULES

The contract was let on Feb. 2, 1910, and the long-awaited span was opened to traffic in August, 1911. Then, early on the morning of Sept. 12, 1911, a Negro driving a team of mules started across the Seminole Bridge.

Historian Karl Grismer related what happened:

"When the team was halfway across, the flimsy structure began swaying from side to

side - and suddenly it collapsed. The Negro and the mules fell into the bayou . . . The bridge was a wreck and down in St. Petersburg, automobile club members cursed fluently and long . . . It was ruined beyond repair. Half of it had floated out into Boca Ciega Bay and the other half was lying crazily on its side. If the bridge had been constructed right, the motorists moaned, this never would have happened. Just another example of Hillsborough County inefficiency, they said . . ."

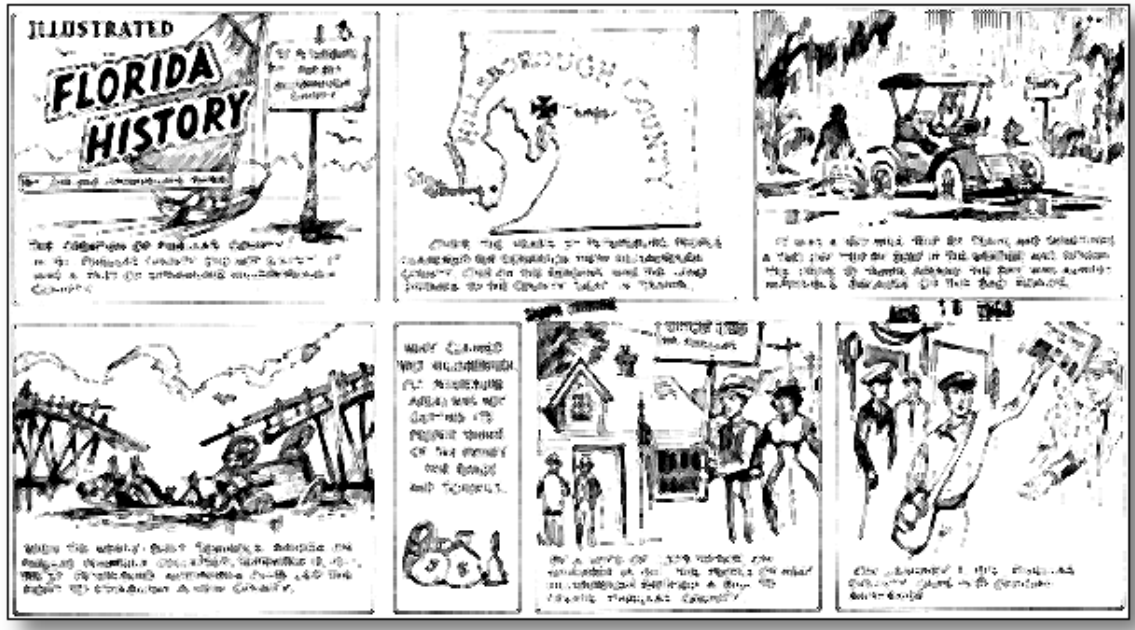
The Gulf Coast people said it rather loudly a few weeks later. The referendum vote was 1,379 "for" and 505 "against," which was 248 more than the necessary three-fifths vote required by the legislative bill in a severe test of the faith of the Pinellas residents in the strength of their cause.

The divorce decree became final on Jan. 1, 1912, when Pinellas County was carved from Hillsborough and became the state's 48th unit.

Seminole Bridge, incidentally, was not repaired until several years later. Then in 1921 a hurricane came and washed this span away.

A new bridge was erected in 1923. Although the creaky viaduct had all the earmarks of an antique, the Pinellas County Historical Commission met in 1965 and solemnly resolved that the narrow, dangerous Seminole Bridge "is one historical structure which we would like to be eliminated."

To do just that, Tampa attorney Vincent Nuccio, whose far-flung road district included Pinellas, stamped the "top priority" label on the job and even invoked "quick-taking" legal procedures to clear court hurdles in quickly obtaining necessary right-of-way.



--The Tampa Tribune

And so a new chapter was written in the saga of the Seminole Bridge.

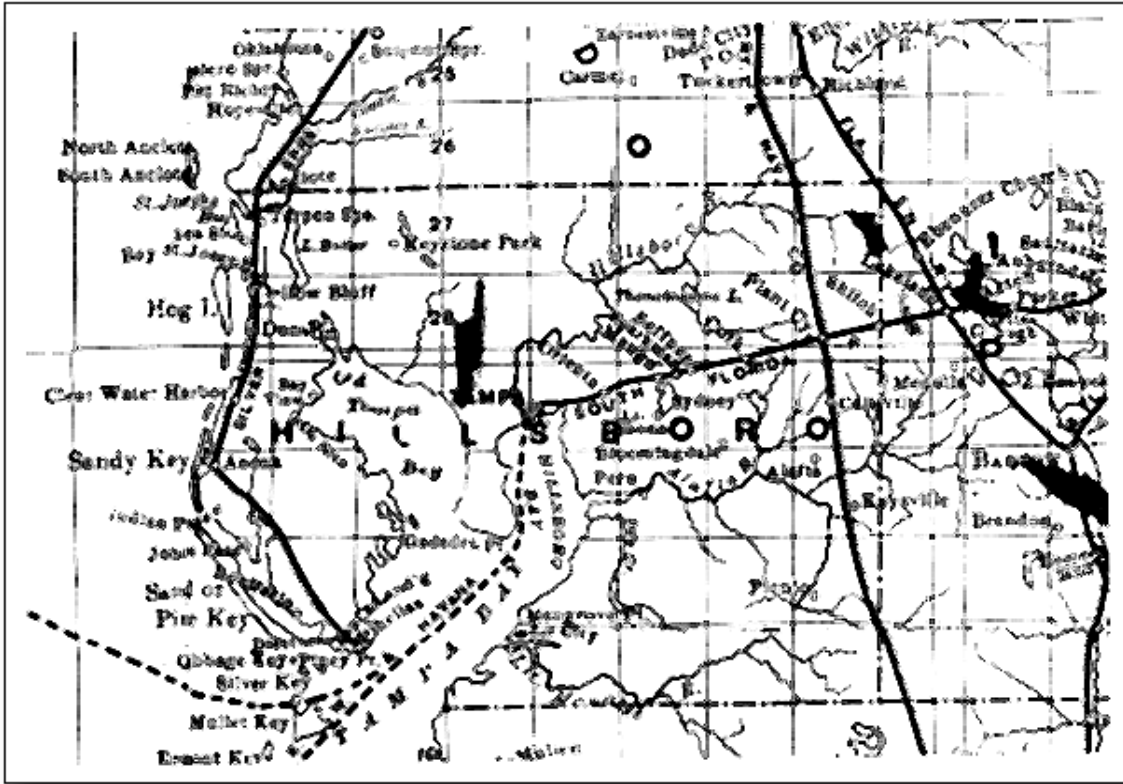
Back three score and ten years ago, the span had become a rallying point, a symbol of mistreatment when the isolated peninsula people got so dissatisfied with their Tampa cousins. When Tampa was the county seat for St. Petersburg residents it did create a real travel hardship for taxpayers with business at the courthouse.

