

South Florida History

M A G A Z I N E

Volume 25 Nos. 1-2

Spring/Summer 1997, \$2.50



FEATURES

- Saddling Up At Coral Gables Riding Academy
- Target: FDR
- Coca-Cola: Fort Myers Senior Citizen

BOCA RATON HISTORICAL SOCIETY • CLEWISTON MUSEUM • COLLIER COUNTY MUSEUM
FLORIDA HISTORY CENTER & MUSEUM • FORT MYERS HISTORICAL MUSEUM
THE MUSEUM OF FLORIDA'S ART & CULTURE • THE HISTORICAL MUSEUM OF SOUTHERN FLORIDA



*Contrary to popular belief,
dwelling on the past is a great
way to have fun.*

*T*HE TROPEES ARE THE YOUNG PROFESSIONALS GROUP OF THE HISTORICAL MUSEUM OF SOUTHERN FLORIDA.

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**THIRD ANNUAL
HISTORIC PURSUIT LIMO RALLY**

September 13, 1997

A MIAMI HISTORY TRIVIAL PURSUIT® /SCAVENGER HUNT AND PROGRESSIVE COCKTAIL PARTY THROUGHOUT SOUTH BEACH. AFTER A CHAMPAGNE TOAST, PLAYERS CRUISE VIA LIMOUSINES FROM CLUE TO CLUE, ENJOYING COMPLIMENTARY DRINKS AND HORS D' OEUVRES.

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HOLIDAY SCROOGE PARTY

December 1997

THE HOLIDAYS JUST WOULDN'T BE THE SAME WITHOUT OUR ANNUAL SCROOGE PARTY FEATURING A SUMPTUOUS DINNER BUFFET, COMPLIMENTARY CHAMPAGNE, TRADITIONAL HOLIDAY MUSIC, OUR EVER-FAMOUS SCROOGE RAFFLE, OUTSTANDING DOOR PRIZES, GOOD CHEER, FRUITCAKES & FROLIC AND LAST - BUT DEFINITELY NOT LEAST - EBENEZER SCROOGE!



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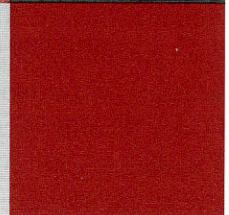
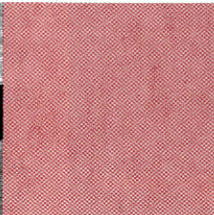
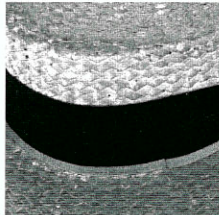
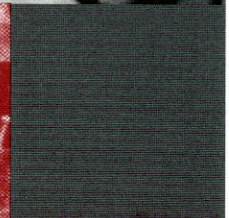
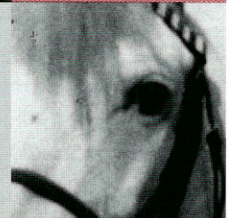
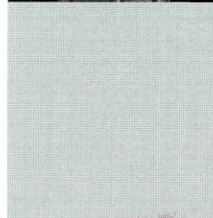
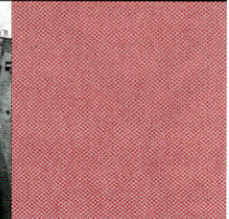
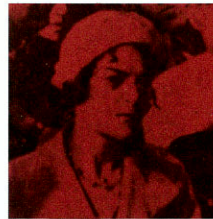
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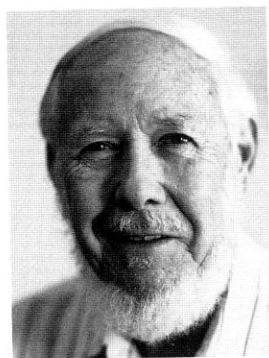
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Editor's Notes

By Stuart McIver



In March I was asked to deliver a talk at the wRites of Spring, a cultural conference at the Broward

County Community College's North Campus in Coconut Creek. The subject - an intriguing question: Has Florida replaced California as the nation's murder mystery capital? Not murder capital, no one wants that, but the state which boasts the best mystery stories and the biggest concentration of superior mystery writers. California has held that title since the 1930s when Dashiell Hammett and Raymond Chandler trotted out Sam Spade and Philip Marlowe.

We have the location here in South Florida. America's greatest winter resort, filled in season with cash-rich visitors looking for action and cash-poor grifters drooling to dispose of their disposable income for them. We have endless waterways for smugglers to come ashore and fugitives to flee. We have international airports, filled with international intrigue. And we have more guns than anybody else and more motives, it seems, for using them. Ours is an exciting setting for fiendish mayhem.

By now we have a great collection of writers in Florida. We have a Pulitzer Prize winner, Edna Buchanan, from Miami Beach, and three winners of the Edgar, the highest award from the Mystery Writers of America: Stuart Kaminsky, of Sarasota, Rob MacGregor, of Boynton Beach, and Dilys Winn, of Key West.

Still, I wanted to gain an historical perspective on the Florida mystery. Maurice J. O'Sullivan, professor

of English at Rollins College, has identified *Don Blasco of Key West* as probably the first Florida mystery. Written by Archibald Clavering Gunter and published in 1896, the book features a federal revenue detective named Thomas Duff Mastic. The book, O'Sullivan writes, "exemplifies the dime novel adventure popular in Victorian America."

My search led me deep into the archives of the Historical Association of Southern Florida and the Caribbean. There Becky Smith informed me of a collection of 240 paperback mystery novels and short story collections, donated to the association in 1982 by Allen Corson, former fishing editor for *The Miami Herald*.

These books range from 1939 to 1974, and most have South Florida settings. Across that span of years the price of the paperbacks rose from a quarter in the early 1940s to ninety-five cents by 1974. Just try finding a new paperback these days for ninety-five cents!

In 1939 Davis Dresser, writing as Brett Halliday, introduced a Miami private detective named Mike Shayne in *Dividend on Death*. More than 70 Shayne books followed as well as a popular television series. The HASF collection contains 45 Mike Shayne books. The titles of some of these showcase their South Florida settings - *Blood on Biscayne Bay*, *Killer from the Keys* and *Murder in Miami*.

Dresser/Halliday, who was married to another mystery novelist, Helen McCloy, lived in his later years in Sunrise in Broward County. Another novelist included in the collection is Harold Q. Masur, with his 1949 *Suddenly a Corpse*. Masur, the general counsel for Mystery Writers of America, has retired to Boca Raton and speaks at many of the meetings of MWA's Florida chapter.

Next to Halliday, the author with the most books in the collection is the man many credit with launching the modern Florida crime novel. In his 40 years as a writer John D. MacDonald, who lived in Sarasota, wrote 77 books, which sold more than 30,000,000 copies in the United States. Thirty-six of these books are housed in the museum collection, including a 1964 book which introduced a hero named Travis McGee. *A Deep Blue Goodbye* was the first of his 21 Travis McGee books, all bearing a color in their titles. All opened at the Bahia Mar Marina in Fort Lauderdale.

"Everybody dreams of being another John D. MacDonald," says Les Standiford, creator of the John Deal series and director of Florida International University's Creative Writing Program. "MacDonald was a Klondike."

By the 1980s the Florida woods were full of claim jumpers. And since those days we've had a dazzling group of mystery writers pouring out books that help us fill those hours when the tourist season has at least slowed down and the sun outside is too strong to challenge.

In the 1970s Elmore Leonard bought his mother a small motel in Pompano Beach. By 1980 he had seen enough of Florida to realize that it was a perfect setting for his hustlers and wise guys. That same decade Lawrence Sanders moved into Pompano Beach.

About the same time Charles Willeford wrote a major work in the rise of the Miami detective story. He called it *Miami Blues*. Miami authors who have followed have little reason these days to sing the blues.

But have we replaced California as the capital of the crime novel? Has Paul Levine's Jake Lassiter shouldered aside Sam Spade or Edna Buchanan's

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Britt Montero faked out Philip Marlowe? Too soon to tell. Florida has the momentum but California has the history on its side. Time must pass before fair judgments can be made.

That's why it's such a great find to discover the Corson Collection. These books are old enough to give us insight into what kind of people we were a half-century ago. Many of them are trashy and their covers often

garish. But that's how we were a half-century ago. At least, some of us. And that's how we are today. At least, some of us.

What should alarm us is this: Ask yourself, what is today's quintessential Florida novel? At this point, the answer has to be - the murder mystery.



CORRECTION: We neglected to give the Historical Society of Martin County credit for supplying the historical photographs used in Jean Matheson's article, "House of Refuge," published in the last issue of South Florida History Magazine. The contemporary photograph on page 16 was contributed by the author, Jean Matheson, and a reproduction of the painting on pages 12 and 13 was loaned to us by the artist Pat Applegate.

The Historical Society of Martin County, organized in 1955 to preserve the Gilbert's Bar House of Refuge and to operate it as a museum, also operates the Elliott Museum on Hutchinson Island.

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Historical Museum of Southern Florida
 Metro-Dade Cultural Center, 101 West Flagler Street, Miami,
 (305) 375-1492 / www.historical-museum.org

General Information: Open Monday through Saturday,
 10 a.m.-5 p.m.; Thursdays until 9 p.m.; Sundays, 12 noon-5 p.m.
 Closed on Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's Day. Adults \$4;
 Children 6-12 \$2. Members Free.

SPECIAL EVENTS

TROPEES 3RD ANNUAL HISTORIC PURSUIT LIMO RALLY

September 13, 1997, 7:00 p.m. - Midnight

Join the Tropees for "Historic Pursuit," a Miami history Trivial Pursuit/scavenger hunt/progressive cocktail party combination. After a champagne toast, participants cruise in limos from clue to clue throughout South Beach, enjoying complimentary drinks and hors d'oeuvres on their hunt for historical answers. For reservations, please call (305) 375-1492.

FIFTH ANNUAL HISTORICAL MUSEUM GOLF CLASSIC

October 29, 1997, Tee time at 12:00 p.m.

A day of fun and golf at this "shot-gun" tournament at the historic Biltmore Hotel & Golf Course in Coral Gables, followed by a silent auction and dinner reception. Entry includes greens fees, carts, gift bags, special team photos, putting contest, lunch, cocktail reception and silent auction. Prizes for best score, hole-in-one, longest drive, closest to the pin and more. All proceeds benefit the education programs of the Historical Museum. For more information, call Pat Helms at (305) 375-1492.

HARVEST FESTIVAL

November 22-23, 1997, 10:00 a.m. - 5:00 p.m.

Dade County Fair & Exposition Center at Tamiami Park, Coral Way and SW 112th Ave. For over twenty years, the Historical Museum has drawn thousands to this festival with hundreds of crafts booths, historical reenactments, folklife demonstrations, musical entertainment, educational programs, antique automobiles, informative exhibits, and food. Admission is \$6 for adults and \$2 for children (5-12). Call (305) 375-1492 for more information.

SPECIAL EXHIBIT EVENTS

CARIBBEAN PERCUSSION CONFERENCE

September 25, 1997, 6:00 p.m. - 9:00 p.m.

Historical Museum of Southern Florida, 101 West Flagler Street, Downtown Miami. Learn more about Cuban *Orisha* musical traditions in a panel discussion with *Orisha* scholars and master drummers. The evening also includes a batá drumming demonstration. FREE

SPECIAL EXHIBITIONS

CARIBBEAN PERCUSSION TRADITIONS IN MIAMI

May 23 - October 26, 1997

More than one-third of Miami's population is of Caribbean descent. This gives the city an unmistakable Caribbean flavor. *Caribbean Percussion Traditions in Miami* will show the various musical traditions which have influenced Miami's culture. Visitors travel through the world of Cuban *batá* drumming and *rumba*, Puerto Rican *bomba*, Haitian Vodou drumming and *Rara*, Bahamian Junkanoo and Trinidadian steelband and *tassa* drumming. Performances, audio and video samples, photographs and information on the history and function of these various forms of music will bring them to life for visitors.

FIFTY YEARS ON THE MANGROVE COAST: PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALKER EVANS AND RODGER KINGSTON

July 28 - September 28, 1997, Museum Lobby

This visually rich exhibition contrasts vintage 1940s photographs by Walker Evans with contemporary 1990s images by Rodger Kingston depicting life on Florida's Gulf Coast. Evans' haunting black and white images of tourists, landscapes, architecture and African-American life were first published in a book titled *The Mangrove Coast* (1942). Kingston, a Boston photographer, then set out in the spirit and tradition of Evans to photograph the west coast of Florida in contemporary color.

September 27, 1997, 10:00 a.m. - 5:00 p.m.

Historical Museum of Southern Florida, 101 West Flagler Street, Downtown Miami. Participate in roundtable discussions with master percussionists and researchers from the Bahamas, Haiti, Puerto Rico and Trinidad. Plus special musical performances. Held in conjunction with the Pan-African BookFest. FREE



BOCA RATON HISTORICAL SOCIETY
 Town Hall, 71 N. Federal Highway,
 Boca Raton, Florida 33432-3919
 (407) 395-6766

General Information: The Boca Raton Historical Society operates a Museum and Gift Shop at the old Town Hall, 71 North Federal Highway, Boca Raton. Hours of operation are Tuesday through Friday, 10 a.m.-4 p.m.

EXHIBITS AND EVENTS
OPENING THE VAULT...A LOOK
INSIDE THE BRHS ARCHIVES,
 September 1997 - September 1998
 A year-long historical exhibit featuring Boca Raton Town Hall

SOUTH FLORIDA REGIONAL
COOKING SERIES, October 1997
 Demonstration and dinner at local restaurants



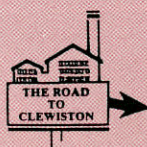
FLORIDA HISTORY CENTER & MUSEUM
 Burt Reynolds Park, 805 North U.S. Highway 1, Jupiter
 (407) 747-6639

General Information: The Florida History Center & Museum is open all year. Examine artifacts from early Florida inhabitants in the permanent museum collection and view the traveling exhibits. Open Tuesday through Friday, 10 a.m.-5 p.m. and weekends 1-5 p.m. Closed on Mondays. \$4 adults; \$3 seniors; \$2 children. The Jupiter Inlet Lighthouse is open Sunday - Wednesday, 10 a.m.-4 p.m. (Must be 48" tall to climb.) For information: (405) 747-8380. \$5. The DuBois Pioneer Home is open Sunday and Wednesday, 1-5 p.m. \$2.

