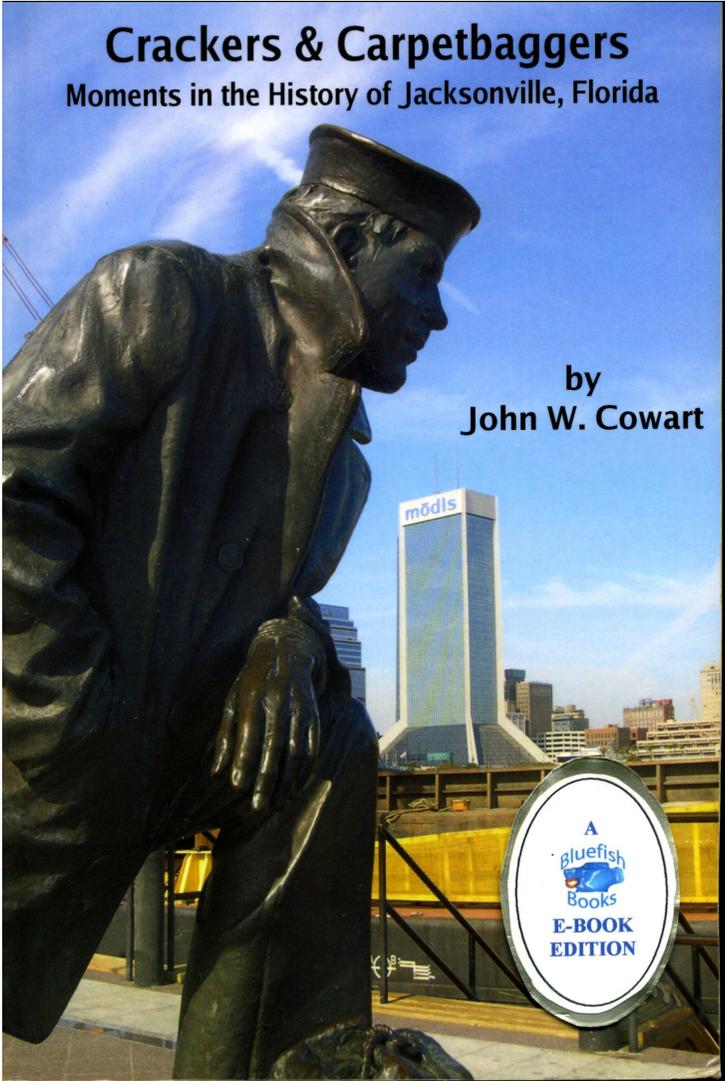
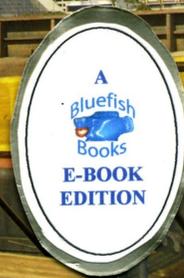


Crackers & Carpetbaggers

Moments in the History of Jacksonville, Florida

by
John W. Cowart

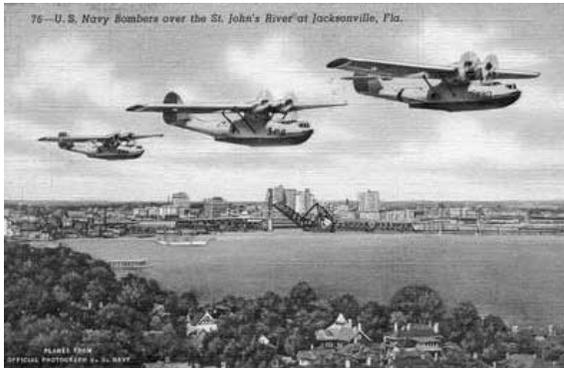


CRACKERS & CARPETBAGGERS:

Moments In The History Of Jacksonville,
Florida



From Indians to Airplanes



...and Ships in Between.

by

John W. Cowart



Jacksonville, Florida

CRACKERS & CARPETBAGGERS:

Moments In The History Of Jacksonville, Florida

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by **John W. Cowart**

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Please visit John's website at www.cowart.info



**Cowart Communications
Jacksonville, Florida**



THIS HISTORY IS DEDICATED
TO
GINNY,
A LADY WHO HAS QUITE A HISTORY OF HER OWN



A special acknowledgement
to
Donald Z. Cowart
without whose computer expertise,
extreme patience, and good will
this book would not be possible.

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INTRODUCTION

Two words sum up the entire history of Jacksonville, Florida: Crackers and Carpetbaggers. Or, if you prefer more polite terms: Natives and Newcomers.

There have always been Natives and Newcomers.

Paleo-Indians hunted mastodons in ancient times. The culture of the mound builders supplanted them. The Timucua Tribes saw the ships of French colonists sail into the St. Johns River and stop in water so clear that the ships' anchors were visible on the river bottom. Spanish troops cut the throats of every French settler and took position of the land. English newcomers moved in on Spanish settlements. Florida Patriots battled the English for the land. Americans came to push out a comfortable settlement of pirates who, for a time, flew the flag of Mexico. Seminole Indians migrated into Florida. Slaves escaped from the United States to join the Indian tribes. Consumptives, veterans, retirees, land-grabbers, insurance people - they all moved into the Jacksonville area as newcomers. Many delighted to have found a home and came to consider themselves natives.

At one time uncouth, uncivilized Barbarians swooped down from the bleak frozen north to overrun the sunny, cultured land to the South. Looting, vandalizing, destroying the land as they came, these invaders disrupted the lives of

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peaceful native inhabitants. (Today we call such invaders "Developers").

Yes, people have always found Northeast Florida a great place to live. They settle in the Jacksonville area, build homes, raise families and come to consider themselves Native Crackers. Then, new people come to the area and they also find it a great place to live. They move in bringing different ideas, different ways to live, different cultures, different manners. They also begin to experience a proprietary feeling about Jacksonville.

At times this layering of lifestyles has resulted in bloody conflict; at other times the layering of cultures blends. Most often the native and the newcomer coexist, each maintaining the best elements of their own way of life while viewing the other element of the community as silly, suspicious, foreign, or even inferior.

For instance:

In 1882, George M. Barbour, a yankee, rode a train from Jacksonville to the end of the line out in the pine woods -- it was a bad trip. His book, *Florida For Tourists, Invalids and Settlers*, recorded his impressions:

"The entire trip that day was through an unsettled region, the only human beings living along the road being... families of Florida natives, genuine, unadulterated Crackers -- gaunt, pale, tallowy, leather-skinned, stupid, stolid, staring eyes, dead and lusterless; unkempt hair, generally tow-colored; and such a shiftless slouching manner! Simply white savages... Stupid and shiftless, yet sly and vindictive, they are a block in the pathway of civilization, settlement and enterprise wherever they exist," he said.

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Then he said some really nasty things about Florida Cracker women concluding with "... No underwear whatever!".

Nobody know for sure where the term "Cracker" originated. One idea is that it comes from the hardtack crackers Florida pioneers ate; another is that it refers to the crack of the bullwhips the pioneers used to drive ox teams; a third idea is that the term refers to the religious ecstasy of early camp meetings when frenzied worshipers whipped back and forth so hard that their hair "cracked like a whip".

On the other hand, everybody knows about carpetbaggers:

About 1870, Pennsylvania Judge Jeremiah S. Black wrote this description of the "carpet-bagger, who he was and what he did":

The people (Southern) would not have been wholly crushed (politically) either by the soldier or the negro, if both had not been used to fasten upon them the domination of another class of persons which was altogether unendurable. These were called carpet-baggers, not because the word is euphonious, but because they have no other name whereby they are known among the children of men. They were unprincipled adventurers who sought their fortunes in the South by plundering the disarmed and defenseless people; some of them were the dregs of the Federal army—the meanest of the camp followers; many were fugitives from Northern justice; the best of them were those who went down after peace, ready for any deed of shame that was safe and profitable. These, combining with a few treacherous 'scalawags'

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and some leading negroes to serve as decoys for the rest, and backed by the power of the general government, became the strongest body of thieves that ever pillaged a people. Their moral grade was far lower, and yet they were much more powerful than the robber bands that infested Germany after the close of the Thirty Years' War. They swarmed over all the States, from the Potomac to the Gulf, and settled in hordes, not with the intent to remain there, but merely to feed on the substance of a prostrate and defenseless people. They took whatever came within their reach, intruding themselves into all private corporations, assumed the function of all offices, including the courts of justice, and in many places even overran the churches. By force and fraud, they either controlled all elections, or else prevented elections from being held.

