

# South Florida History

M A G A Z I N E

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## FEATURES

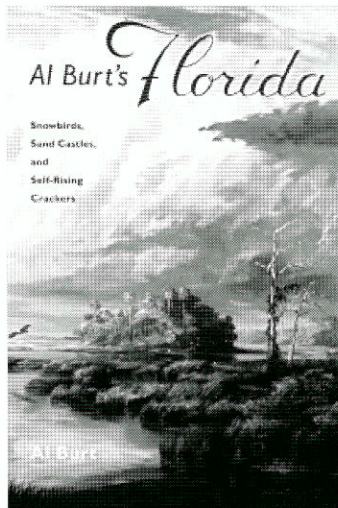
- A Splendid Little War
- An Eyewitness Account From San Juan Hill
- Pioneer Schoolteacher

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



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# Florida

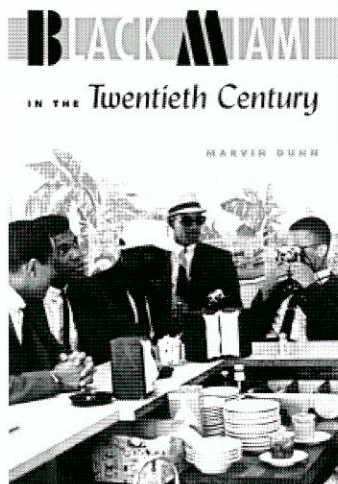


## Al Burt's Florida *Snowbirds, Sand Castles, and Self-Rising Crackers*

Al Burt

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Florida Humanities Council.

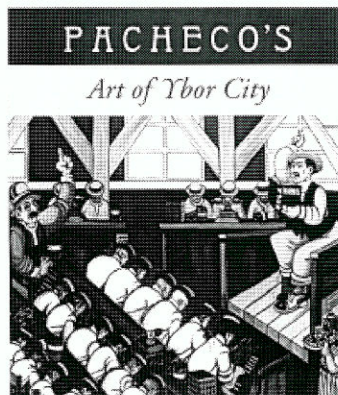
"For 23 years [Al Burt] wore out tire treads and shoe leather visiting all corners of [Florida]...capturing its characters like a butterfly-collector, and pinning them painlessly to newspaper pages. Here...are the sights and impressions of those journeys, recounted in a leisurely cadence, like the rocking of a front porch swing on a warm afternoon."—*The Miami Herald*  
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Marvin Dunn

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## Pacheco's Art of Ybor City

Ferdie Pacheco

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in Florida*

Faith Reyher Jackson

"The first comprehensive study of Phillips, by someone who knew him. . . . A significant, in-depth, and highly entertaining biography of [the man who] was one of the first to develop landscaping with tropical and subtropical plants [and who] . . . left us with one great masterpiece—the Fairchild Tropical Garden."  
—R. Brinsley Burbidge, director,  
Fairchild Tropical Garden, Miami  
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## Jannus, an American Flier

Thomas Reilly

"*Jannus, an American Flier* recounts the life and exploits of one of the forgotten figures of early aviation, a colleague of Curtiss and Benoist who pioneered in military and commercial aviation but died early and was all but lost amid the high-speed developments of the industry. Reilly's account will appeal to aviation historians in particular and to the many general readers interested in the pioneer era of flight."—Louis S. Casey, curator, National Air and Space Museum, Smithsonian Institution  
Cloth, \$29.95

## Edison in Florida

*The Green Laboratory*

Olav Thulesius

"This is the first comprehensive history of Edison's life and work in Fort Myers, and Thulesius covers the subject well, highlighting little-known segments of Edison's speculation and experimentation, such as life units, X-rays, and hybridizing."—Leah Burt, former curator, Edison National Historic Site, West Orange, New Jersey  
Cloth, \$29.95

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Cover: **Troop C, Ninth U.S. Cavalry, Captain Taylor Leading the Charge at San Juan** After the Civil War the U.S. Army formed two cavalry regiments, the Ninth and Tenth. They were organized with ex-Civil War, African-American soldiers who wanted to remain in the Army. Originally their job was to control the hostile Indians on the plains and, due to their courage and valor in battle, they earned the name "Buffalo Soldiers" from their opponents. The Ninth U.S. Cavalry notably showed this same valor in the Spanish-American War. Chromolithograph print by Fletcher C. Ransom. (HASF 1991-406-1)  
Background: Battlefield Lithograph

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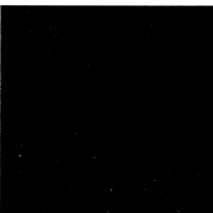
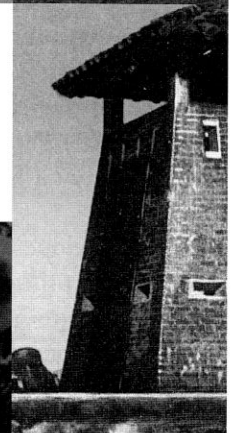
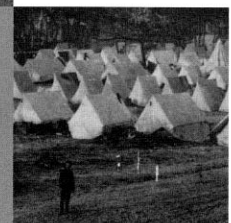
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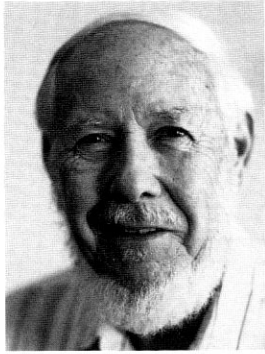
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# Editor's Notes

By Stuart McIver



Americans like rankings. "We're number one" is a familiar chant in the world of sports, usually expressed

with one finger arrogantly lofted on high. No, not that finger.

Ratings of presidents have been with us for a half a century and historical rankings have also emerged. Three years ago *Sunshine Magazine* ranked Henry Morrison Flagler the most "influential" figure since Florida became a state.

Now the Lakeland Ledger has published its answer to the question: "Who are the 50 most important Floridians of the 20th century?" I was asked by the paper's editor, Louis Michael Perez, to participate in the voting. I figured I was in good company. Other historians from South Florida included, the HASF's own historian Paul George; Donald Curl, Florida Atlantic University; Rodney Dillon, Broward County Historical Commission; Allison DeFoor II, Key Largo attorney; Irvin Solomon, Florida Gulf Coast University, and William Straight, Miami physician and authority on Florida medical history.

And now the envelope.

The results are surprising. Number one turned out to be four people, three of them women. Making the results all the more interesting was the makeup of the panel. Of the 56 panel members, only six were women. The support for the three seems simply a straightforward recognition of their considerable worth.

Henry Flagler was, predictably, the male who made the top twentieth century grouping, even though many

of his achievements came in the nineteenth century. Through his railroad, hotels, resorts and farming colonies, he created a Florida world that reached from St. Augustine to Key West.

Mary McLeod Bethune, the daughter of former slaves, earned her high ranking in pathways far removed from Flagler's world of high finance. In 1904 with the enormous capital of \$1.50 she opened Daytona Educational and Industrial Training School for Negro Girls. By 1923 it had expanded into Bethune-Cookman College. In President Franklin D. Roosevelt's New Deal administration she became the first black woman ever to head a government agency. An adviser to five presidents, Mary Bethune to this day, remains one of the most inspiring of all Floridians.

Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings was the only writer to reach the top, finishing well ahead of Ernest Hemingway, Zora Neale Hurston and John D. MacDonald. From her orange grove in Cross Creek, she wrote of the classic Florida cracker, close to the soil and far from the glitz of the big city. Her masterpiece, *The Yearling*, won the Pulitzer Prize for literature in 1939.

Although still alive, the fourth number one is a figure both contemporary and historical. At 108 Marjory Stoneman Douglas goes so far back into our recent past she has already attained the status of legend. Since the 1947 publication of *The Everglades — River of Grass*, she has become the human face and the voice of Florida's environmental movement. She is, of course, a writer, just as Rawlings was — and a good one — but it is as an environmentalist that she is honored. Important Floridian? Just ask yourself what our South Florida world would have been like without her.

Flagler, Bethune, Rawlings and Douglas — a powerhouse quartet. Two other Floridians were close behind—Governor Leroy Collins, a southern voice for moderation and sanity in the heated civil rights wars, and Senator/Congressman Claude Pepper, a dedicated champion of the poor and the elderly, who lived his later years in Dade County.

We are delighted that one of the founders of the Historical Association of Southern Florida and the Caribbean was also honored in the poll. Pollsters picked Charlton Tebeau, author of the definitive *A History of Florida* and beloved University of Miami professor for 37 years.

The Most Important designation included South Floridians from a variety of fields: Developers — Carl Fisher, Miami Beach; George Merrick, Coral Gables; Barron Collier, Naples, and Addison Mizner, Boca Raton, though he is better known as the architect who created the look of Palm Beach. Politics — Senator Bob Graham and Attorney General Janet Reno, both Miami natives. Entertainment — Singer/songwriter Jimmy Buffett and actor Burt Reynolds. Aviation — Eddie Rickenbacker, World War I ace and head of Eastern Airlines. Sports — Miami's Don Shula, pro football's winningest coach. Law — Rosemary Barkett, Miami nun who became the first woman to serve on the Florida Supreme Court, and Chesterfield Smith, former president of the American Bar Association and public spirited attorney who practiced law in Coral Gables. Journalism — John S. Knight, publisher of *The Miami Herald* and founder of the Knight-Ridder newspaper chain. Invention — Thomas A. Edison, a somewhat baffling choice since the great man spent only a little winter time in Fort Myers. Still, if there was ever a man any state would be proud



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to claim, that man would be Tom Edison.

"Certainly, there's room for disagreement about the selections," wrote Editor Perez in his introduction to his paper's special publication. So, if you've got choices you'd like to nominate, write us.

\* \* \* \*

We are delighted, of course, that the late John S. Knight, former publisher of *The Miami Herald*, was named one of the 50 Most Important Floridians by the *Lakeland Ledger*, a paper that serves a west central section of Florida, far removed from our area. It makes even more pleasing the kind words the *Herald* wrote about the Historical Museum of Southern Florida in its November 9, 1997 edition.

In its lead editorial, the *Herald* wrote: "The Historical Museum of Southern Florida opens its doors just about every day, offering the public a look at this region's sumptuous past — and its current dynamism....

"....Led by Randy Nimnicht since 1974, the museum is no stuffed-shirt institution. It has embraced its community and makes sure that its facets are reflected....

"The Historical Museum of Southern Florida gives flesh and blood to this region's history. It is a jewel that should be treasured."

To the *Herald's* editor, Jim Hampton, we reply. You, too. And thanks.



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# Around the Galleries



Historical Museum of Southern Florida

Miami-Dade Cultural Center, 101 West Flagler Street, Miami, Florida

(305) 375-1492 / [www.historical-museum.org](http://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 \$5; Children 6-12 \$2.

Members Free.

## SPECIAL EXHIBITIONS

### THE SUMMER OF 1898: WAR IN FLORIDA & CUBA

May 1 - August 30, 1998

This exhibit looks back at the Spanish-American War during its 100th anniversary year. Using fascinating artifacts and revealing documents and photographs, this centennial retrospective puts you in the middle of the action. Explore the conflict's impact on the South Florida community and its international population through various points of view.

### GATEWAY OF THE AMERICAS

Permanent installation opens Fall 1998

See the newest multimedia addition to the museum's permanent exhibit, "Tropical Dreams: A People's History of Southern Florida." Explore the last fifty years of southern Florida's development, a burst of activity which produced more changes in the area than any other time period since its settlement. Visitors can chart the region's growth and examine the myriad influences - from transportation and immigration to education and recreation - which have given southern Florida international importance.

## HISTORIC TOURS

### SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR "CAMP MIAMI" CENTENNIAL & HISTORIC DOWNTOWN WALKING TOUR

May 17, 1998, 11:00 a.m.

For "history buffs," this is the ultimate tour! Observe the centennial of the Spanish-American War while visiting the site of "Camp Miami," a large area in the northern section of downtown Miami used during the conflict. Also see the site of the original Florida East Coast Railway train station, the majestic Miami News/Freedom Tower building, and the

beautifully restored Gesu Catholic Church. You'll see the sites of other historic churches and appreciate a stunning array of architecturally distinctive structures along N.E. 1st Street (one of Miami's best-kept secrets). Then top off your tour with a visit to the Spanish-American War special exhibition at the Historical Museum of Southern Florida. Meet at the Historical Museum, 101 W. Flagler Street, Miami. Members: \$10; Non-Members: \$15.

### METRORAIL TOUR OF GREATER MIAMI

June 13, 1998, 10:00 a.m.

