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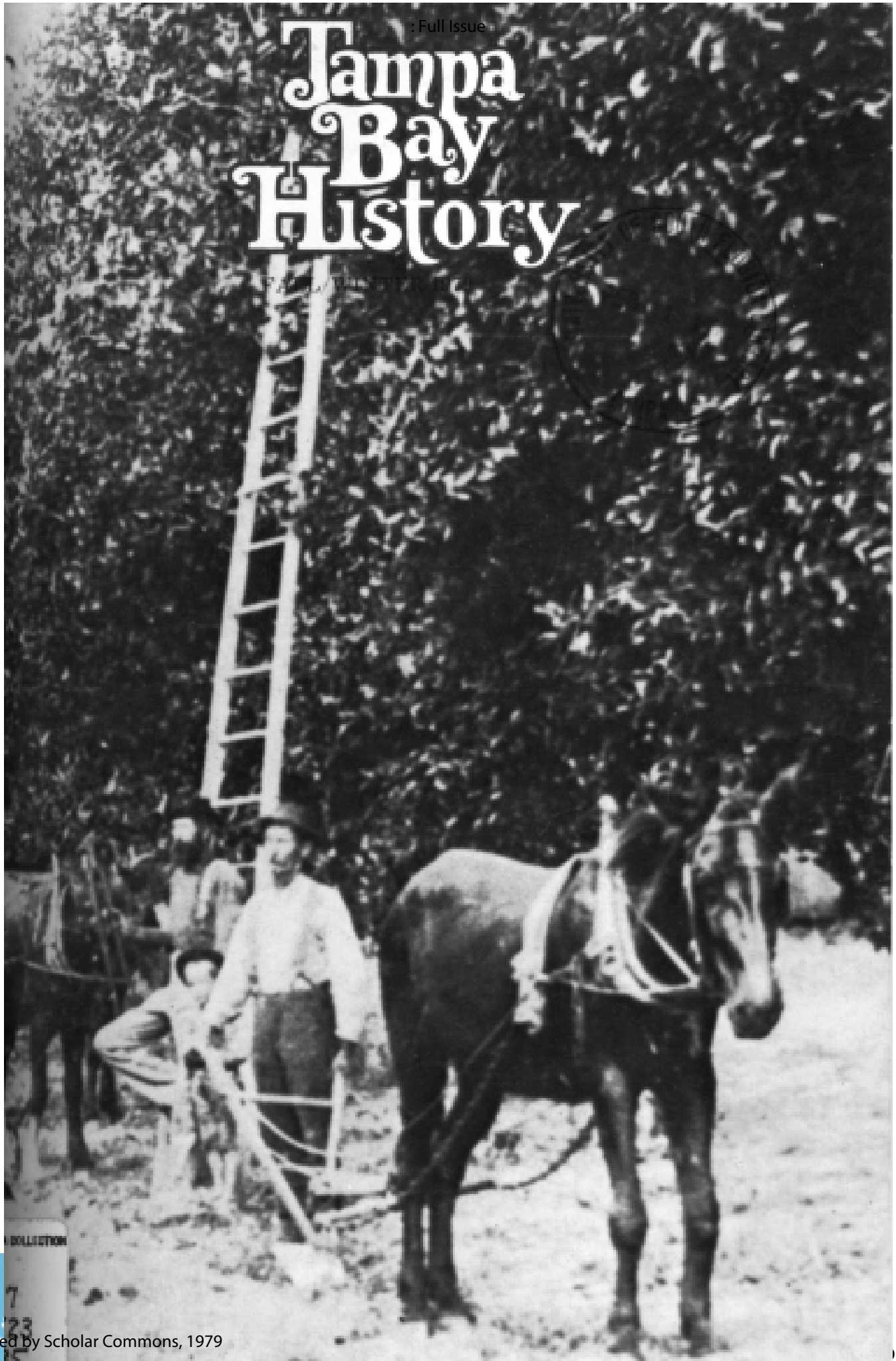
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: Full Issue

Tampa Bay History



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FALL/WINTER 1979

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FROM THE EDITORS

In the last issue we dared to ask whether the world needed another history journal. We do not know about the inhabitants of the rest of the globe, but Tampa Bay area residents have answered affirmatively.

Permit us to boast about the critical acclaim lavished upon our young publishing venture. Dick Bothwell, the respected columnist of the St. Petersburg *Times*, noted that the journal "meets scholarly standards . . . yet its material is presented in an interesting, entertaining way for lay readers." The Clearwater *Sun* praised "the unstuffy, readable approach taken by authors of all the articles," and called *Tampa Bay History* "a journal anyone can understand and enjoy." Marian Godown, a local historian of Fort Myers, admired *TBH's* "peppy look, highly readable stories, and good pictures illustrating the articles."

Nevertheless, kind words alone are not enough to ensure success. Sustaining the journal requires additional support from two areas. A non-profit enterprise, *Tampa Bay History* still needs subscribers to reach the break-even point financially. Readers who are presently enjoying the magazine can help by conveying their satisfaction to others. When shopping around for gifts, particularly during the holiday season, think of giving your friends, relatives, and neighbors a subscription. It takes community spirit up and down the Suncoast to keep us alive.

We continue looking for readable and informative items to publish. A glance at the table of contents reveals the type of material which we are seeking - original articles, interviews, documents, and photographs. Guidelines for submitting manuscripts can be obtained from the managing editor. We also welcome letters to the editor and announcements concerning upcoming events. Our goal is to encourage contributions from historians both inside and out of academia in order to bridge the gap between the university and the surrounding communities.

The editors maintain their commitment to publishing material surveying as large a portion as possible of the fifteen counties of central and southwest Florida comprising the region served by the University of South Florida. Of obvious local interest, our articles also address issues of national relevance. Subscriptions from Harvard University, the University of Wisconsin, the University of North Carolina, and the New York Public Library demonstrate this wide appeal.

In preparing this edition, we would like to express our thanks to a number of people. Dean Travis Northcutt continues to stand as a champion of history as does Dean Sue Stoudinger. Our new editorial assistant, David Lawrence, a graduate student at USF, has lifted a good deal of the burden from our shoulders by performing countless tasks. Secretarial assistance from Michael Copeland, Lucia Grimaldi, and Robin Kester shaped-up edited copy for the printer against tight deadlines. Janice Chapman assisted in a variety of valuable ways, and Terry Cone taught us how to improve the publication process. Paul Camp, J. B. Dobkin, and Joe Hipp helped locate attractive photographs to accompany the articles and Joyce Bland ably reproduced the historic prints. And as always, Louis A. Perez came through whenever called upon.

COMMUNICATIONS

Any correspondence pertaining to the articles, reviews and other material contained in the journal may be sent to the Managing Editor.

Editors:

Hate to belabor a point, but I still think the journal is misnamed. Even such an authority as Dr. Arnade in his article describes the Tampa Bay region as ranging from "Citrus County through Sarasota County and including Sumter, Polk, Hardee, DeSoto and possibly Highland."

You see, traditionally, these areas have been associated with the Tampa Bay region while Lee County (which before 1923 took in Hendry and Collier Counties) has been considered part of South Florida (when Lee was formed it was part of Monroe County, as you know). How about asking your readers to vote on choices for a title ? ? ? ?

I particularly enjoyed Arnade's piece but disagree with him when he says works by vanity presses do not better history. Often, these publications fill in gaps in local history. Oh, I know what he means - I deplore the myth and malarky put out by some attractions, etc. such as the Edison Winter Home in Fort Myers. A good myth is hard to kill and I've often tried to lay Jose Gaspar to rest!

Marian Godown
Fort Myers, Fl.

Editors:

Have belatedly just completed looking over my copy of *Tampa Bay History*. Very nice, I like (the) format, size, etc. Hope it continues successfully.

However Mannard's article has an error(s), when he states (p.61) that only one study on the Negro was published. There were others:

Dreams and Shadows (1941)
Cavalcade of the American Negro (1940)
Negroes of Nebraska (1940)
Negro in New York (1967)
Lay My Burden Down (1945)

Virginia had also in press:

Survey of Negro Urban Youth

Evanell K. Powell
Tampa, Fl.

THE BUNGALOW: A HISTORY OF THE MOST PREDOMINANT STYLE OF TAMPA BAY

By James M. Ricci

By 1929 the “Bungalow Era” of home building was drawing to a conclusion. In that same year, Charles E. White published a critical work entitled *The Bungalow Book*. Lamenting the misconception of the term *bungalow*, that is, the misapplication of the term to styles not necessarily bungalow in concept, White began his book with the popular line from Shakespeare's *The Merchant of Venice*: “All that glitters is not gold.” With respect to architecture, the metaphor was appropriate, not only to the nation as a whole, but especially to the State of Florida, where the craftsman ideal of homebuilding was rapidly evolving into other forms. Accordingly, White echoed the Bard’s warning, and rephrased it to read “All that bungles is not a bungalow.”¹

The bungalow style of architecture was born in the early years of the twentieth century. The complicated roots of its conception, however, are entwined in the social and architectural histories of the late nineteenth century. This span, from 1865 to 1900, is a difficult period to understand. The complexity of the era is seen by the two epithets most popularly applied: “The Gilded Age,” and “The Brown Decades.”² It was a time when productivity increased dramatically. Technologically, the Industrial Revolution, with its increased mechanization, lessened the backbreaking chores of sustaining life. The city, with its abundant opportunities, became a mecca. However, many of the qualities deemed necessary to live a simple life disappeared. Against this background of rapid change, the bungalow style of architecture developed.

The generation that matured in the post Civil War era and subscribed to the notion that urban, industrial growth was creating a sore on the moral fiber of the country sought to improve their lives by various methods. Each method, however, was based on the idea of returning to the time they felt was conducive to nurturing a simple existence. The time period they yearned to reconstruct invariably was that which they knew best—the immediate past. To foster these beliefs, three movements arose: the “Suburban Movement,” the “Back to Nature Movement,” and the “Craftsman Movement.”

The people who adhered to the philosophies of these movements were essentially agreeing on two points: the corrosive effects of the city, and the dehumanization of the machine. Fleeing to the suburbs, communicating with nature, and returning to craftsmanship were three ways to help reestablish a simple and good life. Architecturally, the bungalow ideal of homebuilding, which was a part as well as a result of these three movements, fulfilled all three requirements.

Architecture is often “the ledger of one cultural debt after another owed to previous cultures and civilizations.”³ Accordingly, the bungalow is deeply indebted. The first debt is owed to Andrew Jackson Downing, the critic Vincent J. Scully, Jr. credits “with starting American domestic architecture along a new path.”⁴ In the 1840s, Downing originated a style for residential cottages that brought out such essential architectural elements as the harmonization of building and landscape, the convenient arrangement of rooms, the truthfulness revealed in the purpose of a building, (for instance, a house should look like a house, a church like a church), the effect of good color and the economy of simplicity.⁵ Each of Downing’s precepts would be

carefully and religiously practiced by the men most responsible for the birth of the bungalow style.

The World Columbian Exposition of 1893 also greatly influenced the bungalow style. Contradicting Louis Sullivan's statement "that the damage wrought by the fair will last a century from its date, if not longer," the Japanese entry—The Phoenix Villa—impressed many of the up-and-coming architects who viewed it.⁶ Juxtaposed against the grandiosity of the borrowed Roman and Greek styles, which were the target of Sullivan's scorn, the Nippon structure stood as a testament to the beauty of architecture. The Japanese demonstrated to emerging American architects "the stark geometry of post and beam, and the free and sensuous rhythms of the rock and tree," as well as the sensitive treatment and texture of wood.⁷ Charles S. and Henry M. Greene, two such young architects, were greatly influenced.

The Greenes were the progenitors of the bungalow style in America. In addition to the influence of the aforementioned movements, the Greenes' background is revealing. The Manual Training School at Washington University in St. Louis, Missouri, where they became familiar with the basic concepts of the craftsman's tools; the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, where they furthered their studies; Boston itself, where they viewed some of the finest Japanese treasures brought back to its museums by Ralph Adams Cram, Ernest Fenollosa, and Edward S. Morse; the Phoenix Villa; and their eventual move to Pasadena, California, in 1893, each contributed to the maturation of the style they formulated.

In 1903, the Greenes designed what would later be recognized as the first bungalow. Reminiscent of the modern ranch style, the home was most praised for its use of natural materials and simple arrangement. The house utilized a simple "U" plan. By the time the Greenes' work appeared, however, there were other examples of the fledgling style already in existence. In 1885, A. Page Brown built several in San Francisco,⁸ and in 1888, A. W. Putnum published others in the *California Architect and Building News*.⁹ These received little fanfare and acclaim. It was the Greenes' work that brought the bungalow popularity and vitality; and from this humble beginning, the bungalow style in America advanced.

Between 1893 and 1922, the firm of Greene and Greene designed nearly 400 buildings, most of which were residences in California. Generally they tried to adhere to certain ideals of craftsmanship, striving to embody the owner's personality and needs in the design. They also gave "much thought and study to all parts and details, often [designed] the grounds and interior furnishings as well as the building itself. . . ."¹⁰ Out of this philosophy and background grew an architectural phenomenon on the Pacific Coast known as the California Bungalow.

Yet, because of the great attention the Greenes paid to each detail, and the expensive nature of fine craftsmanship, their structures were affordable only by the upper middle class. It required an extensive campaign by Gustav Stickley, the furniture maker, to bring the bungalow to the middleclass.¹¹

Greatly influenced by John Ruskin and William Morris, Stickley designed furniture with the belief that simple was more likely to be right and good than was complex. He saw the need to apply this philosophy to architecture and residential homebuilding, calling for a more democratic

mode of homebuilding. From 1901 to 1916, to bring his message to the people, Stickley published *The Crafts*, a monthly magazine in which he showed examples of houses that could be both charming and economical. Quickly becoming a “tastemaker,” he published two design books, *Craftsman Homes*, in 1909, and *More Craftsman Homes*, in 1912 which promoted these ideals. The bungalow style, as evidenced in the work of Greene and Greene, but on a lesser scale, was one which Stickley greatly admired and consequently advocated to satisfy the residential needs of a growing contingent of middle class Americans.

During Stickley’s period of influence the popularity of craftsman bungalows rapidly increased. Other magazines such as *The Ladies’ Home Journal*, *House Beautiful*, and *The Building Age*, followed Stickley’s lead and promoted the bungalow as the most desirable of styles. Laced with such superlatives as “charming” and “picturesque,” they brought the bungalow much acclaim. The publications convinced Americans of the desirability of such homes, and the many who could not afford the fine craftsmanship settled for homes which captured the style through ornamental rather than structural techniques.

Architects soon published plan books of bungalow design from which the prospective buyer could choose. These appeared in cities from Seattle to Providence. Lumber mills, such as one from Bay City, Michigan, which billed their product as “The Alladin House,” and mail order houses, such as Sears-Roebuck, also recognized an opportunity and sold bungalows via mail order. Yet, regardless of whether they were individually constructed or sold *en masse*, the bungalow built before the Great Depression retained most of the qualities and elements of the original style. However, tract developers, who built bungalows with assembly line techniques totally perverted the basic tenets of the style. This dealt the style its final blow by utilizing a method contrary to the philosophy of the original. Soon the term erroneously meant just one story homes. A half decade after the nation emerged victoriously from World War I, the bungalow movement was on the wane. By the Great Crash, when American life styles and values drastically changed, bungalow architecture evolved into the ranch style.

At this point in 1929, White wrote his warning. By that time the word *bungalow* was becoming pejorative. Because of the many diverse forms of construction and disparate styles incorporated into the term, *bungalow* connoted many images to many people. Indeed, it was becoming easier to say what a bungalow was not, than what a bungalow was.¹² Some tried to pin it down to a structure with all rooms on one floor. Others limited it to one and one-half story dwellings. And still, to some the word was all inclusive. So, not only was Whites' warning appropriate, it was also necessary; for although many people thought they knew to what architectural style the bungalow applied, each had a different view.

With the benefit of hindsight, though, it is possible to identify certain characteristic elements of the bungalow style. A typical bungalow was a building constructed during the first quarter of the twentieth century, and was characterized by a low sweeping roof line, with parallel gable angles, overhanging eaves, exposed structural members, conveniently organized floor plans, numerous windows (usually casement), massive fireplaces, and broad masonried and wood porches leading to graceful entrances adorned with sidelights and transoms. These buildings often employed the use of built-in furniture, built-in light fixtures of the “Tiffany” style, exposed ceiling beams in the living and dining rooms, hardwood floors, and breakfast nooks, keeping the relationship

between indoors and outdoors unobtrusive. Other elements such as *porte-cocheres* and indigenous materials were often, though not always, employed.

While these elements expressed artistic and philosophic beliefs, the bungalow style of architecture derived importance for the role it played in shaping demographic and geographic patterns of many American cities. The bungalow arrived when many American cities were rapidly expanding and the suburbs were receiving a large percentage of disenchanting urbanites. Prior to the bungalow, there was not a suitable architectural style to house these suburbs. The Cottage, Queen Anne, and Victorian styles were each too elaborate and expensive for the majority of Americans to afford. The bungalow made the suburbs affordable to middle-class Americans, and the result was significant. The growing city of Tampa is a microcosm of this early twentieth century American phenomenon.

Like hundreds of other American cities, the population of Tampa increased enormously between 1880 and 1900.¹³ In 1880, Tampa contained a population of 720.¹⁴ By 1900, it boasted a citizenry of 26,000, “cosmopolitan in nature.”¹⁵ Bolstered by the cigar, rail, shipping, tourist, citrus, and phosphate industries, the former garrison town evolved into a vital port center. The majority of people, however, still lived in close proximity to Tampa’s urban core. The elite neighborhoods of Tampa Heights and upper-Hyde Park provided suburban communities for only the well-to-do. The bungalow, along with improved mass transportation, and later the automobile, combined to open these neighborhoods to Tampa’s middle income families.

The role of the bungalow in satisfying suburban aspiration is evidenced in the statistics. Between 1910 and 1930, approximately four thousand bungalows were built to satisfy individual owners' wants and needs, and reflect the beauty and care of individual attention. These were built in the finest sections of Tampa’s early suburbs, and were more kin to the Greenes’ homes than to Stickley’s. But, as more and more land was subdivided, the democratic nature of the style became evident. Shortly, bungalows were built in virtually every new neighborhood in town. The developers and promoters of these new subdivisions capitalized on the popularity of the style to sell their suburban lots. Thus, a large portion of Tampa bungalows were mainly the result of speculation. Built by local contractors, and promoted by local developers, bungalows provided Tampa’s middle-class with a desirable, yet affordable, housing mode.

Bungalows in Tampa varied in price. The more elaborate sold for around \$8,000.00, but the average price ranged between \$3,000.00 and \$5,000.00. Still, many were found on the Building Permit Ledger for as low as \$500.00. Most retained the qualities and philosophies of the original California Bungalow. Others, though, employed ornamental substitutes, such as turned porch piers and non-functional supports.

Along with the national publications, Tampa newspapers played a role of “tastemaker” by whetting the public's appetite for bungalow homes. Daily, the pages of the *Morning Tribune* were filled with notices of bungalows. The promoters and developers of the infant subdivisions of West Hyde Park, Seminole Heights, Suwanee Heights, Virginia Park, Palma Ceia Park, and Edgewater Park advertised the advantages of bungalow architecture. The Tampa Bay Land Company went so far as to enter an advertisement entitled “Why California?” in which it enumerated bungalow qualities. The ad drew the conclusion that the bungalows built in Florida



South Florida Fair of 1920, Quickbuilt Bungalow exterior

(courtesy of Tampa/Hillsborough County Public Library System).

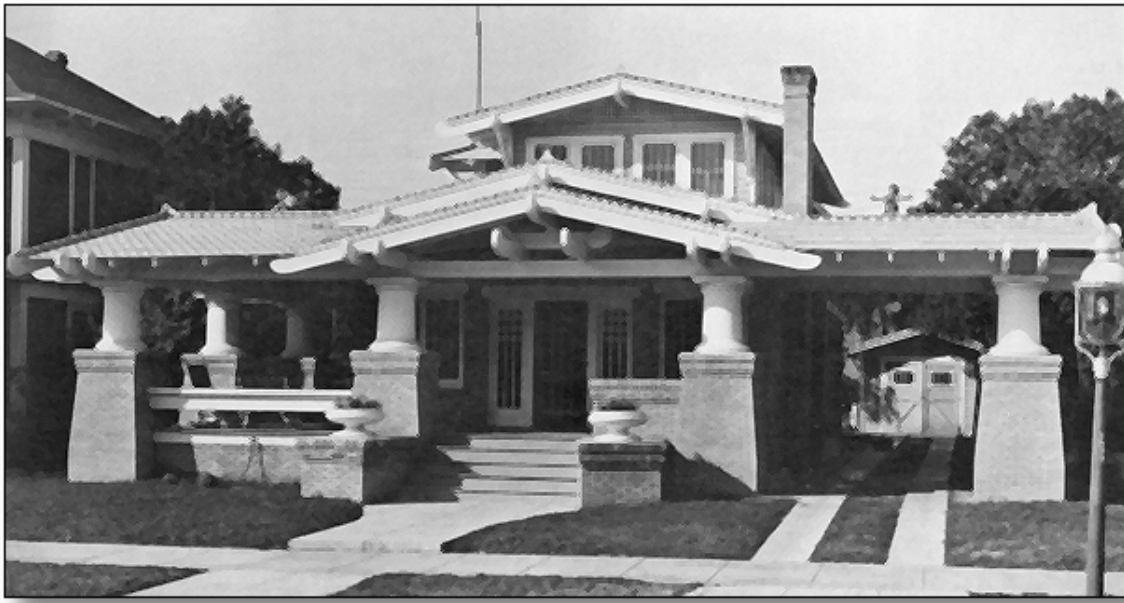
were “sufficiently distinctive to be named after our own State.”¹⁶ Accompanying such promoters, local furniture merchants, such as The R. H. Tarr Company and Rhodes-Pearce-Mahoney Furniture Company, stocked, sold, and advertised furniture and accessories especially for bungalows. These ads featured “craftsman” furniture, “Tiffany” style glass, roll-away wall beds, porch screens, and other typical bungalow features. Tampanans, then, were well aware of the bungalow style. By 1930, as elsewhere, it was on the wane.

Before the bungalow style of architecture evolved into other modes, one atypical pattern which began to appeal to builders who sought to maximize profits was the bungalow court idea. These “community courts” consisted of bungalows arranged around a central court or parking area. Designed to eliminate the excessive cost of constructing apartment complexes while offering the occupant the benefits of the bungalow philosophy, each house was built close enough to afford a feeling of protection, but far enough apart to provide for little grass plots. Windows were “placed with the idea of affording as much privacy as possible.”¹⁷ However, the court idea required a larger plot of ground in proportion to its housing possibilities, and this resulted in a limited amount of bungalow court development. Yet, examples of the court idea and variations of it may still be found in many cities. Bungalow Terrace in Tampa stands as one such adaptation.



Grand Central Avenue Bungalows, Tampa

(courtesy of Tampa/Hillsborough County Public Library System).



Bungalow at 713 S. Delaware Street in Tampa

(courtesy of Tampa/Hillsborough County Public Library System).



Bungalow of Charles E. Commander in August 4, 1925, 1212 S. Albany Street

(courtesy of Tampa/Hillsborough County Public Library System).

Platted in 1916, Bungalow Terrace was built on one entire suburban block in what is now known as Hyde Park. It was originally laid out in thirty-six lots, upon which thirty-one homes were constructed. Save one, all were built within a few years and had residents by 1920. All but one, which was built around 1948, were bungalows. They were built in four rows with a central walkway down the middle. This walkway originally had an arbor from one stone gate to the other, but was removed in the twenties because the wood rotted and the leaves covering it dropped on the walk following rain storms. Automobiles never could pass down this central walk. Between the other rows—the back side of each home—were alleys for cars to park. Thus, autos were out of view from each of the four surrounding streets. Bungalow Terrace afforded suburbanites a chance to live in craftsman homes without the added expense of purchasing the plot of expensive land usually associated with twentieth century suburbs.

