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Full Issue

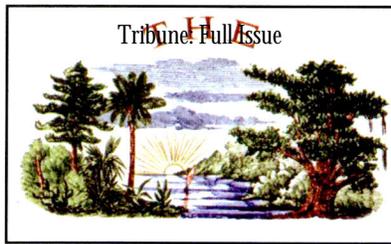
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SUNLAND TRIBUNE

Journal of the Tampa Historical Society

Volume XXXII

2007





THE SUNLAND TRIBUNE

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32nd Edition Volume XXXII 2007

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Front cover. "Tocobagas Fishing" by Hermann Trappmann. A native German, Trappmann and his family came to St. Petersburg when the artist was a child. As part of his quest for American identity, Trappman began exploring Florida history and heritage, and this led to a 25-year career as an interpretive ranger at Boyd Hill Nature Park. The self-taught artist, whose work can be viewed at www.floridafrontier.com, depicts early Florida Native Americans and the landscape, flora, and fauna that surrounded them.

Back cover. "Summer Hay" by Elizabeth Coachman. Coachman studied Art at Moore College of Art in Philadelphia and Rutgers University in New Jersey. Her first career, however, was in medicine; she holds an MD and was a pathologist in Florida for 20 years. After retirement, Coachman and husband Mike moved to a small cattle ranch in Brooksville, where the artist paints Florida landscapes and has a printmaking studio. An historical reenactor, Coachman writes about and interprets Dr. Mary Safford for the Safford Home Museum in Tarpon Springs, FL. For more of Coachman's work, go to www.stmichaelsprintshop or contact the artist at elizabethcoachman@gmail.com

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

The past twelve months at the Society have been full of surprises, changes, and progress.

Surprises include some valued additions to our Collection. A sizeable number of antique and vintage clothing items, donated by Jean Miller, now make it possible for the Society to display men's and women's attire (infant to adult) from the late 1800s to the 1940s: the period when the Knight House was inhabited as a private residence. A series of taped memoirs from Katherine Bock Netschert have yielded rich descriptions of Tampa in the era from the end of the First World War to and through WWII. Newly acquired early Tampa travel/tourism brochures, photographs, postcards, and cigar labels added to the Society's collection of "ephemera." Recently published books by Stan Zimmerman, Joe Knetsch, Gregg M. Turner, Joe Ackerman, Jr. and others augmented the Society's Library.

Not all the surprises were inside the Society's headquarters. Yard workers discovered that root beer bushes — descendants of plantings dating at least to the 1920s — were thriving in the back yard, along with a very old and huge avocado tree that was thought to be past fruit-bearing age but, this season, produced an excellent yield. Restoration work on the Knight House's back yard "shed" uncovered its true and original purpose, long overlooked: an



Maureen J. Patrick,
Current President

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The editor and the Tampa Historical Society welcomes articles pertaining to Tampa, historic Hillsborough County, and Florida history for publication in *The Sunland Tribune*. Please address all correspondence regarding submission of manuscripts and materials to the Editor, *The Sunland Tribune*, 245 South Hyde Park Avenue, Tampa, FL 33606-2231, www.tampahistoricalsociety.org. Not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts, materials, photographs or artwork. The editor and the Tampa Historical Society accept no responsibility for statements, ideas or

opinions whether of fact or opinion made by contributors.

outhouse, complete with Gaslight Era bricks laid over the "potty." Examination of the House's underside revealed that most of the original c.1890s iron and lead plumbing and gas pipes are intact and in place. And finally, study of the only surviving photograph of the House's original Chippendale style porch railing produced a sketch which can be used to reconstruct the porch and make it historically accurate.

Programming — which has increased four hundred percent in the past three years — continued to expand. A new holiday event, "The Knight House Dresses for the Holidays," embellished the House with period toys, displays of antique clothing, and antique Christmas cards. The holiday party added to the existing schedule of programs: the April Oaklawn Ramble, the July Open House, October's fundraiser Feast of the Dark, the Gothic Graveyard Walk near Halloween, and the Annual Meeting and D.B. McKay Award Dinner.

In a busy and productive year, there was one more happy surprise still. Alerted by Kevin Walker's excellent Tampa Tribune article to the challenges of maintaining/preserving Oaklawn Cemetery (the Society's special focus from its founding to the present day), the Krewe of Spirit of the Cigar City moved to partner with the Society in a long-range plan for the Cemetery's care. This plan will include regular maintenance, restoration, preservation, interpretation, historic landmark status, and fundraising.

As the Society has changed, so too has the public history landscape in Tampa. The

opinions whether of fact or opinion made by contributors.

The Sunland Tribune is provided free as a benefit of membership in the Tampa Historical Society. Membership is encouraged and welcome. Copies and certain back issues are available by writing to the Tampa Historical Society.

The Tampa Historical Society has granted the University of South Florida Libraries permission to scan the entire contents of all 30 issues of *The Sunland Tribune* from 1974 through 2006, and to place the digitized, keyword searchable versions on the World Wide Web. The electronic versions of *The Sunland Tribune* are part of "Floridiana on the Web," a non-commercial, educational project funded by GTE. This dynamic website presents Florida's K-12 students with a wealth of images and text about the state's history and culture, and is freely available to anyone in the world with access to the World Wide Web.

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President's Message *continued*

Society's Board of Directors has responded to these changes with new and exciting directions for Hillsborough County's oldest history organization. Members should expect an exciting and interesting year ahead, with programs and publications that preserve the excellence of Tampa Historical Society's organizational offerings while keeping pace with its modified mission and direction.

Best regards,

Maureen J. Patrick



Tampa Historical Society

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Founded in 1971

John Westcott and the Coming of the Third Seminole War: A Perspective From Within

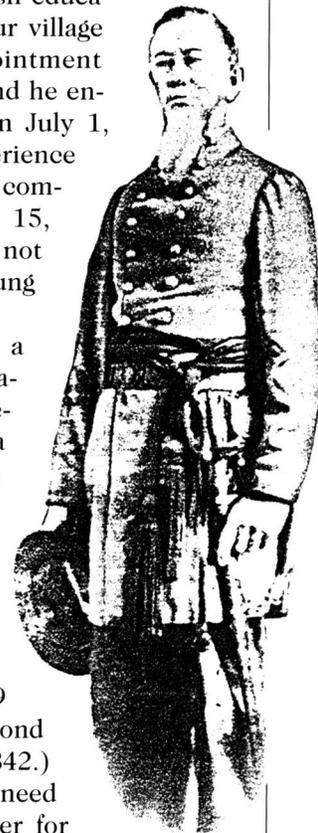
Joe Knetsch, Ph.D.

John Westcott was one of the more innovative men on the Florida frontier. His name is most often associated with the beginnings of the Florida educational system, stemming from his work in the first Legislature. As Chairman of the Committee on Schools and Colleges, he pushed for a system of free public education.¹ In Madison County history, Westcott is remembered as being one of the founders of the Masonic Lodge, owning one of the first sawmills, and holding the position of Postmaster. Westcott is also remembered there for a public gaffe, when a cannon he was firing (signaling the opening of the 1851 Independence Day celebration) mis-fired. Westcott suffered some slight injuries needing medical attention. Luckily, at the time, he was the physician for most of the community.² Westcott's life was long and productive: he was the oldest member of the Constitutional Convention of 1885. Of all his many public duties and achievements, however, none compares to the service he gave as Surveyor General of Florida from 1853 to 1858.

Westcott was born on June 16, 1807 in New Jersey at the family home in Bridgetown. The New Jersey native was the younger brother to Florida's other first U. S. Senator, James D. Westcott, Jr. Another brother was associated with the Apalachicola Land Company for many years. Their father, James Diament Westcott, became Secretary of State for New Jersey and was involved in the famed Delaware and Raritan Canal Company. One of his associates in

the canal business was Samuel Southard of the Morris Canal and Banking Company; he sponsored young John Westcott's appointment into West Point at just sixteen. Westcott's father wrote to Secretary of War John C. Calhoun asking for his son's admittance into the Academy, assuring the school that his son "has acquired a knowledge of the branches of English education usually taught in our village schools."³ John's appointment was made by Calhoun and he entered the cadet corps on July 1, 1823. He found the experience trying, and resigned his commission on November 15, 1823. Military life was not what the immature young man expected.⁴

Westcott then began a study of medicine, probably in Philadelphia. Descendants have found a few medical pamphlets in the family holdings and believe they come from John.⁵ Westcott's whereabouts were then unknown for some time, he arrived in Florida around 1838-39 at the height of the Second Seminole War (1835-1842.) There was a desperate need on the peninsular frontier for doctors, no matter how inexperienced, and Westcott soon became involved in the War serving as an Assistant Sur-



John Westcott, Surveyor General, in military attire.

geon for Colonel William Bailey's First Regiment of Florida Mounted Volunteers. His service began on April 20, 1840 and continued through most of the remainder of the War; he stayed with his local unit gathered mostly from Jefferson and Madison Counties.⁶ He was later promoted to the rank of Surgeon, a promotion which, in the volunteer units, took much less time than in the regular Army where good physicians would languish for ten years or longer in the lower rank before being promoted. Among his colleagues-in-arms were Colonel Francis L. Dancy (who would succeed him as Surveyor General in 1858), Elias E. Blackburn, John Osteen and John H. Gee, son of the former Grand Master of the Masonic Lodge of Florida, Henry Gee. This service in the War did not hurt Westcott's connections or his reputation. He was thereafter always referred to as "Doctor Westcott" by the residents of Madison County.

One of Westcott's most important contacts (and a life-long friend) was Samuel J. Perry, a prominent member of the militia and a leader in Madison society. Perry, like many other notables in early Florida, was also a Mason and helped his friend and fraternal colleague in many ways. Along with other Masons, Westcott helped to found the "St. Johns Seminary of Learning" in Madison, which became known as one of the best educational institutions in antebellum Florida. The local Madison Lodge No. 11 purchased an eight-acre parcel located at the corner of Base and Duval Streets and constructed the school on it. The school offered the equivalent of a high school degree and attracted students from Madison and the surrounding area.⁷

The income generated from his profession was not enough to satisfy the doctor's ambitions, political and social. By the late 1840s Westcott was anxious for new challenges and he turned to Perry for advice. As Perry was already a Deputy U. S., Surveyor of some experience, he probably suggested that Westcott apply for a like position. Here his mathematical abilities would come to the fore and he could make practical applications of his brief military studies. Perry wrote a letter of support for Westcott, noting that he had been an intimate friend for eight years. Surveyor General Robert Butler was impressed with the young man and his credentials (as well as his status as a fellow Mason and military man), and appointed

him U. S. Deputy Surveyor in mid-1847.⁸ Westcott was not the only physician in the service of the General Land Office; one of his colleagues was Dr. Arthur M. Randolph of Tallahassee, one of Florida's finest surveyors.

Dr. Westcott was a meticulous man with excellent work habits, traits that would carry him far in his new job. As a trained physician he was used to paying attention to details and this approach to the job of surveyor paid dividends in the field. His first assignment was in the inhospitable country of Township 23 South, Range 24 East, near the headwaters of the Little Withlacoochee River in what is now designated the Green Swamp. The job was heavy going from the first and some of the crew took ill soon after their arrival in the swamps. Westcott wrote: "I arrived upon my survey the 26th inst. have been constantly engaged upon the work ever since, except the delay of a few days from sickness of my men, overflowing & bad weather, and that up to the present time have run 79 miles. T. 23, R. 23 is mostly swamp, the head of the Little Withlacoochee."⁹ This amount of mileage run is exceptional given the terrain in which the men operated. In the present day, surveyors have found the marks left by Westcott during that work and have found them to be very accurate given the limitations of time, technology, and unhealthiness of the area.¹⁰

The work was long and difficult in the Green Swamp, but gave Westcott some valuable experience in the field where he would later supervise others. His first contract was in wet enough territory, but his second one brought him into the bog lands of Township 4 South, Range 9 East. There he noted to the Surveyor General that the land was "nearly entire swamp and not worth surveying."¹¹ In many instances, the early Florida surveyors had instructions to survey only lands that could potentially be cultivated, and to skip over swampy, unusable, and unvalued terrain. Westcott's persistence and detailed work in such regions made subsequent surveying unnecessary. (The land is virtually uninhabited to this day.) Later, other surveyors would be chastised by the General Land Office if they troubled to survey such lands.

Even though evidently unsuited to settlement, some of the swamp lands in which Westcott worked had to be surveyed be-

cause of their being potential refuges and hiding places for the hostile Native Americans in the area. These had already forced the United States Army into the bloodiest and most costly Indian war in American history, the Second Seminole War (1835-1842.) In this role, Westcott's military experience was very aptly put to use. Writing to the new Surveyor General, Benjamin Putnam (who had led the ill-fated forces at the Battle of Dunlawton in early 1836), Westcott observed:

"Nearly the whole of the great San Pedro Swamp, a basin forming the headwaters of the Econfina, Spring Warrior and Steinhatchee Rivers, lies within the boundaries of my late contract. It was necessary that the Townships I have returned as Surveyed which lie within and on the borders of this Swamp should be surveyed not only on account of the great value of portions of the land embraced in these Townships but also to acquire knowledge of the numerous Islands, Byous [sic], Lagoons and Creeks which are found in this Swamp. From want of this Knowledge, this swamp was during the late Seminole War, one vast forest castle . . . Had this survey been made before the war, from the knowledge which would thereby be acquired of the localities of the various Islands, Laggoons, &c. above mentioned, a vast amount of labor, expense & bloodshed would have been saved. In my humble judgment this survey was indispensable if practicable even if no other reasons for it existed than those already stated."¹²

Westcott's observation was correct, and would aid the Army during an impending crisis. While Westcott was in the field, political events were quickly moving toward a fateful moment. In 1849, the Legislature passed a law making it illegal for the Indian Agent to allow the Indians to roam beyond the limits of the reserve set up by the agreement of 1842.¹³ To sustain the Natives and aid in their "domestication," certain restricted trading establishments were placed near the Seminole lands and were supposed to be closely monitored. One such store was the Kennedy-Darling store at Charlo-Popka-Hatchee-Chee (Little Trout Eating Creek), later known as Payne's Creek. In July of 1849, this store was attacked by a small band of renegade Seminoles. This attack followed an ambush of two men at the Indian River settlement.



Billy Bowlegs, Chieftain of the Seminoles during the Third Seminole War. (Photograph courtesy of the State of Florida Photographic Archives.)

