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As the milestone of a new decade approaches, we are obliged to look back as well as to look ahead. The Tampa Historical Society has certainly come a long way since its genesis almost 20 years ago. The path of progress has had many turns over the years, but through the ongoing vision and dedication of its members and directors, the organization thrives. It is an organization that in the past year has devoted much attention to planning and laying the foundation for the decade ahead. We now approach the 1990s with membership on the rise, a great new board of directors chaired by incoming president James Judy, and some truly exciting projects on the horizon.

Among those projects is a THS partnership role in the development of a long-awaited Tampa/Hillsborough historical museum. Several prominent THS members have organized and incorporated under the co-leadership of Tampans Tom and Lee Touchton to research potential sites, public interest, financing, and the project’s overall feasibility. The museum project’s board of trustees has a mutual vision of creating one of the finest historical museums in the country. I’m sure you would agree that Tampa is worthy ... and ready. It’s a project that is long overdue and with strong leadership, hard work, your continued support, and a little luck, will become a reality. You’ll be hearing more about this exciting project as it progresses.

While the museum project is very exciting and certainly plays an important role in the future of the Tampa Historical Society, we plan to continue to upgrade every aspect of the organization. Among the THS priorities for 1990 are the further restoration of our headquarters, the Peter O. Knight Cottage in Hyde Park and the addition of a much-needed professional executive director.

Thanks to generous contributions this past year by the James and Martha Ferman Family and the David and Ann Murphey Family, among others, we are able to
realistically plan for these projects in the year ahead. But like most nonprofit organizations, we are always in need of financial assistance.

The Tampa Historical Society has operated without an executive director for almost five years. Our progress is very dependent upon the addition of a professional director who will work closely with the organization’s board. We want to provide the membership with the best programs, activities, and publications possible. An experienced executive director is expected to play a critical role in next year’s agenda. Several key THS board members have begun the search for appropriate candidates with plans to have someone in place early next year.

The coming year also brings the Florida Historical Society’s annual convention to Tampa in May, hosted for the first time since 1970 by the Tampa Historical Society. Having the FHS convention in our historic city is especially timely since this publication’s editor, and past THS president, Hampton Dunn, enters his first full year as president of the state historical organization. We are very proud of Hampton and his ongoing efforts to promote history throughout the community and the state. We plan to show our FHS guests and colleagues the kind of hospitality that has made Tampa not only a great place to live but also to visit.

And, as always, we’re looking for creative, entertaining and educational programs that bring the excitement of the area’s history to life for our valued members. I encourage and even challenge each of you to get more involved in the Tampa Historical Society in the critical year ahead. The organization is always in need of program ideas, historic ar-
HERNANDO DESOTO: SAINT OR SADIST?

By HAMPTON DUNN

Hernando DeSoto was a dichotomy. A schism. Perhaps he was even a split personality, a Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde of his day. Was he a saint - or a sadist?

Historians are divided in their description of this Spanish conquistador who tramped through the wilds of Florida for a period of ten months in 1539-40.

"Brave" and "gallant" are the two most-oft-used adjectives attributed to DeSoto. But, there is another side of the coin.

Such an image is challenged by Florida historian, the late Karl H. Grismer, who wrote: "It would be nice indeed if DeSoto could be described as a gallant, benevolent, kindly nobleman inspired by a desire to carry the story of the Cross to the brown-skinned men of Florida. But to do so would be in direct contradiction to the facts. He certainly was brave and he may have been gallant according to the 16th century definition of the word. But, he certainly was neither benevolent nor kind. Not if old Spanish writers can be believed. Said one of them: 'DeSoto was fond of the sport of killing Indians."

To which Grismer adds, "If killing Indians was sport, then DeSoto had sport galore in his lifetime. His record literally drips with Indian blood."

Hernando DeSoto was a dichotomy. A schism. Perhaps he was even a split personality, a Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde of his day. Was he a saint - or a sadist?

IT'S A LONG, LONG TRAIL
This boulder marker was erected by the Colonial Dames of Florida at Shaw's Point, Bradenton, where Hernando DeSoto is said to have landed in 1539.

-Assisted The Priests

ASSISTED THE PRIESTS


Father Gannon stated: "Although it is recorded that DeSoto was not above the use of deception in dealing with the Indians, nor averse to reducing them to slavery when it served his purposes, to his credit it is also recorded that he sometimes assisted the priests in instructing Indian chiefs and tribesmen in the basic beliefs of Christianity.

"On one such occasion-by a strange coincidence the same day, March 26, 1541, when his one-time commander, Francisco Pizarro, was assassinated in his palace in Peru, and, calling out 'Jesus!' drew a cross with his finger in his own blood on the floor-on that same day, DeSoto fashioned and raised a towering pine-tree Cross at the town of Casqui on the western bank of the Mississippi River, and proclaimed to the

THOSE HANDSOME CONQUISTADORES
From December through May each year, employees of DeSoto National Memorial at Bradenton in period 16th century dress demonstrate the use of various weapons, including the Spanish sword shown here.

-Photo from HAMPTON DUNN COLLECTION
Indians of the place: 'This was He who had made the sky and the earth and man in His own image. Upon the tree of the Cross He suffered to save the human race, and rose from the tomb on His third day ... and having ascended into heaven, was there to receive with open arms all who would be converted to Him.'"

That, again, was DeSoto speaking, according to Father Gannon.

'NOT CRUEL AT HEART'

Well, you see there's no clear-cut vision of this adventurer from Spain Who came to Florida not seeking the fountain of youth, or our famous sunshine of today. He came in search of money—as in gold. More about that later.

DeSoto was born in the year 1500 of an impoverished aristocratic family. It is said that Ferdinand, or Hernando, DeSoto was a boy of remarkable beauty and gave early promise of unusual talent. His father was too poor to educate him and too proud to teach him the art of earning a livelihood. His boyhood, then, would have been spent in idleness, had not a powerful nobleman, Don Pedro Avila, adopted him into his family. And Avila saw to it that the boy got a thorough education.

Upon reaching manhood, DeSoto made his way to the New World, and many were his deeds of wild and daring adventure. It was
reported that he was the handsomest and most chivalric man in the army and that he surpassed all his fellows as a horseman and swordsman.

**PILLAGING PERU**

He joined up with Francisco Pizarro in Peru, as second in command, in 1531. One historian wrote that although DeSoto was far more humane than his cruel and heartless chief, "the fact that he was a member of that gang of robbers and shared in its spoils must remain forever a blot upon his name."

The young man wound up with Peruvian gold valued at a half a million dollars - big bucks at that time in history ... and even today that ain't hay!

He returned home to Spain to claim the hand of Isabella, the daughter of his benefactor, Avila. Ah, Isabella, the playmate of his childhood, who had been pronounced the most beautiful woman in all the kingdom!

DeSoto was unused to wealth and soon blew his big nest egg. He lived in a mansion and kept trains of servants. In two years, half of his fortune had melted away.

Figuring there was more gold where that had come from, he turned his attention to returning to the New World. He assigned himself the task to "conquer, pacify, and populate" the peninsula of Florida and the lands extending westward to the Rio Grande. He obtained a devious contract with Emperor Charles V giving him immense powers over Florida "for all the days of your life."

Thus, DeSoto gathered together an army of over 700 men, described as the flower of Spain and Portugal, and outfitted a fleet of nine ships. He sailed, bringing his bride Isabella along, for Cuba. The band spent the winter of 1538-39 having a wonderful time in Havana and staging for their expedition. Finally, in May of '39, the high-spirited army sailed for Florida ... DeSoto kissing Isabella goodbye at the Havana port - never to see her again.

DeSoto landed somewhere on the Gulf coast of Florida ... you can get an argument all the way from Apalachicola to Key West as to where he actually landed. My good friend and historian, the late Walter P. Fuller, declared that DeSoto landed in the Point Pinellas-Safety Harbor area, touching land first at Mullet Key. (The Safety Harbor Spa today claims DeSoto's party "took of the waters" there and were healed of beri beri). A lawyer from Jacksonville, named Warren Wilkinson, argued with Fuller that DeSoto landed at Charlotte Harbor.

In the 1930s, on the eve of the 400th anniversary of DeSoto's landing, Congress decided it would determine once and for all where DeSoto landed. They sent a team from Smithsonian Institution to make that determination. They decided the explorer landed at Shaw’s Point on State Road 64 just west of today's Bradenton. A modern historian, Fairbanks, claimed DeSoto landed at Gadsden Point (where MacDill Air Force Base is today). And, of course, Tampans have claimed that DeSoto negotiated with the Indians under the "DeSoto Oak" in front of the Tampa Bay Hotel, now the University of Tampa.

**IT'S "ESPIRITU SANTO"**

A few years ago Anthropologist William M. Goza of the Florida State Museum at Gainesville sided with Wilkinson - that DeSoto came in at Charlotte Harbor and
landed on the banks of the Caloosahatchee River in the Fort Myers region.

All that be as it may, DeSoto made history because he gave Tampa Bay its first name, Espiritu Santo. He gave it that name because the Spanish festival of Espiritu Santo, or Spirit of the Saint, fell on May 25, the day he first sighted land. DeSoto’s report to his superiors back home, it turns out, was the first letter ever written with a Florida "dateline" -Espiritu Santo, Florida, July 9, 1539.

DeSoto learned early on after his landing May 30 that there were rich Indian villages north of his landing place and he set out to loot Florida as other Spaniards had done in raids on Mexico and Peru.

The Spanish commander now made a most fortunate acquisition to his army in the person of Juan Ortiz, a fellow-countryman who had lived with the Indians for ten years. He had come from Cuba with a party searching for Panfilo de Narvaez, and with three companions had been made captive. The other three were tortured to death, but Ortiz, a handsome and athletic youth of 18 years, was saved by an emotional "Pocahontas," the daughter of the chief, who begged her father to spare him. The heroine’s name actually was Princess Ulelah and her father was Chief Ucita. This love story developed 80 years before the Pocahontas-Captain John Smith romance occurred at Jamestown in 1607.

Young Juan, after a decade of living with the Indians, was now familiar with their language and habits, and he became DeSoto’s guide and interpreter. But he never lead the explorer to where the gold might be.

VISITS LAKE THONOTOSASSA

DeSoto began his trek on July 15, crossed the Alafia River, came to Lake Thonotosassa, which he called the River of the Rabbit because a rabbit frightened the horses there. On July 19, the DeSoto group camped at a site near present-day Dade City. Reports of scouts told of a very large and almost impassable marsh northward. This was the "Big Swamp" on the Withlacoochee River, the route DeSoto was pursuing. He encountered hostile Indians. Some were captured and pressed into service as guides.

The party crossed the Withlacoochee near present-day Istachatta. It then moved through the Floral City (my hometown) area, and along the west bank of Lake Tsala Apopka. Around July 23, they passed through the Inverness area and probably overnighted in this vicinity. Continuing along the lakefront, DeSoto reached the Hernando area which now bears his name. There the hogs he was carrying along for
food on the expedition broke loose one night and raided the lush corn crops of the Indians.

(By the way, when the Florida Legislature created the 22nd county, in 1843, it was named Hernando for the explorer DeSoto, who had passed through that section. The county seat was named DeSoto but later was changed to Brooksville. The county name also was short-lived. It was changed to Benton in 1844 to honor U.S. Senator Thomas Hart Benton of Missouri, whose sponsorship of the Armed Occupation Act of 1842 won favor among Floridians eager to evict the Indians. Benton’s moderation during the Missouri Compromise, however caused extremists in the Legislature to switch the name back to Hernando on Christmas Eve, 1850. In 1877, Hernando County was split, like ancient Gaul, into three parts, with Pasco and Citrus Counties being carved away from the mother county.)

**THOROUGHBRED RACING**

It is believed that DeSoto passed from Citrus County to Marion County by crossing the Withlacoochee about where State Road 200 crosses it today. Soon he came to the Ocala area. It was known at the time as Ocale, or just Cale.

Former Miami Herald writer, Nixon Smiley, once wrote that DeSoto saw Ocale in 1539 when he and his "intrepid... followers crashed through the underbrush in full battle regalia." The visitor counted 600 huts here. Another writer estimated a population of 2,000 for the village. His army of nearly 1,000 and some 350 horses found plenty to eat after the Indians, frightened to see white-skinned men riding four-legged snorting animals, fled to the wilderness. The Spaniards dispossessed the prosperous Indians, confiscating their food and anything else of value.

Oh yes, lest we forget, let’s score this footnote to history: It was Hernando DeSoto who was the first to bring thoroughbred horses to Florida and to Marion County in 1539. He brought with him about 225 head of the Royal Spanish stock which had raced in Cuba in the previous winter. Although there is no actual record of a formal race program in Florida that first year, it is generally assumed that thoroughbred racing took place within the state in 1539! Probably here in Ocala. And, as we all know, Marion County today has a thriving thoroughbred industry.

A part of DeSoto’s army liked Marion County so much, they stayed around here for a month. The town was so large and its wonders so grand, DeSoto himself wrote in his only known extant letter, "That I dare not repeat what is stated about it." He did reveal, however, that he had heard "there are many traders and much barter, and ... an abundance of gold and silver and many pearls."

**SORRY, NO GOLD HERE**

But, alas, the invaders found no gold in Ocale, or Ocali, or Ocala, even. Burying their heavy iron pots and tools behind for a contemplated return to Ocali in the winter, DeSoto and his men left at last, pushing toward Apalachee.

Following Indian foot trails, they advanced to today’s Lake City, then turned westward to what is now Tallahassee. By October they reached "Apalachee and there found an abundance of ‘maize, pumpkins, beans and dried plums.’" The men settled down for the winter months. It was in this spot that DeSoto at Christmastime celebrated the first
Christ’s Mass in the New World north of Mexico. DeSoto broke camp in March and continued his unsuccessful search for gold, headed northward from Tallahassee along the trail of today's U.S. 319, toward Thomasville, Georgia. Thence, through the Southeast, to the Mississippi River, which he crossed with barges.

The river was little used, because, in the words of Mark Twain, "nobody happened to want such a river; nobody needed it, nobody was curious about it; so... the Mississippi remained out of the market and undisturbed. When DeSoto found it, he was not hunting for a river, and had no present occasion for one; consequently he did not value it or even take any particular notice of it."

Between leaving Florida and arriving at the Mississippi River, DeSoto and his men had come on hard times. At Mobile, they tangled with Chief Tuscaloosa. En route there were other battles and big losses of men, horses and supplies. DeSoto feared his men might desert him and he was deeply dejected. He had spent his fortune and accomplished nothing.

His faithful Isabella had written him, urging and begging that he give up his vain pursuit of fortune and return to her.

But, we're told, DeSoto's spirit was too proud; he could not yield. How would he return with his ragged and penniless army? How could he endure poverty and humiliation after the taste of wealth and popularity he had enjoyed? No, he must succeed or die; gold was more precious than life, and disgrace was worse than death....

DeSoto was no longer the frank, energetic, and trusted commander; he was moody, sullen, distant and careworn. He had lived about 40 years, but the furrows of age were deepening in his face. It is believed that from this time forth his mind was unbalanced....

Crossing the Mississippi, DeSoto roamed around Arkansas for a while and finally made his way back to the river he had discovered. He was stricken with malaria fever and died May 21, 1542, near the great river. His body was committed to those waters with the impressive services of the Church. DeSoto was only 42 when he died of a broken heart. Years before, an astrologer had foretold his death at that age.

**ISABELLA HEARTBROKEN**

When Dona Isabella, back in Cuba, heard of his death, she was unable to control her grief. One historian noted: "Her grief was the grief of Niobe and in a few years she had mourned herself to death."

One biographer noted that for wild and reckless adventure the career of Hernando DeSoto would be difficult to parallel. But his great expedition in the Southeastern United States, while fascinating, was singularly barren of good results. Aside from the accidental discovery of the great river there is nothing to mark it as useful - no study of the language and habits of the natives, no record of the flora and fauna, nor scientific observations of the topography of the country. Little indeed was added to the knowledge of the New World by this costly expedition of DeSoto.

In his awkward way, he had helped the priests in their attempts to Christianize the Indians... and he did start the custom of celebrating Christmas in Florida.

The chronicler of the DeSoto trek, in announcing the commander's death,
described him as "the magnanimous, the intrepid, the virtuous Captain...."
TAMPA IS SITE
FOR STATE MEET

The Florida Historical Society will hold its 1990 annual meeting in Tampa next May 10-12 with the Tampa Historical Society and other groups serving as local hosts.

The group has not met here since 1970. Incoming THS President James Judy is heading up the Local Arrangements Committee.

Last May, Hampton Dunn of Tampa was elected president of the Florida Historical Society. He became the first Tampan ever to head the State group—which was organized in 1856, according to Dr. Gary Mormino, former FHS Executive Director. The society is the oldest cultural organization in Florida.
De Soto Trail Study
Proposed National Historic Trail

SUMMARY OF DRAFT
FEASIBILITY STUDY
MAY 1989

The De Soto National Trail Study Act of 1987 (Public Law 100-187) directed the National Park Service to conduct a feasibility study of the approximate route traveled by Spanish explorer Hernando de Soto and provide recommendations to Congress as to its suitability for national historic trail designation. The preliminary report prepared by the Southeast Regional Office of the National Park Service (NPS), assisted by the Southwest Regional Office, describes the study and provides an analysis of national historic trail designation as well as other alternatives appropriate for the commemoration of the De Soto expedition.

Hernando de Soto and 600 men landed on the west coast of Florida in May of 1539. They explored the southeastern United States-Florida, Georgia, South Carolina, North Carolina, Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Arkansas, Texas, and Louisiana-for more than four years, searching for gold and silver, and fighting repeated battles with Native Americans. More than 300 soldiers, including De Soto himself, died during the expedition. Although the expedition was judged to be a failure because it discovered no new wealth, it was the first group of Europeans to explore the vast interior portion of the southeastern United States.