This dichotomy between Crackers and Carpetbaggers may be seen in the slogans used to promote Jacksonville over the years. During the 1890s, when Jacksonville was a tourist resort, the city sported the advertising slogan: "The Gayest of Gay Cities". (*I will refrain from editorial comment*). Such official and unofficial slogans abound. For a while Jacksonville's tag was "The Gateway City" or "Florida's River City". On October 1, 1968, Mayor Hans Tanzler unveiled the slogan "The Bold New City of the South". Then, as the city prepared to host the 2005 Super Bowl game, Jacksonville looked for a new promotional slogan. Among those recommended in a newspaper's Letters To The Editor, were: "Redneck Heaven" or "Renaissance City" or "Giant Cockroach Capital of the World" or "Jacksonville: It's Not That Bad" or "Mayberry

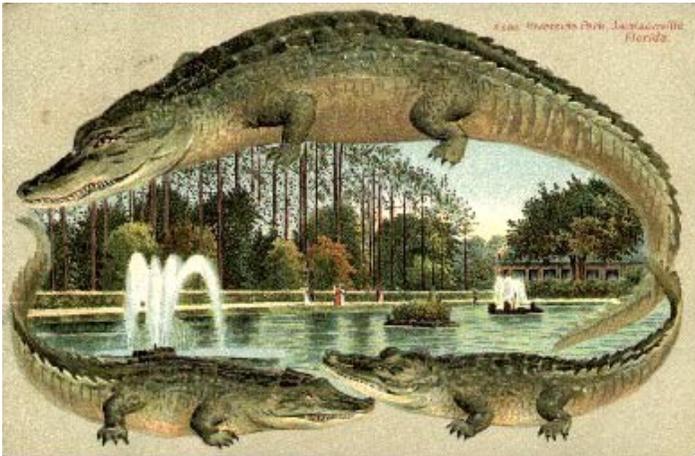
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- Only Bigger". On December 9, 2004, city officials announced that the city's official new slogan is: "Jacksonville: Where Florida Begins".

We Crackers refer to Jacksonville only as "Home".

The author of this book is a Florida Cracker with family roots in the area going back to the Indians. According to unsubstantiated family legend, my ancestors came from England as indentured servants (read that as white slaves) before the American Revolution. They escaped from General Oglethorpe's colony in Georgia and made their own way to the no-man's land swamps between English government in Brunswick to the north and Spanish rule in St. Augustine to the south. These ancestors were trappers, dirt farmers, loggers, poachers - typical Crackers.

One of my aunts still has a bill of sale where one of the ancestors sold \$50 worth of alligator hides to a shipping company - at the price of five cents per hide!



My grandfather told me how he and the boys used to row a boat in to the middle of Silver

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Spring, sink a keg of gunpowder in the crystal water, and scoop up scads of fish stunned by the explosion... Now, Silver Spring is a tourist attraction. When I ride in one of the glass-bottomed tour boats and view the rock formations under the water, I wonder if any of them were shaped by Grandpa Moody's efficient method of fishing.

But this is not, except in a few instances, a book of personal reminiscences but a book of historic events.

Yes, I am a Cracker through and through - although I can sometimes see the viewpoint of newcomers to the area. I love this land and its people, Crackers and Carpetbaggers alike, their lives, their conflicts, their struggles, their victories fascinate me. For the past 50 years I have collected stories about these wonderful people.

Each chapter of this book was written as a stand-alone piece; many were previously published in such periodicals as *Auto Advocate*, *The Business Journal*, *Florida Times-Union*, *Florida Trend*, *Folio Weekly*, *Jacksonville*, *Jacksonville Journal*, *Jacksonville Magazine*, and *Jacksonville Monthly*. My thanks to the many editors and publishers whose permissions and encouragements have made this collection possible: Mose Bowden, Laura Brunson, Carolyn Carol, Robert Clark, Paul Harold, Joe Livingston, Bob Snell, and George Wachendorf.

--- John Cowart
www.cowart.info



Seamen's Memorial on the South Bank Riverwalk

A Timeline of Jacksonville History

1513 - The Spanish arrive in Florida and claim the land as their discovery.

1562 - Jean Ribaut explores the St. Johns River area for France.

1564 - The French establish Fort Caroline on the St. Johns River.

1565 - The Spanish, led by Pedro Menendez, found St. Augustine. Later, Spanish troops from there attack and destroy Fort Caroline, eliminating the French presence in Northeast Florida.

1763 - Spain cedes Florida to Great Britain.

1765 - Britain builds the King's Road which stretches from the St. Marys River in Georgia to St. Augustine and New Smyrna. The area where the road crosses the St. Johns River is known as the "Cow Ford."

1782 - British establish colony of St. John's Town on St. Johns Bluff.

1783 - Britain returns Florida to Spanish control.

1785 - British abandon St. Johns Town.

1791 - The first permanent settlement at the Cow Ford.

1821 - Florida becomes a territory of the United States of America.

1822 - Isaiah D. Hart and other property owners formally lay out the streets for a town at the Cow

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Ford. The new town is named Jacksonville in honor of General Andrew Jackson.

1822 - Duval County is created and Jacksonville serves as the county seat.

1832 - Jacksonville is incorporated by the Territory of Florida.

1832 - William J. Mills becomes the first mayor of Jacksonville.

1845 - Florida becomes a state.

1861 - The Civil War. Jacksonville is captured and recaptured several times by both sides. Union troops take control for good in 1864.

1873 - St. Luke's Hospital opened with four beds.

1877 - Yellow fever epidemic sweeps northeast Florida.

1882 - Paddlewheel Steamer *City Of Sanford* sinks off Point LaVista.

1888 - A yellow fever epidemic strikes, causing the entire city to be quarantined. It started in the early spring, escalated in August, and by the time it ended in early December, 427 of 4704 stricken people died.

1900 - C. A. Clark brought first factory-built car into Jacksonville.

1901 - The Great Fire decimates downtown Jacksonville. The fire destroyed around \$15 million worth of property. The city rebuilt and recovered from this in just a few years.

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1908 - Kalem Studios, the first motion picture studio in Jacksonville opens. The industry boomed for a few years, but was all but dead by 1917.

1921 - The St. Johns River Bridge opens as the first one to provide service to vehicles and pedestrians. It was later renamed in honor of local politician, St. Elmo W. Acosta.

1925 - Ford opened Model T plant in Jacksonville.

1940 - Jacksonville Naval Air Station opens. This was the first of several modern Naval facilities in the area.

1941 - Main Street Bridge opened.

1964 - Hurricane Dora strikes Jacksonville, causing flooding and property damage to the tune of \$250-300 million. The day after the hurricane went through, the Beatles performed outdoors to 20,000 fans in the Gator Bowl.

1968 - Jacksonville and Duval County consolidate governments, forming the largest city (in land area) in the contiguous United States.

1986 - Mayo Clinic opened.

1993 - Jacksonville is awarded a franchise in the National Football League.

1995 - The Jaguars begin play.

2005 - John Cowart's history of Jacksonville, *Crackers & Carpetbaggers*, is published. There was also a football game played here.

Seen On The St Johns River Pleasure Boating



About 1920 Jacksonville's Outboard Motor Club embarks on an outing on the river.

In 1762, English explorer William Bartram called the land along the St Johns River a "...blessed land where the gods have amassed into one heap all the flowering plants, birds, fish and other wildlife of two continents in order to turn the rushing streams, the silent lake shores and the awe-abiding woodlands of this mysterious land into a true garden of Eden."

The Timucua Indians called the 310 mile long river **Welaka**, or "river of lakes". French Huguenots landed at the mouth of the river on May 1, 1562, and thus called it **Rivière du Mai**, or "river of May". The Spanish who conquered the French named the river) **San Mateo**, after Saint Matthew, whose feast day fell on the day after their victory. In 1578, a mission, San Juan del Puerto, was founded on Fort St. George Island at the river's mouth giving the river the name **Río de San Juan** - or, in English, the **St. Johns River**.



BAY STREET'S HISTORY

My Mother warned me not to walk on Bay Street.

"I'd better not ever hear of you going on Bay Street," she said. This was in the early 1950s when I was about 12 years old.

Back then, to a boy, "Downtown" meant the strip of movie theatres on Forsyth Street. There every weekend double features played at the Imperial, Empress, Palace, or Florida theatres.