For a comprehensive tour of our multicultural county, hop on the Metrorail with Dr. George and travel 20 miles around Greater Miami. From WWII camps to historic waterways, farms and racetracks to the many ethnic neighborhoods of Dade County, you will hear about the people and places that made Greater Miami what it is today. Meet at the Dadeland South Station, at the rail entrance. Members: \$10; Non-Members: \$15; plus \$1.25 rail fare.

### STILTSVILLE/KEY BISCAIYNE TWILIGHT BOAT TOUR

June 28, 1998, 5:00 p.m. - 8:00 p.m.

Like the lost city of Atlantis, Stiltsville is destined to take on legendary status before the end of the decade. Take this final opportunity of the season to learn of the rich history of the bay, Virginia Key and Key Biscayne as you enjoy a relaxing Sunday evening boat ride on Biscayne Bay. Watch the sunset and catch a glimpse of the unique neighborhood that stands in the middle of the bay, the newly-restored historic Cape Florida Lighthouse and other landmarks. Advance reservations and non-refundable payment are required. Members: \$20; Non-Members: \$25. To reserve, call (305) 375-1625.





## 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

#### 100 MOST MEMORABLE MOMENTS IN MAJOR LEAGUE BASEBALL Running through May 20



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

#### CELEBRATING 25 YEARS

**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

##### TOURS OF THE BOCA RATON RESORT & CLUB Tuesdays, 1:30 p.m.

Guided historical walking tour of Addison Mizner's original Cloister Inn. Tour participants may eat lunch in one of the club's private restaurants. \$5 per person, plus valet fee. Call for reservations.

##### BOCA RATON CITY TOURS

Wednesdays, 9:15 a.m.

Guided trolley tour of Boca Raton provides an interesting narrative of Boca Raton's development and evolution. \$7.50 per person, non-members and \$5 for BRHS members. Call for details.

##### BOCA RATON HERITAGE DAY

May 17, 1998, Noon - 5:00 p.m.

A community festival starting with a pioneer picnic at noon and culminating with jazz music on stage at Sanborn Square. Children's activities, community booths, city tours, entertainment, historic reenactors, lectures and historical displays at Town Hall, Sanborn Square, the Train Depot and the Children's Museum. Bring the family, a picnic lunch and enjoy an afternoon in historical downtown Boca Raton.



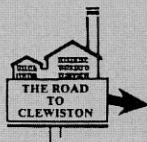
**FORT MYERS HISTORICAL MUSEUM**  
2300 Peck Street, Fort Myers  
(941) 332-5955

**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.



**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.



**CLEWISTON MUSEUM**  
112 S. Comercio St.  
Clewiston  
(941) 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.



#### THE MUSEUM OF FLORIDA'S ART AND CULTURE

13300 U.S. Hwy. 98  
Sebring, FL 33870  
(941) 655-5454 • (941) 655-0392  
Fax (941) 655-3240  
<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

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. Brazilian artist Carlos Kis is being featured through May 1998. 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.



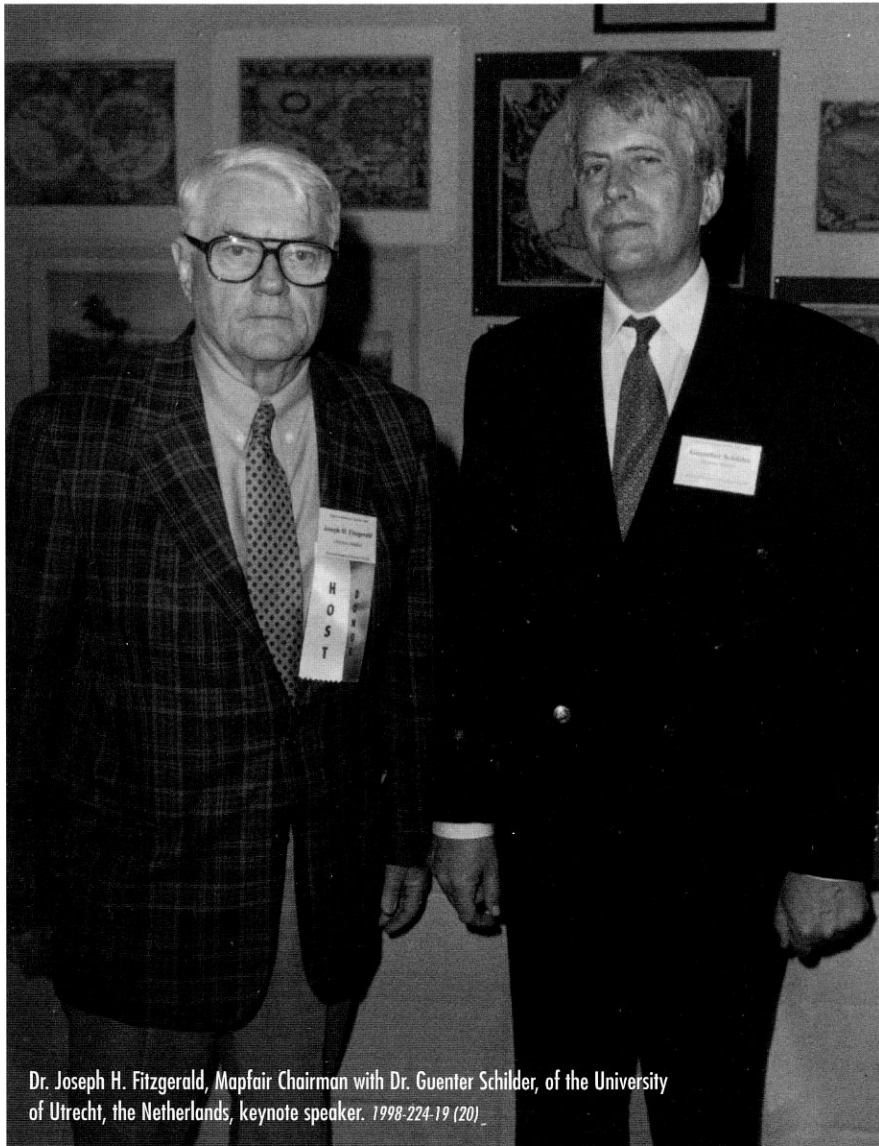
# Recent Happenings

## MAPPING OUT A SUCCESS

The Fifth Annual Miami International Map Fair took place at the Historical Museum of Southern Florida (HMSF), Saturday and Sunday, February 7-8, 1998. The fair, the only event of its kind in the western hemisphere, drew 700 people and 26 map dealers

A panel discussion on "Theft and Security of Historic Maps" and a workshop on "What to Collect and How to Collect It" highlighted a full weekend program of activities. Professor Dr. Guenter Schilder of Utrecht University in the Netherlands gave the keynote address on "The Golden Age of Dutch Cartography." Lillian Lambrechts, the Director of Art Programs and Art Curator for the Corporate Art Programs of Bank of Boston brought a visually stunning selection of antique maps for exhibition during the weekend event. "The Map Fair is an extension of the museum's educational mission and its goal to share knowledge of historic maps with collectors and interested individuals," Nicole Shuey, Marketing/Grants Manager at HMSF, said. "Through this awareness, the Map Fair encourages important donations to the museum's Joseph H. Fitzgerald Trust for Historic Maps. The trust provides support for the growth and curatorial care of the museum's map collection and fosters an appreciation for historic maps through exhibitions, publications and educational programming. The museum's collection contains 1,200 maps of Florida, South Florida and the Caribbean, dating from the late 1500s to the present." Recent donors to the collection include Ben and Eva Hoepelman, Adina Sommer, J. Thomas Touchton and William Wersen.

"The Historical Museum of Southern Florida deeply appreciates the generosity of its members and volunteers and the following sponsors who helped make the Fifth Annual Miami International Map Fair possible," said Marcia Kanner, Map Fair Coordinator. Those people include BankBoston; HealthSouth/Doctor's Hospital; Salomon, Kanner, Damian & Rodriguez P.A.; Borders Framing; Southern Wine & Spirits; Curbside Florist; Wyndham Miami Biscayne Bay Hotel; Hyatt Regency Coral Gables Hotel; Sunset Gallery & Framing.



Dr. Joseph H. Fitzgerald, Mapfair Chairman with Dr. Guenter Schilder, of the University of Utrecht, the Netherlands, keynote speaker. 1998-224-19 (20)

from around the world. Participants examined antique maps, atlases and books for sale by top dealers from Germany, the Netherlands, England, Australia, Argentina, Canada and the United States. The dealers also took turns offering expert opinions of visitors' maps, providing details on the documents' origins and historical value.



## THE BATTLE OF THE SUMMER WAS UPON US

To commemorate the centennial anniversary of the Spanish-American War, the Historical Museum of Southern Florida (HMSF) will present a special exhibit, *The Summer of 1898: War in Florida & Cuba*, running from May 1-August 30, 1998. "This was a war where direct descendants of many people living in Miami fought for Cuba, Spain, America or Puerto Rico," said Becky Smith, Curator of Research Materials at HMSF. "So this was a personal war for many people. It involved many of our major ethnic groups, Cuban, Puerto Rican, Hispanic, Anglo and Black. And we've got great stuff to show." Admission for the event is \$5 for adults, \$2 for children (ages 6-12) and free for museum members.

Smith said the exhibit will look back at the Spanish-American War during its 100th anniversary year. Pictures, documents, maps photographs, lithographs, paintings, drawings, artifacts and stunning displays will retell vividly the preliminary wars in Cuba, as well as the sinking of the *Maine*, including a full color scale replica of the ship whose sinking led to U.S. involvement in the war. According to Smith, yellow journalism will reveal itself in the exhibit, featuring dozens of books and tear sheets from actual newspapers and magazines published during that short war. "I'll have to look at the dates again, but the exhibit might be up longer than the actual war," Smith quipped.

A Gatling Gun, uniforms and veterans camp drum will be on hand, telling the amazing story of American and Cuban soldiers fighting side by side with ban-

ners waving in unison at such famous battles as those of San Juan Hill. Actual pieces of a Spanish flag, whose lowering over the fort in Havana signaled Spain's defeat, ending its reign as a world power and inserting the United States in her place, will be on hand at the exhibit.

According to Smith, exhibit visitors can learn of the post war occupation of Cuba by the U.S., and the controversy for control of Isle of Pines, just south of Cuba. Also discover a panoply of famous figures involved in the conflict including Cuba's José Martí, Red Cross founder Clara Barton and former U.S. President Theodore Roosevelt, who led the famous Rough Riders from Tampa to Cuba. "A major Cuban doctor, Carlos Finlay, worked extensively to combat one of the major killers in the world, yellow fever," Smith said. "After the war, the American in charge of med-

ical aspects took Finlay's discoveries and stopped yellow fever dead in its tracks. This has saved millions and millions of lives throughout the world."

Miami, with a population of only 1,200 people, played a part in Cuba's freedom. On hand will be pictures and accounts of Camp Miami, located in what is today's downtown business district, as it was jammed with 1,800 soldiers who rolled in on a wave of fear of invasion that captivated the entire east coast. In the exhibit will be a reproduction "dog tent" which visitors can crawl in and experience what a U.S. soldier's leisure hours were like while encamped in Miami.

"This was the first major war since the Civil War so you had all these old Union and Confederate generals fighting together," Smith said. "I think there will be something at the exhibit for everyone."

### OUTFITTING THE SOLDIER IN FLORIDA

The exhibit will feature Army and Navy uniforms and gear. By the outbreak of the Spanish American War, the majority of regular army troops were issued with the 30-40 Krag Rifles and Carbines (Models 1892, 1894, 1896, 1898 and 1899). However, the bulk of state troops, including the pictured enlisted man, were not yet issued these new firearms, and therefore were still using the obsolete 45-70 "Trapdoor" Springfield Rifles and Carbines (Models 1870, 1873, 1877, 1884, and 1888). These old guns were using black powder cartridges and when fired would reveal the American's position to the Spanish snipers and artillerymen. The belt buckle, one of which the exhibit will have on loan from Alex de Quesada, is embossed with "NY," for New York. In period photographs, these troops were found to be wearing either "US" or "NY" M1874 belt plates and "US" or "NY" cartridge belt plates. Also on loan from de Quesada, is a Merriam backpack, one of which the pictured soldier is using. On the soldier's left side is a haversack, used to carry mess kits and other items. The soldier is wearing a wool campaign hat, and a dark blue wool "sack coat" officially called Undress Uniform. These were not popular with the soldiers because of the Miami heat. Instead, the soldiers and even their officers preferred to wear the Model 1883 Army Overshirt, usually referred to as the "Campaign Shirt." - Alex de Quesada contributed to this story.