Killed in the attack on the Kennedy-Darling store were its manager Captain George S. Payne and his friend Dempsey Whidden. Luck was with the store's clerk, William McCulloch, who was wounded but made a miraculous escape with his wife by hiding in the palmetto thickets near the Peace River. Panic at the State level followed the attack. Most of the lower East Coast of Florida was depopulated, with only a few stragglers surviving from Merritt Island to Miami. The Manatee River settlements remained intact and immediately asked for additional protection from the Army, as well as trying to recruit a local unit for defense. The Army responded as it almost always did on the western frontiers, by establishing a line of forts across the state from the Manatee River to Fort Capron near modern day Vero Beach. Forts Hamer, Crawford and Myakka were rapidly constructed and occupied to control the outbreak. Many troops were stationed along the Manatee in private residences, such as the home of Dr. Joseph Braden and on the plantation of Robert Gamble. Some, like the unit under the command of Brevet Major John C. Pemberton, went to other homes less well protected. Soon, white flags signifying the wish to parlay were seen near the home of Hamlin

V. Snell near Sarasota and some near John Addison's place further inland.¹⁴

Captain John C. Casey and General David Twiggs took the signs as a positive gesture and responded quickly. They were soon making arrangements for the Seminoles to hand over their fugitive hostiles for trial in a Florida court. Neither side in the affair wanted war and only a few really pushed for any such legal action, one of the most prominent being John Darling, owner of the store where the attack took place. Capt. Casey's biggest worry in the delicate negotiations was not with the Seminole and Miccosukee leaders, Billy Bowlegs and Abiaka (aka Sam Jones.) Casey's concern was Gen. Twiggs, who had a reputation as being a harsh negotiator. The very volatile subject of the Seminoles' emigration from their

homelands was one Casey feared would be put forth by the General, and indeed it was. Chief Bowlegs looked shocked and dismayed by the discussion, and it was soon dropped. The matter to hand, however, was resolved by sur-

rendering three of the fugitive war-

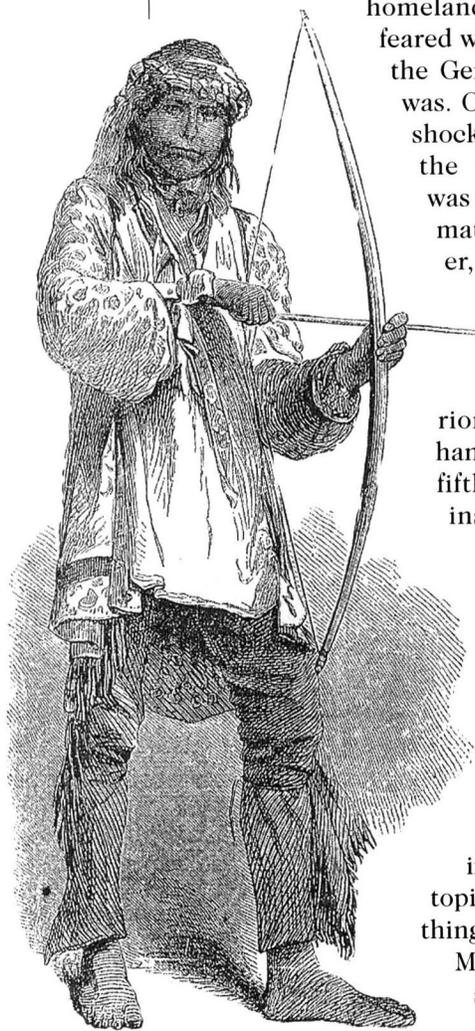
rriors, along with the hand of a fourth. The fifth member of the insurgent group was promised as soon as he could be brought in and transferred to the authorities. However, as the fretful Casey, ailing from consumption, feared, the untimely broaching of the emigration topic presaged worse things to come. Brevet Major Pemberton, observing the negotiation, knew the predictable result, a "long and wearisome war."¹⁵

The following year, 1850, saw

two incidents which could have led to general war. Quick action and a desire for peace by the Army and the Seminoles diverted out and out conflict. Early in the year, two young Indians came to trade on the Manatee River. Their intentions became confused and misunderstood and they ended up being shipped to the West. Many of their people thought they had been kidnapped and forcibly removed. This incident caused Chief Bowlegs to move his camp further inland and away from the whites. The murder of one Daniel Hubbard in Marion County set off another panic, albeit brief. Indian justice was not quick in that incident and the Seminoles had difficulty finding the guilty parties. After two years of searching the miscreants were discovered but allegedly committed suicide while awaiting trial. Either of the 1850 incidents could have sparked another general war, but the reticence of both sides to begin another armed conflict spared Florida for another year.¹⁶

Some of the settlers on the Florida frontier did not appreciate the tact, patience, and lack of a unified plan from Washington in resolving the "Indian Problem." Throughout 1850 and 1851 Florida residents tried various means of pressuring the government to remove the Seminoles and their allies from the southern section of the state, a region set aside for them. When the appointment of Luther Blake as Indian Agent was announced, some of the leaders of the settlements were less than pleased. Although Blake had a reputation for efficiency in the removal of Creeks and Cherokees from Georgia, his appointment was viewed as little more than a political plum to an administration supporter. Writing to Governor Thomas Brown on July 28, 1851, Tampa merchant and agitator for Indian removal, John Darling, wrote of his displeasure:

"I was informed yesterday by what I believe to be reliable authority, That General Blake the present special Indian Agent, is to receive \$200,000, if he removes the Indians or \$10,000 in case he fails — what amount of exertion in the cause is required to make a respectable failure is not stated — this is the last edition of a most miserable policy towards and in order to effect the removal of these Indians. The same amount offered directly to the Indians could no doubt



"Long Jack, Billy Bowleg's lieutenant." This drawing and caption appeared in *Harper's Illustrated Weekly*, June 12, 1838.

carry them directly out of the country. At any rate the offer could do no harm — but no, a manly course might rid us of our enemies at the expense of Executive patronage, therefore, it is thought more advisable to replenish the empty coffers of a needy and consequently troublesome political retainer of the administration. If such a contract as I have described does really exist between Genl. Blake and the Government at Washington its rottenness cannot be explained away by the Administration.”¹⁷

Darling was not satisfied with just one letter to his friend and political ally. He continued in this vein in a letter dated November of 1851, stating to Brown that he was prepared to do more than just write letters and petitions, and was going to have the Legislature move a bill during its next session encouraging the Federal Government to act on the removal of the Seminoles. To prompt the action, Darling called a series of local meetings to “get the sense of the people.” These meetings, he reasoned, would provide the Governor with additional political ammunition for backing even stronger proposals. On December 28, he notified Brown that: “Public meetings have been held at this place, at Old Tampa, at Ichepuksasa, and on the Alafia, which were unanimous for the immediate removal of the Indians . . . I have called upon the Counties of Hernando, Monroe and Dade for expressions upon this subject, but I am not informed that any action has been taken upon my request.”¹⁸ Although the hornets’ nest stirred by Darling had no immediate impact on the Legislature, the body did debate the possibility of some action toward Indian removal. (Not until the 1855 session did the Legislature pass a resolution for the immediate removal of the Seminoles from the State of Florida.¹⁹)

In 1853, President Millard Fillmore promised action in removing the Seminoles from Florida, but did not follow through with any new policy related to the subject. The President did express his desire to see the Seminoles removed and noted: “the Indians were assigned lands in the west and the withholding of a large tract of land from settlement [by whites] is a serious injury to Florida.”²⁰ In this observation he was correct, as the lack of immigration to the State



Billy Bowlegs (third from left, seated) and other Seminoles, photographed in New York in 1852 for *Harper's Illustrated Weekly*. (Photograph courtesy of the State of Florida Photographic Archives.)

was reflected in continued low census recordings for the State. The Armed Occupation Act had not brought many new faces into Florida, and, as well, the lack of any notable infrastructure hindered movement within the State, rendering settlement very difficult. Money was needed to promote Indian removal, increase internal improvements, and survey Florida lands so as to put them onto the market for purchase by prospective settlers and investors. Policy makers in Washington and elsewhere hit upon another, quiet, strategy to remove the Indians from Florida. As the Seminoles were fully aware of the importance of the surveys to white settlement, they reasoned, let the surveyors push forward with their work into the lands bordering those Indian lands designated by Worth's 1842 agreement. Thus the Indians would be made to understand that white settlement was imminent. This action, it was believed (naively, as it soon became apparent), would hasten the Seminoles' decision to leave Florida for lands in the West.

1853 also saw John Westcott receive his appointment as Surveyor General for the State of Florida. Westcott had earlier seen the need for surveying Indians lands, used as hiding places by hostiles during various outbreaks. Although the ordering of such surveys within the twenty-mile buffer zone around Indian lands had been done by his predecessor, Benjamin Putnam, Westcott agreed with the new survey initiative. On

the 20th of June, 1853, the new Surveyor General wrote to John Wilson, the Commissioner of the General Land Office in Washington, stating his views:

"I am guided by the general belief that the authorities in Washington have determined that the Seminoles shall be removed according to their treaty stipulations and the probable Salutary effect it will have on them, independent of the immediate occupancy by a useful population. Many are of the opinion that an immediate survey of the whole Country between the Talahchopka Hatchee (or Peace Creek) and the Kissimmee river, as well as that now occupied by "Towns" would at Once impel the Indians to comply with their repeated promises. The question at once arises, whether such a course would or not Produce bloodshed.

As alternative consideration of the subject has led me to the Conclusion, that a gradual and easy approach by surveys and settlements from the present surveyed lands on the northern and eastern margins of the reserve would be safer for the inhabitants on the frontier, and sooner accomplish, peaceably and economically the object so much desired, than in any other way. As you will perceive by the Diagram, the townships on the northern and eastern borders of the twenty mile line, were put under contract by my predecessor and four Deputies are now in the field, the townships marked A.B.C.D. and without molestation. The continuance of the surveying, gradually from the north and east (and it would not this year or next in the least interfere with their assigned limits, settlements, or hunting grounds) it seems to me would have the effect to impress them.

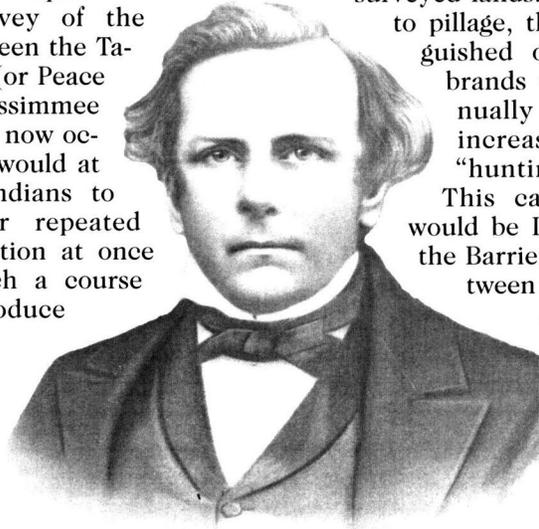
That the Government was in earnest. That they were daily losing possession. Their "Forest Castles" being examined and understood, Impressions calculated to excited inquietude and under the circumstances, without violence, disposing them peaceably to yield to their agreements.

If this course should accomplish nothing more, it would certainly in a short time, confine them entirely to that portion of the Peninsula south of the Caloosa Hatchee and now occupied exclusively by them.

The principal cause of the disturbances between the inhabitants on the frontier and the Indians being the large stocks of Cattle and Hogs ranging in the forest north of township thirty six on the unsurveyed lands. Subject at all times to pillage, the ownership distinguished only by marks and brands which are made annually about the natural increase after scouts for "hunting and penning." This cause of disturbance would be I think prevented by the Barrier of military forts between Lake Okeechobee and Fort Myers on the Caloosa Hatchee. The country on the northern and eastern coasts of the inland sea would at once be settled by a hardy and industrious population its waters navigated, explorations of its Southern shore and Islands of the Everglades would follow preventing the few remaining Indians (should they commence hostilities at any future date) from seeking hiding places there as has been the case heretofore . . ."21

Thus, at the very beginning of his tenure as Surveyor General, John Westcott was convinced that hostilities could be avoided by following the policy laid down by the Federal Government: peaceable pressure rather than the forced removal sought by many on the frontier. It was a policy that he had thought long and hard upon and had quietly practiced as a surveyor in the field even before he had the power to assign duties to others. It put Westcott squarely at odds with Floridians like John Darling, who advocated forcible and immediate removal of the Indians.²²

The government, like Westcott, did not want a violent end to the "Indian problem." The mission of Blake and others clearly indicated a preference for a peaceful solution.



Governor Broome

Indian relocation. In his speech to the General Assembly on November 24, 1854, the Governor stated: "I am advised by Capt. Casey, the agent of the Government, that the Indians are peaceably disposed, and he expresses the opinion that a rigid enforcement of the State law prohibiting all persons from trading with them, or in any manner furnishing them supplies, will lead at no distant day to their peaceable emigration."²⁴ Broome was equally happy to report that the duty of removing the Indians from Florida had been transferred from the Department of the Interior to the War Department, then headed by Jefferson Davis, a man, said Broome, "who, as a statesman and a soldier, has always been equal to his duty." Governor Broome had every confidence that his friend Davis would use every peaceable means available but if they failed he would not hesitate, however risky the venture, to use coercive measures.²⁵

Using his deputy surveyors as a peaceable means of removal was also an acceptable risk for Surveyor General Westcott. Every surveyor who worked anywhere on America's frontiers was in danger from the Natives of the region. Westcott, sure of the Federal and State authorities' determination to remove the Seminoles, was convinced that the Indians would be forced out by the end of 1853 or early 1854. If not, then the surveyors could be sent in and covered by armed guards, and this would demonstrate the futility of resisting progress. Writing to Deputy Lewis Lanier at Fort Meade, the Surveyor General opined:

"When I left Washington the President and Secretary of War had not determined the course to take with the Indians. Yet it was understood that they would have to go this winter. Therefore a great deal will depend in relation to surveying how the Indians act. Many are in favor of surveying them out but to do so would require an armed force to protect the Surveyors and if we are to have an armed force, why not send them in at once as soon as the weather gets cool enough. If the General Government do not act in the matter (as I certainly believe they will, and intend to) I have not the least doubt but the Governor will order the force of General Johnson [probably Allen G.] into the nation after the 1st November."²⁶

Westcott's prediction of a Fall/Winter

Indian withdrawal proved to be incorrect. However, he soon had worse problems to worry about when, on March 23, 1854, the Secretary of War ordered that the organized reconnaissance of the Everglades should commence. With the failure of the Western Seminoles to persuade their kinfolk to move, the time seemed to be right to apply the peaceable pressure approach. In making his recommendation, Secretary of War Davis cited the 1842 agreement arranged by General William Jenkins Worth and the 1849 incidents as reasons for the new moves. On April 10, 1854, the Surveyor General received the official notification that, "the lines of the public surveys may now be extended to the Indian line designated in the letter of the Secretary of War, and the township surveys completed up to said limits." Westcott was specifically instructed to "make arrangements for completing the surveys of such townships within the limits referred to as may be likely first to command the attention of settlers and purchasers, either for agricultural purposes or on account of their timber."²⁷ The peaceable pressure of surveys and settlement was about to be launched in the most trying of circumstances.

With the marching orders in the Commissioner of the General Land Office, John Wilson wrote to Westcott asking which lands he would recommend to survey first in what had until then been known as the "neutral ground."²⁸ Westcott responded on April 27th: "The lands on Okeechobee, Kissimmee river and Peas Creek would command the immediate attention of settlers & larger purchasers, when all fears are quieted of molestation by the Indians."²⁹ These lands, although formerly a buffer zone between whites and Indians, were some of the most favored hunting grounds of the Seminoles. The surveying of these lands by the government surveyors could easily provoke an incident that would lead to a renewed war. The surveyors would be in harm's way with little armament to protect themselves and no sure promise of military support. Deputy Surveyors at this time usually only carried one or two weapons to be used for hunting food and killing snakes. As to personnel, they hired a "camp man" to cook, clean the game, and watch after the equipment. An axe man or two plus someone to chain the lines along with the Deputy usually made up the entire crew. Six to eight men

with few weapons would be easy targets for an aggressive and canny enemy, one who knew the terrain far better than the surveyors did. In very isolated areas like the Kissimmee River valley or the Lake Okechobee region the exposure to an attack was extreme.