For a nickel each my buddies and I could ride the bus from our homes in Southside and spend the day watching a cowboy named Bob Steele shoot up bad guys.

On Friday nights, we'd walk across the Main Street Bridge -- the rich aroma of the Maxwell House Coffee plant hanging in the air -- and we'd

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hang over the rail to look down on schools of porpoise at play in the river.

Sometimes, destroyers would be tied up beside the bridge and we would talk with real live sailors as they chipped paint or hung out laundry on deck. Once one of them threw my buddy David a sailor cap! Wow!

David later became a sailor himself and I heard was killed in an accident aboard the Saratoga a few years after we both graduated from Landon High School.



On Friday nights we'd have to stand in line to get into the movies at the Palace theatre and across the street - on the steps of City Hall -- Dr. Robert Whitty, pastor of Central Baptist Church, would preach to us sinners going into the movie

"Turn Ye. Turn ye; for why will ye die," he would plead.

And the line into the Palace would inch along.

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"Let the wicked forsake his way and the unrighteous man his thoughts and let him turn unto the Lord," the preacher said.

And we boys saddled close behind some tall grownup.

"Come to Jesus, tonight," he called.

But for us boys, Bob Steele, Nyoka the Jungle Girl, and Bulletman called harder.

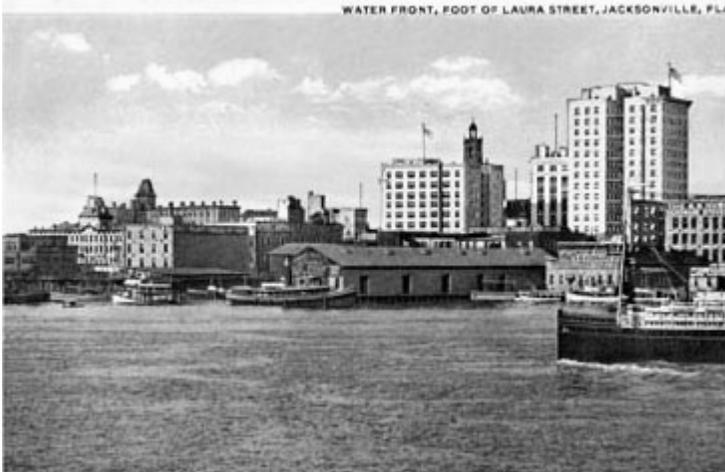
In the '70s when I enrolled at Luther Rice Seminary where Dr. Whitty was president, I reminded him of his street preaching days. "What took you so long to come forward," he asked.

Anyhow, sinners that we were, my buddy and I never thought of going onto Bay Street until my Mother warned us not to.

What was on Bay Street that we shouldn't know about?

Naturally, the very next Saturday, we went to find out.

As we walked across the Main Street, the panorama of Bay Street offered no appeal.



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Everyplace, east and west along the riverfront, looked like a ruin. Rusty corrugated metal buildings tilted over rickety docks in both directions.

We walked east from the bridge and found that we could walk down to the river and out onto part of a dock missing random planks. A couple of gristly old men were skinning eels on the dock. A tug boat -- or what was left of it -- squished down in the mud beside the dock.

We jumped on board.

The list of the boat made it seem like the crazy house in an amusement park. We found unspeakable filth in the cabin and the hold. We explored and played pirate on that boat and several just like it.

These derelicts were abandoned right about where Jacksonville's City Hall Annex stands today.



No reason for a boy not to be on East Bay -- so naturally, we traveled west.

Things picked up.

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First, we came to an office building which had a huge grindstone bolted to the wall beside the door. We paused to sharpen out pocket knives. I think it was called the Drew Building -- What a great idea. Maybe when the Omni is finished, they'll put out a whetstone for boys.



After that last vestige of civilization we entered the real world of West Bay Street.

Two derelicts -- men this time -- rolled fighting in a gutter over the last few drops of whiskey in the bottom of a bottle. Their thrashing around broke the bottle and they hugged each other and cried.

A man with no legs sat on a pushboard selling comic books with Bible stories to passers-by.

David went to look in a pawnshop window where huge trays of rings shaped like skulls with ruby eyes glittered.

Knives. Hundreds of them. Double-bladed. Saw-toothed. Curved. Claw handled. Switchblades. Daggers. Bayonets. Machetes. Knives with hand-guards complete with brass-knuckles --- and even a red-handled Swiss Army Knife just like

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we'd seen advertised in Marvel Comics. Right here on Bay Street!

I began to suspect that, although the street preacher may not have agreed, that Heaven must look a lot like Bay Street did in 1950.



The next window we stopped at contained another wonder. Right there in the window a man was being tattooed. He tilted back bare-chested in a barber chair while the artist worked on him. A snarling green dragon curled up one arm already and other figures covered his shoulders. But the tattoo being emblazoned on him then was a woman -- naked!

Wow!

Remember, at the time I'd never even seen a copy of Playboy.

Lots of people jostled each other in the street. Saloon doors stood open and the reek of warm beer and the noise of loud honky-tonk music poured out.

Down near the bus station a friendly woman came out and talked to us on the sidewalk for a while. She was nice but I felt embarrassed because she was wearing a tee-shirt and to my

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inexperienced eye apparently nothing else. Her girlfriends called her back inside the bar. We waved bye and she waved back. So did her girlfriends.

Before long we came to a shop selling souvenirs of Florida. Live baby alligators crawled around in a glass tank on the sidewalk. As I recall, you could buy one with its tail tied to a long string on a stick to twirl around your head. Can't even get those at Jacksonville Landing now a'days.

Bay Street has changed.

Not long after our walk down Bay, the city tore down the old warehouses and dilapidated docks, filled in the silted up swampland along the river and built parking lots, City Hall, the Courthouse, and the new Jail. Sears came in and built a nice new store with a restaurant called the Ribault Room where you could eat lunch and look out over the river.

Then the Independent Life Building (Now Modis) went up. When they were digging the foundations for it, far below the present day ground level, workmen found the rusty bell and other remains of an ancient steam locomotive. Once, tracks ran along the river and a train had jumped the tracks and buried itself in the river mud.

Long before my boyhood walk, Bay Street had been Jacksonville's primary artery for business, commerce and industry.

When D.S.H. Miller surveyed the town of Jacksonville in June of 1822, his initial marker was a large Bay tree by the river near what is now Market Street. He laid out four blocks north of the tree with Bay Street running right along the river bank.

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John Bellamy bought the northwest corner lots at Bay and Liberty. Prices ranged from \$10 to \$25 a lot.

Jacksonville extended from Catherine Street (where the Police Memorial Building is today) to Ocean Street. The ferry across the river docked at the foot of Liberty Street.

A storm in October 1846 flooded Bay Street and the brig "Virginia" which was anchored in the river, drifted in so that her bowsprit extended all the way across Bay Street. This incident led to the construction of a bulkhead which pushed the river back a few yards -- a process which has happened time and time again over the years.

Even with the bulkhead, in the 1850s, shoppers in the stores on the south side of Bay Street sometimes stood in the rear doors and shot alligators sunning themselves on the river bank.

The United States Army had built a storage building and dock at Bay and Laura during the Indian Wars of the 1840s. For years it was the only downtown structure west of Ocean.

Finally, they built a bridge over what is now Main Street; they had to build a bridge because that was a stream draining a pond where everyone in Jacksonville shot ducks.

The bridge opened west Bay Street for more development.

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Right across the Bridge (over Main Street) Calvin Oaks opened his businesses in the first brick building in the city.



A shrewd businessman, like those entrepreneurs who sell both salty popcorn and cold beer at a ballgame, Mr. Oaks ran several businesses each of which encouraged the other -- he both made guns and ran Jacksonville's first funeral pallor.

In those days, Bay Street saw frontier justice, public hangings and duels.

Historian T. Fredrick Davis described Bay Street during the early 1850s:

"Captain Charles Willey had a dwelling on the corner of Market, and a wharf from which he ran a line of sailing vessels... Afterwards Columbus Drew Sr. occupied this house and issued from here a Whig paper called the *Republican*...

"At the northwest corner of Washington Street stood the Merrick House, famous as the

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"haunted house".. Peculiar noises were often heard within, yet no ghosts appeared. Some of the less superstitious said there was an underground river at that point that caused the noises."

Boarding houses, wine shops, warehouses for naval stores lined Bay Street.

These latter establishments played a large roll in the fact that every few years, all downtown Jacksonville burned to the ground.