EXHIBITS AND EVENTS

CLYDE BUTCHER-BLACK AND WHITE
NATURE PHOTOGRAPHY EXHIBIT
 Opens September 9, 1997

SEAFARE '97
 October 4-5



CLEWISTON MUSEUM
 112 South Commercio Street,
 Clewiston
 (813) 983-2870

General Information: The Clewiston Museum, founded in 1984, is a growing museum, collecting and displaying items, large and small, important and trivial, which reflect the past of Clewiston and its surrounding area. The Clewiston Museum is open 1-5 p.m. Tuesday through Saturday, with seasonal adjustments. No admission fee is charged; however, donations are encouraged.

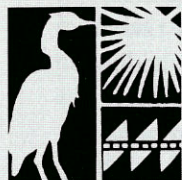


FORT MYERS HISTORICAL MUSEUM
 2300 Peck Street, Fort Myers
 (941) 332-5955

General Information: Open Tuesday through Saturday, 9 A.M.- 4 P.M. Closed Sundays and Mondays and most holidays. Admission is \$2.50 for adults and \$1 for children ages 3-12. Museum members are free.

EXHIBIT
THE CIVIL WAR COMES TO FORT MYERS
FEB. 8, 1997 - JAN. 31, 1998

Don't miss the chance to see rare documents relating to the formation of the local "Cattle Guard," wood-cut engravings, uniforms, weapons and other artifacts.



COLLIER COUNTY MUSEUM
 3301 Tamiami Trail East, Naples • (941) 774-8476

General Information: The Collier County Museum explores the people, places and everyday events that have shaped Collier County's heritage. The museum and four-acre historical park are open Monday - Friday, 9 a.m. - 5 p.m. Free.



THE MUSEUM OF FLORIDA'S ART AND CULTURE
 13300 U.S. Hwy. 98, Sebring, FL 33870 • (941) 655-0392 • <http://www.954.com/AARF/mofac>

General Information: The Museum is temporarily located at the above address. Hours are 9 a.m. to 5 p.m., Monday through Friday. Group tours are by appointment. There is no admission charge. The Museum is devoted exclusively to the artists of Florida whose work is an interpretation of Florida's history, heritage or environment.

EXHIBITS

COLORS OF STATEHOOD: FLORIDA FACES CA. 1845, September 1997 - February 1998

An interactive exhibit that features dialog between Senator Yulee and Florida settlers in the form of talking mannequins.

Works of art from the permanent collection of the Museum of Florida's Art and Culture are on display and open to the public at South Florida Community College. Paintings by the Highwaymen - self-taught, black Florida artists - are displayed in the Media Center/Library Bldg., and major works from the Florida Masters Collection can be seen in the Rotunda of the Student Services Center in Bldg. B. The College is located between Avon Park and Sebring on Highway 27. Hours for the college are 8 a.m. to 7 p.m., Mon. - Wed., and 8 a.m. to 4 p.m. on Thurs. The Media Center is also open on Sunday from 2 - 6 p.m. Call (941) 382-6900 for directions and to verify hours.

THE BEAT OF A DIFFERENT DRUMMER

• • • • •

Beating drums, colorful costumes and life-size photographs bring the current exhibit to life at the Historical Museum of Southern Florida. *Caribbean Percussion Traditions in Miami*, a multimedia exhibit of drumming and related arts from the Bahamas, Cuba, Guyana, Haiti, Puerto Rico and Trinidad, is a cultural celebration that explores the various traditions that have become part of South Florida's community. National Endowment for the Arts evaluator, Michael B. Bakan, Ph.D., raved, "Caribbean Percussion Traditions in Miami is an exemplary model of multimedia educational programming."

In conjunction with the Caribbean Percussion exhibition, the Historical Museum has sponsored a series of educational programs and events. The first of these was the Caribbean Percussion Showcase held Saturday, June 7, at the North Miami Beach Performing Arts Theater. The free showcase featured such performances as the Bahamas Junkanoo Revue and Sosyete Koukouy. Over 500 people thrilled to the rhythms and dance of this rare assemblage of Caribbean artists. Continuing the program series, the Historical Museum hosted a free lecture on Jamaican Maroon Percussion Traditions on Thursday, July 10. Leopold Shelton, an elder, chief guide, community leader and lecturer spoke about the percussion tra-

ditions of the Maroons. Hailing from the mountains in Jamaica, the Maroons are descendants of Africans who escaped from enslavement and set up self-sufficient communities, preserving valuable African traditions and skills. The lecture was sponsored by the African American Caribbean Cultural Affairs Commission.

The Caribbean Percussion Festival offered participants a unique and

exciting opportunity to explore the vibrant world of Caribbean percussion traditions in Miami. Over 1,000 people flocked to the Historical Museum on Saturday, July 12, to attend the free event, which featured informative demonstrations and workshops on a variety of musical traditions, live performances, children's activities, Caribbean foods and of course, the special exhibition.

During the demonstrations and workshops, master percussionists explained the techniques and instruments of their artistry to a captivated throng of visitors, sharing knowledge handed down to them by word of mouth through generations of their ancestors. In a ceremony during the festival, Joseph Jean-Baptiste, the Chief of Protocol and Public Affairs for the Office of the Mayor, Alex Penelas, presented certificates of appreciation to several percussion artists for their involvement in the creation of the special exhibition. Live performances by talented local musicians rounded out the day. "There should be more things like this all the time!" said one festival-goer, adding "And it's great for the kids!"

Caribbean Percussion Traditions in Miami is helping to preserve these valuable traditions and educate the public by increasing appreciation and awareness of these fascinating art forms. The exhibition will be on display through October 26.



Portrait of a cowbell player at the Bahamas Goombay Festival from the Caribbean Percussion Traditions in Miami exhibit.

A SLAVE SHIP SPEAKS— AND THOUSANDS LISTEN

“The Henrietta Marie exhibit was marvelous to see and absorb! Congratulations!!!!” This is just one of many comments made by visitors who came to see *A Slave Ship Speaks: The Wreck of the Henrietta Marie*. This special exhibition was on display at the Historical Museum of Southern Florida from February 14 through May 4, 1997. Developed and created by the Mel Fisher Maritime Heritage Society in Key West, Florida, the exhibit explored the impact of the transatlantic slave trade on West Africa, Europe and the Americas. In three months, 25,360 adults and children came to the Historical Museum to experience *A Slave Ship Speaks* exhibit and its related programs. The valuable educational content and hands-on nature of the exhibit made it a popular destination for academic researchers and the general public, as well as civic groups, schools and community organizations. Hailed by local media as a cultural and educational “success story,” the Historical Museum’s presentation of the exhibit in South Florida dramatically increased museum attendance and public participation in museum programming - with this influence extending nationwide through coverage in national television, radio and print media.

The exhibit was featured on numerous television programs, including the science show “Newton’s Apple” (broadcast nationally on Public Television), “Montage,” and “Dial-A-Teacher.” Media coverage also extended into radio with *Henrietta Marie* stories appearing on News Radio WINZ 1040 AM in Miami; Talk 640 AM in Toronto, Canada; National Public Radio “Weekend Edition” broadcast nationally (locally on WLRN 91.3 FM), and WEDR 99.1 FM “99 Jamz” Morning Show in Miami.

RAINDROPS KEEP FALLING...

This year’s Springtime Festival was wet, but it did not keep the shoppers away from the goods. More than 7,000 people came to the Dade County Fair & Expo Center this past April to shop for country crafts and other hand-made collectibles. What’s a little thunderstorm to the serious shopper?

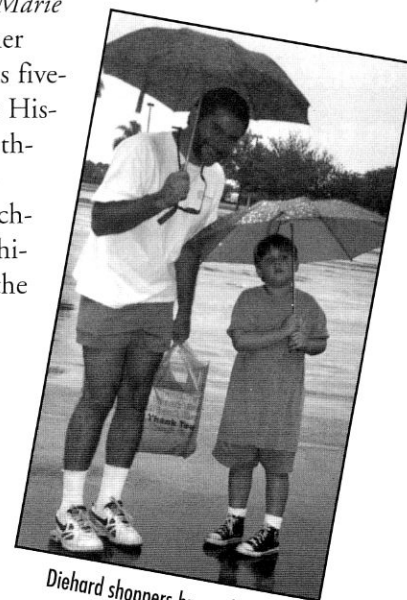
To accompany the exhibit, the Historical Museum offered a series of lectures, discussions, readings and film screenings free to the public on Thursday evenings. These weekly presentations featured prominent scholars, artists and historians who shared their knowledge and interpretations of the Henrietta Marie project, the transatlantic slave trade and related topics. The Historical Museum collaborated with the African American Caribbean Cultural Arts Commission to present the programs in conjunction with an African American history course offered through Miami-Dade Community College.

CaribFest, a free one-day festival featuring Caribbean music, storytelling, poetry, crafts and foods from the diverse cultures of the Caribbean, also enjoyed great success. More than 1,000 people came out on April 19 to watch performances and demonstrations by musicians, dancers, artists and craftspeople from the Caribbean and from South Florida’s Caribbean communities.

A Slave Ship Speaks: The Wreck of the Henrietta Marie has moved on to another museum to continue its five-year national tour. The Historical Museum of Southern Florida is proud to have shown such a touching and educational exhibition and hopes that the exhibit is received in other communities as well as it was received here in South Florida.



These are a few of the 25,000 visitors who experienced the Henrietta Marie exhibit.



Diehard shoppers brave the rain at the Springtime Festival.

ON A PLEASANT WEDNESDAY EVENING IN 1933, A SHORT, SKINNY, UNEMPLOYED BRICK LAYER PULLED A REVOLVER FROM HIS POCKET, AIMED IT AT FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT, AND FIRED UNTIL ALL THE CHAMBERS WERE EMPTY. IN THE PROCESS, THAT BRICK LAYER BECAME ONE OF THE MOST INFAMOUS CRIMINALS IN MIAMI HISTORY. THIS IS HIS STORY.

HIS PARENTS, THE ZANGARAS, NAMED THEIR NEW-BORN SON GIUSEPPE AND MADE HIM THE NEWEST RESIDENT OF THE SMALL ITALIAN VILLAGE OF FERRUZZANO ON SEPTEMBER 7, 1900. THE CITIZENS OF FERRUZZANO WERE

“I Want To Keel All Presidents”

BY M. DAVID KEY

MOSTLY FARMERS AND MINOR MERCHANTS AND THEIR VILLAGE SAT IN THE HILLY COUNTRY WHICH ROSE AWAY FROM THE IONIAN COAST. GIUSEPPE ZANGARA'S FATHER WAS ONE OF THOSE FARMERS, AND TO HAVE A SON WAS A BLESSING, FOR FARMING WAS STILL A FAMILY ENDEAVOR. A HARD-WORKING SON COULD BE A GREAT ASSET IN THE FIELDS.

GIUSEPPE WAS NOT A HAPPY BOY. HIS MOTHER THOUGHT HE WAS JINXED BECAUSE HE HAD THE BAD HABIT OF FALLING OVER, PERHAPS BECAUSE OF AN EAR INFECTION WHEN HE WAS A BABY. MORE THAN ONCE HE FELL DOWN STAIRS, AND ONCE EVEN INTO A FIRE.

GIUSEPPE'S MOTHER WOULD NOT KNOW THE HALF OF HER SON'S BAD LUCK; SHE DIED WHEN HE WAS FIVE. AFTER BRIEFLY MOURNING THE LOSS OF HIS WIFE, GIUSEPPE'S FATHER REMARRIED, TAKING AS HIS BRIDE A WIDOW WHO HAD SIX DAUGHTERS.

This straw hat belonged to Giuseppe Zangara and was collected on the scene of the attempted assassination of president-elect Roosevelt. (HASF, gift of Mrs. Charles Schwelm, 1965-14x)



(left to right) Judge Horner, President-elect Franklin D. Roosevelt, and Mayor Cermak before the fatal shooting. (HASF Miami News Collection 1989-011-19604)

Imagine what this change meant to young Giuseppe - one day his mother was there, the next she was gone, soon to be replaced by a new mother and six sisters. So many new mouths to feed and so many new people needing attention meant Giuseppe was no longer so prominent in the household. Although Giuseppe's house was filled with people, he changed from only child to lonely child. Giuseppe grew to enjoy the company of some of his new stepsisters, but their coming changed his life.

Giuseppe went to work with his father in the fields, but hated the work. He wanted to go to school like the children of the wealthier farmers and merchants. But Giuseppe's father could ill afford to do without the boy's help, and Giuseppe only attended school when work was scarce. While he learned to read and write, for an intelligent boy like Giuseppe that was not enough. Giuseppe longed to travel, to flee the farm and his father and his step-family. But it took seventeen years before the opportunity arrived.

For a poor farmer's son, there were not many ways to see the world. Giuseppe grabbed what might have been his only opportunity and joined

the Italian army. The year was 1918 and the Great War was nearing an end and Italy needed men to guard new territory in the Austrian Alps.

Giuseppe stood barely five feet in height, with a very slight build - not a strong man. He was stationed in Tyrol, where it is cold, especially for a young man who has lived in a Mediterranean climate all his life. He suffered in the army for five years, hating the cold and the officers who kept him there. The army was not the escape he wanted and the work was not much better than in the fields. Being frugal by nature, Giuseppe kept careful accounts and, in 1923 after he left the army, he had saved enough money to flee to America.