Surveyors involved with this dangerous task knew well the potential for trouble. Hillsborough pioneer and U. S. Deputy Surveyor John Jackson wrote to Westcott on July 1, 1854, after receiving his own contract: "Unless the Indians get my scalp (which is the opinion of many in this part) you shall hear from me occasionally. You may rely on it that I shall carry out your instructions to the best of my ability. I am determined that no care on my part shall be wanting in the execution of my contract as I feel the weight and consequences of the position you have assigned me."³⁰ Jackson left immediately for the Peace River country and suffered one of the most difficult periods in his long and illustrious surveying career. He was plagued with high water levels, the illness of most of his crew, an incompetent chainman, and various supply problems. After a long lapse he renewed his correspondence with the Surveyor General, writing on January 12, 1855: "I presume on account of my long silence that you begin to think by this time (with others of our neighbours) that King Billy has got hold of us but such is not the case as you will presently see on my reporting progress."³¹ Jackson admitted that he was not alone on the prairie: "The Indians were watching our movements, ever after our crossing Charlipopka Creek and particularly [sic] about the Big Prairie and thence to Istockpoga Lake they set the woods on fire about us frequently; I presume they thought to frighten us from going further on their Boundaries . . . in the end I caught one of them reconnoitering our camp . . . They have been complaining to Capt. Casey that we frequently crossed their lines."³²

Captain John Casey's diaries do not reflect frequent contact with the Seminoles during this period, but he was well informed about the conditions on the frontier from the surveyors. He noted on February 4, 1855 that Surveyor William G. Moseley had arrived in town and was camping with the garrison of Fort Brooke. The next day Moseley visited Casey and asked about the possibility of an Indian outbreak. Casey noted

that the Deputy was not afraid of going into the field but was "afraid of appearing afraid."³³ Deputy George Bunker also contacted Casey in early March but did not mention a report given by "Parker & Hollingsworth" of the killing of at least five steers near Horse Creek, within Bunker's contracted survey.³⁴ Casey, restricted by his worsening consumption, needed such contacts to keep him informed of happenings on the frontier, and the surveyors were usually very obliging in this regard. These visits and letters helped to keep the reports of Seminole attacks, thefts, and other such incendiary news current.

The U. S. Deputy Surveyors were not the only "surveyors" tracking the wilderness of southern Florida. The United States Army was also involved with mapping the territory that might soon become their next battlefield: a lesson learned from the Second Seminole War when unfamiliarity with the terrain gave the Indians a decided advantage. Casey, a responsible military officer, wrote to Westcott asking the Surveyor General to provide copies of the most recent surveys in the area. These survey plats were then provided to Colonel John Munro, then commanding the troops in Florida from Tampa. It was Casey who informed Westcott of the understandable difficulties John Jackson was experiencing in recruiting a survey party as: "Many seem a little apprehensive of danger and all required more than the usual wages."³⁵ Within a year's time Casey again requested copies of the latest surveys, "for the use of the Army in So. Fla." The Captain explained: "Our troops have now been some time cutting roads &c into the Big Cypress, and a party has gone to the S. side of that region by water via Cape Romano. The Indians remain quiet — carefully avoiding any offense, and seem determined not to begin hostilities. Meanwhile their haunts & hiding places are being exposed."³⁶ While Casey and Westcott were exchanging information, Second Lieutenant Henry Benson was making his exploration of the area from Fisheating Creek and up the Kissimmee River to near Lake Topakeliga and First Lieutenant George Hartsuff was mapping the region between the Caloosahatchee and Fisheating Creek.³⁷ While the surveyors hoped for the best, the Army was preparing for the worst.

Westcott received information from the field that gave him a clear understanding of

the frontier conditions taxing his deputies. During 1855, while making a field inspection of the surveys (as required by a new rule instituted by the General Land Office), he found the following letter from Deputy Surveyor W. S. Harris: "I began on the 28th ult. & have worked five full days only, the balance of the time has been consumed in Horse hunting. The Indians stole my Horses the 3rd day after my arrival here, & they were four days gone, when We found them they were in a Hammock on the Kissimmee Prairie, closely Hobbled, & much abused. I say the Indians stole them because it is evident someone done it, and there are no one else here to do it."³⁸ Such incidents as this presaged a new outbreak of hostilities.

On December 20, 1855, Lieutenant George Hartsuff's command was attacked by the Seminoles under Billy Bowlegs in the famed "Banana Patch" incident. (Reportedly, the raid was initiated by whites' destruction of a banana grove belonging to the Chief.) At the time, Surveyor General Westcott had four deputies in the field and he had not heard from two of them for some time. One was his old friend Sam Perry. Writing to Colonel Munro, Westcott thanked that officer for sending diagrams of the area where the deputies were working and noted the approximate location of their last communications. Westcott also noted that Deputy Harris had not yet been notified of the outbreak of hostilities.³⁹ The Surveyor General had cause to worry as Harris was under constant watch and had received at least three visits from Seminole warriors after the known start of hostilities. On one occasion, the Indians even enjoyed a friendly meal with his camp man. Despite the drama of the moment, no harm came to Harris or any member of his party or that of any other surveying party.⁴⁰ It is evident that for whatever reasons the Seminoles did not consider these men a threat.

From within the Federal bureaucracy, John Westcott was in a key position to see the development of a policy regarding the removal of the Seminoles from Florida, and to witness national Indian policy evolving. His constant interaction with the Army, surveyors, and other governmental officials allowed him to have a unique perspective on events. His personal belief in peaceable pressure was formulated in part because he was in the position to undertake it. A thoroughgoing patriot, his support of Federal

policy is evident in all of his letters, even though it often varied from his preferred path. Yet, frustration and intolerance were also part of this correspondence. In writing to Hiram Warner on February 1, 1856, Westcott stated: "All surveys are at present suspended on account of Indian hostilities, the Surveyors who were in the field, at the time of the recent outbreak, deeming it not safe or prudent to remain on the frontier unprotected until the Indians were removed or 'exterminated.' We hope however, now to soon be rid of this pest to our State."⁴¹ In vituperating, Westcott was simply reflecting what the majority of white Florida was then feeling. Despite his unique position and influence, John Westcott could not remove himself from the tensions and attitudes of the era, an era in which Westcott and Florida were both witnesses to sometimes grand, sometimes inglorious, social changes.

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9. "Letters and Reports to Surveyor General, Vol. 1. 1825-1847." Title and Land Records Section, Division of State Lands, Florida Department of Environmental Protection, Tallahassee, Florida, p. 875. Hereafter "Letters and Reports."
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11. "Letters and Reports," Vol. 2. 1848-56, p.283.
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16. Covington. *Billy Bowlegs War*, pp.15-17.
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27. "Letters from Commissioner." Volume 7: 1854-55. Pp. 467-475. Tallahassee, FL: Title and Land Records Section, Division of State Lands, Florida Department of Environmental Protection.
28. "Letters from Commissioner." Volume 7; p. 475.
29. "Letters of Surveyor General." Volume. 9, p. 115.
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40. "Letters and Reports." Volume 2, p.1021.
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Fort Brooke in 1846: Excerpts from a Soldier's Journal

Christopher Delano Kimball

Author's Note: While researching the Seminole Wars in the Orange County Library, I came across this interesting source: *Autobiography of an English Soldier in the United States Army Comprising Observations and Adventures in the States and Mexico*, by George Ballentine, printed in New York by Stringer and Townsend, 1853. Ballentine was a soldier in the War in Mexico in the 1840's. In the summer of 1846, he spent several months at Fort Brooke, Tampa. His observations on the Seminoles are particularly interesting, as is his description of life in the Fort during a peaceful lull in the Seminole Wars.

After describing the local Seminoles, the author goes on to tell about the rich country that makes up Florida and remarks, "Still, as long as the Indians remain in its borders, its resources will never have a fair chance of development, as the distant settlers can have no security for life or property while they are in the vicinity." The comment reflects the widespread belief — a pillar of Manifest Destiny — that white settlers and Indians could not peaceably coexist in the same country.

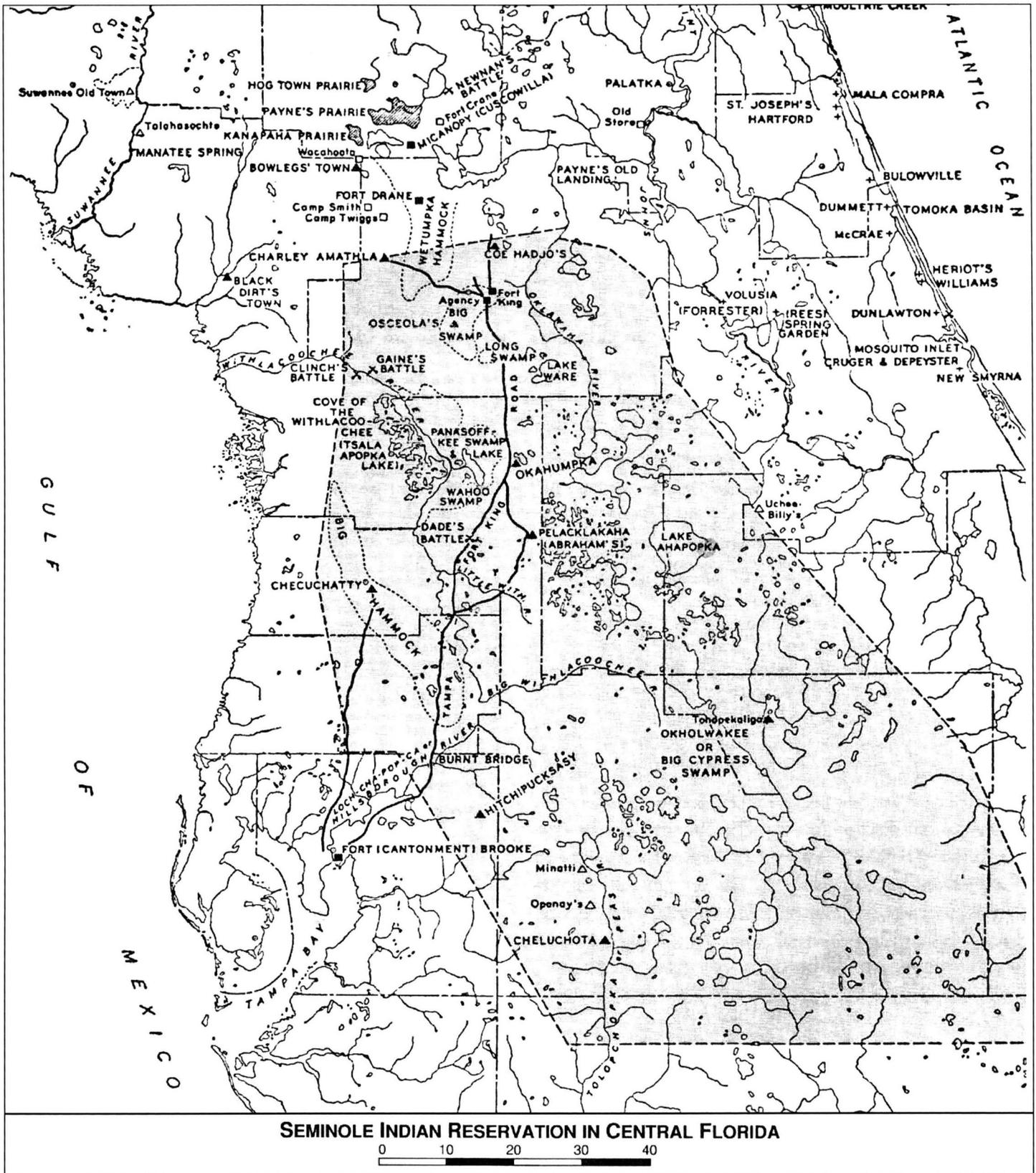
“On arriving at Tampa Bay we found another company of our regiment stationed there, two companies being considered requisite for the protection of the inhabitants against any sudden outbreak of the Indians. These, to the amount of several hundred warriors, beside squaws and

children, still occupy a large tract of Florida called the Everglades; where they live in the same state of rude savage life to which they were accustomed ere the first of the pale faces left a footprint on their sandy shores . . .

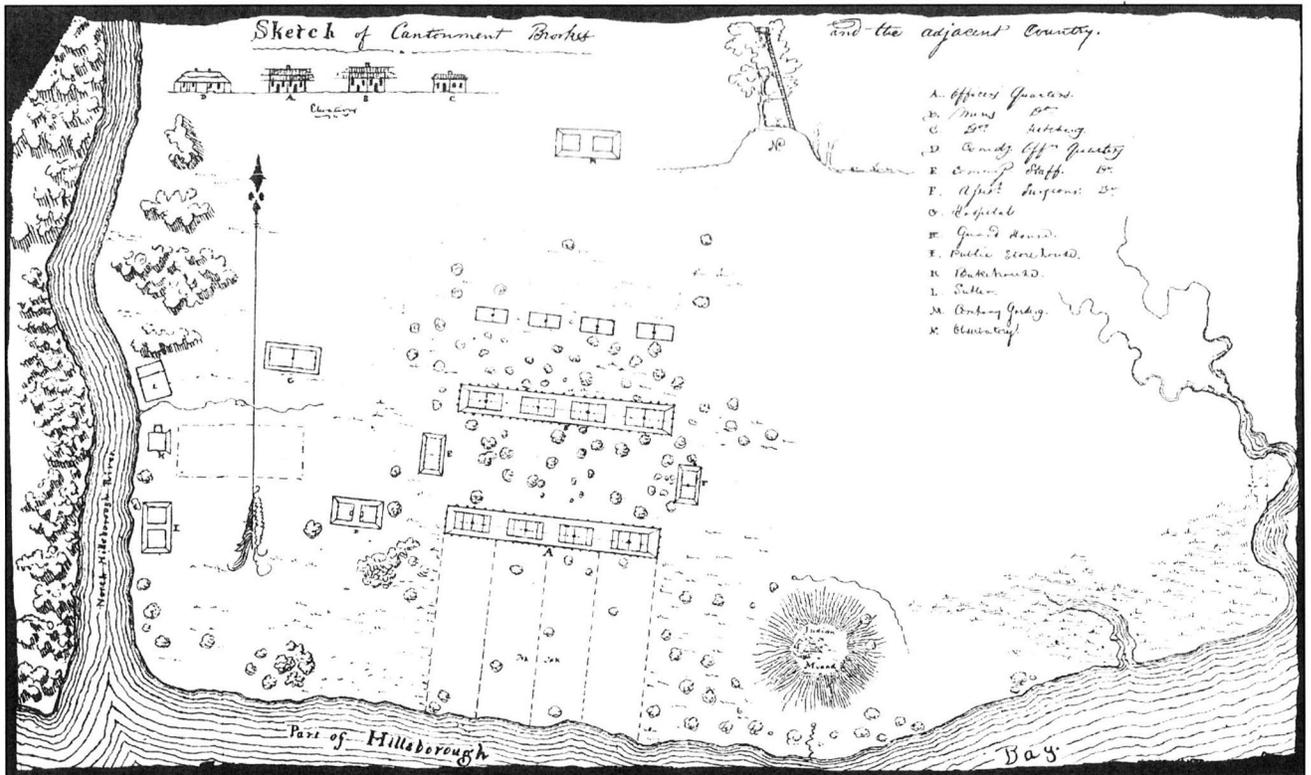
They have game in abundance, herds of deer roam through the plains and glades, and crop their luxuriant herbage; numerous flocks of wild turkeys roost in the hammocks at night, and feed in the openings and pine barrens by day; and in the creeks and bays of the sea coast, or in the large fresh water lakes of the interior, incredible quantities of delicious fish are easily caught . . .