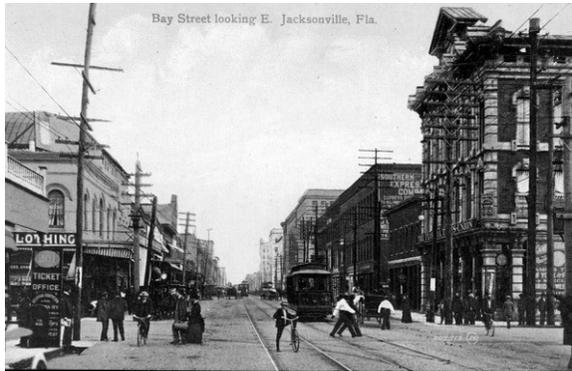
After the Great Fire of May 3, 1901, in which 466 acres of downtown burned, much of the rubble was dumped in the river south of Bay Street filling in swamp, narrowing the river, moving Bay Street further from the water.

What has not happened on Bay Street?

Last month when workers dug up Bay Street for the infrastructure for the Automated Skyway Express, they uncovered the old trolley tracks which used to run down Bay. The new ultra modern transportation will be right on top of the 1890's ultramodern transportation system.

Jacksonville's first telephone line ran between the river and Laura on Bay. When Corinthian Street Lights were introduced to Jacksonville in 1892, the official at the celebration flipped the switch lighting Bay Street from the back of an elephant!

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Temperance reformer Carry Nation once raided a Bay Street Saloon.

During the great yellow fever epidemic, the disease depopulated Jacksonville so that grass grew in Bay Street.

A storm once caused Bay Street to float away -- at the time it was paved with Cyprus blocks.

Since 1822, Bay Street has been alternately respectable and disreputable, residential and commercial, center of business and slum.

Not long ago, I was walking to work near the city parking garage at Bay and Broad. Workmen were digging another hole in Bay Street, for God-Only-Knows what reason. As I watched, the shovel brought a rusted curve of metal out of the hole. Because my grandfather used to drive ox teams, I recognized what it was and retrieved it -- an ox-shoe.

I use it as a paperweight next to my word processor -- another evidence that Jacksonville's future rests on Jacksonville's past.

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Seen On The St Johns River *USS Saratoga*



For 37 years the aircraft carrier *Saratoga* made Jacksonville's Mayport Naval Station her homeport.

For her maiden transatlantic voyage the carrier left Mayport on September 3, 1957, sailing into the Norwegian Sea for Operation Setback, a joint naval maneuver with NATO.

The next year *Saratoga* departed Mayport for the Mediterranean and her first deployment with the Sixth Fleet. Afterwards, till 1967, she spent part of each year in the Med. When not overseas she operated off the coast of Florida.



In 1972 *Saratoga* deployed to Vietnam. She was on station in the Tonkin Gulf seven times: *Saratoga* aircraft flew over 800 combat strike missions against targets in North Vietnam. The ship received a Battle Star for her heroic service.

On August 20, 1994, she was decommissioned at Mayport .

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**Seen On The St Johns River:
Jacksonville's Industrial Waterfront**



**The Merril-Stevens shipyard and downtown before
the 1901 Jacksonville Fire**



Jacksonville's waterfront after the fire.



**In 1958 ships at Merrill-Stevens mark the
Jacksonville skyline.**

Dredging the river channel and building the jetties in the 1880s opened Jacksonville to large ships. Over the years shipping interests and industry became ever more important to Jacksonville. During World War I Jacksonville shipbuilders launched 25 ships; and 82 Liberty Ships during World War II. Now most industry has moved away from downtown; if taken today, the above pictures would show stretches of developing parkland along Jacksonville's Northbank Riverwalk.



The Praying Pirate: Sir John Hawkins 1532-1595

An Englishman, Sir John Hawkins, who was a pirate, a slave trader and “a good and charitable man”, saved a French colony near Jacksonville, Florida, in 1565.

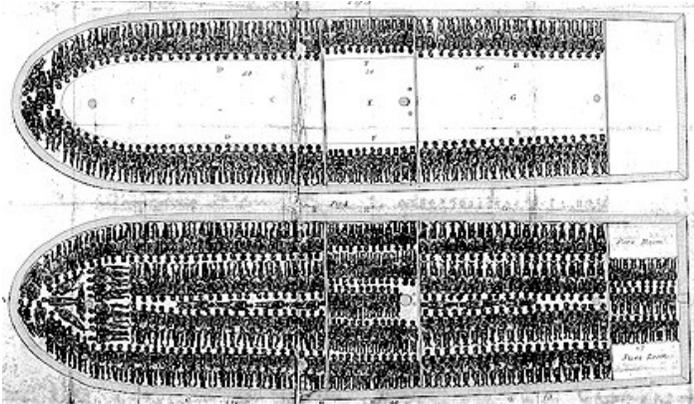
While there he also conducted a prayer meeting.

A museum and a palm-log replica of the stockade at Fort Caroline National Monument commemorate the colony; a



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“In the cargo there were over seven hundred men, women, boys and young girls. Not even a waist cloth can be permitted among slaves aboard ship, since clothing even so light would breed disease. To ward off death I ordered that at daylight the Negroes should be taken in squads of twenty and given a salt-bath by the hose pipe... And when they were carried below, trained slaves received them one by one, and laying each creature on his side, packed the next against him, and so on, till, like so many spoons packed away, they fitted onto one another, a living mass,” wrote an officer on the ship.



Hawkins sailed away to the West Indies to sell his cargo, but the wind died and the ship was becalmed in tropic heat for 18 days.

Thirst “put us in such fear that many never thought to have reached the Indies without great death of Negroes and of themselves,” wrote John Sparke, a crewman on Hawkins’ ship. “But the Almighty God, who never suffereth His elect to perish, sent us ... the ordinary breeze”.

Hawkins sold the people who survived in Dominica.

Crackers & Carpetbaggers

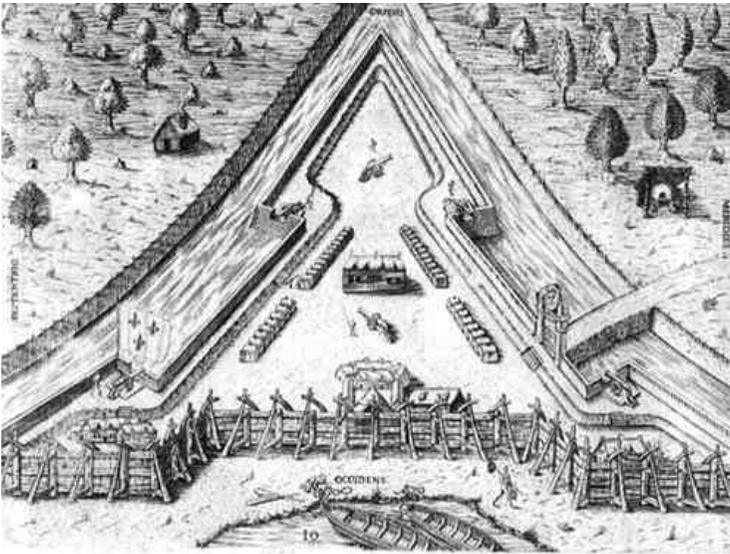
Then, knowing it would be more cost-effective to sail home with cargo in the hold than empty, he began attacking merchant ships and stealing their cargos to fill the space the slaves had left. He planned to sell his loot in England.

In those days few governments supported a national navy. Instead, they commissioned individual ship owners called privateers to attack enemy ships. Privateers were respected business men; they paid the government a portion of their take. Pirates operated the same way but without a government's authorization; they kept all the loot for themselves. They were not respected; in fact, they were often hanged if caught.

To a ship under attack the difference between a privateer and a pirate was not readily discernable.

After numerous adventures looting merchant ships, the *Jesus of Lubeck* ran low on drinking water, so the fleet sailed north along the east coast of Florida.

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French Protestants called Huguenots had established a colony named Fort Caroline at the mouth of the River of May, now known as the St. Johns River. Depending on supply ships from home for provisions, the French had not planted crops.

A religious war in France delayed the supply ships.

Starvation stalked the Huguenots.