MIAMI

THE STORY OF THE

AND THE

MAGIC CITY DURING

SPANISH

A SPLENDID LITTLE WAR

AMERICAN

BY DR. PAUL S. GEORGE

WAR



Miami was less than two years of age when, in April 1898, the United States went to war with the aging empire of Spain over the issue of Cuban independence. A picturesque island with a lively, cosmopolitan capital in Havana, Cuba had represented, since its establishment in the sixteenth century, one of Spain's most important New World possessions. But the fitful colony had been in a state of rebellion with Spain for several decades prior to this war of independence. In the years immediately prior to the Spanish-American War, Spain and Cuba were engaged in a savage guerrilla war. A series of events and controversies pitting Spain and the United States on opposite sides, exacerbated by an inflammatory American press, placed the two nations on a collision course that ultimately led to war.

The "Splendid Little War," as it was characterized by John Hay, the American Secretary of State, lasted but three months, resulting in a decisive victory for the United States over an opponent whose fortunes and power had declined precipitously since it had amassed a vast empire in the New World three centuries earlier. The war represented a watershed in American foreign policy.

The war, along with the ensuing peace treaty, marked the emergence of the U.S. as the world's foremost industrial nation, and as an imperial power with possessions and influence that now extended across the globe.

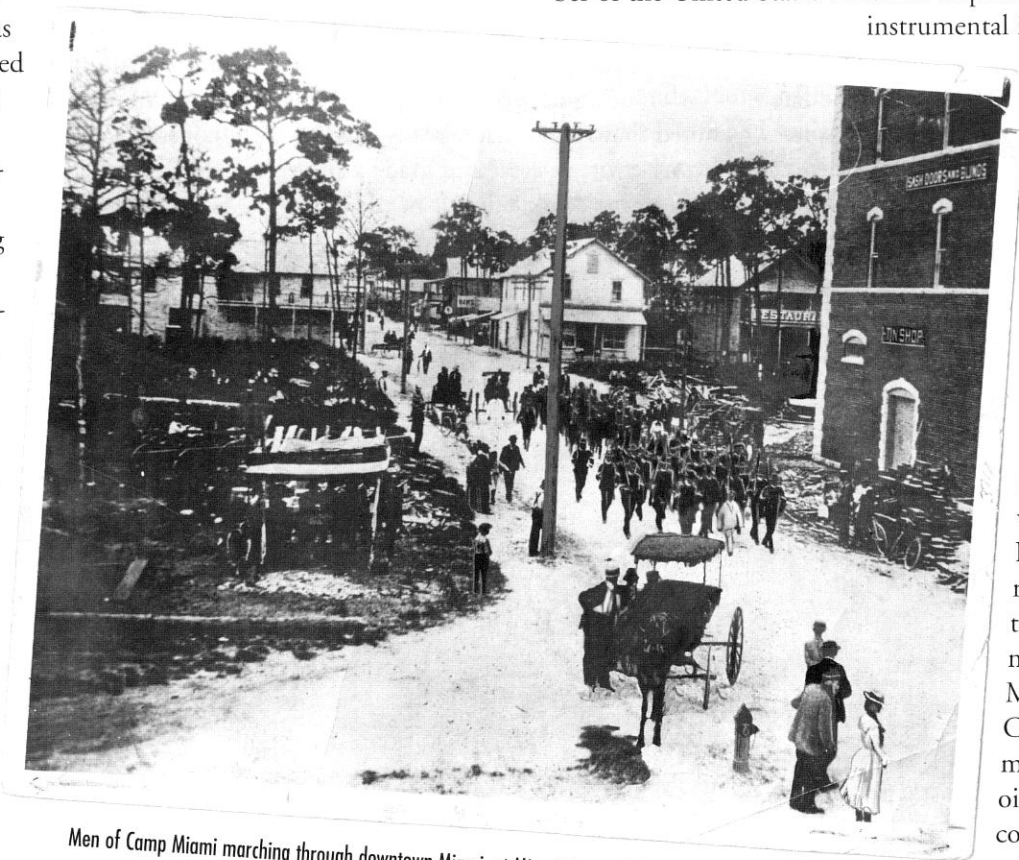
At the time of the war, Miami contained little more than 1,200 residents who lived in today's downtown area. Miamians experienced the war in different ways. Even before the outbreak of hostilities on April 24, the city's residents witnessed the arrival of large numbers of persons fleeing Key West due to its close proximity to Cuba and the theatre of war. Additionally, many Miamians feared that the Spanish navy would invade their municipality as part of an offensive against several coastal Florida cities. The *Miami Metropolis*,

the city's lone newspaper, fanned this fear, averring that Spanish warships could destroy the posh Royal Palm Hotel or another city landmark. This fear prompted a demand for coastal defenses. Eventually, the Army erected an earthen mound forty-five feet in diameter and twenty feet in height and installed two heavy guns on a ridge overlooking Biscayne Bay near today's Brickell Avenue and Eighteenth Road. The "fort" was positioned so that its guns could cover the dog leg in the ship channel dredged only a year earlier by industrialist and developer Henry M. Flagler from Cape Florida on Key Biscayne to the mouth of the Miami River. (The "dog leg" refers to a sharp turn in the channel as it heads toward the mouth of the Miami River). The fort, known formally as Fort Robert W. Davis for a Florida member of the United States House of Representatives who was

instrumental in securing a military camp in Miami, but as Fort Brickell by virtually everyone who mentioned it, remained unfinished at war's end. The fear of invasion was highly improbable because of the shallowness of the waters of Biscayne Bay and Miami's relative unimportance. As Commodore Ralph Munroe, the sage of Coconut Grove, mused in his memoirs: "No warships could get within range of the town and there was no

conceivable object in attacking this undeveloped largely waste region. Nevertheless," he noted, "there was plenty of foolish excitement not to say panic." To allay its concern, 200 Miamians organized a volunteer home guard unit, the Miami Minutemen, (see picture page 14) and drilled with arms on the grounds of the Royal Palm Hotel (see picture page 16) owned by Flagler, a Gilded Age Prince from his partnership with John D. Rockefeller in Standard Oil.

By the late 1800s, the restless Flagler had embarked on a new career as a railroad, resort, and community builder. His railroad and building projects had given birth to modern Miami. Flagler's large hostelry stood near the confluence



Men of Camp Miami marching through downtown Miami, at Miami Ave. and Flagler. W.L. Harris HASF1989-011-10500

of Biscayne Bay and the Miami River.

At the time of the conflict, the United States military, woefully unprepared for fighting, sought bases on the Florida peninsula from which an invasionary army could reach the nearby island. The Army examined several sites in Florida for camps, but it rejected Miami, despite the efforts of Flagler, who saw in the presence of an Army camp in the Magic City the opportunity to enhance the business of his FEC Railway through the transport of vast quantities of freight and soldiers. The Army, however, believed that Miami lacked the necessary warehouse facilities and did not possess a harbor deep enough to accommodate vessels and troop transports. Despite this report, the FEC Railway interests began preparing a soldiers' camp north of downtown in the piney woods.

Under intense lobbying from the influential Flagler, the Army returned to the Magic City for a second look. In a letter to Senator Thomas Platt of New York, Flagler was effusive—and dissembling—in his praise for the young community, proclaiming that its summers were extremely pleasant. Flagler also rhapsodized over the city's inexhaustible supply of purest water and the presence of a constant sea breeze for the comfort of officers and men. In fact, the railroad titan exclaimed, there was “no pleasanter location on the Atlantic Coast, south of Bar Harbor, to spend the summer in than Miami.”

During its second visit, the Army noted that Flagler had already made a strong effort to clear and grade a site for a camp, while officials of the Florida East Coast Railway assured Army

officials that they could erect such warehouses as necessary. Additionally, Julia Tuttle, “Miami's Mother,” and the person responsible for bringing Flagler and his rail to the community, cultivated Brigadier General James Wade, who came to Miami for a second time to assess its suitability as a campsite. (He had recommended against it initially) Tuttle put up Wade in her Hotel Miami, the city's first hostel, and provided the general with her launch, which he used to better reconnoiter the city.

Again, Wade and other Army officials rejected Miami as the site of a camp, which only moved the Flagler organization to accelerate their efforts at constructing the facility. Flagler ultimately prevailed, however, when Major General Nelson Miles wrote Secretary of War Russell Alger strongly

Camp Miami's long rows of squat tents housing the soldiers *HASF x-106-1*



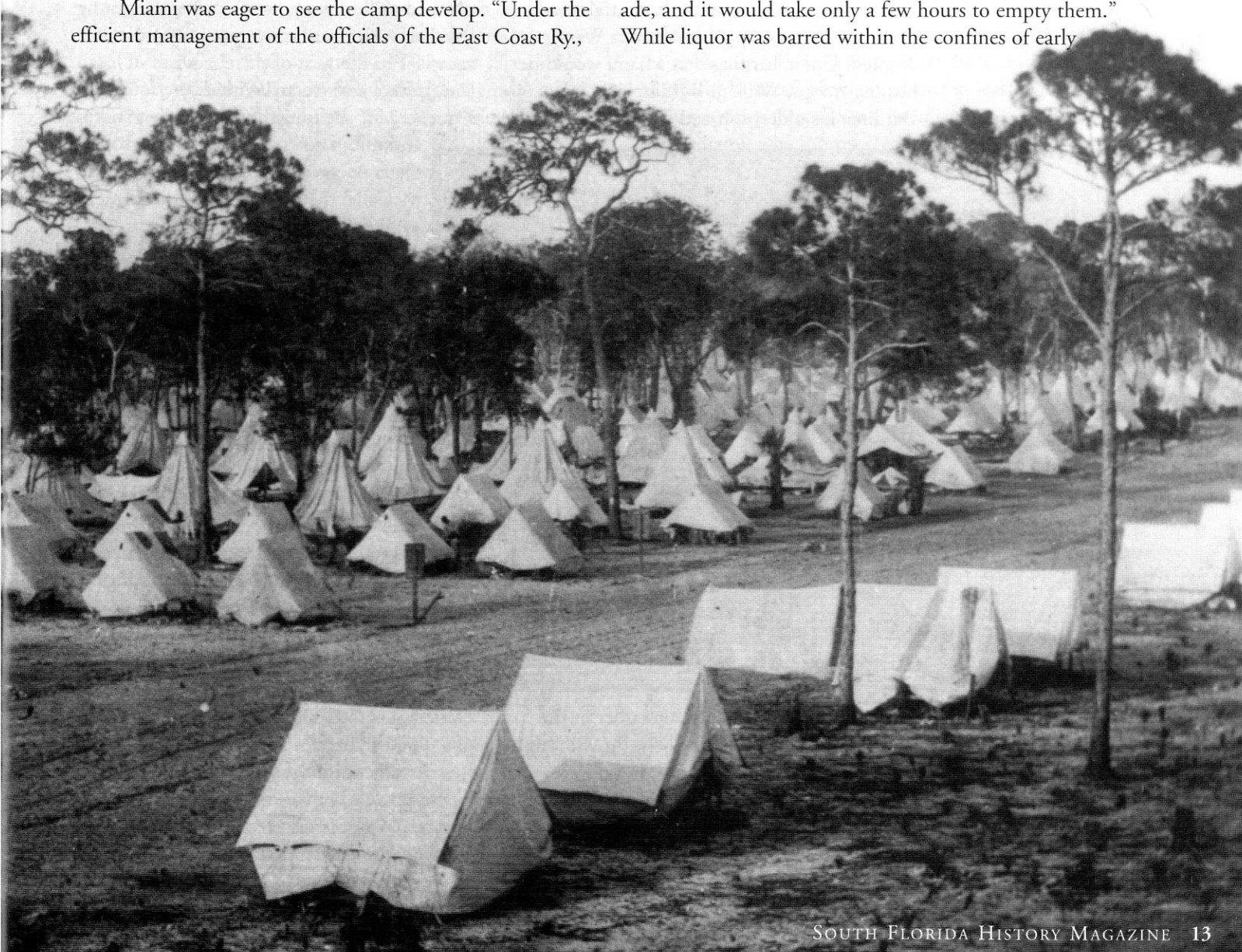


urging him to send 5,000 troops to Miami, which he described, according to historian William J. Schellings, as “a perfect camp site, with the ground already cleared, and health conditions that would enable the troops to be protected from any disease.” Additionally, Senator Platt had informed the secretary of war that Flagler’s suggestion for the location of a camp on the lower East Coast of Florida was a very good one. Miami had at last gained its coveted campsite, taking its place alongside of Tampa, Lakeland, Jacksonville, and Fernandina, which also hosted soldiers’ camps. The first soldiers arrived in Miami on June 24, 1898. Two weeks later, more than 7,000 volunteers from Alabama, Louisiana, and Texas, had established camp in an area covering a wide rectangular swath of the northern sector of today’s downtown. The facility stretched in an east-west direction from Biscayne Boulevard to Northwest Second Avenue. In the north, the camp abutted the picturesque FEC Railway train station on the site of today’s Miami News/Freedom Tower; it extended south to Northeast Second Street.