Giuseppe went to Naples and boarded the *S.S. Martha Washington*, bound for Philadelphia. Thousands of Italians left their homeland and made similar journeys that year, for Italy was suffering a terrible post-war depression and Mussolini had introduced his brand of fascism. Most immigrating Italians were unwelcome in the United States, where laws were

being passed to limit their numbers, but for once, Giuseppe was lucky. He had a bachelor uncle who lived in Paterson, New Jersey, so he had a place to live and someone to help him find work.

Giuseppe's uncle was a bricklayer, which seemed a good trade to Giuseppe. To get the best jobs, however, meant joining a union, and in order to do that Giuseppe needed to take legal steps toward becoming a United States citizen. And so, eight months after his arrival, when he was 23 years old, Giuseppe filed to become a citizen. Soon after, Giuseppe began his new trade.

Giuseppe enjoyed playing checkers, but other than that he was mostly an unsociable person. Perhaps he was simply disliked by people, or at least avoided by them, for Giuseppe was one of those people who seem to complain constantly about things. His chief complaint centered on his health, and he constantly moaned about a pain in his abdomen. His stomach burned, he told people. Not only was there constant pain, but chronic flatulence, as well. Interestingly, the pain worsened after his uncle got married, perhaps because it brought back painful memories from when his father had remarried so many years ago.

Soon after his uncle's marriage, Giuseppe moved in with a neighbor. His new roommate noticed that Giuseppe had become somewhat radical, speaking out especially against rich people. People where he worked noticed this too. Then Giuseppe, who was becoming more of a shadowy outcast, took an apartment of his own. Since he could afford it, he even rented the apartment next to his for greater privacy. All during this time, the pain in his stomach continued.

The year was 1926, and it was still common for abdominal maladies to be diagnosed as appendicitis. The doctor thought surgery was necessary, and he removed Giuseppe's perfectly healthy appendix. The pain continued unabated. A disappointed Giuseppe decided that what he really needed was a change of scenery. A warmer climate, he felt, would be just the thing to make him well, and he decided to give Miami a try. After a short visit, however, he returned to New Jersey. Next he went to Los Angeles.

But sunny southern California could not cure Giuseppe. He stayed long enough to become interested in the political scenery, taking time to register as a Republican. After only a brief stay, Giuseppe slunk back to New Jersey.

Over the years Giuseppe had saved money - as much as \$2,500 - so that by 1932 he had accumulated enough to buy a car.

Again the warm place he sought was Miami. He arrived in the winter, soon after the 1932 election which would make Franklin Delano Roosevelt the next president of the United States.

In Miami, Giuseppe took a small room in a boarding house on Northwest 5th Street, studied Spanish, and took some odd jobs, such as showing tourists around the city. It is difficult to imagine the flatulent, obnoxious Giuseppe being very successful as a tour guide, but he had

enough in his savings account to keep him in cigarettes and allow some fairly heavy betting at Hialeah.

Giuseppe began to think about going to Washington to assassinate President Herbert Hoover, whom he viewed as the leader of the hated rich people. But one morning in February, as Giuseppe was reading the paper, he noticed the headline that would change his life forever - "Roosevelt to End Yachting Trip in Miami," it said. The story beneath the headlines explained that the president-elect had been on a fishing trip, resting and relaxing before taking up his White House responsibilities in March. The trip had been scheduled to end in Jacksonville, but the yacht's owner, Vincent Astor, had decided that, if Roosevelt did not mind, he would sail further south for a while.

Arrangements were made to move Roosevelt's train from Jacksonville to Miami so that Astor could drop the future president off at the more convenient port. As Zangara read the story, a terrible thought came to him. One president is just as bad as another, he reasoned, and it was inconvenient to go to Washington. This president was coming into town, so why not just kill this one?

A festering murderous rage differs from actual murder, however, and just because Roosevelt was going through town did not mean Zangara would have the opportunity to slay him. The end to that difficulty came with the next day's headline: "Roosevelt to Speak Briefly in Park Here." There was a photograph of Roosevelt next to it. It was all the prompting Zangara needed. He clipped the article and the photo and then went down to a pawn shop and paid eight dollars for a .32 caliber pistol and some bullets. It was Valentine's Day.

The next day, February 15, Zangara left his boarding house early and went to the Bostick Hotel. He paid \$1.50 for a room. He spent the day sitting there, nervously smoking cigarettes. Then he loaded his gun and stormed

UNANSWERED

In spite of the fact that there were several thousand people on hand to witness Zangara's bloody evening, there remain many questions for exploration and debate. First of all, there is the question of why. Why did Zangara do it? Simply because his stomach hurt? Next is a conspiracy theory, then the question about whether or not Zangara was given a fair trial. Finally, what is the historical significance of Zangara's attempt?

What drove Zangara toward his date with infamy? There are a number of factors to consider in answering this question. First of all, we must remember that he was the product of a difficult childhood, which he remembered bitterly. However, many great persons have come from broken homes - "dysfunctional families," in the lingo of today - so this cannot have been the only reason. On the other hand, Zangara's life-long hatred of

off to his rendezvous with destiny, his stomach burning inside him.

Roosevelt was not scheduled to speak until a little after 9 o'clock that night, but Zangara arrived at Bayfront Park early. He wanted a place right in front of the band stand, so he obnoxiously pushed forward as far as he could. As the crowd grew even larger, Zangara was jostled and shoved many times, and he began to fear that he might lose his place. Finally, the time arrived for Roosevelt to appear.

Roosevelt arrived in a convertible with the top down. There were other cars with him, some carrying Secret Service agents, some carrying friends. The large crowd cheered as Roosevelt rode in. The mayor of Miami, Redmond Gautier, made a quick introductory speech, and then a microphone was handed down into the car, so that Roosevelt, who suffered from polio, would not have to stand. The president-elect climbed onto the top of the back seat and gave a brief speech that did not mention politics at all:

"Mr. Mayor, my friends of Miami. I am not a stranger here because for a great many years I used to come down here. I haven't been down here for seven years, but I am coming back - I have firmly resolved

pounds. And that means among other duties which I shall have to perform when I get north is taking those 10 pounds off. I hope very much to come down here next winter and to see all of you and to have another

wonderful ten days or two weeks in Florida waters. Many thanks."

The crowd cheered wildly, and dignitaries and even a telegram messenger approached Roosevelt's car with congratulations. Meanwhile, Zangara was still fighting for a good spot to shoot from. Finally, he climbed upon one of the folding chairs, causing the woman in front of him to complain.

The former soldier pulled out his gun and took aim, but right before he pulled the trigger the woman in front of him saw the pistol, which was pointed directly over her shoulder.

Instinctively, the woman, who was not very big herself, attacked the small immigrant. With one hand she grabbed Zangara's shooting arm and with the other hand she beat him with her purse. This was not enough to stop the gun from going off, and



"I saw the pistol and grabbed Zangara's arm..." Mrs. W. F. Cross in 1933, after the shooting in Bayfront Park. (HASF 1997-402-3)

not to make this the last time. I have had a very wonderful rest and we have caught a great many fish.

"I am not going to attempt to tell you any fish stories and the only fly in the ointment on my trip has been that I have put on about 10

QUESTIONS BY M. DAVID KEY

wealthy people, the ones who sent their children to school, was perhaps his indirect method of blaming his father for his problems. It is obvious that Zangara wanted to strike out at an authority figure, psychologically symbolizing a desire to punish his father. Another factor to consider is that Zangara was in constant pain and, like a wounded animal, wanted to lash out. Finally, Zangara had difficulties establishing relationships with other people and his actions (such as renting two apartments) indicate that he had sociopathic tendencies. In short, he was not completely sane. Most likely is the explanation that combines these three factors: his physical and psychological discomforts filled him with frustration and rage, and he was just unbalanced enough to think that he could somehow solve his problems by murdering another.

Was there a conspiracy? Was Zangara working alone? Was he hired to do the shooting? These questions center around the idea that Zangara had, indeed, shot the man he was after, namely Anton Cermak. The fact is that several members of the infamous Capone mob were in and around Miami at the time of the shooting, and that Cermak's stand for prohibition's repeal could have destroyed their bootlegging empire. Local

police arrested many of the gangsters immediately after the shooting. The unusually large amount of money that the unemployed Zangara had been betting in days previous to the shooting further aroused suspicions. The news that Cermak had taken three body guards to Miami with him heated the rumors, as did the report that the mayor had ordered bullet proof vests for himself. On the other hand, if Zangara had been a hit man for the Chicago mob, would he have used such a cheap weapon? And why would he wait until Cermak was standing next to Roosevelt, surrounded by policemen and government agents? After all, Cermak had been in Miami for several days prior to Roosevelt's visit. However, there are still people in both Miami and Chicago, many of them quite knowledgeable, who subscribe to the conspiracy theory.



Giuseppe Zangara, who attempted to assassinate President Roosevelt but instead shot and killed Chicago Mayor Anton Cermak, in prison awaiting execution. (HASF 1981-91-27)

Zangara fired quickly and wildly, emptying his cheap revolver.

When the bullets stopped, the rest of the crowd around Zangara attacked him and beat him. The police guarding Roosevelt fought their way through to grab the gunman. Between the crowd and the police, Zangara was punched and kicked and beaten on the head with a night stick, but he still retained consciousness.

The police, led by Dade County Sheriff Dan Hardie, gathered up the would-be assassin and yanked him through the angry crowd to where the procession cars were still idling. Since the cars were full, they threw Zangara onto a luggage rack, and two policemen jumped on top of him. The other policemen stood on running boards, and the cars pulled away.

Zangara's bullets had missed their target, but they had not missed flesh. Six people had been shot, and five of them needed emergency treatment. All the victims were in the cars that took Zangara away, and so they dashed as quickly as they could to Jackson Memorial Hospital. The policemen then took Zangara to jail, which sat atop the Dade County Court House. Outside the jail, an angry mob gathered, hoping that Zangara would be foolish enough to escape.

Inside the jail, Zangara was stripped and interrogated, a scene

which on-looking reporters could not help making fun of. Zangara's English still carried an Italian accent, and reporters attempted to recreate his words by misspellings to accommodate his pronunciations.

"Why do you want to kill?" reporters asked him.

"Did you want to kill the policemen who caught you?"

"I no care to kill police," Zangara said, "They work for leeving. As a man I like Meester Roosevelt. As a president I want to keel him. I want to keel all presidents...."

"But you cannot kill all the rulers. Are you an anarchist?"

"I do not belong to any society. I am not an anarchist. Sometime I get beeg pain in my stomach too, and

then I want to keel these presidents who oppress the working men.”

Three of Zangara's victims were treated for minor wounds and then released from the hospital, but the other two were critically injured. One of them was Anton Cermak, the mayor of Chicago, and the other was Mabel Gill, the wife of the president of Florida Power and Light. Of course, the shooting made headlines in major newspapers around the globe the next day and for days afterward. Zangara sat in his cell and happily read the reports.

Zangara was charged with attempted murder and taken to court. He pleaded guilty. Zangara had been examined by a team of doctors, and they decided that while he had a “psychopathic personality,” he could tell the difference between right and wrong, meaning that he was fit to stand trial. So the judge sentenced Zangara to eighty years in prison, to which Zangara shouted, “Give me a hundred!” He would not serve either term.

On March 6, two days after Franklin D. Roosevelt was sworn in as the thirty-second president of the United States, one of Zangara's victims, Anton Cermak, died of complications brought about by his wound. Three days later, Zangara was brought back in front of a court to face the charge of first degree murder. Again, he pled guilty. This time his judge, Uly O. Thompson, looked at the remorseless Zangara and sentenced him to death.

On March 10, the day after the death sentence was handed down, the Dade County Circuit Court mailed the Zangara trial proceedings to Governor Dave Sholtz, who would set the date for the execution. That same day, Sholtz cabled Sheriff Dan Hardie, ordering him to “transfer Zangara to the state prison farm at Raiford” for “safekeeping.” Though the word “safekeeping” seems ironic, it is not in light of the mail the Governor had received from people volunteering to aid in the execution. One of these was a former sheriff of Jackson County, who declared he would “be only too glad to be there and throw the switch,” while another sought to be deputized just for the event in order to save the state from any possible criticism.

The Miller Modern Museum in Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania requested that, “after you burn red Zangara,” the museum would like to exhibit the remains “as an object lesson and warning to anarchy.” In case the governor failed to see this as a worthy cause, the museum also promised to “give a percentage of receipts to any Florida charity or cause.”

Dr. Carleton Deederer, a Miamian, hoped to gain “Zangara[']s bones to use for study and teaching,” in exchange for which he would call off a debt the state owed him for his expert testimony in a separate trial. The City of Cleveland passed an emergency resolution through its council which “heartily approve[d] the prompt action of the authorities of the city of Miami and the state of Flori-

What is the significance of the event? So what? Isn't this a case of history that did not happen? It is a simple matter to dismiss Zangara as a non-significant name on the roster of history. After all, he did miss his target. What this really means is that Zangara is merely less significant than if he had killed Franklin D. Roosevelt. There are a list of changes that occurred because of his actions. First of all, the man that Zangara killed was the mayor of Chicago. Anton Cermak had opposed Roosevelt's presidential nomination, but his death healed all wounds caused by his political mistake, allowing the New Deal an easy passage into Illinois, one of the states where relief was most needed. Cermak became a martyr for the New Deal. Another change occurred when Zangara's brief stay at Raiford created Death Row, which is still in existence.

This bullet, which was meant for Roosevelt, hit R. Jessell Caldwell, but he lived to tell the story. (HASF, gift of Russell L. Caldwell, 1975.48.1)



Perhaps the most important result of Zangara's failure is the fact that Roosevelt lived. When we examine a similar situation in our own time, namely Ronald Reagan's survival of an assassin's bullets, we find that the incident created a popular following for the President. Polls taken after the Reagan attempt show that the President's popularity increased by ten percent. While polls were not taken in 1933, it is a fact that Roosevelt was extremely popular when he entered office. There are many factors to explain this, but one that cannot be overlooked is the ironic possibility that Zangara helped the man he was trying to kill.