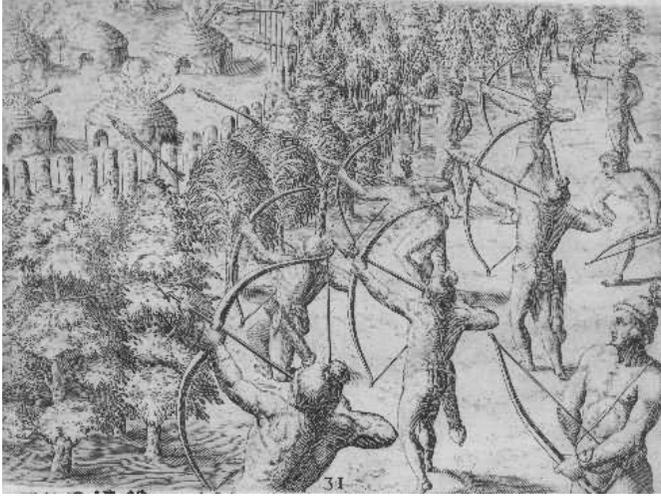
“We suffered terribly from want, and if I had space I could give you a heart-rending description of our miserable condition. After some of us had already died of hunger, the rest of us were starved until we were nothing but skyn and bones,” wrote Jacques Le Moyne, an artist in the colony.

The colonists stole some food from local Indians.

The Indians objected.

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So the French declared war, thinking that their metal body armor would make them invincible against the primitive weapons of the braves.



However, when the Indians saw their arrows bounce off the Frenchmen's breastplates, they quickly learned to aim for the face. They decimated the French force.

The colonists retreated inside their log fort, barred the gate, and soon were reduced to grinding fish bones and acorns to make flour for bread. The Indians camped outside the gate and waited for the trapped Frenchmen to starve.

Finally, Rene Goulaine de Laudonniere, leader of the colony, wrote, "The third of August (Gregorian calendar, 1565) I descrided four sayles in the sea, as I walked upon a little hill, whereof I was exceeding well apaid (pleased)".

Hawkins' ships entered the St. Johns, and Laudonniere notified his men, who "were so glad of those newes, that one would haue thought

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them to bee out of their wittes to see them laugh and leape for joy.

“Master John Hawkins their Generall came to request of mee that I would suffer them to take fresh water whereof they stood in great need,” Laudonniere wrote.

Hawkins saw the feeble condition of the French.

“Whereupon being mooued with pitie, he offered to relieue me with 20 barreles of meale, sixe pipes of beanes, one hogsead of salt, and a hundred of waxe to make candels, Moreover forasmuch as he sawe my soldiers goe bare foote, he offered me besides fifty paires of shoes... He did more than this: for particularly he bestowed vpon my selfe a great Jarre (jar) of oyle (oil), a barrel of white Biscuit... wherein doubtlesse he hath wone the reputation of a good and charitable man deseruing to be esteemed as such of us all as if he had saved our liues,” wrote Laudonniere.

The English crewman John Sparke observed a strange thing among the Indians: tobacco pipes.

“The Floridians... have a kind of herb dried, who, with a cane and an earthen cup in the end, with fire and the dried herbs put together, do suck through the cane the smoke thereof, which smoke satisfieth their hunger”.

Sparke also marveled at the rich abundance of food available in the land:

“The ground yieldeth naturally grapes in great store, for in the time that the Frenchmen were there they made twenty hogsheads of wine. It also yieldeth roots passing good, deer marvelous store, with divers other beasts and fowl serviceable to the use of man... Maze maketh good savoury bread and cakes as fine as flour... The commodities of this land are more than are

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yet known to any man... it flourisheth with meadow, pasture ground, with woods of cedar and cypress, and other sorts, as better cannot be found in the world... I trust God will reveal the same before it be long to the great profit of them that shall take it in hand”.

While the land and the Indians impressed Sparkes, he did not think much of the Frenchmen, “who would not take the paines so much as to fish in the river before their doores, but would have all things put into their mouthes... Notwithstanding the great want the Frenchmen had, the ground doth yield victuals sufficient, if they would have taken paines to get the same,” he said. “But they, being soldiers, desired to live by the sweat of other men”s brows”.

Yet, despite that feeling, Sparke also felt that God had ordained the meeting of the two groups.

He wrote that the Floridians, as he called the Indians, forced the French to “keepe their fort withal: which they must have been driven into, had not God sent us thither for their succour; for they had not above ten days victual left before we came”.

Laudonniere introduced Hawkins to the Indians as his brother. “Nowe three days passed,” he wrote, “while the English General remained with me, during which time the Indians came in from all parts to see him and asked me whether he were my brother; I told them he was so, and signified vnto them that he was come to see me and ayde me with so great a store of victuals that from thence forward I should haue no neede to take anything of them”.

The “Floridians” raised their siege in the face of superior firepower from the English ships.

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Hawkins replenished his water supply and traded one of his ships to the French for some of the cannon from their fort.

Then the two Protestant groups prayed.

Although Hawkins carried no clergymen aboard his ships, he made a practice of leading daily prayers for his men from the 1562 edition of the *Book of Common Prayer*.

Some details of this first service in America using the *Book of Common Prayer* were discovered by the late William M. Robinson Jr., former registrar-historiographer of the Episcopal Diocese of Florida.



Hawkins made another pirate/privateer voyage two years after his visit to Florida. He attacked a ship near San Juan de Ulloa, Mexico. The Spanish captured three of his men turning them

over to the Inquisition. Under torture, the pirates confessed to the crime of praying with the Protestant book.

“As might have been expected the witnesses failed to identify the particular services by their customary prayer book titles; but they could recall only certain verses, responses, prayers, lessons, etc., which oft repeated had impressed themselves on their minds,” Robinson wrote.

“These fragments are readily identifiable as pertaining to particular services.... *The Book of Common Prayer* was read very much as one finds it in churches today,” he said.

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The pirates confessed to using the prayer book both in the prayer service with the French in Florida and in daily services aboard Hawkins' ships while at sea.

"From thence (Fort Caroline) we departed the 28th of July (Julian Calendar, 1565) upon our voyage homewards," Sparke wrote. They met contrary winds and "Wee prolonged our voyage in such a manner that victuals scanted with us, so that we were provoked to call upon Him by fervent prayer, which moved Him to heare us so that we had prosperous wind".

Only a few weeks after the English left Fort Caroline most of the site was destroyed by the Spaniard Pedro Menéndez, who founded, just south of the site, St. Augustine, the oldest city in the U.S.



Hawkins lived to be 40 years old, a member of Elizabeth's navy. One day, when she was ill, she said to her, Elizabeth swore, "God's Death: this fool went out a soldier, and has come home a divine".



In 1588, Hawkins and his cousin, Sir Francis Drake, organized English defenses against the Spanish Armada. Hawkins was killed in 1595 during a sea battle with a Spanish ship off Puerto Rico.

Sir John Hawkins was not the last man whose character mixed religious devotion with a questionable lifestyle - although slavers or outright pirates are rare today. Perhaps he was a hypocrite; perhaps even pirates need to pray. Perhaps he was merely a

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product of his times when men were sensitive enough to thank God for drinking water and a good wind, but debased enough to steal and enslave other men.

At any rate, Hawkins tried to combine both spiritual and practical elements in his daily life. The standing orders he wrote for his fleet captains on all his many voyages said:

Serve God daily.

Love one another.

Preserve your victuals.

Beware of fire.

& Keep good companie.

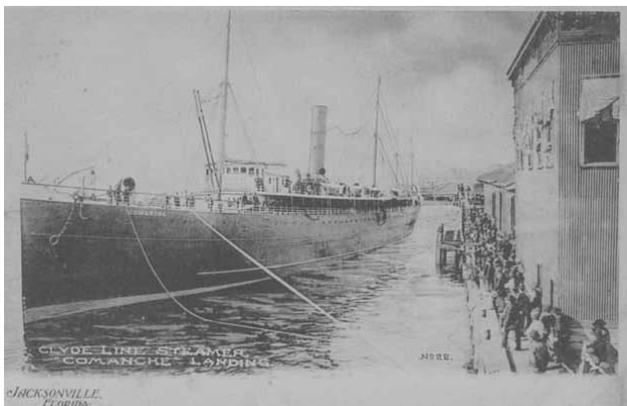
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Seen On The St Johns River: The Clyde Steamship Line

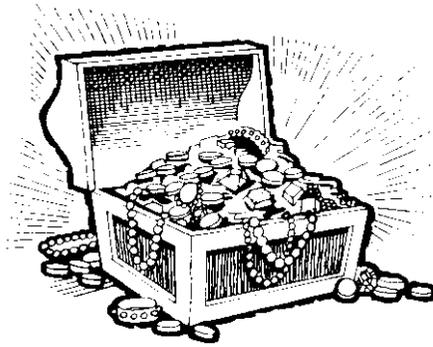


**The Clyde Line steamer *Osceola* in the 1920s.
The spot where she was buried in the mud is just to
the right in the photo.**

In the 1890s, the Clyde St. Johns River Line began daily runs with passengers, mail and express traffic between Jacksonville and Palatka. In 1914, the company put the steamer *Osceola* in service. The *Osceola* made her last run in 1928. Abandoned at a downtown dock, she was left to rot in the river. When workmen began filling in the river to pave a parking lot behind the New City Hall (now City Hall Annex) in the 1950s, they discovered the *Osceola* as a derelict still imbedded in the mud.