TRAVEL TO TAMPA LONG, TEDIOUS

A trip by train was a long, tiresome, roundabout journey covering 160 miles and two changes, way up to Trilby, south to Lakeland and then west to Tampa. It took a full day of travel. And because of poor roads, a drive by automobile was next to impossible. The chief mode of travel was by boat, but due to schedules it was not always possible to make the round trip in one day.

Hillsborough County itself, the grand old county of Florida, was created as the result of dissension with its motherland. Once a part of Alachua County, with the county seat at Newnanville near Gainesville, Hillsborough was established in January, 1834, as its residents became miffed with the ruling Alachua clique. It was of mammoth size and from within its borders subsequently were carved not only Pinellas, but the counties of Manatee, Sarasota, DeSoto, Charlotte, Pasco, Polk, Highlands and Hardee.

The Pinellas secessionist fight was spawned in 1886 in a quiet little political deal, according to the late W. L. Straub, historian and newspaper publisher. His account said W. A. Belcher of Bayview agreed if elected state representative to pass through the house a county division bill and a certain Tampa politician, if elected to the senate, would pass it there. The would-be senator was then to move to the new county and the pair would run politics. Belcher was elected



1886 MAP SHOWS HILLSBROUGH, PINELLAS AS ONE

but his conspirator was not. Nevertheless, Belcher passed the bill in the house in the 1887 session. It was promptly killed in the senate by Judge Joseph B. Wall of Tampa and that ended that.

The next time the gauntlet was flung down was on Feb. 23, 1907, when Straub published in his *St. Petersburg Times* a "Pinellas Declaration of Independence." He noted at the outset of his historic article that the question of why a division had never been made was answered simply with "Well, you know, Hillsborough is a big county, and Tampa is a big city and controls the county, and she would never let us go. Our state senator is always a Tampa man, and he would never permit a division bill to go through the state senate."

Straub reported the 1905 population of the (Pinellas) area was 7,371, making the proposed county larger than 15 other counties then in existence, and it had shown a growth rate of nearly 45 percent in the five years preceding.

POKE TAKEN AT TAMPA CRIME RECORD

In his "declaration," the editor took a poke at Tampa's crime record, commenting:

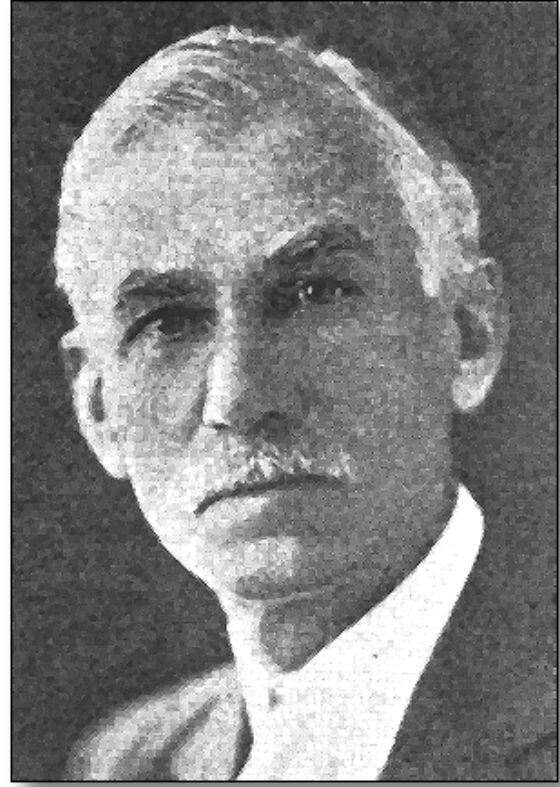
"The writer intends no criticism of Tampa and its people here. All good citizens of the West Coast are proud of Tampa as one of the South's greatest cities. But it is a simple fact that the big city of Tampa - as with all big cities - in many ways causes for the



W. L. STRAUB.
St. Petersburg Times

county very heavy expenses - notably through the criminal records of a big city - nine murder cases at one court session, for instance - that such a community as ours of the West Coast has little or no part in, except to help pay the bills . . . "

So the issue was revived. In the 1907 session, Rep. W. W. K. Decker of Tarpon Springs passed the division bill in the house. It was speculated that, because of his Pinellas ties, Sen. James R. Crane, who had been the first mayor of Clearwater but was then living in Tampa, would allow the bill to pass the senate. But the senator hadn't reckoned with the heat that would be built up in Tampa to beat the idea. He finally yielded to the pressure and the bill never came from the senate committee.



LEW B. BROWN
St. Petersburg Independent

Pinellas strategists by now realized they must have a senator sympathetic to their cause. Such a man they felt would be a prominent Tampa lawyer, Don C. McMullen, a native of the Pinellas side, and they talked him into running for the senate in 1908.

Hot as it was, the Pinellas division issue was overshadowed at the time by the prohibition question. McMullen was a leading "Dry" and he was opposed by Robert McNamee, another Tampa lawyer and formerly of St. Petersburg, who was a leading "wet." McMullen advised his Pinellas backers that the division issue must not be injected into the campaign of 1908 nor should any division bill be proposed for the 1909 session. McMullen won his race.

Meanwhile, the house member from Pinellas, John S. Taylor, announced he would not introduce a bill in 1909, either. There were shouts of "treason" among the ardent secessionists. They got a bill introduced, but not by the Hillsborough delegation. A legislator from the East Coast put it in. Taylor acquiesced and let it pass the house, but McMullen knocked it in the head when it came to the senate.

COACHMAN HEADS THIRD CAMPAIGN

The people were really steamed up by now. The third and final campaign to prune Pinellas from Hillsborough began with a mass rally at Clearwater in December, 1910. S. S. Coachman of Clearwater was elected chairman and the big push was mapped.

The campaign quickly evolved into a battle of the journalistic giants of the Tampa Bay area. It pitted Editor W. F. Stovall of the Tampa Tribune and Editor D. B. McKay of the Tampa Times who also had just been elected mayor commissioner of Tampa, against Editor Straub of the St. Petersburg Times and Editor Lew Brown of the St. Petersburg Independent. They exchanged insults daily in the editorial columns and on the front pages of their respective newspapers.

Not to be overlooked among the fighters was another journalistic voice, that of Mayor E. L. Pearce of Clearwater who was writing editorials for the old *Clearwater News*.

The *Tampa Times* published a statement claiming that the county had spent some \$ 160,200 on roads in Pinellas between Jan. 1, 1909, and May 1, 1911. To which the Clearwater paper retorted, on page one:

"This statement is terrific. It seems impossible, but we are not in a position to question its accuracy. And if true, something like \$100,000 of the people's money within two years has gone somewhere where the people never saw it.

"At the very high average cost of \$3,000 per mile the sum alleged by the *Tampa Times* to have been expended in Pinellas would have built over 50 miles of hard-surfaced roads - enough to have connected Tarpon Springs and St. Petersburg and every other settlement on the peninsula.