It seems odd that a violent night in Miami helped the New Deal, but then Giuseppe Zangara had been an odd man. He was a man who hated presidents so much that he decided to kill them, and he ended up assisting one instead.

da in apprehending and meeting out punishment to the would-be assassin." Nebraska made a similar declaration.

Sheriff Hardie followed orders and secretly railroaded Zangara away from Miami, delivering him to Raiford the next day, a Saturday. Prisoner number 24,996 signed his fingerprinted record as "Joseph Zangara," which the prison noted as an alias. Zangara weighed 117 and a half pounds that day. Although he was diminutive and unarmed, Zangara's presence seemed to frighten people. "He mought think I'se a president, too," said one inmate.

A machine gun-toting National Guard unit from Lake City was called in to bolster the prison's guard. In Tallahassee, Governor Sholtz did nothing about Zangara over the weekend, but on Monday, March 13, he signed Zangara's death warrant, setting the date for execution as March 20.

Zangara was clothed in stripes and placed in the cell which adjoined the execution chamber. The small, heavily barred cell was surrounded by a wire fence, which was inside a concrete building, which was inside another wire fence, which was well guarded. More guards were inside the building, and all were heavily armed.

There was little for Zangara to do except lie sulkily on his cot and write letters to the prison's superintendent, L. F. Chapman. These letters, for the most part, were requests for food that would not upset his stomach, mostly milk, eggs, and fruit. Inmates were typically fed pork, potatoes, bread, and coffee. Zangara's requests were heeded.

While Zangara did little during the week - he claimed to be writing his autobiography - his presence at Raiford changed the prison. Governor Sholtz had signed another death warrant on Monday, the second belonging to Elvin Jeffcoat, a Clearwater man who had murdered his wife by beating her to death with a hammer.

Jeffcoat was also scheduled to die the week of the 20th. Since the law required that condemned persons reside in the death cell for a minimum of five days, and since two men could not legally share the same small cell, a problem arose. This problem fell under the auspices of the pardon board, which declared that six cells within the concrete building be designated "death cells." The pardon board also applied a name to these cells: "Death Row."

While it was Sholtz's duty to sign death warrants and to set dates of execution, it was up to Superintendent Chapman to set the times. Chapman sent a letter to Sholtz on the 15th informing him that Zangara was scheduled for a 9:00 A.M. execution on Monday.

That same day, Zangara's attorneys wired Sholtz, asking another interview with Zangara in order to "obtain data upon which a book of his life and views may be written." Like the Miller Modern Museum, the lawyers promised to contribute "Zangara[']s portion of proceeds[,] if any[,] to ... worthy cause." This attempt having failed,

the lawyers tried again three days later, asking for a stay of execution of "at least ten days" so that they might interview Zangara "with view of determining his wishes with reference to sentence for preparing will or legally disposing of his effects as he may desire and for any other valid and proper purpose." Apparently, Sholtz was not convinced that Zangara needed further legal assistance, for the stay of execution did not materialize.

On Sunday, the eve of the execution, Zangara sat in his cell eating a chicken dinner. Outside, the State Prison Farm's other inmates played their first baseball game of the season. Superintendent Chapman stopped by to chat with Zangara for a few minutes, but did not discuss the execution. Indeed, Zangara had not been officially informed of the coming proceedings. Chapman planned to tell him that night.

Another task facing Chapman was the notification of the required witnesses. Though he had received numerous requests from people wanting to serve in this capacity, Chapman was restricted to selecting thirteen, one of whom had to be a physician. In addition to these thirteen, there would be three representatives from the press. All would be searched, since the governor had ordered that no cameras be allowed in.

Monday morning was a rainy one, although Zangara could not see it. Superintendent Chapman stopped by the cell again, bringing with him the state's director of prisons, Nathan Mayo.

Chapman and Mayo spoke with Zangara for a few minutes, trying to get him to talk to a minister. Over the previous weeks, Zangara had made it plain to press and public that he did not believe in God, but Chapman and Mayo persisted, and finally brought the minister into the cell anyway. As the minister began to read aloud from the Bible, Zangara listened quietly for a minute or two. Then he interrupted, asking, "What's your business?" The minister told him, and Zangara immediately insisted he be removed.

With that taken care of, there was nothing left but a walk over to the next room where "Old Sparky" waited. They were running a few minutes late, as it was. As they began to leave the room, Zangara grabbed up a stack of papers and handed it to Chapman. "Here is that book I have been writing," he said. Chapman took the pages and they walked on.

Zangara went willingly and with bravado. As he reached the entrance to Old Sparky's room, he pulled away from his guards and marched over and sat on the only chair in the room, stating, "I no 'fraid of chair. See?" He was looking at the crowd as he said it - official witnesses, guards, reporters, and officials, around 30 in all.

Perhaps Zangara was not afraid of the chair. Perhaps he felt comfortable disdaining God and self-preservation

all within a few minutes. But as the attendants began to tighten the straps around him, he asked them, "Where's photographer?" There were no photographers. Governor's orders. Perhaps the bravado was an act, after all, for upon hearing the response he yelled, "Lousy capitalists! No pictures - capitalists! All capitalists lousy bunch - crooks." As quickly as it had started, the outburst subsided, and Zangara sulkily slumped into the chair as much his bonds allowed him. His task completed, one of the attendants stepped back, looked at his work, and said, "All right Joe." Zangara looked him in the eye and asked, "Why don't you poosh button?"

The electric chair was first used in the late nineteenth century to kill animals in a traveling show so that audiences would see the dramatic danger of using alternating current. Others saw a different use for it, and in 1890 it was first used to kill a human in Auburn Prison, New York. If used correctly, an execution is over in three minutes, though death occurs immediately, to the best of our knowledge. Sheriff Dan Hardie had been given the task of operating Old Sparky that day, and he pulled the switch which fed 2,300 volts of very dangerous alternating current into the chair and, necessarily, through its occupant. All was over in the three minute time period. Doctors and officials entered the chamber and examined Zangara's remains. Prison records show that the time of death was 9:15 a.m. Before 9:15, Zangara uttered his last words: "Good-by. Adios to all the world. Push the button."

After his death, an autopsy was performed. The physicians performing the examination found that Zangara suffered from adhesions of the gall bladder. This was the real cause of his pain, as well as his flatulence. During the examination, the doctors removed Zangara's brain, packaged it, and sent it off to Johns Hopkins Medical School for further study.

Meanwhile, Superintendent Chapman read through Zangara's "book." It was mostly gibberish interspersed with the letters Zangara had written requesting his special food. He never saw his thirty-second birthday, but Giuseppe Zangara had failed as a farmer, a soldier, a tour guide, and an assassin before finally failing as a writer. His remains were buried in Raiford's "Gopher Hill." Fittingly, no tombstone marks the spot.



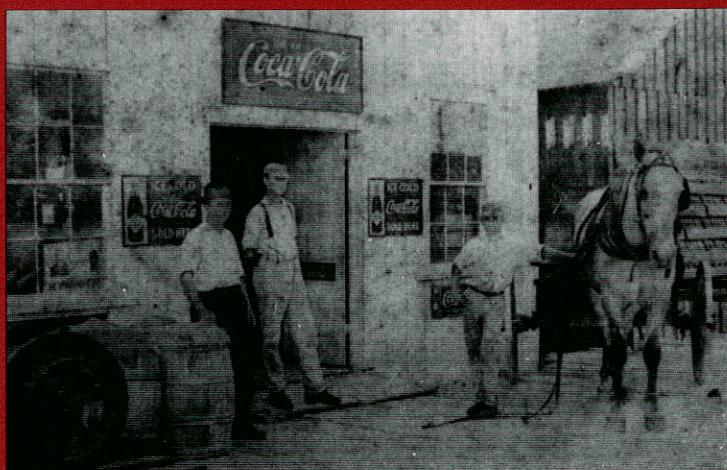
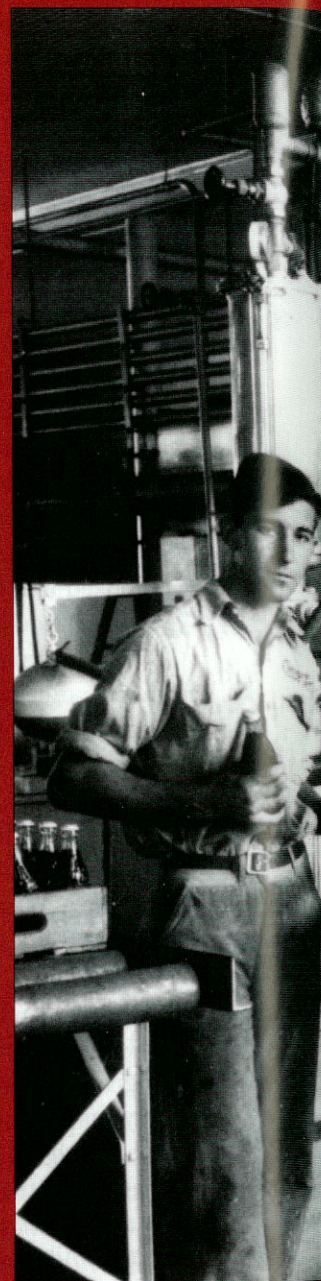
M. David Key, a native Floridian currently taking his Ph.D. at the University of New Mexico, has written on a variety of historical topics for newspapers, magazines, and journals. He is currently completing a book about Theodore Roosevelt's Rough Riders to coincide with the 100th anniversary of the Spanish-American War. Key's work on Zangara could not have been done without the hospitality of the Peter and Christie Barli family, to whom he owes more than just this "thank you."

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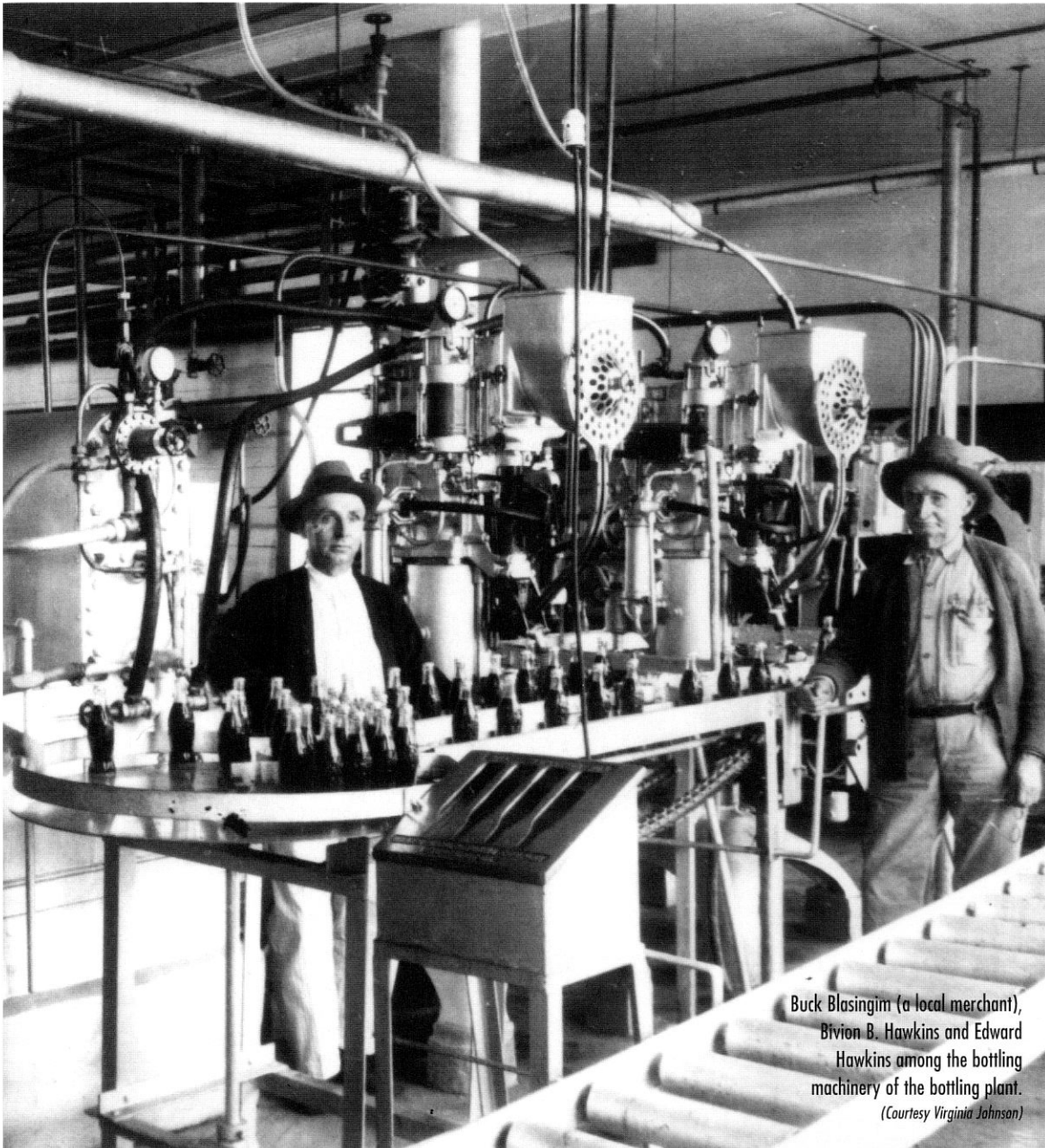
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The Real Thing in Fort Myers by MICHELE WEHRWEIN ALBION



The Coca-Cola facility on the city docks.
(Courtesy Virginia Johnson)



Buck Blasingim (a local merchant), Bivion B. Hawkins and Edward Hawkins among the bottling machinery of the bottling plant. (Courtesy Virginia Johnson)

Fort Myers. In March of 1911, he officially opened the first Coca-Cola bottling business in Southwest Florida. The investment was financed by an insurance agent from Tampa named Solomon Jacobs.