The bungalow style of architecture lasted through the Florida land “boom” and “bust,” but finally lost its vitality and popularity during the Great Depression. Before Americans became disenchanted with its folkway style, however, the bungalow played an important role in Tampa’s early twentieth century growth. At the apex of the nation’s affinity for building bungalows,

Tampa was a haven of bungalow construction. So much so, that by 1930, Tampa's suburbs resembled what Carol Kennicott, Sinclair Lewis' 1920 *Main Street* reformer, envisioned when she entertained a career in "townplanning."

She walked back through Wilmette and Evenston, discovered new forms of architecture, and remembered her desire to recreate villages. She decided that she would give up library work, and, by a miracle whose nature was not very clearly revealed to her, turn a prairie town into Georgian houses and Japanese bungalows.¹⁸

The one thing to remember, though, above all else, was that the bungalow was more than a style, it was a philosophy as well.

¹ Charles E. White, Jr., *The Bungalow Book* (New York: The MacMillan Company, 1929), p. 1.

² "The Gilded Age" was a term popularized by Mark Twain to satirize the garishness of the period. The "Brown Decades" was applied to the era by Louis Mumford to describe general architectural trends.

³ Karen Current and William R. Current, *Greene and Greene: Architects in the Residential Style* (Fort Worth, Texas: Amon Carter Museum of Western Art, 1974), p. 10.

⁴ Vincent J. Scully, Jr., *The Shining Style and the Stick Style: Architectural Theory and Design from Downing to the Origins of Wright* (New Haven and London: Yale University Press, 1955), p. xxxi.

⁵ *Ibid.*, p. xxx.

⁶ Clay Lancaster, *The Japanese Influence in America* (New York: Walton E. Rawls, 1963), p. 77.

⁷ *Ibid.*, p. 83, and Current, *Greene and Greene*, p. 12.

⁸ Janan Strand, *A Greene and Greene Guide* (Pasadena, California: Grant Dahlstrom, The Castle Press, 1974), p. 6.

⁹ Harold Kirker, *California's Architectural Frontier* (New York: Russel and Russel, 1960), p. 128.

¹⁰ Strand, *A Greene and Greene Guide*, p. 4.

¹¹ Current, *Greene and Greene*, p. 11.

¹² "What Is A Bungalow?" *Arts and Decoration*, 28 (October, 1911) : p. 487.

¹³ Stephan Thernstrom, "Urbanization, Migration, and Social Mobility in Late Nineteenth-Century America," *The City: American Experience*, ed. Alan Trachtenberg, Peter Neill and Peter C. Bunnell (New York: Oxford University Press, 1971), p. 99.

¹⁴ "Progress and Prosperity of the Queen of the Gulf," *Tampa Morning Tribune*, January 21, 1900, Midwinter Edition.

¹⁵ "The Tribune's Past, Present and Future," *Tampa Morning Tribune*, January 21, 1900, Midwinter Edition.

¹⁶ "Why California?" *Tampa Morning Tribune*, July 13 1913, p. 3.

¹⁷ Una Nixson Hopkins, "A Picturesque Court of 30 Bungalows: A Community Idea for Women," *The Ladies' Home Journal*, 30 (April 1913): 99.

¹⁸ Sinclair Lewis, *Main Street* (New York: Harcourt Brace Company, 1929), p. 16.

THE TAMiami TRAIL—MUCK MOSQUITOES, AND MOTORISTS: A PHOTO ESSAY

By Doris Davis

The Tamiami Trail, a great memorial to men of courage, vision, and determination, had a momentous impact on a vital and important part of Florida growth. Since antiquity, roads have been the driving force in the creation of our civilization. For the Florida pioneer the Indian trail was the one-way route to the promised land; however, for America as a whole, the Indian trail had to be expanded into a network of highways to serve not a nation of homesteads but a nation of cities and commerce.

The American landscape was transformed with the introduction of the automobile, and a new breed of man was born—the tourist. In 1912, less than a million cars traveled on the road compared with more than thirty million on the eve of World War Two. About ten years ago nearly 100 million motor vehicles in the United States journeyed approximately 730 billion miles each year, almost enough for four round trips to the sun.

When the shiny new steamers or gas vehicles took over the road, families headed south in search of the warm Florida climate. Tampa had entered the auto era with well over 500 cars in existence in 1911. The “Good Roads” movement had been initiated with the automobile endurance race from Tampa to Jacksonville and back. A series of newspaper articles stressed the construction of good roads as essential to the material advancement of the state. Florida could attract tourists for a winter vacation if two main highways were built, one down the West Coast and one down the East Coast. The general call “See America First” was fast turning into “See Florida First.”

To eliminate the hazardous “wish to God” roads, each county created a Road and Bridge District to finance roadbuilding within their boundaries. In 1911, Hillsborough County sponsored a bond issue to build a hard-surfaced road south to the Manatee County line. At the same time, voters in Manatee County approved a \$250,000 bond issue to build a road from the Hillsborough County line to Sarasota. In 1914, through the efforts of the “Sarasota Good Road Boosters,” the Sarasota-Venice Road and Bridge District was created and financed \$250,000 to continue the highway south to Venice. In the meantime, progressive citizens in Englewood began their plans for building a road north to Venice with the hope of becoming the southern link of the Tampa road system.

In 1915, a group of businessmen from Miami, Naples, and Fort Myers met with state officials in Tallahassee to discuss the feasibility of a cross-state highway from Miami to Tampa via Naples, Fort Myers, Venice, Sarasota, and Bradenton. At first, the proposed roadway was referred to as the “Miami to Marco Highway” or the “Atlantic to Gulf Boulevard.” Sometime later at a meeting in Tampa, the name “Tamiami Trail” was fashioned from the combined names of its terminal cities, Tampa and Miami. It delighted the public, and was accepted for the name of the proposed highway.

That same year the Florida State Road Department was created by the Legislature. Following the passage by Congress of the Bankhead Act in 1916, which provided the first systematic

federal aid for improving highways, the 1917 Legislature increased the Road Department's authority. The immediate goal was to supply hard-surfaced roads joining cities, towns and villages.

The preliminary surveys for the south cross-state segment of the Tamiami Trail were made in August 1915. The exact date when construction began is unknown, but the first payment for work performed was made in September 1916. Yielding to the Tamiami Trail pressure groups, the Fort Myers District sold bonds worth \$177,000, a small fraction of the amount that would ultimately be needed. Everglades City raised \$125,000, intending to close the gap from Marco to the Dade County line. The final section of about forty miles from the Dade County line to Miami was estimated at \$175,000, and it looked like a clear path ahead for the Tamiami Trail. No one dreamed that a world war would intervene to raise the cost of labor and materials, that three new counties would be born, and that hurricanes and a colossal land bust would devastate Florida. Thirteen years passed before the road would be finished.

In 1921, when the Legislature created Sarasota County, the fate of the cross-state segment of the Tamiami Trail appeared uncertain. The Lee County portion of the trail was stopped for lack of funds. Rumors circulated that this lower section of the trail would never be completed, especially not across the "impassable" Everglades. By 1923, with vast sums expended, several workmen dead from drowning or dynamite explosions, and little progress made, south Florida residents seemed ready to give up. Then in the spring of 1923, a group of public-spirited citizens calling themselves "The Tamiami Trailblazers" set out to rekindle the Tamiami fire. In a dramatic attempt to revive interest, a trail blazing expedition of ten cars filled with twenty-three white men and two Indian guides made a perilous three-week trip across the Everglades swampland. They proved that the route of the proposed Tamiami Trail was feasible, opened the way for land development, captured the imagination of the public with their exploit, and reaffirmed the need for "Florida's Greatest Road Building Achievement."

In the meantime, the State legislature carved out Collier and Hendry counties from the southern portion of Lee County. In 1923, Collier County floated \$350,000 in bonds to continue building the cross-state highway. The Collier Company provided men, equipment and supplies. It vowed not to build a swamp road on brush mats, but to construct instead a hard-surfaced automobile highway ballasted on rock. Under the mire and muck of this section was Florida limestone, which, when dynamited could be dug out and piled up to form a base for the Tamiami Trail.

The following year, 1924, the Florida State Road Department officially recognized the project. The Legislature incorporated the Tamiami Trail as part of the State Highway System and assumed the responsibility for completing it. The job began with surveyors and rod men clearing the right-of-way, working breast-deep in the swamp. After them came the drillers, blasting their way through more than ninety miles of hard rock under the muck. Ox carts were used to haul dynamite. When bogged down, men would shoulder the explosives and flounder through the water. Giant dredges followed, throwing up the loose rock to provide a base for the segment of road that took thirteen years and approximately \$13 million to pave across "America's Last Frontier."

To celebrate the remarkable completion of the highway down the southwest coast of Florida and across the treacherous Everglades, the Tamiami Trail Association arranged a festive county fair in Everglades City. Barron G. Collier led the many dignitaries in the huge motorcade which began in Tampa and three days later ended in Miami. The original "Trail Blazers" were present to relate their hazardous experience by automobile across the River of Grass. Captain J. F. Jaudon proudly gave an address on the early history of the Trail, and Governor John W. Martin spoke on the value of the Tamiami Trail to the state. Amidst this fanfare, on April 25, 1928, the highway opened to traffic. Since then millions of motorists have traveled the Tamiami Trail and viewed the Everglades from the safety of their cars with little knowledge of the blood, sweat and tears that turned a vision of the future into today's reality.



1900—“Wish to God Road.” Wish I had taken the other set of ruts. Road leading south from Bradenton to Sarasota

(courtesy of Sarasota Historical Archives).



Tamiami Trail—Section 28 from Northwest Corner, looking Southeast

(courtesy of State Photographic Archives, Strozier Library, Florida State University).



Tamiami Trail 1923. Surveyors—The first operation was to lay out the centerline of the road and then stakes were driven in the ground every 100 feet

(courtesy of Collier Development Corporation).



Oxen Teams—The only animals that could be used in the Glades were oxen due to their wide-webbed feet. The average time an ox was used under these extremely adverse conditions was two weeks

(courtesy of Collier Development Corporation).



Dynamite Setters—Some of the men who set dynamite by tamping the sticks into pipes in the rock base two to five feet below the surface of the water line

(courtesy of Collier Development Corporation).



Rolling Bunkhouses— Work crew bunkhouses were pulled forward by oxen on the rough right-of-way an average of 150 feet a day. These were the first mobile homes in a state now numbering them in millions

(courtesy of Collier Development Corporation).



Walking Dredge—Unique dredge used exploded aggregate to create both a canal and a road bed. The dredge moved forward by jacking itself up and extending its bucket to skid forward by eight to ten feet. This “hop-a-long” dredge made the Tamiami Trail possible

(courtesy of Collier Development Corporation).



Two Ruts on a slight elevation

(courtesy of State Photographic Archives, Strozier Library, Florida State University)



April 4-22, 1923—Tamiami Trail Blazers, first men to cross the unfinished portion of the trail (from Ft. Myers to Everglades City) in Autos

(courtesy of P. K. Yonge Library).



Mired motorists

(courtesy of P. K. Yonge Library).



Tamiami Trail—1927

(courtesy of State Photographic Archives, Strozier Library, Florida State University).



Dr. Frons A. Hathaway, Chairman of the Florida Road Department and Assumhachee (Abraham Lincoln), Indian guide for the “Tamiami Trailblazers”, congratulate each other on the completion of the Tamiami Trail

(courtesy of State Photographic Archives, Strozier Library, Florida State University).



April 25, 1928—Official opening



Everglades celebrates the opening of the Tamiami Trail—April 27, 1928

(courtesy of Matlack Historical Association of Southern Florida).



Tamiami Trail—One of the few remaining nine foot asphalt sections of the original Tamiami Trail between Sarasota and Venice at Eagle Point on Roberts Bay

(courtesy of Sarasota County Historical Archives).

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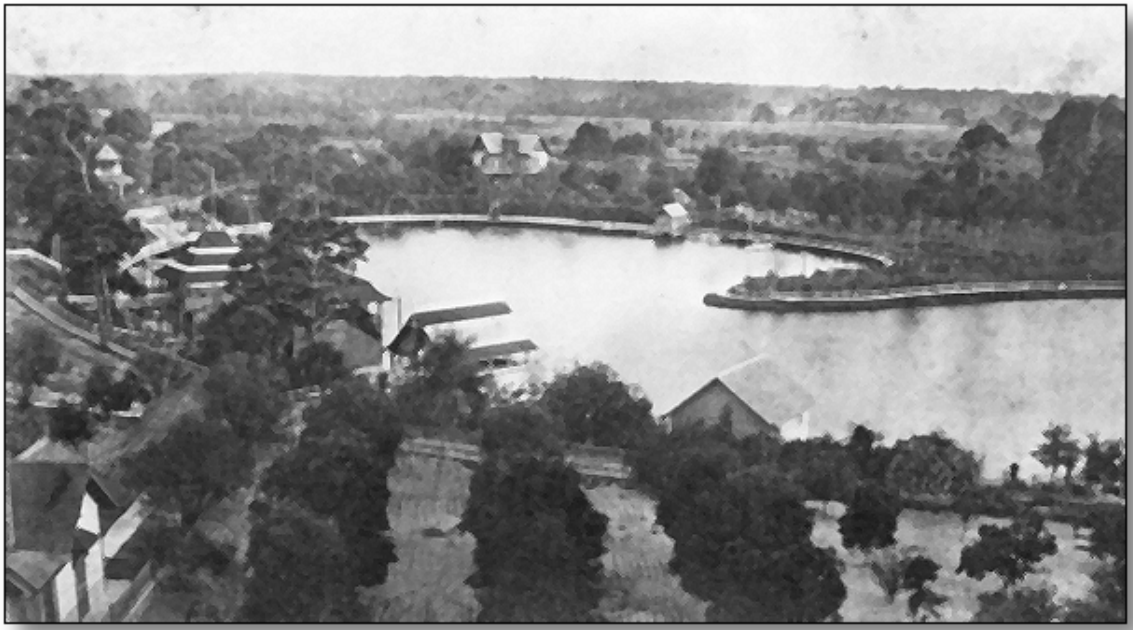
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THE GREEKS OF TARPON SPRINGS: AN AMERICAN ODYSSEY

By William N. Pantazes

When one thinks of Tarpon Springs, visions of rough and vibrant seamen diving for treasures on the sea floor, and a small town that would be reminiscent of any bright port on the Aegean Sea come immediately to mind. The city is not only known as the sponge capital of the world, it is lionized for its Hellenic ethnic character. The sponge industry was built by Greek Dodecanesian Islanders, who upon arrival in 1905, suffered the hardships of pioneers, but were able to transplant a culture that has remained extensively isolated from outside influence for nearly three quarters of a century. Walking through the streets of Tarpon Springs, one experiences a culture and lifestyle that evokes the past. Recently however, some have questioned whether the slow adaptation of modern American values into their lifestyle is changing the ethnic identity of these Greeks in Tarpon Springs, and this essay addresses this question.



Overview of Tarpon Springs

(courtesy of USF Special Collections).

Tarpon Springs is famous mainly for its sponge industry. Before immigrants discovered the area, it was well advertised as a health resort attracting rich northeastern industrialists. It was not until some Key West turtle fishermen accidentally discovered sponge off its coast that Tarpon Springs entered a new phase in its life. After a rich Philadelphia Quaker, John Cheyney, opened the Rock Island Sponge Company in 1891, the industry was formally organized. Cheyney seemed satisfied with the profits reaped by the slow hook gathering methods of his Key West spongers. In 1900, an enterprising young Greek sponge buyer from New York, John Cocoris, explored the Tarpon shores. He realized that by introducing Greek diving methods a lucrative industry could be organized. With Cheyney as a partner, Cocoris was able to finance such a

venture. Buoyantly, Greek divers returned with a bountiful harvest of fine-specimen sponges. The exodus to Tarpon Springs had begun. By 1907, Tarpon Springs had become an Hellenic enclave on the Gulf Coast as some 1500 Greeks lined the shores of the Anclote channel.

What an adventure it was, because these men knew neither the language nor local customs. Strangers in a strange land, nevertheless, by 1910, they had established the Tarpon Springs Sponge Exchange, erected a church, and had brought their families to this New World. Their success was so great that Tarpon Springs was now being called the sponge capital of the world. Until the end of the 1920's, they averaged a total annual income of \$600,000. With the onset of the Depression, Tarpon Springs may have been one of the only cities in America to experience prosperity. With the collapse of the European sponge market, the world demand brought profits of approximately \$1,000,000 annually. Such prosperity did not last, and with the opening of the Second World War, approximately 1,000 young Greeks left the industry to enlist. The others that remained managed to run the industry on a minimum scale while also working for the war effort. Those returning from the war attempted to reorganize the industry, but nature had wreaked havoc in the once abundant sponge beds. In 1947, through the waters of the Gulf a disease spread that rotted sea life. A catastrophe such as this perhaps had not been seen in the world since the potato blight afflicted Ireland in 1845. The industry nearly collapsed, and many Greek-Americans discouragingly left to find work in the mills and factories of the North. The once vibrant town seemed hauntingly empty. Those few who remained managed to survive only through the tourist trade. The main bonds that kept them together through the hard financial period with its end in 1957, were their faith and their strong and stern family unit. They felt proud and strong to carry on the tradition of their brave ancestors.

Their patience was rewarded. In 1957, the sponge beds were replenishing, and the federal government granted the people \$20,000 to reorganize the industry. However, the damage was too far gone to correct completely. The young had left, and those that remained were now too old to maintain the rigid life that was demanded of the diver. Also the synthetic sponge which had been introduced in 1947, had long since captured the larger share of the market. Many of the Greeks began to realize the exploitation of the tourist trade brought in greater profits in comparison to the amount of hardship that had to be faced to secure profits from the sponge industry alone. A new breed of Greek developed, businessmen concerned with maintaining an up-to-date image.

The following interview was conducted in March 1979, with George Georgeiou. When talking with this seaworn former sponge boat captain, one may look into his eyes and see that through him there is still hope for his past in our future.

Interview with George Georgeiou:

Pantazes: Tell me captain, how did you first arrive in America?

Georgeiou: I heard about the diving in Tarpon Springs in 1910, so I went to the consulate to see if I could get a visa. Let me tell you something, the reputation of the American flag then cut weight in influence. Not like today. Then it had influence. My brother-in-law was an American citizen. He came back to visit. So we went to the consulate, and we saw many old men waiting. My brother-in-law started talking to one. They soon found out he was an American, and they all crowded around him. My turn had come. So I went into the consulate's office. I went inside. He asked me, "Where are

you going, my good son?" I answered, "I'm, going to America, Mr. Consul." He responded, "What mother, which crazy mother, is this that would send such a young son to a crazy and strange hard land at your age! Why do you want to go?" he said. I said, "I want to work." "So there, how old are you?" I lied and said I was twenty. He didn't believe me; I was near thirteen. So it took him no time to red pencil my application. He said to go back. All right, I thought, and returned to my brother-in-law and told him the news. He gets mad and takes me back into the consul's office. His being from Skios he was tough. Asks him why. The consul got tough and asked him who he thought he was that he could ask such questions. He said, "I'm nobody, only you will find trouble when I go back to Pireaus." Then one poor old man jumped into the office saying, "Mr. Consul, this man is an American." Once he heard this, the consul threw everything down and he says, "Spit! If you are an American why didn't you tell me this?" "I wanted to see where a man could fall to," he replied. In one second he stamped my exit visa, and I was ready to leave. This is to tell you what America was all about. Then after my brother-in-law brought me to Tarpon Springs by boat, I left for the North for four years. You see, I wanted to see America. Then I returned, and I have been here ever since.



The Sponge Docks in Tarpon Springs

(courtesy of USF Special Collections).

P. Did you like the North better than Tarpon Springs?

- G. No, I made years in Rochester and Pennsylvania, but I like it better here because I had work for myself. I was my own man. I liked this. There I worked as a sweeper and a shoe shiner in the stores you know?
- P. *What type of work did you do here?*
- G. Here I had work with the spongers. There was a *kaieki* [boat] called *Kasteras*. I soon bought it, and from this small *kaieki* I was able to buy another one called *Ornisos*. And I made business very well until the *astenia* [sickness] which filled the water in 1947. It befell in 1947 so the people left from Tarpon Springs. At this time I had two more *Kaiekakia* working for me. I did not know what to do either. Fish? What would I do? I went to Mr. Sanmarkos, the exchange agent, for advice. He asked me, "It's 5 o'clock; where are your people going?" "They're going to the fishery." "I don't think it's over yet," he replied. So I decided to wait. Well, by the end of 1947 work had stopped. We all had nothing to do, we left because we had lost our money. We used to have much. I used to make over \$13,000 per year total for six months. I then decided to stay. I saw a house on the Bayou I liked and worked it nicely. Johnny, my son, was in school; Stratis was in the Army. I chartered boats for a year. Then I took Johnny out of school because he had no strength in the letters, and we worked together to develop the curio shops and restaurant my family has today. I just have this house now. So now you know this sickness brought a catastrophe to many of my friends. I was lucky I thought of staying in 1947. Till 1949 no life existed in the Gulf waters. I did not want to go north and leave Tarpon and my friends. I had too much here. I did not want to go to the fisheries—that's a bad job there, you make a bad life and you are not yourself; it's not worth it. I decided to wait it out with what I had and thank God this old man was saved, not that I'm too old now but that's another story.
- P. *Were you the only one to stay behind like this?*
- G. No. Some few others also; but the only one to start buying such properties at that time was myself. The others sold their properties. I also survived with the tourists. I charter fished and went out with the diving exhibition, which I still do today.
- P. *When you first came down, for whom did you work?*
- G. At that time I worked as mechanic on the boat of Captain Vassilis Christou. It did not take long, however; once I married I bought my first boat—in six months—for \$160. I also had my daughter as a baby then too.
- P. *How did you meet your wife?*
- G. I met her here, in Tarpon Springs. She had come from my *patrida* [country] to marry. I wanted a wife to start a family. Others went back and got wives for themselves and had managed to involve me with many women potentials, but I wanted a true family. I wanted a woman with intelligence so we could bring up a good family in our new land together. This was my priority. I did not look for youth and beauty, I wanted the older wiser one. She was eight years older than myself, but we lived a good life, may God bless her soul.
- P. *Were you introduced through other families?*
- G. Yes, a good one. They did not want me to marry an old woman—my friends tried to stop me—but I was set on my ways.
- P. *How many children did you have?*
- G. I have four. One daughter runs the curio store. Steve runs the ship-yard; John has the restaurant; and my daughter Giani has a captain's license for fish trawling. She had a store but was not happy so she rented it out.
- P. *Did Tarpon Springs have many Greeks together then?*

- G. Let me tell you: I came in 1912. From 1906 to 1917 the population was 1,500 sailors or spongers in the fish house.
- P. *Where you all united?*
- G. United yes, unionized no. If we were they would probably all still have jobs here. My men working for me would have done better—we all would have; but these merchants had power, my good son. They had power to do as they wished, and dragged us about like sheep. They opposed any corporation. They wanted our blood, and that's why the industry left Tarpon Springs I feel.
- P. *Did you ever have any problems with the Americans?*
- G. No, never. We only had problems whenever we went down to Key West. The Key Westians burned our boats. Here we had problems with the [sponge] hookers. We fought a lot and both of us went to jail but it was their problem. The local Americans were all right. Well, you know if you bother an American what will he do? He won't bother you.
- P. *What traditions did you bring over and keep in Tarpon Springs?*
- G. We kept everything here. Since 1906 some unknown person donated the crying icon of St. Nicholas. At those times and today many *ragalia* [storms] started out in the Gulf during the winter months. They made destruction in Tarpon. Since 1906, when our first church, which was the size of my kitchen, was built, no storm has ever hit Tarpon Springs directly. Do you understand? Even the American locals believe this and tell it to me. But this icon helped everyone progress [who] worked at sea on the boats. Now this is the truth—I have heard it. I have seen it; now you have heard it, my boy. There was once a hurricane coming to Tarpon Springs. I saw it move around the town and go to Tampa. We were hardly touched, but we should have lost everything. From northeast to northwest with seventy mph it was called Diana went to Tampa and left. St. Nicholas alone had the power to move the hurricane away for thirty miles. This shows why we all should believe, and why no culture was lost my good boy.
- P. *In the old days all of you were religious. How do you see the situation today?*
- G. The people, my son, the people have changed today. They were not like in the old days. They have lost their place. They have no respect for anything. Tarpon Springs you know has its good reputation from us old timers. There were times when Americans came to us for help. To sleep, get washed, eat. They did not know what to do. But us good Grecos decided to help them. So that is why Tarpon Springs has its name. The new Greeks don't understand what we have done. If you needed help on the road they wouldn't help you. In the old days you would find help 100% of the time. Today 75% and you are lucky.
- P. *Did you ever return to Greece?*
- G. No, I never wanted to. I have come to be known and loved as Captain George by all. I trained many to dive, even tried some American boys, but they were not patient. They wanted to grow beards, which is not good for diving. I did not like to travel. My wife, God bless her soul, went back two times. Let me tell you another reason. To go back was good. They expected to find me rich and to show it. But I was not this type. My heart was not in this. Five thousand dollars was needed to give any time I'd go. Why, I had my children first.
- P. *The new Greeks?*
- G. Those that are married are civilized. These new young men have no brains. They're only eighteen to twenty-five years old. They want fast money and have no respect. My sons would never do this.
- P. *What was the situation with the blight?*

G. I was lucky again. I worked for the government researchers in 1946-47. Everything was rotten and smelled. I used to go down, when I went down, I could feel the water burning. It was like my body was boiling, and dark. I could not see my hand in front of my face. It must have been a heat peak from the earth. The doctors came over and needed helpers. They asked me to help find divers. So I went in the coffee houses and told them that these people were here to help. I told them we would meet every morning at the Exchange and commanded all of them to show up. They discussed it among themselves. The government made the mistake to ask for volunteers of bankrupt people. No one was that willing. I had to make the first move. Since many had lost hope, they thought I was crazy to bother going down. So I went down with my three crew men to help. I made a dive in Tarpon waters, in the Gulf and Cedar Key. Everything I managed to find alive I brought up to show the doctors; it wasn't much, but they tried to analyze it. Even the rocks and dead stuff. They did not discover the cause. In the 1950's the sponges returned, but the people were old now, and there were few that could dive, no one had interest in it now.