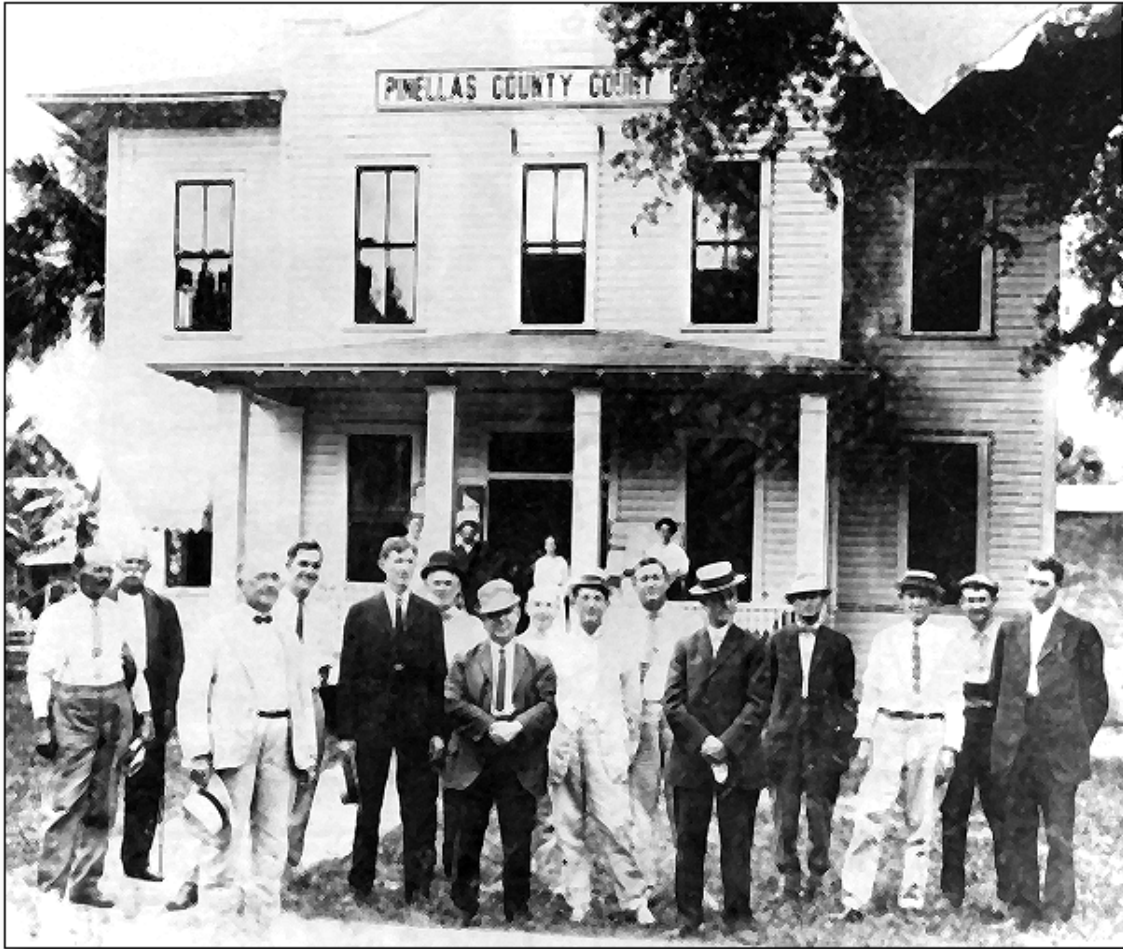
What has been built is about 10 miles connecting Tarpon Springs, Sutherland and Ozona with the Tampa road near the proposed county line. Several scattered bits have been 'graded' and pine-strawed. Nine miles of road has been opened and graded wholly at the private expense of the Pinellas Groves Land Company at Largo . . ."

The *Clearwater News* added, "Every citizen of Pinellas peninsula, intelligent or otherwise, knows that the people never got roads or bridges to anything approaching such an amount."

In the 1911 session, the bill passed the house 28-18, and, with Senator McMullen's endorsement this time, it went through the senate, 20-9. The *St. Petersburg Times* had bombarded the legislators for more than a year with copies of its papers blasting Hillsborough County and propagandi/ing for separation. Gov. Albert W. Gilchrist signed the bill into law on May 23.

A lively razzle-dazzle campaign was conducted at home to assure ratification by the voters. This noisy effort, along with the shaky Seminole Bridge collapsing at the time it did, turned the trick.

The headline in Tampa the morning after election read: "FLORIDA'S BANNER COUNTY IS TO BE VICTIM OF POLITICAL SPOILS; VOTE IS TO DIVIDE."



PINELLAS COUNTY "S FIRST COURT HOUSE

This photograph, taken about 1916, shows then County officials proudly posing in front of the first Pinellas County Court House in Clearwater, the wooden structure that costs \$3,750, and was built overnight by torchlight to avoid St. Petersburg interests from stealing the county seat.

BY TORCHLIGHT, CLEARWATER BUILT COURTHOUSE OVERNIGHT

By **HAMPTON DUNN**
(Reprinted from *Florida Trend*, June 1970)

Sunshiny St. Petersburg and Sparkling Clearwater are right neighborly neighbors these days and get along fine, pulling together for a greater Pinellas County.

But it hasn't always been thus.

One of the most memorable intra-county feuds that ever took place in Florida was there in the West Coast peninsula back in 1912.

Civic leaders and politicians of Clearwater and St. Petersburg had worked shoulder to shoulder just prior to this as they banded together against the east side politicians over at Tampa. Pinellas had been part of Hillsborough County for years prior to a separation battle that resulted in creation of Pinellas County by the 1911 Legislature and a subsequent referendum. The new count became effective New Year's Day of 1912. The west side of the old consolidated area had complained for years that the east siders were getting all the gravy and the west side citizens were not getting anything for their taxes. Biggest bone of contention was lack of roads for what is now Pinellas. The lid blew off on the morning of Sept. 12, 1911, when a Negro driving a team of mules across the Seminole Bridge was dumped into the bayou as the rickety old span collapsed. "Enough!" cried the west ciders and kicked off the successful campaign to unjoin Hillsborough.

'LONG AND DISGRACEFUL'

No sooner had that issue been settled when a newer and hotter spat developed. St. Petersburg politicians wanted their city to be the county seat; Clearwater politicians wanted their city to be the county seat.

The *St. Petersburg Times*, whose revered editor, V. L. Straub, had led the divisionist scrap, in a review years later described the "imaginary" county seat fight as "long and disgraceful."

The legislative act had made Clearwater the county seat, and *The Times* reported the

arrangement had the approval of 90 percent of the people of St. Petersburg.

"But there were some here (St. Petersburg) we called 'Sooners,' who did not agree and were all the time determined on a courthouse raid at the first chance," *The Times'* obituary on Mr. Straub recited in April, 1939. 'And Clearwater's political populace being of that kind which trust nobody, after January 1, trouble came promptly and plenteously.

CLEARWATER STARTED IT

"It all started when clever Clearwater politicians, aided and abetted by some politically foolish citizens of St. Petersburg put over a politically crooked deal in the first county election and captured for Clearwater, or the 'upcounty,' a three-to-two control of the Board of County Commissioner, and gerrymandered the newly formed districts to perpetuate the control - and so well done it was that it stands today as invincible as ever."

Fearing that the "Sooners" and other south county folk would try and steal the county site away from them, the Clearwater people set about to build a courthouse as quickly as possible to seal their coup.

"So the Big Three (County Commissioners) got a bunch of the boys together and built a courthouse one Sunday instead of going to church," *The St. Petersburg Times'* version went.

Ralph Reed, executive director of the Pinellas County Historical Commission, has accumulated considerable documentation of the early wrangles of the baby county, including the courthouse dispute.

FORGOT THE TOILETS

He reports that the first building was constructed almost overnight by torchlight to prevent St. Petersburg residents from voting a change in the county seat. The wooden government building cost \$3,700. Eugene L. Pearce, who served as Clearwater's Mayor in 1910, years later told how the lumber used to build the courthouse was sawed in Tampa and each piece numbered before being hauled to the site by mule team. This was done so the unskilled volunteer laborers could erect it. The old-timers worked furiously putting it together. Neighbor women did their part by cooking food and bringing it to the amateur carpenters.