Miami was eager to see the camp develop. “Under the efficient management of the officials of the East Coast Ry.,

Camp Miami has been made the most beautiful and convenient camp for soldiers in the State,” the *Miami Metropolis*, a relentless booster journal, claimed. The work of the Flagler organization on the camp continued, with laborers concentrating primarily on its eastern portion. In its western sector, men continued to clear an area, still undeveloped, of foliage and boulders, digging wells, laying water pipes, and completing a sewer into Biscayne Bay. Eventually, long rows of squat white tents spread across the campsite. The Flagler organization spent approximately \$10,000 preparing Camp Miami for its occupants. Flagler opened his Royal Palm Hotel (closed for the summer) as officers’ quarters. Royal Palm Park, located directly north of the hotel, was designated as the venue for soldiers’ drills.

Miami’s merchants were excited over the prospects for increased business, advertising many of their wares as “soldier boy’s specialities.” Especially popular were cold drink and food stands. Pioneer J.K. Dorn recalled: “The Townley Brothers drugstore had six large barrels all connected at the top by a small pipe, all filled with water, made into lemonade, and it would take only a few hours to empty them.” While liquor was barred within the confines of early



Miami, some Louisiana regiments sold beer and wine in their canteens, although the Second Alabama regiment and two other regiments “were of the temperance variety.” Additionally, Camp Miami stood near North Miami, an unincorporated area just three blocks north of the city’s northern border. The quarter was rife with drinking, gambling, and prostitution, and it proved enticing to soldiers, as it had, since 1896, to residents of the Magic City.

Not only did Camp Miami prove a boon for the city’s businesses, but it also gave rise to the Burdines department store, Miami’s most enduring business. William Burdine was operating a department store in Bartow, a small community in central-west Florida, when the Spanish-America War erupted. Upon learning that Miami would be hosting troops, William Burdine sent John Burdine, his oldest son and an assistant in the

*“Here at Miami we have heat, mosquitoes and sandflies that beat anything we have ever met. We even hang our hats on the mosquitoes at night!”*

dine family moved to Miami, at which time the store began to operate in its new home on South Miami Avenue near Flagler Street. The business, which operates forty-eight stores in Florida and contains in its Dadeland store the busiest suburban department store in the United States, is celebrating, in 1998, its one hundredth year in Miami. If Miami’s business community was sanguine over the presence of Camp Miami, the occupants of the camp experienced great disappointment. Before arriving in Miami, many soldiers had heard “glowing accounts” of the young community. Once there, however, they found a camp still far from completion, with a sewage and waste system that left much to be desired. Initially, the camp’s developers planned to flush waste matter into the nearby bay. But with an extensive portion of the camp far to the west of there, a series of half barrels were constructed with deleterious consequences for the camp’s sanitation network and, ultimately, the health of the soldiers. According to historian Arva Parks McCabe, the more practical minded soldiers “took to the woods.”

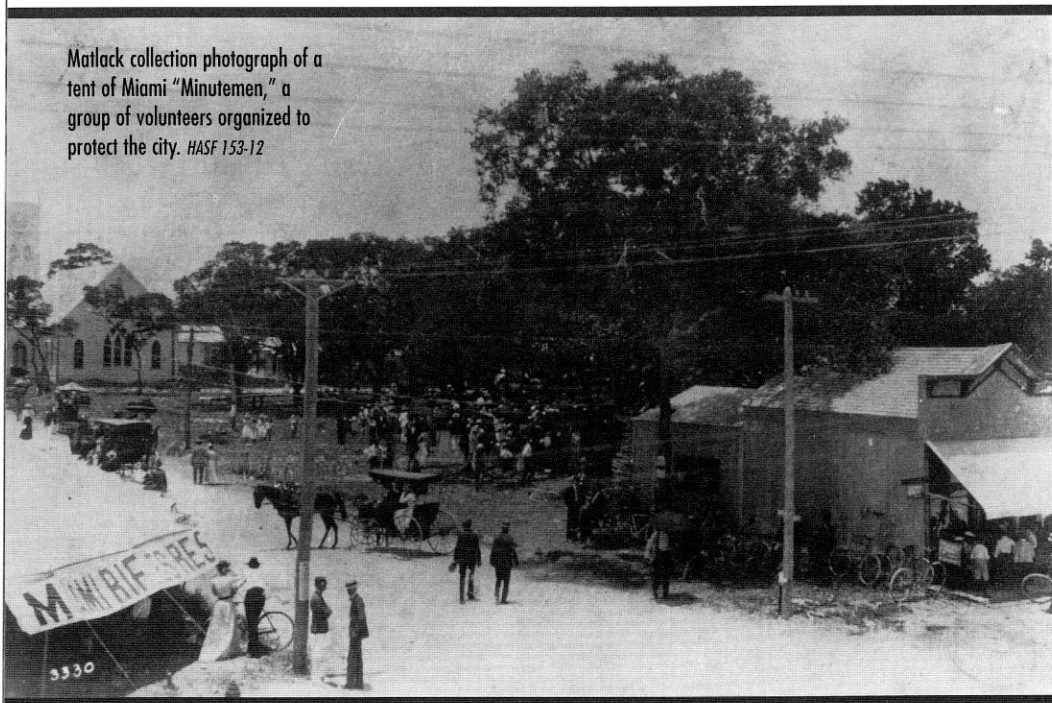
Many soldiers were forced to labor at the camp, especially in the western sector, clearing trees, palmettoes, and stones. Such forced service caused a steep decline in soldier morale. Accordingly, the soldiery became absolutely indifferent to the impulse which had led them to enlist. Shortages of provisions and equipment added to the misery of the soldiers. Men lived on sparse rations in the early days of the camp. Vegetables were often non-existent, as were recreational facilities. Looming above everything else were growing doubts that the men of Camp Miami would ever see Cuba, since the war was decidedly one-sided in favor of the

United States, thereby raising the possibility of a quick ending.

The impurity of the water supply would prove to be one of Camp Miami’s most intractable problems. Historian Donna Thomas has written that three camp surgeons characterized the water as thoroughly contam-

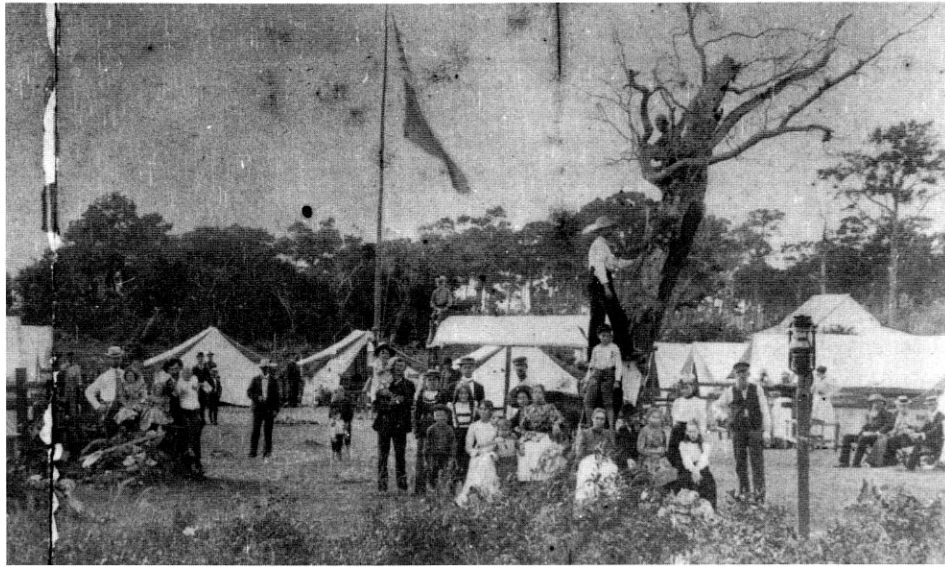
firm, over military roads built earlier in the century to Miami. Burdine brought with him with a wagon load of clothing and other apparel for men. He quickly sold out his inventory, prompting his father to decide on the Magic City as the new home of William Burdine and Son. In October 1898, the Bur-

Matlack collection photograph of a tent of Miami “Minutemen,” a group of volunteers organized to protect the city. HASF 153-12





Soldiers in a recreational area of Camp Miami HASF x-1102-1



inated, infected, and too dangerous to utilize for drinking purposes. A contemporary observed that Miami, with its

water and sanitation problems, was the unhealthiest spot in the country. Doctors feared an outbreak of malaria; at the same time, an autopsy on a deceased soldier indicated that he was a victim of typhoid fever. Additional soldiers succumbed to the same disease. Father Ambrose Fontan, pastor of the Church of the Holy Name, which stood near a portion of the southern border of Camp Miami, wrote that "In the space of two months 24 (soldiers) succumbed, mostly to typhoid." A report of a Presidential commission investigating the conduct of the War Department in the Spanish-American War observed that troops at Camp Miami suffered from diarrhea, dysentery, and a low form of fever.

By mid-July, the Second Brigade, which consisted of the Second Texas, Second Louisiana, and Second Alabama regiments, reported about 350 men on sick call daily with fevers and other illnesses. Mindful of these problems, Major J. Warren Keifer, the division commander, ordered a halt in the use of well water for drinking purposes. Instead, the general instructed each regiment to install a large water tank, cooled with ice, for storage of drinking water.

The sick received assistance with the opening of a hospital at today's Southeast First Street and First Avenue. But shortages of building and hospital supplies, along with nurses and attendants, compromised its effectiveness and engendered criticism. One officer described the hospitals as "unsuitable and unsanitary." To aggravate matters, a patient was set on fire by an overturned candle. Such shortcomings prompted Eleanor Kinzie Gordon, whose husband commanded the Second Brigade, to arrange for the purchase of mosquito netting and to oversee the refurbishing of the hospital building, as Donna Thomas has noted.

Nowhere was the problem of illness along with anger over inadequate facilities and low morale more pronounced than with the Second Brigade, which consisted of troops from Texas, Louisiana and Alabama. The Brigade's chaplain, H.E. Chaplain, remarked that "Miami is a bitter memory to many homes in our state (Louisiana

and Texas and Alabama." He elaborated on this theme: "There was a most magnificent and gorgeously appointed

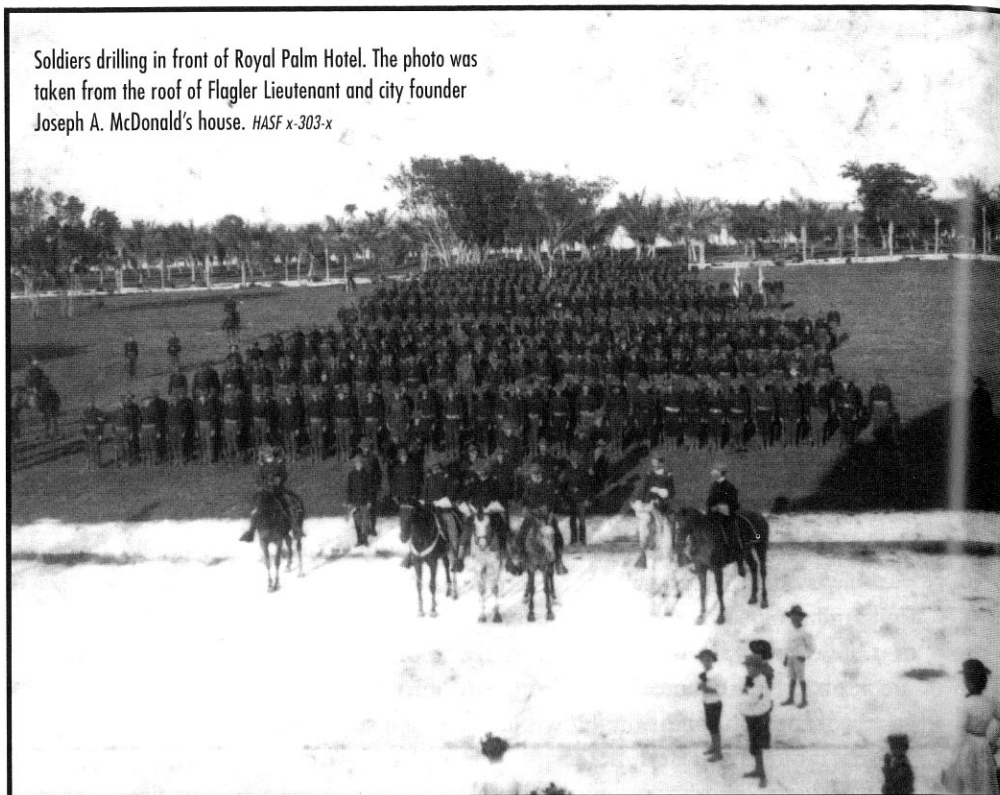
hotel (Royal Palm) right in the midst of a perfect paradise of tropical trees and bushes. But one had to walk scarce a quarter of a mile until one came to such a waste wilderness (the campsite) as can be conceived of only in rare nightmares." Sergeant M. Koenigsberg claimed that he and others in the Alabama regiments would have preferred to have experienced "the worst struggles of Santiago (a major theater of war in Cuba) than have endured one month in Miami." He claimed that at least eighteen Alabama volunteers died while in camp.