Diver coming up with sponges in Tarpon Springs

(courtesy of USF Special Collections).

P. *Didn't you try bringing in new divers?*

G. We tried. The Exchange is the largest in Florida and the government granted permission to do what it could. So they brought over people. But they were the worst people they could have brought over. For example, if 300 came ten were good and stayed. The others just weren't workers. This is what they did: they took advantage of the fact that the government gave them visas to arrive with their families, to find a new home. They then turned and left. Within a year the gates were closed. I knew, for at the time I was trying to bring a relative over and I couldn't, and I lost \$200.

P. *Your children— are they interested?*

G. No, they make better money where they are.

P. *Do you think the industry will return?*

G. No, it will not. To do so it will have to be handled by the government. The government will have to spend millions on boats and artificial sponge beds. It will have to import men and restrict their visas on a yearly basis under a corporation. This I would like to see. Really . . .

P. *I heard that the early Greeks had a good relationship with the black people?*

G. In 1906 they came to us starved. They are people. They were good workers, so we helped. Today only one or two have stayed. Back then the black would speak the Greek dialect of the

- boss he worked for. If he was from Aegea, the black spoke Aegean, if he was from Kalymons, he spoke Kalimikan—that was a funny sight.
- P. *I know the story of Tarpon pretty well, Captain. What I would like to know is what you have seen with your own eyes.*
- G. In 1906 my brother-in-law came by to Tarpon and had to tread the river to reach the port—it was too shallow. That is why in the early years they had trawls to deposit the sponges in. Others would then pick them up and bring them to market. A Greek-born black used to make our ropes which he would pass them along. He started this stringing tradition. This way nothing was lost. My wife would bring them to market by carriage wagon.
- P. *Did you ever have problems with the merchants?*
- G. Always. They tried to gyp the captains and crews. They were, in a sense, responsible for the destruction of the industry also. It was the government that saw the situation as it was, and they came and dredged the river so that the boats could come in. Fourteen feet in high tide so now the formal exchange helped secure better prices. Now it is useless. It operates at a minimum because there is little sponge.
- P. *Is there an active industry?*
- G. There are a few boats working. . . . Three or four only working constantly as in comparison to 125 boats and forty hooker boats. Do you realize the difference?
- P. *What was the situation with the tax revolt in 1921?*
- G. What happened was that the city people claimed the fish house and boats as being property and should be taxed. What was the real situation, though, was that the city had made it to let the industry develop and, therefore, the boats were free. It should not have happened. We were forced to pay a personal tax of \$3 whether we used the road or not, and the boats were considered transportation. They were just trying to get rid of the boats from the city—that's all.
- P. *What was the political interest of the Greeks?*
- G. We always tried to enter politics. We have had policemen, chiefs, mayors. They could not help us much though, unless the rest of the commission was with them.
- P. *When did the first Greek school open?*
- G. 1915-1916—The priest helped them. Today we have the largest Greek school in all of Florida. You should see this.
- P. *Did all the spongers have families?*
- G. No, some married here, and others went back to make families. But we are all members of the community. They all went to various jobs. Today, we work on the tourists. It's rough, because we have to work with different kinds of people. Then we had 150 boats supplied with food for six months. We knew where we stood. We don't know if we will starve. During the blight we went and worked even if it was at our cost. We did it to live. My wife went to work also. We scrounged our money and lived on beans. With my move everyone kept working. During the depression we lived like this.
- P. *Do you consider yourself an American?*
- G. Yes, it is a good land. If you work honestly, you are free to do as you please. I like this system, that's why I spent my years since I was thirteen. When I left Greece my father said, "When you leave you might not ever return to our port again and see us alive. Let me give you some advice. Don't go about begging for a job. That is not worth it at \$500 a day and is dishonest. Be careful to earn the best you can honestly. Don't be a burden on anyone." I was

never to be lazy and I have always been taken care of. I started as a shoe shiner—worked for tips.

P. *Did the Greek bosses ever take advantage of their countrymen in Tarpon Springs?*

G. No, we had a good quiet life down here.

of the numerous animals and occasional people he encountered upon the way. He visited a number of other small communities and proceeded to San Antonio which he found to be of such considerable interest that he devoted the better part of a chapter to describing his experience there.

Now nearing its centennial, the story of the village Johanet saw in the spring of 1885 began on February 15, 1881, as two horses bore their riders to a pine covered hilltop in what was then the southern part of Hernando County. There, they looked down on a large and exceptionally clear lake. The government surveyors in 1845 had missed the lake altogether, and the area was virtually uninhabited so the horsemen probably felt that they had discovered the lake. One of them drew a Latin prayer book from his saddlebags and read that the day was the Feast of St. Jovita. He accordingly named the lake in honor of that early Christian martyr. The two men proceeded around the lake to the hilltop where St. Leo Abbey now stands and one of them decided that he would reserve the land for himself.

The horsemen were Edmund F. Dunne, former chief justice of the Arizona territory, and his cousin, Captain Hugh Dunne. Judge Dunne was one of the attorneys involved in negotiating the Disston purchase of 1881, when the State of Florida sold Hamilton Disston of Philadelphia four million acres of land at twenty-five cents an acre, thereby providing the State with enough money to pay the interest due on State bonds. In return for his services, Disston gave Dunne the option to develop a tract of fifty thousand acres. Remembering the discrimination which Roman Catholics had experienced in Ireland and many parts of the United States in the nineteenth century, Dunne envisioned the land as a “Catholic Colony,” a settlement dominated by Roman Catholics, a center of Catholic civilization in Florida.

Judge Dunne placed the center of his colony a short distance to the southwest of Lake Jovita. There he carefully planned a town, named San Antonio, in honor of St. Anthony of Padua. For the city of San Antonio he reserved a full section of land, plotted streets and residential lots and set aside property for schools, a monastery, a convent, and an orphan's asylum. In the middle of town he laid out a public square in the European style.

Surrounding San Antonio, he planned a series of villages and set aside portions of land to be kept in forest. Due north of San Antonio would be the village of St. Joseph. To the northeast would be St. Philip and to the northwest, St. Thomas. South of San Antonio would be the village of Carmel, at the end of a roadway lined with lime and castor bean trees. The little village of St. Philip disappeared in a couple of years but the communities of St. Thomas and Carmel lasted until close to the turn of the century, each with a post office and small church. St. Thomas also had a Negro mission.

By 1883, the town of San Antonio was well established with several stores, a barn-like church with a resident priest, Father O’Boyle, and a school taught by Mrs. Cecilia Moore. In 1884, Dunne started publication of a newspaper, the *San Antonio Herald*. By the time of Johanet’s visit, the “Catholic colony” was far more than an elaborate plan: Judge Dunne proudly showed the visiting Frenchmen a community well-rooted in Florida soil.



Sacred Heart Church in St. Joseph

(courtesy of St. Leo Abbey Archives).



Kitzbauer painting of the Arnade house, oldest house in San Antonio. House was built before the 1880's

(courtesy of Charles W. Arnade).

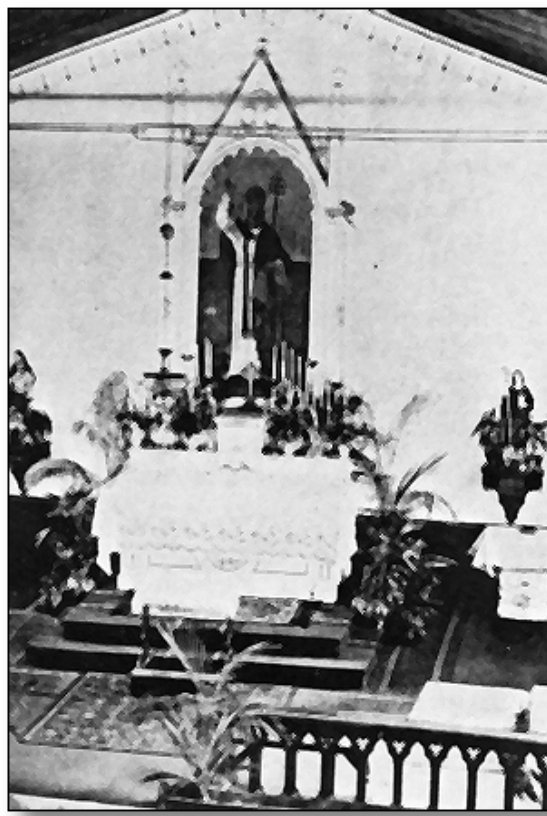
The early settlers of the colony included the McCabe, Gailmard, Hand, Carroll, Bischoff, Freese, O'Neal, Weaver, Flannigan and Corrigan families. Most of the early settlers were of Irish descent, like Judge Dunne (who sometimes spelled his name "O'Dunne").

The colony's medical doctor was Dr. Joseph Corrigan, a wealthy and educated gentleman, brother of Archbishop Michael Corrigan, of New York. The doctor acquired a large tract on the east side of Jovita and built a palatial home. The house, with its private chapel, burned in 1915 but the palm trees which lined the roads on the Corrigan estate can still be seen. The colony's Justice of the Peace, Judge John Flannigan, lived in town in an elegant Victorian structure (now the Arnade home). Judge Dunne himself resided in a book-filled cabin on the hilltop where St. Leo Abbey now stands.

Before the arrival of the Catholic Settlers, the San Antonio area was largely uninhabited, save by the Osburn, Tucker and Wischers families. The small groups of Protestant "Crackers" in the area generally accepted the arrival of Catholic neighbors and, as Johanet observes, even attended church with them on occasion.

Until the late 1880's San Antonio, like the rest of Hernando County, was quite isolated. Long journeys by wagon or oxcart were required to reach the nearest port (Tampa) or railroad station (Wildwood). After 1887 when the Florida Railway passed through Dade City, things changed rapidly. Pasco County was formed out of the southern end of Hernando. The Orange Belt Railroad was constructed, passing through San Antonio on its way to St. Petersburg. Crops could now be shipped quickly and efficiently to northern markets. Many new settlers arrived and, to accommodate the prosperity which followed the railroads, the Bank of Pasco County was established in Dade City in 1889.

During this period the Order of St. Benedict began to make its mark on the developing community. Father Gerald Pilz, O.S.B., succeeded Father O'Boyle as parish priest and a group of Benedictine sisters arrived to manage St. Anthony's school and found a private girl's school at their convent, Holy Name, then located in the former Sultenfuss Hotel at the north end of the square. The building was moved in 1911, by ox train, to the hilltop where Holy Name Priory now stands.



Student Chapel at St. Leo. Painting on altar by Gerald Pilz

(courtesy of St. Leo Abbey Archives).

Hurrah! Er ist da Der Halsema

und verkauft

GROCERIES,

SCHUHE,

und

KLEIDERSTOFFE,

zu den billigsten Preisen.

ST. LEO MILITARY COLLEGE



SAINT LEO, PALM CO., FLORIDA

Es hat sich seit seiner berühmten Gründung im Jahre 1863 ein Ruf erworben, der sich über die Grenzen des Landes hinaus verbreitet hat. In der St. Leo Military College sind die besten Lehrer und die besten Schüler vereinigt. Die Kosten sind sehr gering. Die Aufnahme ist jederzeit möglich.

Vater Charles, O. S. B., President.
SAINT LEO, FLORIDA

WICHTIG FÜR UNSERE LESER!

PALMEN AUS FLORIDA!

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Palm Beach, Florida

EAST TENN. VA. & GA. Ry. SYSTEM

Station	Distance	Rate
Chattanooga	0	0.00
Dayton	10	0.10
Decatur	20	0.20
Atlanta	30	0.30
... (many more stations) ...		

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Rubber Stamps!

Made to Order at the Lowest Price.
J. B. MICHEL.
No. 1234, Florida

Deutsche Kath. Colonie in Florida.

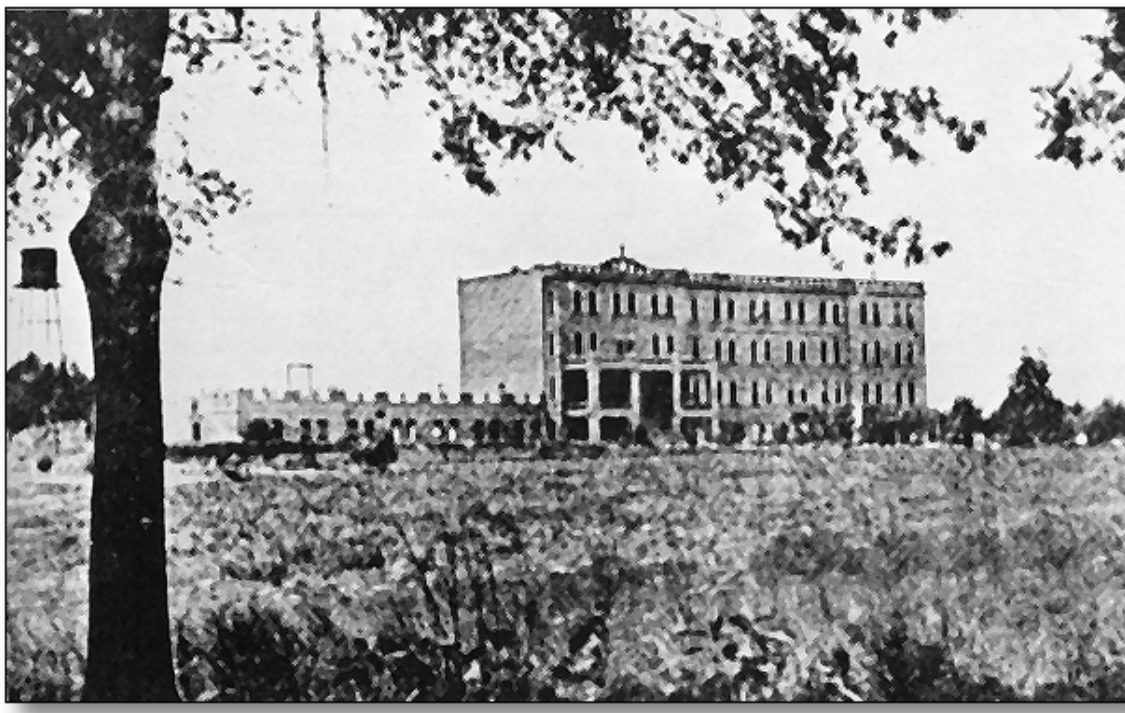
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St. Leo Hall as it appeared around World War One

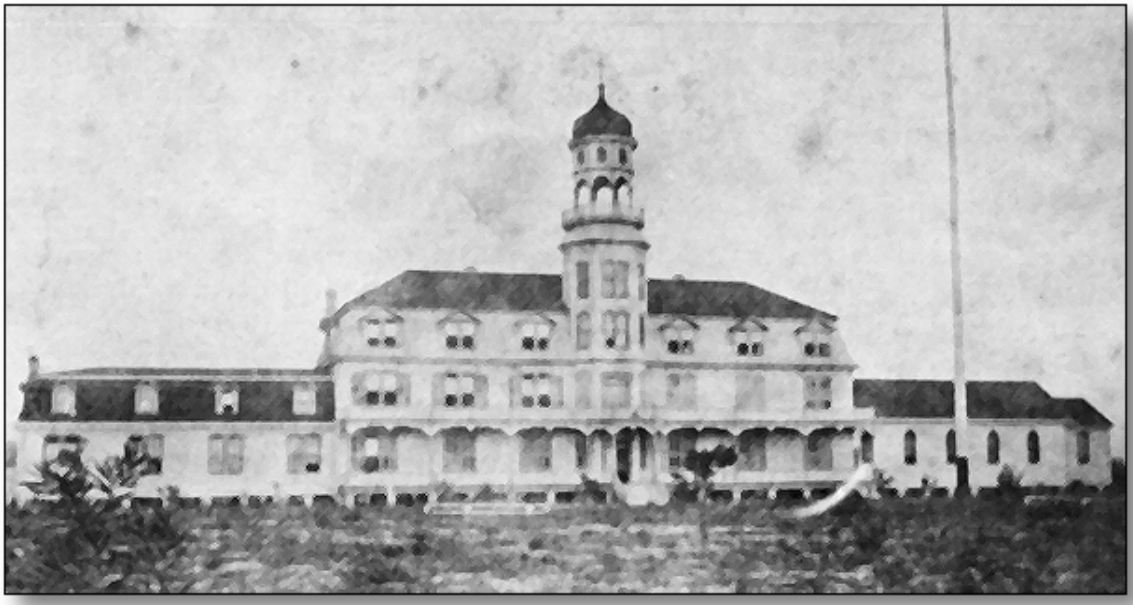
(courtesy of St. Leo Abbey Archives).

In 1889, Judge Dunne conveyed his own land to the Order of St. Benedict and a small party of monks led by Father Charles Mohr, O.S.B., arrived to establish a monastery and Catholic school and to found the town of St. Leo. The monks added to the groves planted by Judge Dunne and built a large frame structure to contain a monastery, school and church. In its early days, St. Leo provided what would now be considered both high school and junior college level instruction and granted a degree called “Master of Accounts.” It was a military school at first but the military aspects were slowly abandoned during the early part of the twentieth century.

About the same time St. Leo was being established, the Barthle family led a number of Catholic immigrants from the German Empire into the area and founded the village of St. Joseph as Judge Dunne had planned a decade earlier. The whole area was permanently affected by the steadily increasing number of German settlers. By 1896 San Antonio’s newspaper was no longer the *Herald* but the *Florida Staats Zeitung*. Undaunted by the great freeze of 1895, which severely damaged the citrus industry and caused the demise of many Florida towns, German families experimented in a wide variety of crops and, for a time, made the Catholic colony a center of the strawberry industry.

The increasing number of German-speaking Catholics and the development of a monastery and convent enflamed the suspicions of many Florida Protestants who, raised on tales of popish plots and the Spanish Inquisition, were willing to believe almost anything said about Catholics, particularly monks and nuns. Articles and letters began to appear in religious and political

publications, accusing Catholics of various atrocities and calling for the elimination of monasteries and convents. In 1916, G. F. D'Equivelley, having lost a legal dispute with the Order of Saint Benedict, enlisted the support of the populist movement against St. Leo Abbey by a letter published in Tom Watson's *Jeffersonian*. Abbot Charles responded with a pamphlet refuting the charges and indirectly striking at the anti-Catholic movement. Theodore Roosevelt, an old friend of the Abbot, drew national attention to the matter, attacking the anti-Catholic movement as absurd and un-American.



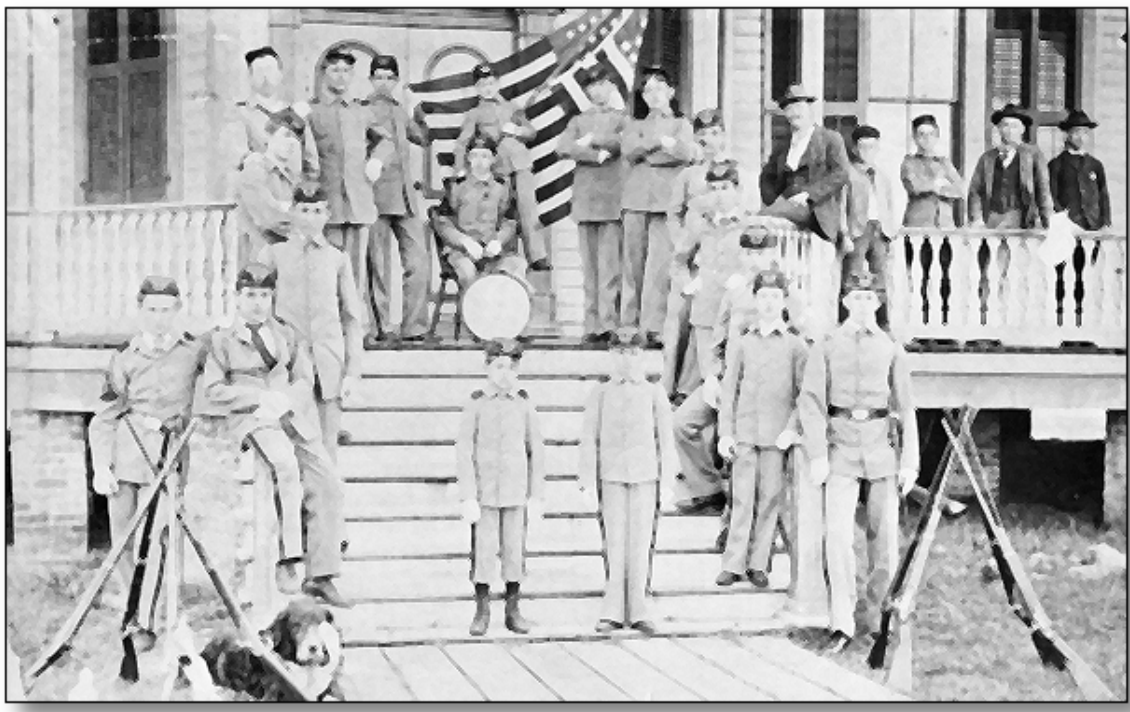
Old Abbey and College building

(courtesy of St. Leo Abbey Archives).

San Antonio and the surrounding area maintained a distinctly Germanic character until the United States entered the first world war. Florida was then convulsed with an unprecedented wave of anti-German feeling combined with a strong anti-Catholic movement led by the state's governor, Sidney J. Catts. Governor Catts was widely quoted (and widely believed) to the effect that the "German" monks at St. Leo had an arsenal and were planning to arm the Negroes for an insurrection in favor of Kaiser Wilhelm II, after which the Pope would take over Florida and move the Vatican to San Antonio (and, of course, close all Protestant churches). A number of German settlers moved away to friendlier parts of the country. Others stayed and took the pressure. Abbott Charles continued to publish dignified responses to the extravagant claims about Catholic "plots" and many local Protestants made a point of appearing in public with their Catholic neighbors. When Catts visited the Pasco County area, he omitted the anti-Catholic portions of his speeches.

During the first two decades of the century, the Benedictines constructed the first concrete block building in the area. St. Leo Hall at St. Leo was begun in 1906 shortly after the Pope raised

St. Leo's status to that of an abbey. The building was completed at the end of World War I. St. Scholastica Hall at Holy Name convent, was completed in 1912. The architect for these structures was Brother Anthony Poiger, O.S.B., who designed the buildings, manufactured the concrete blocks and supervised construction. St. Scholastica Hall was recently pulled down but St. Leo Hall still stands, an impressive monument to the industry of the Benedictine Pioneers of West Florida.