Round their villages, in the selection of a site for which they display excellent taste and judgment, they usually cultivate a small portion of the soil in raising maize, or edible roots; and the little labour which this requires is performed by the women and children. In this delicious climate, where there is perpetual verdure, and where the existence of cold or winter is scarcely known or felt, the mode of living of these savages seems not so very disagreeable, and with their ideas of comfort they must find Florida a complete Indian paradise . . .

It is not much to be wondered at, therefore, to find them so reluctant to leave for a new home among the tribes of the Indian Territory. Sooner than submit to this, about fifteen years ago [in 1835] they waged an unequal war with the United States; which lasted several years, and cost America nearly as much, it is said, as the late war in



Seminole lands defined in the 1823 Moultrie Creek Conference. Inducements and threats were used to discourage the Seminoles from ranging freely throughout Florida, and to remain within the reservation. In all, the Seminoles surrendered 28,253,820 acres of land in return for a plot of just over 4000 acres in Central Florida. Not surprisingly, many Seminole chiefs refused to sign the treaty. Thirty-two did and Governor DuVal and U.S. President Calhoun were content with the treaty. The subsequent widespread refusal of Indians to retreat into the reservation resulted, in 1824, in the founding of a U.S. Army post — Fort Brooke — on Tampa Bay at the mouth of the Hillsborough River. (Map reprinted from *Seminoles: Days of Long Ago*, by Kenneth W. Mulder. Tampa: Mulder Enterprises, 1993.)



Map of Ft. Brooke. This map was published for the first time in the 1988 *Sunland Tribune*. It displays the Fort, a pre-Contact Timucuan Indian mound, the Hillsborough River, and two springs (far right) identified by Colonel George Mercer Brooke (in present-day Ybor City.) Elevation sketches at the top of the map show the Indian mound (right, with a gumbo limbo tree presumed to have been used in astronomical calculations by the Timucuan) and (left) the Officers' and Soldiers' Quarters. (National Archives, Washington, D.C.)

Mexico. At the present time there are not in Florida more than a fourth, it is supposed, of the number who were there at commencement of the war; as a great many of them at various times accepted the terms offered by the government of the United States, and were transported to a tract of land called the Indian Territory, lying between Arkansas and the Rocky Mountains. Those who refused to leave, and who were finally permitted to remain in a portion of Florida defined by certain boundaries, have been variously estimated at from three to five hundred warriors. But as they have almost no intercourse with the inhabitants, white men not being suffered to approach their villages, it is very difficult to form anything like a correct estimate of their numbers. The government agent, stationed at Fort Charlotte, a small settlement near their boundary line, for the purpose of trading with them, and who has been desired by the government to endeavor without exciting their suspicions to ascertain their numbers, reck-

ons them at five hundred, exclusive of women and children . . .

"Those who remain are part of the tribe or nation of Seminoles; they were as tall on an average as the men of our regiment, and though not near so athletic or muscular, generally more graceful in personal appearance. They have more yellow than copper in their complexion, and have the high prominent cheekbones, and that quick, furtive, and suspicious glance of the Indian race, which seems watching every moment to make a sudden spring in the event of any appearance of treachery. Some of their young squaws have a very pleasing expression of countenance, and I have seen one or two of these who I believe would be pronounced beautiful . . .

They wear moccasins made of deer-skin, and of their own manufacture; and go bare-legged in a short sleeved sort of tunic, confined at the waist and falling down nearly to the knees in the manner of a Highlander's kilt, to whose ancient costume that of the Florida Indians of the present day bears a considerable re-

semblance, especially when seen at a short distance. Some of them ornament their dress with beads and shells, which they sometimes wear in their hair also, and both men and women are fond of wearing large silver rings in their ears and through their nostrils . . .

Parties of twenty or thirty of these strange-looking visitors frequently came into the village of Tampa Bay while we lay there. They were always accompanied by a sub-chief, a sort of lieutenant, who had charge of the party, and their object was to exchange deerskins for powder and other necessary articles. They frequently brought a few turkeys or a few pieces of venison, part of the game they had shot as they came along; these they sold cheap enough, a turkey fetching a quarter, and a piece of venison of fifteen or twenty pounds weight, half a dollar . . .

They always visited the barracks when they came to the village, walking through the rooms and shaking hands with the soldiers in a perfectly friendly manner. None of them, however, understood English, and we were all equally ignorant of the Seminole, so that our discourse was necessarily limited to the language of pantomime, at which they seemed a vast deal more apt than our men. They showed us marks of gunshot wounds they had received in the Florida war on various parts of their bodies, pointing to our muskets at the same time and shaking their heads; and they seemed highly delighted when one or two of our soldiers, who had been in the Florida war, showed them similar marks, making signs that they had received them from the Indians. They laughed and talked to one another with great animation and glee at this circumstance. But the great attraction for them was two six-pounder pieces, which stood in front of the quarters; they always approached these with looks of the greatest curiosity, and apparent awe, cautiously patting them as if to propitiate them. They have the most exaggerated ideas of the destructive effects of artillery, of which they stand in horrible dread; and some of our men who were in the Florida war asserted that a chief cause of so many Indians having surrendered towards the close of the war, was

owing to the Americans having procured two or three light field-pieces, though, owing to the swampy nature of the country, they could not have used them. As they always behaved quietly in the garrison, they were never hindered from strolling round any part of it, strict orders being given to the soldiers not to molest them. They used no more ceremony with the officers than with the men, frequently walking up to them on the parade, or into their quarters, and offering to shake hands with them with the most perfect nonchalance . . .

On paying one of these visits to the village it was customary for them to have a bout of drinking and dancing; a sort of Indian ball, which they held in a yard behind a house in the village appropriated exclusively to their use. The entertainments of the evening, on these occasions, usually consisted in smoking and drinking whiskey until pretty late, a few of them dancing at intervals in the most ungraceful and even ludicrous attitudes imaginable. They wound up the evening generally with a war dance, in which all who were not too drunk joined. This dance commences slow at first to a low monotonous chant, and increases in rapidity of time and movement until, like the witches' dance in *Tam o' Shanter*, "the mirth and fun grow fast and furious," and they yell and whoop like a set of demons or incarnate fiends. On these occasions, they sometimes quarreled among themselves, and ended the night with a general squabble; yet as care was always taken, on their arrival, to have their arms taken from them and locked up, until they were ready to return home, there was no danger or any serious accident occurring . . ."

Lovely Ladies, Stalwart Gents, and Soaring Eagles: Art and Iconography in Tampa Cigar Labels

Maureen J. Patrick

In what might be termed the first flush of America's infatuation with the cigar, around the mid-1800s, smokes were purchased in bundles of 50 or 100. Quality was uncertain, and no attempt was made to group cigars by a particular maker or brand. Following the Civil War, cigars were more usually boxed than bundled, and it became common to display the boxes with their lids up. This enabled producers to group and label cigars in a fashion that displayed their uniformity, promoted their distinctive qualities, and marketed particular makers, sizes, and brands.

As the cigar trade was changing, print-making technology was also evolving, and soon cigars and prints would be paired in one of the most successful marketing partnerships in Western history. Stone lithography — the making of prints from stone plates, yielding sharper and more consistent prints — had been invented in the eighteenth century, but its uses were limited primarily to book illustrations and other “literary” products. Colored “art prints” could be produced using lithography, but had to be hand-tinted: an expensive and time-consuming process. In America, the works of printmakers like Currier & Ives reached a broad market, but the absence of color limited the appeal and market uses of the prints.

Around 1840, a new print process revolutionized the world of image-making. Chromolithography, a technique of producing vivid and multiple colors from multiple stone plates, was popularized in America by

Louis Prang, a German print-maker whose artistry could generate as many as twenty-five colors in a single print. Prang's company was established in Boston around 1860, and made vast changes in art and advertising with its command of the new technology. The rich visual impact of multi-colored prints was often augmented with embossing and gilding, which created raised gold coins, jewels, flags, and graphics.

Chromolithography was more than “a better mousetrap.” It produced changes in material culture as detailed and rich imagery could be incorporated into otherwise ordinary things. In the process, items that had only fleeting and superficial social importance gained prestige, while the social behaviors around them expanded to accommodate (or because of) the enhanced visual importance those items took on through the print technology that surrounded them.

Take the Victorian valentine, for example. Prior to the widespread employment of chromolithography, valentines had been home-made affairs. Often comic and sometimes containing mocking verses, they had a brief lifespan and were considered to be marginally tasteful playthings for carefree young adults. Chromolithography, however, produced the “scrap,” a beautifully printed and embossed, often gold-stamped, image, which could be as small as an inch-high cupid or as large as a five by seven inch portrait bust of a woman. In Germany these were favored by bakers, who embedded them in cakes and cookies. In the U.S., scraps were so coveted that many people would simply paste them in albums (“scrap-

books”), where they were kept for occasional viewing and admiration. More enterprising were those who began to use them in valentines. These became elaborate pastiches of scraps, ribbon, buttons, dried flowers, and paste jewels. Since they — like their predecessors — were hand assembled, they usually left a space for a message, which the sender wrote in before he/she hand delivered the greeting. When chromolithography became more common, factory production took over from home crafting. Lace papers (papers perforated in complex designs, like doilies) combined with scraps, three-dimensional construction (so that cards could open on hidden images, fan out, or stand upright), and pre-printed verses to produce the ornate paper

confection now thought of as the “classic Victorian valentine.”

At the same time (the last two decades of the nineteenth century) that chromolithography was turning the casual February greeting card into a lasting and elaborate memento of affection, it was transforming the cigar label from a lowly product identifier to a mini-gallery of image-laden art. The art incorporated popular tastes, attitudes, and symbols. These were clear and obvious to nineteenth and early twentieth century cigar customers but today are subtle and esoteric. By examining examples of cigar label art from Tampa, the nation’s “Cigar City” in the era, both the obvious and obscure iconography of the product can be displayed.

Illustrations

Lovely Ladies

Women, collectively, were the most popular theme for cigar label art from Tampa factories and elsewhere. The cigar label women fell into three categories: topical, classical, and imaginary. Topical women included women of the stage, like Julia Marlowe, Minnie Maddern Fiske, and Sarah Bernhardt. Just as their modern-day peers garner media attention and epitomize cultural glamour, these Gaslight Era ladies of the theater lent their celebrity to a product and practice that could hardly be further from their real-life identities (though it is true that Bernhardt was a cigar devotee.)

Classical women represented a distant ideal, as well as an entirely fabricated connection with the Golden Age of Western Culture. Ladies in graceful *chitons*, sometimes holding lutes and posed against Greek columns, were a recurring feature of cigar label art. Occasionally the Teutonic history of the West received a nod from its distaff representatives, and *valkyries* rode out of cigar boxes or displayed Nordic beauty beneath horned helmets.

Imaginary women ran the gamut from smiling village

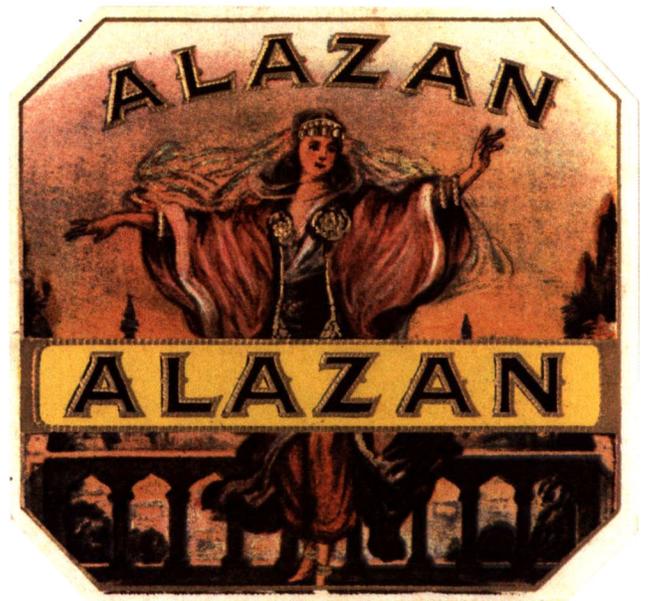
maidens to diaphanously clad *houris*. Predominant in this category — not surprisingly — were women of apparent Spanish descent. The ethnography of the cigar trade denoted Spain as its birthplace, and right down to the operational structure of the nineteenth century cigar trade Spain and Spanish people held positions of enormous prestige. (Until American investors achieved a notable market share of the manufacture of cigars, factory ownership was nearly all in Spanish hands, along with the white collar, salaried professions associated with the trade.) The Spanish women of the cigar box were all of a type. Beautiful, youthful, richly adorned, and sweetly smiling, they were not so much a genotype as a cultural type: the coquettish but respectable *bellexas* of the Spanish upper class.



Lovely Ladies, continued



M.BUSTILLO & COMPANY-CLEAR HAVANA



Lovely Ladies, *continued*



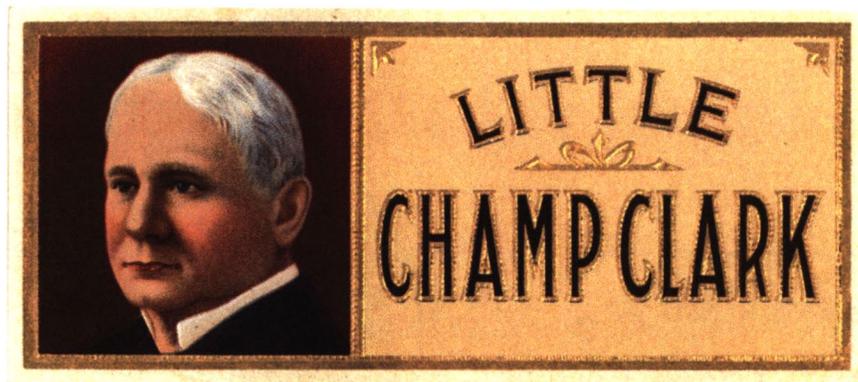
Stalwart Gents

Expansionist national agendas in the nineteenth century glorified men of action. These included political figures, explorers and adventurers, and financiers. A link was forged through material culture to figures of legend and history, so that Western civilization seemed to be one long parade of achievement and glory. The cigar box label was a prominent operator in forging this link, since cigars were widely smoked — mostly by men — and the label was an ideal tool to “market” the American sense of participation in history’s cavalcade of greatness. Literary figures were especially popular, and included Miguel de Cervantes, Victor Hugo, Lord Byron, and Shakespeare. At times their creative products (like *Don Quixote* or *Romeo and Juliet*) could be used as stand-ins for their creators, connecting the American present with the European past.