**Turn-of-the-century passengers line up to embark at
the Clyde Line Docks**



THE TREASURE OF MONCRIEF SPRINGS

Note: In the late 1700s, Eugene Moncrief, a French pawnbroker, escaped death on the guillotine only to be murdered and scalped by a jealous Indian here in what was later to be named Jacksonville, Florida,

The story of Moncrief's escape from France laden with nine treasure chests full of jewelry and of his subsequent adventures is told in the June 25, 1874, issue of the Tri-Weekly Florida Union. That newspaper attributed the tale to "Irving's sketch" entitled "Subterranean Religion".

Although the Irving quoted is not identified by the paper, in 1834 Washington Irving, of Sleepy Hollow fame, met Florida governor William Pope Du Val, for whom Duval County is named. Irving later wrote a book based on Du Val's exploits as a pioneer in Florida; it was called *The Early Experiences Of Ralph Ringwood*. Perhaps Du Val,

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whose family was of French Huguenot extraction, related the tale of Moncrief's treasure to the author of *The Sketch Book*.

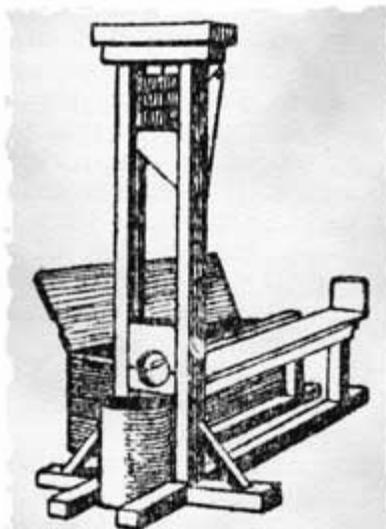
Who knows?

On July 14, 1789, the Bastille fell.

During the bloody revolution that followed, many aristocrats panicked and fled France. Almost everyone who owned valuables was anxious to convert them into ready cash, even at a loss.

"At this time, diamonds were relatively cheap. Designs for diamond jewelry became as delicate as those for fine Point lace and never before or since has jewelry of greater intrinsic magnificence been produced," said Marcus Baerwald in his *History Of Jewelry*.

Eugene Moncrief, who was not an aristocrat, was on the scene to do business. Through his pawn operation he soon accumulated vast numbers of the rose-cut and brilliant-cut diamonds which had grown popular as aristocratic ladies followed the fashions set by Queen Marie Antoinette.



GUILLOTINE

Showing basket for body
and receptacle for head.

On December 31, 1789, Dr. Joseph Guillotine proposed to the French Constituent Assembly that, "On all cases of capital punishment, it shall be of the same kind - that is decapitation - and it shall be executed by means of a machine... In cases

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of capital punishment the privilege of execution by decapitation should no longer be confined to nobles”.

As the revolution continued, nearly 40,000 common people shared with aristocrats in this unexpected fringe benefit by being beheaded by the good doctor’s machine.

Guillotine’s death machine took the form of a heavy triangular blade that moved smoothly on two upright rails. The weighted blade was drawn to the top by a rope, the victim’s head was placed between the rails, and then the headsman simply let go of the rope.

Charles Dickens in *A Tale Of Two Cities* said that the common greeting in the streets of Paris became, “How many to the guillotine today?”

Dickens wrote, “So used are the regular inhabitants of the houses to the spectacle that in many windows there are no people to watch”.

Under such conditions, Moncrief’s business flourished. Who would hold onto golden trinkets when their sale might buy passage away from the horrors?

On April 6, 1793, when the Committee of Public Safety ushered in the “Reign of Terror”, things really began to get rough. In Paris 2,639 people lost their heads.

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On April 19th - only 13 days after the committee came into power - Eugene Moncrief boarded the galley *Esperance* bound for Florida.

It was a good decision.

In the Vendee, the royalist-tinged region where Moncrief had lived, 8,000 people were beheaded within the next three months.

But Moncrief, although a fugitive, did not leave empty-handed.

“For years Moncrief had, under the seductive and absorbing sign of the pawnbroker’s three golden balls, been gathering in out of the wet such little *bijoutrie* as rings, breast pins, diamonds, gems and so successful had been his efforts that as Eugene was being borne away from his native shores, his tear-bedewed eyes found comfort in resting upon nine wooden chests of such material,” Irving wrote.

The voyage took two months to the day. On June 19, 1793, the *Esperance* entered the mouth of the St. Johns River. Moncrief acquired some property and, on July 3rd, “buried his treasure within a short distance of the spring that now bears his name,” Irving said.

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After the tension and bloodshed of France, Moncrief must have felt he had entered Paradise. In a sketch on the land and people of Florida, Washington Irving wrote:

Florida, a swampy, hommocky country, furnishes such a plenty and variety of supplies for the nourishment of animals that I venture to assert that no part of the globe so abounds with wild game, or creatures fit for the food of man. Thus they (the Indians) enjoy a super-abundance of necessaries and conveniences of life with security of person and property, the two great concerns of mankind. The hides of deer, bears, tigers and wolves, together with honey... and other productions of the country purchase their clothing, equipment and domestic utensils... They seem to be free from want or desires. No cruel enemy to dread; nothing to give them disquietude, but the gradual encroachment of white people.

He describes the Indians as “all dressed and painted with singular elegance, and richly ornamented with silver plates, chains, etc... Many carried fans made of feathers of wild turkey, the beautiful pink-colored crane or the scarlet flamingo”.

When the women danced, “they wore strings of tortoise-shells and pebbles around their legs, which rattled in cadence to the music”.

Moncrief had found a home.

He owned rich land with a free-flowing spring that would later be described as having “as pure water as ever responded to the rod of a bulrush Moses or fascinated the poetic longings of Juan Ponce de Leon”. Moncrief had his nine chests of jewels, and before long he had one of the

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beautiful Indian dancing girls. Her name was Sun Flower.

No turkey-feather fans or tortoise-shell trinkets for this woman. Moncrief was so infatuated with her that he decided to deck her out in as much sparkling splendor as any lady in King Louis' court.

"At the expiration of six month, Eugene dug from the earth one of the boxes of buried treasure to secure suitable treasure for decking his chosen Indian bride," Irving said.

Moncrief brushed away the dirt clinging to the chest, unlocked the clasps, and threw back the lid. Diamonds glittered and flashed in the light. Sun Flower buried her hands in the box and let gem stones trickle between her fingers. She snatched up first one piece then another, holding them to her breast to see how they would look against her copper skin.

Sun Flower soon decided that she liked the jewelry better than she liked the jeweler.

Although Sun Flower did not have any diamonds before Moncrief opened that first chest, she did already have a lover - a warrior named Grand Powder.

"Alas for poor Eugene," Irving lamented, "Indian cupidity was excited by this grand display. When another moon waxed, Eugene's scalp was drying in the tent of Grand Powder and Sun Flower was preparing his goadiago (an Indian dish)".

Moncrief had, after all, lost his head - or at least the top of it - despite his escape from the guillotine.

But, the pawnbroker's murderers did not escape retribution.

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“Grand Powder and Sun Flower were shortly afterwards visited by an angry Providence while sailing in a canoe on Trout Creek -- and today lies concealed the collection of poor Moncrief,” Irving wrote.

What happened to the remaining eight chests of treasure?

Two days after it ran the Irving account, on June 27, 1874, the *Tri-Weekly Florida Union* carried this announcement: “A Joint stock company is about to be formed for the purpose of bringing to light some of the magnificent old jewels supposed to be lying around loose somewhere near Moncrief Springs”.