During this century, a number of attempts have been made to delineate the actual route of the De Soto expedition. The first significant route hypothesis was that of the United States De Soto Expedition Commission whose findings were completed in 1939. A substantial advance in archeological data subsequent to the Commission's findings has resulted in several more recent hypotheses. The most widely accepted—that of Dr. Charles Hudson, University of Georgia—is based on the expedition chronicles (as were the Commission's findings), the travels of related expeditions and substantial data from a number of archeological investigations. Even though a number of investigators are actively working on various route hypotheses, the only location to which De Soto can be linked with a reasonable degree of certainty is the site of the expedition's first winter encampment in Tallahassee, Florida.

As a result of the De Soto Trail Study, the NPS has determined that the route of the expedition fails to meet two of the three criteria for national historic trail designation. Although the expedition is of national significance, the determination indicated that there is a substantial lack of evidence as to the actual route location and that potential for historic interpretation cannot be adequately assessed at this time.
Consequently, the NPS provided the National Park System Advisory Board with a recommendation that until the actual location of the De Soto expedition route is determined, it does not qualify as a national historic trail. In view of this determination, several alternatives to national historic trail designation are analyzed in the draft study report, including the completion of a state-by-state highway marking effort first initiated by Florida, the enactment of special legislation to formally commemorate the expedition through the establishment of a National Heritage Corridor or creation of a De Soto Expedition Trail Commission, and the expansion of existing federal and state interpretive facilities associated with the De Soto expedition.
1989 D.B. McKay Award Winner:
Congressman Charles E. Bennett

By Hampton Dunn


The noted historian becomes the 19th outstanding Floridian to receive this coveted statewide honor from the Tampa Historical Society. The award is named in recognition of D. B. McKay, longtime publisher and editor of The Tampa Daily Times, three times Mayor of Tampa and a revered Florida historian himself.

Charlie Bennett has a brilliant record in Congress, where he’s serving in his 40th year. The former Tampan has set an all-time voting record in Congress: He has answered nearly 17,000 recorded votes and has not missed a single legislative vote since June 5, 1951!

He was a hero in World War II and earned the Silver Star for gallantry in action.

EXPERT ON HUGUENOTS

A meticulous researcher, the lawmaker’s greatest "contributions to the cause of Florida history" lie in the authorship of several books relating to the French Huguenots in Florida and other volumes, including: Laudonniere and Fort Caroline, Settlement of Florida, Southernmost Battlefields of the Revolution, Three Voyages, Florida’s French Revolution, and co-authorship of Congress and Conscience.

His newest book, Twelve on the River St. Johns, is just off the press.

Bennett has been an achiever since his early boyhood here in Tampa. As the politicians say, "Let’s look at the record:"

"My father was a meterologist in Canton, New York where I was born on December 2, 1910," the Congressman recounts. "He was not only a U.S. weatherman but also a professor of meteorology and astronomy at that institution. At the age of two my family brought me to Tampa, where my dad was
next stationed as a weatherman. He served there as head of the Weather Bureau in Tampa from 1913-1932 when he was assigned to Jacksonville. He retired from the Weather Bureau in 1950 after approximately 50 years of Weather Bureau service.

EAGLE SCOUT HERE

In Tampa, we first lived at 825 South Boulevard in a house that my dad drew the plans for. Then we lived on the Hillsborough River for a while near Hillsborough Avenue. I went to John Gorrie Grammar School in Hyde Park and to Woodrow Wilson Junior High School nearby, and I graduated from Hillsborough High School in 1928. I believe it was the last class in the old building near downtown. I was president of my class in junior high school and senior high school, and I was business manager of the Red and Black, the high school newspaper, and a member of the track squad. I entered the University of Florida as a freshman in 1928 and graduated in 1934 from the law school as well as from the arts and science college. I was president of the student body and editor of the Florida Alligator.

"I worked my way through college as a result of employment both in Tampa and in Gainesville. In Tampa I worked for Wolf Brothers and Maas Brothers and Giddens Haberdashery. For a number of summers I worked for Guaranty Title Company. With my family I was a member of the First Christian Church of Tampa which originally was in a wood structure immediately behind the federal building (my dad’s office) and it later moved to Hyde Park. I was a very active member of Troop 4 Boy Scouts (connected with the First Christian Church). As such I became an Eagle Scout in 1925.

"In addition to being a business manager of the Red and Black newspaper I often wrote news stories and special articles for that paper under the supervision of Neva Grace Murray, wife of Jock Murray, an outstanding newspaper man in Tampa who was a good friend of mine and my dad.

FLORIDA DELEGATION DEAN

Congressman Bennett is Chairman of the Seapower Subcommittee of the House Armed Services Committee and also a member of the Research and Development Subcommittee. He is a member of the Merchant Marine, Coast Guard, and Oceanography Subcommittees of the House Merchant Marine and Fisheries Committee. He is the Dean of the Florida Delegation to Congress.

He authored the Code of Ethics for Government Service and other legislation in the area of government ethics. The Jacksonville Congressman has twice been Chairman of the House Ethics Committee; and his legislation created that Committee. His legislation made "In God We Trust" our national motto.

Bennett has been the principal author of important environmental, conservation, and national park legislation, including the Fort Caroline National Memorial and Timucuan National Ecological Preserve, and national legislation to preserve historic sites and treasure ships. He received the Izaak Walton League Award for "Outstanding Conservation Accomplishments."

WATCHDOG OF TREASURY

The veteran lawmaker's successful military legislation provided needed ships for the
Navy, advances in military pay for all services, military justice reform, and improved military housing. His legislation also established a scholarship program for doctors for the Armed Forces. He authored legislation creating the Arms Control Agency and legislation allowing the military services to assist in interdicting drug smugglers.

Bennett has authored and enacted legislation in the areas of anti-crime, auto safety, federal aid to education, and improvements in government efficiency and economy. He has been awarded the "Distinguished Service Award," the highest honor given by the President’s Committee on Employment of the Handicapped, this for vocational rehabilitation legislation. He authored legislation to require buildings to be accessible to the handicapped.

Bennett has received six "Watchdog of the Treasury Awards" from the National Associated Businessmen for his strong support of fiscal responsibility in government. He also received the "Minuteman of the Year Award" from the Reserve Officers Association, and he was selected by the Non-Commissioned Officers Association for its highest award for legislative action. The Navy League gave him the highest award for civilian service to the military. The National Conference of Christians and Jews in 1989 awarded him its "Brotherhood Medallion."

**PROFILE**

Charles E. Bennett

**Age:** 78

**Occupation:** member, U.S. House of Representatives, D-Fla.

**Family:** wife, Jean Fay; three children, Bruce, 41, of Lake Worth, who is in the drinking water business; James, 33, who is studying to be a history professor at George Mason University; and Lucinda, 26, a psychologist in Virginia, who is married to Mike Jenkins; two grandchildren, Theresa, 18, and Victorine, 16, of Lake Worth.

**Education:** bachelor's and law degrees from the University of Florida.

**Hobbies:** researching and writing historical books on Northeast Florida; traveling.

**Quote (referring to having served under nine presidents):** "The chemistry was warmer with Jack Kennedy than with anybody else. I had the most respect for Truman and Eisenhower. I was close with Ford, because he was a contemporary and because we came to Congress about the same time. I was fairly close with Johnson. I liked Carter and Nixon. Nixon invited my wife and me for dinner at the White House more than any other president. I'm very much for Bush. He's a great guy."

**HEADED UNIVERSITY OF FLORIDA ALUMNI**

Bennett practiced law in Jacksonville before election to Congress and was active in civic affairs. He served as President of the Jacksonville Jaycees and in the Florida House of Representatives in 1941. He served as President of the national University of Florida Alumni Association.

During WWII, he led guerrilla fighters in the Philippines in the northern Luzon mountains and was awarded the Silver Star for gallantry in action. The Philippines decorated him with the Legion of Honor, the
highest award for a non-Filipino. He was elected to the Infantry Hall of Fame by the Fort Benning Officer Candidate School.

He and Mrs. Bennett have three children, and he is an elder in the Riverside Avenue Christian Church in Jacksonville.

This remarkable record of accomplishments by Congressman Bennett is all the more impressive "when you consider that Bennett has had lifelong complications from polio - including six broken legs," Howard Troxler, columnist of The Tampa Tribune's "Palm Tree Politics," wrote recently.
D.B. McKay Award
Recipients

1972 Frank Laumer
1973 State Senator David McClain
1974 Circuit Judge James R. Knott
1975 Gloria Jahoda
1976 Harris H. Mullen
1977 Dr. James W. Covington
1978 Hampton Dunn
1979 William M. Goza
1980 Tony Pizzo
1981 Allen and Joan Morris
1982 Mel Fisher
1983 Marjory Stoneman Douglas
1984 Frank Garcia
1985 Former Gov. LeRoy Collins
1986 Dr. Samuel Proctor
1987 Doyle E. Carlton, Jr.
1988 Leland M. Hawes, Jr.
If you've called this city your home for the last 15 or 20 years, you should certainly have a time frame to draw a comparison to change. Tampa is no longer the Cracker Town it once was. But if you were living in this town, say 50 years ago or so, you've seen a metamorphosis unparalleled to anything in nature.

As a native of 39 years, this writer grew up knowing another Tampa (South Tampa); a smaller slower place where folks were fewer and sometimes friendlier. Crime was on a smaller scale with bootlegged whisky and
Bolita. Drugs back then were aspirin and Pepto Bismol. Of course, Tampa had its share of crime in government, with an occasional politician or sheriff turning his head for a payoff, but for the most part, we were 'small time' with the only crime being unorganized.

We had fewer roads, fewer cars and no Interstate system then. There was no Brandon, no Carrollwood, or a university called South Florida. Odessa and Lutz were about the size of this column, and Dale Mabry was running through rural pastures long before it reached the infamous Waters Avenue intersection of today. Beach Park was still a wilderness, with dusty roads leading to the Bay, and plenty of good fishing on the grass flats beyond. Britton Plaza was Tampa’s first forerunner to a modern mall, and downtown Tampa was still the heart of the town for merchants such as Maas Brothers and Wolf Brothers.

I recall being with a group of chums in the Tampa Theater once, and almost being evicted because we were laughing too loudly at a 'B' movie. There were only two high schools back then: H.B. Plant and Hillsborough. Obviously, their rivalry exists today because of their heritage. The Colonnade restaurant then catered as a hangout to Plant students (for two generations), serving Cokes with olives at car windows. Palma Ceia and Old Hyde Park were more easily defined, and "Beer Can Beach" was a good place to go parking on Davis Island. MacDill AFB was isolated by palmettos that harbored plenty of rattlesnakes, and there was a swampy area between south Himes and Dale Mabry at Gandy, with a good size gator in it. I remember radio stations like WFLA and WDAE and, later, rock music emerging on the dial from WLCY and WALT. Back then, mosquito trucks fogged the streets on summer nights, and fire ants were just migrating into the area along with the growing flux of seasonal tourists. Tampa’s mild climate was a secret no more, with Busch Gardens opening its gates without an admission fee.

I grew up knowing sunburn and sandspurs, and recall climbing a Cherry Guava tree in our backyard, and eating the fruit until I was ill. In 1960, I remember standing with my father on Bayshore Boulevard, looking out onto a dried up Hillsborough Bay during Hurricane Donna. Tampa Bay was a bit cleaner then, breeding healthy oysters that you could eat, and enough good fishing to keep anglers busy within sight of land.

Times sure have changed, for the best and otherwise. Today, Tampa is a sprawling metropolitan city with its fair share of people, pollution, crime, drainage problems and zoning disputes. Older neighborhoods have changed with new generations, and some are threatened with multi-family and commercial development. The city, in many cases, has hardly kept pace with its many problems. Did we not see it all coming? Maybe and maybe not, but it’s nice to think of another time-and another Tampa.
MAN ON OUR COVER:  
WM. REECE SMITH, JR.,  
HEAD OF WORLD BAR

As the first American elected president of the International Bar Association, Tampa’s William Reece Smith now has a complete set of presidencies. The 63-year-old chairman of Carlton, Fields, Ward, Emmanuel, Smith & Cutler law firm has served as president of the Hillsborough County Bar Association, the Florida Bar Association and the American Bar Association.

Smith grew up in Plant City and earned degrees from the University of South Carolina and the University of Florida, and was a Rhodes Scholar at Oxford University, England. Throughout his college days, he was outstanding in every phase of campus life. He was a star quarterback for South Carolina, president of the student body at Florida, member of the Blue Key and Hall of Fame at Florida, and was a Phi Kappa Phi. At Oxford, he lettered in varsity lacrosse and basketball.

The noted lawyer served as Interim President of the University of South Florida and has served on the faculty of Stetson University College of Law. He holds honorary doctorate degrees from the University of South Florida, Central Methodist College, New England College, Rollins College, the University of Florida, California Western School of Law, and the University of South Carolina.

He has collected innumerable honors, starting with being named Tampa Jaycee Outstanding Young Man.

Even as he embarked on his term as I.B.A. chief, Smith was awarded the A.B.A.’s Medal for his work on behalf of the poor. The Tampan once headed a march on Washington to stop Republican budget-cutters poised to chop the Legal Services Corp. from the Federal budget.
In 1923 travel across country by car was somewhat different in many ways. Many roads, if not all of them, were very poor. It was in an era of new roads being built so there were many detours, some were hardly passable. Cars used too much gasoline and oils, and gas tanks were too small.

Local officials did not always look kindly to folks driving into town. Strangers were not always welcome. The good part of it was that travelers were safe anywhere along the road to rest or sleep in the car, day or night. People along the countryside were always helpful. Fuel was cheap and lodging was reasonable.

This account follows two 22-year-olds and two teenage brothers in a used Model T Ford cross-country to look for work as it was very slack in the Tampa area for electricians. They equipped the car with camping equipment to camp along the way and they headed out.

**CAMPING ON THE SANTA FE**

It was June 4, 1923, Monday at 6:15 a.m., when we had breakfast at the Manhattan Cafe as we left Tampa. As we approached Inverness at 12:30 p.m. we had lunch. We arrived in High Springs by nightfall and camped out of town by the banks of the Santa Fe River. Supper consisted of fried liver, a can of "Pork & Beans" and a cup of coffee. We had fishermen for company all night as they trolled the river.

Tuesday morning on June 5 we had fried eggs and coffee for breakfast. We then broke camp and left. Reaching Cairo, Georgia, by 5:30 p.m. we continued on to Bainbridge, GA, setting up camp outside of town along the Apalachicola River around 8:30 p.m. We enjoyed a good night’s sleep until sometime in the early morning hours when a riverboat tied up alongside of us, making the noise of loading and unloading.

Hot coffee for breakfast on Wednesday, June 6 at 4:45 a.m. as we broke camp and left. About 7:30 a.m. we came to another
branch of the Apalachicola River. We got stuck getting on and off the ferry. We arrived 21 miles out of Troy, Alabama, on the wrong road. We were having plenty of rain as we arrived back in Troy about 5:30 p.m. We were grateful for a very good piece of road we hit going into Montgomery. However, we had to stop ten miles out of Montgomery since our battery went dead. The area was pretty low and we experienced plenty of mosquitos.

**BLOWTORCH 'STOVE’**

On Thursday, June 7, at 5:45 a.m. we broke camp and rode to a stream where we could get cleaned up. Approximately 8:00 a.m. we were in Midway for breakfast. The hill coming into Birmingham gave us some trouble getting up it but, we coasted all the way down into town. Mr. Hamilton, father of one of the boys, arranged for our bed where he was staying and paid for our supper.

More repairs were needed on the Model T on Friday, June 8. We left town at 11:30 a.m. We arrived five miles out of Townly about 7 p.m. and it was raining again. We decided to camp out in an old house off the road. We boiled our water for the coffee with our blowtorch and ate pork and beans.
On Saturday morning at 5:45 a.m. we used a more conventional method of heating by using wood in the fireplace to cook our pork and beans. We also enjoyed jelly and bread with our breakfast. We broke camp and headed out. We hit a rock coming down a country road of Elridge, AL, which caused a leak in the crank case. This in turn caused the magnets on the flywheel to turn to the place where the rock hit. We stuffed a rag in it and rolled down the hill. At the bottom of the hill was an old sawmill that was shut down. A mechanic was working outside of it on his boss’s car. Several men were standing around watching the mechanic. He told us he could help us as soon as he finished with that car. Over the hill about three miles was a grocery store, so Ronald, Andy, and John went down to buy some food. I stayed to help the mechanic with his work. Ronald and the boys got back and we had dinner. John went off and tried to find a place to sleep while Andy stood around and watched Ronald and me help the mechanic. We had a different menu for supper as we had salmon and peas with our coffee. The mechanic was still having trouble with his work and the "Crackers" finally dwindled off. We decided to hit the hay.

A LOT OF RAIN

Sunday morning we had fried eggs and coffee with crackers as the store had no light bread. We were tired of waiting on the mechanic so we started to tear down the motor ourselves. The mechanic had to take his job down again so the tools were kept hot between us. By 3 p.m. we had our car back together. We filled it full of cylinder oil from the mill and started for the next town. We hit Winfield about 5:30 p.m. and bought gaskets, shellac and three quarts of oil. We borrowed a socket wrench and put the new gaskets in right where we were parked. We left town around 7 p.m. and camped ten miles out of Winfield. It started to rain and our top was down, but it did us no good anyway. We stopped at the first place we could find.

June 11, it was Monday morning and we arrived in Hamilton about 7:30 a.m. and had a good breakfast. By noon we were four miles out of Tupelo. We had to stop for a while to let the rain slack off. Everything was soaked. Dinner was slim as it consisted of a box of crackers. We arrived in Victorie, MS, at 7:30 p.m. and were caught in a good rain. We stopped in front of an empty store and realized the connecting rod was burnt pretty bad.