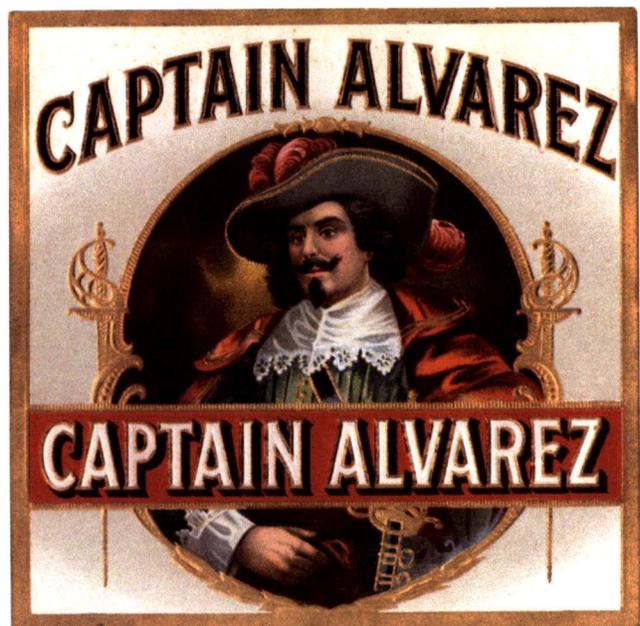
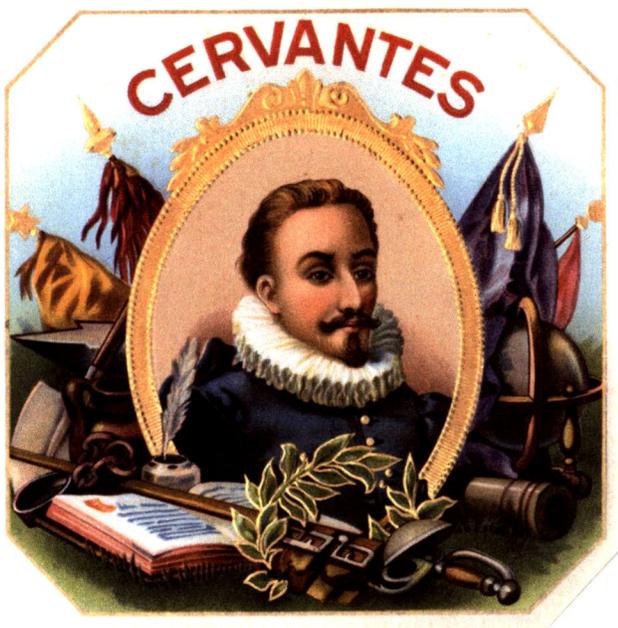
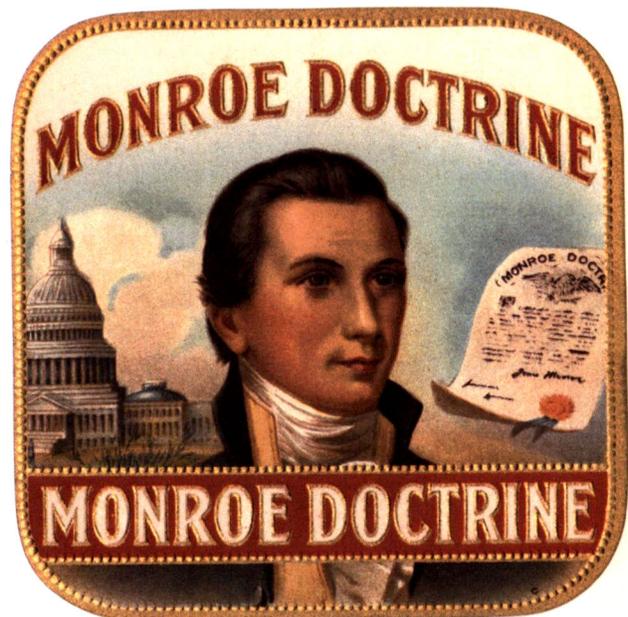
Explorers — especially those like Christopher Columbus who opened the New

World — appeared in heroic poses, gazing into imaginary landscapes, while miniature images of their trail-blazing exploits and encounters (sailing ships, icebergs, Native Americans) figured in the background. Adventurers might include those on the small as well as the large stage of endeavor. Prizefighters (like John L. Sullivan), big game hunters, and baseball greats all stepped up — iconographically speaking — to sell stogies.

Men of politics and finance were considered modern-day peers of the great explorers of the Renaissance, but also carried the bourgeois appeal of adventurers and sports personalities. Financiers (whom the less enchanted called “robber barons”) were, like the mapmakers and conquistadors, often depicted in heroic modes, gazing, presumably, into vast unmapped continents of wealth, ideals, and progress. The ordinary fellow smoking a 10-cent cigar named Rockefeller felt himself to be in exalted company.



Stalwart Gents, *continued*



Soaring Eagles

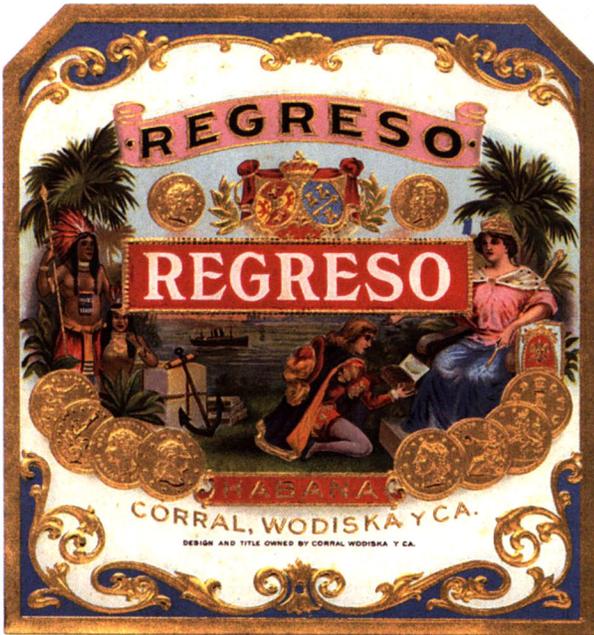
The iconography of national pride provided ample material for cigar label artists. Predictably, the eagle was the most common “word” in the language of patriotism, freedom, and American history as it spoke from cigar labels. Other nationalist icons appear, however, with regularity: coins or cornucopia (symbolizing American plenty and wealth), wreaths (the laurels of achievement), the U.S. shield (suggesting military might), the U.S. flag, various national figures (Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, etc.), Lady Liberty, the White House, even vistas of prairie (the American “fields of grain”). These and other images worked to affiliate cigars with national pride. When Thomas Riley Marshall (U.S. Vice-President from 1913 to 1921) opined: “What this country needs is a really good five cent cigar,” he wasn’t joking. The practice and products of the tobacco trade had become embedded in the American way of life and the very idea of Americanism.

It is no accident that chromolithography and the cigar faded at about the same time:

the early 1920s. Prohibition closed the beer gardens and saloons where cigar sales (and use) had long thrived. Cigarettes — cheap, addictive, and mass-produced — replaced the leisurely tradition of the hand-rolled cigar. Chromolithography encountered its own hard times. Bavarian stone for plates was becoming scarce and was too expensive to cut and ship to America. The process itself was too labor-intensive to survive, utilizing as many as ten or a dozen artisans to get from stone plate to printed product. With the Great Depression looming, smokers identified the hand-rolled Havana *panatela grande* with wealth and privilege, while the lowly cigarette became the badge of the working man. Cheap metal plates and photomechanical printing replaced the ponderous stones and slow artistry of chromolithography. Radio made the jingle and the slogan more powerful marketing tools than the attractive but mute label. The cigar box, with its elegant art and savory contents, slipped away for decades, until modern connoisseurs rediscovered Lovely Ladies, Stalwart Gents, and Soaring Eagles.



Soaring Eagles, *continued*



ENDNOTES

Some material for this article came from the following sources:

The Art of the Cigar: Bands and Box Labels by Armand Eisen. (Kansas City, MO: Universal Press Syndicate, 1997.)

Cigar Box Labels: Portraits of Life, Mirrors of History by Jerry Petrone. (Schiffer Publishing, 1998.)

The Democratic Art: Pictures for a Nineteenth Century America: Chromolithography 1840-1900 by Peter C. Marzio. (Amon Carter Museum of Western Art, 1979.)

The author also acknowledges the valuable assistance of Mike Turbeville (www.perfectos.com) in preparing this article. All the labels pictured are from the Collection of Tampa Historical Society, Inc.

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Log of the Confucius

Charles Fuss

Editor's Note: Charlie Fuss made his debut as a contributor to *The Sunland Tribune* in last year's issue. His memoir "Sea Scout, POW" was warmly received by readers, both nautical and landlubbing. Sailor's jargon aside, Fuss' writing recalls the places, people, and atmosphere of Tampa more than a half century gone, so we are delighted to bring those memories to light again in this article. All illustrations are courtesy of the author.

Home Front, 1943. The U-Boats had retreated from the Gulf of Mexico. I saw her, and I loved her. The boat cost \$65 ("as is.")

Its hollow spruce mast stole my heart. I could picture it carrying her Marconi rig aloft. She had a lot of sheer, good honest lines, and looked a little like a dory. Her 14-foot pine frame was covered with marine plywood. The canvas deck was a mess and her sails were in awful condition but I was determined to make this little boat a part of my life. The Old Man wasn't hard to convince. He was employed now and was recovering from the loss of his contracting business during the Great Depression. The boat was in the back yard of a home in South Tampa. We closed the deal with the lady of the house and she loaned us a battered old trailer to tote my prize to Lightner's fish camp on a canal that emptied into Old Tampa Bay.



Sea trials in Lightner's Canal.



Billy Phillips, Charlie Fuss, and Captain Jack.

I was thirteen years old and had been afloat on the usually deserted and nearly pristine Bay as much as school, Scouts, and Mom would allow. My first boat defied nautical description. I built it in 1941 from cheap wood construction laths and covered it with sugar sacks donated by the local bakery. The boat was fairly watertight thanks to numerous coats of house paint. My concerned parents limited my early deployments to very near-shore waters. I swore I'd wear my yellow Mae West life jacket. Constant groundings on many oyster bars took a toll on the fragile bottom of my sugar sack craft so Pop agreed to replace it with my second craft, a 10-foot cypress skiff. I equipped this boat with a jury-rigged sail sewn by my mother between prayers for my brother who was flying ammo to the Marines fighting on Guadalcanal. The skiff went fairly well downwind but because she had no keel or centerboard she was a row-boat to windward. I learned about tides in the skiff when I was trapped against a bridge in a strong ebb. This new boat promised more advanced and exciting sailing adventures.

Yard work started immediately. My experience was limited to sugar sack construction but I got technical advice from Mr. Lightner, an ex-2nd class Navy machinist mate. I stripped the old canvas from the

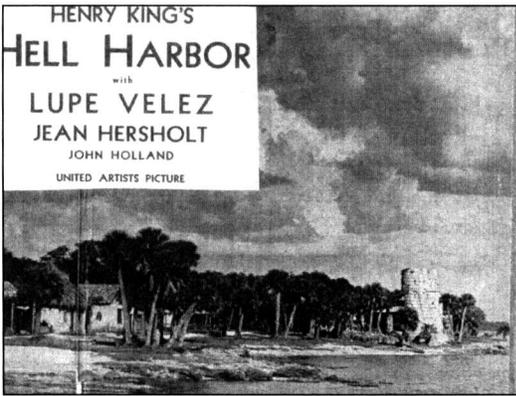
deck and removed the half-round rub rails from the sides. I bought a good piece of canvas to cover the deck. The trick was to cut out the opening for the cockpit so that a single piece fit snugly around the combing with enough material to drape over the sides and reach the bow and stern. The canvas was held in place with tacks. The deck was sprinkled liberally with water and the hot sun shrank the canvas and stretched it tight. After refastening the rub rails and the cockpit quarter-rounds, the excess material was trimmed. A light coat of paint finished the job — but not too much or the canvas would lose its non-skid texture. The bottom was covered with expensive anti-fouling bottom paint to try to ward off the dreaded torpedo worms so common in southern waters. I made a deal with an awning shop for a set of unbleached sails for about \$30. The shop owner used the old set as a pattern.

By fall, we were ready for sea-trials. My steadfast friend Billy Phillips served as crew. Billy and I purchased yachting caps at a local marine supply store to celebrate the occasion. We had a fine time, even though our voyage wasn't very long. We tacked back and forth in Lightner's Canal. The little boat performed well considering my limited skill.

It was time to name the boat. I had a fixation on the China coast because of tales my Uncle John told me about the Yangtze patrol, not to mention Mr. Lightner's stories about Shanghai, and my favorite comic strip: *Terry and the Pirates*. I had read an article about a small sloop named *Confu-*



Fuss holding Pal, the ray pointer.



The remains of the "Caribbean Village" on Rocky Point, built for the film *Hell Harbor*.

cius designed by a young couple who sailed it from California to Hawaii, arriving, unfortunately, in time for the Pearl Harbor raid. I wanted a Chinese name and the ancient philosopher's sounded right. My fourteen-foot sloop became *Confucius* and Old Tampa Bay was my South China Sea. I made a log from a small blue notebook and my mother sewed a blue house flag with a yellow Chinese looking "C."

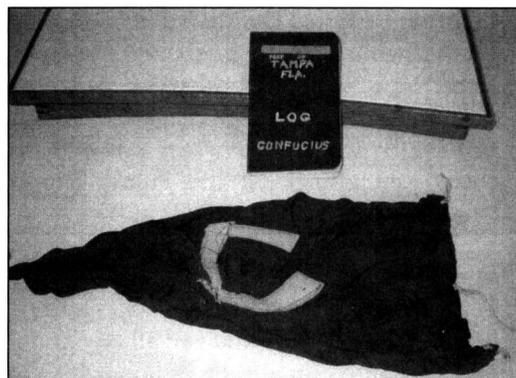
In the spring of 1944, my brother Jack came home on leave from the South Pacific. Recently, I had almost drowned his wife, who had gone sailing with me. The incident occurred when I made the mistake of tying down the main sheet. A sudden strong gust of wind knocked the boat down. Peggy was trapped under the port shrouds and drank a lot of Bay water. My self-respect suffered but I learned a valuable lesson. Fortunately we were over a sandbar and were able to right the boat, retrieve the floating equipment, take the sails down and bail her out. Peggy lost interest in sailing.

As the summer progressed, I ventured further past the old decaying dredge by the mouth of Lightner's Canal. I kept a sharp eye peeled for the ten-foot hammerhead shark we had named "Hitler." He sometimes cruised that part of the Bay. My dog Pal had been with me since I was three years old and was enlisted as my new sailing partner. He was an old yellow mixed breed, not very handsome but fiercely loyal. He would do anything for me. Old Tampa Bay was fringed with mangroves in those days and the water was usually crystal clear. Great spotted eagle rays (we called them leopard rays) came into the bay during the summer and sometimes we'd see them on the sandy bottom. Pal developed

an eye for the big bottom feeders. He barked whenever he saw one from his lookout position on the bow. He pointed rays like a bird dog. I had enjoyed *Moby Dick* so I mentally substituted the great rays for the great whale. I talked the Old Man into making an iron "harpoon" in the shop at Drew Field where he was the new superintendent of post engineers.