In the September 1st issue of the paper, a Mr. Thomas revealed the route he and a friend took to get to Moncrief’s brush-clogged estate. To get to the site, one could simply follow Thomas’ verbal treasure map:

Through Hansontown and its narrow circuitous lanes and alleys, we emerged into the open prairies. Then passed the Little and Swain Plantation, thence up the hill and on until we struck a cowpath that meandered around stumps, fallen trees, marshes and swamps and were nearly swamped at the petty crossing as our horse got bogged down in the marsh. Jumping out and dragging and lifting our buggy from the mud and mire, we finally reached high ground and mounted the hill, with five different cowpaths and blind roads before us. Uncertain which was right, we take the middle one, thence 100 yards we leave the track and strike boldly through the woods without a path or guide. After one and a half hour’s drive, deviating in our course times innumerable to avoid fallen trees, stumps and swamps, we arrived at the picket

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bridge. Thence meandering up the creek, going three miles to get one, we arrived at a cowpath that led down the hill that led to the spring. A short walk and we stood by the spring... a wonderful spring. Not 20 men in Duval County have seen or heard of it".

Thomas had rediscovered Moncrief's spring, but not his treasure.

There is no record of the treasure ever being recovered, but in the late 1800s the spring was developed by Jacksonville Mayor Peter Jones into a swimming resort complete with hotel, restaurant, dance pavilion, nine-pin alley, baseball diamond and horse racing track. A toll road paved with shells led to the resort.

On May 21, 1910, Charles K. Hamilton brought the first Curtis biplane to be seen in Jacksonville to an exhibit at the Moncrief Spring Park. He raced his plane against a Cadillac automobile driven by Dexter Kelly. The biplane soared to the height of 2,500 feet and reached a speed of 60 miles an hour in a dive; but the Cadillac won the five-mile race.

In 1945, Eartha White of the Clara White Mission bought the 8 acres surrounding the spring for a recreation area and nursing home. The mission still owns the property, but according to Executive Director Grayce Bateman, when the state built the bridge which now carries Moncrief Road across Moncrief Creek, the spring was destroyed.

No treasure was uncovered during the road's construction.

When she was a girl, Clara Leroy, whose father rented a farm on the property, uncovered the only hoard ever found in the vicinity of the spring.

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It was during World War II and paratroopers from Camp Blanding used the old park for practice landings.

“Sometimes, there would be what looked like thousands of parachutes in the air and soldiers all over the place,” Mrs. Leroy said.

Apparently the cold spring water hadn’t satisfied the thirsts of every one of those soldiers and the previous owner of the farm had supplied a supplement to them.

“When Daddy told us to dig up the ground for a garden behind our garage,” Mrs. Leroy said, “We found over a dozen jugs of moonshine buried there. That’s the only kind of treasure I’ve ever heard about”.

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Seen On The St Johns River: *Three Friends*



In 1894 Jacksonville's Napoleon Broward designed a powerful oceangoing tug boat named *Three Friends*. Although the U.S. government wanted neutrality in a conflict between Cuba and Spain, Jacksonville's Cuban community supported the revolt. In 1896 *Three Friends* began many trips smuggling guns for the rebels. Such illegal gun running was called filibustering.

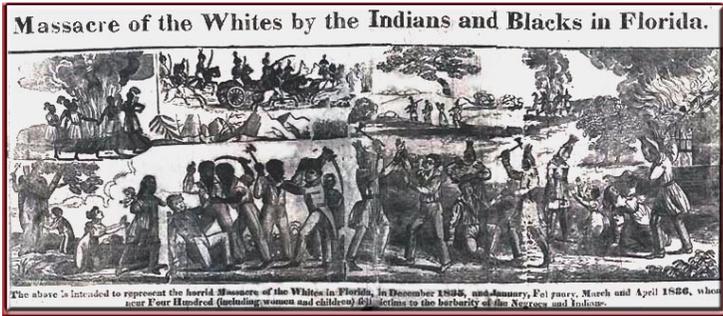


On February 15, 1898, the battleship *Maine* exploded in Havana killing 266 American sailors. Thus began the Spanish American War. Jacksonville's illegal gun runners became public heroes and the *Three Friends* became a dispatch boat for the *New York World* newspaper.

Newspaper owner William Hearst wired artist Fredric Remington

in Cuba, "You furnish the pictures, I'll furnish the war." Remington drew inflammatory cartoons to promoting the war slogan: "Remember The Maine! To Hell with Spain".

Jacksonville's Camp *Cuba Libre* was a staging area for U.S. troops but a typhoid fever epidemic killed more soldiers there than were killed in the fighting. The war ended on Dec.10th. *Three Friends* returned to Jacksonville for years of service as a tug on the St. Johns. Broward was later elected governor of Florida.



An 1836 Engraving

THE MANDARIN MASSACRE

Savages -- some still dressed in costumes as Shakespearean actors -- attacked Mandarin at 1 p.m. on Monday, December 20, 1841.

"The Indians assailed the houses, yelling most furiously, and shot the inmates as they, frantic and confused, ran for the main road," said Indian fighter, Brevet Captain John T. Sprague, 8th regiment, US Infantry.

"Two men, two women and an infant were killed. The dwellings were plundered, then burnt, and for sixteen hours these savages danced around the smoldering remains and mangled corpses of the slain," he said.

This was the second major attack in the Mandarin area.

Back in 1812, when Florida still belonged to Spain, the Indians burned the plantation of

John W. Cowart

grandfather took up the squaw and children and when the bucks returned and did not find them, they suspected my grandfather had picked them up, so they went to his place before day and hid themselves until he came out on the porch to kindle a fire with flint, steel and tinder box.

Just as he made a spark, they opened fire, sticking bullets in the wall around him.

He quickly got inside, unscathed, and barred the door. His wife and daughters loaded the guns while he and his sons shot at the Indians through the port holes in the wall. The guns were muzzle-loaders with loose powder and shot, taking considerable time to load and prime. They were able to keep the Indians off, and when the sun rose the bucks left, striking out to the west to the home of Berry Johns, two miles east of where Baldwin is now, and shot him from ambush.

Mrs. Johns dragged his body to the house and barred the door; but they battered it down and shot her, took off her scalp, set the house on fire, raised the war whoop and left. She was not dead, however, was just able to crawl out into a pond near the road, where she lay in the water all day. That afternoon she was picked up by Samuel Waggoners and taken to the fort and cared for by my mother and her sisters.

The scalped Mrs. Johns survived and became a national celebrity, traveling to Washington and having her portrait painted to hang in the Capital building.

Greed. Encroachment. Betrayal. Retaliation. Revenge. Death.

Such were the times.

Jacksonville became the jumping off place for American troops on their way to fight Indians.

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Soldiers were quartered in the Duval County Courthouse, and the major army supply depot was located here.

But usually the soldiers had to travel for miles to see an Indian. Most of the fighting was far to the south.

In fact, citizens complained that U.S. soldiers did more damage in Jacksonville proper than the Indians did. The city petitioned Congress:

"Whereas, from the destitute and ruined situation of the county of Duval in consequence of the Indian war, which renders it altogether unable to raise money by taxation, and whereas, the court house having been taken at divers times by military companies in the service of the United States and used as quarters, and from the causes aforesaid the said court house has become so much mutilated and broken that it is almost useless to the Territory of Florida, therefore..."

Therefore, Jacksonville wanted \$5,000 in federal funds to repair the court house.

As the war plodded on over seven years, one by one, Indian chiefs were captured and deported to the west. Sporadic fighting went on here and there, with small bands of Indians picking off isolated farms and travelers.

Fear and frustration made Florida citizens demand relief and the government responded by bringing in 33 "Peace Hounds" from Cuba. These attack dogs were bloodhounds which had been trained to track runaway slaves.

Many American citizens objected to the use of the animals, to no avail.

A contemporary newspaper said, "The bloodhounds were intended by the people, at

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whose insistence Governor Call imported them, to worry, to hunt, to bite, to tear to pieces all the red devils they can catch."

On January 18, 1840, the army turned them loose to hunt Indians.

The dogs' presence escalated the war.

In May of that year, a bizarre incident occurred;

Mr. Forbes Company of Shakespearean Players traveled overland from Picolata for a performance at the opera house in St. Augustine. For protection on the road, they joined a line of government supply wagons.

Indians attacked the wagon train, killing three actors and a clarionet (sic) player.

They looted the wagons, breaking open the actors' trunks.