We broke camp on Tuesday morning at 5:49 a.m. after getting a bucket of water and washing up a bit. Around 8 a.m. we stopped on the highway to change into some better looking clothes. Just 15 minutes later we picked up a tack just inside the city limits of Memphis, TN, and we changed our first tire of the trip. No jobs were available in any of the shops in town. Ronald had dinner and supper with Mr. Pierce.

June 13, Wednesday, we had our bearings tightened and wheel fixed. We finally left Memphis about 11:30. Out of Gates, we camped for the night in a graveyard by a church. It was worse than a boiler factory with all the noise from all the varmits. 

SOLD THEIR BLANKETS

Thursday we broke camp even earlier at 4:45 a.m. and left Dyersburg, TN. By 8:45 p.m. we called it a night and camped just outside of Bardswell, KY.

It was June 15 on Friday when we had broke camp and took a ferry across to Cairo. There we sold Army blankets, cots, and tarpaulin for twelve dollars. At 4:30 p.m. we found a
job at last, at the Illinois Lumber Company that made ready-cut houses for Sears, Roebuck & Company. We arranged our room and board for $6 per week at the corner of Washington Street and 33rd Street. We had to park our car for our deposit for room and board.

On Saturday, Ronald joined us at the factory. On Sunday some of the fellows from the company took us for a ride around town. During the week we worked on the car after work and got caught up on cleaning, haircuts, etc.

On June 23, at 4 p.m. we left town and headed toward St. Louis. A few miles out of Camden, IL, we had hit a bad piece of road. We stopped for the night. It was a bad night as all of our camping equipment had been sold. We had a hour's sleep at most since we slept on the ground. Approximately 4:30 a.m. we cranked up and pulled out of Marissa, IL. At noon we had a chicken dinner. We made it to St. Louis by 3:30 p.m. and made arrangements for a room with one bed. This allowed for two to sleep on the floor. The cost was $6 per week and we used a suit for our deposit. We also put the Ford in storage for $3 per week. Ronald and I were separated by different jobs, so we divided out for the meals.

On August 12, Sunday, we left St. Louis at 7:30 a.m and headed towards Denver. While in Rockford, MO, we had to wait for a ferry. The charge was one dollar. On our route between Kansas and Missouri on the U.P. Trail we got caught in a lot of rain. Everything in our old Model T was getting wet. We stopped along the old muddy road for the night. An old gentleman came out of his farmhouse, way back off the road and invited us to come in and stay the night. I refused the offer because we were too dirty but admitted we would like to stay in his barn. The old gentleman agreed as long as we didn't smoke in the barn. We agreed to his condition, so he tossed some clean hay down on the floor. He also brought out clean quilts to sleep on. It was the best sleep we had had in some time. We rose early the next morning and folded the quilts and left. I am ashamed that we didn't wait to thank him. We had no name or address to thank him later.

It was August 16, 1923, when we arrived in Denver, CO, our final destination. Anything else would be a different story.
THE SEMINOLE INDIAN MURDERS OF DANIEL HUBBARD

By JAMES W. COVINGTON, Ph.D.

In August, 1850 an orphan boy disappeared from a farm and after an investigation, it was determined that he had been carried off by Indians and murdered. Billy Bowlegs, a principal leader, was notified of the incident and after some time delivered three alleged murderers of the boy to civil authorities at Tampa where they were confined in the Hillsborough County Jail. Within a short time their bodies were discovered hanging from bars in the cell—death by suicide or murder. This is the account of the rather strange events that took place during the apprehension of the alleged criminals.

On Aug. 6, 1850 an orphan who lived on the farm of Jesse Sumner located near the boundary line of Benton and Orange Counties disappeared. The boy had been sent by Sumner to the nearby farm of Edward Crews to drive cattle to the Sumner farm. Although Sumner had seen or heard signs of Indians in the neighborhood—their fires and a gunshot, he was not concerned about the safety of the boy. When Hubbard’s horse returned to the farmhouse without saddle or bridle, Edward Crews, Wiley Mobley, Hiram Brick and Sumner searched through the area to a spot where they found evidence that the boy had been seized by the Indians.

Several months later after aroused citizens began to put pressure upon their representatives in Tallahassee and Washington, Seminole Emigration Agent Captain John Casey received a letter from the Secretary of War telling him to demand the surrender of all those Indians who had taken part in the apprehension of the boy and if this was not done, the President of the United States would hold the whole tribe responsible for the murder.

MURDERERS DELIVERED

Actually, the means of settlement for such events had been agreed upon during the previous year. In 1849, a band of Seminoles had killed one man on the East Coast, vandalized a village there and killed two more at a Payne’s Creek trading post on the West Coast. Within a short time Billy Bowlegs had delivered three of the alleged murderers to military authorities at Charlotte Harbor.

After the three murderers had been chained and led away, the other whites went below the deck leaving behind Major-General David E. Twiggs, an interpreter and the Seminole leaders together in a steamer cabin. Then, Twiggs told the Indians that he had been ordered to remove them from Florida but would pay them at so much a head to leave the state. Assinwar, a secondary leader, opened the response to Twiggs with the following words:

"We did not expect this talk. When you begin this new [removal] matter, I felt as if you had shot me. I would rather be shot. I am old, and I will not leave my country. General Worth said he spoke for your President, too—that he was authorized to make peace and leave us quiet in our country; and that so long as our people preserved the treaty, yours would. For many years you
have had no cause to complain; and lately, when a few bad young men broke the law, a thing that cannot be prevented among any people, did we not hasten to make atonement? We met you as soon as we could, and promised to give ample satisfaction; and from that day we have not rested. We have killed one of our people, and have brought three others to be killed by you, and we will bring the fifth. There has been much trouble and grief; but we have done justice, and we came here confident that you would be satisfied. Now, when you ask us to remove, I feel as though you had killed me, too. I will not go, nor will our people. I want no time to think or talk about it, for my mind is made up."

Billy Bowlegs concluded the meeting with these words:

"We have now made more stringent laws than we have ever had before, and I have brought here many young men and boys to see the terrible consequences of breaking our peace laws. I brought them here that they might see their comrades delivered up to be killed. This business has caused many tears, but we have done justice.

I now pledge you my word that, if you will cease this talk of leaving the country, no other outrage shall ever be committed by my people; or, if ever, hereafter, the worst among my people shall cross the boundary and do any mischief to your people, you need not look for runners, or appoint councils to talk. I will make up my pack and shoulder it, and my people will do the same. We will all walk down to the sea shore, and we will ask but one question: 'Where is the boat to carry us to Arkansas?'"

When the prisoners were returned to Tampa, Twiggs did not notify Governor of Florida Thomas Brown that he intended to deliver them to civil authorities for trial but approached Justice of the Peace and Judge of Probate Hillsborough County Simon Turman requesting that he use his influence to "prevent a civil process" being issued against the Indians. In presenting the delay request, Twiggs convinced Turman that he would use the Seminoles as guides during the efforts to remove the entire tribe from Florida.6

CIVIL AUTHORITIES

When James Whidden, father of the young man who had been killed at the trading post attack, visited Twiggs he was told that the Indians would be kept under guard and after the removal plan had been tried, they would be delivered to the civil authorities of Hillsborough County for trial.7 Joseph B. Lancaster, Judge in the Southern Judicial Circuit Court and who would have presided at a possible murder trial was told the same story by Twiggs.8 Yet, on Feb. 28, 1850 when some seventy-four Indians were shipped from Fort Hamer on the Manatee River to Indian Territory, the three were included in the shipment, given five hundred dollars each and the civil authorities were not given any notification.9

Unknown to the Tampa people, the military had learned that other persons involved in the two attacks were still at large and since they could not be apprehended, the three, having rendered some service in securing the removal of more than seventy persons, were sent unpunished to Indian Territory.10 The people of Tampa awaited another opportunity to give a civilian style of punishment to criminals. Such an opportunity was presented in the case of the missing Hubbard boy.
There were a few Indians called "outsiders" that roamed beyond the limits of the Indian reserve and Captain Casey believed that some of these were the ones who had taken the boy. According to John Casey the "outsiders" were considered outlaws and had been banished from the principal group of Indians and could not take part in the Green Corn Dance. Included in the ranks of the "outsiders" were Chipco and five other Muskogees, seven Mikasukis, six former members of Bowlegs' Band, one Creek and one Yuchi.11

**WITHLACOOCHEE HEADQUARTERS**

In November, 1850 J. L. Sparkman gave a deposition to Casey which stated that three weeks after the disappearance of the boy he had seen an Indian camp on the Pelakehaha Trail some distance from the reserve. On October 1 he went out again and saw a deserted encampment near the headquarters of the Withlacoochee River which had five houses with double roofs made of cypress bark and four that had roofs that were flat. Nearby were fields of rice, peas and corn.12

In response to Casey's request that he be allowed to seize these "outsiders" and hold them responsible for the safe return of the boy, Secretary of War Conrad gave his approval. This proposal however did not work and Casey was forced to resort to negotiation with Billy Bowlegs.

By January, 1851 Casey was able to contact Bowlegs and learn the names of three of the killers of Daniel Hubbard, Pahosee, Yaholee and Oklahlachulee and arrange for a council with the Indians on April 13, 1851.13 Casey demanded delivery of the three and Billy promised to bring them to Casey as soon as possible. In the council held on April 13, 1851 Casey, T. K. Walbridge and interpreter Ben Bruno met with Bowlegs, Assinwar and three others. Bowlegs was not able to deliver the three murderers at this meeting and indicated that if he were not careful in his approach, they would escape to the North. Bowlegs wanted another meeting ten or twelve miles distant at Cabbage Key but Casey told Bowlegs that two previous meetings scheduled there had failed due to nonappearance by the Indians. In a conversation held in English with Casey, Bowlegs suggested that at the coming Green Corn Dance, the three be given much whiskey so that they could be seized without much of a problem.14

**TOUGH ON BOWLEGS**

Bowlegs at this time was in a tough situation for he had promised to leave Florida if the three alleged murderers were not surrendered and yet they probably were from Chipco's band—a group not under the control of Billy. Finally, lowaneah Hajo and Nokas Hajo, message carriers, came to Casey and told him that in a council held near Assinwar's house and attended by Chipco, it was decided to enforce the agreement of 1849 and the three should be taken into custody when they came to trade.15 Finally, the three visited Walbridge's store in Fort Myers and were arrested on May 17, 1851 nearly nine months after the murder. Within a short time the three were delivered by Casey to civil authorities in Tampa. On May 19 the sloop Kozak carried the three Seminoles and six whites including Walbridge to Tampa where the Seminoles were surrendered to Justice of the Peace Turman on the next day.16 The prisoners were rather talkative claiming that Chipco did not like them and alleging that men from Chipco's band had done the actual killing.17 Casey believed the three-Pahosee aged 50,
his son Yaholee aged 19 and Oktahlahchulee aged 20 were scapegoats and Chipco and three of his followers did the actual killing.

The entire affair ended in a rather startling event. After the three had attempted an escape from the Hillsborough County Jail located at the corner of Water and Washington Streets in Tampa, Constable Campbell used harsh language and chained the Indians in their cell. At noon on May 23, 1851 the three were found hanging from the bars in their cell. According to a report one was found to be still alive but was not cut down until the next day when he was dead. According to Casey many citizens believed that the Seminoles had been executed by Sheriff B. G. Hagler, Constable William A. Campbell and young Whidden, Campbell’s son-in-law and brother of Dempsey Whidden killed in the Payne’s Creek attack. It was a terrible end to the affair of the murdered orphan.

NOTES

1 Secretary of War to Captain John Casey October 7, 1850, John Casey Papers, Thomas Gilcrease Museum Library, Tulsa, Oklahoma.

2 Jesse Sumner to Casey November 20, 1850, Casey Papers.

3 Secretary of War to Casey October 7, 1850.


5 Unidentified newspaper clipping Collection of Clippings from Contemporary Newspapers 1836-1865, Jacksonville Florida Public Library. Assinwar was a father-in-law of Billy Bowlegs.

6 Ibid.

7 Testimony of Simon Turman sent to Governor Thomas Brown, Box 2, Folder 4, Correspondence of Governor Thomas Brown, Florida State Archives, Tallahassee, Florida.

8 Joseph B. Lancaster to O. B. Hart April 27, 1852, Correspondence of Governor Brown.

9 Ibid.

10 General David E. Twiggs to Secretary of War George W. Crawford March 1, 1850 Sewte Executive Document 49 31 Cong., 1 sess. 84-85.

11 John Casey’s Diary, John Casey papers.

12 November 12, 1850 Deposition of J. L. Sparkman, Casey Papers; so far as it can be ascertained, the body of Daniel Hubbard was never found.

13 Diary of John Casey January 10, 1851, Casey Papers.

14 Notes of Council April 13, 1851, Casey Diary.

15 Ibid.

16 Notes May 13, 1851, Casey Diary

17 Casey Diary.

18 Ibid.

19 Notes, Casey papers.

20 Helen Byrd, "Genealogical Sketch of the Whidden Family," Hillsborough County Historical Commission, Tampa, Florida.
Robert Mugge, a blond German came to America in 1869 at age 17. He was born Jan. 5, 1852 in Lauterberg, Germany. He looked up some relatives in Terre Haute, Indiana. He was soon followed by his entire family; his parents, a brother Louis; a sister Bertha, and her husband, Louis Mann.
Robert Mugge was a jeweler by trade. In Indiana he married Alice McCullough, a milliner, and they had three sons. After the death of his father, who is buried in Terre Haute, Robert Mugge, who suffered from asthma, decided to go south to Cuba. The family most probably boarded a schooner in Mobile, which was to take them to Cuba via Tampa, Florida. The ship remained in Tampa for a few days to unload its cargo and since Robert Mugge like the village, he decided to remain. This must have been in 1875.

His folks in Indiana followed shortly thereafter. Louis Mann, his brother-in-law, was a tailor and they decided to go into business together and as a sideline they opened a grocery and general merchandise store. He bought a quarter of a block of land located at the northeast corner of Marion and Jackson streets. According to records in the court house, he paid $50 for it. He erected a two-story wooden building. The store faced Marion Street with rooms for rent on the second floor. The family lived in another two-story building in the rear facing Jackson Street.

**YELLOW FEVER STRIKES**

In 1876 Mugge took out naturalization papers and became an American citizen. In February 1879, his wife Alice and their three sons died of the yellow fever and were buried in Oaklawn Cemetery. The graves are unmarked since the markers in those days were made of cedar wood.

A few years later, Robert Mugge wished to remarry and corresponded with Caroline Rautenstrauch who lived in Goslar,
Germany. She came to America by boat and landed in Fernandina, Florida, where she and Robert Mugge were married Oct. 12, 1882. Mugge had chartered a schooner owned by Captain George Hansen of Tampa. The schooner traveled around the state of Florida to arrive in Fernandina. They returned to Tampa by the same schooner.

Tom died in September 1898 from typhoid fever and Alice in 1902 a few days after birth. (Some of the children were named after presidents and Nellie was named after Mrs. Adolphus Busch of Anheuser-Busch Company fame. Mr. and Mrs. Busch spent their winters at the Tampa Bay Hotel and the two families were close friends.)

**HELPED BUILD TAMPA**

Robert Mugge died Dec. 17, 1915, at age 63, and was buried in a newly acquired family plot in Woodlawn Cemetery. The funeral was reported to be one of the largest ever held in Tampa and was held from the family home on a Sunday morning. Robert Mugge devoted his life to the building of Tampa which he loved so well. He would invest every dollar he made in Tampa thereby giving employment to thousands of breadwinners. He was a law-abiding citizen and would not tolerate any violation of any kind by his employees. He and his estate in later years paid well over $1,000,000 in City and County taxes in addition to a large number of occupational licenses.
In 1922, Caroline Mugge and three of her daughters moved into a new home on Hills Avenue in Hyde Park. The family home and buildings on Marion and Jackson Streets were demolished and a two-story brick building was erected on this property. The building was leased to a Ford Agency for ten years. Presently, 1989, a ground level parking lot is located on this property.

Upon his death, The Tampa Tribune published this eulogy:

**A GREAT MAN GONE**

Robert Mugge was an old citizen of Tampa but not an old man, and was a remarkable character. A man of intelligence and business acumen. One of the most enterprising of our citizens. A man of energy; he fought the battles for fortune unsurpassed though afflicted physically. This was a "great" man, though few people knew it, nor did he. Greatness does not consist in any one attribute. There are many kinds of greatness. Mugge was great in his defiance of public opinion. Fashion and customs he did not regard. He was great in that he had a courage that the mediocrity do not know.

I am going to say that this man was earnestly honest, and honesty is a virtue. I do not believe that he loved money, but he certainly did like the game of finance. Had he been worth $20,000,000 he would have been the same plain, simple, earnest working man. I knew him, I thought quite well of him, and I know that he was a friend to his friends. Though he was a much hounded and persecuted man, it is a fact that he cared little for the javalins of his enemies - those who did not see things as he did. He was a strong" man, I mean a "great" man.

Let the Bay View Hotel be his memory. Are we not proud of it?

Following his death, The Tribune wrote:

GOODBYE, BAY VIEW!
‘Implosion’ Wrecks Tampa landmark, Feb. 24, 1980
--Photo by HAMPTON DUNN, Copyright 1980

Their nine children were:
Louisa Melanie Mugge 1883-1930
(Regener)
Eugene George Mugge 1885-1939
Frances Cleveland Mugge 1888-1971
(Reiner)
August Bremer Mugge 1890-1979
Melanie Wilhemina Mugge 1892-1934
Thomas Paine Mugge 1895-1898
Martha Washington Mugge 1897-1978
Nellie Busch Mugge (Petri) 1899-1982
Alice Roosevelt Mugge 1902-1902
CHRISTMAS IN FEBRUARY

"It is told that Mr. Mugge operated the only store here which dealt in Christmas toys and such articles... one holiday season he had ordered his usual shipment from Mobile, which was to come forward by schooner. The Christmas ship was caught in a storm and was damaged so badly that it was necessary for it to go into dry dock for several weeks, missing its trip to Tampa.