Miami, which prospered greatly from the short stay of the soldiers, who purchased the entire inventory of many merchants, chose to ignore, to a large degree, complaints about the camp and the discomforts of its occupants. Typically, the *Miami Metropolis* touted the city's virtues, while overlooking its shortcomings. The booster journal averred in an August 1898, issue that Miami water doesn't produce typhoid fever among its own citizens. "The records show that no adult has died since February 28 last," *The Metropolis* maintained. "The health of the soldiers has been as good here as in any other camp." A dissembling Henry Flagler wired Secretary of War Alger. "I understand that very unfavorable reports have reached you regarding the sanitary conditions," Flagler wrote. "As well as discomforts of the camp at Miami, Fla. If not wholly untrue they are grossly exaggerated, and I ask as a personal favor that you suspend adverse judgment (until all of the facts become known)."

With its heavy rainstorms and high temperatures and humidity, summertime exacerbated the problems of Camp Miami. One soldier complained: "Here at Miami we have heat, mosquitoes and sandflies that beat anything we have ever met. We even hang our hats on the mosquitoes at night." Another delivered the most memorable lament for Camp Miami. "If I owned both Miami and hell," he complained, "I'd rent out Miami and live in hell." Indeed, "Camp Hell" became the soldiers' sobriquet for their facility.

Miamians grew disillusioned with the antics of frustrated soldiers in Camp Miami. Theft on the part of the men constituted one of the problems. A dentist drilling holes in a pair of dice for soldiers had his watch stolen by them. Riflemen used coconuts for target practice; others upset townspeople by swimming naked in Biscayne Bay. Terrorism against residents of nearby Colored Town, the city's segregated African-American community, represented a far more serious problem. On one occasion, soldiers beat and attempted to lynch an African-American who failed to step off of the sidewalk as white women approached from the opposite direction. At other times, troops fired pistols at African-Americans. Trouble between soldiers and the African-American community prompted many African-Americans to flee to nearby Cocconut Grove to avoid continued harassment by Miami's volatile visitors. Ethan V. Blackman, a pioneer resident and chronicler of early Miami, observed: "The constant friction between the troops and the colored people was a continual source of anxiety." Even Julia Tuttle, Miami's revered "Mother," for her role in the birth of the city, experienced in direct fashion the problems of Camp Miami. A depressed soldier killed himself in the beautiful grounds surrounding her home near the mouth of the Miami River.

Soldiers in camps elsewhere in Florida encountered many of the problems bedeviling Camp Hell. An enlisted man at Tampa, whose four camps hosted more than 30,000 soldiers, called the city a BUM place. Historian Gary Mormino has noted



Soldiers drilling in front of Royal Palm Hotel. The photo was taken from the roof of Flagler Lieutenant and city founder Joseph A. McDonald's house. HASF x-303-x

that soldiers in the city's five camps were very uncomfortable. "They were wearing wool uniforms in 98 degree heat," Mormino noted. "The camps flooded when spring rains came and there are pictures of men stringing hammocks between the pine trees to get out of the water." Typhoid fever swept the camp at Jacksonville. African-American troops in Tampa rioted after white soldiers fired at an African-American child. In the ensuing melee, nearly thirty African-American troops were wounded. In Key West, which served as a "jumping off spot," according to historians Joan and Wright Langley, there was "considerable feeling against the African-American troops." When police arrested an African-American soldier for carrying a weapon, twenty "comrades, fully armed with rifles and fixed bayonets," liberated him, according to the *Metropolis*, from confinement.

Not surprisingly, many questioned the value of Camp Miami. Ralph Munroe believed the troops were "to a great extent simply scum and though they had good officers,

were completely out of control." As historian Arva Parks McCabe has noted, the many troubling and even violent incidents involving soldiers prompted some residents of the Magic City to label this experience, "The Battle of Miami."

There was, however, a positive side to the relationship between the soldiery and local residents. As noted, the spending on the part of soldiers was a boon to Miami's retail establishment. For their part, Miamians supported their guests by providing sewing kits and other notions, churches encouraged soldiers to attend services. Father Fontan of the Church of the Holy Name celebrated Mass for soldiers and administered the sacraments to them at the campsite. Soldiers also "packed" the congregation's modest, wood-frame church for its three Sunday Masses, and they organized a choir with an organist and a double quartet, and "rendered some very fine music." On a more somber note, three soldiers who succumbed to illnesses were buried from the church after solemn requiem Masses. The *Miami Metrop-*





olis praised the soldiery, whom it characterized as “a first-class set of men.” The journal was especially impressed with members of the First Texas Regiment, whom it claimed was composed of the best blood of the Lone Star State. “Officers and men alike were found to be gentlemen of the finest type,” the paper claimed. With their attention riveted on the nearby war, many Miamians felt secure in the knowledge that so many soldiers resided within their midst. Additional reassurance came from the spectacle of troops drilling, sometimes for lengthy periods under a broiling sun, in Royal Palm Park, and marching in long columns through the city’s downtown thoroughfares. Still, some Miamians remained fearful of Spanish intentions. Olive Chapman Lauther, who arrived on the first train to enter

Miami, recalled that “it was nothing unusual to see several persons along the water front with their heads just about touching the waters of Biscayne Bay listening to the sounds of battle.” The closest Miamians got to the conflict, however, was viewing Spanish prisoners of war who were delivered to the Royal Palm docks from Cuba en route to prison in Atlanta.


Camp Miami was short-lived, lasting but six weeks. At the beginning of August, with the war already over in Cuba, the soldiers received orders to break camp. By August 12, the last unit had left Camp Miami, although a few staff officers and a small hospital detachment remained to assist those men too ill to move. Even the final day of departure was marked by tragedy, as a lightning bolt struck a soft drink stand where many soldiers had gathered, killing two of them.

Predictably, the *Miami Metropolis* emphasized the benefits of Camp Miami. “It caused 10 acres of scrub land within the city limits to be cleared,” the newspaper noted. “And it contributed directly to the construction of new railroad trackage, additional paved streets, an artesian well, two large warehouses and several new stores.” Additionally, the paper reported, Camp Miami provided employment for everybody for nearly six weeks, made business brisk and helped advertise Miami from Maine to California.

The Army provided a more sober evalua-

tion of Camp Hell. General William M. Gordon, commander of the Second Brigade, remarked in a letter to Joseph A. McDonald, one of Miami’s most prominent citizens and a top lieutenant of Flagler. “That we have not realized the benefits we hoped for has not been your fault, but the result of factors beyond our control,” Gordon wrote. “The fact is that the number of troops were too great for the resources of a place where almost everything they need had to be created.”

Historians share a similar viewpoint. They believe that the difficulties which arose were the result of hasty and inept decisions, lack of preparedness, rapid mobilization of thousands of men, limited knowledge and experience of most of the officer personnel and exaggerations of an overly aggressive press. Donna Thomas has written that the complete lack of the facilities needed to sustain a military camp had virtually insured that Camp Miami would be a bitter memory to many of the men stationed there. William Schellings wrote that Miami was happy to see them (the soldiers) go. According to Schellings, relations had gradually grown worse, and the profits earned by the city’s businessmen were not large enough to make it worthwhile. “Additionally, the amount of bad publicity brought by the camp was bound to hurt the reputation of Miami as a winter resort if allowed to continue,” Schellings wrote.

Miami has hosted a series of military installations since the era of the Seminole Wars in the mid-1800s. While Camp Miami represented a mixed blessing for the fortunes of the young community, later encampments, most notably those of World Wars I and II, would bring great benefits to Miami as hundreds of thousands of men and women in uniform gained their first glimpse of this subtropical paradise. Not only did military spending during those conflicts enhance the economy of Greater Miami, but, additionally, thousands of soldiers acquired “sand in their shoes during their stay, and returned to Miami after wartime to reside permanently in the Magic City. Moreover, the political upheaval in Cuba that had helped to trigger the Spanish-American War, would occur again and again on the island, as well as in other countries to the south. The refugees and immigrants from this turmoil would reshape and redefine Miami in the second half of the twentieth century, and pave the way for its transformation into an international city. 



*A Letter  
From Granny*

*by Josephine Stinson Gibbs*  
1 8 9 2 - 1 9 8 1



*Dear Grandchildren,*

Because the Florida I came to as a child in 1900 was so different from the Florida that you know today, and because I taught boys and girls like you for almost forty years, your mother thought you might like to hear about some of my experiences, so I am writing this just for you.

We had heard much about Florida because my father had a cousin who had lived here for several years. He said that Florida was a land of opportunity where anyone could make a living. We were living on a farm in the red hills of Georgia where the chief crop was cotton, and when the price of cotton dropped to three cents a pound mother and father decided to move to Florida. We sold the farm for almost nothing and also the furniture, bringing with us just the bare necessities to start a new home.

We children had heard so many things about Florida that we were anxious to see for ourselves if the things we had heard were true. Someone told us that turtles were so big that people could ride on their backs. We imagined turtles in harnesses with people sitting on their backs, riding around. Of course we learned after we came here that there were very big turtles that could some times be seen on the beach when they came to lay their eggs in the sand, but we never saw anyone riding them.

We came by train, of course, for there were no automobiles or buses in those days. Mother packed lunch enough to last us on the trip. I don't even know whether there were diners on the trains then, but if there were, my father couldn't afford to take us there to eat. We were six children ranging in age from one to twelve. The thing that I remember most about the trip was seeing oranges growing on trees for the first time. It was February, and the oranges were fully ripe and golden yellow. The sight of rows and rows of trees loaded with oranges was, to me, the most beautiful sight I'd ever beheld.

### *Settling in Sebastian*

We arrived at Sebastian, a little village on the east coast of Florida that was to be our new home, just as the sun was setting. Father's cousin met us and took us to a boarding house for the night. Early the next morning we went to our new home that Cousin Will had rented for us. Father had shipped our bedding, mattresses, feather beds, pillows and quilts, dishes and cooking utensils, etc. Are you wondering what a feather bed was? If you can imagine a huge feather pillow as big as a mattress you'll have a pretty good idea of what it was. In the winter the feather bed was placed on top of the mattress, and in summer, the mattress was put on top. Your mother may remember that when she was a little girl

We found things very different here from our farm home. There were no red clay hills here on the coast, only miles and miles of white



*Granny and Students*

sand. I remember one morning my mother awakened early, and forgetting for the moment where she was, looked out the window and said "We really had a heavy snow last night."

We had never seen the ocean, so that was something new for us. We couldn't just drive to the beach as you can today. There were no bridges across the river (the Indian River which flows right alongside the Atlantic Ocean). We had to cross the river in a sailboat and then walk about a quarter of a mile to the beach. The sailboats were anchored as near shore as possible and the men waded ashore carrying the women. The women in those days were too modest to take off their shoes and stockings and wade. That was the only way we had of getting to the beach for many years, and even after I was grown and we had beach parties, the young men still carried the girls ashore.

### *Family Life in Florida*

My mother and father were still young and they enjoyed the beach parties with other young couples. Mother's bathing suit was very different from the ones you see today. The top had sleeves and a big sailor collar that was attached to very full knee-length bloomers onto which a full, pleated skirt buttoned at the waist. The first time she wore it, she wore stockings with it, but she soon lost one of them in the ocean. Father embarrassed her by shouting "Everybody, look, Sue washed one foot and forgot to wash the other."