One report is that the courthouse was built so quickly they forgot about the toilets!

At night armed citizens patrolled all sides of the building during the construction because rumors had been spread that St. Petersburg citizens would try to burn it down, so deep was the feeling over the county seat.

The two lots on which the first courthouse was built was given to the county by Clearwater citizens who took up a collection to buy the property.

THE BATTLE CONTINUES

There were no dull moments even after the new government was safely ensconced in the building. The controlling clique on the County Commission undertook to levy a direct five-mill, five-year direct county tax for, according to the *St. Petersburg Times*, «a real courthouse."

The situation got so heated that even the peace-making referee, Editor Straub, got singed. He editorialized on the ensuing court

fight and commented that "it was either a bum decision or a bum law." The up-county politicians needled Circuit Judge F. M. Robles into hailing Mr. Straub into court to show cause why he shouldn't be cited for contempt.

Judge Robles noted the alternative in the comment that the outcome could have resulted from a bum decision "or" a bum law and he did not take offense. The judge remarked that he and the editor would still be friends long after the courthouse case was forgotten - and they shook hands on it.

Soon other arguments, such as roads and other public services for citizens of the county, captured the limelight, and the county seat feud cooled.

Today, Clearwater has a fine courthouse building, including a handsome modern addition of recent date. And St. Petersburg has a county building "annex" of its own to serve south county residents.

And everybody is living happily ever after.

MEDIC IN 1885 BOOMED TAMPA BAY AS SITE FOR 'HEALTH CITY'

By W. C. VAN BIBBER, M.D.

EDITOR'S NOTE: When present day Pinellas County was a part of Hillsborough County, in 1885, a prominent doctor Dr. W. C. Van Bibber of Baltimore, reported to the American Medical Association that a proposed "Health City" should be developed here. Here is Dr. Van Bibber's original article; "Peninsular and Sub-Peninsular Air and Climates," first presented at the A.M.A. 36th Annual Meeting in April, 1885, and published in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, May 16, 1885. Our thanks to Ed Hagen, editor of the *Journal of the Florida Medical Association* for his assistance in obtaining this significant document).

Peninsulas have always been sought by mankind as favorite residences, and have been visited in winter by those living in cold, inland countries, as resorts for health. Excluding the peninsulas of the Indian Ocean and those of the far north, the six great peninsulas of the earth are Greece, Italy, Spain with Portugal, Florida, Central America, and Lower California. There are many well-known smaller peninsulas on the Mediterranean, in France and Italy, which have climates peculiar to themselves.

The distinction to be observed between the words "air" and "climate" is this: When speaking of air, only the qualities of the atmosphere are considered. The word "climate" embraces an assemblage of many facts, of which the atmosphere is only one of the factors. From its Greek derivation, climate literally means, the slope of the earth from the equator toward the pole. It has been

defined as the condition of a place, in relation to the various phenomena of the atmosphere, as temperature, moisture, etc., especially as these affect animal life or man. Mr. Hume says: "I mean those qualities of the *air* and climate which are supposed to work insensibly on the tone and habit of the body." Evidently he drew a proper distinction between the meaning of the two words.

FLORIDA AKIN TO ITALY

The climate of a peninsula derives one of its peculiarities from the fact that the heat of the land dries the air as it comes from the sea. The peculiarity of a sub-peninsular climate is the re-drying, or super-drying, of the sea air. An illustration to explain this peculiar action upon air may be found in the expansive forces of steam and superheated steam: the change caused by the re-drying of the air, on the sub-peninsula, corresponding to the augmented force of the superheated steam. On account of this, and also for other causes, the air and climate of a smaller peninsula, attached to a larger one or jutting off from it, often differs from that of its parent very materially; this difference corresponding, in a great measure, to the extent of the water surface separating it from the mainland, and also to the quality and

area of the land forming the lesser peninsula. Such a fact as this is important, and has not heretofore been observed or utilized to the extent it deserves. This is one of the reasons why, in peninsular study, two or more places in the same latitude may be found having quite different climates.

With these definitions and facts before us, we can now compare the climate of Florida with those of Italy, Spain with Portugal, and other places upon the Mediterranean Sea.

A RIVER OF LAKES

We have all heard of Pau, Pisa, Mentone, Monaco, Cannes, and other European resorts; and may be familiar with what has been said concerning the banks of the Nile, or Mexico, and Southern and Lower California, but none of these, it may be said without fear of contradiction, can compare with Florida as a peninsular climate, or as a land having peculiar attractions as a winter residence. Indeed, it may with truth be said, that Florida now stands confessedly preeminent in this respect, before all other lands or peninsulas. It has a different latitude from most of them, a different topography, and a different slope to the winter sun. The Apennine Mountains, with their summits, snow-capped in winter, extend through the centre of Italy, and cool the air blowing between the Adriatic and Mediterranean seas. Contrary to this, the face of the land in Florida is almost level, having only a gentle rise between ocean and gulf. There is no obstruction to the pressure of the winds in summer or winter, and no sudden chilling of the air in winter by mountain heights or snows.

A further study of the topography of the state shows that the St. John's River, which in reality is a succession of lakes, divides the northern and middle part of it into two imperfect sub-peninsulas. The settlements and improvements already made on either bank of this river are now highly esteemed for their climates, but the most desirable region, and the one destined to become the most celebrated for its winter climate, will be found on a large sub-peninsula on its southwestern or gulf coast.

'A TRULY WONDERLAND'

Before alluding to this more particularly, however, a brief description of this truly wonderland, as a whole, may be interesting. As to extent of surface, affording and offering attractions of many kinds on land and water. Florida is the largest of the United States, east of the Mississippi River. It has, in round numbers, about 35,000,000 of acres, and, including keys, lakes, rivres, and land-bound waters, it covers an area of nearly 60,000 square miles. It is 400 miles from north to south, an average of nearly 100 miles from ocean to gulf, and its northern boundary line of 375 miles gives it a long arm extending to the west. Beyond this, its own western arm, in the states of Alabama and Mississippi, there is a beautiful coast line on the Gulf of Mexico which should

be considered when speaking of Florida as a part of its own climate. Here the surf is warm, and already at Mobile, Pas Christian, Pascagoula, Biloxi, and other places, extending as far as New Orleans, excellent accommodations for strangers and establishments for the relief of disease have been established.

It is not surprising that with these advantages, during the last twenty years, Florida has been visited by a vast number of persons, who have either settled upon its soil, or continue to resort to it annually. Within this period, the entire face of the country has been changed, as it were by magic. From a wilderness of flowers, parts of it may now be called a cultivated garden. Its legislatures have fostered the building of railroads; have invited capital from abroad; and have so managed the affairs of the state that it can now traversed in every direction with ease and pleasure. More than a hundred large hotels, and double this number of smaller ones, have been erected in

well-selected locations, and each one of them has some particular attraction. It is estimated that during the present winter it has been visited by more than eighty thousand strangers.

FLORIDA FOR COMSUMPTIVES

Physicians often recommend many of those who seek their advice to spend their winters in mild peninsular climates, simply for the pleasure of the life. But the diseased conditions which they think are manifestly benefited by a resort to them, may be divided into the non-progressive and the progressive diseases. By those which are nonprogressive, I mean diseased conditions which are produced by overwork, luxury, and overexcitement, and by the con-

taminated air of cities. The progressive diseases are of a different character and are the great outlets of human life.