St. Leo Cadets, circa 1893

(courtesy of St. Leo Abbey Archives).

In 1926, during the Florida land boom, San Antonio was reorganized as the “City of Lake Jovita” and its boundaries extended a considerable distance. In an effort to “modernize,” Judge Dunne’s street names were changed, Sacred Heart Street becoming Rhode Island Avenue, Pius IX Avenue becoming Curley Street, etc. When the Depression made it clear that the “boom” was gone, the town changed its name back to San Antonio and withdrew the city limits to the section lines where Judge Dunne put them in 1881 and where they are today. The secularized street names are about the only remnants of San Antonio’s “boom-time” modernism.

Only a vision of the future when Johanet visited the area in 1885, St. Leo functioned as a college preparatory school for boys into the 1960’s. Holy Name Academy functioned as a private girl’s school during the same period, until St. Leo and Holy Name closed the secondary schools in order to make their facilities available for St. Leo Junior College, now a four year liberal arts college.

A community with deep roots in the past and strong agricultural ties, Judge Duune's Catholic Colony is now comprised of the Cities of San Antonio and St. Leo, the unincorporated village of St. Joseph and miles of orange trees and pasture lands. The central role played by the Catholic church in the life of the community and the deep commitment to agriculture of generations of residents are, like San Antonio's town square, reminders of what Judge Dunne envisioned in 1881 and what Edmond Johanet saw in 1885.

¹ The original book was published in 1890, at Tours, by Alfred Mame & Fils. After encountering it among the rare books at the University of South Florida, I made a copy of the chapter on San Antonio and gave it to Mrs. Madaline Beaumont, knowing her great interest in San Antonio's past. She immediately realized the need to have it rendered into English and placed in local libraries. Consequently, she passed the French text on to the Benedictine Sisters at Holy Name. The following translation is the result.



First Benedictine Church in Florida at San Antonio

(courtesy of St. Leo Golden Jubilee, 1890-1940).

A FRENCHMAN IN FLORIDA

By Edmond Johanet

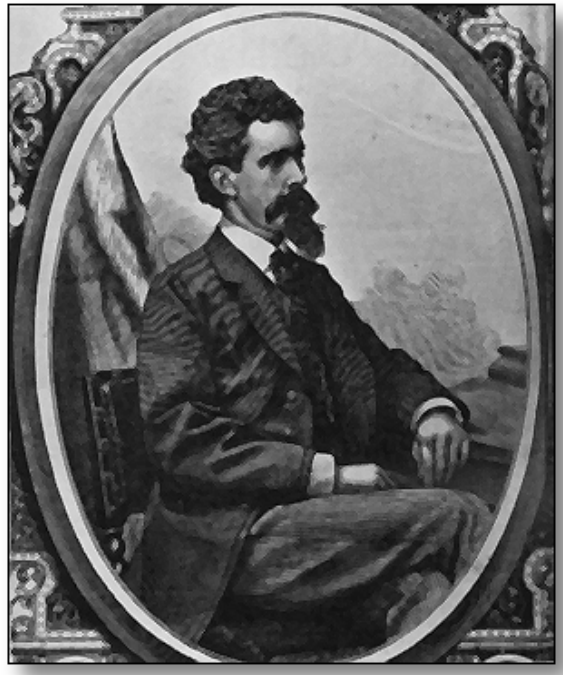
St. Anthony of Padua must have granted us his unique gift to help us find his colony hidden deep in the woods. However, the kindness and assistance of this saint, probably needed at another point on this earth in more urgent matters, impelled us to invoke an earthly deity, the compass. People who don't believe in God prayed to him to find a lost bag of coins; thus his attention was diverted from us and at this same time we lost our way.

Here is at last the steeple of the church that is dedicated to him: When I say "steeple" I do not mean to belittle the lantern mounted on a cross and equipped with a bell that served instead. And when I say "church" it is to honor the location upon which would later be erected a basilica instead of the barn that serves the parish of San Antonio. I expected a church whose architecture approached the style of the Protestant churches found in the towns of America, and I did not suspect that the evangelical poverty of San Antonio could be compared to the poverty of the stable of Bethlehem. Such must have been the early churches that Paul and Barnabas visited at Antioch and Tarsus. It is perhaps in imitation of the first Christians that the congregation of San Antonio would lay down the axe, when the Angelus rang, uncover their heads, and recite in a loud voice the "Ave Maria." Magnificent spectacle of public prayer by which Christians deep in the woods or sailors who pass before the Crucifix on leaving port, or Moslems pride themselves in addressing their Creator.

With the simplicity of the Apostolic times someone asks if we wish to see the priest, then it is suggested that we pay a visit to a Mr. Edmund Dunne, ex-Chief Justice of Arizona. He lives at a good quarter of an hour from the center of the town.

Judge received us graciously. He is a tall man, around forty-five years old, very blond, Irish in origin or perhaps by birth. He had lived in Rome, in Paris, and speaks Italian and French perfectly. He is, one might say, a little weak with German, but having that in common with us French, is one more reason to like him.

Another bond of feeling between the Judge and me was his library. Here was a man who is an out-of-the-way place in Florida owned a study with shelves from floor to ceiling loaded with books. Our great writers Bossuet, Paschal, Fenelon, Montesquieu, Montaigne, the Litre Dictionary. But he is not at all like others—this mortal. Besides, he is a searching person, an inquisitive one, an investigator of manuscripts and documents. You judge him yourself.



Judge Dunne

(courtesy of St. Leo Abbey Archives).

“Who directed you in the choice of names to designate your colony, your lakes? For example, what is the name “Jovita” that you gave to that lake that I see from here?” I asked him.

“You would be a hagiographer of great skill,” he replied smiling, “if you knew that St. Jovita is celebrated on the 15th of February, the day when I discovered the lake. All of the names that I have given are Saints’ names whose feasts correspond to the day of my discovery. For a long time I did not know who St. Jovita was. The Bollandists do not mention him. I searched in Rome and in Paris, all through the books and all the memoirs. Nothing. Would St. Jovita be the creation of the calendar makers? One day while in an old book mart in New York I put my hand on the *Life of the Saints* that you see here. I turned to the 15th of February. What luck! Four pages on St. Jovita! With what joy I gave four dollars for so complete a *Life of the Saints!*”

“I was overjoyed over the fact I had located in New York a French book that was not to be found in Paris.

“The edition is out of print,” he told me, “but that’s not all. When Monsignor Moore, Bishop of Florida, whom you know, complained one day right here of not having been able to locate in New York a *Life of the Saints* that includes that of a saint whose name escapes me now. Please wait a moment, Monsignor, I told him. We will find it in my precious book.” What astonishment at finding his saint; travel all over literary Europe without achieving your purpose, and then deep

in the Florida woods in the library of a “solitary” you locate, the document undiscoverable elsewhere!



Black mission at St. Thomas, 1905

(courtesy of St. Leo Abbey Archives).

In my career of searching among dusty books, I promised myself upon my return to France to unearth St. Jovita from his hideout. He ought to be the patron of the timid.

I was very eager to learn from Mr. Dunne himself what had been the beginnings of his colony.

Willingly he told me. “I founded it in 1881. I began by getting in contact with Mr. Hamilton Disston of Philadelphia to whom the state of Florida had just sold four million acres. I was commissioned to represent him with the authorities of the state in the choice of lands. I had consented to that mission on condition that I could be granted 50,000 acres for the establishment of a Catholic colony. Supported by my personal experience and that of my partners, I arrived early, and was thus able to make a selection of choice land for the colony. As you see, I planted San Antonio on high land, amid beautiful lakes, among them my dear Lake Jovita. We are here a little to the north of the 28th degree of latitude. From the Gulf of Mexico to the Atlantic Ocean, the Florida peninsula does not extend along this parallel more than 120 miles. As a result San Antonio enjoys alike the Gulf breeze and that of the ocean.

On the 16th of June of 1883 I made a census count of my people and I established the presence in the colony of 130 souls of whom the greatest number had arrived some months earlier. Today, we are 500.



A farm in San Antonio

(courtesy of USF Special Collections).

Bishop Moore celebrated the first Mass in our church on the 13th of June, 1883, the feast day of St. Anthony of Padua, our patron. I showed the Bishop the location of the school and the Convent for the Sisters that he had promised to send as soon as possible. Today the school is built but we do not have the Sisters yet. The class is conducted by a lay instructor.” “How many black people?” I asked him.

“No Negroes within the area of the colony,” he answered with some haughtiness. “There are about 800 Catholic Negroes in all of Florida.

“Some of the martyrs of Florida have shed their blood on the site of San Antonio and if we are not called to imitate them, at least to honor them, we have erected a church, built a school, set up an altar and a statue with the hope that we will be rewarded. Finally, only a year ago, we have succeeded in finding a pastor, Father O'Boyle.

“Was the area inhabited when you came?”

“Yes, there were some settlers established around San Antonio. They had planted some oranges in beautiful groves as you have seen on your arrival. Our soil is not so fertile as in the lowlands, but it is very favorable to the culture of the orange and the lime tree. I will take you to see my plantations of limes of which I am very proud because the seed comes from Sicily, so that I am tempted to call our colony, from the viewpoint of cultivation, the *American Sicily*: our American Sicily.”

“But, what do you mean by a lime tree? Is it not the same as the lemon tree?”

Here the Judge looked at me with sympathy, took out his dictionary, a *Napoleon Landais*, that had escaped my notice, and proved to me that the lime resembles the lemon but boasts of having

a more bitter juice. This thought alone made me grit my teeth in a meaningful way. To bring back the sweetness in my mouth he told me he had some plantations of sugar cane that the colonists, whom he had discovered on his arrival in the country, knew how to grow marvelously well. I expressed my satisfaction by passing my tongue over my lips.

“Are these early colonists Catholics?”

“There have been a few, but Catholics and Protestants have a deep religious feeling and live in a beautiful spirit of tolerance, saying grace before meals, keeping the Sunday scrupulously without working, fishing or hunting. The Floridian is faithful to his motto, inscribed in the papers of state, ‘In God we trust.’ The Society of the Holy Name would have a great many adherents in Florida where blasphemy of the Name of God is punished by law.”

“These former colonists? These pioneers interest me. Were there many and were there any French among them?”

“About 20 in all, of whom two were French. I would give you their names but I feel the French would mean more to you. We have here the families of the Gailmards and the Larmoueux as early colonists, but in the area in general around twenty other French have arrived at this colony.”

“They say that you have a good many Germans.”

“Yes, around a hundred. But two hundred Irish or originally from Ireland.”

“Do you sell the lands that Mr. Disston has granted you? At what price?”

“For the most part they sell for \$2.50 an acre; these are lands of a poorer quality or farther from the center. At two or three miles from the church, excellent lands for growing oranges are valued at five to ten dollars an acre. A good many of these lands, bought and planted in oranges a year ago, have acquired a higher value of one hundred dollars; but it is easy for newcomers to construct another church after the example of those who founded two settlements in our vicinity, Carmel and St. Philip.

“I speak now of those lands included within my reservation, the Catholic Colony Reservation, and one must be a Catholic in order to procure land.

“For the non-Catholic there is no lack of ways to become owners of lands surrounding the colony. At first some owners asked only to buy. It’s true that it’s a high price, justifiable by the location, quality, and the improvements. It was necessary to charge from \$30 to \$50 an acre.

“Besides, there were for sale the lands around the railroad with the condition that to occupy them they must be improved. At six miles from the railroad, \$1.25 per acre; at less than six miles, \$2.50.

“St. Philip, one of the settlements which I was going to mention to you, is situated five miles north of here. The lands are valued around \$5.00 an acre. Within this area is located a lake found to be filled with fish. The settling of this colony having taken place on the feast of St. Philip Neri, I have given it the name of St. Philip.

“The second settlement, situated five miles from here, is placed under the patronage of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel. You know that *Carmel* is a Hebrew word that means ‘field’ or ‘land well cultivated.’ I have reason to believe that the place will justify its name, being already cleared and planted with oranges, limes, and guavas. The lands are the same price as those at St. Philip.

“At a mile from San Antonio, on the road from Carmel, lies a charming place called Villa Maria that overlooks a superb lake, two hundred acres in extent, Lake Monica. It's a little Eden and naturally the area is a little higher priced. It serves some of the more wealthy people looking for a winter residence in Florida with a small plantation. The road from San Antonio to Carmel is one of the greatest beauty, edged with lakes and plantations of oranges almost uninterrupted.

“I had ordered from Egypt some seed of the Palma Christi of which I have first obtained some samples in my nursery, and planted later along the road from Carmel to St. Philip forming thus some magnificent avenues.”

In America they use a great deal of oil of castor or castor oil that's extracted from the fruit of the Palma Christi? We call it in France, castor oil.

“Yes, it's the same thing, and it is a highly profitable product here. I will take you to visit my nursery tomorrow.”

I see that you prefer the Italian names to the English.

“They're more Catholic. Or at least they have that effect. I've lived in Italy and it's as a souvenir of that beautiful country that I surround myself with these Italian names.”

You're decorated with the Order of St. Gregory?

“His Holiness, Pope Pius, IX, made me a commander of that Order and it was his wish to bless the colony that I had founded in 1872. I intend to found another colony in Tampa Bay at a point called Pinellas. There is at that spot a splendid port destined for a great future. I have already established a trading post there.”

Do you know, Judge, that you are a veritable pioneer of Catholic civilization? A lay missionary?

“If in the history of the Catholic Church in Florida I am given credit for having tried to fulfill this beautiful mission, I would have achieved my highest wishes. I would leave to my children the most noble heritage that I aspire to for them. And I would then joyfully rejoin their mother who is in heaven.”

The poor Judge had lost his wife several years back and remained a widower with four children.

“If I had been advised of your coming I would have wanted to invite you to supper, but it is late. We are a little distance from San Antonio and I would have to serve you a meager fare. Would you like to return to rest for the night?”

“Thank you,” I said. “Our supper and our rooms are awaiting us at Mr. Carroll’s.”

“And you will be well taken care of there. When will you return here?” Would I be able to come back after supper?

I would leave my companion in the area. He would talk, he would observe, and he would bring back his report. In that way I would learn all about San Antonio in all of its aspects.

“All right!” said the Judge. “This evening then.”

The Carroll family (Irish) had a trading post and a boarding house. On the part of Mrs. Carroll I was the object of the most courteous attention. She couldn't do enough for me.

It is the Eve of Easter. The fast, most rigorously observed, consists first of the classic “red eggs” that are seen all over France, but are eaten only in Florida. I had to eat a half a dozen. Then I had to eat fish cakes and heavy pastry, which was a great imprudence, and the three cups of tea I took did not relieve the effects. Vanier, endowed with a fearless stomach, only regretted that this meal was too light.

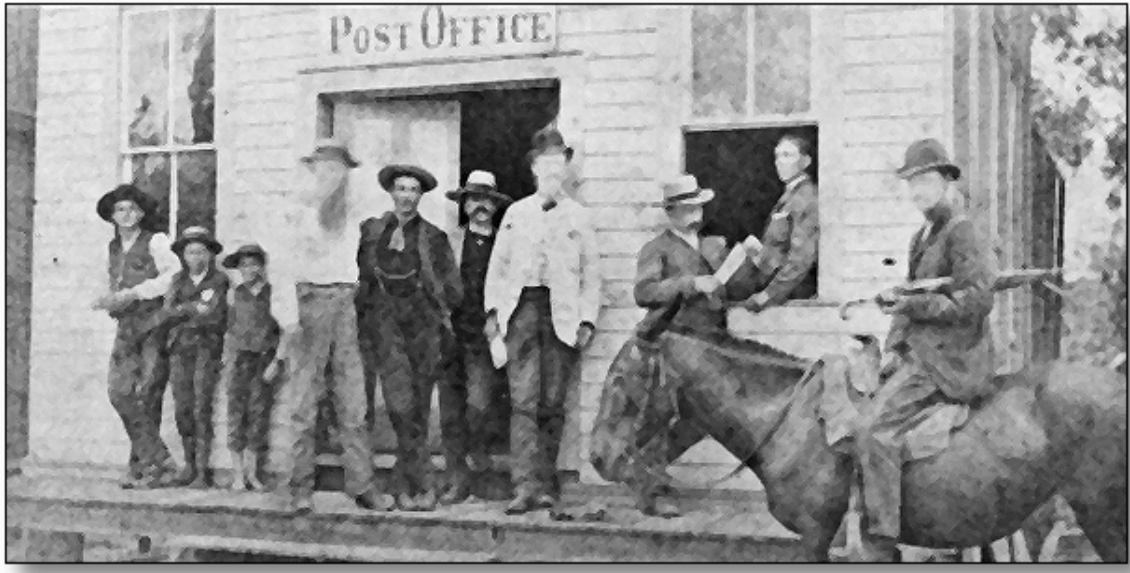
As for me, my doctor in Paris having ordered me to take exercise after a meal, especially when eating in San Antonio, I hurried and ran to my next appointment.

I found a young priest visiting Mr. Dunne, whom he introduced to me. Father George Corrigan is a brother of the present Archbishop of New York, and pastor of one of the parishes of Jersey City, a large city that forms one of the suburbs of New York along the North River. He came to San Antonio in the winter for his health and is staying with one of his brothers, Dr. Corrigan, who owns a magnificent piece of property on the borders of Lake Jovita where he has built a veritable castle.

Father Corrigan was taught by the Sulpicians in Montreal and consequently speaks French fluently. He went to school at St. Sulpice in Paris also. All French travelers would know with what joy one meets a stranger who knows France as well as he knows French; all Catholics would understand my feelings in meeting a priest of my religion after six months living in the midst of ministers who did not seem to be more holy than I am myself.

“And we will have two masses for Easter Sunday? Did you ever hear of such a thing?”

“No, it is the first time.”



San Antonio Post Office, 1890

(courtesy of Madeline Beaumont).

“You will perhaps have a Mass with music?”

“No,” said Judge Dunne.

“What! Easter Sunday! The greatest Feast of the year!”

“In America it's Christmas. That day we had a Mass with music. Your compatriots were the stars then. Mr. E. G. Gailmard directed the choir. Miss Marie, his daughter, played the organ, and with her beautiful soprano voice, sang Rossini's ‘Ave Verum’ in a trio with Messrs. Emil and Paul Gailmard. You see that the French families are always the first when it comes to the arts.”

“I am not going to hear all these artists?”

“Alas. No. Nothing has been prepared.”

“What a shame!”

“Believe me if I had known of your arrival,” smiled the Judge, “I would have had a Te Deum prepared.”

“Would you sing one on the day I discovered a St. Jovita elsewhere than in your *Life of the Saints*?”

“Oh certainly!”

“Take notice! I make a note of it.”

That night there were dreams and nightmares. I was walking along the shores of Lake Jovita intoxicated by the perfumes of the orange blossoms taming a mother alligator followed with her little ones — all delights at once! — when two fishermen appeared. Their heads shone with the halo of the Saints. They had put their martyr's palms on the ground in order to pull their nets out of the water more easily. The fishing must have been miraculous, judging by the exertion. Finally the nets were pulled up on the shore with their load; fifty-two volumes in folio, bound in calf leather. With the seriousness that describes such fishermen, haloed and martyred, they touched, with their palm one of the volumes that opened up by itself on the date of February 15th. And I read thus:

Of the holy brothers Faustino, presbyter, and Jovita, deacon, martyred at Brixiae, Italy.

The Saints, Faustinus and Jovita, for that's who they were, forced me to read to the end — this is the beginning of the nightmare — the six pages in Latin that Bolland had devoted to the story of their life and their martyrdom.

Bolland himself, followed by Heischen, appeared to me, and grabbing the first six volumes, carried them in the flash of an eye to the National Library in Paris. Each one of the followers of Bolland took a volume and flew away with his own work in the same direction.

Indeed, on my return to Paris I found in File E at the National Library the volumes that Bolland and his cohorts had taken away from the shores of Lake Jovita. The Saints, Faustinus and Jovita, are in their place and if nothing is changed in the Church, it is certain that on the next 15th of February all the priests of Christianity will make mention of the two at their Masses and while saying the breviary.

The following day, Easter Sunday, all of the colonists were crowding into the little church at San Antonio in order to attend the two Masses and fulfill their Easter duty. Why should I not admit to my religious emotion in the midst of these faithful ones — a flock, lost in the woods, brought back to the fold by the small bell of their pastor? After six months of wandering across virgin forests and swamps, in company with rough men and wild beasts, some rattlesnakes and alligators, I feel myself drawn from the savage state and brought back to a civilized world, comforted by the joy of living among men whose hearts were beating in harmony with mine. The sanctuary light enkindled from the star of Bethlehem, with its symbolic twinkling light, did not shine anywhere any brighter than in this great solitary land. Its powerful attraction on the believer living in a remote land, far from its rays, explains perfectly well the yearning of a primitive people for the “God Unknown,” whose histories of religion offer the witness. The light reminds the traveler of the soft night light of his far away home. In this order of ideas soon my thoughts led me far beyond the seas and carried me away from this primitive Catholic colony. I saw a hundred young men and young ladies — the young girls' heads covered with a white veil, advancing with an air of recollection and gay and under the direction of virgins with radiant faces and draped in a long white mantle. They knelt two by two and then returned to their place.

Among them, I recognized four . . .

Preserve me

Oh Lord, from ever seeing a summer without
bright flowers,
A cage without red birds,
A beehive without bees,
A house without children!
God is everywhere!

It is time for high Mass. A crowd of faithful have assembled. The non-Catholics themselves have found a place in the church, numbering around 60. Not having a church of their own creed, these Protestants chose to come to a Catholic Mass rather than not to attend any church at all on Easter.

I have already noted that among them, to a Protestant, the Catholic cult is not more nor less valuable than other sects like the Methodist, Baptist, or Puritan — all affiliated to the great Christian family. Such, in general, is the spirit of Protestantism. However, certain doctors consider Catholicism like a heresy while, according to them, the above named sects and hundreds of others not mentioned here, are all orthodox, although not seeing the truth in the same way.

After lunch I visited in detail the monument of the town — the one and only monument, the school — under the direction of Mrs. Morse the lay teacher. She is disappointed in not being able to show off her smartest little misses and small boys, but these correct or proper little people would not think seriously of going to class on Easter, Sunday. There are 35 scholars, representing France, Germany, and Ireland. The curriculum includes reading, writing (Spencer System), Catechism, Bible History, arithmetic, geography, composition, history of the United States. Mrs. Morse complains of having no blackboard, no maps, no globe, but she hopes that her pupils' parents will supply these generously to her class.

She showed me the Book of Rules for a Young Lady:

A young lady ought to know how to sew. She should appreciate the value of time, avoid idleness. She must know how to cook. She must know how to make good bread. She must know how to keep a proper house. She must be able to mend. She must dress with care. Be charming. Have an equal disposition, be stable. She must be patient. She must know how to hold her tongue and how to keep a secret. Always she must sweep down the cobwebs. When she marries, she must choose a man for his character and be a constant helper to him. She must take care of the sick. Appreciate good reading. Have trust in herself. She must exercise. She must respect the aged. She must be generous and walk lightly. She must keep her home happy. She must wear shoes that do not hurt her feet or cramp her. This last item seems to be aimed at laziness.



The Corrigan House

(courtesy of Luther Schearer).

Such is the *nec plus ultra* of feminine perfection in America. These wise precepts include everything even the sweeping of cobwebs, omitting nothing whatsoever. Everything is anticipated, and the woman who puts into practice these reminders will hardly ever be reprimanded by her husband in respect to the law of conjugal obedience. Indeed, what could a husband demand of his wife that is not included in these wedding commandments?

How many women in the world would have gained from having been brought up in San Antonio?

I do not fail to go back to visit the Judge whose conversation furnishes ample material for my observations and for my notes. I found him in his lemon grove, a plantation of lime trees where he explains to me that as far as income is concerned the lime groves are far superior to the orange groves. Indeed, so many oranges are being planted in Florida that the selling price of the fruit will soon go down. This cannot happen to the lime because it is very much in demand in pharmacies as well as for its use among Americans as a condiment for drinks. Advice to inexperienced planters. The palma Christi whose seeds have been brought from Egypt were spreading their leaves with a vigor that gave promise of a rich harvest of fruit whose oil would attack the diseases of the colonists.