I thought at the time it was hard to have to baby sit while mother was off having fun, but as I grew older and realized how hard she had worked and how little fun she'd had. Just cooking for a family of eight was no small task in those days, for you couldn't go to the corner grocery and buy



Granny and Joe while he was still courting her before the couple married.

a loaf of bread, a pie or cake, or other prepared foods that can be bought today. Besides washing, ironing and cooking for all of us, she made our clothes,

too, even father's suits, and you would never have known they were homemade. The fine knitting, crocheting, hand-work and quilting were works of art which you will appreciate some day.

There was plenty of fish to be had along the coast, and game was plentiful in the back country. My father liked to hunt, so we often had venison, turkey, and quail. One time Father killed a bear and we tried that meat, but none of us liked it. There were also wild hogs called "razorbacks," which never got round and plump like domestic hogs. We kept one in a pen once and tried to fatten him, but he never really looked fat, just long and lean. Some people killed and ate sea turtles; there was no law then protecting them. Panthers and bobcats came quite near the village at night.

Because I was just between two older brothers and two younger ones, I liked to do the things that the boys did. I ran races, climbed trees and played ball with them. Mother made the balls that we played with of string that she had saved.

My mother's last babies, twin girls, were born about two years after we came to Florida. There was no doctor in Sebastian. The nearest one was at Cocoa, more than fifty miles away. The nearest hospital was the railroad hospital at St. Augustine, more than a hundred miles away. Mother was very ill when the twins were born early in the morning when it was impossible to get a doctor. Mother had a friend who was a nurse that took care of her, but Mother was so ill it took all the nurses effort to save her life, and both of the little babies died.

While Mother was still recovering from her illness and that unfortunate tragedy, my brother Lennard, who



was only eight, became very angry with his brother Gus and decided he would blow him up with gunpowder. We think he got the gunpowder from shotgun shells that were in the house. He hid behind a big tree beside the path where he knew Gus would be passing. After piling up gunpowder in the path, it was all ready to light when he saw Gus coming. Lennard struck a match and reached around the tree to light the powder. Nothing happened, so he peeked a round the tree to see why, and at that instant it flared up right in his face. His hair, eye brows and eye lashes were burned off and this face was badly burned. Again we needed a doctor and could not get one, so my mother doctored him as best she could from her bed. We didn't realize at the time how serious it was, for he seemed eventually to get over it, but I don't doubt that it wasn't the beginning of the trouble that later caused his blindness.

### *My School Days in Florida*

My memories of life in Florida schools are, for the most part, happy memories. I remember the first teacher we had in Florida used to spend many hours with us after the school day was over. He used to take us on long hikes in the woods on Saturdays. Many evenings he took us for walks along the river road, adding to the group as he passed our houses. We'd go along the road singing and having a wonderful time. That may not sound like fun to you, but you must remember there were no movies, radio, television, tennis courts or skating rinks there. We didn't even have a public library or telephones. This teacher always gave us a little recess if anything unusual happened, like Indians coming to the general store next door, or organ grinders with monkeys and men with trained bears coming by.

The teacher I loved best was the last teacher I had in the Sebastian school. She was the one who helped me most of all to realize my ambition to be a teacher. I can't remember when I didn't want to be a teacher, but I didn't see much chance that I ever would, for I knew there was no money to send me to college. Teaching certificates were based on examinations at that time and this teacher said she felt sure that if I worked hard I could pass the examination.

During my last year there she advised me to leave school in March and take a spring "normal" course that was being offered at Stetson University that would help me prepare for the examination to be given in June of 1907. My older brothers were working by that time, so they let me have the money that I needed to go.

My teacher gave me a going away party. It was really a shower and I received some lovely things that a girl loves

to take with her when she is going away to school. It was the first party I'd ever had. When the party was over, one of the boys walked me home. He was a boy who had been in our home a lot with my older brothers and even called me "Sis" just like they did. That was my first date. The next day my younger brothers wanted to know who walked me home, but because they were such teases I wouldn't tell them. Believe it or not, those little rascals went out looking for tracks. In a few minutes they rushed back in shouting: "We know, It had to be Charlie because nobody else has such big feet."

I was just fifteen, the youngest student at Stetson and very shy. The rules at Stetson were very strict then. Boys and girls dated only with special permission on special occasions, like recitals or concerts there at the auditorium. Boys and girls all ate in the same dining hall, though, and on Friday evenings after supper, which was served at five o'clock, the boys were permitted to stay in the parlors and visit with the girls until eight.

### *My First Day Jitters Disappeared*

After that first spring term at Stetson I took the teachers' examination in June and received a certificate that was good for two years. A few days after receiving my certificate I was offered a teaching position at a summer school only ten miles from home. The people in that neighborhood raised beans in the winter and had their school in the summer so the children could work in the bean fields in the growing season.

Teachers were supposed to be grown-up, and grown-up women wore long dresses, so Mother had to work fast to make me some long dresses to wear that first week. The school supervisor was there to meet me when I got off the train on Sunday afternoon. He looked me over very carefully and then said, "You ain't more than about fifteen, are you?" and I replied "Oh, yes, I'm older than that," although I wasn't yet sixteen. I received a salary of thirty dollars a month, and paid twelve dollars a month board.

The night before I began school was a miserable one. I was anxious to teach, but I couldn't decide how to begin the first day. I couldn't seem to remember how any of my teachers had ever started. I wondered if the parents would be there and if they were, what should I say to them?

As it often happens I had all my worry for nothing. The supervisor walked with me to the schoolhouse, unlocked the door, gave me the key and left. There were no parents there, but the thirteen pupils I was to teach arrived on time. The schoolhouse hadn't been opened since school closed the preceding summer, so there was no doubt

Granny at Madison Normal School, 1907, at age 14.



about what was to be done. The children and I spent the first day sweeping, dusting and sorting books. I don't know how much the children learned that summer, but I learned a lot, and afterwards I was glad that I had had even a few months teaching experience before beginning a fall term.

It seemed to be the custom in those early days to send all of the beginning teachers to the toughest schools in the county on the theory, I suppose, that it would make or break them. So that fall I was sent to the largest and remotest one-teacher school in the county, forty miles out in the woods. I was to get a big raise in salary, though, for this school paid fifty dollars a month.

The first day of school there was very different from the one in the little summer school. I think every person for miles around who could get there was there. Those who couldn't get inside the building stood outside at the windows. Don't know how I ever got through that first day, but I can assure you, first days never bothered me again.

There were between forty and fifty pupils ranging in age from six to nineteen. Thirteen of them were beginners and the rest of them were in grades one through seven with only a fourth grade missing. Imagine anyone, least of all a child of sixteen, trying to teach that many classes in a day. I just could not get all the classes in, so at the end of the first month I asked for help. There was no teacher available, so a nineteen-year-old girl in my seventh grade class was given a temporary permit to teach. There was only one classroom, but there was a fairly large vestibule where the children left their coats and lunch pails, so we put a recitation bench and chairs out there and she heard their classes out there.

Don't you wonder how those children ever learned anything under



those circumstances? They did, though, and I'll tell you why. School was the most interesting thing in their lives. There were not a lot of other things to be interested in at that time in an almost "frontier" state. School was somewhere to go where you could be with other children and learn about things never heard of before. I don't believe I've ever been in a place quite as isolated as that was. We received mail three times a week; it was brought over by horseback from the coast. We didn't even see a stranger pass through, for there was nowhere to go.

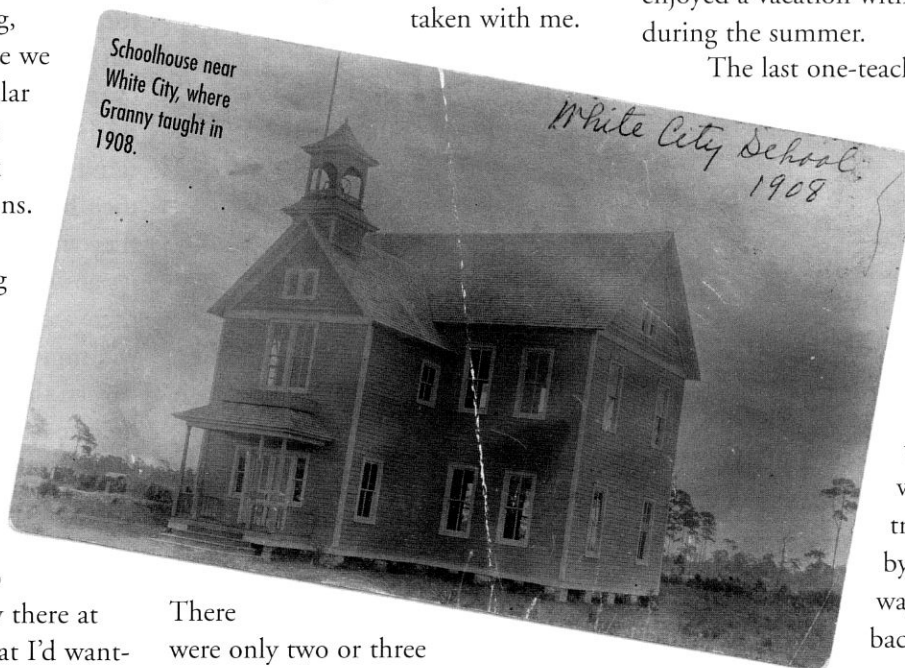
Some of the older boys used to come for me to help them with their lessons in the evening, and after lessons were done we would play Flinch, a popular card game. The same boys used to take me horseback riding on Sunday afternoons. Occasionally two or three families would go camping together on a Saturday, returning early Sunday morning in time for Sunday School. Sometimes on these trips the boys would find a bee tree and the women would make honey taffy for us to pull. I found it very lonely there at times, but I was doing what I'd wanted so much to do and I was happy in my work.

### *My Road Home to Sebastian*

I was glad to get home again, though, in the spring of 1908. That was the year that Dr. David Rose came from Chicago to live and practice medicine in Sebastian. For the first time the people there felt a sense of security. If they were sick a doctor was available. No babies had to die because a doctor couldn't get

there in time. Dr. Rose was a wonderful person as well as doctor, and was loved by all. I am sure there are many people in that area today who feel that they owe their lives to him, and will forever be grateful for his constant care through long sieges of malaria and typhoid that were so common then.

The next school that I taught was Surveyor's Lake, in the interior of the state ten miles from Bartow. There was nothing there except a sawmill, a very small store, the schoolhouse and a few scattered houses. There was no church and no services of any kind. I usually spent Sundays writing letters and reading the few books I had taken with me.



There were only two or three neighbors within walking distance and occasionally we'd meet at one of those houses and spend the evening singing to the accompaniment of an old-fashioned organ and a harmonica.

I taught one more summer school; this time as assistant in a two-room school on an island in Indian River. The mosquitoes were terrible on that island. You of today can't possibly realize how bad they were. A smudge pot was kept at the door all day, and of course the smoke from that filled the room most of the time.

The room was screened, but the smudge pot was to keep the mosquitoes from coming in when the door was opened.

About half the children in my room had whooping cough and no attempt was made to keep the sick ones at home. How poor little sick children, bitten by clouds of mosquitoes all the way to school, could be expected to sit in a smoke-filled room all day and study was more than I could understand. I was glad when those summer schools for children were discontinued and winter schools of longer terms were established. After that I either attended school myself or enjoyed a vacation with my family during the summer.

The last one-teacher school that

I taught was in a Scandinavian settlement. It was in the country, to be sure, but there were places nearby that we could visit, though travel was still by horse and wagon or horseback. Also there were young people there near my age

and a town hall where we could have dances and plays. The Scandinavian people often had folk dances that I enjoyed. Quaint little grandmothers in lacy caps danced gracefully with grandfathers with long beards. We had Sunday School every Sunday and church services once a month. I boarded with a fine couple who treated me like their own. Being in their home, it was my privilege to meet and know some very interesting people.

One winter a well-known poet and his wife were in the same home. The next year a naturalist and writer with his wife were there. At the same time an accomplished pianist and composer was in the vil-



Granny is pictured here with her daughter, Margaret. She was 80.

lage and used to sometimes entertain us with an evening of music. A nearby neighbor loaned me his horse to ride anywhere that I wanted. You can imagine how I enjoyed the years I spent there after having taught in places where there was no social life at all.

I taught for some time before I would accept a position in the school at Sebastian. As a rule, I don't believe it is wise for a beginning teacher to teach in a school that she, herself, had attended as a pupil. There were three teachers there at the time and I taught the intermediate grades. I don't believe I ever enjoyed work anywhere more than I did there in my hometown school. The children seemed to love me because they felt that I belonged there, and I loved them in a special way because they were the children of my close friends.

It was while I was teaching there that I met your grandfather Joe, and from then on, had no time for anyone else in my life. We married on Christmas Day, 1917, in West Palm Beach. My folks thought I was visiting with friends there, and after we had one day and night together, we did go visit those friends, then home.