As Christmas approached and no consignment of toys had been received, nor any possibility for receiving them was held out, it was decided to postpone Christmas.

Many native Tampans or old time residents of the city remember the postponed Christmas. The ship finally arrived along in February, according to Sheriff W. C. Spencer, who was a child at the time and upon whose mind the delayed celebration was greatly impressed.

With the receipt of Christmas goods by Mugge’s store, arrangements were made for an unseasonal visit of Santa Claus, and Christmas went off just as if the ship had been on time and Santa had made his usual rounds on December 25.

Robert Mugge first attracted attention in December 1884 when he put up the first street lights in town in front of his Marion Street home and Bottling Plant. Said The Tampa Tribune: "Mugge’s example is one that many other good citizens would do well to follow."

CHANGES BUSINESS INTERESTS

In the early nineties the first floor of the building in which the grocery and general store was located was transformed into living quarters for the family. The building in the back was used for storage purposes. Robert Mugge abandoned the grocery, general store and jewelry business.

He became the sole owner of the following enterprises:

BOTTLING PLANT. It must have been in the early 90s when Robert Mugge erected the Bottling Plant adjoining his home on Marion Street with Caroline Mugge’s garden in between the plant and their home. In the rear of the Bottling Shop was a huge wooden tank into which water was pumped daily from a well. In the shop itself, in one
corner was the boiler room and in another
the syrup room where Robert Mugge
concocted the various syrups which were
used in the manufacture of lemon,
strawberry, sarsparilla, and soda water. Old
time machinery, the bottles were
individually filled by a machine operated by
the bottler, Robert Mugge. In another corner
were the vats where the bottles were
washed.

MORE ABOUT THE BOTTLES . . .

In the fall of 1988, during excavation of
Marion Street in preparation for the
construction of the Hartline Bus Mall which
will provide a central public transportation
hub for Tampans, many broken bottles were
dug up in the area of Jackson and Marion
streets.

Ironically, Lee R. Cullens, Jr. of Clearwater,
superintendent of Nelson Construction
Company, who is very distantly related to
the Mugge family by marriage and who
knew nothing of the family history of earlier
days, brought a bottle home with the name
“Robert Mugge” on it. When Lee Cullens’
nieces saw the bottle they knew immediately
that the bottle belonged to their great, great
grandfather. The bottle had been buried in
the ground for over a century. The unused,
broken bottles had been used as a border for
the paths in Caroline Mugge’s garden.
Recent correspondence and pictures from
granddaughter, Marie Mugge Diegelmann of
Germany, confirms the bottles were indeed
used in Caroline Mugge’s garden. Marie was
born in Tampa and lived on Pierce Street
during her childhood and remembers well
the gardens of her grandmother.

ELECTRIC LIGHT PLANT. In the latter
part of the 80s he built an Electric Light
Plant on his property on Central Avenue. It
would start to operate at six in the evening
and close down at midnight. Often the lights
were very dim and often there were
breakdowns. The boilers were at first fed
with wood hauled from his acreage at
Bloomingdale where the trees were felled
and hauled in dummy engines and in teams
to the factory. Later two huge tanks were
sunk into the ground filled with oil which
supplied the boilers. The plant never was a
financial success. Mugge was instrumental
in the building of an Electric Light Plant In
Port Tampa City, selling, in 1891, the
machinery and equipment adequate for a
plant of sufficient power to serve the town
including 25 miles of wire at one-half of
what it would have cost from the
manufacturer. There is a letter in existence
dated July 15, 1891 to Captain J. W.
Fitzgerald, general superintendent of the P.
& O., in which he made the offer to sell. The
plant was in operation for many years.
ICE MANUFACTURING PLANT. It was imperative that Mugge build this Plant, since he had secured the agency of the Anheuser-Busch Brewing Company of St. Louis, brewers of Budweiser and other beers, draft and bottle. He eventually went into the wholesale and retail liquor business and had saloons in all sections of Tampa, St. Petersburg, Port Tampa City and Plant City. The wholesale establishment was located on Franklin Street in the 300 block, adjoining the city hall.

DISTILLERY. Robert Mugge became the owner of the first legalized distillery in the state of Florida. This was located in a wooden structure at the corner of Cass Street and Central Avenue.

NEW ORLEANS-TAMPA TRANSPORTATION LINE. This was created in 1900. The Eva L Shenton, a three-master, which brought as its cargo, not only his goods, but was utilized by other merchants in Tampa. He chartered another ship that ran to Havana and Honduras. This ship sank during a terrific storm between Honduras and New Orleans. The storm in 1901 destroyed Galveston and the venture was abandoned. Robert Mugge owned some property along the waterfront. This was sold in 1925 to clear the right-of-way for the Platt Street Bridge.

SUNLIGHT MANUFACTURING COMPANY. In 1906 he became interested in this company. It produced individual operated gas installations for small towns where there were no gas accommodations. He became a stock holder and erected a two-story brick structure at the corner of Cass and Central Avenue in which the machine shop was housed. Later the firm went bankrupt and Robert Mugge took it over. It never was a paying investment and it was liquidated in 1921.

ROBERT MUGGE-THE BUILDER

AMUSEMENT PARK. In 1896 in partnership with B.M. Balbontin, a Spaniard, he operated an amusement park. It was located outside the city limits in the eastern part of Tampa and was known as Palmetto Beach or DeSoto Park. A dancing pavilion was built on the property in connection with a bar. The Forpaugh Family, trapeze artists, gave open air performances, with a balloon ascension in the afternoon. The balloon would ascend after having been filled with smoke and a parachute attached to it. The balloonist would perform all kinds of stunts before the parachute was detached. The balloon would fall to the ground or at times in the bay or in a tree. Bowling alleys were installed and a bath house was built. Great crowds came, mostly of the Cuban population. The old pavilion stood for many years even after the park had become city property.

During 1900 and 1913, he built a number of brick buildings and houses in all sections of Tampa. Some of them are:

One-story brick building at the corner of Scott and Central.

Two-story brick building at the corner of Central and Harrison.

Two-story brick building at the corner of Cass and Central.

Two-story building opposite Union Station.

Two-story building at the corner of 7th Ave. and 22nd St.
There were other brick buildings in West Tampa.

In 1906 Mugge leased a vacant lot at the northwest corner of Cass and Franklin Streets for 20 years and proceeded to erect a two-story brick building. Before it was completed, the second floor, which was to be occupied by an Armory was destroyed by fire.

**BAY VIEW HOTEL.** In 1912 he built a ten-story warehouse on Jackson Street between Franklin and Tampa Streets. It was a very unsuitable location with no railroad track or wharfage. The building was built of reinforced concrete. After its completion, he planned to change it into a hotel at an enormous expense. On each floor there was a large, ornately decorated lounge. Said Mugge "The way I've got it figured out this hotel is a cross between a YMCA and a ten-story bar room." The finished hotel was completed in January 1915 and was called the Bay View. The formal opening took place on Jan. 16, 1915. The hotel was demolished in 1980 to make way for the Paragon Building.

Before converting the warehouse into a hotel, he erected a three-story brick building at the corner of Central Avenue and Harrison Street which was intended as a hotel for the black population. The Central Hotel was completed in late spring of 1914.

Robert Mugge never employed an architect. He had a foreman by the name of B. H. Davidson. He would inform him of his plans and gave him a free hand. Robert Mugge's son, August B. Mugge, returned from his schooling in Germany with a degree in engineering and architecture and in 1914 supervised the completion of the Bay View Hotel with Mr. Davidson as foreman.

**BEACH HOUSE.** In 1912 he built a summer home for the family in Anna Maria Key. The entire family took turns in visiting the island every summer. Robert Mugge never saw the house. The house stands to this day and is owned by Fernando and Gladys Torres of Tampa.

**ROBERT MUGGE-THE MAN**

Clad only with an undershirt, trousers, shoes and coat, Mugge would conduct his business. He wore bluish linen clothes, winter and summer the same and he was spotlessly clean. He was endowed with boundless energy, going full speed an average of 18 hours out of 24. He never employed a bookkeeper, nor owned a typewriter or adding machine. His office was a small space in the center of the wholesale establishment on Franklin Street where you could see a high desk with a stool and in the back of this, a small table and arm-chair. He transferred by hand from the order book to the bills which had to be collected on Monday morning. All letters were written by hand, no receipts kept, he had a remarkable memory and could give you an answer at a moment's notice. He could talk with you while he was writing letters or listening over the phone. At this time he would converse with Mr. Davidson, his plumbers or electricians in reference to a building under construction. He would read the daily papers while he was eating.

In 1901 he became a member of the Board of Public Works. He aided many worthy causes, among them the Children's Home located on Washington and Marion Streets. His name appeared on the list of the month as one of the highest contributors.

In 1908 he wrote a book, in conjunction with Captain John R. Jones of Anna Maria Key, entitled "Practical Humanity." The book was published.
THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR

In 1898, during the Spanish-American War, American troops were brought to Tampa by rail and they marched down Franklin Street to the northern part of the city where they were encamped. The camp was in the neighborhood of Michigan Avenue (now Columbus Drive). The soldiers were mostly volunteers from the west and were commanded by General Shafter, who had his headquarters in the Tampa Bay Hotel. Robert Mugge built a large saloon in an orange grove near the camp. The contractor had to build the entire structure in one day, including fixtures. The counter had a length of 80 feet and the soldiers were served by eight bartenders. It was open at all times and was known as the "Noah's Ark." When Tampa was first mentioned as an embarkation for the troops, Robert Mugge wired Anheuser-Busch for a trainload of beer. The company wired back: "There will not be a war and we do not sell beer by the trainload." But there was a war and he got beer by the trainload. The "Green Goose Saloon" in Port Tampa also was supplied. The soldiers embarked from Port Tampa for Cuba, in all about 50,000 men. On the day the treaty was signed in August, the Noah's Ark was destroyed by fire.

THE OIL PAINTING

There is a story attached to the picture of Robert Mugge taken in 1915. At the time the Bay View Hotel was completed, Robert Mugge installed bowling alleys and pool tables on his property on Franklin Street. On a Sunday morning, a photographer appeared and wished to take a picture of the alleys. On the finished picture, in the left-hand corner of a long roll, appeared the picture of Robert Mugge reading the newspaper. This being the only picture of Mr. Mugge in existence the photographer enlarged the picture and shaded in the background dark. A few years following Mr. Mugge's death in December 1915, his son August Mugge observed some paintings of former Tampa mayors on the walls of various council chambers. He secured the name of the artist from former Mayor D.B. McKay. A German artist, Wilhelm Teschner, was given permission to paint, in oil, this enlarged picture at a cost of $25. The artist had gotten small advances on the promised $25 and when the picture was finished the family was so well pleased they gave him an additional $75. A few months later the artist's body was found in an attic in Ybor City, with a brush and palette in his hands. He must have died of a heart attack. Since there were no relatives, the City of Tampa provided a lot in Woodlawn Cemetery and friends got up a 11 purse" to pay for funeral expenses. A Methodist minister officiated.

(Editor's Note: Margaret Regener Hurner is the granddaughter of Robert Mugge.)

SOURCES

Information taken from: "Memoirs " a biography of Robert Mugge, authored by his son, August B. Mugge.

Also from the book "Tampa" by Karl H. Grismer, and various newspaper clippings over the years.
"Tampa" Tommy Gomez

BOXING’S HARDEST PUNCHER’

Career Ends
With Loss to
Satterfield

(Edward’s Note: In the boxing world, the name of Tampa’s Tommy Gomez will long be remembered. His career was reviewed by Angelo Prospero in a column in the February 1989 issue of RING THE BIBLE OF BOXING, reprinted here).

"Tampa" TOMMY GOMEZ was one of the hardest punchers ever in the heavyweight division. He fought from 1939 when he kayoed Jack Wallace until 1950 when he lost a 10-round decision to Bob Satterfield.

Gomez had 87 fights, winning 76 with 64 KOs, a knockout percentage of .735. Twenty-eight of his starch jobs came in either the first or second round with another 21 coming in Round Three.

Undefeated in his first 33 contests, 26 by knockout, his streak was stopped by veteran Buddy Scott, the self-proclaimed heavyweight champion of the South. Gomez started another streak, avenging the loss to Scott.

Gomez enlisted in the Army in 1942, but still managed to work in five bouts while in service, knocking out Tony Musto and Buddy Knox and losing only to Johnny Flynn in Madison Square Garden.

Sent overseas in 1944, Gomez was a highly decorated infantryman who was severely...
wounded as the Yanks were crossing the Ruhr River, suffering 16 bullet and shrapnel wounds.

Upon discharge he returned to the fistic wars, reeling off six consecutive knockouts and garnering an elimination title bout with the resurrected Jersey Joe Walcott, the number one contender.

The fight was strictly no contest as the cagey Walcott made the lunging Gomez miss with his haymakers and then countered with smashing blows stopping him in three rounds. After a following loss to Joe Matisi, Gomez announced his retirement November 4, 1946.

However, the following March, he made a comeback and scored 10 straight knockouts. Included among his victims were former conquerors Buddy Scott, Johnny Flynn, and Joe Matisi. Lee Oma put a halt to his winning ways, but Gomez won 11 with nine kayos, drew one and lost one in his next 13 bouts.

However, he lost a slugfest to hardpunching Bob Satterfield and called it a career. Gomez went on to the securities and investment business after boxing and recently retired. The proud father of four girls, he spends time these days with his new hobby, making cigars.
Meet The Authors

MARY CATHERINE BURKE, a resident of Tampa since 1955, is a Social Studies teacher at MacFarlane Park Alternative Program for Pregnant Students. She received her BA degree from the University of Florida and her MA degree from the University of South Florida. In the summer of 1988, she received an Independent Study grant from the National Endowment for the Humanities to research a biography of Blanche Armwood. She is the proud mother of eight-month-old Natalie Marie.

DR. JAMES W. COVINGTON is Dana Professor of History at the University of Tampa and a past president of Tampa Historical Society. He received the D.B. McKay Award for his contributions to Florida history. Dr. Covington has written five books the most recent The Billy Bowlegs War and many scholarly articles.

HAMPTON DUNN for more than 50 years has been prominent in the communications fields of journalism, radio and television broadcasting and public relations in Florida. For years he was managing editor of The Tampa Daily Times, has been a commentator for WCKT-TV in Miami, was for nearly three decades an executive of the Peninsula Motor Club (AAA) and continues as a AAA consultant. Currently, he also is a prize-winning regular Florida historical reporter on WTVT-TV, Channel 13, Tampa. He is author of 15 books on Florida history. Active in many historical and preservation groups, Dunn is President of the Florida Historical Society. He also serves as editor of The Sunland Tribune. Tampa College conferred on Dunn an honorary degree of Doctor of Humane Letters when he was commencement speaker in 1987. His alma mater, the University of Tampa, conferred on him an honorary degree of Doctor of Humane Letters in 1989, and gave him its Distinguished Public Service Award when he was commencement speaker in 1975. He
was a Major in the Air Force in the Mediterranean Theater during World War II.

TED A. GONMR was born in Kentucky but has been a resident of Tampa since 1913 and has been identified with the electrical business since 1920. He and Ronald Foley formed the Hamilton-Gower Electric Co. in 1932. It merged with H. P. Foley Co. in 1973. Gower retired in 1976. During World War II, Gower was in the U.S. Navy Seabees serving overseas two years in the Pacific Theater.

DANA M. GROFF, JR. was born in Tampa in 1949. He attended Plant High School and later was graduated from Lambuth College in Jackson, TN with a BA in Fine Arts (73). He worked for his father’s firm, Groff Industries, for 15 years as a vice president and marketing manager. For a short period, Dana also operated his own art gallery on MacDill Ave. He is currently a freelance illustrator/writer and has published his first book, The Pirate Gasparilla: His Life and Times (Reviewed in The Sunland Tribune, 1988).

MARGARET REGENER HURNER is a native Tampan and graduate of Hillsborough High School. Daughter of Herman H. and Louisa (Mugge) Regener and granddaughter of Caroline and Robert Mugge, pioneer Tampans. She is a member of the Tampa and Florida Historical Societies and Ybor City Museum Society.

BETTIE PEREZ is a Tampa native, daughter of Maria V. Mansell, who was author and teacher of Conversational Spanish to Meet Every Need, was associated with the YWCA during the 1940s. Her grandfather, Ramon Valdespino, was an Ybor City lector and founder of La Traduccion, Spanish-English newspaper, forerunner of today’s La Gaceta. Bettie graduated from Plant High School and Tampa Business College. She’s now retired after 12-year ownership of Banana Box Gift Boutique in Ybor Square and Carrollwood. She is married to Louis Perez, who was
general manager for 30 years of Las Novedades Restaurant. They had four children, two of whom are Florida journalists: Skip Perez, editor of The Lakeland Ledger, and Anthony Perez, news editor of the Leesburg Commercial.

TONY PIZZO, first president of Tampa Historical Society and a recipient of the D.B. McKay Award, is a native of Ybor City and author of Tampa Town 1824-1886 and co-author of Tampa, The Treasure City. He is a retired executive of Fruit Wines of Florida. Pizzo was named Tampa's Outstanding Citizen by the Civitan Club in 1956 and Ybor City's "Man of the Year" in 1954, 1976 and 1985. He holds the official designation County Historian.