Pal pointed a lot of rays and I hurled that harpoon until my arm ached. One fateful day we drifted nearly becalmed in about six feet of moonshine clear water. My old yellow dog set to sounding off, waking me from a heat-induced stupor. There on the bottom was a leopard ray at least six feet across. We'd never seen one in water this shallow. I took my time with the harpoon, holding the forestay with my left hand and making sure I had a good position on the foredeck. I let go with a mighty heave backed by my 115-pound body. There was a great flurry of water. I had struck the beast! We went for a short but memorable "Nantucket sleigh ride" before the puny tip of the harpoon pulled out.

I was more confident in my ability to handle *Confucius* in tight circumstances after surviving a few line squalls by getting the canvas down expeditiously and the hook out with plenty of scope. It was miserable being soaked by rain though, so I built a plywood shelter to fit over the forward half of the cockpit. This would also house my Boy Scout sterno stove in a small sand-box. Mr. Lightner said the old sailors called it a "caboose." I got a decent camber in the roof and cut two nearly perfect round port-holes. *Confucius* was ready for cruising! It would be a bit tight in the cockpit but my skinny frame didn't need much room. Pal was satisfied. He would perch on top of the caboose when we ran down wind. I was



Log book and flag of *Confucius*.



Confucius with caboose.

ready for longer stays on the water.

The first hurdle was to convince my mom that Pal and a good anchor were all I needed for safety on an overnight cruise. Mom had a basic fear of salt water, and kept harping about a fourteen year old in a boat at night with no means of communicating. Pop was neutral. I wore Mom down with arguments that the whole world was dangerous now and that I was not likely to encounter any U-boats in Tampa Bay. She finally gave in after assurances from Mr. Lightner that I was a competent mariner.

Pal and I got underway on a sweltering Florida summer day. Thankfully, there was a moderate westerly breeze. Off we went on a port tack, the sails drawing fair. My overnight port-of-call was Hell Harbor, the crumbling remains of a 1930 set for a pirate movie of the same name, starring Lupe Valez. Hell Harbor was on Rocky Point about three and a half nautical miles from Lightner's Canal. The distance sounds trivial today but it was a challenge to us. Back then there were no bridges spanning that part of the Bay. The only hazards to navigation on my track were oyster bars and some rotted old pilings off the Point. The Bay seemed unbelievably wide.

We brought the harpoon along for defense against any "cutthroats" who might be lurking about in Hell Harbor. There was little boat traffic; I could sail all day and not see a soul. We made our landfall in about two hours, having deviated offshore a bit to

catch the wind abaft the beam. Hell Harbor was deserted. The old tower had crumbled and the wood and plaster buildings were falling apart. Most of the palmetto roofs in the "Caribbean village" had blown away. Pal and I patrolled the rundown village armed with a scout knife and the harpoon. It was spooky but at least it was daylight. There were no cutthroats. We had planned to be anchored offshore by nightfall. Swatting more than a few mosquitoes, we managed to eat our sandwiches on the

beach. Pal peed on everything in sight.

By sunset, we were safely anchored about fifty yards off the point and clear of most of the swarming pests. Dinner for all hands was canned stew. After pacing from bow to stern and over the top of the caboose, Pal finally settled down. The stars were a spectacle of diamonds. There were no shore lights. Now and again a single car crossed a causeway in the distance. Fatigue took over and I lay in my narrow berth, listening to the gentle brush of the wavelets against the bottom.

SMACK! My slumber was shattered by what had to be a truck landing in the water. Pal came unhinged and barked frantically. I sat bolt upright, cracking my skull against the low cabin overhead. I was scared stiff. I checked around and made sure the boat was okay. My flashlight cast a weak beam over the water. There was a large swirl about ten yards away. What had fallen from the sky? If it was an airplane, it must be a noiseless glider because I hadn't heard engine sounds. A few minutes later, as I looked toward the lighter horizon of the open bay, I saw a blurred shape explode from the water. It hung suspended in the air, and then crashed to the surface with the same loud smack. The great spotted rays had taken their revenge on the harpooners of the sloop *Confucius*.

I got more involved in Sea Scouting in 1944 with the added attractions of a Navy type uniform and harbor patrols with the

Coast Guard Reserve (Temporary.) These endeavors required my presence in and around the Port of Tampa and on Hillsborough Bay. Training was included on the Chesapeake Bay bug-eye *Blue Dawn* and lifeboats from the merchantman *Exeter* that had been sunk by a U-boat. In 1945, I moved *Confucius* to the Tampa Yacht Club next to the Sea Scout base at Ballast Point. *Confucius* was back where I had found her. She went mostly unused because of other priorities and my focused effort to complete the requirements for Quartermaster Sea Scout.

I took the little sloop out for the last time in 1946 and made a run in front of one

of the typical line squalls that came roaring out of the Southeast late on summer afternoons. I was coming home wing and wing at a record rate of speed. Suddenly my beautiful hollow mast carried away at the spreader. My friend was hurt. A Sea Scout motor launch towed me in. I later sold the boat "as is." The *Confucius* was a critical moment in my passage to adulthood. I learned lessons aboard her that helped me survive years at sea in the Merchant Service, the Navy and deployments aboard Government research vessels and US Coast Guard cutters.

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The Sunland Tribune: A Retrospective



1974

1984

1994

2004-2005

Maureen J. Patrick

The Beatles song runs: “It was thirty years ago today.” *The Sunland Tribune’s* publication history has the lyric beat by four years. The first issue of the Society’s annual journal of local history debuted in July 1974, and sold for \$3.00 a copy. (Then, as now, the journal was free to Members.)

Tampa, the Society, and the *Sunland* have all changed radically since that first issue. Some things, amazingly, have stayed the same. While the cost of publishing and mailing the journal have skyrocketed to nearly \$18 per copy, the *Sunland* is still provided free to Society Members as a benefit of membership in Hillsborough County’s oldest history organization.

The *Sunland* has presented the Society with other challenges besides cost. Never a paid position, the Editorship of the journal has always been a formidable job, one that demands both scholarship and the desire to give hugely to public history without compensation other than the satisfaction of serving the Society and Tampa’s heritage. Leland M. Hawes, Jr., Anthony Pizzo, James Covington, Hampton Dunn, Frank North, Lois Lattimer, and others served long and tirelessly in the Editor’s chair. Authors appearing in the journal include the best and most dedicated of researchers in the field of local history. They include not only all the

Sunland’s editors but scholar/writers such as Paul Camp, Jr., Frank Laumer, Spessard Stone, Harrison Covington, Rowena Brady, Joe Knetsch, Arsenio Sanchez, Gary Mormino, James W. Covington, Richard Clarke, Charles Arnade, Susan Carter, Rodney Kite-Powell, Yael Greenberg-Pritzker, Pamela Gibson, Charles A. Brown, Kyle VanLandingham, Glenn Westfall, Lois Latimer, Canter Brown, Jr., and others too numerous to mention.

Topics explored between the *Sunland’s* covers include every aspect of local history, heritage, genealogy, and material culture. Readers have relived the conflict and tragedy of the Seminole Wars, the Civil War, the Spanish-American War, and World Wars I and II. They have seen early and intimate Tampa life through the memoirs of its founding families. They have walked the sandy streets of the town before it had a bridge across the Hillsborough River, when Ft. Brooke was still a garrisoned Army post. They have watched D.P. Davis dredging bottom sand from Tampa Bay to create a fabulous Mediterranean island development, and have seen Tampa International Airport rise from palmetto scrub. They have waded through Spanishtown Creek, built the Tampa Bay Hotel, held the line with striking cigar workers, and buried their beloved dead at Oaklawn Cemetery. Personalities

and landmarks have come and gone and people born in the year *The Sunland Tribune* first came out can hardly recognize their childhood home. But through all those changes, and through a succession of loving hands, the journal has survived.

Producing the *The Sunland Tribune* is not the only task Tampa Historical Society has had — and continues to have — in hand. Its yearly agenda, while always crowded, has expanded and diversified to include everything from two annual events at Oaklawn Cemetery to a Victorian Christmas event at the Knight House to documentary films on Tampa history to an annual Halloween fundraiser in Ybor City. Through it all, however, *The Sunland Tribune* has remained Task One, the largest single expense in the Society's budget and the undisputed jewel in its crown of achievements.

It has been my very great pleasure to be Editor of *The Sunland Tribune* for the past three years. A contributing author for some years prior, I had no idea just what the job of editing the *Sunland* entailed when I took it on — and that's a good thing. When one reads the masthead of nearly every comparable publication, one sees a healthy list of participants in the publication process: assistant editors, copy editors, layout staff, graphics designers, art designers, advertising managers. For good or ill, *The Sunland Tribune* is a one-man (or woman) show. If members of the limited publication team (writers, a printer, a graphic designer) have problems, resolution rests with the Editor. If the Society's Board have input on the format, costs, or deadlines, it is directed at the Editor. If readers have issues with the look, content, or arrival date of the journal, the buck stops with the Editor. Far from turning me away from the *Sunland*, the multiple challenges and the degree of investment that so many in (and out of) the Society have in its publication have been "the ever-fixed mark" that has enabled me to stay at the helm for three of the most demanding — and rewarding — years of my life.

Tampa's history landscape is hugely altered from the days when Tony Pizzo and a handful of other interested and self-described "history buffs" founded Tampa Historical Society. Thanks to the longevity and growth of the Ybor City Museum Society and the Henry B. Plant Museum, as well as the huge developments surrounding the Tampa Bay History Center, it is no longer

necessary or advisable for Tampa Historical Society to be an "umbrella organization" of local history. The Society is therefore re-defining itself, just as *The Sunland Tribune* has re-defined itself — repeatedly — during its long and illustrious history. Whatever the future holds for Hillsborough County's oldest history organization, readers and Members should know that deep love and commitment to memory and heritage will guide its decisions and direct the form the Society and the *Sunland* take in the future.

And now, some excerpts from the past three-plus decades of *The Sunland Tribune*.

"Early Days at Fort Brooke," by Col. George Mercer Brooke, Jr., *The Sunland Tribune*, 1974

Editor's Note: For a number of early issues, one article constituted the history content of *The Sunland Tribune*. Augmented by Society news and a few ads, the thin journal was still eagerly awaited by Members, as nothing of its caliber had hitherto fed the hunger of Tampans for well-researched reading material on local history and heritage. The single offering of the 1974 issue — Volume 1, Number 1 — was written by a lineal descendant of the Army commander whose 1824 posting — Fort Brooke — brought Tampa to life.

"Life on a frontier post was marked by danger, monotony, and hard work. As the posts were building usually to meet a particular frontier situation, they were frequently abandoned as the tide of settlement passed on, only to be re-activated if conditions changed once more. To add to the confusion, the same name was sometimes given to posts at different locations, built at different times. In those days there was little to attract recruits for the work was hard, the discipline was strict, and the pay was only \$5.00 a month. A civilian could purchase eighty acres of land for \$100 or earn a dollar a day as a laborer. The cantonments were especially vulnerable to epidemics and there was a constant dread in Southern posts of yellow fever, typhoid, dysentery, and sometimes smallpox. It was a day when reliance was placed on the militia and there was little appreciation of the Regular Army . . . Desertion was another problem. The return for December

1824 showed that during the preceding three months fourteen men had been sentenced to hard labor by General Court Martial for desertion. One man had eluded capture for one year, ten months, and twenty-two days, and another for eight months, thirteen days. One restless soul was a three time deserter. In the remarks column [if the post's monthly report] four were characterized as 'worthless.'

"Hell Harbor's 55th Anniversary," by L. Glenn Westfall, *The Sunland Tribune*, 1984

Editor's Note: *Hell Harbor*, a pirate/Caribbean potboiler, was the first "talkie" made in Florida. It was shot on Rocky Point in 1929. The film had its local premiere to a capacity crowd at The Victory Theater on Franklin Street.

"After the set was completed and the extras hired, it took three months to film *Hell Harbor*. Fortunately, Mother Nature cooperated with warm and sunny weather, and the lack of rain allowed producers to follow a routine schedule. The most serious threat to production came from a rooster, whose continuing crowing interrupted a scene supposedly shot far out in the ocean. The film crew had to re-shoot this scene several times before the rooster was finally quieted. Other than this amusing incident, the production when extremely well.

In an age in which stars were treated like Gods and Goddesses, Tampans were awed with the presence of Hollywood notables in their own back yard. This adulation was clearly evident when the female star of the film, the Latin bombshell Lupe Velez, arrived to Tampa by train. When she stepped off the train car, Florida Governor Carlton greeted her. According to Lupe, this was the first time a Governor had honored her. Speaking with a distinctive Spanish dialect, she said, '*am ver' please to meet you, Senor Governor. But why dees beeg crowd?*'"

"My National Troubles: The Civil War papers of William McCullogh," by Kyle S. VanLandingham, *The Sunland Tribune*, 1994

Editor's Note: William McCullogh enlist-

ed in the U.S. Army in 1839; his company arrived at Tampa Bay in 1840. In the uneasy interval between the Second and Third Seminole Wars, McCullogh served at various posts, served in scouting expeditions to track the movements of renegade Seminole bands, and participated in the back and forth hostilities between the Army and Indians that eventually resulted in all-out war. After his military service, McCullogh and his wife went to Paynes Creek, where McCullogh worked for the Kennedy and Darling trading post. Their daughter Ida McCullogh Walker left an account, transcribed in VanLandingham's article, of the attack and destruction of the post by Seminoles in 1849, and the McCulloghs' harrowing flight to safety.

"My Father fought his way out with my mother and baby. They were badly wounded. There was a creek with a log to cross on so Father took the baby and made my mother get down and crall [sic] across the log. They were lost in the woods and it rained on them. My Father tore bark down from pine logs and made a shelter for mother and the Baby. Mother tore up her skirt and bound up their wounds. The next morning they found their way out of the timber by going out the way mother had dreamed. They found everything as she had dreamed. Grandfathers house [was] burned down and his cattle drove off. They headed for the fort."

Editor's Note: The rigors of pioneer life at a trading post at the outbreak of the Third Seminole War paled by comparison to McCullogh's stint in the Union Army during the Civil War. Blockades, fever, desertions, starvation, and enemy attack made for unrelenting agony among McCullogh's comrades, as these reports from his posting near Cedar Key attest.

"*August 26, 1864.* Major Weeks left for the steamer which we left lying at the mouth of the Suwanee river ashore. The sickness still prevails at this post to a great extent. From 4 to 6 die per day, the diseases are typhoid, diarrhea, and fever with putrid sore mouth. The sick-rooms have a very bad smell, and are sickening on entering them, so much so that I have had to leave immediately, or

throw up myself from the bad effects they had on me . . .

Sept. 3, 1864. No news today, and no rations yet, three days without bread. The troops are trying to eat some rotten flour, the last sent from Key West* some 200 barrels; this flour has been set outdoors on account of the worms and weevils in it. Is this kind of diet that sickens and kills the people so fast. This flour is as bitter as gall. Six of my men are taken sick today from the effects of this bad flour, have high fevers and vomiting. I think this flour should be thrown into the river, but no one can do it without an order of the commander of the post, or the doctor.”

**Editor’s Note:* The “rotten flour” from Key West was undoubtedly coontie flour. The production of flour from *Zamia integrifolia* was a major Key industry in the mid- to late 1800s. The flour required careful processing, as the root itself is poisonous. Improper processing, as well as spoilage during the long transport from Key West, may have caused the problems McCullough reported.