When my school was out in the spring of that year, Joe and I went to Miami for a few months before he had to go into the Army. While serving his country, my sister Margaret came to Miami to stay with me, go to night school, and work days. My brother lived in Miami, and when he was not working with the dredging company he worked for, he was able to come get together with Margaret and me.

After Joe returned home, I worked as a teacher in Miami until 1920. I resigned at Christmas time that year because I was expecting your mother in March. After she was born I felt that my teaching days were over, for as much as I liked to teach, I never felt that I could afford to miss the joy of motherhood that would be mine in rearing my own baby. I can't understand how young mothers can leave their babies to the care of others while they work outside their home unless it's absolutely necessary. I am afraid there are many mothers today who will sometime have a rude awakening I when they realize they have forfeited their most precious God given possessions for material things.

When your mother was eight years old, circumstances made me decide to teach again. We had a thriving business in lovely little Daytona Beach when the depression came and wiped out everything we had. Banks closed and many other people lost all they had. Your mother was in school, of course, so I felt that I might as well be there, too. I thought that there was a chance that we could even be in the same school and it did work out that way. I taught in the same school that she attended until she was out of high school. Teaching one's own child isn't really a good thing because mothers are prone to expect more of their own, and there's always the possibility that someone will think a teacher shows



partiality to her own. Incidentally, I taught your father at the same time, although I had no idea that he would one day be our son-in-law.

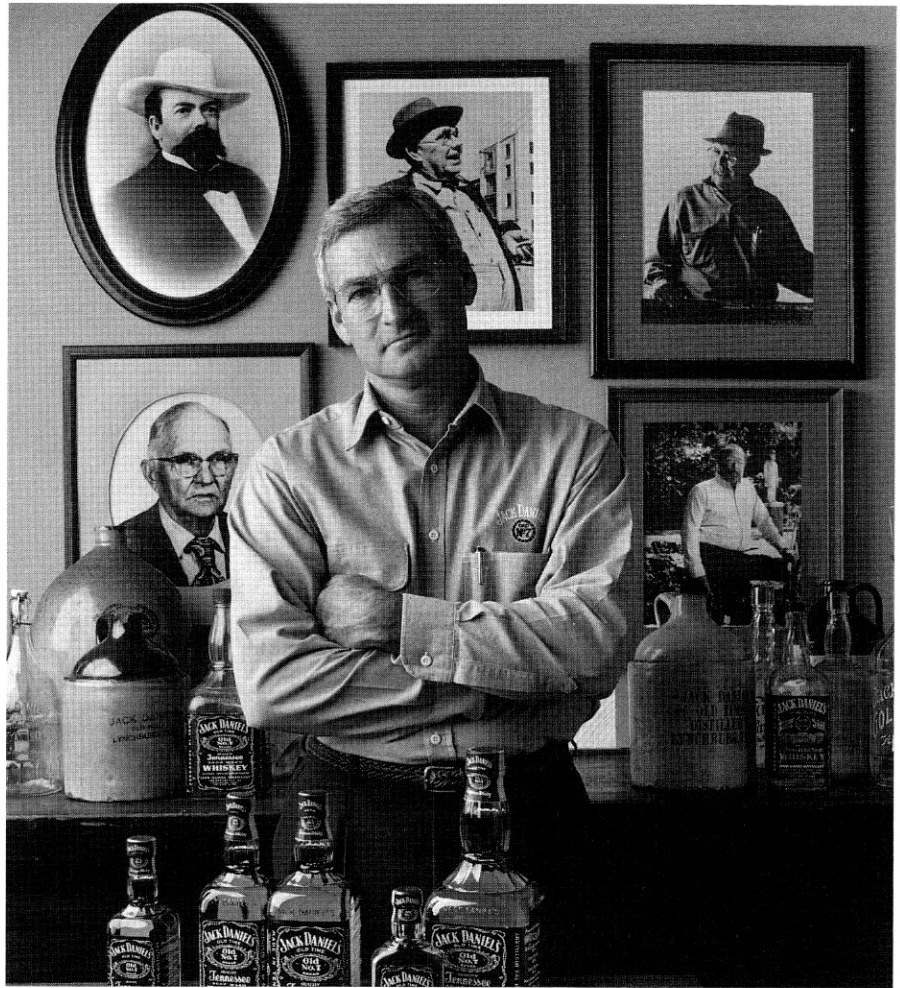
I am saying it now to the rest of you as well. I want you to get all the knowledge that you can that will help you in your chosen fields, but don't make grades your goal. Concentrate on learning and forget about grades; they'll take care of themselves. You have heard the story of my life as a teacher. Perhaps it hasn't seemed very eventful to you, but to me it has been a full, rich life, and a happy one. I have had sorrows, yes, but I've been given strength to bear those sorrows when they come, and I have a storehouse of wonderful memories to last me for the rest of my life.

Your grandfather and I have retired from our professions, but we haven't retired from life. We just have more time now to do the things we never had time to do before, and really to enjoy friendships we never before had time to cultivate. Do you know what we enjoyed most? I am sure you have guessed it; your wonderful mother and father and you precious grand-children. Yes, it's been a good life and I am thankful for it.

— Lovingly,  
Granny



*This letter was transcribed  
by her daughter Margaret Gibbs  
Crosby of Clearwater Florida.*



Clockwise from top left, that's Jack Daniel, Jess Motlow, Lem Tolley, Frank Bobo and Jess Gamble. (Jimmy's in the middle.)

**JACK DANIEL'S HEAD DISTILLER, Jimmy Bedford, has lots of folks looking over his shoulder.**

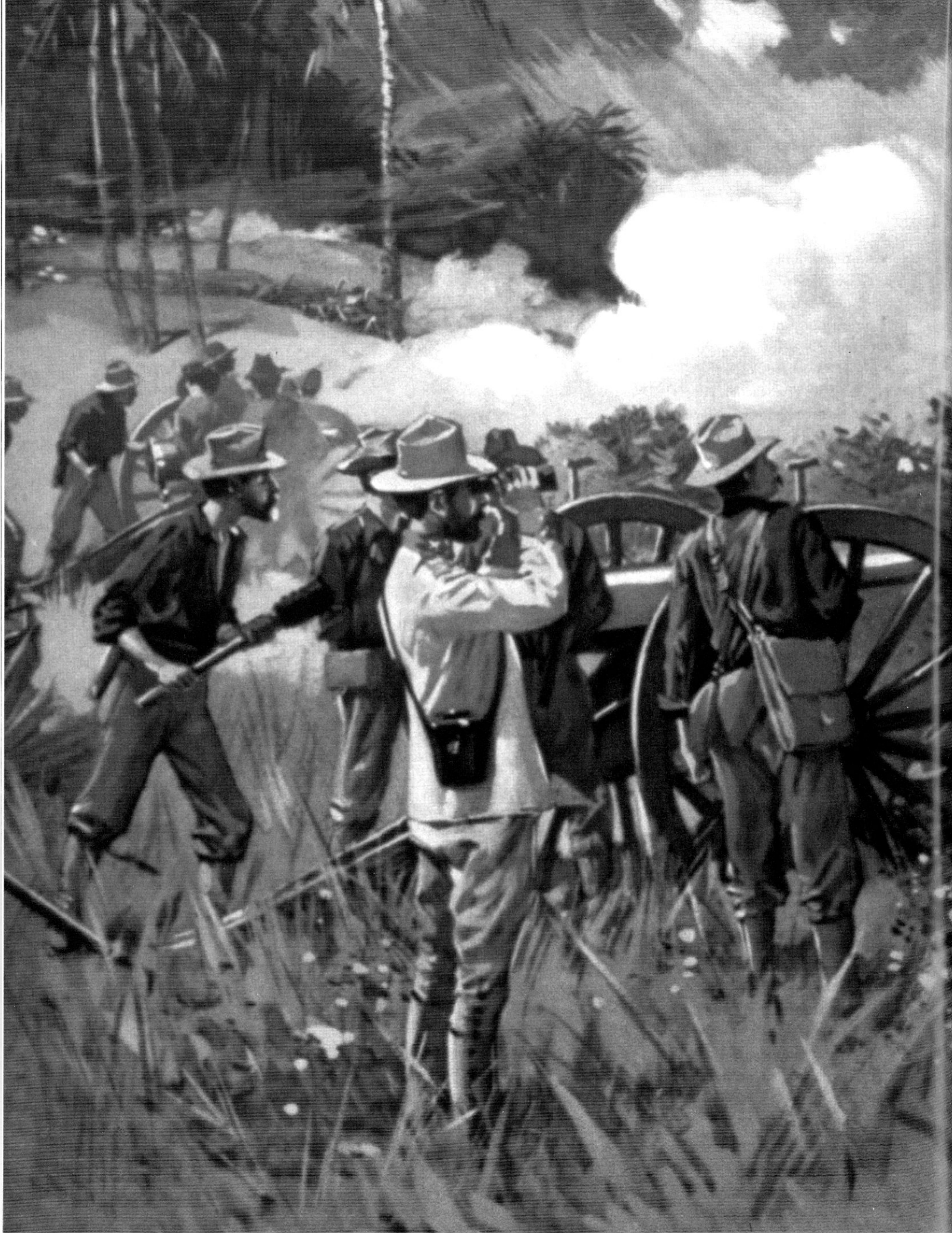
Since 1866, we've had only six head distillers. (Every one a Tennessee boy, starting with Mr. Jack Daniel himself.) Like those before him, Jimmy's mindful of our traditions, such as the oldtime way we smooth our whiskey through 10 feet of hard maple charcoal. He knows Jack Daniel's drinkers will judge him with every sip. So he's not about to change a thing. The five gentlemen on his wall surely must be pleased about that.



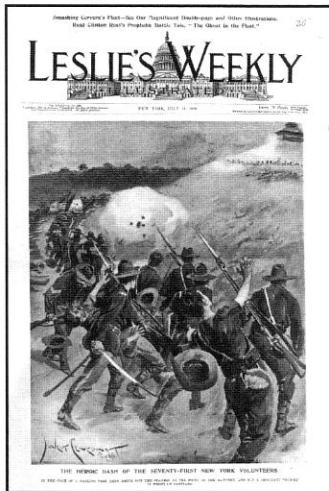
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# THE STORY OF THE WAR

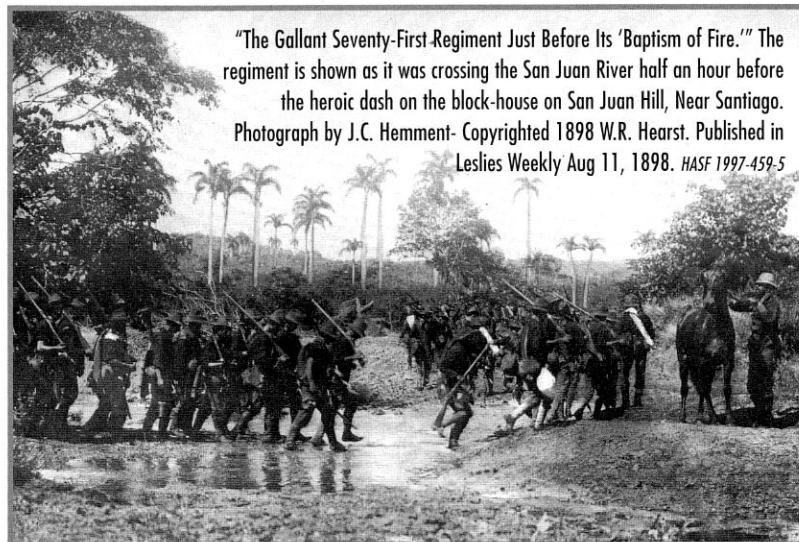
By Howard Chandler Christy  
Reprinted from *Leslie's Weekly Illustrated*

A WITNESS TELLS THE AWFUL TALE OF THE BATTLE OF SAN JUAN—UNPARELLED BRAVERY OF THE REGULARS—BLOOD THIRSTY SPANISH SHARPSHOOTERS KILL OUR WOUNDED—FRIGHTFUL SUFFERINGS—THE GLORY OF VICTORY.

From the elevation to the left of the battery at El Pozo we could see the entire line of battle, the line advancing up the steep hill at San Juan. Wheeler's division was to their right, and still further to the right the line of battle extended as far as the eye could see. The capture of the block-house at San Juan was a wonderful sight. Twelve or thirteen men advanced beyond the main line. They halted at the brow of the hill directly in front of the Spanish intrenchments, and opened fire on the enemy. In a few minutes they were joined by the main line, and they dashed almost into the intrenchments and over them. Then the charge on the block-house itself was made. The

entire line went ahead, the men on a dead run, and how they did swarm around that block-house! The place was alive with regulars, and in a few minutes the Spaniards were driven back and the stars and stripes waved over the Spanish stronghold.