An interesting chapter is that of the price of cattle and other produce. A horse would sell from 375 to 750 francs; a mule, 500 to 850 francs; a donkey, 100 francs; a cow, from 75 to 125 francs; a sheep, 12.50 francs; a pig, five francs; a chicken, one franc, 25 centimes; eggs, 75 centimes a dozen in summer and one franc in winter; country butter, one franc, twenty-five centimes a pound of 450 grams; imported butter, two francs, twenty-five centimes; country bacon, 75 centimes or the imported bacon, one franc to one franc, twenty-five centimes; sugar, 40 centimes; cane syrup, two francs, fifty centimes per gallon. Wages for farm workers five francs per day without lodging or food. Beef, fifty centimes a pound. The rainy season lasts three months, from June to September. At times it rains every day for a week or two, then the following week there is no rain. It is rare that it rains before noon.

September is the warmest month of all.

In October the temperature becomes milder and stays so until about March or April. Sometimes in summer the thermometer can reach 96° Fahrenheit or 35° Reaumur or more. The average in the spring is 20°; in summer, 25°; in autumn, 21°; in winter, 16°.

During all seasons the nights are cool, a condition “sine qua non” for sleeping well. The atmosphere and the peace of Florida calm the nerves. Here no rheumatism, no coughs, no sore throats. The handkerchief is a luxury item.

“Do you Floridians replace a handkerchief then by one supplied by nature?”

“Sometimes.”



Old grade school in San Antonio

(courtesy of St. Leo Abbey Archives).

Really, Florida is the land of Eden, the promised land of the sick. Far from being a country of terrible fevers as has been insinuated by calumnious people, Florida fears nothing more than to have its swamps contaminated by sick people with fevers and rheumatisms.

Don't we have fevers around our ponds in Sologne?

Judge Dunne went on to say: "We have a judge who also fulfills the duties of a notary public. His name is John S. Flanagan. Mr. Paul Gailmard, your compatriot, is a photographer. You saw his gallery. In the colony itself, medicine is practiced by Dr. Corrigan; in Ft. Dade, not far from here, there lives a physician-surgeon who can cut off your leg as easy as an alligator can. If you like, when passing through Ft. Dade, ask for Dr. A. S. Alexander — 35 years in practice.

"This year, I have established here a newspaper, *The San Antonio Herald*, appearing from time to time, which doesn't really make it less interesting as you can judge for yourself by the collection you see here.

"The subscription is five francs a year.

“The editor of the newspaper is G. M. Jordan. He is also the writer. We have two editors and two printers.

“That’s, in all, four too many,” I said. “They would have to consume the furnishings and equipment to survive.”

“Of course they don't make a living only by their craft right now, but later . . .”

Pursuing the accounting for his subjects by professions, Mr. Dunne went on to identify the presence in his colony of a civil engineer, of a customs inspector, an architect, a glass worker, a superintendent of streets and roads, a carriage maker, an organist, countless carpenters, and a professor of Latin and Greek.

“Ah! As for this last one, my dear sir, I am advising him to prepare for another trade if he doesn't want to starve.”

“Why is that?”

“Well, it seems to me that in this desert were he to teach these dead languages to the crocodiles up to the point of bringing tears to his eyes, he would never be troubled by having the presence of another pupil.”

“Right!” The Judge said that his main job is that of a cook.

“Is he French then?”

“Of course. You must find that these two professions do not work well together, or don't you say in French that the Latin of a certain poor quality is that of a kitchen Latin?”

“Noble stranger, I see that you like to laugh. But who governs all these people?”

“The State, it is I,” replied the grand king of San Antonio. “I am everything except the Pope. At certain times I consult the civil officers. I get them together for some great occasions.

“When the colony will be larger, I will establish a municipality and I will no longer be responsible.”

I asked him whether in the state of Florida the Homestead Law was as liberal as it was in all the other states.

“Oh certainly,” replied this ex-Chief Justice. The Homestead or the property of 160 acres granted freely to an American citizen is free from being taken back to protect the wife and family. All the improvements made on this property such as buildings, fences, groves, and so on, cannot be attached nor can the furniture be repossessed, that is anything valued at less than 5000 francs.”

I said, "This is a good law which should be adopted in other countries. I do not know of anything more disagreeable than this violation of a home by the law that allows a family to be dispossessed of everything except their bedding. Indeed, the rights of the mortgager should be respected, but could they not in Europe, as in America, in your opinion, stop at the door of the home, of the dwelling, and leave the family certain pieces of property and reserve at least enough resources for the family to continue to survive its disaster. I understand that luxury furniture could be taken, but not the household furniture. The American law has proved wise to fix the value of furniture that cannot be attached to under 5000 francs."

I had to say good-bye. I had to leave these brave people, this colony, its Head, to say a last prayer, and to return to the wild life. We had tears in our eyes.

After a half day's journey we arrived toward six o'clock at Ft. Dade, a new town but already well built up, situated in an area surrounded by a good many lakes. Building was going on full force.

The inhabitants say that the railroad is dying to lay a course to Ft. Dade. I astonished them greatly by telling them that if they built a railroad I would be dying to go somewhere else. When I asked them to show me where was Ft. Dade, the place named after Dade who fought in the War of the Seminoles, they gave me to understand that they had no intention of wasting their time to satisfy my curiosity. This Fort meant nothing to them.

That's what I got for being interested in old history, and not being able to understand that the progress of Florida is intimately concerned with the coming of the railroad to Ft. Dade.

I yelled to my mules, "Come on, rascals, let's go," and I whipped them, but this did not seem to change their slow pace. I was curious to see if the railroad would be built in my absence, if they would build a magnificent railway station at Johanetville, where if they understood their best interests, all the railroads of Florida would come and become the crossroads of the state.

Vanier shakes his head.

Lots of water would pass under the bridge before your dream would come to pass.

We are following a monotonous road. For two hours we climb always going upward. The land appears to be of a better quality here for oranges. All is thus in Florida. All the richness or poverty of the sun is not appreciated except as it is suited for oranges. Good land or bad land for orange groves; that's all there is to it.

Soon I uttered my usual warning.

"If you do not wish, my dear Vanier, to sleep under the beautiful sky you will have to search for shelter in the nearest house we come to, inhabited or not."

"But look, there is a small group of houses right up there and I believe," he said, "there might be people living there."

“Yes,” I said, “I see some smoke. Move on, mules.”

Soon we get there and we are welcomed by a middle-aged Floridian with an honest face. We ask him for shelter for the night as well as for our mules and he gives it to us immediately.

As we were cooking our meal, always Indian fashion, outdoors, our host left us for a moment leaving with us as hostage his little nine-year old son who we found too skinny to be cooked for a meal. Our cooking interested him immensely. The following day, perhaps after our example, he tried the same thing on some small pieces of sappy (or resinous) wood, and found it better than his mamma's cooking.

Wonderful mother! She sent word to us, through Papa, that she could give us a bed but no sheets. How spoiled we are! To find here, deep in the woods, the last word in comfort. Besides, we are invited to spend the evening with the family. A Godsend to everyone. We will be blessed here to study the inner life of a Floridian while our hosts at the same time satisfy their curiosity to see a European, a Frenchman.

We are being led to a bedroom which serves also as a living room. It is clean. The furniture is almost delicate for the country. Two young girls with pleasant faces and dressed all in white muslin and their mother, with gray hair, very charming, older than the father, are rocking rhythmically on three rocking chairs.

As the French do, we bowed before these three rockers who returned our salutation in rhythm. For nearly an hour they continued rocking, all the while saying nothing. This made me dizzy, so that after a while I caught myself rocking in their direction. Never had I had such a “rocking” evening.

Of course the conversation turned to France, the difficulties of the French language and the ease of the English language, and of European customs. The rockers expressed their surprise that a young woman is not sought as much for herself as for her dowry. The father and an older son — for besides the other little one, there was an older son of fifteen or sixteen years — were less ignorant or more up-to-date perhaps about the customs of Europe.

We are like actors on tour in a strange land. They prevail on Vanier and me to speak French for a few minutes. We comply with good grace and for about five minutes we win over our hosts, especially the mother who, pulls out an enormous pipe of wood and lights it, still rocking. “This French is very funny,” they seem to say. Smiles appear on their faces, the silly smile of a people listening to an unknown language and enjoying its sound.

Then they made us sing. After the Comedie-Francaise, the family wanted us to perform an opera. Vanier excused himself on the grounds that he was already fifty-six years old. I had too much fun studying their manners not to comply, and I was rejoicing in advance at the effect I might have on these children of nature while I sang such new songs as “Au Clair de la Lune” and “Malbrough s'en va-t-en guerre.” I started with those pieces. To them it seemed like masterpieces of sentimental melodies. The mother seemed to rejoice that the two young ladies

did not understand the word which, as she judged the words from the nature of the music, might inflame the hearts of her young girls.

For them “Souvenir du jeune age” and “Laisse-moi contempler ton visage” seemed to be more like songs or even church songs, which was a happy mistake. Church songs have been adapted from them and seem less suited to such use.

Suddenly I assumed the posture of Rouget de l’Isle. I sang the “Marseillaise” with such fire that the fire in the mother’s pipe went out. The rocking of the three girls took on great speed and the father and the two boys assumed the air of the God of Mars himself or his aide.

So Jupiter and Mercury condescended to sit on the chair of Philemon and Baucis, and change their cabin into a temple and themselves into trees after their death. As a reward for their hospitality we could predict for the Millen spouse, if not a temple for her, at least a final metamorphosis. What else could happen in Florida to bodies dying in the forest, unless they were changed into oranges or pitch pine? Tobacco, perhaps? Mrs. Millen would deserve that. Alas! after smoking the pipe she put into her mouth a bonbon so dear to an American, a piece of chewing tobacco, the gingerbread of the country. Oh, lady, lady!

Thank goodness the beautiful mouths of the young ladies had not tasted this ambrosia. That will come later.

I said to them: “Young ladies, since you are not busy would you sing some of the songs of your country for your part?”

I did not have to beg them, and I for my part heard more Methodist hymns than I would have wished, besides the mother even joined them.

The evening ends with an exhibit of the youngest daughter’s work: some hats made of palm leaves, very beautifully woven and adorned with flowers and ribbons, also made of palms. It was explained to us that the leaves and stems of the palm are first dried, then bleached, and finally painted before they are braided by the hands of the young lady. Miss Millen sells her hats at a good profit at Ft. Dade. Her sister is happy to wear them. They want to put these hats on our heads although vain apparel hardly suits our sex. In order to escape them we return to our apartment, a nice attic room situated directly above the bedroom where so many interesting events have just taken place, and the rocking. Through the openings in the floor we are given a delightful spectacle, truly familial. The father reads a chapter from the Bible and the whole family gets down on their knees while they recite a prayer.

We sleep like a log in this holy house.

The following day at dawn everyone is up and outside. The young ladies go to the cistern to draw some water and bring it up on the porch where shining clean white basins are put. They wash, comb, “coram populo,” and they invite us to do the same. Quite primitive. The mother arrives. She begins by washing her mouth. I approve.

Father now grabs us. The more a country changes the more it remains the same. We are taken on a tour of his property. We admire his cultivation, oranges, naturally, a magnificent view and well cared for.

His son wants to sell us his orange grove, but we do not give in. Vanier, who is pushing sixty and still a bachelor, is afraid that the young man is making plans for him and his young sister, the lovely maker of palm hats.

As in America one must always settle accounts with his host, so we asked what we owed him. He asks only fifty cents for a bed without sheets, a woman who chews tobacco, a daughter who makes hats, and another who does nothing. This is quite inexpensive.

As for us we do not ask any return for our conversation and our songs.

Millen left us to take his little son to school in town. After having shaken hands with the head of the family, we expressed our appreciation and our gratitude to the ladies and we took our leave.

In the evening we arrived at Brooksville around 6 p.m. after having traveled thirty-five miles since that morning.

THOSE MURDEROUS MONKS OF PASCO COUNTY

Dear Sir: Permit that I write you these few lines in regard to conditions in this part of Florida. Pasco County, the stronghold of the St. Leo Monks, is ruled politically and otherwise by this gang of crooks. In that monastery the Sturkie resolutions were concocted; this same people dispatch the news of the T. E. Pearce murder and Sheriff Sturkie, after conferring with the hierarchy had his theory about the murder, and would not make any effort to bring the guilty parties before the bar of justice.

Now, one of the fellows we suspected has left the state. My grandfather fought for the liberty of our country, under General LaFayette, and now my children will have to do the same, if the hierarchy is not stopped from ruling this country.

These arrogant monks own the 12th part of Pasco County and pay not one cent of taxes and live like kings and work the poor people to death. My son had bought 40 acres of land, and as the land joined their lands, they entered suit against him, and got my son's lawyer to let it go by default, and my boy did not know it until the 60 days were passed, so he could not reopen the case.

As soon as the primary was over, and we heard that Park Trammel was elected, we knew J. T. Catts would be our next Governor; but the monks got busy and now they are trying to bid us, and put Knott in.

Now I want to tell you that I was afraid that if J. T. Catts is elected the hierarchy will have him assassinated, as I have heard several parties, all K. of C. say that J. T. Catts, if elected, never will be governor of Florida. If you reply to my letter in your estimable paper, *The Jeffersonian*, I would beg you to send me a copy, as I got ruined by this gang of crooks, and I am not able to subscribe to your paper.

If you need more information please write, and I will cheerfully answer the best I can; you know I am a farmer and not much of a pensman.

With my best wishes Mr. Watson, to you and your paper, and that your life be spared, is the sincere prayer of yours very truly,

FRENCH HUGUENOT

The above article appeared on page five (5) of *The Jeffersonian*, Vol. 13, No. 46, November 9, 1916. A marked copy of this issue was mailed me from St. Louis, Missouri, else I would never have heard of it. As soon as I had read this scurrilous attack I wrote *The Jeffersonian* for space in its columns for a reply. To make sure that my letter had been received I inclosed with same U. S. Postal Money Order Number 5055 for an annual subscription. The paper comes every week since then; but no answer to my request has thus far made its appearance. NO USE TO ASK THE REASON WHY.



Monastic community

(courtesy of St. Leo Abbey Archives).

The “French Huguenot,” author of the slanderous article was born of Catholic parents, and received a good education. I have known him for years. He seldom went to church, but he always claimed to be a Catholic. A year ago, thinking, perhaps, it might help him with his suit against us, he joined the Protestant church. So much for his pedigree and his right to style himself a “Huguenot.”

Now here is the cause of the poor man's tears. Almost 18 months ago he came to me in the guise of a friend but with all the finesse of a French diplomat and said:

“Father Abbot, you ought to have, and I want you to have, that forty (40) acre tract south of your Abbey. On August 1st, 1915, I'll get you, a deed for same. I will sell it to you for twelve hundred (\$1200) dollars, at a very low rate of interest and you may pay at your own convenience.”

Before leaving my office he asked the loan of fifty (\$50) dollars as part payment on the land saying he needed the money for some Court expenses.

I answered him that many years ago I had offered the owner eight hundred (\$800) dollars, but that now I would be willing to pay only five hundred (\$500) dollars because the land had deteriorated in value; and that I would not pay him (the Huguenot) or anybody else five cents before our lawyer had passed favorably upon the title.

He left promising to return at 4 P. M. of that same day. He failed to return and the 1st of August came and went also. Then I instituted an investigation. I learned that this tract had some years previously been sold for taxes and that the Manila Investment Co. with headquarters at Tampa, Fla., held the Tax Title. They sold this title to us for forty (\$40) dollars. I did not then record this deed because I thought it worthless excepting in as far as it might possibly cloud the title. I wrote the original owner, Dr. Edmund Wichers, of Gronau, Hanover, Germany, telling him what I had done and at the same time offering him five hundred (\$500) dollars for a Warranty Deed in case he wanted to sell.

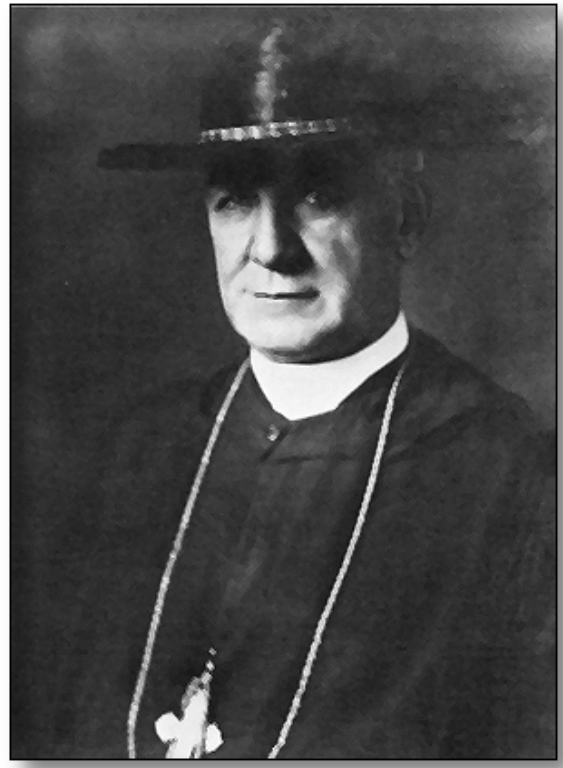
HE ANSWERED BY SENDING THE WARRANTY DEED.

Whilst this correspondence was going on the “Huguenot” applied to the Manila Investment Co. for a deed. Though they had already sold out all their rights to us, they, contrary to all honesty, issued a second paper to our friend who at once took possession. With the aid of his son and a negro this patriotic “Huguenot” started to cut down trees right and left. Before I could get a restraining order from the Courts these vandals had ruined about three hundred (300) valuable trees.

In due time, all the formalities having been complied with, the case was tried before Circuit Court Judge Reaves and *we won out*. The enemy was compelled to evacuate the premises with his litter of hogs, to pay the costs of the Court and the title granted by the Manila Investment Co. was ordered cancelled on the Books of Record.

Both attorneys fought hard for their Huguenot client. I know Judge E. P. Wilson, an ardent Guardian of Liberty and Mr. E. F. Greene will feel tickled to death to learn that a Brother Guardian accuses them of having sold him out to Catholic priests.

Shortly after Tom Pierce was murdered on his doorsteps, some enemy spread the rumor that the Knights of Columbus had assassinated him. Immediately the relatives of the murdered man called on our Father, Albert, pastor of St. Anthony’s Church, San Antonio, Fla. They assured him that the had not spread these reports and that they held no Catholic responsible for their brother’s death. The widow, Mrs. Tom Pierce, told our Brother Leo the same thing.



Abbot Charles

(courtesy of USF Special Collections).

When the wife and the brothers of the victim exonerate the Catholics, how black, base and malicious must be the heart of him who persists in asserting the contrary!

There are nine hundred and twelve thousand (912,000) acres of land in Pasco County. We own nine hundred (900) acres. Of these 900 acres, 240 are taken up by the College, students' playgrounds, farm buildings, farm and pastures. The remaining 660 acres are in the lowlands, or cow-ponds, of Pasco County. We did not purchase them. They were given to us by Northerners who had been "stung." After seeing them they did not consider them worth the taxes levied against them, but thought that possibly, they might become valuable to us some day.

If Governor-elect S. J. Catts is to live until some Catholic bullet or dagger puts him out of commission, he will be found walking this earth when Gabriel blows his trumpet.

Stetson University, a Baptist institution at Deland, the Methodist Seminary at Sutherland, Rollins College at Winter Park, and a host of other institutions of learning are exempted from taxation. Is there then any reason why St. Leo College and Abbey should not enjoy the same privileges? Whenever the citizens of Florida, instigated by narrow-minded bigots, place the properties of all institutions of learning on the tax lists, we will not dodge the issue.

Gentlemen of the Jury, Fellow Citizens of Pasco County; you have read the charges and my answer. What is your verdict? Who is the crook in the case? Is it the man that offers the original owner five hundred (\$500) good American dollars for his acres that had been sold for taxes, or, the smiling artist that tries to get twelve hundred (\$1200) dollars for a gold brick in the shape of a worthless Quit Claim Deed?

Even if we were the murderous aggregation of crooks that the "Huguenot" represents us to be, oh! what melodies would he have sung in our praise what a whitewashing he would have given us, had we been stupid enough to pay him the twelve hundred (\$1200) dollars for that worthless gold brick of his!

ABBOT CHARLES,

St. Leo, Fla.

30 November, 1916.

ALL ABOUT FAIR ARCADIA

EDITOR'S NOTE

In the spring of 1897, the *Tampa Morning Tribune* offered readers vignettes of smalltown life on the west coast of Florida. Reporters were sent to write stories dealing with then such villages as Clearwater, Ozona and Fort Meade. This article, which highlights Arcadia, was featured in the July 21, 1897 issue of the *Morning Tribune*.

The beautiful little town of Arcadia is situated on the Bartow and Punta Gorda division of the Plant System, about fifty miles south of Bartow, and twenty-seven miles north of Punta Gorda. It is the county seat of DeSoto county, one of the richest and finest orange-growing counties in the state, and which is also famous for the cattle industry also is sufficient to support the entire population of the county in ease and luxury. However, some of the largest and finest orange groves in the state are found within a radius of a few miles from Arcadia; and this year it is estimated that between 30,000 and 40,000 boxes of the fruits will be shipped from this point. Last year the shipments aggregated 13,000 boxes, which should be proof sufficient that the old sweet seedling trees were but little damaged by the cold wave of 1895. Of course, the young budded groves suffered some from the unusual cold, but it would now require an expert to detect that any damage at all had been done, even to the young budded groves.

To demonstrate that confidence in orange culture has been restored here the writer was shown a fine grove which was sold little over a year ago for \$15,000 and which is now valued at \$60,000, and could not be purchased from the present owner for that sum.

The town of Arcadia is situated on one of the prettiest sites in the state; it is high, dry and rolling, and is said by the settlers to be one of the healthiest localities in Florida.

The city officials are: Mayor Jon. L. Jones; city clerk, Dr. Ed. Green; city attorney, Charles Forrester; marshal, R. F. Richard; collector and assessor, Dr. Ed. Green; city council: T. J. Sparkman, F. Marquis, H. L. Holzendorf, Marion Waldron, W. H. Seward.

The population of the town is about 800, and is composed of the wealthiest and most progressive citizens of DeSoto county.

The mayor, Mr. Jon. L. Jones, is serving his second term, having been re-elected last December.

Sheriff O. H. Deshong, made famous by his recent escapade in New York City, where he so successfully guyed the city and county officials of the metropolis is one of the bravest and most efficient officials in the state. Mr. H. E. Carlton is the efficient clerk of the court. Judge A. E. Pooser is judge of the county court. Tax assessor, N. C. Larsen; tax collector, N. M. Sauls; county treasurer, S. E. Whidden; county solicitor, C. W. Forrester; county physician, Dr. C. H. Smith; county commissioners: J. M. Bourland, chairman; Geo. W. McLane, Wm. King, C. Jones and S. L. Avant.

Preparations are now being made for the establishment of a county high school. However, Arcadia now has an excellent grade school. The school trustees are: John L. Jones, chairman; T. J. Sparkman, secretary and treasurer; and F. M. Waidron.

Arcadia is well supplied with houses of worship and large church congregations. Rev. R. H. D. McRae, pastor of the Methodist congregation. The Episcopalians have a small but devout congregation, but have no resident rector, though services are regularly held once a month. The Sabbath schools are all in a flourishing condition.

In fact, Arcadia and DeSoto county have about gotten rid of the lawless element, and the criminal branch of the courts now have but little business to attend to. The jail is almost entirely empty, and cattle stealing is a thing of the past.

Judge Ziba King, who is, in fact, as well as in name, the cattle "King" of DeSoto owns at least 50,000 heads. Judge King also has one of the prettiest and finest residences in Arcadia. He is also a large land owner and has two or three flue orange groves.