A Union soldier cut off at the War’s end in a bitterly anti-Union region, McCullough did not soon see a resolution of what he called his “national troubles.” Unable despite repeated attempts to collect his Army back pay and pension because of charges of supply theft, McCullough always maintained that dishonest officers had framed enlisted men for their own crimes. (McCullough’s dishonorable discharge was later repealed.) Deeply embittered, McCullough wrote in 1866:

“For this I was hunted like a wild beast of the woods, and driven from my home, and all I possessed in the world, but my beloved family.”

Editor’s Note: In the chaos of Reconstruction, McCullough and his family, increasingly destitute, drifted from place to place in the South, finally settling in Missouri.

“No Favors for these *‘Fine Little Ladies’*: Employment Discrimination against Tampa’s Women Workers at the End of World War II” by Rebekeh Heppner. *The Sunland Tribune*, 2004-05 (Thirtieth An-

niversary Double Edition.)

Editor’s Note: Heppner’s deeply researched article brought to light hitherto overlooked local press coverage of the “Rosie the Riveter” phenomenon in Tampa’s workplaces. While the entry of hundreds of local women into what had been largely male professions made a temporary stir, postwar conditions eliminated the progress that many of them made during the war years toward professional equity.

“Upon opening their daily newspapers the morning of July 28, 1942, Tampa residents were introduced to the their first woman welder, Mrs. Alma Brown of Tampa Shipbuilding Company. Here is how the paper chose to ‘spin’ the story:

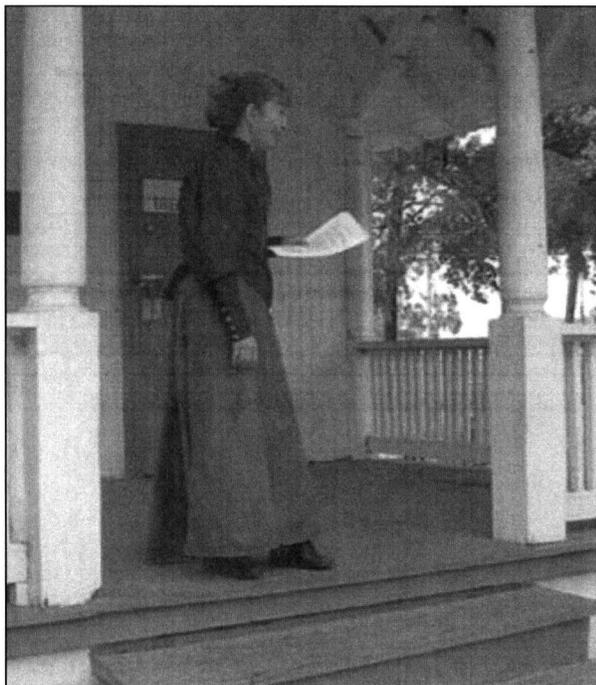
‘Mrs. Brown is 35, weighs 135 pounds, is five feet six, and the mother of two youngsters, a daughter 3-1/2 years old and another younger . . . and let it be said right here for the boys, from the bigshots to the fellow at her elbow, they were gentlemen, trying to ease a rough road for a fine little lady . . . making 89 cents an hour as a ‘welder learner,’ and no favors . . .’

When the war ended, ‘no favors’ for the women workers in Tampa were to be found. Despite the fact that the press continually reported they had been doing ‘unusually well,’ taking on jobs that required ‘unusual physical strength for women,’ and were ‘as efficient and effective as employees who enlisted or were called in the draft,’ they were the first to be let go at the War’s conclusion . . .

A conference in Tampa in February 1945 was to be ‘between women leaders and industrial executives on postwar problems.’ The actual speakers and topics, however, had very little to do with women. Only one woman addressed the conference, and she was the only speaker to discuss women’s postwar adjustment:

‘Clearly, in the minds of those who held the local economic power, victory meant that it was time for women to leave the shipyards and return to the kitchens.’”

Society Snapshots from 2007-2008



Society President Maureen Patrick, in 1890s attire, introduces the event and its theme to visitors.



Bonnie Smith, as Abija Turman, recounts the tumultuous times of Civil War era Tampa, and the efforts of Simon Turman, Jr., owner/publisher of *The Peninsular*, to make the village of Tampa into a city.

Oaklawn Ramble, April 2007

The 2007 Oaklawn Ramble had as its theme 'XXX - Newspapermen buried at Oaklawn.' Tampa's early publishers, pressmen, and journalists are well represented at the City's oldest public burying ground. Living history performers delighted a large audience with their in-character 'visits' to the 'underground press.'



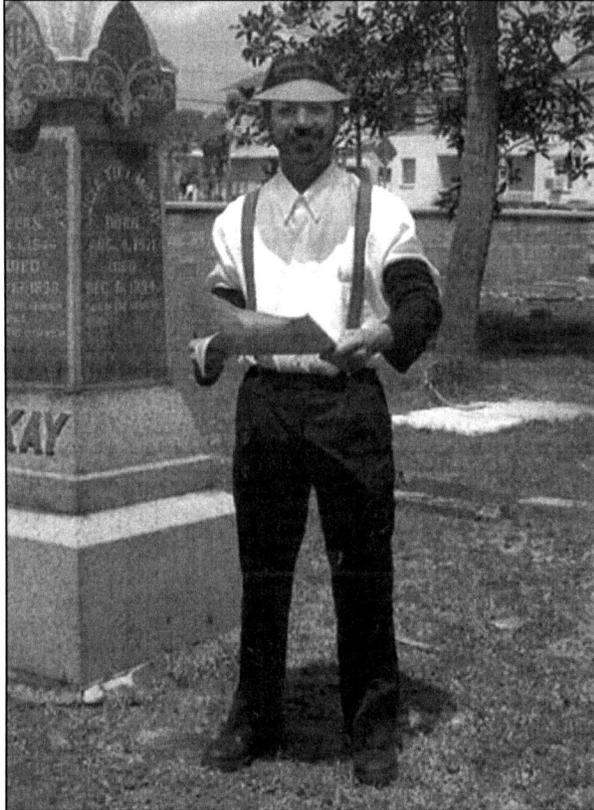
In April, 2007 – just in time for the Oaklawn Ramble – Devin Marks of the Florida Heritage Celebration and the Downtown Tampa Rotary Club rolled up their sleeves to clean the Cemetery. In this photo, Devin stands triumphant over sixteen bags of dead leaves raked from the site!



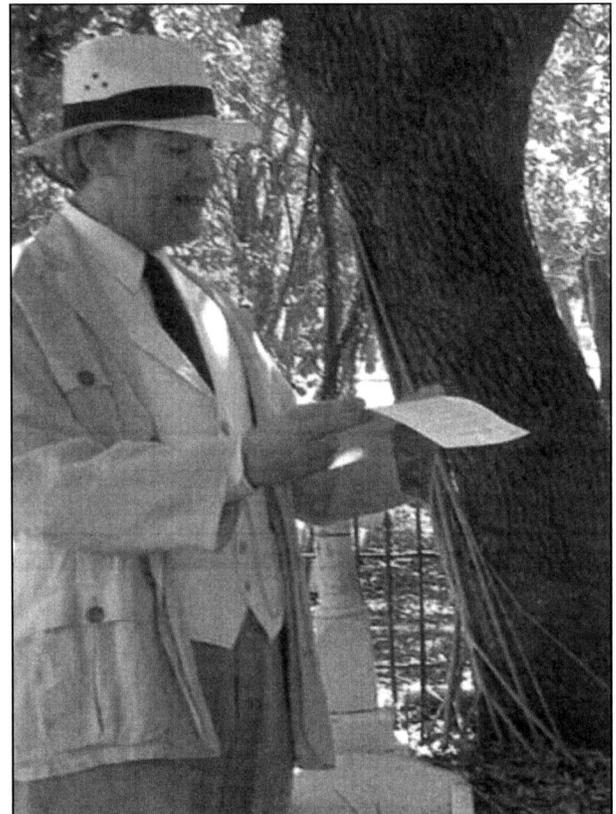
Actor Billy Martinez reads from the memoirs of Roland Manteiga, publisher of the tri-lingual newspaper *La Gaceta*.

39

Oaklawn Ramble *continued*



Jimi Lynch portrays Henry, a pressman, on Wallace Stovall's *Tampa Morning Tribune*.

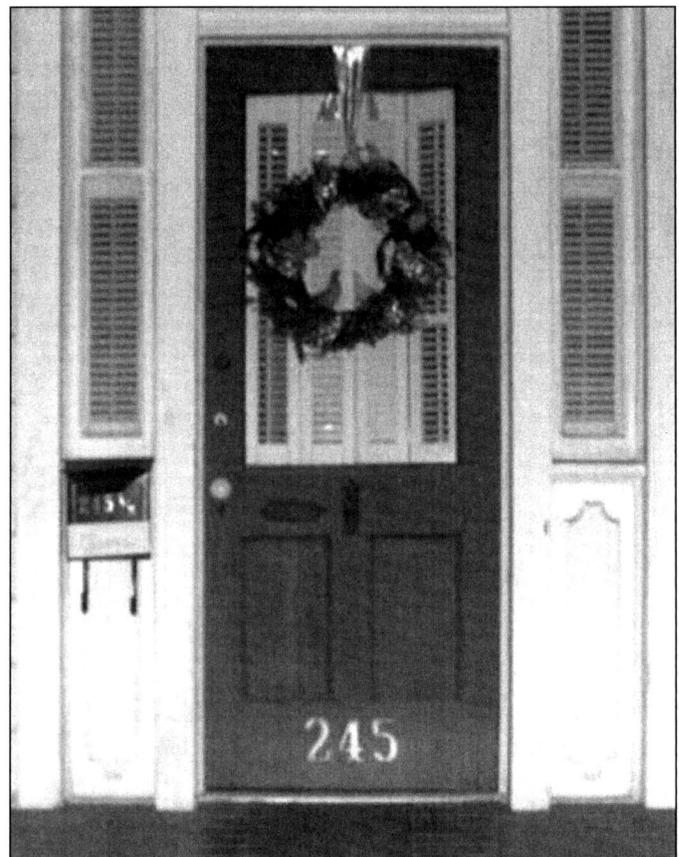


Mike Norton, as D.B. McKay, reminisces about Tampa's past and the creation of his long-running history feature in the *Tampa Tribune*, *Pioneer Florida*.

A New Holiday Event

In December 2007 the Society hosted a holiday Open House at the Knight House. The theme was "The Knight House Dresses for the Holidays." Each room was decorated in Victorian holiday style, and mannequins displaying the Society's antique clothing collection portrayed festive dress as Peter and Lillie Knight might have known it.

A holiday wreath on the door of 245 S. Hyde Park Avenue welcomed visitors to the Society's Holiday Open House.



A New Holiday Event *continued*



The original master bedroom (now the Office) of the House displayed boudoir furnishings, including a double bed with crocheted spread. This 1930s cocktail suit, along with other vintage attire, was ready to be donned.

In the Parlor, a Christmas tree was decorated with holiday postcards from the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries.



The Library and Cigar Room was lush with table-top displays of holiday greenery, gold ribbons, and vintage cigar boxes, while a velvet theater dress stood in a corner. Beside it, a circa 1910 leather traveling case is partially packed, hinting at plans for a trip out of town.

A New Holiday Event *continued*



Guest Devin Marks (in a vintage golfing ensemble) and Board Member Jeanne Dunbar Keith enjoyed holiday spirit in the Sun Room, where the Watrous Doll House provided the theme: Children's Toys and Games.



This Oriental silk c. 1900 smoking jacket stood in the Library and Cigar Room in the Victorian Age.

GreenFest 2008

Two years ago, Tampa Historical Society, Inc. was asked to participate in the annual GreenFest in Plant Park. This event, which draws thousands to the Park, is a display of gardening at its Florida best. Organizers hoped that the Society would provide a touch of heritage and history to the three-day gala, and the Society obliged by staffing a Society information table with Members in period dress. The Victorian age was famous for its gardens and gardeners, as home horticulture became a national pastime.

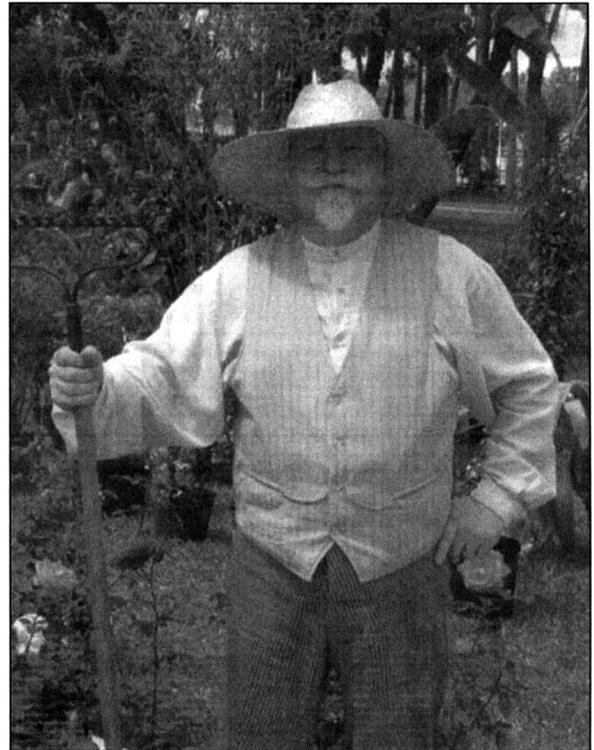


A view of Plant Park transformed by scores of exhibitors into a gardener's paradise.

GreenFest 2008 *continued*



Society Member Cat Camp, in antebellum garden party attire.



Society Board Member Paul Camp displays the attire of a "gentleman farmer" in the Victorian Age.



About the Authors

Charles Fuss, a Tampa native, achieved Quartermaster, the Sea Scouts' highest rank. He went to sea in the Merchant Marine at an early age, served in the U.S. Navy during the Korean War, and later earned a Master of Science degree from the University of Louisiana at Lafayette. After thirty-one years in the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration, Fuss retired. He has authored *Sea of Grass* (published by the Naval Institute Press) and over fifty magazine and journal articles. Fuss and his wife Carol live in St. Petersburg Beach, Florida.

Christopher D. Kimball currently works as the Park Services Specialist at Collier-Seminole State Park in Naples, Florida. He holds a B.A. in Public Administration from the University of Central Florida. A researcher in Florida history and Seminole culture for over 25 years, he also participates in living history programs throughout Florida and in several other states. Kimball has written and published many articles on Florida and Seminole history, and has been active in the Florida Anthropological Society and the National Association of Interpreters.

Joe Knetsch has authored over 170 articles on Florida history and surveying. His degrees include a B.S. from Western Michigan University, an M.A. from Florida Atlantic University, and a Ph.D. from Florida State University. Dr. Knetsch's published works include *Florida's Seminole Wars: 1817-1858* and *Faces on the Frontier: Surveyors and Developers in 19th Century Florida*. His current literary project is *Florida, Cuba, and the Spanish-American War*, to be published by the Florida Historical Press later this year. The author of a regular history column in *Professional Surveyor Magazine*, Dr. Knetsch also serves as the historian for the Division of State Lands, Florida Department of Environmental Protection.