Foremost among them is consumption. It is this disease which has filled both peninsular and high-altitude hotels beyond all others, and will continue to do so. "Why do you persist in sending your patients, in the third state of consumption, to Florida?" the physicians of that state ask of their northern brethren. They reply: "We do not always send them; they will go." In fact, there is an intuitive and common-sense desire among consumptives and their friends to escape from the winter storms of rigorous climates, and go where it is warm and pleasant; and who can blame them? For myself, as a physician, I have observed the effects of the climates of Colorado, Santa Fe, and other high altitudes of the Northwest, and also of Southern and Lower California and Florida. Two propositions are, thus far, satisfactory and encouraging to me: first, that change of air sometimes permanently arrests the disease in question in its first stage; and

secondly, that a temperature between 70 degrees and 80 degrees F., where the invalid can be most of the time comfortable in the open air, is a valuable agent, provided it is good natural air which is obtained. Personally, if I had consumption, cancer, Bright's disease, chronic impoverishment of the blood, some of the heart or skin troubles, or any ailment which prevented me from buffeting my way in the open air against a gale of wind in a cold country, I would go, if possible, to a land that inclined to the winter sun by sloping well to the south, free from mountain snows, and had an even winter temperature, varying for the most part between 70 and 80 degrees F.; and where can such a land be more easily reached than the favored peninsula of Florida?

ROUTES TO ST. MORITZ

But in order to judge clearly between the two as winter residences for invalids, the advantages of southern peninsulas should be contrasted with the rigors of northern inland climates. Let us contrast what has already been, and what will be hereafter said about the winter climate of southern peninsulas with this picture taken from the Fortnightly Review-Article: "The Upper Engadine in Winter." St. Mortiz and Davos are places recommended for a winter climate. Imagine the following scene for a consumptive, for whom it is recommended. "St. Mortiz," says the writer, "is reached by six great Alpine routes . . . English people use the Julier and Maloja, since the others are either higher or more exposed to avalanches . . . The shortest time is made by the Julier, but this involves a twelve-hours drive in an open sledge. As a rule, only the first and last sledges have drivers. Along the narrow track formed in the snow, the procession walks or trots, according to the degree of the slope. The horses are accustomed to their work and follow their leader without the use of the

reins. But if they chance to be fresh to their duties and leave the track, they will flounder more than knee-deep in the powdery snow, on which the occupants of the sledge will usually find themselves deposited without violence or hurt As we go on, the sun, shining through the thin air, begins to burn fiercely, and we are glad to discard, one by one, many coverings which were necessary earlier in the day. This peeling process may continue until we feel surprised at the lightness of the covering required; but these rejected wraps will have to be donned again as evening advances.

"When lowering clouds discharge their burden of snow which, flung about in huge wreaths by a furious wind, blinds traveller, driver, and horses, and so covers up the track that the animals can scarcely make headway against the raging storm, then the worst that can happen is that accumulation of drifts and the force of the storm may render it impossible to proceed, and sledge and horses will be rapidly snowed up Thus by slow and painful stages, the travellers (consumptives) may reach their haven of safety, to suffer for days in eyes and skin, if not more severely, from the terrible exposure. Sunshine lasts from 10:45 to 3 p.m. on the shortest day, and these hours mark the limits within which most invalids find it desirable to remain out of doors. There is often a difference of more than 50 degrees F. between the temperature in sun and shade. The sudden chill which accompanies sundown is remarkable. Except when moonlight tobogganing is indulged in, it is not usual for people to go out walking in the evening." From this example it is plain that the course marked out and followed by the fashionable "fads" of the present day is not to be accounted for; but it is common sense to suppose that this sort of thing for consumptives cannot last.

ATTRACTING EUROPEAN PHYSICIANS

Compare this picture, which tempted quotation from its vividness, with the climate of southern peninsulas, where the air in winter is generally mild. In Florida, especially upon its southwestern coast, the average winter temperature is about 68 degrees F., and during few winters are the extremes of the thermometer lower than 45 degrees F., or higher than 80 degrees. These extremes, however, are very rare upon this coast, and of short duration. Again,

upon peninsulas, the scene of open water is a pleasant and refreshing change from that of ice-bound streams, bare trees and frozen ground. The amusements of walking in the open air, hunting, riding, driving and boating, in no small degree contribute to health and pleasure; and the abundance of fruits, fresh vegetables, and fish are not found in northern inland countries. It is not wonderful, therefore, that such advantages as these are sought after. They indeed offer a haven of hope for invalids and a desirable winter home for all.

On account of these facts, which have been repeatedly observed and extensively published by able writers, Florida is now attracting the attention of the European physicians and sanitarians. The Russian, the German, the English, the French and Spanish physicians, as well as those in South America and the islands, are all becoming more and better acquainted with the peculiar attractions of Florida: and, tired of those inferior climates which have been mentioned and which they have tried so long, and looking for something new and better, they are freely recommending this state as a health and pleasure resort. If this is the drift of their inclinations, as it would appear to be from their writings and

conversation, what is needed to attract invalids from these distant lands to Florida is that more and greater preparation be made for their accommodation. This is a point of importance at this time, and the subject will amply repay a careful consideration.

'HEALTH CITY' PROPOSED

The scheme which will not be proposed is to project a "Health City" upon an enlarged scale, and to invite through the medical, the social, and scientific press, the nations of Europe and America to unite in its erection and improvement. It would seem particularly fit that some such proposition should be made for Florida, since its history shows that at different periods it belonged successively to four of the present leading governments of the world, the last of whom expelled a nation of brave and strong warriors from its soil. Then it was all war and dreadful massacre; now, in the 19th century, there is an opportunity offered for all these nations to join hands on the peaceful paths of sanitary science, and in cultivating the art of prolonging life.

None of the places as they are at present improved in Florida can now fill this requirement. There are many of them quite good, but all lack completeness for such a purpose as the one proposed. The situations upon which most of them are built are more the result of circumstances than study. A place ought now to be found, where such improvements may be erected, concerning which it could be said with pride, that pleasant climate and pure air and water are not all which the medical profession with its collateral studies, can offer to the world on this unique peninsula.

A distinguished Physician in another country, as it were anticipating such a want here, has given the general outline for the

building of a health city, which is particularly adapted to a warm climate. Without such a city, as a sanitary and pleasure resort, Florida will never be complete.

Upon one of the large sub-peninsulas on the southwest coast of the state, a city may be built after the ideal model drawn by the master hand of Dr. B. W. Richardson, of London, whose paper upon this subject was read before the Brighton meeting of the Social Science Association, in 1874.

LOOK TO POINT PINELLAS

All the fire-proof materials to construct such a city are near at hand on this peninsula. It can be erected with comparatively small cost. Nothing is wanting but the determination to do it, and the mind of such an architect as Mr. Chadwick, to whom Dr. Richardson largely refers in his paper.

That such a city will be built here in the near future, no one who has watched the progress of affairs of this kind in and out of the state, during the last few years, can doubt. It should be done at once, and when finished, invalids and pleasure seekers, from all lands, will come to enjoy the delights of a winter climate, which, all things considered can probably have no equal elsewhere.