The original Coca-Cola operation was located near a cigar factory, a taxidermist and a shipping line on the old city docks. Primitive by today's standards, the bottling operation consisted of hauling water directly out of the river with a bucket. The water was poured into simple crockery jars. Coca-Cola syrup was mixed with the water. The final product was pressurized and finally sealed. A mule and wagon delivered the bottles of Coca-Cola to the consumer. Despite the simplicity of the operation, business took off. In the first year, Hawkins sold about 1,300 cases. By 1914, he bought out Jacobs, his investor. He then moved to a garage apartment on Heitman Street. Hawkins and his wife lived upstairs and bottling took place downstairs, with Mrs.

Hawkins washing the bot-

On the corner of Edison Avenue and the Tamiami Trail stands the charred facade of the only remaining historic industrial building in Fort Myers, Florida. Earlier this year it was the site of a fire set by the so-called "Lords of Chaos," a gang that also killed a local band director. Though the structure is damaged, the Coca-Cola building is impressive architecturally and historically. It stands as testimony to the working men and women who survived tough times in the frontier that was Southwest Florida.

Bivion B. Hawkins worked at a bottling plant in Tampa before moving to

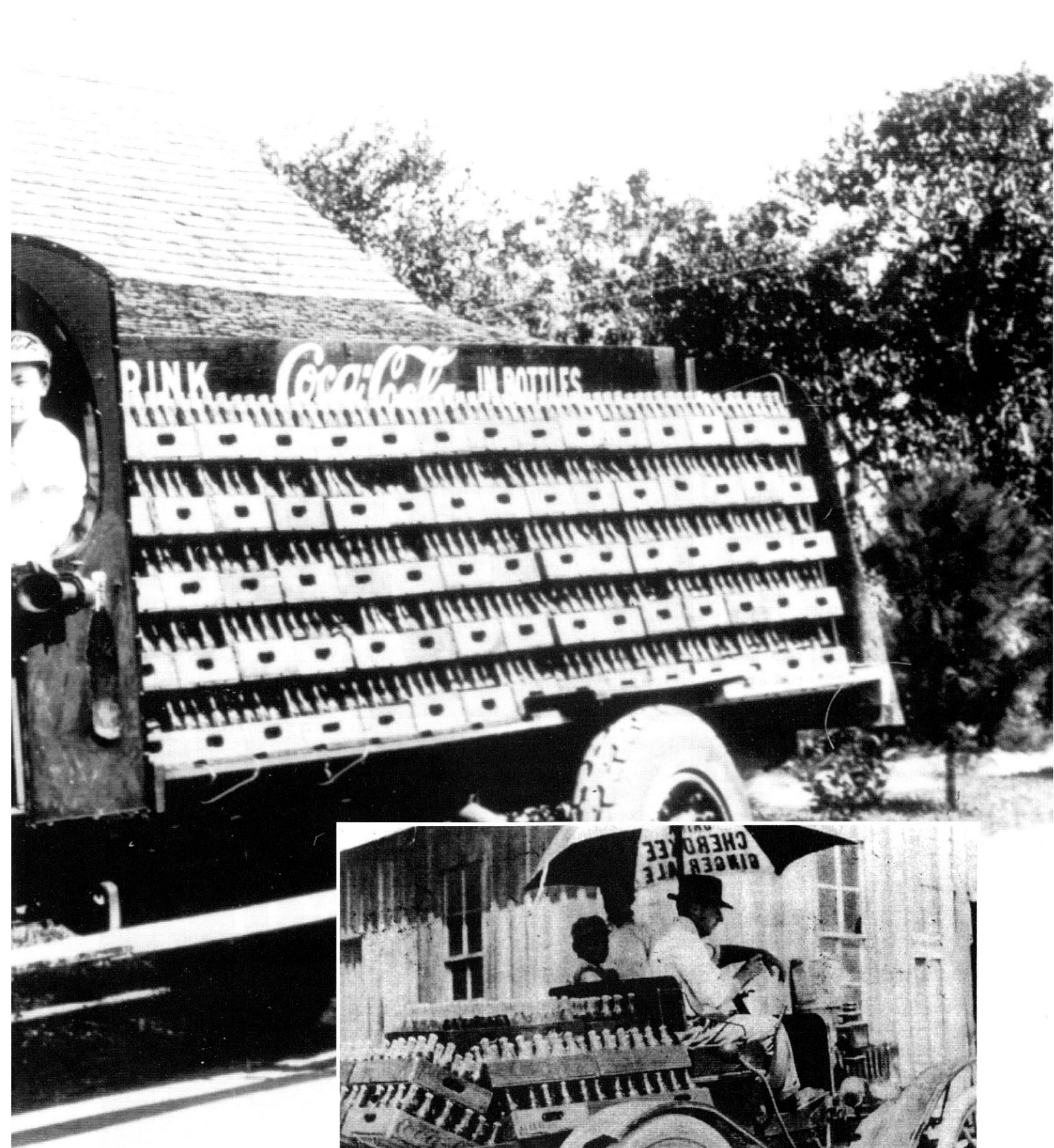
tles by hand.

Wishing to expand the business, Hawkins gave some shares of his company to his brother for a plant in Punta Gorda. It did moderately well until 1918, when his brother suddenly enlisted in the army. He failed to tell Bivion Hawkins and the plant was closed for two weeks before anyone noticed. From that point on, Hawkins decided it was best to focus on his Fort Myers business. He sold the Punta Gorda facility.

World War I brought challenges to the business. Sugar was rationed and Coca-Cola, not being vital to the war



Donald Hawkins drives the big
Coca-Cola truck in the 1930s.
(Courtesy Virginia Johnson)



The first motorized delivery in Fort Myers. (Courtesy Virginia Johnson)

effort, could not acquire enough sugar to keep pace with regular production. Rather than close the plant, Hawkins supplemented Coca-Cola with a line of fruit flavors known as the Royal Palm brand. The orange, strawberry, root beer and grape drinks were very popular. They allowed the business to prosper despite difficult times.

New business meant Hawkins had to keep pace with new technology. He purchased a two cylinder Maxwell car from a local doctor. He then altered the vehicle, transforming it into a delivery truck. It sped up delivery, transporting sixteen cases of soda with each trip. With the new automobile, Hawkins became the first in the area to offer motorized delivery.

Advertising Coca-Cola products was a simple endeavor. With the industry theory that no one in southwest Florida should be out of sight of the Coca-Cola trademark, Hawkins tacked signs on trees from Fort Myers to Naples. He also purchased ephemeral items to give to customers and business owners. In years to come he would acquire radio time for catchy jingles and slogans.

During the mid-1920s, southwest Florida experienced an economic boom. To keep pace with demand, on June 8, 1929, Hawkins opened a new \$25,000 Coca-Cola bottling plant. The two-story building, designed by local architect Nat Walker, was patterned as an industrial style structure with brick parapet walls and cast corner pediments and shields with the Coca-Cola logo.

Hawkins spent an additional \$25,000 for state-of-the-art equipment. He purchased a gleaming brass and steel Shields Deawrating carbonating machine and a Howe Ice manufacturing machine. A new Crown Cork & Seal machine was acquired. The actual Crown Corks were sent by the Crown Cork plant in Arcadia. Lastly, Hawkins purchased a George

J. Myer bottle washer. The new equipment offered a more efficient plant. In addition, in a time when Americans were fearful of germs, the modern machinery ensured no hands

Although it has been designated as a local landmark, the Coca-Cola plant is in danger. The fire at the site caused no structural damage, but there have been attempts to attain a demolition order. If you are interested in the plant or would like to help, please contact Bill Grace, the president of the Lee Trust for Historic Preservation at 941/334-8851.

touch the bottled drinks from the time they were sterilized until after they were capped.

When the Coca-Cola bottling plant officially opened to the community, it employed twelve men and had the capacity to produce 24,000 bottles per day. Five trucks were acquired to deliver bottled products to Lee, Hendry, Glades and Collier Counties. With the new plant, organized work force and quality equipment, the *Fort Myers News-Press* declared the plant the "Finest Coca-Cola Works in South."

Just as the plant was established, the economy in southwest Florida collapsed due to a real estate "Bust". The Great Depression followed on its heels, creating economic stagnation and unemployment. Hawkins trimmed his profit margin as much as possible, but was forced to lay off a few employees in order to

make payroll. With the work force cut back to seven, family members took up the slack. His wife kept the books, and his son worked when out of school. Despite everything, the business survived. Although people did not have a disposable income to spend, they occasionally splurged on a soft drink. Hawkins called it, "a poor man's vacation."

World War II brought soldiers to Page and Buckingham Fields. At USO dances and while on leave, the men and their sweethearts increased demand for Coca-Cola. The coming years brought economic improvement, but B.B. Hawkins was ready for retirement. He turned the business over to his son Donald, but still remained involved until his death in March of 1969.

The soft drink plant in Fort Myers continued to produce soft drinks for Lee County until 1991, when the business was relocated. In April of 1996 the building sustained fire damage. Recently the City of Fort Myers designated the Coca-Cola building as a local landmark. Today it stands as the last historic industrial structure in Lee County, Florida.



Michele Albion, the former Curator at the Edison & Ford Winter Estates in Fort Myers, is now an independent consultant. She works for museums and not-for-profits and writes for numerous historical publications including *South Florida History* and *Florida Historical Quarterly*. She holds an undergraduate degree in American History from the University of Maine and a Masters in Museum Studies with a concentration in History from George Washington University.

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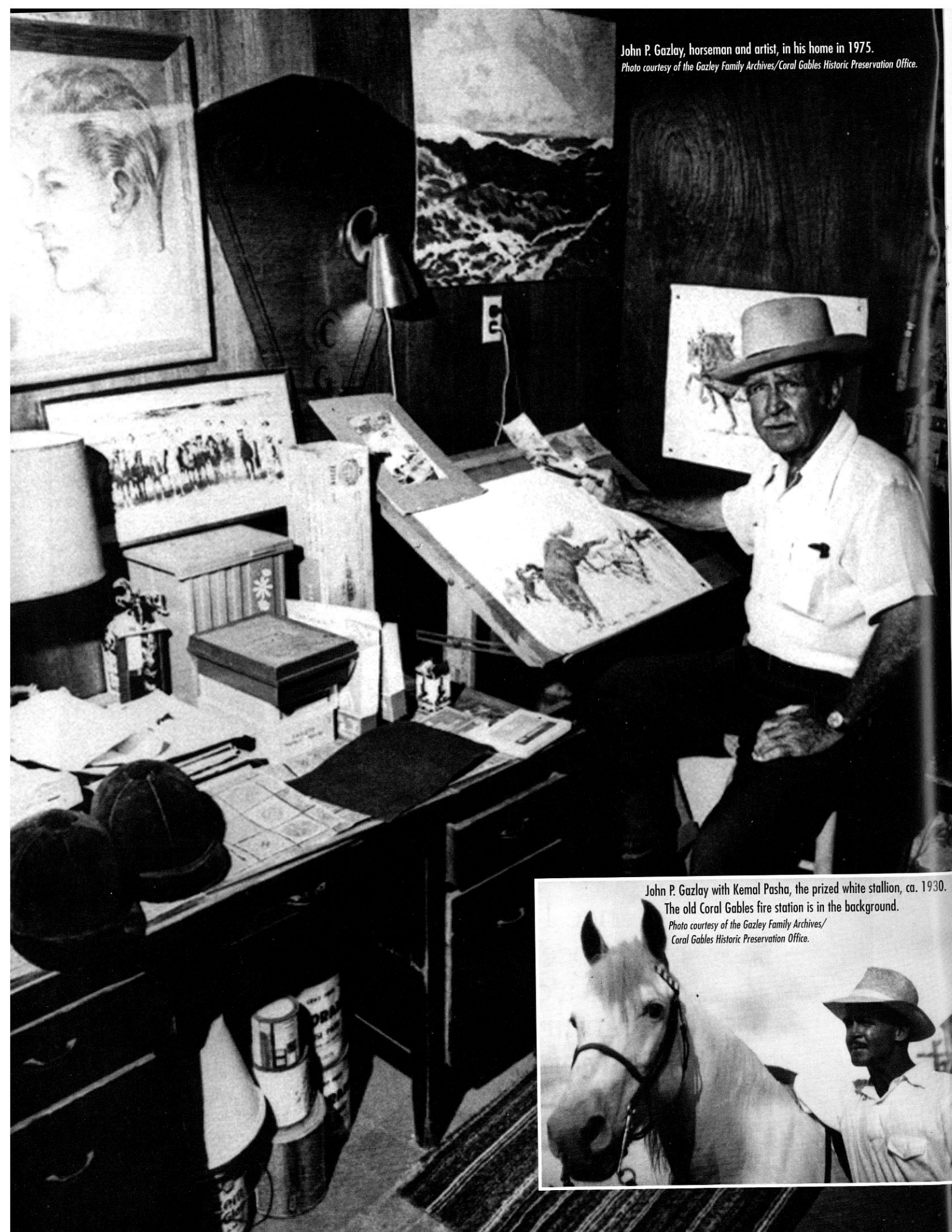
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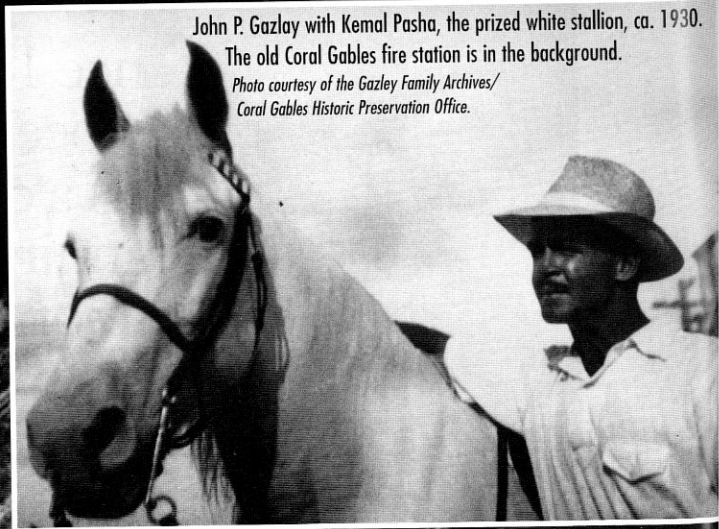
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John P. Gazlay, horseman and artist, in his home in 1975.
Photo courtesy of the Gazlay Family Archives/Coral Gables Historic Preservation Office.