Maureen J. Patrick is a native Tampan. She holds an M.A. in Humanities from the University of South Florida. Her research interests embrace various aspects of American and European nineteenth century cultural history. Ms. Patrick is a frequent contributor to academic journals and symposiums, and has done singular research on nineteenth century Florida rural cemeteries. The former Curator/Education Curator at the Ybor City Museum, Ms. Patrick has worked with the Henry B. Plant Museum as a living history/museum theater specialist for 18 years. Ms. Patrick is the current President of the Tampa Historical Society.

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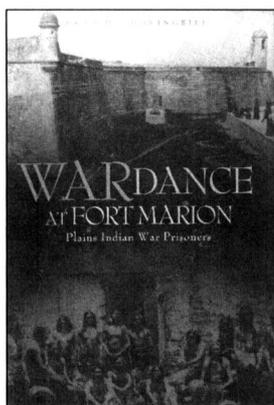
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Book Reviews



War Dance at Fort Marion: Plains Indian War Prisoners

by Brad D. Lookingbill

(Norman, OK: University of Oklahoma Press, 2006.) 304 pp.

Review by Joe Knetsch, Ph.D.

Brad Lookingbill's book presents a unique view of the cultural clash seen so often in the American frontier. As the nomadic, buffalo-hunting Native American tribes on the Great Plains attempted to resist a flood of settlers and the U.S. Army, the match was unequal and the outcome predictable. Numbers of Cheyenne, Arapaho, Kiowa, and Comanche were killed or forced into reservations. Their warriors and leaders were sequestered, often far from their people, and given the choice to acculturate or remain incarcerated. Efforts to "civilize" the captured Indians were presided over by Richard Henry Pratt, the military figure who sought to transform his captives into pseudo-Whites, complete with mainstream language skills and trades. An essential part of this transformation was isolating the Indians from their geographical and cultural contexts. For a significant number, that meant transportation to and incarceration in Fort Marion: the old Spanish Castillo de

San Marcos in St. Augustine, Florida.

Whatever the goals for Pratt's program were, the results for his Indian captives were largely disastrous. Climate and the unhealthy conditions in the aged fort produced one of the worst results: widespread tuberculosis. Many who survived the actual imprisonment and were returned to their homelands died later of the disease. Another facet of the program that failed was language re-education, though this was later remedied to some degree thanks to the intervention of local volunteers. These St. Augustine residents, many of them female, interceded for the captives in many respects, and many remained lifelong friends and confidants. The freedom to mingle with locals not only eased the prisoners' confinement but may have been a wise precaution against escape. Only once was there an escape attempt, which Pratt's forces quickly put down.

Pratt reflected the prevailing attitude of the era when it came to the "re-education"

of America's Native peoples: that it should, to whatever degree possible, be financed by the Natives themselves. Accordingly, Pratt encouraged shows and displays of Native music, dance, and crafts, while proceeds from these and the sale of souvenirs helped finance the prisoners' education and allowed for some funds to be sent home to families. Other contemporary attitudes insured that the prisoners' education was strongly slanted toward Christian beliefs and the acquisition of usable trade skills.

Lookingbill's narrative of the Fort Marion episode is both scholarly and compassionate. The book produces a sense of intimacy with Roman Nose, Lone Wolf, Buffalo Calf (a woman), Boy Hunting, and Making Medicine as they pass through the book and sometimes out of life. Lookingbill also presents a balanced picture of Pratt's efforts that — in the spirit of the times — was seen as both a moral and practical obligation to a conquered people, an effort to insure their ultimate survival in what, for them, was a fundamentally changed world. The fact that so many of the prisoners voluntarily took advantage of a chance for continued education speaks well not only of them but of their St. Augustine mentors and Pratt himself.

Unfortunately, the promising start that many of the Native captives made at Fort Marion came to a bad end when they returned to the reservations where their people were interned. Many were not accepted in those environs; their captivity and re-education had distanced them irrevocably from those left behind in the West. As well, conditions on the reservations had not profited from the acculturative agendas of programs like Pratt's. Prisoners who had acquired trades found no place to practice them, or came up against severe prejudices from Natives and Whites alike. Few were able to hold to the Christian precepts and practices they learned at Fort Marion, and reverted to the peyote cult or to an Indianized form of Christianity. A handful (like Milking Medicine/David Pendleton), clung to their Christian practices until the churches themselves rejected them at the turn of the nineteenth century.

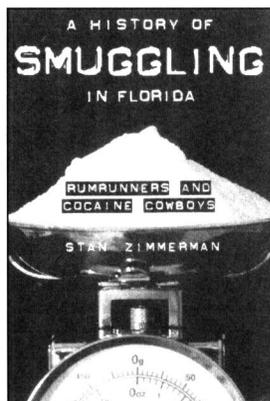
There are very few shining successes from the post-Indian Wars programs that attempted to re-acculturate the American Indian. The methods of reformers like Pratt seem clumsy and patronizing today, but at

the time — after decades of the most bitter and damaging warfare — were viewed as progressive and helpful, part of a generalized national agenda of social and economic progress. Native Americans — like former slaves, immigrants, and other “marginal persons” — were thought to require and merit cultural enfranchisement through education and the adoption of mainstream skills. In the end, however, and as Lookingbill observes, the goal seemed not to embrace mainstream culture but “to survive it.”

Editor's Note: One of the Kiowas held at Ft. Marion, Etahdleuh Doanmoe, produced a sketchbook of his experience. The sketches were recently the focal point of a symposium at The Trout Gallery (Dickinson College, Carlisle, PA) and were incorporated into a volume entitled *A Kiowa's Odyssey: A Sketchbook from Fort Marion*. The papers presented at the symposium are scheduled for publication by the University of Washington Press in Winter 2008-09.

Response to the symposium and publication of the Doanmoe sketchbook has been strong and widespread, so much so that *A Kiowa's Odyssey* went on tour, and was presented at The Cummer Museum of Art & Gardens in Jacksonville, Florida and the Panhandle-Plains Historical Museum, Canyon, Texas. As well, a ceremony of blessing and reconciliation was held at Ft. Marion, where the U.S. National Parks Service brought together descendants of the 72 Indian prisoners, their teachers, and Richard Henry Pratt.

A website has been created by The Trout Gallery to provide access to the Kiowa sketchbook and learn about its history: www.kiowaodyssey.com



A History of Smuggling in Florida: Rumrunners and Cocaine Cowboys

by Stan Zimmerman

(Charleston, SC: The History Press, 2006.)

128 pp.

Review by Maureen J. Patrick

This is a page-turning true life yarn that can, and probably should, be absorbed in one very entertaining read. Author Stan Zimmerman tackles the subject that gives Florida a tarnished glamour: contraband. What it is, who wanted it, how it got here, who handled it; these are the interesting, convoluted, and often amusing facets of Florida's past (and, Zimmerman argues, present) as a smuggler's paradise.

A History of Smuggling in Florida begins with the 1500s, Florida's Spanish Period. No sooner had a colonial government been (tenuously) established than smugglers found ways to circumvent its inevitable trade restrictions and taxes. As well, the New World offered limitless options for the ugliest contraband of all: slaves. These included Africans sent to work Spain's Caribbean colonies and Indians from the colonies themselves. In no time at all, pirates, smugglers, and shady go-betweens were doing a lucrative business in the capture, transport, and sale of human cargo.

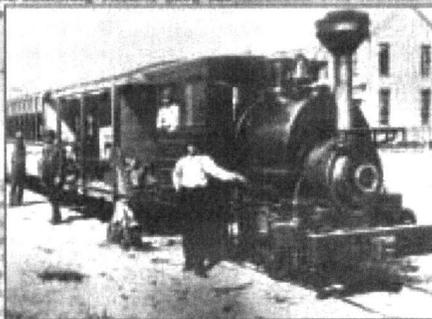
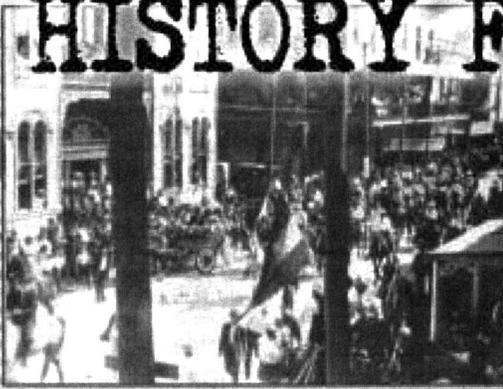
The Spanish were, of course, not the only Europeans engaging in unsanctioned slave-barter. The Dutch, French, and English were in on the trade, which thrived well into the early nineteenth century. Zimmerman notes THS' founder Tony Pizzo's study of Odet Phillippe, the émigré entrepreneur, supposed French count, and self-proclaimed grand-nephew of Louis XIV, who arrived in Tampa in 1823. There, Phillippe invested the considerable fortune he had made — and continued to make — by smuggling black and Indian slaves from Cuba to plantations in Georgia, thus flouting the U.S. embargo on the slave trade.

Not all contraband was — and is — quite

as odious as the human variety, however. Guns, rum, beef, cigars, artifacts, exotic birds, plants, and animals: a brisk traffic in these outlawed items generated millions for buyers, sellers, and the all-important (and memorable) "agents of transport" who have made and continue to make Florida a smuggling hot spot. Sometimes the only difference, Zimmerman points out, between a smuggler and a hero is the context in which he plies his dark trade. For every slave trader there was someone who smuggled slaves to freedom; for every bean-counting tax official there was a generous soul who supplied tax-free rum to parched Christmas tables. In times of war, smugglers are called "blockade runners," earning medals and monetary awards for getting documents, supplies, munitions, and even combatants through the enemy lines. Even Al Capone, who used Florida as a base for a large-scale booze smuggling operation during Prohibition, described the shifting perspective with precision. "When I sell liquor, it's bootlegging. When my patrons serve it on silver trays, on Lakeshore Drive, it's hospitality."

One thing that unites all the smugglers in Zimmerman's book is their colorful personalities. It takes daring, bravery, and — as Zimmerman would suggest — a streak of insanity to be a successful smuggler. From Napoleon Bonaparte Broward (who smuggled material support to revolutionaries in the Cuban War of Independence) to Junior Guthrie (who "imported" 246,000 pounds of marijuana from South America to Cortez, Florida in the 1970s) to Richard Connors (a Chicago lawyer who got 37 months for smuggling Cuban cigars in the 1990s), smugglers in Florida scandalize all of us — but we love to read about them.

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Nancy N. Skemp	1986, 1987	William A. Knight	2003, 2004, 2005
Samuel L. Latimer	1988	Maureen J. Patrick	2006, 2007, 2008

Annual Meeting and D.B. McKay Award Dinner



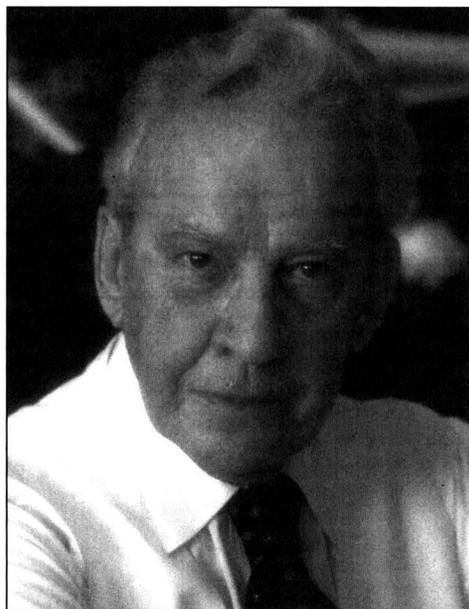
Society President Patrick with D.B. McKay Award Recipient Fernando R. Mesa.

Tampa Historical Society held its Annual Meeting and Gala Dinner on Thursday, November 29, 2007 at the Tampa Yacht and Country Club. As always, the Society took this opportunity to present its prestigious D.B. McKay Award. The Award goes annually to an individual who has made notable contributions to local history.

The D.B. McKay Award Recipient for 2007 was Fernando Rodriguez Mesa. Mesa, born in 1913 in Tampa Heights, is a founding member of Tampa Historical Society. A resident of the City for all his 93 years, Mesa spent much of his life in his family's c.1903 home on Ross Street. He has had a lifelong interest in the history and

cultural heritage of the area. Mesa's donations of artifacts and material support to Ybor City ethnic clubs, Tampa Historical Society, the Ybor City Museum Society, the Tampa Bay History Center, and the University of South Florida have added immeasurably to exhibits, collections, and the body of information about Tampa, its early years and people. Artifacts donated by Mesa are as diverse as a wig belonging to Rudolf Valentino and furnishings from the home of Vicente Martinez Ybor. These and many more valuable items have found permanent homes in local public history institutions, where they will "teach Tampa" for many years to come.

2008 D.B. McKay Award



Tampa Historical Society's 2008 Annual Meeting and D.B. McKay Award Dinner was held on January 28, 2009, at Latam at the Centro Restaurant in Ybor City.

This was the first time the Society has awarded its prestigious medal posthumously. The award designate is Roland Manteiga, former and longtime Editor of *La Gaceta Newspaper*.

Roland Manteiga's life was one of intense and visible involvement in politics, current affairs, and local history. As part of the City of Tampa's Centennial Celebration, Manteiga began running historic photos on *La Gaceta's* cover. The images and captions recalled the past for many early Tampans and introduced the city's history to newcomers.

Many local historians — professional and

amateur — wrote history-related articles for *La Gaceta* during Manteiga's editorship. These included many who were also involved in Tampa Historical Society, its programs and publications. Authors like Arsenio Sanchez, Tony Pizzo, Frank Lastra, Ferdie Pacheco, E.J. Salcines and many others contributed to the history-privileging content of the newspaper.

An ardent preservationist, Manteiga lobbied Tampans to retain Ybor City's unique architecture, spearheading a \$70,000 drive to save the Cuban Club from foreclosure.

La Gaceta Newspaper is still being published — as it has been since 1922 — in Ybor City. Patrick Manteiga, grandson of the paper's founder Victoriano Manteiga and Roland's son, accepted the D.B. McKay Award on behalf of his father.

Past Recipients of the D.B. McKay Award

1972	Frank Laumer	1990	Joan W. Jennewein
1973	State Senator David McClain	1991	Dr. Gary R. Mormino
1974	Circuit Court Judge Lames R. Knott	1992	Julius J. Gordon
1975	Gloria Jahoda	1993	Jack Moore and Robert Snyder
1976	Harris H. Mullen	1994	Dr. Ferdie Pacheco
1977	Dr. James Covington	1995	Stephanie E. Ferrell
1978	Hampton Dunn	1996	Michael Gannon
1979	William M. Goza	1997	Rowena Ferrell Brady
1980	Anthony 'Tony' Pizzo	1998	Dr. Canter Brown, Jr.
1981	Allen and Joan Morris	1999	J. Thomas Touchton
1982	Mel Fisher	2000	Dr. Larry Eugene Rivers
1983	Marjory Stoneman Douglas	2001	Arsenio M. Sanchez
1984	Frank Garcia	2002	Honorable Dick Greco
1985	Former Governor Leroy Collins	2003	Frank R. North, Sr.
1986	Dr. Samuel Proctor	2005	Doris Weatherford
1987	Doyle E. Carlton, Jr.	2006	Tom McEwen
1988	Leland M. Hawes, Jr.	2007	Fernando R. Mesa
1989	U.S. Rep. Charles E. Bennett	2008	Roland Manteiga (posthumous)