Where should such a city be built? Overlooking the deep Gulf of Mexico, with the broad waters of a beautiful bay nearly surrounding it, with but little now upon its sterile soil but the primal forest, there is a large sub-peninsula, Point Pinellas, waiting the hand of improvement, as the larger peninsula from which it juts did but a few years ago. It lies in latitude 27 degrees and 42 minutes, and contains, with its adjoining keys, about 160,000 acres of land. No marsh surrounds its shores or rests upon its surface;

the sweep of its beach is broad and graceful, stretching many miles, and may be improved to an imposing extent. Its average winter temperature is 72 degrees; that its climate is peculiar, its natural products show; that its air is healthy, the ruddy appearance of its few inhabitants attests. Those who have carefully surveyed the entire state, and have personally investigated this sub-peninsula and its surroundings, think that it offers the finest climate in Florida.

"HERE SHOULD BE BUILT..."

Here should be built such a city as Dr. Richardson has outlined, or an improvement upon the Pullman city near Chicago, adapting such improvements to the purposes intended. To give an idea of Dr. Richardson's model, a quotation will be given from his paper, taking the liberty, however, to change the sequence, and alter the meaning of a few words of the original text.

Dr. Richardson says: "Mr. Chadwick has many times told us that he could build a city which would reduce any stated mortality, from fifty, or any number more, to five, or perhaps some number less, in the thousand annually. I believe Mr. Chadwick to be correct to the letter in this statement, and for that reason I have projected a city that shall show the lowest mortality.

"Whatever disadvantage might spring in other places from a retention of water on the soil, is here met by the plan that is universally followed, of building every house on arches. So, where in other towns there are arena, kitchens, and servants' offices, there are here subways through which the air flows freely, and down the inclines of which all currents of water are carried away.

"The roofs of the houses are but slightly arches, and indeed, are all but flat. They are covered with asphalt or tiling. These roofs are barricaded around with palisades, are tastefully painted, and make excellent outdoor grounds for every house. Flowers may be cultivated on them.

A CITY OF 100,000

"The floors are of heavy, hard wood, over which no carpet is ever laid. They are kept bright and clean by the old-fashioned beeswax and turpentine, and the air is thus made fresh and ozonic by the process.

"All pipes are conveyed along the subways, and enter each house from beneath. Each house is complete within itself in all its arrangements, so that all those disfigurements called back premises are not required. At a distance from the town, and connected with it by a telephone, are stables, the slaughter houses, and the public laundries and laboratories. Each night, or early in the morning, all sewage and refuse matter is removed from the town in closed vans, and conveyed to a distance, where it is utilized by Mr. Hope's plan."

Dr. Richardson, in his paper, projected a city for 100,000 inhabitants, living in 20,000 houses, and built upon 4,000 acres of land. On this subject he says: "In an artistic sense, it might have been better to have chosen a smaller town, or larger village, for my description, but, as the great mortality of states is resident in cities, it is practically better to take the larger and less favored community."

This style of building, that is, upon arches, is not proposed for Florida without due deliberation. It may not appear the best upon first presentation, but it will bear study. The houses will be high and dry, with a free flow of air beneath them. The floors should be from four to six inches thick. The cost of

arches, build with artificial stone, will be less than the cost of digging and laying pipes and sewers for drainage under ground. There is no frost here, hence no fear of water freezing. If once tried, its advantages will make it universal.

'THE MOST PERFECT PARADISE'

If the situation which has been pointed out has all the advantages which are claimed for it, and some of which will now be given, then it is the proper place for an improvement which should have no equal, as its climate is matchless. Dr. Charles J. Kenworthy, of Jacksonville, a well-known authority upon the climatology of Florida, says: "I have spent twenty-one winters in Florida, and being familiar with a large portion of the state, I have reason to believe that I am warranted in expressing an opinion. From my knowledge of the state, I am convinced that Point Pinellas is eminently adapted as a location for a sanitarium. The locality is strictly healthy, and it is accessible. The west and northwest winds are robbed of their piercing and refrigerant effects by passing over the warm waters of the Gulf of Mexico. The east and northeast winds are deprived of their harshness in passing over the peninsula of Florida. Having made the climatology of Florida a special study, I am of the opinion that Point Pinellas is the situation par excellence for a sanitarium and a winter resort for tourists. In addition to the sanitarium, I would recommend the erection of a hotel to accommodate tourists and sportsmen. The harshness of the east and northeast winds on the Atlantic coast, the frequent rains and sudden atmospheric changes, so common in the northern portion of the state, and the liability to malarial diseases at certain points in the interior, would induce visitors to seek the equable, healthy and balmy climate of

the Gulf coast, if suitable accommodations could be secured."

Mr. William C. Chase, who has traveled extensively over the state, with a view of studying its climatology, says: "Were I sent abroad to search for a haven of rest for tired man, where new life would come with every sun, and slumber full of sleep with every moon, I would select Point Pinellas, Florida. It is the kindest spot, the most perfect paradise; more beautiful it could not be made. Still, calm, and eloquent in every feature, it must be intended for some wise purpose in the economy of man's life. Its Indian mounds show that it was selected by the original inhabitants for a populous settlement. These mounds are not very common in Florida, and where found there are always excellent attractions. Some of the mounds of Point Pinellas will measure from one hundred to three hundred feet in circumference, and thirty to ninety feet high—quite a hill, some of them. A skeleton dug from one of them had a thigh bone five inches longer than that of a man living on the Point who was six feet tall. The present inhabitants have none of the sallow, unhealthy complexions so common in the South, but are ruddy and clear, and as fine specimens of manhood as can be found anywhere. Nowhere in Florida can be found such lakes and such good water. It is a fact worthy of consideration, that the sapodillo, the mango, and many other positively tropical fruits and plants, grow and yield here, and living men gather and ship their yield, and depend upon their crops with as much certainty as the balance of Florida does upon the orange, cotton, and sugar cane. One cannot too carefully note this fact."

TAMPA DOCTOR SPEAKS

Mr. Theodore G. Maltby, than whom there is no one more able to give an opinion upon this subject, says, in a letter dated from Point Pinellas: "I will state my experience at Pinellas, and elsewhere in Florida. Before coming here I paid an extended visit to the east coast, and visited most points of interest between St. Augustine and Key West. I was much pleased with the Indian River country as being the most desirable location for fruit growing I had then seen, but the insect annoyances that must always be endured deterred me from settling there. The mosquitoes and sandflies were terrible. We were compelled to wear head nets and gauntlet gloves at night in order to sleep; and from the sandflies there was no escape except by continual warfare. When I returned to Florida three years ago, I did not look at the east coast. I had determined to go to Jamaica, but meeting Dr. Branch in Tampa, who had lived many years in Florida, he told me that Pinellas was the most healthy place, and had the most desirable climate of any portion of Florida. And I here state that if I should leave Pinellas, it would not be with the idea of finding a better location in the state. Its nearly insular position, being almost surrounded by sea water, which ebbs and flows twice a day, filling every bay and bayou with warm water from the Gulf, and in summer with cool water, serve to keep an even temperature, and prevent great extremes of heat and cold, and giving us a climate where the mango, avocado pear, and other tropical fruits thrive and flourish; while a few miles north, and many miles south, these are almost yearly injured by frost. Among the tropical fruits growing here is the cerica pay-pay, a fruit said to be exceedingly rich in pepsin. I can speak from actual knowledge, that it is an excellent remedy for indigestion. The mango fera (the mango), is also in bearing here. It is one of the most magnificent trees of the

tropics-there are trees growing on Pinellas having a circumference of branches of ninety-six feet, and not eight years old. The persea gratissima (the avocado pear) is also a beautiful tree, some specimens here having attained a height of thirty-six feet. Both fruits are highly esteemed. Many other choice tropical fruits are to be found growing, among them the anona cherimolia, or cheremoya, pronounced by Wallace to be a spiritualized strawberry. Abundance of oranges, limes, lemons, guavas, and bananas, and a few varieties of grapes." He also says the supply of game, fish, oysters, clams, scallops, etc., is abundant, and that excellent beaches for salt-water bathing are accessible from either bay or Gulf side; ~so that at Pinellas, it is impossible to locate far from good bathing, fishing or hunting."