John P. Gazlay with Kemal Pasha, the prized white stallion, ca. 1930.
The old Coral Gables fire station is in the background.
Photo courtesy of the Gazlay Family Archives/
Coral Gables Historic Preservation Office.



Show HORSES Pranced IN Early Coral GABLES

by LEAH LA PLANTE



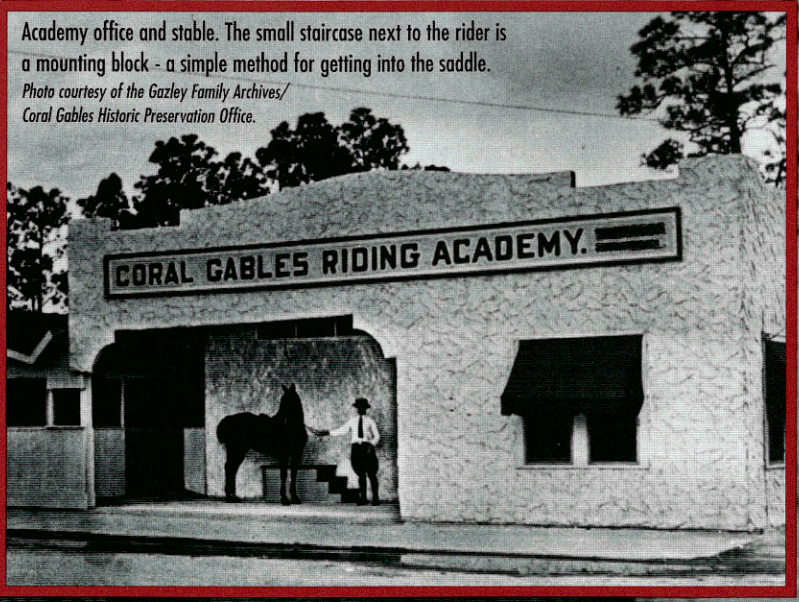
Except for those in the still active horse show world, modern-day carriages are horseless. Horsepower no longer has hooves. What few hackers (pleasure riders) there are don't wear jodhpurs much. At the turn of the century, New York City was dealing with the remains of 15,000 dead horses annually, whereas Dade County's Mount Trashmore contains not road-wearied but road-kill animals. Rather than beasts of burden, today's horses are more likely to be pampered, trained performers, brought in from country stables by

van to one of the few remaining show rings, such as Tropical Park or the Wellington Show Grounds. Expressions like "horsing around," "a horse of a different color," "from the horse's mouth," "horse sense," don't come readily to the tongue, except perhaps for those who frequent the race track, enjoying the sport of kings. Exactly what did St. Augustine mean by his admonition to "never look a gift horse in the mouth"? Shakespeare's line "A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse!" (*Richard III*) has lost its immediacy, since there are not many

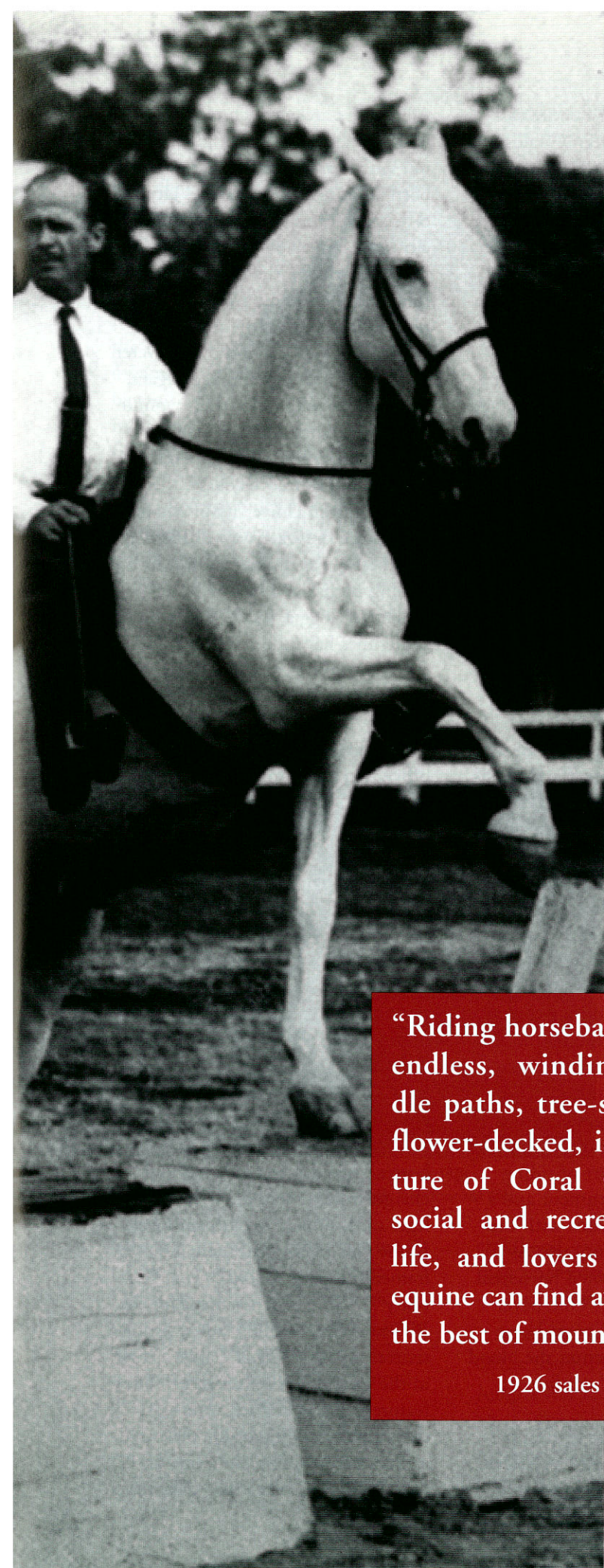
monarchs or horses around. Nightmares are more persistent: "Far back, far back in our dark soul the horse prances" (D. H. Lawrence).

A horse seen on an urban street today is most likely on police duty. It may therefore come as a surprise to many that George Merrick, the founder of Coral Gables, made sure that there were horses in his beloved city from the beginning, and that bridle paths wound through it. In 1924, only three years after the first lots were sold, the city opened a stable and show ring on the west side of

John P. Gazlay with a young student in training.
Photo courtesy of the Gazley Family Archives/Coral Gables Historic Preservation Office.



Academy office and stable. The small staircase next to the rider is a mounting block - a simple method for getting into the saddle.
*Photo courtesy of the Gazley Family Archives/
Coral Gables Historic Preservation Office.*



“Riding horseback over endless, winding bridle paths, tree-shaded, flower-decked, is a feature of Coral Gables’ social and recreational life, and lovers of the equine can find available the best of mounts.”

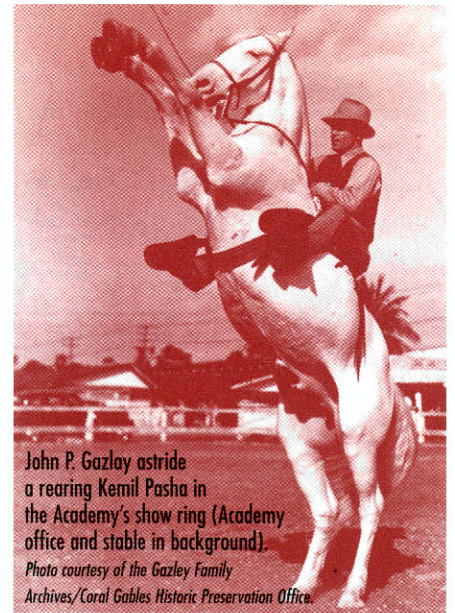
1926 sales brochure

Salzedo Street between Giralda and Aragon avenues. Toward the end of 1929, Merrick invited John A. Gazlay to bring the string of horses from his livery stable (called the Manor Riding Academy), located across from the Games on the southwest corner of Red Road and Bird Road, to Salzedo. Thus began the

Gazlay family’s years at the Coral Gables Riding Academy, described in the 1930 city directory as “featuring cross-country rides, excellent acclimated saddle horses, courteous instructors, with very reasonable rates,” flying the colors blue and gold - which was to become one of the oldest and most long-lasting businesses in the city, bringing the beauty of horses, the color and excitement of horse shows, into the daily lives of Coral Gables residents from New Year’s Day of 1930 until the end of 1952. Group pleasure saddle-ups, the Sunday breakfast ride (which was for years an important weekly social event), the training of several generations of young people, including summer camp—all of this right in the heart of Miami’s Riviera, a couple of blocks from the town square and city hall.

Founder Merrick, who in the early days drove a mule and wagon to deliver produce from his family’s citrus grove, never lost sight of the importance of horses in the social and sporting life of his burgeoning city. In January of 1926, head riding master James A. Macauley (who had replaced Dr. Herbert L. Cox, Merrick’s first Academy director), resigned to teach polo in South Carolina. His parting comment was, “I see in Coral Gables the possibility of its becoming a great riding center.” Major Joseph C. Kittell, a well-known authority on breeding and equitation, was brought in, remaining with the Academy until the Gazlays took over in 1930.

The Gazlay family came to Miami in 1919 from Toledo, Ohio, where the father, John A., had boarded and trained a stable of 65 horses, and raced harness horses on dirt tracks. His father was a cavalry captain in the Union army during the Civil War. John P., John A.’s son, graduated from Miami High School, later studying art at the University of Miami and the Chicago Art Institute. He was a lifetime painter of early Miami



John P. Gazlay astride a rearing Kemil Pasha in the Academy’s show ring (Academy office and stable in background).

Photo courtesy of the Gazlay Family Archives/Coral Gables Historic Preservation Office.

scenes and portraits of horses, (the latter continuing a tradition that extends from Stone Age cave drawings to the Parthenon frieze, to

Leonardo's sketches and on into modern art). His subjects were usually chosen based on a well-remembered story which John, a born raconteur, would often relate with relish while showing a painting. His son, John C., worked at the Academy as a young lad; later father and son

were outriders at Hialeah, Tropical and Gulfstream race tracks: Dressed in scarlet coat, white pants, black velvet hunt cap and knee-high boots, they led thoroughbreds out to the starting gate and helped to rein them in at the end of the race.

Along with being one of the first to bring horses to the area, John A. Gazlay also took advantage of South Florida's early 1900s real estate boom, purchasing a large section of land along the Tamiami Trail, and subdividing the area southwest of Red and Bird Roads, part of which was called Westerfield Manor, named for Gazlay's partner. In the early twenties he built a handsome modified Mediterranean style residence in which the Gazlay family lived for over seventy years. The house, located on the west side of Red Road just south of Bird, was sturdily constructed, including reinforcement with steel railroad rails, which brought it safely through the devastating 1926 hurricane. And still today the house stands firm.

The Coral Gables Riding Academy office and stable were located on the north side of Giralda. Across the street to the south was the large show

ring, which took up the entire east side of the block between Giralda and Aragon. The ring was used for instruction and the training of horses,

“The Coral Gables Riding Academy, with its stock of first class saddle horses and staff of instructors and handlers, is as much of a Coral Gables institution as the Venetian Pool or the Granada Golf Course.”

**“The Joy of Living”
1930s promotional booklet**

as well as for hosting weekend shows during the winter months. In addition, in the early 1940s the Gazlays laid out a 16-jump measured mile course which ran along what today is the Riviera Country Club property. This competition-quality course attracted both local riders and many out-of-state visitors who brought their horses south for the winter season. The Gazlays also continued to use the horse barn in back of their home, in which wealthy Biltmore Hotel guests stabled their horses. (The hotel, the pride of Coral Gables and one of Merrick's major achievements, opened in January of 1926.)

The Academy allowed for English saddle style only. No “walk-ins” could rent a horse and “cowboy” it. Riding was by appointment only. To discourage less than serious comers, the rates were \$5 for the first hour and \$3 for each additional hour - a substantial amount in those days. All pleasure riders, regardless of their experience, were assigned an escort. Horsemanship - the art of riding with maximum discernment and a minimum of interference with the horse, was a serious concern. As John P. Gazlay, renowned horseman and trainer, affirmed, “One never loses the technique of good horsemanship; it seems to enter the blood ... it creates poise and confidence that lasts a lifetime.”

The Academy was given a permit allowing the horses to be ridden throughout the city. The median of

Alhambra Circle, which ran along the back of the stable, was originally laid out with a bridle path. Charles Kilborn, a retired former Gables city official who was born in the young city, tells about how as a boy he was trained to ride in the Academy's show ring, and then to his great delight was finally taken out on the Alhambra path, going west around by the water tower to Coral Way and back again.

The Gables horse trails wound along Alhambra and Country Club Prado, around the Granada Golf Course, the Biltmore course, the campus of the University of Miami, and beside the waterways. Riders could escape a summer shower by reining up under a nearby porte cochere or loggia, where they would sometimes have the added comfort of a drink and some cookies while waiting out the storm. In more isolated areas the horses were allowed to canter and gallop. The Gables publicity office frequently touted the horses and their extensive bridle paths.

On February 13, 1926, George Merrick and John M. Bowman, prominent hotel entrepreneur and sportsman, met to form the Miami Biltmore Riding Club, “... to further horsemanship in the American tropics.” Major Kittell was named the managing director. Plans were drawn up for a club building and stable to be located near the Biltmore, with the Coral Gables Riding Academy absorbed into the enterprise. Guests of the Biltmore would have their horses cared for, and ride without charge; others could apply for a privileges card, subject to club approval. In the Gables city hall there is a framed full-page *Miami Herald* February 7, 1927, advertisement for the Riviera section of the Gables, listing six reasons why “Coral Gables is first in the minds of wise investors,” one feature being horseback riding. At the top is a drawing of the projected elaborate new riding club, one of Merrick's grand plans that, alas, never

was realized.