EMILIANO JOSE SALCINES, a prominent Tampa attorney, was born at the Centro Asturiano Hospital of Tampa, July 18, 1938, to naturalized American citizens orginally from Spain. His mother was born in Candamo, Asturias and his father in Laredo, Santander. A graduate of Riverside Military Academy in Gainesville, GA, the author received his Bachelor of Arts Degree from Florida Southern College in Lakeland, and his Doctor of Jurisprudence Degree from South Texas College of Law in Houston, TX, and he currently serves on its Board of Trustees. He has done post graduate law studies and is a visiting lecturer at Northwestern University College of Law in Chicago. He served as Chief Assistant United States Attorney for the Justice Department (1964-1968) and was the elected State Attorney for Hillsborough County (1968-1985). He has received numerous awards from civic and bar associations, including the Florida and American Bar Associations, the Florida and National District Attorneys Association, the Mexican National Association of Attorneys, the Buenos Aires, Argentina Bar Association and he was knighted by King Juan Carlos I of Spain into the Royal Order of Queen Isabella. A frequent lecturer on local history, he is a member of the Tampa and Florida Historical Societies.

ROBERT E. SIMS, who died Sept. 10, 1989, was a member of the Tampa and the Florida Historical Societies. He had lived in
Hillsborough County most of his life and called Brandon his home. A retired member of the Tampa Police Department, he found time to devote to his study of local history and in writing of articles pertaining to his research.
"Little fishes can bring big bucks" must have been on the minds of two men, a Chicago-based worldwide chemical salesman and a Union, New Jersey pretzel factory owner, as they migrated to Hillsborough County, Florida during the height of the depression years.

Albert Greenberg, the chemical salesman, a world traveler whose hobby was the collection and propagation of exotic aquatic plants, had visited Florida numerous times during the course of his business travels. Like many others during the middle 1920s he speculated in Florida real estate and among other holdings he owned a four-acre parcel within the city limits of Tampa and another larger piece near Adamsville in south Hillsborough County.

In 1933 the chemical firm, Greenberg’s employer, declared bankruptcy and ceased operations. Out of a steady job, Greenberg decided to go into business for himself. With only meager savings to back him, he began turning his hobby, aquatic plants, into a business. Operations were begun at the four-acre Tampa site under the name...
Everglades Aquatic Nursery; address, 708 Plaza Place, Tampa, Florida.

Norton Jennings, the young firm’s first employee, tells us: "It was depression time and I needed a job, any job. Somebody told me about Mr. Greenberg trying to dig pools and build a building by himself. So I went by and asked for a job of helping him. He told me he didn’t have much money; he could only pay me a dollar a day. That was all right with me. One dollar was better than no dollar. I worked seven days a week and was paid seven dollars. We dug those pools and built the building and we planted plants. Before long we were harvesting plants and selling them."

Everglades Aquatic Nursery did raise and sell some tropical fish, but the propagation and sales of aquatic plants was Albert Greenberg’s first priority.

GUPPIES STARTED IT ALL

At about the same time Greenberg and Jennings were digging pools in Tampa’s sand, a pretzel factory in Newark, New Jersey caught fire. But let us not concern ourselves with the damage to the bakery, but let us look through the burned-out floor to the basement below where was housed, of all things, a tropical fish hatchery. The fire occurred in December, the building’s heat was cut off, the basement flooded and frozen. The fish, thousands of them, were dead.

Herbert B. (Jim) Woolf, Jr., the son of the pretzel baker, had been given a pair of guppies and an aquarium on his twelfth birthday. The boy had been fascinated with his new interest and soon the single tank became many until an entire section of screen porch was taken over. Before long Mr. Woolf, Sr. became interested and suggested to his son they turn the basement of the bakery into a hatchery and open a small retail outlet.

The venture met with moderate success. In fact the retail sales demand soon exceeded the production of the basement hatchery. Fish were purchased from wholesalers for resale.

At that time most fish sold in the U.S. came from Hamburg, Germany. They were shipped by boat through the Panama Canal to Los Angeles. An employee would accompany the shipment to ensure the cans stayed warm, the fish were fed and the water filtered.

Any fish produced in the U.S. were raised in the north, either in indoor tanks or outdoor pools and had to be taken indoors by September.

FLORIDA IS CALLING

Then came the bakery fire. The basement and all the fish, breeding stock included, were gone and no insurance to effect replacement. The retail outlet continued to be moderately successful, but the Woolfs wanted to raise their own fish for resale. Finally it was decided, they would come to Florida and raise fish in the warm, tropical climate for sale at their Newark store.

Mr. Woolf loaded his family’s possessions, his wife, Hilda, and teenage son, "Jim", into a large, black van that had been used to deliver pretzels and other foodstuffs to neighborhood taverns in the Newark area (I remember it well. Across the rear painted in large, white letters was "HIT ME EASY, I’M FULL OF NUTS") and headed south.
"Looking back on it", pondered Jim Woolf, "I can't understand why he moved us down here lock, stock and barrel. Why he didn't come down here on a trial basis, I'll never know."

Their first Florida venture into the tropical fish hatchery business was the purchase of a very small defunct hatchery near Gibsonton. The operation consisted of three pools and six concrete vats. But bad luck continued to dog them. The first year, November, 1934, there was a hurricane and the following winter, a freeze. As Jim put it, "One flooded us out and the other froze us out."

The small hatchery was closed down and a retail store was opened in Tampa on Lafayette Street (Kennedy Blvd.). Once again Jim Woolf tells it as it was:

"The store was nice, but no business; no money. Up north people engaged in their tropical fish hobby during the winter months when the cold weather confined them to their homes. Down here the people are outside year around.

"By the summer of 1936 we were broke. I didn't even have a yearbook at my graduation from Hillsborough High in 1936. We couldn't afford it."

Jim doesn't remember how or why, but he found a 20-acre tract on U.S. 41 at Adamsville that was perfect for a large scale hatchery. The land had been cleared and a
flowing well on the property had enough pressure when its valve was opened to push a stream of water 25 feet into the air. The water maintained a constant temperature in the 70s, a big help during cold weather.

H.B. Woolf, Sr. was disgusted, discouraged and tired. His pretzel business and northern fish hatchery had burned down. His small Florida hatchery was flooded and frozen out and his Tampa retail outlet was operating in the red. He was ready to pack his family and their belongings back into the bakery truck and head north. But young Jim had found the 20 acres at Adamsville and was sure "THIS WAS THE PLACE."

HANDSHAKE AGREEMENT

Senior and Junior had a long talk upon Jim’s graduation from high school. Finally the elder Woolf left it up to his son, should they stay in Florida and raise tropical fish or return to Newark and the pretzel business. Upon a handshake they agreed, father and son, to stay in Florida. That is how the firm of H.B. Woolf and Son was founded.

The Woolfs reached an agreement with Albert Greenberg (Everglades Aquatic Nursery), the owner of the 20 acres, to buy his property and suddenly they were back into the tropical fish hatchery business. But just because you own 20 acres of cleared land with an artesian well on it does not mean you own a hatchery-. Pools had to be dug, breeding and warehouse buildings had to be built, pumps, pipes and hoses were needed. A tractor was built from an old wrecked passenger car. Concrete and glass vats were needed for breeding some varieties of fish and on, and on, any number of articles that were essential. And then after everything was in place, breeding stock had to be obtained. All this cost money, a commodity of which the Woolfs did not own an abundant supply.

The Tampa retail store was closed down and equipment (tanks, small air pumps, etc.) was transferred to the Adamsville facility. Everything that could be used was brought over from the four-acre Gibsonsont site and the property sold. Money was borrowed wherever it could be had and material and equipment purchased. Young Jim recruited a number of his Hillsborough High School friends to dig pools in the hot, late summer sun. (I remember it well, I was one of those boys!) Suddenly, it all came together; everything was right and the Woolfs could see the light at the end of the tunnel. But they still had a long way to go.

HARDSHIPS OF WAR

Now in 1937 there were two Hillsborough County firms, H.B. Woolf and Son and Everglades Aquatic Nursery producing fish and plants for northern hobbyists. Both businesses flourished, but then came World War II.

The demand for the products continued through the war years, but the suppliers were hardpressed to keep up due to two elements beyond their control - manpower and transportation. All the young men were entering the armed services and the older men were working at the shipyards. Both Woolf and Greenberg saw their number of employees dwindling to almost nothing.

Jim Woolf had learned to fly in 1938 and at the beginning of the war he obtained a position with the Army Air Corps as a civilian flight instructor at the Arcadia, Florida, air base. Later he flew for Pan-American Grace Airways out of Lima, Peru. Jim's absence from the fish farm was a
hardship, at the time, for the elder Woolf. But in the long run, it proved to be a large plus for the firm’s operation.

Transportation of the product to northern markets was a real problem. Everything was moved by rail and the armed services held the priority. Many times shipments would not reach their destinations on time and the shipping cans would be filled with dead fish. After all, they could survive just so long in their cramped and often cold quarters.

The relief of the transportation problem came in the form of moving vans. Vans would travel south loaded with furniture and household goods and return empty. Moving company’s southern agents were delighted to obtain northbound payloads when Woolf contacted them regarding delivering fish to northern markets. The shipping cans were wrapped in blankets and trucks drove straight through to New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Washington, St. Louis and Chicago.

**TAKING TO THE AIR**

Finally the war was over and the men came home to their jobs. But transportation continued to be a problem for Hillsborough County’s tropical fish industry. For some reason rail service did not improve after the war and the availability of empty northbound moving vans was not predictable. Commercial air transport would seem to be the answer.

Two airlines, Eastern and National, served Tampa during the late 1940s and early ’50s. For some reason Eastern would not take tropical fish for shipment. National, on the other hand, would accept the fish, but their planes were relatively small and many times lacked space to handle freight. By this time the number of fish hatcheries doing business in Hillsborough County had increased but the available shipping space had not. The situation was becoming critical, something had to be done.

H.B. Woolf and Son, continuing to be the largest hatchery in the County, had the answer - operate their own airline to move the product to northern markets. This is when Jim Woolf’s flying experience paid off.

At first a relatively small twin-engine plane was purchased, but it immediately became apparent the ship was not suited for their needs. In 1947 the firm acquired a Lockheed Lodestar, a former Army plane used to train navigators. It was modified and converted into a freight carrier suitable for their use.

At first, one trip per week was scheduled, one week to eastern markets (New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Washington) and the following week to the midwest (St. Louis, Chicago, Cincinnati). Word spread by dealers pleased with Woolf’s speedy delivery service soon reached other tropical fish wholesalers and resulted in more customers placing orders for Woolf fish.

**MORE RIDDLES TO SOLVE**

By this time the Woolf firm, in addition to their fish were wholesaling plants produced by Everglades Aquatic Nursery. So in effect Albert Greenberg’s transportation problems were solved by the Woolf air service.

The plane’s capacity was limited to approximately two tons of cargo, therefore it became necessary to find a way to carry more fish and less shipping container weight. At first the fish had been shipped in circular metal cans filled with water. In 1951 with the help of a local container manufac-
turer the Woolfs designed a square waterproof, cardboard container much lighter than the metal can. Using the box with less water than used in the cans, container weight was cut in half. However the system had its downside, too. Less water meant less oxygen for the fish to breathe. To offset this problem, an aerating system pumping fresh air through the water while in flight was installed in the plane. Finally it was found that fish could be shipped in plastic bags that did not need aeration and cut down the container weight to a minimum.

By 1955, H.B. Woolf and Son was operating three Lockheed Lodestars on regular schedules, but it was becoming more and more evident that their operation was becoming too costly. Non-scheduled air freight carriers could be chartered cheaper than the cost of the same run made with their own aircraft. The Lodestars were sold and the fish were shipped via "non-sched" freight carriers.

During the 1960s the nation’s airlines converted their fleets to jetliners capable of hauling far more baggage and freight than their predecessors. Now all Hillsborough County-produced tropical fish are shipped via scheduled commercial airline.

By 1953 H. B. Woolf and Son’s hatchery had grown to 135 acres containing 1,200 pools and 2,000 tanks. Twenty-seven employees helped to raise and ship 100 varieties of fish.

The senior Herbert Woolf’s health had become progressively poorer during the early 1950s until in 1952 he was forced to retire. He passed away at his Davis Island home in 1960. Jim Woolf operated the business alone after his father’s retirement until 1963 when he sold the firm to Hartz Mountain Corporation, who continues to operate it today. Jim now enjoys retirement at his beautiful lakeside home in Lutz.

Meantime, Everglades Aquatic Nursery had outgrown its four-acre operation at 708 Plaza Place, Tampa, and had expanded onto a 20-acre tract known as Eureka Springs, near what is now the intersection of U.S. 301 and Hillsborough Avenue.

Later Albert Greenberg was to turn the business over to Norton Jennings, his longtime trusted employee. In 1967, Greenberg gave 15 acres of the Eureka Springs tract to Hillsborough County with the provision it be made into a County park. He kept one acre on which his home is built and he lives there now in peaceful retirement.

What is the future of the tropical fish breeding industry in Hillsborough County? Jim Woolf replies:

"I think it’s good. The market is still there. Those fellows are making more money now than they ever did."

A recent Hillsborough County Extension Service Bulletin states:

"Aquaculture (water farming) has experienced dramatic increases in the U.S. with many Floridians looking at its potential. Currently, Hillsborough County is the uncontested leader in the state's aquaculture, supporting a healthy tropical fish industry. Florida produces an estimated 95 percent of the tropical ornamental fish produced in the U.S., and Hillsborough County accounts for about 90 percent of Florida's production. Centered in the south of the county, producers are growing over 600 varieties of fish."
"An estimated 20,000 boxes of tropical fish leave Tampa International Airport each week, generating 3-4 million dollars in revenue for the airlines each year, making it the largest air-freight commodity in the state."

One must surely admit the tropical fish industry has come a long way since young Jim Woolf received that pair of guppies for a 12th birthday gift!
ROBERT E. SIMS,  
SUNLAND TRIBUNE  
WRITER, DIES AT 70

Robert E. Sims, regular contributor to the Sunland Tribune-including this issue-died at his home in Brandon on Sept. 10, 1989. He was 70 years old. A native of Chicago, he had lived in the Tampa Bay area since 1935.

Sims was a member of both the Tampa and Florida Historical Societies. A retired Tampa police sergeant, he spent much time researching and writing local history. His latest article, "Of Fishes and Men," is featured in this issue of the THS Journal.

A U.S. Army veteran of World War II, Sims was a member of Brandon Christian Church Disciples of Christ.

He is survived by his widow, Flora R. Sims; one son, Lee R. Sims, Brandon; his stepfather, W. Steven Sims of Brandon; two brothers, William S. Sims, Jr., Harvard, Ill., and Wiley D. Euwer, Quincy, Ill., one grandchild and one great-grandchild.
Asturias is a historic region in the northwestern part of Spain with a population of more than 1,300,000 inhabitants. Some say Asturias has been "walled in by the hand of God" with its million variations of green practically wrapped in mist, cliffs, peaks, slopes, valleys, rough coastline, beaches, coves, plateaus and rivers. The language of its people is Castilian but in many of its remote mountain villages one can quickly identify certain words and descriptions as the old "bable asturiano" (the regional dialect of old Astures). The name Asturias is a combination of two Basque words, Ast and...
Ura, meaning "mountain water."

Its coastline, to the north, is today called the Bay of Biscay, but the Spaniards still refer to it as the Cantabrian Sea. Its southern boundary is the large Cantabrian mountain range, extending 300 miles from the Pyrenees mountains in the Basque region in the far east to the provinces of Galicia in the west. This mountain range has long been referred to as the Picos de Europa (Peaks of Europe). With peaks reaching almost 9,000 feet, navigators approaching the northern coast of Spain from the Atlantic could see these peaks as navigational marks identifying the continent of Europe.

The Cantabrian tribes stoutly resisted domination by the Roman invaders. The Roman armies considered the tribes of this area of Hispania to be one of the most untamable, independent and freedom-loving people. The Romans first attacked them about 150 B.C. and took almost 130 years to subdue this relentless enemy, partially annihilating these cantabrian-celtiberian tribes. In fact, the Cantabrian tribes gave the Romans more trouble than any other people in the Empire.

The Kingdom of Asturias began in 739 and it became a Principality in 1388. Oviedo had been the capital of Christian Spain since the 9th century and became the capital of the Principality.

MENENDEZ CITED

That rugged Cantabrian coast and the unique mixture of bloodlines produced intrepid leaders, excellent navigators and cartographers that were used in the early explorations and colonization of the New World. Among many of these was Pedro Menendez of the town of Aviles. The King of Spain had singularly chosen him to succeed in establishing the first permanent European (Spanish) settlement in that vast land mass called La Florida, which extended from what is now the State of Florida north to the State of Virginia and west to what is now Texas. Other Spaniards had attempted to establish permanent settlements in the panhandle of Florida, the Atlantic coastline of South Carolina and Virginia, but all had failed. In his flagship San Pelayo, Pedro Menendez de Aviles (as he is better known), at age 46, succeeded as the founder of San Agustin de la Florida on the feast day of Saint Augustine in 1565. He presided in the first historically documented "thanksgiving feast" in what is now the continental United States, with Indians and Europeans dining together 55 years before the Mayflower and...
the Pilgrims. That took place here in Florida on September 8, 1565 following a solemn Mass concelebrated by four Spanish priests in honor of the birth of the Blessed Virgin.

Many more settlers followed from Asturias and other parts of northern Spain. Spanish names were given to important landmarks including the St. Johns River and other waterways. The archaic Spanish-Asturian dialect of the time would pronounce the name John (Juan) as "Xuan" pronounced "shoe-ah-nee" and the Little John (River) was "Xuani", pronounced "shoe-ah-nee" and some say that is probably why we have what is known today as the Suwannee River. One prominent Asturian name is the town of Oviedo, northeast of Orlando, named after the capital of Asturias, but the town's people today pronounce it "Oh-vy-eh-doe" rather than the Spanish pronunciation of "Oh-vee-eh-doe."

Many missions were established by order of the Asturian Pedro Menendez in the lands surrounding St. Augustine and they were furthered in their development by many of the Asturians that followed Menendez. Many missionaries were killed by the Indians of the area.