NATION'S EYE TURNED

In a paper on "The Climatic Conditions of Florida," Judge J. G. Knapp, State Agent of Agriculture, divides the state into eight belts. He says: "The boundaries are not as sharp as latitudinal lines. His divisions are the north-western, the northern, north central, central, south central, southern, semi-tropical, and eighth, the tropical belts. Of the central belt he says: "The year possesses so equable a climate that, in the estimation of the inhabitants, the present season is always better than the past. Summer and winter vary from each other rather by the months in the almanac, than by the markings of the thermometer." Of the south central belt he says: "If we were charmed in the central, in the south central we will be enchanted. Here frosts never freeze the orange, and it may remain on the parent tree until fully ripe. In this belt lies the frostless Pinellas, and the lands between the waters of Tampa and Manatee Bays and the Gulf. The nation's eye is turned thither, and the tread of the pioneer is heard. He who will predict for this region

a high rank among the incomparable belts of Florida, will not err."

After this evidence, it might be deemed unnecessary to say anything more about Florida as a winter resort, or concerning the excellence of the climate of Point Pinellas. But the descriptions which have been written may bring disappointment to some persons, when they face the reality. It is the intention that in this paper, at least, there shall be no misrepresentation, if it can be avoided.

A gentleman of this city, now over sixty years of age, has spent much of his adult life in searching for a perfect climate. His standard has been formed from reading. Although his means and industry have permitted him to travel wherever literature invited, he is still in search of his ideal climate. His case is not an uncommon one.

TAMPA ENJOYS FIRES

Everyone who has traveled much in Florida knows that there are cold days there in every winter. Fires have been seen and enjoyed from Fernandina to Tampa. The new San Marco hotel in St. Augustine is warmed by a steam apparatus. The rulings of the thermometer are found to be variable everywhere: sinking with the north, and rising with the south winds. It is difficult to find the exact frost line. Concerning this, which would not appear to be a very material point, there is a contention. There are old inhabitants who say that at long periods, and at rare intervals, frosts appear in every part of the state, Pinellas included, and there are others who assert the contrary. However, as a general truth, it is well known that there are elsewhere more equable climates than Florida can offer. But with equal truth it can be said that these climates are either too hot or too dry to be pleasant,

or that they are comparatively inaccessible. Rain and alternations of temperature according to meteorological laws go together. It is by comparison only, and by taking all with all, that the winter climate of Florida has become celebrated, esteemed, and so much sought after.

On the 20th of last February there was a stiff northeast breeze blowing on Point Pinellas, and overcoats were not uncomfortable to some persons who were there on that day. At 6 a.m. the thermometer had been 46° F., the coldest day this year. Yet the climate on this point is anomalous. It is asserted by its inhabitants, admitted by its neighbors, proved by its flora, and published unchallenged by writers, that frost does not occur there. It has been long and generally known as the "frostless Pinellas." If this is absolutely correct, or if a close approximation to it be assured, there must be some cause, or combination of causes to account for this effect. Frost occurs on the mainland in the same latitude. And it even occurs one hundred miles further south.

"SIGSLEY'S DEEP"

With all due diffidence, and subject hereafter to correction, the following reasons are suggested as a possible explanation for this remarkable fact. Pinellas is a sub-peninsula having a large land surface, which is for the most part, poor, high, dry, and hard, with here and there fertile spots scattered over its surface. The north and east winds blowing to it are first warmed by passing over the main or larger peninsula, then again warmed by the Bay of Tampa, and yet again further warmed and re-dried by the land surface of Pinellas. The south, the west, and northwest winds are warmed by the Gulf of Mexico first, and pass over a chain of keys before reaching the "Point."

In the Gulf of Mexico, and beginning at a distance less than 100 miles to the west from these keys, is a basin 13,000 feet deep, and larger in extent than the entire state of Georgia. It is called Sigsley's deep. Prof. Hilgard, Chief of the Coast and Geodetic Survey Bureau, has a model of it in his office at Washington.

Has this immensely deep basin an effect upon the temperature of the surface water of the Gulf, which is 9 degrees F. warmer than that in the Atlantic in the same latitude? The temperatures, in round numbers, are as follows: The average temperature of the water flowing into the Gulf is 54' F. The temperature at the bottom of the basin is 37' F. The deep basin in the Gulf is drained by a channel through the straits of Florida into a deeper basin off the north coast of Puerto Rico, which is 37,000 feet deep, with a bottom temperature of 35' F. The surface temperature of the Gulf water is 87' F. Is it that the Gulf is landlocked, and its waters heated by the sun, or does the dynamic force of the water at these great depths expel its latent heat? Whoever wishes to theorize concerning this subject may do so. The two facts, in order to show them more prominently, are here placed side by side, as they exist in nature - the frostless peninsula, and the basin; one is as true as the other; the latter has been proved by the soundings of the United States officers, the former is herewith given, with its proofs, for the future observation of the world. If the health city, like to the one which Dr. Richardson has imagined, or the one which the Pullman Company has made, is built here, no better or more accessible place can be found for the united enjoyment, mingling, and conference, of many nations. That it was considered a choice and favored spot by the Indians, has already been said, of which there is no doubt. The archaeology of the United States shows, that as a rule, the best

food-producing, and the healthiest situations, contain abundant evidences of the long residence of the early inhabitants. The Indian mounds on Point Pinellas are by far the largest in the state, and the other evidences of an ancient populous settlement are equally plain.

TAMPA BAY SHELL FISH

Mr. Chase has told us that the food supply from the waters of Tampa Bay, from what he has heard, may not be excelled even by that of the Chesapeake. Beds of oysters, clams, and other shell fish are as large, and as good in quality, as those found in Maryland and Virginia. These oyster beds are now vast in extent, not having been much worked or drawn upon since the disturbance and expulsion of the Seminoles. The variety of edible fish is large, and they are considered by many to be superior to those found in the Baltimore and Norfolk markets. The pompano, the tarpon, blue fish, and red fish, the mackerel, mullet, and many others, are in great abundance. The keys are lined with marine curiosities, and upon some of them are rookeries and wild game. So that the feature of amusement and pleasure, so often wanting at health resorts, is here fully and happily supplied by nature.

Upon the land, according to Mr. Maltby, the oranges and other fruits are only excelled by those of Indian River, and again there are others who esteem the fruits of Pinellas above those of any other region of Florida. The vegetables grown upon the Gulf coast are of a superior quality, fully equal to those found anywhere.

The land of the sub-peninsula has an average height of about sixty feet, and commands a fine water prospect. In the distance the famous Egmont Key and the smiling landscapes of the Manatee River country are to be seen.