Mr. T. J. Sparkman is one of the old land-marks of DeSoto county, he having resided near Arcadia for the past twenty years. He declares he never saw so severe a freeze as the one which visited the county in '95, nor does he expect another such a severe frost in the next fifty years. Mr. Sparkman is proprietor of one of the largest and most substantial general merchandise businesses in the county. His building is 90x40 feet, in which he carries a \$20,000 stock of dry goods, grain and general merchandise. He also owns three or four large bearing groves near Arcadia, besides a large stock of cattle.

Other extensive orange-growers, who own groves near Arcadia are: Judge King, L. H. and Mrs. Newton and Thomas Parker, Col. Watkins, whose grove will yield about 5,000 boxes of oranges this year, James McBride, R. C. Hendry, Joe Mizell, J. L. Jones, W. H. Sharpe, C. C. Pearce, W. E. Carlton, H. E. Carlton, J. J. Singletary, Dr. B. B. Blount, Dr. Ed. Green, and Dr. C. H. Smith, the latter three being, also prominent practicing physicians, W. H. Seward, S. L. Swindall, F. Marquis, J. G. Slaven, L. L. Morgan, and others too numerous to mention.

The DeSoto Abstract Company, under the efficient management of Mr. J. L. Jones, is one of the solid institutions of the town.

The Peace River Phosphate Mining Company, is on the town line of Arcadia, about one mile from the court house, and is operating in full blast day and night, and is one of the best paying phosphate mines in the state. The Peace River Phosphate Mining Company owns its own railroad from the mines to Liverpool, Fla., on Charlotte Harbor, at the mouth of the Peace River. The road is well equipped with first-class engines and rolling stock.

The DeSoto Real Estate Agency, managed by Mr. J. L. Jones, is doing a prosperous and growing business. Mr. Jones has for sale some of the finest improved and wild lands, orange groves, truck farms, etc., to be found in South Florida. The prices are reasonable, considering the desirability of the property offered.



Downtown Arcadia

(courtesy of USF Special Collections).

The Arcadia Wagon Works are owned and managed by Mr. L. L. Morgan, who ships the vehicles of his make to all points in South Florida.

Messrs. R. Whidden, S. E. Whidden, C. Y. Crawford, T. O. Parker, L. H. Parker, J. J. N. Parker, W. W. Langford, W. H. Hooker, and others have fine bearing groves within a radius of a few miles of Arcadia.

The principal merchants of the city are: T. J. Sparkman, Joe Mizell, C. J. Miller, general merchandise; E. T. Smith, hardware; S. L. Swindall, general merchandise; R. L. Holzendorf, groceries; F. S. Gore, groceries; W. H. Seward, general merchandise; G. A. Nash. & Co., dry goods; Mr. Miller, general merchandise; F. Marquis, harness, shoes, cutlery, etc.; T. Gaskins, racket store and confectionery; H. L. Timmerman, racket store; W. H. Ford, groceries and confectionery; T. O. Grant, livery stable; W. F. Espnenlaub, city market.

The leading attorneys-at-law are: C. W. Forrester, J. H. Treadwell, W. H. Cobb, O. T. Stanford, C. C. Morgan, S. F. Fletcher, etc.

The principal hotels are: The Cottage, Mrs. H. Patterson proprietress. This house is pleasantly and conveniently situated, near the passenger depot, post office and court house; and is one, of the best kept hotels in South Florida. The rates are reasonable, being only \$1 per day or \$5 per week, and the table is supplied with every luxury that can be procured. The rooms are large and cool, and the beds clean. The cuisine is first class. The Arcadia House, Mrs. L. V. Craig, proprietress, offers rates of \$2 per day. The Oak Street boarding house, kept by Mrs. J. E. Pucket, is also a very pleasant place to stop at.

Mr. W. H. Seward, dealer in general merchandise is comparatively a newcomer here, having removed from Brooksville two years ago, but he has succeeded in building up a large and rapidly increasing business.

The dry goods and grocery house of S. L. Swindall was only established in Arcadia about one year ago, but he has resided in the county about nine years, and has won the confidence and respect of the entire community.

Mr. J. J. Singleton, the popular and efficient county surveyor, is a brother of Maj. M. T. Singleton, the original phosphate miner of DeSoto county and former superintendent of the Peace River Phosphate Mining Company. Mr. J. J. Singleton was at a time assistant superintendent of the company, and has succeeded in winning the confidence and respect of all with whom he came in contact.

Mr. W. H. Sharpe conducts a first-class tonsorial parlor, and numbers among his friends and patrons all of the leading citizens of the town and county.

THE SEVEN McMULLEN BROTHERS OF PINELLAS COUNTY

By Robert C. Harris

The year was 1841. President William Henry Harrison became the first president to die in office. The earliest commercial use of oil occurred in northwestern Pennsylvania, and Dorothea Dix launched her arduous campaign to improve the mental and penal institutions in the United States. As Secretary of State, Daniel Webster was negotiating a treaty with Great Britain over the disputed United States-Canadian border, while on America's southern boundary the annexation of Texas was a controversial subject between the free and slave states. The first covered wagon train arrived in California by way of the Oregon Trail. Thousands of people were heading west along the pioneer trails in hopes of finding peace and prosperity.

But not all settlers were looking west for a better life; some considered the territory of Florida as the "promised land." The year 1841 loomed significantly in the history of central Florida because that year the McMullen story began. James Parramore McMullen, then only eighteen years old, was sent by his father to Florida for health reasons. He had contracted "consumption," now called tuberculosis, and he realized that if he stayed home he would contaminate his family. So he left Quitman, Georgia and wandered south, staying in the Tampa Bay area for about a year. After he had completely recovered, James returned to Georgia and "talked to his six brothers about the area, and said it was the closest thing to heaven that he could imagine."¹

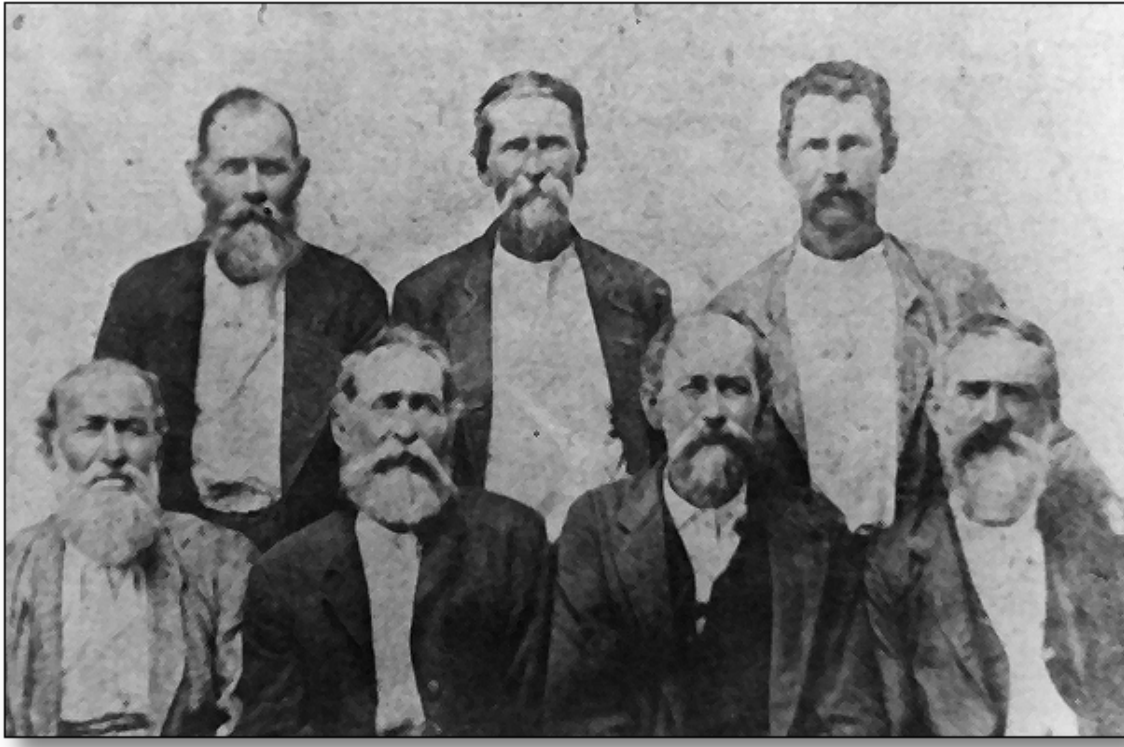
Migration to Florida had been curtailed by the long Second Seminole War, but with the announcement by President John Tyler on May 10, 1842, that the war was over, optimism prevailed. Although the first bill to aid settlers in acquiring free land in dangerous areas had failed the previous March,² Senator Thomas Hart Benton re-introduced the Armed Occupation Bill, which was signed on August 10, 1842.³ Within the next two decades several hundred families migrated to central Florida, especially to those areas that were blessed by deep harbors and waterways.

Because of the tremendous number of waterways within Hillsborough County, established in 1834, the Tampa Bay region was destined to become a major area for new settlements. Between 1848 and 1871, seven brothers by the name of McMullen moved their families from Georgia, and settled what is now Pinellas County.⁴ Although four of the brothers left temporarily, two of them returned permanently to the peninsula. The brothers who came to Florida were third generation Americans.

Just prior to the Revolutionary War, three brothers named McMullen came to the New World, landing at Halifax, Nova Scotia. The youngest brother was James, who was born in Scotland in 1758, and who was the grandfather of the seven McMullen brothers. During the Revolution, James lived in North Carolina, serving in Canbury's Company, North Carolina Regiment for nearly three years.⁵

After the war, James McMullen received 309 acres as a veteran's bonus and in 1781 he married Sarah Minton. They settled in Burke County, Georgia, building a substantial home called Halifax.⁶ Their second son, James Jr., was born in 1788, and in 1811, he married Rebecca Fain.

Twelve children were born to this remarkable couple: five girls and seven boys.⁷ Since the name James appears continuously in the McMullen lineage, it was appropriate perhaps that the first of the seven sons to come to Florida would be James.



The seven McMullen brothers: back row (L-R) John Fain, David, Malcolm; front row (L-R) William, Thomas Fain, James, and Daniel

(courtesy of Pinellas County Historical Museum).

When young James McMullen left his family in Georgia, it certainly was an act of great courage. Taking his horse, dog, bedroll, gun and even “his bullet-molds and powder,” James wandered south towards Florida.⁸ He arrived first at Rocky Point, which is located between Clearwater and Tampa, and then went across the bay to a high bluff, which became known as Bayview.⁹ He was virtually a hermit, since the “only human beings he saw while he camped out were Indians.”¹⁰

However, to the north of Bayview, in what is now Safety Harbor, Odet Phillippe, the first permanent settler in Pinellas County, had built a home. He came to the peninsula by way of Charleston, South Carolina, and Key West around 1830.¹¹ Odet brought to central Florida the first citrus plants, which were to become the basis for a thriving industry in the area.¹² According to legend, Phillippe was lured to the Tampa Bay area by Thomas Gomez, the pirate. Phillippe had saved the lives of two of his crew, and in gratitude, Gomez gave him a map and told him “what a beautiful bay it was.”¹³ This event prompted the first settlement in what is now Pinellas County, and was called Phillippe Hammock. In the early 1830’s Richard Booth, an Englishman,

John Fain McMullen moved from Georgia to the Pinellas peninsula around 1852. He settled in Anona, near the southern end of Clearwater Bay. Around 1857, he sold his property to Captain John T. Lowe, and moved to Madison County, Florida.²² Like most of his brothers, John Fain returned to Georgia and fought for the Confederacy.

James McMullen remained on the Pinellas peninsula and helped form a company of volunteers from the immediate area. He served as captain in the service of the State of Florida, under the command of General J. M. Taylor for three months, from July 20 to October 20, 1861. The company was stationed at Clearwater Harbor and was given the responsibility of driving cattle to Savannah, Georgia and Charleston, South, Carolina.²³ After the company was mustered out, the men joined other commands. James continued to serve the Confederate army in the Quartermaster Corps throughout the duration of the War.²⁴

Daniel also served in the Quartermaster Corps in Captain McNeil's 19th Georgia Infantry, part of Finnegan's Brigade. Like his brother James, his early experiences as a pioneer in central Florida and as a cattleman were indispensable to the Confederacy. Daniel was discharged from the Confederate Army on April 15, 1865.²⁵

The second oldest brother, Thomas Fain McMullen, was born in 1817 and lived in Thomas County, Georgia before moving to Madison County, Florida in the late 1840's. He married Mary Jane McCloud on May 21, 1844, and they had seven children. Their last child, Malcolm Joel, was born in Florida.²⁶ When the War began, Thomas Fain returned to Georgia to enlist in the Confederate Army. Five of the brothers returned to Georgia to help protect the large family that lived in several Georgia counties.²⁷

David McMullen, the second youngest brother, also moved to Madison County in the late 1850's. His first job was working to build the railroad from Madison to Tallahassee. From this early experience, he developed a keen interest in railroad expansion, which he would pursue three decades later. Unlike most of his brothers, however, he remained in Florida, and fought in Company I, 2nd Florida Cavalry, "made up of prominent citizens from all over the state."²⁸ He was involved in scores of battles and skirmishes, had two horses shot from under him, and was a prisoner for a short time. He served throughout the duration of war, returning to Madison after its end.²⁹

The most interesting war experience of any of the McMullen brothers happened to Malcolm, the youngest brother, who was twenty-one when he enlisted. He became a private in the 9th Georgia Volunteer Infantry, which became an important unit in the famous Army of Northern Virginia, under the command of General Robert E. Lee.³⁰ In Richmond, on September 2, 1862, Malcolm received for his services the sum of \$66.50 for four months duty, which included \$11.50 per month and \$25.00 for clothing. The sum of \$3.50 was deducted, however, from his pay.³¹ He fought in all of the major battles from First Bull Run to Gettysburg. On July 2, 1863, the second historic day at Gettysburg, he was taken prisoner and sent to Fort Delaware, which was situated on Pea Patch Island in the Delaware River between New Jersey and Delaware.³²

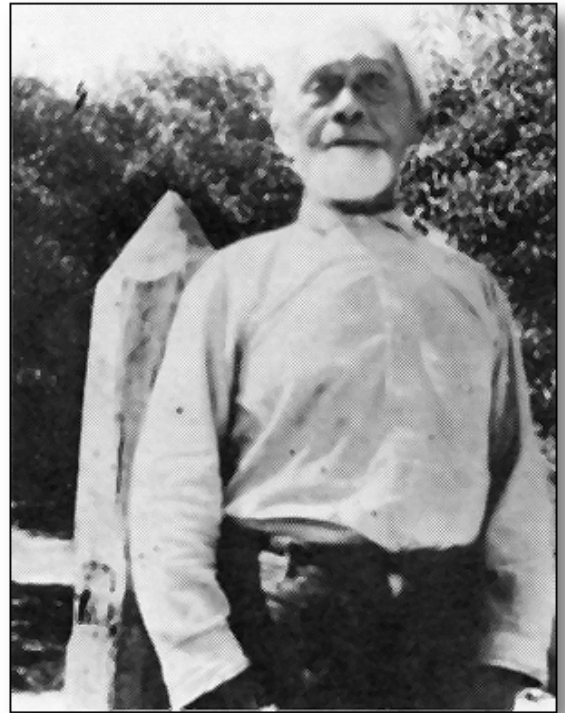
Malcolm spent the remainder of the war in prison, and upon his release, he was given ten dollars and a suit of clothes. He immediately shaved, got a haircut, and, "worked his way to the

ocean . . . and went into the Atlantic Ocean and left the prison clothes, and he stayed there until all the lice were gone.”³³ Malcolm had told this story to his nephew Ward McMullen, who was born in 1870, and young Ward probably heard other stories about the war while sitting on his uncle’s knee.

In contrast to his brothers, William McMullen, the oldest of the clan, apparently was not involved in the Civil War. He did, however, participate in the Indian wars in Georgia between 1836-1840.³⁴ He moved to Madison County, Florida in the late 1840’s, and then to Taylor County, about 1856.³⁵ He was sympathetic to the Confederacy, but he did not fight in the war.

The McMullens befriended an outsider who became a virtual member of the family. A young Mexican boy, named Juan Patrecia, who was escaping from a vindictive stepmother in the 1840’s, became a stowaway on a boat headed for Cuba and, was caught and sold into slavery. After a few years he managed to steal a boat and get to Florida; he also changed his name to John Sanders. He arrived on the peninsula prior to the Civil War when, he remembered, “the Yankees nearly caught him over on the island,” now St. Petersburg Beach.³⁶ They were raising pigs there, and apparently he was trying to steal some for his friends. After the war he became very fond of Captain James, because the latter never made fun of his small size. He lived with the family, taking care of the garden and attending to the chickens. He also helped David and his family during special harvests, especially cane grinding time. He was affectionately called “Uncle Johnnie” by his loved ones. “He was always very good to all of us and we all loved him to death,” one of James descendants remembered.³⁷

At the conclusion of the war, Captain James McMullen quickly developed a very lucrative farm, increasing his profit and acreage each year. Cotton and cattle contributed the main staples until about 1875. However, with the increasing demand for citrus, he converted his farm to this cash crop.³⁸ James designed the first orange crates and put a “bunch of men in the woods to split



Juan Patrecia or John Sanders

(courtesy of Nancy McMullen Meador).



John Sanders’ grave

(courtesy of Pinellas County Historical Museum).

three-foot boards and they used palmetto stems to fasten them down as wires.”³⁹ Previously, the oranges were either placed in barrels or just dumped into the boat. These ingenious crates made the citrus that much more attractive to buyers in the North.



Workers in the citrus groves of Capt. James P. McMullen

(courtesy of Nancy McMullen Meador).

James would charter a boat and take his citrus and other products to the various ports along the Gulf of Mexico. One of his favorite ports was Cedar Key, because there he could put his products on the railroad and transport them to markets in the North.⁴⁰ The railroad from Cedar Key to Fernandina, which is north of Jacksonville, was completed in 1860. He would travel as far west as Pensacola and, Mobile, the former being one of his favorite ports. He worked with Gustave Axelson, who owned a small fleet of boats. Since citrus was a popular commodity in the Gulf ports, this partnership was obviously profitable for both men.⁴¹

By 1890, Captain James owned one of the largest citrus groves in the county. A severe setback occurred in 1895, when a killing freeze hit the peninsula. “They had a slight freeze in December, 1894, and then it turned real warm and the new trees put out a new growth, and then in late January, they had a killing freeze,” which completely destroyed the crop. The trees did not die, but it took several years before they produced fruit again.⁴²

James McMullen also established the first school on the peninsula, in his sugar house. He “had benches built and hired a teacher,” and all the children were invited to attend.⁴³ He also established Bayview, the spot where he had camped over thirty years before, and immediately he

built stores, wharves, a church, and a hotel, which still stands today. His brother Daniel operated one of the stores, and his son Bethel built the first frame house on the peninsula in 1875.⁴⁴ Born in 1845, Bethel had previously helped his father drive cattle to Georgia for the Confederacy and later became the first dentist on the peninsula. He traveled all over the county, including Tampa, making house calls and accepting whatever his patients offered him as payment for his services.⁴⁵

The log house that Captain James McMullen built around 1852 played an important role in the history of the county. It is estimated that about fifty-five children were born in the structure.⁴⁶ Not only did James and Elizabeth raise eleven children of their own, but they fostered nearly twenty-five children who were orphaned in the area. Elizabeth also served as a midwife for the surrounding area, which explains why so many children were born in that log house.⁴⁷ It was



Capt. James P McMullen, 1823-1895

(courtesy of Pinellas County Historical Museum).



Daniel McMullen homestead on Rosery Road circa 1900

(courtesy of Nancy McMullen McLaughlin).



Homestead of Daniel McMullen and groves of grapefruit and oranges

(courtesy of Nancy McMullen McLaughlin).

unquestionably the first hospital in the county. It was also a stagecoach depot between St. Petersburg and Tampa. In 1881, Captain James McMullen designated a few acres of land near the old log house to be used as a cemetery for his descendants. Fourteen years later, the grand patriarch of the clan was laid to rest in the McMullen Cemetery. In 1936, the Clearwater, Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution placed a plaque on the log house, commemorating its distinguished background.

Daniel McMullen was likewise very active in the early business activities on the peninsula. In 1868, he acquired 160 acres not far from his original homestead.⁴⁸ He erected a magnificent three-room log house, which still stands today as the oldest inhabited structure in Pinellas County.⁴⁹ His three youngest children were born in this house, and Charles, the youngest, vividly remembered the “nice old house.”⁵⁰ Daniel initially grew vegetables, but soon planted groves of citrus trees, because of the demand in the North. Charles also recalled that in 1880, there were about 100 families on the whole peninsula.⁵¹ At least ten of these families were McMullens, or



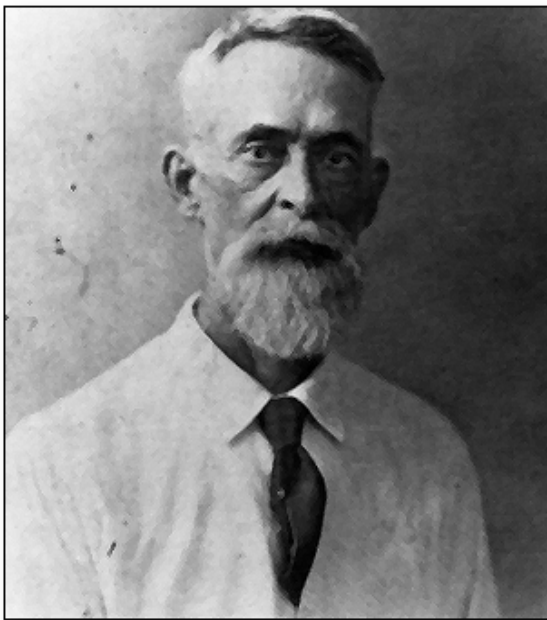
Grave of Daniel McMullen in Largo

(courtesy of Pinellas County Historical Museum)



Homestead log cabin of Thomas Fain McMullen

(courtesy of Hattie McMullen Lovell).



Rufus Fain McMullen, taken about 1905

(courtesy of Hattie McMullen Lovell).



Grave of David McMullen in Lakeland

(courtesy of Pinellas County Historical Museum).

at least related to the McMullen clan. Cattle were also an important business to Daniel McMullen, and within a decade he acquired an additional forty acres for this thriving enterprise.

Daniel was perhaps the biggest cattle rancher in Pinellas County, and by 1890 he possessed one of the largest herds, estimated at 1500 heads.⁵² In fact, Robert Lee, his youngest son, remembered helping his father drive cattle where the Belleview-Biltmore Hotel stands today.⁵³ The two oldest sons, John J. and William Alonzo were indispensable to the early success of the family. In addition to helping on the farm, John J. served a term as a representative in the Florida Legislature. Daniel received a letter from John T. Lesley, a State Senator, saying that John J. was a “young man of no ordinary talent and if a field is offered him, his future is a fixture, his station high, and far above the mediocrity of man.”⁵⁴ William Alonzo also settled in Largo, building a one-room log cabin in the woods near his father's home. His young bride got him up early the first morning because in his desire to hurriedly finish the cabin before the wedding, he “had forgotten to cut a door in the cabin.”⁵⁵

Daniel also was involved in the first ice company in Largo, the Farmer's Alliance, and the Largo Bank.⁵⁶ He was active in such civic affairs as the Largo band. In his last years, he enjoyed sitting on the front porch that he had built nearly four decades before, talking with his grandchildren and “smoking his pipe which he would light with a strong magnifying glass.”⁵⁷ Daniel died in 1908, and sympathy was received by the family from everyone who knew him. He “was well known, and beloved by all.”⁵⁸

Instead of returning to Madison County, Florida after the war, Thomas Fain McMullen moved his family to the Pinellas peninsula about 1868.⁵⁹ He settled one mile west of Safety Harbor, formerly known as Davey Place.⁶⁰ He and his three sons built a substantial log house, which still stood until a few years ago. Like his brothers, he raised vegetables, cotton, and cattle. His oldest son, Rufus Fain, soon left the homestead, and on February 21, 1874, married Georgia Ann Hammock in the old log house of James Mc-Mullen.⁶¹



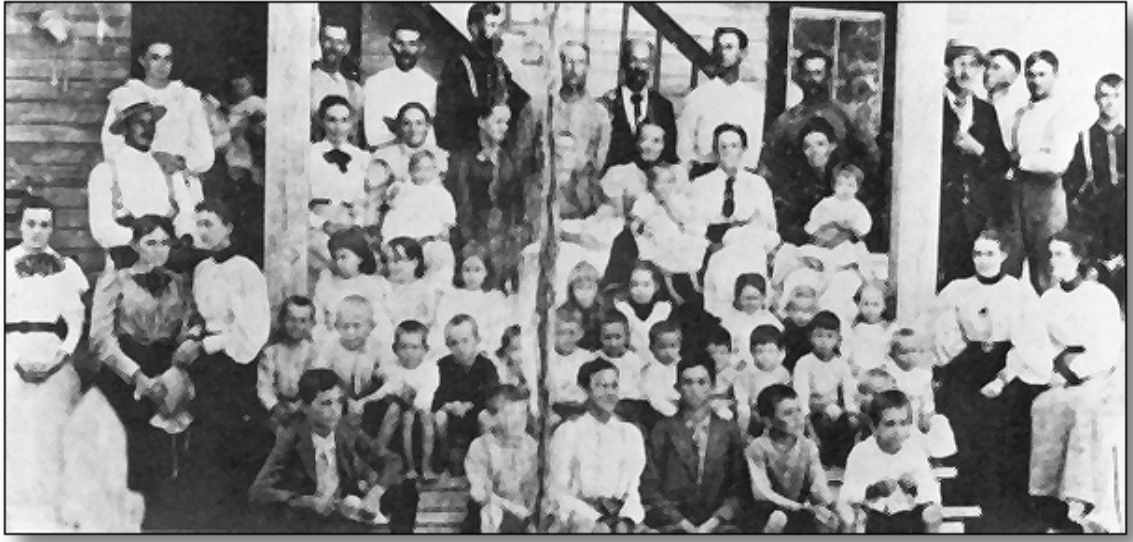
Grave of Malcolm L. McMullen in Clearwater

(courtesy of Pinellas County Historical Museum).