As the Governor of Florida, Menendez visited around Tampa Bay, Fort Myers, Jacksonville and other areas. Four hundred twenty years later and fifty-two Hispanic Governors of Florida, another product of Asturian descent occupies the Governor's chair - not in St. Augustine or Pensacola - but in today's capital of Tallahassee. Governor Bob Martinez is the grandson of immigrants from Asturias who came to Tampa with the cigar industry at the turn of this century. Among the many descendents
of Asturians involved in the contemporary history of Florida are Mayor Xavier Suarez of Miami; Federal District Judge Jose Gonzalez of Fort Lauderdale, son of former Tampa Postmaster Jose A. Gonzalez (Past President of the Centro Asturiano in Tampa); Florida Secretary of Labor Hugo Menendez, now in Tallahassee; Chief Circuit Judge Dennis Alvarez (formerly on the Board of Directors of the Centro Asturiano in Tampa); others in the Tampa judiciary, Circuit Judges Roland Gonzalez, Manuel Menendez and Robert Bonanno (Fueyo); Former President of the National Education Association Braulio Alonso of Tampa, and former President of the Florida Senate Louis de la Parte of Tampa, just to name a few.

During the first half of this century, Tampa became the single largest Spanish and Asturian population center in the United States. Asturians in Tampa were found in every level of community life enriching daily the economic, social, educational and cultural vitality of Florida. Among them were giants of industry, personal friends of dignitaries (including the King of Spain) to lectores (readers in cigar factories), escogedores (the elite selectors in the cigar factories), dairymen and restauranteurs.
In Tampa, the Spanish pride, self-confidence and independence were evident by the establishment of the first mutual aid societies in the United States. The Centro Espanol de Tampa was formed by immigrants from Galicia, Asturias, Santander, Barcelona, the Canary Islands and other areas of Spain, Cuba and Italy. Thereafter, the large influx of more Asturians generated the formation in 1902 of their own club, El Centro Asturiano (The Asturian Center) and their first mutual aid society hospital (sanatorium) in 1904. They reverently called it (Sanatorio de) "La Covadonga" in honor of the Blessed Virgin, who inspired Pelayo. A statue of Our Lady of Covadonga may be seen in its shrine today at the Centro Asturiano Hospital in Tampa.

The origin, formation and structure of the original Asturian Club in Tampa was copied from its parent organization in Havana, Cuba, which was organized in 1886 and called El Centro Asturiano de la Habana. Members of the club had reciprocal medical, pharmaceutical and hospitalization benefits should a member of the club become ill while visiting another country with a sister club. A similar club was formed in Miami.

In Tampa, the proud American-Asturians acknowledge that their ancestors had the vision to establish in this advanced health care provider protection many decades before the advent of Medicare, Medicaid, HMO's or other hospitalization plans. They rightfully boast that their law-abiding ancestors' hard work and independence permitted them never to become a burden or public charge to the American taxpayer. Their club membership not only entitled them to these and other health care benefits, such as nursing care facilities, but also entitled them to burial in the clubs' cemeteries.

Cultural enrichment was an integral part of the life of Spaniards in Tampa at weekly theatrical performances, musical presentations and zarzuelas (Spanish light opera), where major artists from Europe and the Americas appeared. There was an insatiable desire to "saber y estar al tanto de las cosas" (to know and be aware of current events) sparked daily by the "lectores" and the discussions and debates that followed in the cafes of West Tampa and Ybor City. The club had a plentiful and constantly replenished library where books, newspapers and magazines in both English and Spanish from Spain and other Spanish-speaking countries were available. These people were among the best informed workers in the world.

In Tampa, Spanish folklore was always in abundance. Many recreational activities (romerias, verbenas and fiestas) were sponsored annually, where typical Asturian
foods such as fabada Asturiana (a stew of butterbeans with Spanish chorizo, ham, blood sausage and bacon), tortilla Asturiana (Spanish omelette containing potatoes, onions, chorizo or ham and eggs), arroz con leche (a milky rice pudding flavored with cinnamon and lemon rind), plenty of apples, cherries, strawberries and fruits similar to those in the old country as well as an abundant supply of cold sidra (apple cider from Asturias) were served. Folk songs were accompanied by the Asturian drum and gaita (a bagpipe similar to the Scottish bagpipe except that the Asturian bagpipe has only one pipe whereas the Scottish has three) and the dancing of the regional jotas (folk dances) of that region. Many men would wear the typical Spanish boina (beret) and women would wear their regional colorful outfits. In the main ballroom of the clubhouse, formal dances have regularly had overflowing attendance enjoying excellent orchestras and bands both from this country and from Spain. The dance floor was always packed when they played the “pasodoble” (two-step) - Spain's national dance which resembles the polka.

The American flag has always been respectfully displayed at the Centro Asturiano de Tampa together with the flag of Spain and the regional flag of Asturias. They are still there in the Board Room of the Centro Asturiano Clubhouse in Tampa. The blood, lives and limbs of American-Asturians have been proudly given for the Stars and Stripes. The same love of freedom and independence of their ancestors was evident whenever the need arose and the United States was under attack. Pictorial Honor Rolls of the men and women serving in the Armed Forces were prominently displayed in the Clubhouse of the Centro Asturiano during the World Wars.

Medals for bravery, Purple Hearts, field commissions and distinguished service were commonplace. During the Korean War, a son of an Asturian father and Italian mother, Marine Lt. Baldomero Lopez of Tampa, a graduate of the United States Naval Academy, received posthumously this nation's highest award, the Congressional Medal of Honor. He is buried here in Tampa in the Cemetery of the Centro Asturiano, his childhood club.

The Spanish presence and the Asturian footprints and those of their descendents have been left all over America, though not always as documented or as visible as the fantastic archives, books, photographs, minutes and resolutions found in the documents given by the Centro Asturiano of Tampa to the University of South Florida Library. But every day, somewhere in the front pages or back pages or somewhere in the news, whether TV, radio, newspapers or magazines, Spanish and Asturian footprints or presence are there. Consider these names in the headlines during the past few weeks: Valdez, Alaska; Cordova, Alaska; Cape Canaveral; Seve Ballesteros; Al Lopez; Lou Piniella; David Magadan; Frank Lorenzo; Manuel Lujan; Lauro Cabazos; Tony LaRussa (Cuervo)...

SOUTHERNMOST POINT

Looking at a map of the United States our most southern point is Cayo Hueso, now pronounced Key West. From east to west you find St. Augustine (the oldest city in the U.S. founded by the Asturian Menendez) and Cabo Canaveral (meaning Cape Sugar Cane) in Florida [discovered on Pascua (Easter) Florida (flowery)].

As we prepare for the 500th anniversary of the Encounter of the New World
(1492-1992), let us reflect and remember, as descendents of Spaniards, Asturians, Cantabrians and others alike, that before the trees were grown to get the lumber to build the Mayflower and the boats that came to Plymouth Rock (1620) and Jamestown (1607) - the Asturians and other Spaniards were not only in the United States... they had already established the oldest city and the oldest state capital, the earliest missions in this country and found the Grand Canyon (1546). Their fellow countrymen had already explored and settled other parts of the Americas, established three universities in the New World (1538, 1551, 1553) and had also circumnavigated the world (1522). By the time the Puritans and the Pilgrims were trying to adjust to their new diets, the Asturians and their children were already in urban renewal in San Agustin de la Florida.

Asturians, Spaniards, native Americans, English, Italians, Irish, Poles, Germans and other Europeans, Africans, Asians and many others form our great and glorious United States of America. Regardless of our ancestry, we are all children of this great country.

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THE SUCCESS OF BLANCHE ARMWOOD
(1890-1939)

By MARY BURKE

"Success should be measured not by the power, prestige, or wealth that one has attained, but by how many obstacles one has to overcome to achieve a goal."

Booker T. Washington

"What you are is God’s gift to you; what you make of yourself is your gift to God" reads the inscription at the front of the Armwood family scrapbook. This poetic concept aptly describes the character of Blanche Armwood. An early twentieth century Renaissance woman, Ms. Armwood steadfastly held the values of hard work, religious morality, and judicial equality before the American consciousness. She used diplomacy to present these ideals to the American public. Called a "Female Booker T. Washington," Armwood served as liaison between the black and white races. She was administrator, educator, innovator, writer, and poet. She organized Domestic Science Schools throughout the South, served as Executive Secretary of the Urban League and Supervisor of Negro Schools in Tampa, and in 1938 received a law degree from Howard University. By the time she died in 1939, Blanche Armwood had made herself a "gift", not only to her God, but also to her community, her race, and to all humanity.

Born in Tampa, Florida, Jan. 23, 1890, Blanche was the youngest of five children. Her father, Levin Armwood, Jr. arrived as a boy by wagon train from

Georgia in 1866. Her mother, Margaret, was the eldest of 12 children born to Adam Holloman, owner of citrus groves and county commissioner. The two married in 1878. Together, Levin and Margaret raised a family which extolled traditional Christian values of hard work, thrift, and love of God. A trusted member of the community, Levin Armwood became Deputy Sheriff, Supervisor of County Roads constructed by prisoners, and Tampa’s first black police officer. Margaret earned extra money as a dressmaker. Three children, Walter, Idella, and Blanche survived to adulthood. All became model citizens. Walter, an architect, became principal of Brewer Normal School in South Carolina. Idella, a Home Economics teacher in Hillsborough County, officer in the Lilly White Society, and remained active in women’s clubs and community activities.

**RACISM NO MAJOR PROBLEM**

Although the black community into which Blanche was born was largely self-contained, blacks held responsible leadership positions and owned city and county real estate. Blacks established their own businesses, schools, and churches. According to Hazel Orsley, cousin of Blanche Armwood, it was not until the 1920s, when Bay area population began to boom, that racism became
a major problem. As community focal points, the church and school provided Blanche with her earliest opportunities to exercise leadership ability. She developed oratory skills and sang in the church choir. Although they were not Catholic, the Armwoods enrolled Blanche in Saint Peter Claver, an excellent school available to black children. After graduating with highest honors, Blanche continued her education at Spelman Seminary in Atlanta, Georgia. In 1906, she graduated "summa cum laude", merited a teaching certificate, and at the age of 16 began teaching in the Tampa public schools.

In 1913, following a whirlwind love affair, Blanche suspended her teaching career, married attorney Daniel Webster Perkins, and moved to "The Roost" in Knoxville, Tennessee. However, her moral convictions doomed the marriage to failure. Frequently a small boy and his mother would stand near the entrance to the Perkins’ Knoxville home. When Blanche discovered that the boy was her husband’s illegitimate son, she had the marriage annulled.

**WARTIME COOKING**

Blanche Armwood Perkins had returned to Tampa by 1914. Recognizing
Blanche’s popularity with the black community, the Tampa Gas Company solicited her to become their only black domestic science expert. This venture opened many doors. In conjunction with the Tampa Public Schools, a domestic science school was opened. Following the success of the Tampa school, additional domestic arts schools opened in Athens, GA; Roanoke, VA; and Rock Hill, SC. Blanche moved to New Orleans in 1917 where she established the New Orleans School of Domestic Science.

In an effort to keep the home fires burning, Blanche published a 37 page wartime cookbook—Food Conservation in the Home in 1918. The introduction extols patriotism.

Unless the individual American home, the unit of the Nation’s strength will pledge itself to strict economy and conservation, there is imminent danger of defeat for the Nation because of famine in the ranks of our Allies.

We will use corn, rye, barley, oats, potatoes and other wheat substitutes while we enjoy the comfort of our homes and save the wheat for the valiant fighters in France. Every pound of white flour saved is equal to a bullet in our Nation’s defense.

Included are recipes for Southern Fried Chicken, Sweet Potato Biscuit, and “Victory” Bread.

Substitute "Victory" potato salad for meat by cutting four medium sized boiled potatoes into cubes, mixing with two boiled beets cut likewise, three gherkins, two olives, one-half cup minced parsley or one-half cup left-over green peas. Mix with highly seasoned mayonnaise dressing.

Conservation is stressed.

. . . when fat becomes old and has absorbed tastes and odors of food that makes it undesirable, it may oftentimes be clarified by cutting up a white potato in it and heating it to a high temperature, the potato will absorb much of the distasteful odor. This fat may then be strained and used for frying or other cooking.

Substitutes for sugar include corn syrup, cane syrup, or honey. The cookbook contains breakfast, lunch, and dinner menus, and also a page on food preservation. Food Conservation in the Home provides insight into the
meticulous, scientific technique that Blanche emphasized in her domestic arts curriculum.

Publications of the period, including *The Gas Age* and *Tampa Tribune* refer to Blanche as a female Booker T. Washington. Blanche saw nothing degrading in hard work. This is reflected in her schools’ mottos: "Lifting Labor from drudgery to attractiveness" and "She worked willingly with her hands." Like Washington, Blanche Armwood was a pragmatist. She knew that jobs for black women were restricted to domestic work.

A quote from a 1916 The Tampa Daily Times illustrated how, through diplomatic oratory, she was able to direct white money toward her individual projects:

The housewife in the South trusts her household affairs to her domestic servant. If the servant is well trained and efficient, and does her work conscientiously and well, a relation of confidence grows up between the white employer and her colored servant, which develops into love. This cannot but result in a higher respect for the colored servant and the colored race. This is a feeling that we are all striving to develop.

The *Tampa Tribune* referred to her as "a thoroughly educated colored woman" who could "handle her race." *The Gas Age* of 1916 stated, "She is gifted with natural oratory, and had no papers
prepared…. Expressions were heard on all sides from the members that if she had been a man there would be no further place to seek someone to take Booker Washington's place.”¹⁰

**SOUGHT AS MEDIATOR**
When a Cook's Union sought to organize in New Orleans in 1918, Blanche was careful not to take sides. She avoided confrontation stating, "I insist the efficient cook will always be in demand and will receive higher wages. The New Orleans School of Domestic Science proposes to produce skilled cooks and just there its mission ends.”¹¹ Because of her diplomatic manner, whites increasingly sought out Blanche to be a mediator between the black and white races. Blanche was the only black cooking instructor continually employed by southern gas companies and she accepted the position of Supervisor of Home Economics, working under the extension division of the Louisiana State University and the United States Department of Agriculture.

Like other early twentieth century progressive women, Blanche Armwood was involved in teaching, church work, and club work. From her earliest years, she was an active member of the National Association of Colored Women. Connection with this organization led her to become politically outspoken. She continuously fought for black hospitals, black businesses, for childcare for working mothers, and for homes for juvenile delinquents. She was instrumental in organizing the First Federated Club of Tampa, the Louisiana State Federation of Colored Women, the Southeastern Division of Colored Women's Clubs, and was the state organizer of the N.A.A.C.P. of Louisiana.

An intelligent and literate woman, Blanche Armwood was influenced by the black leaders of her day. Her speeches and writings, and her association with the Republican Party suggest an in-depth knowledge of current events. She was no doubt familiar with Washington's *Up From Slavery* and DuBois's *The Souls of Black Folk*. Dubois's September 1918 Crisis even contains an article praising Blanche Armwood and the New Orleans School of Domestic Science.”¹²

**NO WASHINGTON CLONE**
Her values most closely parallel those of Booker T. Washington. Like Washington, Blanche was diligent, disciplined, and extolled the dignity of labor. Self-reliance, unselfishness, and a careful attention to detail were important to her. Whereas Washington had Tuskegee Institute, Blanche directed the New Orleans Domestic Science School.

Blanche believed that an expanded control of the economy by blacks would lead to greater social equality between the races. Like Washington, Blanche exercised a conservative attitude toward labor unions. Perhaps, because both lived in the South, both realized the pragmatism of sometimes accommodating the white political establishment.¹³

However, Blanche was no Washington clone. Ida B. Wells and W.E.B. DuBois also served as role models. Like Wells, Blanche was involved in the crusade against lynching and Jim Crow laws. Blanche joined DuBois's National Association for the Advancement of Colored People and fought the unfairness of the disfranchisement laws. A portion of The Tampa Daily Times
newspaper article about juvenile courts serves to illustrate:

During the late session of our state legislature, the Negroes of Florida drooped in sadness at the passage of such unjust measures as the "grandfather clause," which will practically deprive thousands of honest, full-fledged, taxpaying, patriotic, liberty-loving citizens of that manhood right, the franchise .... 14

Throughout the teens, Blanche was also an outspoken activist for the causes of temperance and women's suffrage. Both Wells and Armwood were members of the N.A.C.W. and worked for the Republican Party. In 1920, the Republican Party commissioned Blanche Armwood as a speaker promoting the election of Warren G. Harding.

**URBAN LEAGUE EXECUTIVE**

Meanwhile Blanche married Dr. John C. Beatty, a dentist, and moved to Alexandria, LA, in February 1919. Dr. Beatty was a graduate of Howard University Dental College, and had practiced dentistry for several years. Although personal letters were not available in the scrapbooks, John appeared to support Blanche's career. He relocated his practice to Tampa in 1922 when Blanche became first Executive Secretary of the Tampa Urban League.

Aware of Blanche Beatty's reputation as speaker and organizer, Jesse Thomas, southern field director of the National Urban League, encouraged her to become the first Executive Secretary of the Tampa Urban League. During her tenure as Executive Secretary, Blanche worked tirelessly to improve conditions of Tampa's 22,000 black citizens. The Urban League, composed of prominent members from both races including Tampa's mayor Perry G. Wall, worked to establish a library, hospital, high school, day nursery and kindergarten, public playground, and child health program for sole use by the black community.