In those early days, things were running at a new-idea-every-minute pace. The Coral Gables Chamber of Commerce, in a 1930s publicity stunt, staged a game of water polo in the Venetian Pool, with players in full regalia and Academy mounts. Merrick took part in the founding of the Bit and Spur Club, a national organization, which laid plans beyond what was already underway, including the construction of a polo field, plus an expansion of the network of bridle paths to connect up with the forty miles of trails which members of the club had mapped out in the Everglades. Officers were chosen, and a Colonel Young spoke at an early meeting on the vernacular of the fox hunt, and the proper conduct of a ride. Merrick imported foxes for the hunt, descendants of which were reported to be living in the derelict Biltmore (The hotel had

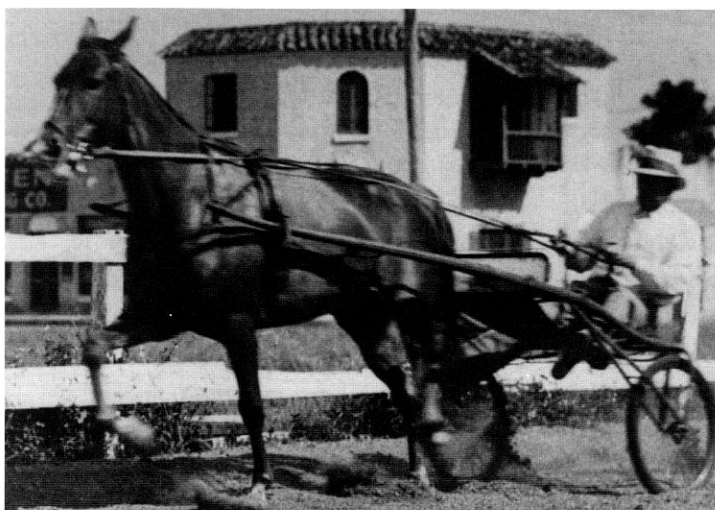
plugged into the telephone and television; they met together in clubs and social centers, for tea dances and beauty contests at the hotels, for horseback riding on local bridle paths, and at horse shows. A weekly Academy tradition for a number of years was the Sunday breakfast ride: 30 to 40 horses were ridden by a select group of regulars out to a wooded area near the Biltmore, as reported in the caption under a photograph in a 1939 issue of the Coral Gables Riviera newspaper, "This group is enjoying an outdoor breakfast following a brisk ride amid beautiful tropical surroundings."

Many local people today have fond memories of riding with the Gazlays. The Miller sisters, Nancy M. McLemore and Joanne M. Lid-don, and their friend Camille Oelk-ers King grew up in the Gables. As often as possible they would end a day at the elementary school on

Ponce de Leon Boulevard by walking or bicycling over to the Academy, hoping to earn a free ride by cooling off or rubbing down horses that had been out on the trail. They considered it a privilege to be among the few children who were chosen by the Gazlays to help out at the stable. One way or another they rode throughout their

childhood, even as late as during their university years, after the Academy had moved out to West Dade.

Sandra Schultz, past president of the South Florida Hunter and Jumper Association and an American Horse Shows Association judge, and Merrilie Mangels, who own their own stable, on SW 123rd Avenue



John A. Gazlay riding in a racing harness, ca. 1930.

Photo courtesy of the Gazley Family Archives/Coral Gables Historic Preservation Office.

been converted into a military hospital early in World War II, which finally closed in 1968, after which it was deserted until its successful rehabilitation in 1985), and even today one can sometimes catch a glimpse of a fox around the city.

The Coral Gables Riding Academy was an important social center in its day. People were not slavishly



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near Sunset Drive, just south of where the Academy was located when John P. Gazlay finally retired in 1984, think

very highly of the training they received as children from John P. “A dapper figure in his riding togs and elegant carriage, he was a perfectionist and a stickler for detail,” remembers Merrillie, “and expected his students to measure up.” According to Sandra, “John was of the old school who treated his horses and his riders and students extremely well. He was a gentleman who loved horses and teaching, and was not in it for the money. The respect and trust the Gazlays earned in the community was evidenced by the many families which allowed their children to be at the Academy for day-long and summer camp activities.”

The Ashe girls, Dorothy and Barbara, daughters of the University of Miami’s first president, Dr. Bowman Ashe, fondly remember their days of being around the horses at the Academy, and going out on the city’s bridle paths. Dr. Ashe was an active supporter of the Gazlays, particularly as he wanted the students to have that experience in their lives.

Muriel Smith Marshall, popular University of Miami drum



Riders enjoying Sunday breakfast on the trail, ca. 1940. John P. Gazlay is second from the right.
Photo courtesy of the Gazlay Family Archives/
Coral Gables Historic Preservation Office.

majorette in the mid-1940s, Orange Bowl Queen of 1944, and first runner-up in the Miss America contest of 1943, is a lifetime Gables resident who was for a time the director of the Coral Gables Country Club’s horseback riding program. Muriel was an Academy regular, and her daughters, Donna M. Hardeman and Deborah Marshall, were both trained by the Gazlays, Debbie being so inspired by her early experience with horses that she went on to become an equine veterinarian, specializing in acupuncture. Dr. Marshall looks back at the earlier horse world with a sense of regret, feeling that what was an art has been transformed today into a sport: “When the Gazlays were teaching, the pursuit of horsemanship itself and the understanding of the horse were considered worthy goals. Today the emphasis is more on competition and winning, whatever the cost.”

Jean Choquette Connolly was trained on and rode her favorite mount, Midnight. She was often at the Gables Academy, and later her two daughters, Marianne C. Hoskins and Maggie Connolly, began as riders at the ages of 7 and 5 after the Academy had moved out to West Dade,

Maggie being a natural-born rider who had her own Arabian gelding, Ibn Tari, and won many ribbons. The Coral Gables Coun-

try Club, Dade County’s oldest private club, which opened in 1935, arranged for horseback riding for members through the Academy. In addition, the club sponsored a polo team in the 1940s (Jack Romph was Captain.). The team was stabled at Tropical Park and trained at the Academy.

The Biltmore also kept the Gazlays busy providing mounts for guests, and assisting in the hotel’s large-scale horse shows, which featured entries from all over the nation. For several lavish parties in the Biltmore Country Club building the Gazlays took horses up the stairs and into the ballroom, stabling them at the back for guests to enjoy.

The Academy, during its many years of operation in downtown Coral Gables and for over 30 years after moving out to West Dade in 1952, always as the Coral Gables Riding Academy, was a member of the American Horse Shows Association and the International Equestrian Federation, and maintained a position of leadership in the local horse world. It hosted a great many shows, and participated in events through-

out South Florida, at the South Miami, North Miami, Greynolds Park and other riding academies, as well as in the Sunshine Circuit, which involved the Academy with shows at Dania, Hollywood, West Palm Beach and Tampa.

Some of the horses at the Academy became well known, such as Easter Lad, TicToc, Independence Belle, Harvest Moon, Brilliant Parader, and Summer Storm (ridden by John P. Gazlay in a 1945 show to win the \$500 Coral Gables Challenge trophy). By far the favorite was Silver, famous as the mount of the Lone Ranger in the movies, sold to the Merita Bread company for promotional use, and acquired in the late 1930s by the Academy. Silver, a pure white Arabian stallion, known locally by his Arab name Kemal Pasha, was fully trained in Lippizan-style dressage, and was much in demand for local events and parades, during which he was shod in special rubber shoes, to provide for surer footing on pavement.

Through the years the Academy won many laurels. From a 1939 Hollywood horse show, the Academy brought back 90 of 124 awards, which were put on display at City Hall. In later years, when asked how

many ribbons and trophies the stable had garnered, John P. Gazlay would laugh and say, "I can't even begin to recall. We won 15 blue ribbons with just one horse, and there are scores of others." In 1963, at a South Miami Riding Club horse show held in their honor, John P. and two other prominent South Florida horsemen, T. J. Madison and Col. Welton Modisette, were presented with engraved plaques expressing the community's appreciation for their many years of service and leadership in the South Florida equestrian world. John P. Gazlay died in February of 1996 at the age of 91.

There were years of great achievement and satisfaction for the Gazlays, but not all was smooth riding. Recoiling from the devastating hurricane of 1926, as well as the stock market crash of 1929 and the lean years of the Great Depression, the South Florida boom went bust, and the Gables had its share of setbacks and shattered dreams. Horseback riding would retain its popularity, but the Coral Games Academy was not expanded beyond its original Salzedo location. John A. Gazlay had purchased the office and stable property from the city when he took over



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in 1930, and through the years waged a running battle to retain it when successive administrations tried to force him out as the city became more developed and new needs arose. His obituary (He died on December 14, 1957.) referred to the downtown Coral Gables riding ring as "a sawdust patch in a canyon of modern buildings."

Late In 1952, when the Gazlays finally lost their fight to stay in downtown Coral Gables, they proudly reminded the city that the Academy was at that time the oldest Gables business under the same management. Unfortunately, it had been decided that the ideal location for the new bus terminal was on Salzedo between Giralda and Aragon, where on property rented from the city, the "sawdust patch" that had for so many years been a center for training and horse shows. Thus a more modern form of transportation replaced the horse, and one of the original, important dimensions of George Merrick's Coral Gables dream was lost, much to the great sorrow of the Gazlays, the Academy's loyal ridership, and the whole area, which would no longer be charmed to see the horses riding by. The era of the horse in the heart of city life was at an end.



Leah La Plante, a lifetime Miamian, is a recently retired college English professor. Her passion is Florida's natural environment and tropical setting. She raised two daughters on a jungle acre near Fairchild Tropical Garden and now resides in Kendall. Currently, La Plante is working on a book about early South Florida naturalists.

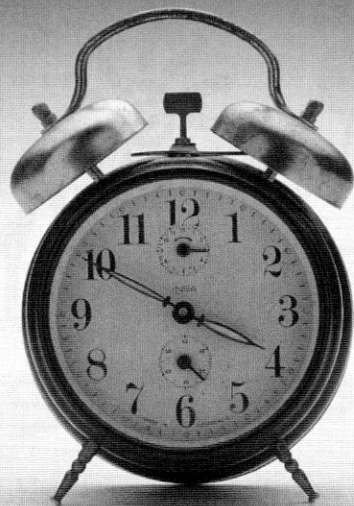


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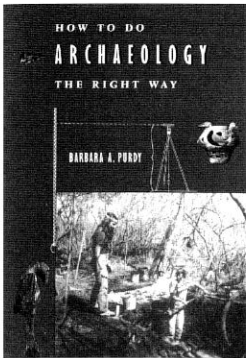
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HOW TO DO ARCHAEOLOGY THE RIGHT WAY.

By Barbara A. Purdy. Gainesville: University Press of Florida, 1996. 200 pages \$29.95.

Review by Scott Lewis



Dr. Purdy's volume, entitled *How to Do Archaeology the Right Way*, is a very useful and valuable tool. Not only does it summarize the prehistory and early history of Florida, but also provides a tour through the process of professional archaeological work.

One of the authors' stated reasons for writing this book is to

make the reader aware of the "information that the past holds if the proper techniques are used to recover it." To the archaeologist, sites and the information they contain are cultural resources, valuable additions to man's collective knowledge and heritage, and akin to other resources that constitute our environment. It is the curation of this information that drives the professionals' efforts to preserve archaeological sites. It is also the recovery and curation of this information that is the immediate goal of their efforts when excavation is required.

Dr. Purdy has written this book in a manner that is clear and straight forward, avoiding technical language where possible, and defining terms succinctly where their use is unavoidable. In doing so, she also has acquitted a duty to bring this information to the descendants of the heritage it describes - the public. The duty to make this information available recognizes the debt to those whose consent and support make the endeavor possible. It also acknowledges that the most effective way to save archaeological sites and information is through the popular valuation of the resources, and that the most effective way to broaden or increase that valuation is through public education.

If potential readers have a hunger for things archaeological, they will be only temporarily satiated. This is because the book shows that there is so much more out there to research and to understand. By design, it also provides clear direction for further study and involvement. This work exhibits the confidence and knowledge of an author who has enjoyed a long engagement with the field of archaeology. I believe that this product of that work will receive the wide audience it deserves.

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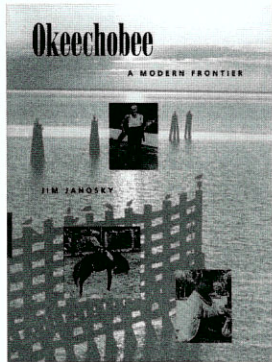
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Book Reviews

OKEECHOBEE: A MODERN FRONTIER

By Jim Janosky. Gainesville: University Press of Florida, 1996. 216 pages. \$24.95.

Review by Karen Webster



If a picture is worth a thousand words, then Jim Janosky's book, *Okeechobee: A Modern Fron-*

tier, ought to be a multiple volume set. This small (six by eight inch) tightly packed book is full of visual information that leads the reader/viewer into a greater appreciation of the people who live and work around Lake Okeechobee.

In the introductory historical overview, Jim has compiled enough common background information to prepare the reader for the author's stimulating photography. His writing style is not scholastic, but instead simple and factual, leaving the expressive storytelling to his photographs. Where the book falls short of its goal is in its presentation. Black and white photography derives its effect in the contrast of light and dark and enhancement of shadow. High definition printing on good paper stock and large scale pictures allows this art form to express itself fully.

Jim included several historic photographs, courtesy of the Clewiston Museum, which in such a small volume may not have been necessary. It somewhat defies the point of the book, that is, to portray this largely unknown area as a "modern frontier." Maybe the layout of the book would have best

represented the author's title if he combined the historic photographs with the written historic overview to illustrate a picture of the past. This would leave the main body to the remainder, and thus the point of the book, which is Jim's own wanderings.