William McMullen, 1815-1898

(courtesy of Pinellas County Historical Museum).



James P. McMullen Family Reunion in 1897

(courtesy of-Hattie McMullen Lovell).

After Thomas Fain McMullen died in 1888, Rufus Fain moved his family to Largo so that the children could be closer to school, and he could be near his business interests.⁶² He built a boarding home, which was called the McMullen House, located adjacent to the railroad. Rufus had a large citrus grove and was involved in several business ventures, including the Farmer's Alliance and the Largo Bank. He was one of the contributors to the Largo band, and he was "always willing to help friends in need." He died in 1915.⁶³

John Fain McMullen returned to the peninsula in the early 1870's and settled in the Lealman area of St. Petersburg. Cattle and citrus were his main sources of income.⁶⁴ He stayed there only a few years, moving to Perry, in Taylor County about 1878.⁶⁵ He apparently lived there the rest of his life; he died in 1895.⁶⁶

Moving from Madison in 1866, David, McMullen settled on Morse Hill in Safety Harbor, near Bayview, and directly adjacent to the property owned by his brother Thomas Fain.⁶⁷ David stayed only a few years in Safety Harbor



The 100th Anniversary of the birthday of Daniel Mc-Mullen 1925 at the old homestead

(courtesy of Pinellas County Historical Museum).

before moving back to Madison.⁶⁸ However, when the Florida Southern Railroad was completed to Lakeland in 1885, he sold his property and moved his family to the new town of Lakeland.⁶⁹ There he built the Sunnyside Hotel, a two-story wooden structure, “notable for its spacious double verandas which extended the full length of the building.”⁷⁰ The Sunnyside Hotel was a “good house where the hungry men may be fed and the weary find rest.” His wife, Martha, was described as a “most excellent lady.”⁷¹ David helped to operate the hotel until his death in 1896.⁷² David McMullen was a “man of many sterling attributes, a keen sense of humor, and a heroic soldier in the struggle for Southern independence. The life of David McMullen is a source of inspiration to all.”⁷³

Malcolm moved to Hillsborough County in the early 1870's and settled in the heart of the Pinellas peninsula.⁷⁴ His homestead was located about one mile from Daniel's home in Largo. He apparently lived on occasion in New Jersey, where two of his three oldest brothers were born. Malcolm had the distinction of outliving all of his brothers, dying in 1909.⁷⁵



McMullen coat of arms.

After the war, William McMullen moved to the Pinellas peninsula, settling four miles south of Largo near Ridge Road.⁷⁶ He was a farmer by trade, but within a few years, he began to specialize in raising cattle. In order to accommodate this new interest, he acquired an additional quarter-section about a mile directly north of the homestead. He also developed one of the first commercial salt works on the peninsula.⁷⁷ He later moved to Polk County and lived between Lakeland and Mulberry for about seventeen years.⁷⁸ In the early 1890's, William returned to Largo to live with his son, Daniel. William died in 1898.⁷⁹ “The privilege of associating with him (William) in my early boyhood is a heritage I shall always appreciate” his grandson fondly recalled.⁸⁰

The McMullens were a close-knit family, participating together in business and social functions. In 1925, in celebration of the 100th anniversary of the birth of Daniel, all McMullen descendants were invited to the First Annual McMullen Reunion. It was held at Daniel's old wooden home that he built in 1868. Maude McMullen Cone recalled that first reunion: “There were two whole steers roasted and more than 1,000 fish cooked.”⁸¹ Except for a few years during World War II, a family reunion has been held every July 4th.

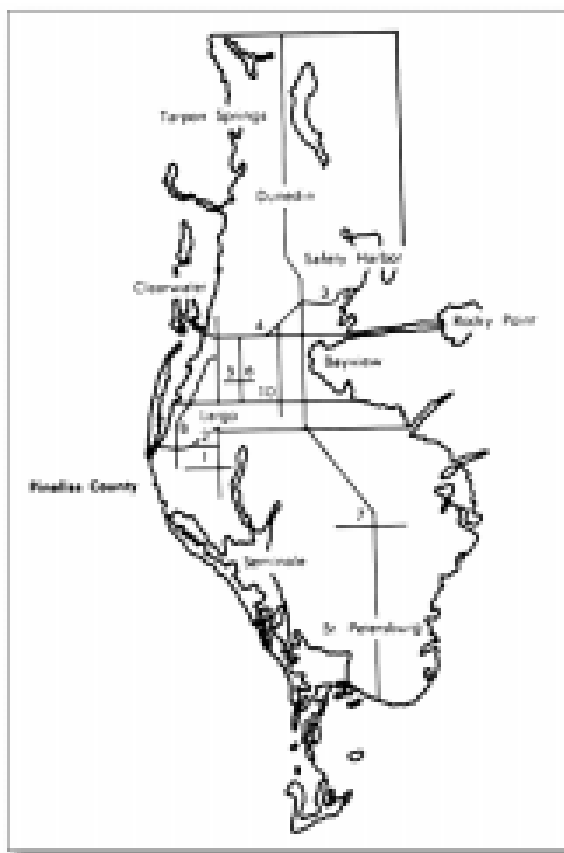
The rich heritage of the McMullen family tells a story of life on the American frontier. The McMullens conquered the Pinellas wilderness, because these men and women were rugged pioneers who understood that survival meant hard work, loyalty, and compassion for each other.

They shared joys and hardships as they grew with the Suncoast. The McMullens were without question an extraordinary family.

McMULLEN BROTHERS CHART

	<i>Born</i>	<i>Arrival in Central Florida</i>	<i>Map* No.</i>	<i>Homestead Description</i>	<i>Present Location</i>	<i>Died</i>	<i>Buried</i>
WILLIAM	1818	1868	1 2	SE 1/4 Sect. 16-30-15 SE 1/4 Sect. 9-30-15	Ridge Road and 102nd Avenue North Ridge Road and Walsingham Road	1898	Lone Pilgrim Cemetery in Largo
THOMAS	1817	1868	3	SW 1/4 Sect. 4-29-16	State Road 588 and McMullen Booth Road	1888	Sylvan Abbey Cemetery in Safety Harbor
JAMES	1823	1841 1850	4	N 1/2 Sect. 7-29-16	State Road 590A and Old Coachman Road	1895	McMullen Cemetery in Clearwater
DANIEL	1825	1851 1865	5 6	SW 1/4 Sect. 27-29-15 SW 1/4 Sect. 26 29-15	Rosery Road and Missouri Avenue Rosery Road and Highland Avenue	1908	Largo Cemetery in Largo
JOHN	1832	1852 1871	7 8	NE 1/4 Sect. 7-30-15 S 1/2 Sect. 34-30-16	Indian Rocks Road and Wilcox Road US 19 and Lealman Avenue	1895	Unknown
DAVID	1835	1866	9	SE 1/4 Sect. 4-29-16	State Road 588 and State Road 590	1896	Lakeview Cemetery in Lakeland
MALCOLM	1840	1871	10	NE 1/4 Sect. 36-29-15	Belcher Road and East Bay Drive	1909	McMullen Cemetery in Clearwater

*Homestead location numbers correspond to map below.



¹ Taped Interview with Louise Cone Potter, great granddaughter of Captain James Parramore McMullen, March 23, 1979. Hereafter cited as Potter Interview. There are over 100 tapes in the Oral History Collection at the Pinellas County Historical Museum at Heritage Park in Largo. This was launched by Owen North, a social science teacher at Kennedy Middle School in Clearwater, in 1958, and he is presently chairman of the Oral History Committee of the Pinellas County Historical Society.

² *St. Augustine News*, March 26, 1842. It was reported that twenty-three settlers were bound for the Withlacooche River and Clearwater Harbor. See James W. Covington, "The Armed Occupation Act of 1842," *Florida Historical Quarterly*, 40 (July, 1961) : 41-52 and Michael E. Welch, "Legislating a Homestead Bill: Thomas Hart Benton and the Second Seminole War," *Florida Historical Quarterly*, 57 (October, 1978) :152-172.

³ *United States Statutes At Large*, 1842, 502.

⁴ Taped Interview with Nancy McMullen Meador, granddaughter of Captain James Parramore McMullen, May 11, 1960. Hereafter cited as Meador Interview. Also Taped Interview with Evelyn Hinsey, granddaughter of Daniel McMullen, September 20, 1978. Hereafter cited as Hinsey Interview. See also Potter Interview.

⁵ Harvey L. Wells, "The Collection: Genealogy for the McMullen Family," Book 19, 1969, 2-8. Hereafter cited as Wells, "McMullens." Harvey L. Wells was a genealogist and a member of the Pinellas County Historical Commission. He spent hundreds of hours researching the Georgia and Florida Census Records. He compiled twenty-eight notebooks of pioneer families of Pinellas County. These notebooks with reels of microfilm are available at the Pinellas County Historical Museum at Heritage Park in Largo.

⁶ Some members of the McMullen clan believe that their ancestors migrated to America through North Carolina, not Nova Scotia. Thus, their home was named for Halifax, North Carolina. For the early history of Brooks County and Quitman, Georgia, see *Historic Treasures of Brooks County, Georgia*, compiled by The United Daughters of the

Confederacy. Quitman Chapter No. 112 (Madison, Florida: Jim Bob Printing, Inc., 1974). The McMullen family is mentioned throughout the book. Burke County later was called Brooks County.

⁷ Wells, "McMullens," 9. The Fain family was prominent in early Tennessee history. See Augusta Bradford, *The Fains of Tennessee* (Chattanooga, Tennessee: The Lookout Publishing Company, 1953).

⁸ Potter Interview.

⁹ See the map of Pinellas County for all locations referred to in the article and the McMullen Brothers Chart for all homestead descriptions and present locations. Taped Interview with Ward McMullen, the youngest child of Captain James McMullen, October 8, 1958. Hereafter cited as Ward Interview. See also Meador Interview. Bayview is located at the western entrance of the Courtney Campbell Causeway.

¹⁰ Potter Interview.

¹¹ W. L. Straub, *History of Pinellas County, Florida: Narrative and Biographical* (St. Augustine: The Record Company, 1929), p. 34. Hereafter cited as Straub, *Pinellas County*. Although Straub's book is rather antiquarian in composition, it is well written and accurate. It is still the only scholarly work on Pinellas County.

¹² Harvey L. Wells, "The Collection: Count Odet Phillippe Family," Book 18, 1969, 4-7. Hereafter cited as Wells, Phillippe." For a discussion on Odet Phillippe and Richard Booth, see Sarah M. H. Gutherie, "Hillsborough County, Florida: Statistical Analysis, 1850-1860," unpublished, Master's Thesis, Emory University, 1974.

¹³ Meador Interview.

¹⁴ Wells, "Phillippe," 41 and Straub, *Pinellas County*, p. 31.

¹⁵ Potter Interview and Ward Interview.

¹⁶ *The 1850 Census Population Schedules (Florida), Alachua-Gadsden (part) Counties*, T-6 Roll N. 48, National Archives. These census figures include Benton County, now Hernando County, and show the James P. McMullen Family on the rolls of that county. The log house built by James P. McMullen about 1852 was located near the present intersection of N. E. Coachman Road, Old Coachman Road, and the Amtrak Seaboard Coastline Railroad. The Coachman family purchased the property from the McMullen family in 1903 and is still raising citrus on the land.

¹⁷ Meador Interview. See also Potter Interview and Ward Interview.

¹⁸ *Soldiers of Florida in the Seminole Indian, Civil, and Spanish-American War*, prepared and published under the supervision of the Board of State Institutions, as authorized, by Chapter 2203, *Laws of Florida*, May 14, 1903, 13. Hereafter cited as *Soldiers of Florida*.

¹⁹ Potter Interview, Ward Interview, and Meador Interview.

²⁰ Taped Interview with Nancy McMullen McLaughlin, granddaughter of Daniel McMullen, August 3, 1979. Hereafter cited as McLaughlin Interview. See also "Daniel McMullen Family Bible," in possession of Nancy McMullen McLaughlin, and Hinsey Interview.

²¹ McLaughlin Interview.

²² Straub, *Pinellas County*, p. 34.

²³ D. B. McKay, *Pioneer Florida*, Vol. 2 (Tampa: The Southern Publishing Company, 1959), p. 587. Hereafter cited as McKay, *Florida*. See also *Soldiers of Florida*, p.49, and Wells, "McMullens."

²⁴ Meador Interview, Ward Interview, and Potter Interview.

²⁵ Hinsey Interview.

²⁶ “The Thomas Fain McMullen Family Bible,” in the Pinellas County Historical Museum at Heritage Park in Largo.

²⁷ Wells, “McMullens,” 45.

²⁸ Clement A. Evans, *Confederate Military History*, XI (Atlanta: Confederate Publishing Company, 1899), p. 138. Daniel must have been very proud of this Confederate unit, because the only inscription on his tombstone beside his name is “Co. I, 2 Fla. Cav.”

²⁹ Family notes of Alec White, husband of Lucy McMullen White, granddaughter of Daniel McMullen. Hereafter cited as White, “Notes.” Alec White has an elaborate collection of notes and documents pertaining to the McMullen family.

³⁰ White, “Notes,” A copy of the Adjutant General's Report, National Archives.

³¹ No explanation was given for the reduction.

³² White, “Notes,” Copy of *Prisoner Register, Fort Delaware*, 112 National Archives. See also “A Guide to Historic Fort Delaware State Park,” prepared by the Fort Delaware Society. Most of the prisoners captured at Gettysburg were held at Fort Delaware. There were 12,500 prisoners on the island in August, 1863.

³³ Ward Interview.

³⁴ White, “Notes.”

³⁵ *1860 Census Population Schedules, Florida (free)*, National Archives, T-7, Roll 24. These figures show the William McMullen family in Taylor County.

³⁶ Potter Interview.

³⁷ *Ibid.* In the *1880 Census Population Schedules*, John Sanders is included with the family of James P. McMullen and his age is listed at forty-four. He died in 1920 and is buried in the McMullen Cemetery in Clearwater.

³⁸ Ward Interview.

³⁹ *Ibid.*, and Meador Interview.

⁴⁰ Meador Interview.

⁴¹ Ward Interview.

⁴² Meador Interview.

⁴³ *Ibid.*

⁴⁴ “Recollections of Birt L. McMullen,” daughter of James P. McMullen. This document was written in 1945 when she was seventy-nine years old; it is located in the Pinellas County Historical Museum at Heritage Park in Largo.

⁴⁵ Wells, “McMullens,” 49 and Potter Interview.

⁴⁶ Since records were not kept in that remote area of the peninsula, most descendants and family historians, including the Coachman family, generally agree that the figure definitely exceeds fifty children.

⁴⁷ Meador Interview.

⁴⁸ The land grant signed by President U. S. Grant in 1875 stated that the total acreage was 160 acres and forty hundredths of an acre, Homestead certificate #715, Application 3357. The original is in the possession of Nancy McMullen McLaughlin. Hinsey Interview and McLaughlin Interview.

⁴⁹ Carl and Nancy McLaughlin live in the old house. Nancy was raised in this lovely old home by her aunt, Nannie McMullen Hardage.

⁵⁰ Taped Interview with Charles McMullen, son of Daniel McMullen, September 10, 1958. Hereafter cited as Charles Interview.

⁵¹ Charles Interview.

⁵² Hinsey Interview.

⁵³ Taped Interview with Robert Lee McMullen, grandson of Daniel McMullen, July 8, 1975.

⁵⁴ John T. Lesley to Daniel McMullen, Tallahassee, February 14, 1883. A copy of this letter is located at the Pinellas County Historical Museum at Heritage Park in Largo.

⁵⁵ Hinsey Interview.

⁵⁶ The Farmer's Alliance was perhaps Largo's first department store. It was a big two-story building where groceries, hardware, dress material, etc. was sold.

⁵⁷ Hinsey Interview.

⁵⁸ *St. Petersburg Times*, August 8, 1908. Daniel is buried in the Largo Cemetery and at the bottom of the tombstone is the word "FATHER."

⁵⁹ The Thomas Fain Family is listed in the 1870 Census for Hillsborough County.

⁶⁰ Straub, *Pinellas County*, p. 34.

⁶¹ "Family Bible of Rufus Fain McMullen," located in the Pinellas County Historical Museum at Heritage Park in Largo. Georgia Ann Hammock McMullen lived until 1951 at the age of ninety-three.

⁶² Thomas Fain McMullen is buried in Sylvan Abbey Cemetery in Safety Harbor. He was also a friend of Odet Phillippe, since Thomas witnessed the signing of his will on May 22, 1868.

⁶³ Taped Interview with Margaret McMullen Geiselman, granddaughter of Thomas Fain McMullen, January 9, 1978 and Taped Interview with Hattie McMullen Loyal, granddaughter of Thomas Fain McMullen, March 20, 1979.

⁶⁴ White, "Notes."

⁶⁵ The John Fain McMullen family is listed in the Census Records for Taylor County in 1870.

⁶⁶ When this article went to press, it is still a mystery as to where he is buried.

⁶⁷ Straub, *Pinellas County*, p. 34.

⁶⁸ The David McMullen family is listed in the Census Records in 1880 for Madison County.

⁶⁹ M. F. Hetherington, *History of Polk County, Florida* (St. Augustine: The Record Company, 1928), p. 90.

⁷⁰ White, "Notes."

⁷¹ *Polk County News*, March 6, 1891

⁷² David McMullen is buried in Lakeview Cemetery in Lakeland, Florida.

⁷³ McKay, *Florida*, p. 302.

⁷⁴ The Census Records for Hillsborough County in 1880 show that his wife and two of their children were born in New Jersey.

⁷⁵ Malcolm McMullen is buried in the McMullen Cemetery in Clearwater.

⁷⁶ Straub, *Pinellas County*, p. 34.

⁷⁷ White, "Notes."

⁷⁸ *Clearwater Sun*, September 3, 1950. A reporter interviewed Martin McMullen, the grandson of William McMullen.

⁷⁹ William McMullen is buried in the Lone Pilgrim Cemetery in Largo, just south of his original homestead.

⁸⁰ *Clearwater Sun*, September 3, 1950.

⁸¹ *Clearwater Sun*, July 5, 1978. At the time of the interview, Maude McMullen Cone was ninety-eight years old and had she lived until her birthday on July 12, 1979, she would have been the first centenarian in the McMullen family. She died on May 15, 1979.

BOOK REVIEWS

The Forgotten Frontier: Florida Through The Lens of Ralph Middleton Munroe. By Arva Moore Parks. (Miami: Banyan Books, 1977, XV, 178 pp. Preface, Introduction, Epilogue, and Index, \$25.00)

The Forgotten Frontier is that rarity in book art, a photographic essay accompanied by a text in which nothing has been done that is wrong. Text and photographs are so harmoniously matched, indeed, that the reader is carried back into the compelling world that was the frontier of southern Florida, especially Miami, the Everglades, and the Keys. The author, Arva Moore Parks, is a young protegee of Dr. Charlton W. Tebeau, recommendation enough in itself ; she also has a surprisingly long record of activities in historic preservation, especially in the Coral Gables area. She is past President, also, of the Historical Association of Southern Florida.

The amateur photographer whose work she chronicles and interprets is Ralph Middleton Munroe, “a successful, educated, Easterner with an affinity for Emerson and Thoreau.” We are given 230 of his best photographs (and splendid they are, technically as well as artistically) from the 1880’s to 1900. When the reader has finished the Moore-Parks depiction of the southern Florida that was and will never be again, he will be left with shame at the tawdriness of man the developer. The world of Munroe was almost Eden—except, of course, for the bugs, the snakes, the heat, and the fevers.

He had carefully preserved his negatives, we are told, until the present publication and they stayed undisturbed in the attic of his home, The Barnacle, which in 1973 the State of Florida purchased as a historic site and museum in Coconut Grove and which is now open to the public. Arva Parks rightly compares Munroe’s camera to the canvas of Frederick Remington. What is especially noteworthy about this book is its extent of historic detail—whose house stood where, what store sold what, what ships sailed the Florida Straits—and at the same time its capacity to enchant. The local historian, the general reader, and the dreamer are all satisfied.

The panoply is large: Dr. Perrine's sisal plants on Indian Key; the “piney” (pineapple) fields at the hamlet of Newport originally settled by Conchs from the Bahamas; a wild, coconut-fringed Matecumbe Key; Cape Florida and its abandoned lighthouse of 1825; giant air plants which, by comparison, dwarfed men in a small rowboat on the river beneath; the forks of the Miami River with their swirling waters; a crocodile sprawled in the sun on what is now Miami Beach. There are early hostelries (none of them sporting signs saying “Have Your Next Affair Here”) ; the entrance to the trading post of William Brickell; a coconut plantation where a dog track now stands; homesteads and lonely graves; frontier animals hung up after a slaughter; black men and women in their Sunday finery and their daily garments of toil; washed-up manatees; picnics where shirtwaisted ladies demurely sat under the palms beside their properly-hatted menfolk. It was, and it was not, a Victorian world. Interiors had their beloved clutters of memorabilia, but outside there were mysterious waters, impenetrable hammocks, and Seminole Indians. The Seminole photographs are especially interesting, as they show the evolution of the Seminole costume from its nineteenth century splendor into the shirts and trousers of a later age. History, Arva Parks reminds us, did not begin with white men. It did not even begin with Seminoles, or with Tequesta or Ais, not even with the royal palm. It began, perhaps, with God and from

wilderness to the dawning twentieth century Ralph Middleton Munroe recorded it with painstaking care and perceptive love.

This book belongs in the libraries of caring Floridians, schools and universities, and, by extension, caring Americans. It is to be hoped that its distribution will not only be statewide but national. Certainly it is worth every penny of its cost.

Gloria Jahoda

Yesterday's Fort Myers. By Marian Godown and Alberta Rawchuck.(Miami: Seeman Press, 1975. 127 pp. Photographs, \$7.95)

When Mrs. Alice McCann sat at her fifty-drop switchboard, the first in Fort Myers in 1900, she was kept busy while kids “spooned over the wire”. This writer’s neighbor for many years, Mrs. McCann related other adventurous and sometimes disastrous stories which appear in *Yesterday's Fort Myers*.