Farther to the right Wheeler's division were advancing, and soon they had taken everything in sight. Captain Paget, of the English navy, who was with us there on the hill overlooking the field of battle, pulled out his notebook, and in his broad English accent, asked: "Ah! Now what time have you?"



1:30 o'clock! The entire Spanish stronghold, block-houses and all, taken. I have seen very

Top this page: *Leslie's Weekly Illustrated* New York July 21 1898. Picture caption reads: "The Heroic Dash of the Seventy-First New York Volunteers—in the face of galling fire, they drive out the Spanish at the point of the Bayonet, and win a brilliant victory in front of Santiago." HASF 1998-221-34  
Opposite page: "Field artillery in Action" by T. De Thulstrup ca. 1899. HASF 1991-406-7

brave troops in my day, but I never saw such brave men as these regulars. They are wonderful fighters, these boys of ours."

We then started up to the firing-line, and on the way we passed our artillery drawn up by the roadside. The captain took of his cap and shouted to them the news of "our

victory," and the men started to cheer. Others broke down completely and could say not one word, so great was the strain under which they had been. At El Pozo the hospital-flag had been planted, and they were attending to the wounds of the artillerymen and other soldiers who were wounded during the shelling by the Spanish artillery.





I saw a sight there which for unparalleled assurance and selfishness could not be equaled. A wounded man was being carried to the rear, and after the men came a newspaper reporter on a dead run. He carried a

large camera and was entertaining himself by getting in the way of the wounded and taking snapshots. The wounded man just referred to called out to him, "Oh, no; you don't care how much a man suffers, or whether

or not he wants you to photograph him, you unfeeling wretch! You will next have a photograph of me in my grave, and I suppose you will then be happy." But the reporter paid no attention, and went ahead with his work regardless of the soldier's feelings in the matter. I recognized him as being the man who, to quote his own words, "came from Boston at great expense."

We passed on to where the road crosses the stream, and here came in sight of the most horrible part of the battle—the wounded going back to the hospital. They were shot in every way imaginable, through the stomach, through the lungs; some had their legs and arms shattered; and there was one poor fellow, being assisted by a comrade; who was shot through the lungs, while his arm was shattered and a bullet had plowed a hole through his hand. A surgeon rushed to him and asked to dress his wounds, as he was covered with blood and was so weak he could hardly stand. "No," said he to the surgeon; "don't lose time on me. There is a man coming just back there who is almost dead: attend to him first and I can wait." Now this is a specimen of the material we have in the ranks of our regular army. Is it any wonder they are such desperate fighters?

Here the road was crowded with wounded of the Seventy-first. Captain Paget asked them if they knew that our boys had taken the Spanish intrenchments. They replied that they knew nothing of it, and thought we were being defeated; that their regiment was cut to pieces and they were not allowed to return the fire, but were ordered to remain where they were. Soon the regulars placed guards all along the road to stop stragglers, for in some instances one wounded man would be accompanied by six or eight stragglers, but

This print illustrates General Toral's Surrender of Santiago to General Shafter July 13, 1898  
The Werner Co. Akron Ohio



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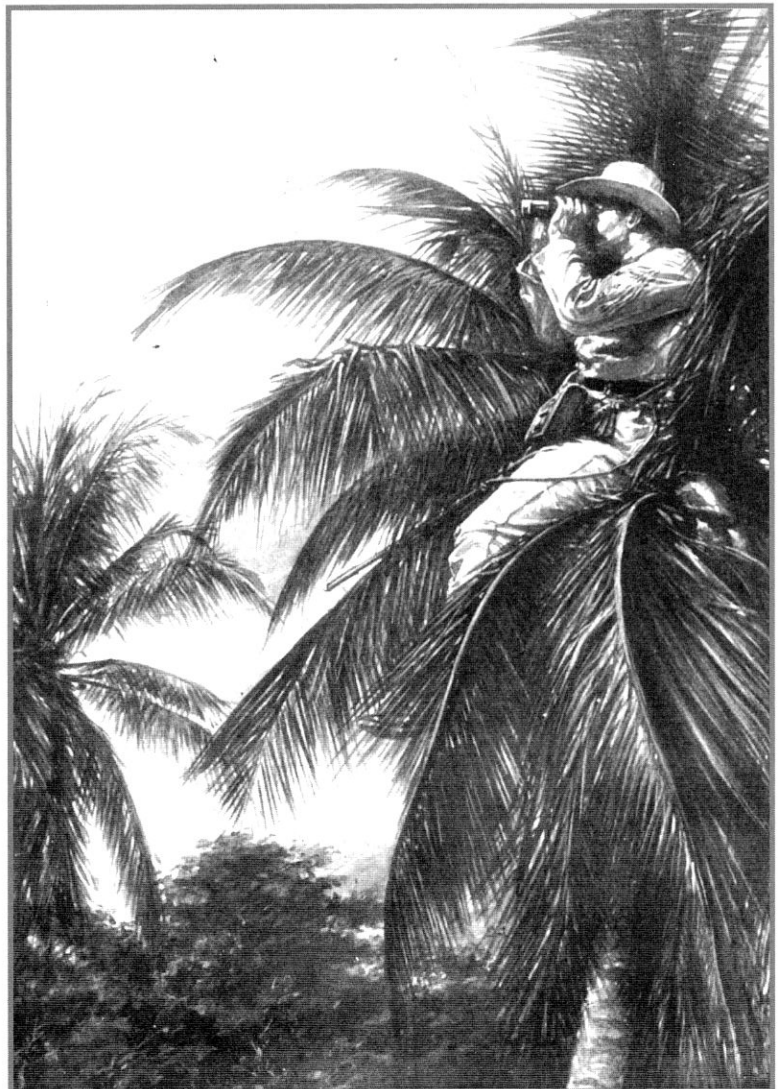
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Above: .38 Caliber Colt US Army Model 1896 Revolver. These sidearms were issued to regular troops and officers during the Spanish-American War while volunteers, such as the "Rough Riders," carried modified versions of earlier Colt single action revolvers. *Loan of A.M. de Quesada*

Below: A Spanish officer reconnoitering from the top of a palm tree. *The Illustrated London News, July 23, 1898.*





the placing of these guards soon put a stop to that.

The road here, beyond the entrance to the woods, was crowded with wounded. At the roadside the troops had thrown off their packs before going into the battle. There were dead men lying on either side of the road, and, to intensify the awful misery, the Spanish sharpshooters, protected by the dense foliage, opened fire on the Red Cross helpers, the doctors, and the wounded. One wounded man, who was being carried to the rear on a stretcher, was shot through the head and killed instantly. He was a few yards ahead of us. Back of us, in front, and on either side came the sharp crack of the Mausers of these daring sharpshooters.

Some Cubans at the roadside were asked to go into the woods and clear it of these dangerous men, but instead they seized their guns and made tracks for the rear. One of our colored cavalymen came along at this moment, his carbine slung over his shoulder. Just then another sharp report to the right of the road was heard, and another wounded man went down in a heap. The cavalryman...disappeared in the bushes, and in a few minutes we heard the report of his carbine. Back he came with a broad grin on his face.

"Did you see him?"

"Oh, yes, I saw him. He was in the top of that palmetto..."

"Did you fetch him?" asked one of the men.

Here he smiled and, with an offended look, "Did I fetch him! He came out of that tree head first!"

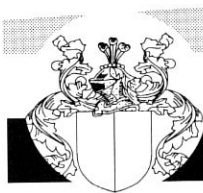
This road became more crowded with wounded all the time. I saw one awful sight: A shell had struck one man in the face, carrying all below his eyes entirely away. His body from head to foot was a mass of clotted blood, and yet that poor fellow was able to stagger along toward the hospital, two miles to the rear. Night came on and still those poor wounded men passed by. I spread my blanket on the ground, and when I awoke early next

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The Surrender Tree, Santiago, Cuba.  
Where General Torrell of the Spanish Army surrendered to General Wheeler in August, 1898



Postcard entitled: "The Surrender Tree, Santiago, Cuba." Where General Toral of the Spanish Army Surrendered to General Wheeler in August, 1898. Toral's name is misspelled on the postcard, printed in the United States. HASF 193-477-2

morning I found a wounded man lying near me. All day (July 2d) the wounded passed by, going to the rear, but not so many as during the day before.

Once more I started up to join the regiment, but at Bloody Bend saw some soldiers I knew, and they told me I had better lie down and attempt to go no further. Two of their number had just been shot by the sharpshooters, and here I heard for the first time the peculiar whittle of bullets close to my head, for a sharpshooter had marked me. However, nothing came of it, and the next day at noon I found the Second regulars, and as a truce was on we lived in peace until July 10th. This was the last big fight, and the surrender followed, and the campaign before Santiago was at an end.



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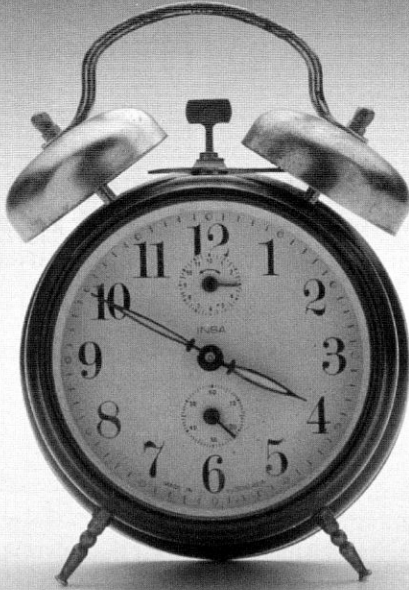
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**KEY WEST & THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR**

By Wright & Joan Langley. Key West: Langley Press, Inc., 1998. 72 pages, paperback. \$10.95.

Review by Stuart McIver



By early 1898 war with Spain seemed inevitable. The young republic, the United States of America, was seething at the harsh oppression forced by

the Spaniards on Cuban patriots, dying nearby in the cause of an independent Cuba.

Key West, just 90 miles away from the island, attracted journalists, photographers and artists, poised to move into action when war broke out. Key West, Florida's biggest city with a population of over 18,000, had become an international dateline.

Wright and Joan Langley, a husband-and-wife team who have published a number of books on Key West history, have collaborated to write the story of those heady days in 1898 when the small island was abuzz with excitement and activity. Celebrities on hand then included the famed artist Frederic Remington, foreign correspondent Richard Harding Davis and Red Cross founder Clara Barton.

Writing the book has been truly a longtime labor of love for the Langleys. While studying for a master's degree at Boston University in 1960, Wright wrote a report on the Spanish-American War. Joan's interest dated back even farther. She's a native of Key West.

On February 15, 1898 the battleship Maine exploded in Havana Harbor under mysterious circumstances. On February 28 a four-man

Court of Enquiry convened first in Havana, then moved to the second floor of the Key West Customs House at Clinton Place. Its conclusion: the Maine had been blown up by a mine. Americans assumed the Spaniards had done the evil deed. In late April the U.S. went to war with Spain.

Tampa, not Key West, was the principal port of debarkation, but the Conch capital saw its share of activity. A home guard was organized by Dr. Jephtha Vining Harris, who had served as a doctor for the Confederacy in the Civil War.

All bodies recovered from the Maine tragedy were brought first to Key West and 24 were buried in a special cemetery plot. Wounded soldiers were brought back for treatment at the U.S. Army Barracks Hospital and at the Convent of Mary Immaculate, converted into an army hospital. Clara Barton arrived in Key West, where she directed the work of the organization while awaiting permission to sail to Cuba.

On August 12, 1898, three months and 22 days after it started, the war ended. In December Key West dedicated the Maine plot at the city cemetery, where a monument was erected two years later.

The book is a short one, only 72 pages, but it effectively tells the story of the city's role in what would later be called "a splendid little war." Particularly impressive are the 56 photographs and eight line drawings that give the reader a feel for the look of the town, the people and the times at century's end.

My favorite is a picture of the Maine's baseball team, a group who played many games with Key West town teams in the winter of 1897-98 until summoned to Havana for their tragic encounter with a deadly explosion. Only one member of the team survived.



*Stuart McIver is the author of 11 books, 10 of them on Florida history.*

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MAY 1 – AUGUST 30, 1998

Look back at the Spanish-American War during its 100th anniversary year. Fascinating artifacts and revealing documents and images explore the conflict's impact on the South Florida community and its international population.

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