One objective on the Urban League agenda was the establishment of an all-black subdivision where blacks could own their own homes. This subdivision would be so designed that eventually all blacks would live within its borders, with none in the other seven sections of Tampa. This area was to have paved streets, electric lights, sewerage, public transportation, and police protection." 15 Blanche's uncle, John Holloman, and A. J. Prince were both real estate developers in the subdivision area. They were both willing to sell lots for reasonable prices so that more families would be able to own property. Blanche endorsed this plan because many blacks suffered squalid living conditions in an area called "The Scrub." 16 Property ownership would help to foster pride and self-confidence in the black community. However, in 1926, her successor, Benjamin Mays, bitterly opposed the all-black subdivision believing it would create even greater segregation. He abandoned this plan stating the subdivision would be "highly undesirable, impractical, unwise and unsafe for Negroes; that the facilities would be too long being provided; that in case of racial conflict Negroes could be located and abused too easily for comfort." 17

**SCHOOL ADMINISTRATOR**

In addition to holding the position of Executive Secretary of the Urban League, Blanche Beatty was Supervisor
of Negro Schools for Tampa and Hillsborough County between 1922-1930. Blanche Beatty sought to upgrade conditions in black schools. One of her major concerns was the length of the school year. White children attended school nine months of the year, whereas black children only attended six months. By 1926, Blanche had equalized the term for black children to nine months. During her term in office, five new school buildings were built for blacks, teachers’ salaries were increased, and Parent-Teacher Associations were organized for every black school in Hillsborough county. Overcrowding was relieved and sanitary conditions improved.

One of the highest achievements was the establishment of Booker T. Washington High School, which in 1930 became the first accredited black school in Hillsborough County and one of the few in the entire state. Both blacks and whites were proud of this achievement. When Blanche resigned in 1930, The Golden Tiger, Booker T. Washington High School’s newspaper offered its thanks. “…Mrs. Beatty has labored day and night through the sunshine and storm to have Booker Washington reach its present goal. She now feels that she can retire from her labor in the Negro educational work of Tampa with a degree of satisfaction.”

Of course, service as Executive Secretary and School Supervisor were not enough to keep Blanche busy. She remained an officer in several clubs, most notably the National Association of Colored Women and the National Republican League of Colored Women. In 1927 President Coolidge appointed Blanche to tour New England, to speak on behalf of the Republican Party. Always involved in education, she supported the renaissance of black achievement in the arts, and as a close friend of Mary McLeod Bethune, used her oratory skill to raise funds for Bethune-Cookman.

BACK TO BARBARISM?

Blanche had definite opinions on the role of women in society. She fought the opposers of women’s suffrage tongue in cheek claiming “Our sympathies go out to the opposer of the woman in politics, however, since we realize the apparent unfairness of the arrangement by which each woman is allowed two votes: her own and that of the man whose action she governs.” A woman should be a “lady”-- dependable and reliable, and above all, demand respect. She achieved this by being well groomed and gracious, by keeping a tidy house and preparing nutritious meals; by exercising her intelligence. It was the responsibility of women to uphold society’s morals. With this in mind, Blanche was appalled by the moral atrocities committed by the 1920s flappers. She writes,

"Alas too many of our women and girls wear costumes that are positively indecent, inviting insult and improper advances from the masculine sex, then criticizing the weakling that they themselves have created; calling attention to the baser part of our natures as we walk the streets, instead of demanding respect and admiration by the utter seclusion of our animal natures and the presentation of the nobility, the personality, the 'God in us', as did the woman of former ages, who walked head and shoulders erect and chests prominent to show that they were
somebody .... Are we returning to barbarism?"20

Considering Blanche's straight-laced view of morality, it would be interesting to speculate on what she would say about today's woman of the eighties!

In the late twenties tragedy struck when John Beatty was shot and killed during a struggle with the family chauffeur. Details surrounding the killing were sketchy, but it was finally ruled accidental. This brought a period of devastation and illhealth to Blanche. She became involved in churchwork, where she met Edward T. Washington, a maintenance supervisor, for the Interstate Commerce Commission. The two were married in 1931 and moved to Washington, D.C.

EARN LAW DEGREE

Throughout the thirties, Blanche continued her push for success. Her positive, extroverted, yet carefully controlled personality kept Blanche in demand for speaking engagements. Even despite bouts of illness, she remained active in the N.A.A.C.P., N.A.C.W., and served as President of the John Wesley Zion Church Choir. As aide to Republican Congressman Oscar De Priest of Illinois, speaking engagements on behalf of the Republican Party continued. Neither did she neglect her ties with Florida or Tampa. Blanche continued her fund raising for Bethune-Cookman, and as the Depression deepened, she organized the Golden Rule Recovery Alliance to provide help for needy Tampa blacks.

Her interest in politics and in promoting legislation fair to both races led Blanche to enroll in Howard Law School in 1934. She obtained her juris doctorate degree in 1938. A letter from Peter 0. Knight, a prominent Tampa attorney, indicated Blanche was considering practicing law in Tampa. However, because of numerous speaking engagements her practice was delayed.21 During one such speaking tour, Blanche became ill and died in Medford, Massachusetts, on October 16, 1939; presumably from thrombophlebitis.22

Upon her death Blanche (Armwood) Washington was eulogized by Dr. Benjamin Mays, President of Morehouse College, at the John Wesley A.M.E. Zion Church in Washington, D.C.; and again eulogized by Reverend C.S. Long, Presiding Elder of the St. Paul A.M.E. Church of Tampa. She is buried in the Armwood family plot in the "A Unione Italiana Cemetery" in Tampa. On October 4, 1984, Congressman Michael Bilirakis of Tampa, offered a tribute to Blanche before the House of Representatives. In the same year, Blanche Armwood Comprehensive High School opened in Hillsborough county. A $500 college scholarship to encourage scholastic excellence was established in her name. Armwood High School stands as a monument to the life of Blanche Armwood.

The success of Blanche Armwood was influenced by the variables of sex, race, and the historical and social context of the early twentieth century America in which she lived. Her process for success was drawn from a strong moral commitment to the goals she had selected as a young girl. Family values laid the basis for these goals. An extroverted, self-confident personality made it possible for Blanche to thrive in the leadership positions into which she was placed. Blanche's conservative and diplomatic
policy toward race relations led to acceptance by the white power structure. Finally, Blanche did not deviate from what she believed to be right, and even when failure and personal tragedy occurred, she did not give up the fight.

**NOTES**

1 The early family history of the Armwoods and most of the information contained in this paper comes from an interview with Ms. Hazel Orsley during the Summer of 1988, and from the family scrapbooks in her possession.

2 In 1895 white residents in Hillsborough County numbered 24,046 and black residents about 7,014; or about 24 white s for every 7 blacks. Ernest L. Robinson, History of Hillsborough County, Florida. Tampa, 1928, p. 92. See also Otis R. Anthony and Marilyn T. Wade, A Collection of Historical Facts About Black Tampa. Black History Research Project, 1978. Fact #14, p. 3: In Hillsborough County in 1880, there were 2,917 blacks who comprised one third of the total population. By themselves, black males of voting age numbered 2,500. Fact #35, p. 7: The Negro population in Tampa increased from 4,383 in 1900 to 18,583 in 1925, to 23,323 in March, 1927


4 Ibid., assorted recipes.

5 Ibid.

6 The Gas Age, April 12, 1916, New York City; also Tampa Morning Tribune, Friday, April 7, 1916.

7 First motto from Tampa School of Household Arts (1916). Second motto from Tampa School of Household Arts (1917), and New Orleans School of Domestic Science (1918).

8 The Tampa Daily Times, April 6, 1916. Orsley scrapbook.

9 Tampa Sunday Tribune, November 21, 1915, p. 8-A Orsley scrapbook.

10 The Gas Age, op.cit., scrapbook

11 New Orleans Times-Picayune, May 21, 1918. Scrapbook


13 See also John R. Durham, "Blanche Armwood: The Early Years 1890-1922," pp. 22-23.

14 The Tampa Daily Times, June 2 6, 1915. Orsley scrapbook


17 Mays, op. cit., p. 112.

18 The Golden Tiger, volume 1, No. 2, Tampa, Thursday, December 11, 1930. Orsley scrapbook

19 Blanche Armwood, "Woman's Sphere of Helpfulness," scrapbook


21 According to Mrs. Orsley, who lived with the Washingtons during the late thirties, Blanche's oratory was calm, direct, and to the point. Her charisma drew the audience into the topic.

22 Phlebitis coupled with exhaustion was suggested by Mrs. Orsley. In the scrapbook collection a letter dated December 20, 1937 from Dr. Lester Julian Efird, Blanche's Tampa physician suggests phlebitis.

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In the late 1930s, long before the military term R&R became meaningful, my mother taught me the value, the vital necessity of that exercise. My training ground: the original YWCA Building which housed the Cafeteria and a Ladies Powder-Room, furnished for lounging. I learned lifetime lessons there, though neither of us knew it then.

I was a fresh teenager and hated the place, at first. Supposedly, summertime, out of school, were carefree days of youth. Not for me; mother worked in an office downtown. Home alone and playing the streets, was not an option; going to work and lunch with mother at the "YW" was not either; this was required duty.
That Young Women’s Christian Association Building, corner of Twiggs and Morgan Streets (1926-1951) was not their first home, nor the last. First established 1913 in a home on that same corner, the house was torn down for the “new” building and finally "modernized" on the corner of Pierce and Twiggs and sadly, is nonexistent anywhere now, though the original building still stands.

That structure, cool-beige concrete was simple, straight harmony inside and out. Sky-bluegreen trim, arched entrance double-doors, and tall palms shading long windows all around suggested its welcoming characteristics.

The Cafeteria was a noontime haven for mother, for any working-girl, or in today's vernacular: "single-parent-working mother."

A term, by the way, this generation thinks they invented. Someone should tell them how prior families survived a depression, pre-penicillin illnesses, and polio, stretched between two World Wars. Stressed-out working mothers? You bet. They fought battles of hunger, home and health. Nevertheless, for my mother at least, some bit of tranquility prevailed at the "YW".

Lunch-HOUR there meant exactly that: The full HOUR. Never a noisy fifteen-minute "break" at a sandwich counter or a half-hour "brown-bag" on a bench.

THE HELPFUL MISS TABER

Beginning with the side-door parking, no more than a minute away from your car; then home-cooked food, served and shared with friends on both sides of the counter; and ending in the Ladies Lounge for a
twenty-minute nap - no more, no less - the "YW" was gentility personified; our nourishment for body, sustinence for soul. People were at peace there, even through World War Two.

Mrs. Frank Farmer, now deceased, supervised the Cafeteria longer than I can remember and I think she wrote the rule-book on "service with a smile." If we could but call her back.

Miss Gladys Taber, also deceased, was Executive Director for 37 years from 1926-1963; her encouraging hand was always out to mother, even years later after I was gone from home.

REMEMBER THE STUDEBAKER

Mrs. Gladys Fellows, Office Manager for eight years through the Forties, endeared herself to us when she invited me to her office and she explained the switchboard to me, among others things. Her family owned Fellows Motors. They sold Studebaker cars. After we became friends, mother drove a Studebaker almost until she died. I sold her last one in 1968; it was fifteen years old, and a classic. When I got married our first car was a Studebaker. You could say my chats with Mrs. Fellows were unforgettable.
The food had a tea-room touch without tea-room prices. I am talking budget here. One dollar furnished you a meal with a cloth napkin; hearty entree, small biscuits already buttered came in three's, and home-made Tapioca, unseen and unheard of today. If you wanted apple-pie instead, you paid twenty-cents extra. We paid it: Oh my, did we! Mother never baked like that. Plump, with freshest fruit, crust so flaky-warm, they crumbled even as you glanced at them. I ate my first crunchy-cheesy-topped apple-pie there. Never did anything compare, unless it was "Goody-Goody's Drive-In" cream pies, which was another form of relaxation altogether, too long a story for now.

After lunch, the Powder-Room offered us yet another friend: an oasis for mother's nap. Both room and nap were more than necessities for her. This was real-life R, R, and R - Refresh, Relax, Revive.

A BIBLE ALWAYS HANDY

The ante-room here whispered "rose-garden" colors, with small tables, soft lamps and inspirational pamphlets, plus Liberty, Saturday Evening Post, and Ladies Home Journal publications. More than one Bible sat in the rack next to the white wicker rocker, and, naturally, there was a chaise-lounge.

Mother focused on the rocker, always and no one ever questioned that it was hers. I watched from the chaise: since we had no such at home, it became my magic carpet. I abhorred naps. There began my fun with reading. I read "Girl of the Limberlost," (Stratton-Porter) there and to this day, "secret trails" are a part of my life.

Mother began rocking only after a few minutes of reading the pamphlets. Eyes closed, one elbow rested softly on blue cushions, with her hand - cupping her cheek, and she was fast asleep. Twenty minutes later - no time-clock, not a word spoken to her - she was up saying: "Okay, Honey, let's go get primped up." "Back to work, Dear-Heart."

And that was another vital necessity-primping. Also too long a story for now. But, somehow, years later when I needed
that YWCA Powder-Lounge Room, it came back to me. I had absorbed, like osmosis, the solace of that nap-time in the "YW".

Thank you, "YW", for my R&R training. The original building is being renovated for offices, I imagine, but I hope some of the quiet dust will remain.
The shores surrounding the great bay of Tampa were originally salt marshes, ponds, and sandy palmetto brush land. Scattered about were slash pines, magnolias, swamp maples, water oaks, sweet bay and cabbage palms. Several rivers and creeks ran through the region and emptied into the bay. It was a mosquito haven where wildlife abounded, with deer, bears and rabbits; with alligators, raccoons, bullbats and tormenting insects. For eons this semi-tropical wilderness remained undisturbed and in silence except for the cry of a wild beast or the hoot of an owl.

Then, at some period in the misty dawn of time, probably about 15,000 years ago, after the last glacial period that forced the prehistoric animals down into Florida, early man first set foot here. A wandering hunter who knew the use of fire and a few tools such as the flint-tipped lance, war-club, and throwing-stick, early man followed his prehistoric game into the peninsula, and later down the west coast, to settle along the shores of Tampa Bay.

When the Spanish explorers arrived in the early sixteenth century, the Tampa Bay region was populated with approximately 10,000 Indians. These aborigines were members of the Timucuan Confederation, which extended from Tampa Bay to Fernandina. They were called Tocobagas by the conquistadores after a village on the shore of the bay.

The Tocobagas were savagely handsome and statuesque. The colorful tattoo designs on their bodies gave them an even more formidable appearance. The Spanish conquistadores considered them among the most fierce and warlike natives of North America.

-Tony Pizzo Collection, USF
The Tocobagas spoke a dialect of the musical Timucuan language, lingua franca, a noble and general language used throughout the peninsula. They had developed a culture to conform with the maritime environment of the peninsula of the sun. Florida archaeologists theorize that the Tocobagas lived along the saline estuaries of the Gulf of Mexico from the mouth of the Manatee River to the mouth of the Suwannee River. The eastern limits were partially bordered by sections of the Peace and Withlacoochee Rivers.

SPOKE BEAUTIFUL DIALECT

From the heartland of Tampa Bay the Tocobagas could control the waterways by swift canoe expeditions.

The Tocobagas were strong and savagely handsome with bronze-colored skin. They possessed great prowess and courage. "Clad in air and sun," with the exception of a breechcloth, they were the original Florida nudists. They cut a fine figure with their bows and arrows, clubs and darts. They adorned themselves with colorful feathers, shell necklaces, bracelets made of fish teeth, and pearl anklets. Some of their more attractive ornaments were the small fish-bladders they wore as earrings. These

The fierce Tocobaga warrior was highly skillful with bow and arrow, and capable of very frightful shots.

-Courtesy Warm Mineral Springs Cyclorama
bladders when inflated shined like pearls, and when dyed red looked like rubies.

‘FEARFUL TO LOOK UPON’

The warriors trussed up their long, charcoal black hair upon the top of their heads bound with grass fibers to enhance their height. One of the Spanish explorers was to later record that "the Florida Indians go naked, and are large of body and appear, at a distance, like giants, and fearful to look upon."

What rendered their appearance even more formidable were the colorful tattoo designs on their bodies which enhanced their beauty, while recording their warlike exploits. This exhibit of pride by the warrior endured through the centuries. In World War II, the American soldier recorded his victories with attractive insignias on planes, tanks and warships. Some proudly imitated the Tocobagas with military tattoos on their arms and chests.

These natives encountered some of the same problems today’s Floridians still battle: insects and a harsh sun. They set a precedent for future Floridians by being the first to use insect repellents and suntan lotion. During the heat of the summer they covered their bodies with smelly fish oils to repel gnats and mosquitoes, and for protection from the rays of the hot sun.

‘DAUGHTERS OF THE SUN’

Jacques Le Moyne de Morgues, an artist and historian with the ill-fated French Huguenot colony on the St. Johns River in 1564, gave us the first paintings and written narratives on the culture of the colorful Timucuan tribes. Le Moyne describes the Indian women "adorned with belts worn at their shoulders or waists, made of a kind of moss that grows on trees ... woven into slender threads of bluish-green color, and is so delicate in texture as to be mistaken for filaments of silk." From the waist up, they wore nothing, except their luxuriant long hair.

The Indian girls were attractive. When the Spanish conquistadores arrived they gave vent to their wanton lust upon the wild, hot-blooded nymphs of the Florida wilderness.

The Indian brave judged the beauty of a woman by the trimness of her figure. The men were much addicted to women of easy virtue who were called "daughters of the sun.

The women attended to the domestic duties, and assisted in planting a few crops in the fields. They used various herbs to avoid pregnancy and to preserve their youthful figures. Abortion was a common practice among the women. During pregnancy they lived apart from their husbands.
GREAT RELIGIOUS FESTIVALS

When a woman became a widow she cut off her hair below the ears and, with great lamentations, scattered it over the grave of her husband. She was permitted to remarry only when her hair had grown long enough to cover her shoulders.

Le Moyne also observed and recorded various rituals and customs of the Timucuans along the St. Johns River. Although some cultural differences existed among the Timucuan-speaking chiefdoms, it is probable that some of the rituals described by Le Moyne were practiced by the Tocobagas.

The Indians were sun worshippers, and the chiefs claimed to be descendants of Tonatico, the sun. On special occasions they gathered for great religious festivals.