Additionally, it would have meant more to this reader, and historian, if Jim had included short biographies of the people he has so wonderfully captured in black and white. Photographs are primary documents interpreted through the elements of information they contain within the frame. It is the nature of the frame that limits viewers from deriving meaning in a context. Usually through further explanation viewers can understand the fuller nature of the image.

However, Jim's portrayals are vivid and enchanting. His "portraits" almost completely characterize the environment of the area though its human occupants. The viewer can see the harshness and hazards of living in a constantly fluctuating landscape in the

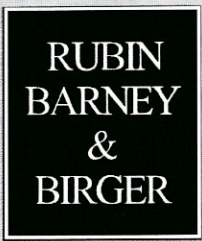
faces of the people who meet it every day. Most important, where most modern photographers choose the safety of color, Jim has successfully told his personal experience in the challenging art of black and white. Was this a subconscious effort to reflect the challenge of survival in this modern day watery wilderness?

Photo-essays (or narratives) are tricky, and can easily be labeled as someone's redundant vacation pictures.

Not so with Jim's images. These are not the photographs of someone just passing through town who stopped to buy gas. The viewer can sense the time Jim spent in documenting the 'Glades area as an intuitive experience, and not as an accident.

The book is well worth having if not for its quick overview history as a general reference, but for its lasting impression of a modern heritage. I look forward to seeing more of Jim's work in the future.





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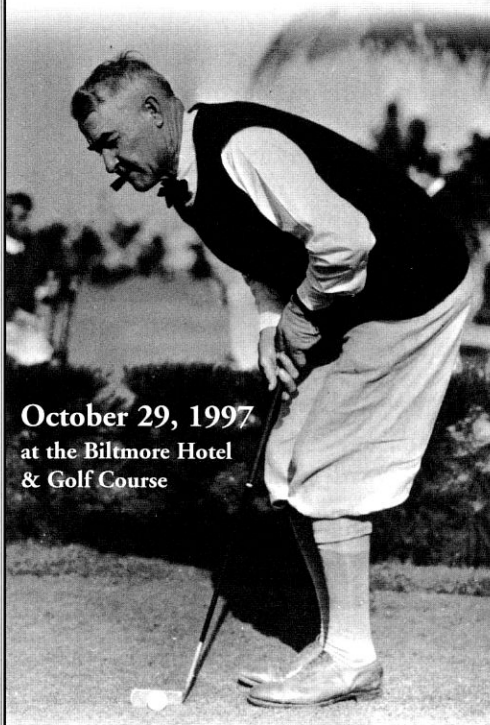
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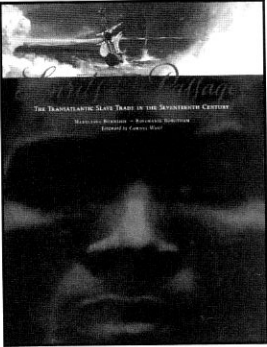
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SPIRITS OF THE PASSAGE

By Madeline Burnside and Rosemarie Rebotham, Foreword by Cornel West.
New York: Simon & Schuster Editions, 1997. 192 pages. \$35.00.

Review by Denizulu Gene Tinnie



Spirits of the Passage, subtitled *The Transatlantic Slave Trade in the Seventeenth Century*, is the latest entry into the field of updated

treatments of America's most haunting legacy. It is also the second book (after George Sullivan's *Slave Ship*, for younger audiences) to be published on the Henrietta Marie, the now famous 1700 wreck off Key West, Florida, whose artifacts have yielded the national touring museum exhibition, *A Slave Ship Speaks*.

London-born Dr. Madeline Burnside, executive director of the Mel Fisher Maritime Heritage Society in Key West, which organized the exhibition, writes

the main text, which is edited and introduced by Jamaican-born Rosemarie Rebotham, editor-at-large of *Essence* magazine. Famed Harvard professor Cornel West provides a foreword, and additional commentaries by playwright/author Ione and television reporter Renee Kemp are among the several historical sidebars artfully interspersed throughout the text of the medium-format, coffee table book. Indeed, the book's most striking characteristic is its stunning visual presentation - brilliantly composed and lavishly illustrated with historic images, both antique and modern, enhanced by state-of-the-art computer graphics, primarily the work of Craig Bernhardt and Janice Fudyma.

With the *Henrietta Marie* as both its recurring focus and as the lens through which the larger story is viewed, the narrative is clear, well-written, readable and informative. Enlivened by a multi-faceted approach that touches upon virtually every relevant aspect of

the trade, the book situates the Middle Passage in the context of humanity's long history of "slavery," or, more precisely, forms of bondsmanship. The times and circumstances leading up to 1700 are described, as are insights into the Igbo culture of the captives taken aboard the *Henrietta Marie* on both of her known slaving voyages. Discussed are aspects of life for enslaved Africans in the Americas, including a particularly welcome section on "The Forbearance of Women" throughout this sordid episode of history, among other topics.

Like all things in life, however, the book is not without its flaws. Some of these are simply miscues and oversights, such as misplacing Equiano's lifetime as being "roughly during the period" of the *Henrietta Marie*, some 45 years earlier than his birth, or misconstruing the main purpose of the odious spiked barricade, a standard fixture aboard slave ships, which served only incidentally to protect the officers, as the authors sug-

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gest. Its truer and more ominous function was to separate the male African captives completely from the females, who were thus isolated with the officers.

A more pernicious flaw, especially in 1997, is the unfortunate recurring use of the term "slaves," and even its counterpart, "master." These words seriously weaken what is already the book's weakest and most problematic sub-chapter, the one on "Maroon Culture," in which such words have no relevance whatever, from the Africans' point of view. No matter how familiar or convenient these terms may have become over time, they inevitably reinforce the bygone and wishful paradigm of those who would try to reduce another human being to the status of an animal which could be owned. The real nature of the drama of the Middle Passage - cannot be appreciated without recognizing the universal humanity of those who naturally resist such a condition. The bottom line, as author S. E. Anderson points out, is that "no reparations can be owed to a slave, only to a human being who has been unjustly enslaved."

It is in this same context that even the book's extraordinary aesthetic appeal, with its remarkable display of rare and engaging

imagery, works somewhat to its disadvantage, containing for the most part only the most "prettified" and non-threatening European depictions of the horrors of enslavement. What few African-made images do appear are of collected artifacts shown in sterile museum fashion, with little indication of their original social function. Indeed, there are only occasional glimmers in the book of anything like a "Black" perspective or interpretation.

What has resulted is a virtuoso beautiful creation, like a meal that is a delight to both the eye and palate, but that does not completely satisfy the hunger of those in need of real nutrition (virtually all of us, in this case). Taken on its own terms, however, for what it is, *Spirits of the Passage* is a valuable acquisition in its own right, a tribute to the genius and hard work of its authors, and a timely reminder of how inextricably linked we all are by a shared history of horrors and triumphs in which each of our individual actions is important. As such it may be an appropriate preparation for those other and future publications that will comprise the main course.



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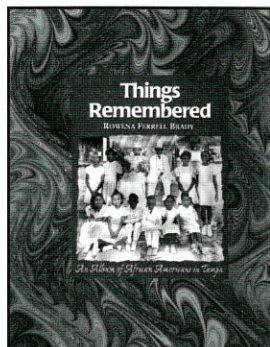
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THINGS REMEMBERED: AN ALBUM OF AFRICAN AMERICANS IN TAMPA

By Rowena Ferrell Brady, with introduction by Canter Brown, Jr. University of Tampa Press, 1997. 216 pages. \$34.95.

Review by James M. Denham



Perhaps no other subject has inspired greater interest and scholarship among historians over the last thirty or so years than the

history of African Americans. The earlier writings of W.E.B. Du Bois and Carter Woodson (who many consider as a kind of father of black history) appeared early in the twentieth century. Though largely ignored by the white mainstream reading public, their work proved an excellent foundation for the work of Professor John Hope Franklin, and an entire generation of other scholars who have carefully explored the black experience in the United States. Books exploring African American life at the local and state level have also deepened our understanding.

This book by Rowena Brady, a woman whose family has lived in Tampa since before the turn of the century, offers a vivid portrait of African Americans in the Bay area

from the earliest times to the 1970s. An excellent introductory essay entitled "African Americans and the Tampa Bay Area to World War I," written by Canter Brown, Jr., Historian in Residence at the Tampa Bay History Center, serves as an excellent overview (the best in print) of the black experience in the Bay area and indeed the whole of peninsular Florida. In chronological chapters the early twentieth century, the 1920s, the Great Depression and New Deal, World War II, the 1950s and 1960s, as well as a final chapter dealing with one of the most important social and religious institutions in Tampa - the St. Paul African Methodist Episcopal Church - Rowena Brady's book provides readers with a first-hand glimpse of Tampa's African American community from the late nineteenth through the twentieth century.

At first glance, the most obvious appeal of this book is the pictures. These vivid images are carefully selected and appropriate to the time frame in which they are arranged. The captions are well written and provide an excellent forum to summarize the context and relevance of the image depicted. But this is far more than just a picturebook. Depicted here is a

vibrant, productive and confident society functioning much like the white society surrounding it: educating its youth, building its families, and taking pride in educational and other accomplishments. Nonetheless, there are certainly glimpses here of hardship, poverty and adversity. But amidst this there are also unmistakable images of dignity.

As Mrs. Brady herself admits there is much here that "will come as a surprise to many readers." She predicts many older whites and younger people of both races will be astonished by this "now mostly forgotten world" (p. 10). Until the 1960s - and of course even thereafter - whites and blacks lived their lives separated between the invisible but real Color Line. "Separate but Equal" meant that opportunities for both races to work, do business, attend school or otherwise function together in society was limited. Ironically then, the striking thing about many of these pictures is the values and beliefs - and especially the common vision of the world - both races shared. Even so, segregation kept both races out of touch with one another.

When segregation ended much was gained, but much was also lost. The end of Jim Crow meant the integration of schools and free access to public and private businesses; but it also meant that some of the very forces that brought cohesiveness and a sense of solidarity to black communities were put under stress. As Brady reminds her readers the changes wrought by "Urban Renewal and Interstate construction - coupled with the negative impact of desegregation on many Black businessmen and professionals - undermined and eventually destroyed much of this community in the 1960s and 1970s" (p. 10).



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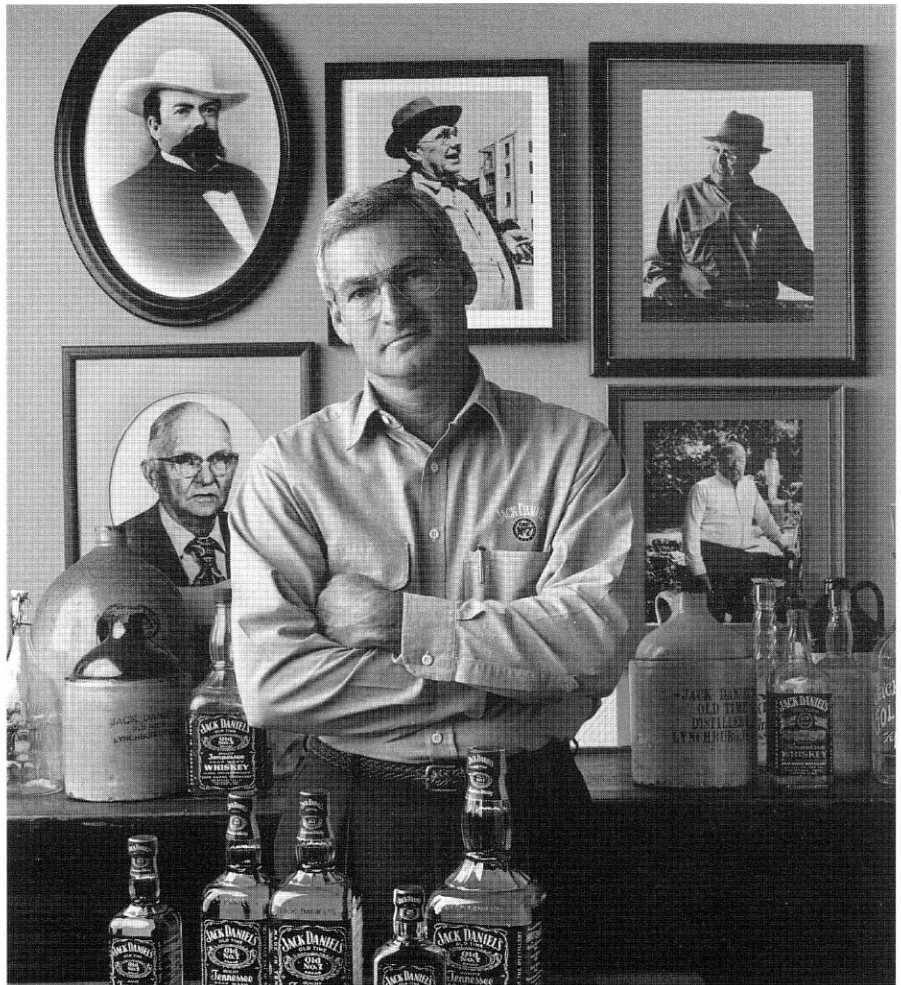
Thus many of the results of the Civil Rights movement - especially many of the federal initiatives - have certainly wrought unintended, and some would argue, negative results. As Rowena Brady explains with a touch of ambivalence: "History is history. It lists the facts of things that have happened and tries to explain them. Those matters certainly ought to be of concern, but histories do not tell the complete story." On the other hand, her goal was clearly to preserve the images and "memories which helped to make us what we are" - and Tampa what it is - today (p. 12).

Of course the challenge for African Americans (as it is for all of us) is to find a way to bring back the same kind of sense of purpose and cohesion to all of our communities that have been lost over the last generation or so. Certainly, a strong sense of the past is an excellent first step toward recreating the positive elements of that lost world.

This excellent work represents a bold publishing venture by the University of Tampa Press. It is well-calculated to bring delight, but also depth, meaning and perspective to its community. It is also without question the most poignant reminder we have of how vibrant and alive was Tampa's African American community.



James M. Denham teaches Florida and other history at Florida Southern College in Lakeland, Florida.



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