COMPASS TO PINELLAS

All these things, as well as its remarkable climate, point to it as a place for health and happy existence. Who will undertake its improvement? or, as it may be more aptly put, who will not work for its success? In the past there are at least two instances of city building which are encouraging. The great hero of antiquity sought a peninsula, upon which he brought his household gods and founded the city from whence sprung the Latin race and the walls of lofty Rome. The historic William Penn ran his plow through miles of wilderness, anticipating the wants of Philadelphia.

Guided by such illustrious precedents, if a health city is now, or ever will be, projected at Pinellas, the compass of it ought to be large, ample, and complete. If commenced now, prudence indeed may dictate that the first beginning would better be only on a scale commensurate with what present need demands. There may yet be difficulties in the way to baffle and check the work, that cannot be foreseen; therefore much will depend upon those in whose hands it may first fall.

Wise words, yet suggestive of success, are necessary here. The improvements which have been made in Florida already are evidently those of the age of hasty production.

At the present time, when living is so luxurious, and luxury so contagious, the latest and best ideas in sanitary building must be attended to in order to give satisfaction. Opinions may differ as to the mode of building, but to arch building in a level country, none can deny a high order of advantages.

HEALTH CITY SHOULD BE BUILT

It has been the endeavor of the writer to call attention to the state of Florida as a winter resort for the restoration of the health of invalids, and for the pleasure of those who enjoy a warm winter climate and the sports and pasttimes that it offers.

It has also endeavored to show how its accommodations may be improved for the benefit of other nations than the citizens of the United States. As to the situation where its "health city" should be built, I have tried to point out the place, and show its advantages.

During a recent visit to Florida, my attention was called to Point Pinellas, and I examined it as well and carefully as time and circumstances permitted. At its southern extremity, the land is shaped like a pyramid, and at its apex now stands a high palmetto tree which, viewed from a distance in any direction, as it rises out of the sand, presents a singular spectacle. Poetry might suggest that it was a beacon to this genial climate, but actually, around its roots on the point the sea sweeps over a broad and graceful beach, trending in beauty for miles on either side. From here, extending far up into the land toward the base of the pyramid, Health City should be erected.

As a result of that visit and examination, this paper is now offered to you, gentlemen, as a contribution to sanitary science.

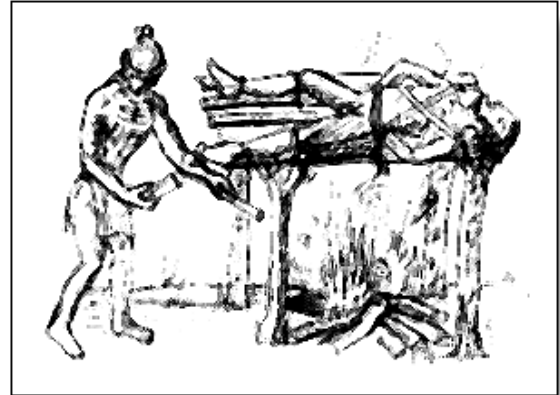
JUAN ORTIZ

'STAND-IN' VICTIM OF VENGEANCE



Florida Pioneers

**June Hurley
Young**



This vignette by St. Petersburg resident June Hurley Young is part of Portraits of 'Early Floridians', a series funded by the Florida Endowment for the Humanities and sponsored by the Florida Historical Society.

There's an historic marker on the west side of Park Street N in St. Petersburg that tells the story of the 16th-century explorer, Pamfilo DeNarvaez. What it doesn't tell is his heavy-handed way with the Indians and how one of his men was a "stand-in" for their vengeance.

Juan Ortiz, a 19-year-old cabin boy on one of the explorer's caravels, returned to Tampa Bay to find the lost expedition. Many say the tale that unfolded was the model for the famous Capt. John Smith-Pocahontas legend and that it all happened in Florida a century earlier.

When Juan and his two sailor companions landed on shore, the Timucuan grabbed them and hustled them off to Chief Hirrihigua. What a sight this royal Indian was, with the face of a disfigured skull! He had waited to get his hands on some Spaniards to settle an old debt. DeNarvaez, looking for gold, had ransacked his village and, when he protested, the Spaniard turned his dogs on the chief's mother and they tore

her to bits. Then he turned on Hirrihigua and slashed his lips and cut off his nose.

Ready for vengeance, the Indians stripped the two sailors and made them run from side to side in the village plaza, while they shot at them with bows and arrows until they lay like dead birds in the dust. Part of Ortiz's torture was to watch the proceedings but he was to be saved for a lingering torture on the next Feast Day.

In the morning, the Timucuan built a barbacoa of green wood, normally used for smoking wild game, and tied Ortiz to the rack. Over a slow, smoky fire he lay while his skin dried, blackened and blistered.

His agonized shrieks attracted the chief's wife and daughter. They were overcome with pity and begged Ortiz be released. Hirrihigua relented and the princess took the prisoner to her hut where she dressed his

wounds and healed his burns with aloes. Many times the young man wished he were dead because he never knew what torture he would face. Some days they made him run all day in the plaza while archers stood guard to shoot him if he rested.

He was made to stand guard over the dead, in the cemetery out from the village, so that no wild animals could carry off the fresh corpse that was drying there. He dozed off and realized that an animal had come and dragged off a body. Desperately he went in pursuit, shot his bow toward the rustling in the underbrush and was disconsolate when the animal got away. He knew that in the morning he would face the fate of a sentry that failed. The Indians would strike him over the head with clubs until he died. However, in the morning, the search party found the animal had been killed by a single dart. Juan Ortiz became an immediate hero.

This only added fuel to Hirrihigua's hatred and he vowed to kill his captive at the next Feast Day. The princess came to the Spaniard and outlined a plan for him to escape to the neighboring village of her fiancée Macoso.

Ortiz made it successfully and found sympathy in the new village where he was content to live as an Indian, learning all their customs and language. Macoso never married the princess, however, because her father was so angry that his plan had been thwarted.

Eleven years later, May 25, 1539, Hernando De Soto sighted Tampa Bay, and the Indians realized they would again meet the Spaniards. Macoso asked Ortiz to go to his people and ask for a peaceful meeting. De Soto had heard that there might be Spaniards held captive by the Indians and hoped to find one as an interpreter for his expedition.

According to his diary, he sent Baltazar Gallegos and 40 men ashore, and, after a minor skirmish and a case of mistaken identity, they met Ortiz, who was able to identify himself as a Spaniard. They took him back with them to De Soto and he was given clothing, armor and a horse and became an invaluable member of the expedition.

De Soto's meeting with Macoso was allegedly peaceful as they shook hands under a large oak. Some claim the tree still stands on the grounds of the University of Tampa.

Set on finding gold, De Soto and his men went inland. In the winter of 1541-42, west of the Mississippi, Ortiz died several months ahead of De Soto's own death, so he never returned to his native land.

WE GET LETTERS

SUNLAND TRIBUNE IS 'MONUMENTAL'

MIAMI - *The Sunland Tribune* is monumental. I haven't read it yet, just thumbing through took a while last night.

You get splendid reproduction of old pictures, which isn't all that easy. I am no good at the technicalities of printing. All I ever had to know was newsprint paper and Bodoni type. We had a time getting what finally appears to be a compatible ink and paper together but our reproduction is nothing like yours.

MARIE ANDERSON
Editor, "UPDATE,"
Historical Association
of Southern Florida



VERANDA OF THE TAMPA BAY HOTEL.

Looking North, with the City of Tampa Plant part to right. Note elaborate Moorish-Victorian fretwork and columns carved with the crescent design. The porch has been restored to its original condition.