Le Moyne gives us a vivid narrative of one of these rituals. "In early spring the Indians held a religious festival offering the skin of a stag to the sun. They take the skin of the largest stag, with its horns still on, and stuff it with the choicest roots. On its horns, neck and body they hang long garlands of the best fruits. Thus decorated, it is carried with music and song to an open, level place and hung on a high tree with its head and breast toward the sunrise.

"They then pray to the sun that such good things as these offered may grow on their lands. The chief, with his sorcerer, stands near the tree and offers the prayer, while the common people, some distance away, make the responses. After the prayer they salute the sun and depart, leaving the deer's hide on the tree until the next year."

HUMAN SACRIFICE

Human sacrifice was also practiced along the Florida Indians, with the firstborn son offered to the chief. According to Le Moyne, "On the day of sacrifice the chief goes to the place dedicated for the purpose. There he takes his seat on a bench. Not far off is a tree stump about two feet high and as many thick, in front of which the mother of the firstborn squats on her heels, her face covered with her hands, in sorrow. One of her women friends or relatives then offers the child to the chief in worship. After the offering is made the women who have accompanied the mother, dance in a circle.
around the stump, with great demonstrations of joy. In their midst, singing the chief’s praises, dances the woman who holds the child.

"Nearby stands a group of six Indians. They surround a magnificently decorated warrior hold a club ready to perform the sacrifice. When the dance ends, he takes the infant, and kills it on the wooden stump in honor of the chief."

The ruling chief or Cacique, as De Soto later called them, was responsible for the well being of his people, and had full authority in directing the growing, gathering, storage and distribution of food. Crops were stored for use during the winter in communal storehouses called barbacoas. A special guard was placed in charge of the granary, with strict orders to be on the alert at all times. At the slightest neglect of his post he was clubbed to death. The Tampa Bay Indians, therefore, practiced a basic form of simple communism, like all the Indians of North America.

**THOSE DELICIOUS ALLIGATORS**

The center of political and religious life was the village. The villages were located along the bay, and the lifestyle was basically sedentary. An Indian village usually numbered several thatched huts (bohios) with the chief’s large house in the center of the community. Some of the chiefs located their houses on large flattop pyramid mounds of earth. These huts could be heated with a fire, permitting its occupants to sleep without covers.

Their food consisted mainly of maize, shellfish, crabs, fish, deer, turkeys, raccoons, roots, nuts and wild fruits. A limited amount of squash, beans and tobacco was raised in small fields. During the winter months, if their food supply diminished, they wandered into the back country and subsisted on acorns, terrapins, and game which they baked, boiled or roasted. They also gathered very ripe wild fruits. Hernando de Escalante de Fontaneda, writing his Memoria in 1575 describing Florida in the Sixteenth Century, reported that the Florida Indians enjoyed eating "delicious small alligators, appetizing snakes and juicy eels, as long as a man and as fat as a thigh."

The Tocobagas used tobacco extensively. To them, it was a medicine, a pleasure in the form of smoking, a means of fumigating their huts, and an adored talisman over which they said their prayers before going on a hunt.

**McKAY BAY SHELL HEAP**

In ancient times, the forerunner of the Tocobagas lived on and around shell middens. A large part of their food-fare was shellfish. The shells of these fish make up the bulk of the tremendous shell middens found along the shores of Tampa Bay. The dead were covered in the shell heaps, along with all types of refuse. These old kitchen middens have contributed much valuable information on the primitive inhabitants of the Tampa Bay region. In these shell heaps, the bones of small animals have been found, such as dogs, raccoons and oppossum. Dogs, the only domestic animals, were frequently eaten, and perhaps even kept and raised for the purpose. Turtles, snakes and alligators were used.

A shell heap existed until very recently in a densely wooded area on the east bank of McKay Bay, between the Palm River and Twenty-second Street Causeway. Many artifacts in the form of broken pottery, bones
and arrowheads have been found there by amateur archaeologists. Another shell heap was located at the head of McKay Bay on the old Gavino Gutierrez Spanish Park Estate.

About the time of the coming of the Spaniards the custom of covering the dead in these old kitchen middens was abandoned. The elaborate ceremony of burying the dead in earthen mounds became the practice.

WITH GREAT WAILING

The burial mounds were usually located near the village. The dead were buried with many "grave goods" such as spear points, clay points, ornaments and other worldly possessions.

Upon the death of a chief his subjects fasted for three days, the women cut off half of their long hair. Certain women were designated to mourn their chief with great wailing three times a day for a period of six months.

One of the strangest funeral cults practices was observed by Father Juan Rogel, of the Society of Jesus, in 1567, in the village of Tocobaga, an ancient Indian settlement on the site of Philippe Park on Old Tampa Bay. Father Rogel, the first resident priest of the bay area, made the first efforts to convert the Indians to Christianity. Here is Father Rogel's description of the macabre cult:

"At the death of a chief his body is divided into small pieces and cooked for two days, until the skin could be removed from the bones. Then the skeleton was reconstructed. During the four days which were required, a fast was observed, and on the fourth day the entire village accompanies the bones, in procession, to a temple in which the reconstructed skeleton was deposited amidst the reverences of the assembly. All who attended the processions were said to gain indulgences."

Father Rogel also preserved for us another strange custom of the Tocobagas:

"When an Indian took sick they believed that one of his souls had left his body. The sorcerer then could go into the forest to look for the wayward soul. He returns guiding the lost soul as a herder would lead his goats into a corral. While the sorcerer holds the patient by the neck the lost soul is reentered into the body. The sick Indian is placed in a circle of small fires to keep the soul from escaping."

The Tocobagas also believed that after death the principal soul entered the body of a beast or fish, and upon the death of one of these, the soul reenters into a smaller animal. This process continues until there is nothing left. This belief was so ingrained in the brain of the Tocobagas that converting them to the Christian doctrine of immortality of the soul and its resurrection was practically an impossible task.

WPA DIGS LYKES MOUND

But the Tocobagas did believe in their concept of immortality. They were happy to die in battle as it assured them another life. Their main concern was that their bones be preserved for burial in a mound, "so they could sprout and be covered with flesh once more."

One of the important burial mounds in Tampa was the Lykes mound located a few yards south of the old Lykes Brothers slaughterhouse on Fiftieth Street and the
Seaboard railroad tracks. Excavations of this mound were conducted in 1936 by the Work Progress Administration.

The Lykes mound was about five feet in height with a major axis of one hundred and ten feet, and a minor axis of sixty feet. Excavations disclosed thirty-four burials, arrow points, fragments of chert, scrapers, clam shells and pebbles.

On the event of the arrival of the Spaniards, Indian villages dotted the shores of Tampa Bay, and a temple mound dominated the scene in the more important villages. These large mounds were flat-topped, rectangular in shape with a ramp leading to the top. On the summit were houses for chiefs and priests, and elaborate wooden bird carvings adorned the roofs of the houses. It is believed that the temple mound tradition originated in the northeastern Mexico. There were at least nineteen temple mounds at Tampa Bay. One of the most notable temple mounds in the bay area was located in Tampa near the intersection of Morgan Street and Ellamae Avenue, near the shore of the open bay, now the Hendry and Knight Channel. D.B. McKay, a pioneer Tampan, former Mayor, and Florida historian gave us, from his personal memory, a description of the mound:

"This mound was one of the largest in Florida - at least fifty feet in height with a large, level space on top. The base covered an area nearly as large as a city block . . . Many years and a large force of laborers must have been employed in its building."

Daniel G. Brinton, noted in his scholarly book, The Florida Peninsula, 1859, that,

"There is a ceremonial mound on the Government reserve (Fort Brooke) in Tampa. The high mound, made with hands, at the spot where De Soto landed, and which is supposed by some to be that one still seen in the Village of Tampa."

The Indians must have carried millions of baskets full of earth from a nearby borrow-pit to build the Tampa mound. When the Americans arrived they found a deep scar in the earth where Jackson Street is now located. It extended from Morgan Street to the river. The pioneers referred to the borrow-pit as the Jackson Street Ditch. McKay in his Pioneer Florida series in the Tampa Tribune wrote that,

"A great ditch on Jackson Street extending from Morgan Street to the Hillsborough River, the full width of the street, and from Florida Avenue to the river, averaging twenty-five feet deep. The ditch was crossed by wagon and foot bridges at Florida Avenue, Franklin, Tampa and Water Streets."

McKay also related a story of pirate gold in the Tampa mound. He recalled,

"A yarn in circulation when I was a child credited a group of treasure hunters with digging a chest filled with Spanish gold coins from the mound . . . The name of Madison Post, Tampa's third mayor, was linked with the story."

Perhaps, there is a relationship between the "ditch" and the mound that early settlers did not see. The Caloosa Indians living south of Tampa Bay were noted canal builders. One may surmise that the Tocobagas could have gotten the idea from them to build a canal and at the same time build their great mound. A canal from the river to the inlet or estuary in the great salt marsh (later to become the Ybor Channel) would have made the south tip of Tampa into an island. The canal would have served as defense in
case of a tribal war, and also could have provided a sheltered and swift canoe crossing from the river to the inlet.

**TAMPA ON 1683 MAP**

Ironically, in the 1870s, the great mound was razed to refill the immense ditch as "at places on Jackson Street the buildings were partially undermined during the rainy season.

The Indian village at Tampa was the hub for the villages along the shore of the bay. The Alonso Solano map of Florida, circa 1683, shows El Pueblo de Tampa, at the exact site where the City of Tampa stands today. The map describes the Indian village as un pueblo de infildeles.

Old Indian trails near Tampa were called "Los Caminos Reales que van de un Pueblo a Otro." These "Royal" pathways were actually mere Indian trails. Spanish explorers used these same traces on their trek through the Florida wilderness. They led to villages, rivers, to a spring or a well-known ford, or a secluded camp site.

Life was barbarous then - and so were the Tocobagas. When the Spaniards arrived the Tocobagas were barbarians still in the stone age; they were fierce and warlike savages, constantly waging raids against neighboring tribes.

The Tocobagas were excellent warriors. They possessed great agility, and an uncanny skill with bows and arrows capable of fierce and frightful shots. They tracked their enemies by their highly developed sense of smell.

**ON THE WARPATH**

When they went on the warpath they painted their faces to affect a fierce appearance. The warriors wore a headdress of animal skins, feathers and grass ornaments. Their fingernails were allowed to grow long and sharp, to a point, so that they could dig them into the forehead of their enemy, tear down the skin over his face, and blind him.

After a skirmish the wounded were dragged off the field and promptly scalped. These scalps, with hair a foot and a half long, were dried over a fire until they looked like parchment. After the battle they would cut off the legs and arms of the fallen warriors. The scalps and bleeding limbs were hung at the end of their spears and the victors marched to their village, in triumph, along with the women and children who were spared, and brought back as captives.

Karl A. Bickel in his book The Mangrove Coast notes that, "On occasion, following an inter-tribal raid, there is a sinister touch in their diet. The breasts of young girls, it was said, were especially reserved for the chiefs."

The enemies of the Tocobagas were the ferocious Caloosa Indians. They occupied the entire region south of Tampa Bay, and were considered the most uncivilized savages in Florida.

**THE CRUEL VILLAGE**

Because the bay area was a tropical paradise abounding with fish and game, these tribes were in constant territorial conflicts.

The province of Caloosa was a populous and wealthy region, rich in pearls and sea foods. The main village of the province was called Carlos, and was referred to by the Spaniards as "the cruel village." It was situated on the
Caloosahatchee River, and the Caloosas were mainly a canoe people.

These two tribes were similar in manner, habits and physical appearance. Their languages, however, differed. The Caloosa dialect was of the Muskogeon speech group which some believe originated somewhere west of the Mississippi. Fontaneda mentions that in southwest Florida there were "whole villages of western Indians who had come there in search of the rejuvenating powers of a magic spring."

The cosmographer, Juan Lopez de Velasco, in his narrative, gives us the following information on some of the tribal customs of the Caloosa. In the summer season they celebrated with a three months long festival. During that period they held wild ceremonies in which they wore deer antlers upon their heads, and ran madly throughout the night, howling like wolves. In their more "sacred" moments they paid homage to idols which were kept in a temple.

DEATHJOURNEY

On the death of a child of a chief, members of the tribe sacrificed some of their children to accompany the departed child on its death journey. When a chief died, his servants were sacrificed so they could look after him in the happy hunting grounds. "The enemy captives were offered as food to their idols, who were said to feed upon their eyes." In the course of the celebration a dance was performed with the head of the victims.

The Caloosas were a vicious, suspicious and treacherous tribe. But soon, the Tocobagas were to face an even greater threat.

Early in the sixteenth century wild rumors from the West Indies began filtering through the mangrove coast of Tampa Bay. Indians fleeing the islands by canoes for a safe haven in Florida brought tales of misdeeds by strange white men who came in great canoes with great white wings. The feuding savage tribes would soon forget their petty enmities, and turn their ferocity on the Spanish explorers who came casting an ominous shadow over their paradise of the sun.

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TAMPA PASTIMES

AHH! THOSE GOOD-LOOKING GOODY GOODY GIRLS!

Just a chance to flirt with a bevy of pretty car-hops was enough to draw the guys to The Goody Goody at 1119-21 Florida Ave. in the glory days before and after World War II. But the food - especially those delicious pies - was the best in town. The popular restaurant was family-owned from 1929 when William B. Stayer bought the place until it was closed in May 1984. A few months later, in January 1985, one of the long-time Goody Goody girls, Yvonne Freeman, reopened the landmark. This photo was taken about 1945.

-Photo from HAMPTON DUNN COLLECTION
ENROUTE ON A FUN OUTING IN 1910
Dressed as if they were going to church or an evening social affair, these Tampans in 1910 actually were bound for a day at the popular Ballast Point Pavilion. The old-fashioned open-air streetcar was operated by the Tampa Electric Company and ran most of the way along what is now Bayshore Boulevard.

-Photo from HAMPTON DUNN COLLECTION
Attractive Tampa coeds dominated the 1941 Queen of May Court at Florida State College for Women (now FSU). The Queen herself, Cornelia Watson, was from Tampa. Others from this city included Sarah Worth (Mrs. Howard Rutherford), then a campus correspondent for *The Tampa Tribune*, who provided this photograph; Betty Langston (Phipps); Floread Brown; Jane Price (Mrs. Ansley Watson); Mary Kate Erwin (McKay); and Brenelle Mobley. Others in the court were Pat Brandt, Coral Gables; Elizabeth Moore, West Palm Beach; Ninnie Ratliff, Lakeland; Dorothy Nickerson, Daytona Beach. The late Betty Phipps once remarked that the girls all had their hair styled like Brenda Frazier, debutante of the year and *Life* magazine cover girl.
TRADE COUNCIL HONORS PIZZO

The Tampa Bay International Trade Council celebrated its 40th anniversary in May with Tampa historian Tony Pizzo as a special guest of honor.

Pizzo was honored for being the first acting president and founder of the Pan-American Commission of Tampa in 1949. The Commission changed its name in 1970 to the Tampa World Trade Council and in 1981 became what it is known as today—the Tampa Bay International Trade Council. It is a division of the Greater Tampa Chamber of Commerce.
Florida historian Hampton Dunn was honored by his alma mater, the University of Tampa, at commencement May 6. The honorary degree of Doctor of Humane Letters was conferred on him by President Bruce Samson.

In making the presentation, Samson cited the writer "in recognition of your commitment to the high ideals of your profession and your contributions to this community. The University of Tampa...hereby confers upon you the degree of Doctor of Humane Letters, honoris causa, and warmly recognizes you as one of its most outstanding alumni."

U.S. Sen. Connie Mack, the commencement speaker, also was given an honorary degree.

This is the second honorary degree awarded Dunn. In 1987 when he was commencement speaker at the Tampa College graduation, he received the honor.
"Exploring," the coed, young-adult division of the Boy Scouts of America, recognized Tampa civic and business leader James L. Ferman, Sr., as a "Great American" at a celebration May 3.

The honoree is a native Tampan, born in 1915, the son of pioneer residents. His father, Fred, had converted a bicycle shop into an auto dealership. In 1902, Ferman Motor Car Co. signed on with Oldsmobile
and today is the oldest continuous franchised dealer in America.

Fred Lasswell, famed Tampa cartoonist of "Snuffy Smith," drew a special salute calling Ferman "a civic-minded varmint if thar ever was one!"

Leland M. Hawes, Jr., the 1988 recipient of Tampa Historical Society’s D.B. McKay Award, picked up another high honor for his history writings this year.

The history columnist for The Tampa Tribune was presented the Hillsborough County Bar Association’s Liberty Bell Award in May for "a truly unique contribution to Tampa’s character, personality, and indeed even Tampa’s moral fiber."

In making the presentation, lawyer J. Rex Farrior, Jr., particularly cited Hawes for his weekly column he has written since 1982 on "Tampa’s history, nostalgia and people."

The award was established by the American Bar Association in 1964 to honor people in communities across the country other than lawyers or judges.
Jonathan Yardley of The Washington Post lamenting the latest report on the study of humanities: "...it is possible to earn a bachelor's degree without taking a single history course at 37 percent of American colleges and universities, without taking any courses in English or American literature at 45 percent, without a single philosophy course at 62 percent, and without studying a foreign language at an astonishing 77 percent. This is, on the part of higher education, an unconscionable capitulation to the academic fashions of the age: the careerism that characterizes undergraduate and graduate students alike, the abandonment of the so-called core curriculum in the wake of the '60s and '70s student rebellions, and the emphasis within the arts and humanities departments on research and publication over teaching."
In the Great Depression of the 1930s, it was discovered that even writers, artists and actors had to eat, even though they were jobless like most other people. So it was when the WPA was set up to relieve conditions, the Federal Theatre Project was created. Not only did this provide “gigs,” it also provided first-rate entertainment that lifted the morale of the depressed public. This photo shows employees of the Project in Tampa in 1937. The stage backdrop boosted Tampa industries and the newly opened Davis Causeway between Tampa and Clearwater. The handsome young man fourth from left on the back row is Fernando R. Mesa, who provided this picture.