This book is outstanding. It is a fast-moving account of early Fort Myers from the Caloosa Indians to the tourist boom of the 1950’s. The city's history is broken into four major categories which lead the reader easily from one phase of growth to another. These segments are lavishly illustrated with photographs. The photographs, many of them aerials and panorama views, do not merely show the town, they make it come alive. They depict people in action, rough cowboy bands, 600-pound fish, Indians, trail blazers, and resourceful pioneers. Much local color is then added to the illustrations by the accounts, sometimes stories in themselves, that the authors provide with each photograph. Together they give a well-written and arranged pictorial history of the area.

The book goes a little farther than merely passing as a pictorial history, however. It acquaints the reader with an area that was literally carved out of wilderness by the people who settled and lived there, who all knew each other, where there was no frost, and growth seemed to come in accidental bursts.

It is far beyond that now, but even in the 1950’s, as the book shows, this little city on the doorstep of the Everglades, was still delivering a portion of its mail by boat. One knew a hurricane was on the way when the red hurricane warning flag flew on the Ireland dock and tourists were few.

Thomas Edison and Henry Ford were neighbors and are pictured as they candidly chat at their winter homes on McGregor Boulevard. Not too many years ago Edison was a regular customer at one of the local machine shops.

Mrs. McCann and Mr. Edison would certainly appreciate this book because it recreates that small town, adventurous, neighborly feeling that is Fort Myers, but they would be amazed if they could see their little village now.

Greg Fulton

Dunedin Thru The Years 1850-1978. By William F. Davidson. (Charlotte, N.C. Delmar Printing Co., 1978)

Interesting local history is difficult to write, but the author has made an attempt by including some unusual and little known facts about Dunedin that have not been brought forth in earlier histories of the city. The word “Dunedin” itself comes from the Gaelic name for Edinburg and is interpreted as “peaceful rest”, which the local citizenry decided upon in 1882 when they petitioned for a post office. The roots of those early Scottish settlers can be evidenced today in the Dunedin High School marching band with its array of bagpipes prominent as the Highlanders march in parades throughout the state and nation.

Davidson has done excellent work in researching the early records and interviewing old timers in the area. The early chapters dealing with settlement and incorporation add much to other work on the early history of the county.

The section entitled “Living in Dunedin Pre-Public and Winn-Dixie” was particularly noteworthy in describing everyday life in the late 19th century. One can’t help but wonder at the simplicity of life when the most controversial issue in the town for several years was the policing of the hog population by the town marshal, and a subsequent “raid” on the city pound to free the hogs by some of their owners.

Subsequent chapters dealing with the early social fabric of the community concentrate on the building of churches and congregations beginning with the Curlew Methodist Church in 1869 and followed soon after by the Presbyterian Church in 1871. The name “Curlew” is interesting in that it was derived from the thousands of pink birds gathered along the coast and inlets near the community. The first Episcopal service was held fifteen years later, which resulted in the formation of the Episcopal Church of The Good Shepherd. In conjunction with the formation of these churches, groups developed known as the “Yacht Club Crowd” and “East Side Crowd”, denoting the fact that a social strata was beginning to form.

Other chapters treat subject matter topographically as most local historians find convenient when dealing with areas such as transportation, schools, libraries, banking and economics. I thought the section dealing with the growth of the citrus industry from early groves to the coming of the concentrate conglomerates in the late 1940’s was both useful and informative for future historians grappling with economic development in the county.

One of the most interesting chapters describes the coming of the Brumby family, which is a reprint of the Brumby Family Diary preserved in the Southern Historical Collection at The University of North Carolina. The diary covers in great detail a 300-mile trek from Thomasville, Georgia to Dunedin by covered wagon in 1884. It covers twenty-four days and gives the reader an accurate account of what travel was like in the 19th century right down to the price of eggs, chicken, fish, flour and whatever else one could find along the way.

The social development of the community is outlined in those chapters devoted to garden clubs, golf courses, sports and other recreational pursuits. Among the most attractive aspects of

local histories are the numerous photographs found in the more recent publications such as this one. The remainder of the book deals with the depression, World War II, and the postwar era.

The major criticism of the book is the seemingly endless pages of names, that have little significance except to immediate family, friends, and old timers in the community who can recall most of this themselves. The value for future historians is obvious, but it is distracting and cumbersome for most readers. It would also be interesting to see more comparison of Dunedin to concurrent development on the peninsula.

Ken Ford

Fireside Chats: The Depression of the 1930s. By James L. Taylor, ed. (Dade City, Fla.: Social Science Dept., Pasco Comprehensive High School 1979. 165 pp. Illustrations.)

The catastrophic stock market crash of 1929 signaled not only an end of the prosperous "Roaring Twenties," but also initiated a dramatically new era, the "Depression years." *Fireside Chats—The Depression of the 1930's* lucidly illustrates the lives and struggles of individuals and their families during the Great Depression. Through the establishment of an oral history project at Pasco Comprehensive High School, Dade City, Florida, students interviewed older members of their community to collect a series of impressions of this area. The method of collecting historical data through personal contacts was as stimulating as the interviews recorded, since it actively involved students in the collection and compilation of materials. Their history class became something more than just textbook reading; it involved a personal contact with the events of the past.

Fireside Chats is a series of vignettes of personal experiences given by Dade City residents who were scattered across the nation in the 1930's. Its eighteen chapters and ninety-eight interviews are illustrated with student sketches, depicting several of the more picturesque stories. Although the individual experiences varied, the general themes of scarcity of food, sharing with others, and strong familial ties characterize most of the interviews. Glimpses of T.V.'s Walton family race through your mind as you read the sometimes sad, sometimes humorous personal experiences. Tales about "skunk bread," feedsack clothing, and "Hoover blankets" made from newspapers, are facets of the Great Depression which students would have otherwise never been aware of had it not been for their personal experiences in interviews. The colorful retention of local dialect in conversations and emotionalism of the stories add a dimension to the era which is seldom recorded in historical documentation. The touching personal views offer a delightful opportunity to witness the Depressions' effect on the everyday lives of Americans.

Fireside Chats will hopefully stimulate additional oral history projects, making history more interesting to students. An additional benefit will be that otherwise forgotten personal experiences will be recorded, and students may be stimulated to obtain a perspective of the past which is all too often ignored by younger generations. *Fireside Chats*, an exhilarating experience and accomplishment of high school students, serves as a model for others to involve students in the discipline of history.

L. Glenn Westfall

On the Bethel Trail. By Enoch Douglas Davis. (St. Petersburg: Valkyrie Press, 1979. 139 pp. Bibliography, Index, Appendix. \$4.95)

Taken as professional history, this paper-cover account of St. Petersburg's racial experience is poorly organized and simplistic, but as an involved participant's rambling delineation of a remarkable human rights struggle, it has scrapbook integrity. The reader understands at once that the author is a Baptist preacher who assumes the intervention of God into man's affairs, strengthening righteous causes.

Born in rural Georgia of religious parents, Enoch Douglas Davis migrated to St. Petersburg in the middle 20's and started his ministry at Bethel Community Baptist Church in 1930. It is obvious that in the intervening half century, Davis not only pursued the fundamentalist gospel but sought intellectual and spiritual guidance as to problems of black people from such as Moses, Paul, Walter Rauschenbusch and Benjamin Mays. When the time came he was prepared for quiet civil rights action in his search for a decent society. He literally took St. Petersburg for his church.

Mr. Davis divides his discursive narrative into four periods: the Depression, World War II through the great desegregation decision, the decade or so before 1967 of furious activity and lasting achievement, and the last ten years when he seems to have emphasized the consolidation of gains. There's a little of everything in his jumble of history—personal reminiscence, private dreams, handed-down anecdotes of suffering, heroism and joy, biographical sketches, tales of extreme Florida weather, atrocity stories and accounts of humiliation and persecution, tidbits from other people's histories (extraneous and pertinent), and numerous sermons such as "Social Implications of the Teaching of Jesus."

Davis is a righteous man working courageously and successfully for equality in democracy in education, in housing and public facilities, and in the upgrading of jobs as well as employment itself. As he put it, he "decided to put God ahead of the local pattern of discrimination." Which seems to be exactly what he's done. Now and then he hears "voices from above calling me upward." He should one day get a good reception. He has already proven down here that the church and black achievement are one.

James W. Silver

The Florida Wars. By Virginia Bergman Peters. (Hamden, Conn., Archon Books, 1979. 333 pp. Preface, illustrations, \$22.50.)

The United States has been to Cambodia and Vietnam before. As Virginia Bergman Peters says in her book, *The Florida Wars*, "What happened in Florida (between 1810 and 1858) has startling resemblances to more recent troubles which our nation has endured in Vietnam and Cambodia. The places in which American soldiers found themselves fighting had names unpronounceable; the conditions of battle were baffling; the arguments for and against the actions taken were as confusing and the moral questions raised as embarrassing; the costs were as comparatively great in national treasure, human lives and property; and the results, in some ways, as inconclusive."

All the above statements can be applied to the Florida Wars without hesitation. What would make any nation spend an extraordinary amount of its national resources in an effort to remove a people from their land, houses and loved ones? As Mrs. Peters says: "The Florida Wars are interesting because they show how a government, having committed itself to solving a human and political problem with military force, was trapped in a policy as ineffective as it was costly." Thus the problems that the United States faced in Vietnam are not new.

The series of small wars which were fought in Florida during the first half of the nineteenth century are divided by the author into three distinct periods: 1810-1818; a period of three "highly irregular military intrusions into Spanish territory," with the result that Florida became a territory of the United States; 1835-1842, when the government tried to remove the Indians to reservations on lands west of the Mississippi River; and 1849-1858, a period of Indian removal without governmental purpose.

From the beginning, the wars in Florida were carried out with little regard to Spain's legal ownership of Florida. General Jackson wanted to protect the rights of the settlers living on the frontier and those Americans who happened to be living in Spanish Florida. "In a few months, Jackson had done what he promised his president he could do in sixty days," Peters writes. "He had virtually conquered Spanish Florida. He had also punished Spanish Indians for depredations on Americans passing through Spanish territory, had occupied Spanish forts and cities without a declaration of war, and he had executed British subjects. . . . President Monroe defended his general's behavior to the House . . . by referring to Jackson's actions as 'the measures which it has been thought proper to adopt for safety of our fellow-citizens on the frontier exposed to these ravages'; . . . The president forebore to mention that the Indians which so threatened the United States and which the army had pursued into foreign territory had fled there after their homes had been demolished by the Americans for what can only be judged by any criteria exceedingly petty reasons." As the result of Jackson's actions, Spain ceded Florida to the United States and President Monroe got what he wanted, whether the means of accomplishing this were legal or not.

The second period analyzes the treaty of Payne's Landing which stipulated that the Seminoles must move to the west and become assimilated into the Creek tribe already there. The Seminoles were not only to be deprived of their land, but were to move into the same territory with their



General Winfield Scott, commander of U.S. Forces in Florida, 1836-1842

(courtesy of the National Archives).

natural enemies! The land question is best summed up in a speech made by John Quincy Adams in 1802: “Their cultivated fields, their constructed habitations . . . a space for their subsistence, was undoubtedly by the laws of nature theirs. But what is the right of the huntsman to the forest of a thousand miles over which he has accidentally ranged in question of prey? . . . Shall the lordly savage not only disdain the virtues and enjoyments of civilization himself, but shall he control the civilization of the world?” As the result of this consensus about the lands that the Indians lived on, a protracted war was carried out with the sole purpose of removing the Indians to the west in order to get their lands.

The war was costly to the United States. It involved the services of eight generals to lead campaigns into Florida. “The lives of fifteen hundred white soldiers and at least thirty million dollars (two hundred fifty million dollars in today’s dollars), had been sacrificed to remove less than six thousand Indians and a handful of Negroes,” Peters somberly notes. “There is no way to measure the loss of black and Indian property, the misery and heartache they endured in defense of their liberty. If one counts at least two men severely wounded, maimed or chronically ill for everyone who died on the battlefield, Americans paid with one of their own for every two of the Seminole allies removed!”

Mrs. Peters has written an excellent account of the Florida wars. Her research has been supported by primary records and unpublished materials from the National Archives. E. Glendon Moore has drawn several maps for this volume that are clear and very useful in following the events of the text.

Joseph Hipp

History of Keystone, Odessa and Citrus Park. Edited by Henry J. Binder (Published by Keystone-Odessa-Citrus Park Historical Society, 1979. 62 pp. Photographs, drawings, maps)

History is everything that has happened, small as well as large, and assembling an account of the past in a manner to mesmerize unconcerned readers in the present is a prodigious feat.

Happily, Henry J. Binder and his associates of the Keystone-Odessa-Citrus Park Historical Society have succeeded in preserving a delicacy with a great deal of ripeness. Their project was conceived as a phase of the area’s participation in the nation’s Bicentennial and now, in 1979, has achieved public attention in a soft-cover book.

At the outset I realized that such histories may be written solely for participants and their descendants. Yet the obvious authenticity of research shines through for future historians who may want to build on it at some time in the future—say, the nation’s next centennial.

The History of Keystone, Odessa and Citrus Park may be interpreted, then, to be intended primarily for the posterity of people in the area. Mr. Binder, as the editor, surely never expected an outsider to be looking over his labor of love and did not bother to bring it into perspective for a stranger.

His technique was to present thirty-nine articles by twenty-eight individuals without interpolation, relying on two deftly stylized cartographs by artist A. John Kaunus to depict the interrelation of the three communities along a 10-mile stretch of State Road 587.

This winding thoroughfare is labeled Gunn Highway in deference to a former Hillsborough County commissioner, John T. Gunn, who arranged to get it paved during the Depression of the 1930s. Most roads, circulating like veins through the area, were named for settlers and Mr. Binder fashioned an intriguing chapter on their sources.

The first settler in 1860 appears to have been William L. Mobley, who brought his large family and many slaves from North Carolina to found a plantation. The Civil War soon ensued and he gave much of his land to his freed slaves.

In a chapter on churches, author Wilma “Billy” Bonar recalls Mobley’s hospitable home on Lake Keystone and identifies him as the founder in 1868 of a Methodist church, the first place of worship. It was constructed of logs with space in back for his former slaves to join in the services. This church burned and was replaced by one made of hewn boards before Mobley was killed by a runaway horse. The family is memorialized by two roads, North Mobley Road and South Mobley Road.

Keystone was first to get a post office, but the postmaster there tipped off federal authorities to growth in Odessa, a mile north of the Hillsborough-Pasco county line and one was established there in 1900.

Thus Odessa, a flagstop on the Atlantic Coast Line Rail Road, subsequently became postal headquarters for the entire two-county area, now serving about 6,000 patrons. The present Odessa postmaster, Charles R. Wilson, was born there in 1925 and is a principal contributor to this historical account.

Lumber interests discovered the region at the turn of the century and built a network of railroads with tendrils reaching from Tampa to Tarpon Springs. Two huge saw mills were erected, employing hundreds of workers from Florida and other states. The economy soared. One of the mills had the only telephone in the area and executives had the first three automobiles there. But it was not an unmixed blessing. There were knife fights almost every night and in one two-year, span eight men were slain.

Finally the lumbermen cut and sawed their way out of existence and some tranquility was restored. Agriculture with citrus and cattle as principal commodities became prevalent, scarcely fazed by a land boom in 1911-12. The North Tampa Land Company of Chicago advertised in the *Saturday Evening Post* and other publications the great lure of Florida living, offering land at \$25 an acre with a building lot free.

Four wars, a depression and various recessions later the population has stabilized and several of the contributors to this history proudly identified their “Cracker” ancestry.

The families now there have found a satisfying way of life and endeavored to preserve traditions and landmarks, notable among them a revered, “Little Red School House” at Citrus Park. Author Cleo Bissonnette believes it is the oldest standing school in the county and possibly in the entire state.



The little red schoolhouse

(courtesy of the Tribune Company).

Among the chapters on Indian massacres, railroads, post offices, saw mills, stores, organizations and memories of people is a tender “Black History” by Lille Mae Mix Madison. If life was rugged over a spread of eight decades for the whites, it was rougher for the blacks.

Mrs. Madison closed with an eloquent epilogue for this whole gentle inspection of local history. She wrote:

“One of these days our children’s own children will laugh and say, ‘This is unbelievable, those must have been some hard days.’

“To every person who will read this book, remember: Let brotherly love continue to abide among all mankind; regardless of race, creed or color; whether rich or poor, young or old, it is our responsibility to love one another. Most of all, keep this in mind: ‘There is but one race, and that race is the human race’.”

Judson Bailey

The History of Zephyrhills, 1821-1921. By Rosemary Trotman. (New York: Vantage Press, 1978. 224 pp. \$8.50)

After a lifetime residency and forty years of teaching school in Zephyrhills, Rosemary Trotman possibly knows more about that community’s past than any living individual. Her purpose in this work is to recount the first century of the Zephyrhills area as part of the American nation, from the acquisition of the Florida territory from Spain to the Sunshine State’s land boom of the 1920’s. Presumably, the author has decided to leave the account of the succeeding years to another writer.

The best sections of this book vividly describe the incipient lumber, railroad, and agriculture (principally the orange and sugar) industries. Here, Trotman evokes a sense of those post-bellum years of development chiefly by relying on the testimony of early settlers and their descendants. These narratives breathe life into the seemingly mundane activities of pioneer existence, and thereby the personal anecdote becomes a microcosm of the frontier experience.

As fine as these depictions are, there exist throughout the rest of the work several problems in form and interpretation. The organization of this volume would have benefitted greatly by the

inclusion of a table of contents, chapter headings, and maps. The need for the latter especially derives from the fact that the author occasionally assumes that her readers possess a familiarity with the geography of the region which is equivalent to hers.

Of more serious consequences are the writer's inadequate treatment of certain members of Zephyrhills society, especially Afro-Americans. It would seem nearly impossible to write an accurate history of any Southern town without paying significant attention to the pervasiveness of race relations and their ramifications; yet, Trotman attempts to bypass such a duty. She virtually ignores black participation in the growth of Zephyrhills except to portray happy darkies on the plantation (who she mistakenly believes to have been recent arrivals from Africa), to allude to the corruption of "carpetbag rule" during Reconstruction and to mention Jim Crow legislation only in quoting the observations of an approving northern white visitor.

Trotman also implicitly supports the idea of "separate but equal" schools and fails to give Negroes a sufficient role in her story. "Their story must be told by the historians among them," she fallaciously argues, "it remains the task of the young blacks, now *forced to give up their own schools* (my italics) and enter white schools where they seem to feel a loss of identity, to write the true story."

Perhaps much criticism appears somewhat harsh in light of the modest objectives of this book. True, Trotman makes no pretense that her work is meant for anything but popular consumption. In addition, she toiled long and assiduously in gathering her material (especially the interviews), a task for which students and writers of Florida history alike owe her a debt of appreciation. This book, nevertheless, exhibits a failing common to many local histories. That is, too often it merely chronicles a kind of "who's who" of the town, an approach which wins the plaudits of the F.F.Z. (First Families of Zephyrhills), but ignores or distorts the contributions of the non-elites of the community.

Joseph Mannard

ANNOUNCEMENTS

EDITOR'S NOTE: The editors will gladly publish announcements of upcoming events related to local history, but these items must reach the editors at least two months before the publication dates of June 1st and December 1st.

The first family reunion of the "Descendants of Benito Allande" was scheduled to be held in Tampa on Saturday-Sunday, September 1-2, 1979. The Allande family originated in Spain back in 1330. Part of the family migrated to the Tampa Bay area in the 1880's and 1890's. There are many descendants living in the Tampa Bay area, but none carry the Allande surname any longer. Officers of the organization are: President, Tito Fernandez of Jacksonville, Fl.; Vice President, Louis F. Garcia of Lookout Mountain, Tn; and Secretary Treasurer, Alexander M. Garcia of Lincoln Park, NJ.

The Florida State Genealogical Society conducts an annual conference with lectures, seminars, and displays. It publishes a quarterly Journal entitled *Florida Genealogist*. The primary goal of the society is promoting and developing a file of pioneer Florida lineages. These materials are then placed in a special section of the State Library of Florida at Tallahassee for use by all Florida residents seeking to find their genealogies easily. For further details and membership, please contact: Barbara M. Dalby, P.O. Box 10249, Tallahassee, Fl. 32302.

The annual meeting of the Florida Conference of College Teachers of History will be hosted by the Department of History, University of South Florida. The meeting will be held in Tampa, Florida on April 24-26, 1980. Suggestions for papers, panels, and topics of discussions are welcomed. Please forward all correspondence to Professor Cecil B. Currey, Program Director, Department of History, University of South Florida, Tampa, Florida 33620.

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

JUDSON BAILEY was educated at Marshall College in W. Virginia. He has been a resident of Pinellas Park since 1960 and founded the weekly newspaper, *Pinellas Park Post*.

DORIS DAVIS is Sarasota County Historian and director of the Sarasota County Archives. She is also a free-lance photographer.

WILLIAM DAYTON is a graduate of Mercer University. He is a native of Pasco county, a past president of the Pasco County Historical Society and is on the board of trustees of the Pioneer Florida Museum of Dade City.

KEN FORD is currently the Director of the Heritage Park Historical Society in Largo, Florida.

GREG FULTON is a photographer for the Florida Historical Research Foundation and has been the Supervisor of Photography for the University of South Florida since 1971.

ROBERT C. HARRIS is curator of the Pinellas County Historical Museum. He received his Ph.D. in History at Michigan State University.

JOSEPH HIPPI is a graduate of Peabody College in Nashville with his Master's degree in Library Science. He is currently Head of the Special Collections Department, Tampa/Hillsborough County Public Library System.

GLORIA JAHODA is author of numerous books on Florida including such notable works as the *River of The Golden Ibis*.

JOSEPH G. MANNARD is a graduate of the University of South Florida who is currently seeking his Ph.D. in History at the University of Maryland.

WILLIAM NICHOLAS PANTAZES was born in Montreal and spent his early years in Greece. He received a B.A. at the University of South Florida and is currently doing graduate work at McGill University in Montreal.

JAMES M. RICCI is currently a Graduate Teaching Assistant seeking his Master's Degree in American Studies at the University of South Florida. He is also a research assistant at the Historic Tampa/Hillsborough County Preservation Board.

JAMES SILVER is currently Professor Emeritus at the University of South Florida. A former president of the Southern Historical Association, his published works include, *Mississippi: The Closed Society*.

L. GLENN WESTFALL is currently a professor of History at Hillsborough Community College and an Adjunct Professor of History at the University of South Florida. He has served as President of the Tampa Historical Society.

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Cover: Workers in the citrus groves of Capt. James P. McMullen. See Robert C. Harris, "The Seven McMullen Brothers of Pinellas County," pp. 62-76.

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BECAUSE a man can make more money here on a small piece of land than in any other place, not even excepting California.

BECAUSE it is one of the few sections in this country where grape fruit can be produced with absolute certainty of success.

BECAUSE grape fruit groves here are now yielding as high as \$1,000 an acre.

BECAUSE the farmers and owners in the Peninsula are prosperous—over one million dollars in five local banks.

BECAUSE it is a good place to live and enjoy perfect health—twelve months in the year.

BECAUSE rail and water transportation and the extension of the Interurban Electric Railway will make this a densely populated community of suburban farm homes.

BECAUSE a two million dollar hotel, the prettiest ones in Florida, good roads, neighbors, fishing, hunting, surf bathing, automobileing and golf create an environment such as people in California pay millions for.

BECAUSE this land at present prices is just ten times cheaper than land in the Northwest that will not equal it in production.

Courtesy of Pinellas County Historical Museum, Heritage Park.

**DEATH OF THE HYACINTH:
WHO SHALL CURE US OF THE SPIDER?**

"Captain C. E. Garner, owner of the St. Johns and Eantee River Steamer Lines, says that the water hyacinth problem is about to be solved and that it will, in his opinion, be a matter of comparatively short time before the hyacinths will disappear. Garner noticed a few days ago a large field of hyacinths that looked as though a fire had swept over them and destroyed the leaves. Upon investigation, he found that the plants were destroyed not by a fire but a small spider that appears to be a natural enemy of the plants." *Tampa Morning Tribune*, July 10, 1897

LAND BOOM

"I am authorized to sell the 400 acre tract of land on Lake Thonotosassa, known as Richard's Land, at \$10 an acre.... Elam Carton, Tampa." *Tampa, Morning Tribune*, Dec. 7, 1895