Shortly after this, the *Niles Weekly Register* newsletter carried this information:

"Indians are prowling about the Mandarin settlement on the St. Johns River -- About 30 Indians, belonging to the party that attacked the theatrical company near St. Augustine, came to Fort Searle immediately after the attack, dressed in actors' dresses, and danced all around the place, challenging the



soldiers to fight..."

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Eventually, the Indians, sporting their Macbeth, Othello and Pluck costumes, left the neighborhood for a time and the Indian threat seemed over.

In fact, by February of 1841, things seemed so safe that the residents of Mandarin felt secure enough to incorporate as a town.

The fifty families living in Mandarin could well believe they were safe. The St. Johns River protected them on three sides and an army garrison at St. Augustine on the fourth.

Besides, reports circulated that the Second Seminole War was almost over. Everyone thought the Indians had been pushed back into the swamps.

The *Florida Herald* newspaper for December 31, 1841, describes Mandarin as "a happy and prospering community... unconscious of danger."

But the newspaper also noted that the Indian marauders were still "hovering for some days in the neighborhood of the settlement" observing the comings and goings of the people.

The Christmas attack on Mandarin was led by Seminole chiefs Powis-fixico (Short Grass) and Hallack-Tustenuggee, both notorious for other slaughters of Florida settlers.

Captain Sprague describes Hallack-Tustenuggee as a man "savage by nature, without a virtue either of head or heart to redeem his character... Yet he was a man with physical and mental qualities far above his contemporaries."

Powis-fixico, Sprague called, "the most active and cruel of any of the Indians."

John W. Cowart

In preparation for Christmas, most men in Mandarin had organized a hunt to bag fresh venison or wild turkey for the holiday dinner.

When the Indians saw the armed men leave for the hunt, they moved in.

First, they captured an elderly slave. They robbed him of \$300 and under torture, forced him to disclose information about the settlement. He tricked them out of attacking the main village by saying that soldiers were stationed at the general store.

His lie saved the center of town but the Indians, seeking gunpowder for their flintlocks, crept toward nearby homes.

Mrs. William Hartley was sitting by her fireplace nursing her baby and chatting with William Malphus and Domingo Acosta. The Indians fired through the door of the home killing her and Acosta instantly and injuring Malphus who ran toward the woods.

A warrior caught him thirty yards from the house.

The Indian slashed the wounded man's forehead and inserted his fingers in to the gash and peeled the victim's scalp back, leaving the white bone of his bare skull exposed.

Malphus did not die until the next morning.

The first gunshots alerted the rest of the village.

Leaving their possessions, families closest the river fled to the safety of a schooner anchored in the St. Johns. Others barricaded their doors and spent the night crouched with rifles pointed out the windows. They were "ready to meet the destroyer should he approach," the *Herald* said.

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The raiders destroyed the homes of three different Hartley families and plundered the homes of the Sloan, Acosta, Sedwick, James, Flynn and three different Hagan families.

The Flynn's turned their "Peace Hounds" into the yard to delay the attackers while the family escaped to hide all night in a swamp.

The savages slaughtered livestock, pillaged and burned homes, and hacked down the groves of orange and mulberry trees which accounted for Mandarin's prosperity.

They returned to burn Mrs. Hartley's home where the attack had started.

"Her infant child was still alive and perished in the flames, still clinging to the breast of its murdered mother", the *Herald* reported.

The Mandarin raid supplied the Indians with pounds of gunpowder which they needed to continue fighting. One Seminole had declared, "Let us alone and we will not attack you... but if you make war on us we will fight as long as our ammunition lasts and, when this is gone, we will take to the bow and arrow."

At dawn, dazed Mandarin residents saw the smoldering ruins and anticipated another attack. Some gathered what was left of their belongings and fled to Jacksonville.

In a letter dated Jan. 1, 1842, Jefferson Belknap, a mulberry planter, said, "This is the third time I have been obliged to abandon my place and sacrifice time, money, and everything but my life."

Everyone questioned where the army was at when the Indians attacked.

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The Christmas Eve issue of the *Herald* warned, "Protect yourselves, for the war authorities are not protecting you."

The *Herald* portrayed the army as sitting around the barracks singing a ditty: "We could whip the Injunes -- If we could find 'em."

Sprague said, "Washington had serious doubts whether the Florida army had not been in a state of enjoyment and repose, instead of in the field in pursuit of the enemy."

Fifty-one citizens of Mandarin petitioned Col. W.J. Worth, Commander of the Army of Florida:

"We now most humbly pray that you will allow us a mounted force for our protection... If not, the whole settlement will be abandoned... as there can be no possible security until the last Indian is hunted out of Florida."

Smarting at these aspersions on his soldiers, Col. Worth replied, "It is to be regretted... that some of the fifty-one signers... had not been found to give some account of so despicable a foe. Nevertheless..."

Nevertheless, Col. Worth dispatched Company K, 2nd Infantry to capture Hallack-Tustenuggee's band.

This mission lasted six months and stretched the length of Florida. The Indian chief crossed and recrossed the St. Johns. He doubled back through swamps where the supply wagons of his pursuers bogged down to the axeltrees.

Sprague summarized the chase:

"Tracks seen. Fields destroyed. Country waded. Troops exhausted. Indians gone."

Crackers & Carpetbaggers

Besides the terrain, yellow fever, malaria, unseasonable rains, and homesickness, great depression added to the troops' problems.

One earlier Seminole fighter wrote, "The misery of soldiering in this place was certainly very great, yet under all circumstances let us never despond but keep our hearts lifted up to God. He can save us and, in His own good time, give deliverance. We now lost one of our first lieutenants, who in his despair, forgetting that God ruled all things, fired his pistol into his mouth and thus blew out his brains, hurling his soul to perdition."

Perdition well describes the situation and terrain of the chase.

When the Secretary of War inquired about the delay in punishing the Indians, Col. Worth replied, "At present the secretary does not see how a band of Indians could penetrate so far north as Mandarin settlement, commit deprivations, and return south, unseen and unmolested by the troops; nor will the honorable secretary make this discovery until (which God forbid) he becomes more intimately acquainted with this country."

Finally, the army captured Chief Short Grass's son and used him to lure his father out of the swamp. Sprague said, "The band was well armed with rifles, selected with care from among the citizens murdered... and provided with ammunition in the same manner... These were the most active participators in the attack on Mandarin."

The pursuit of Hallack-Tustenuggee continued until he and two of his wives rode into Col. Worth's camp to discuss peace terms. The army

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captured him under his flag of truce. He was one of the last Seminole chiefs to be taken.

Sprague, who took part in the chase and capture, reevaluated his enemy: "Whatever sins may be laid to the charge of this Indian chieftain, or however diabolical the instinct of his nature, his land was dearer to him than life. For it he had fought boldly and unceasingly... If this trait in the savage be patriotism, Hallack-Tustenuggee's name should stand eternally side by side with the most distinguished of mankind."

As for the settlers at Mandarin, Sprague said, "Large numbers re-occupied their plantations, free from danger, and after the lapse of a short time, were surrounded with every comfort."

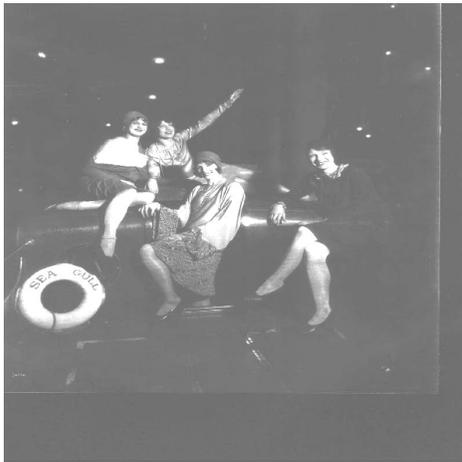


Crackers & Carpetbaggers

Seen On The St Johns River: Al Capone's Robinson Seagull



On February 11, 1928, the manufacturer shipped this Robinson Seagull by rail to Jacksonville. In 1930 notorious underworld figure Al Capone bought the 32 foot powerboat and took it to his Miami home for parties and possible rum running. He named it "*Flying Cloud*". In 1933 Capone was put in prison for tax evasion and his boat was put up for sale in 1937 to satisfy his debts.



**Young ladies, flappers of the prohibition era,
enjoying an outing on Al Capone's boat.**



THROUGH HELL ON HORSEBACK

FLORIDA CIRCUIT RIDERS

When he returned home from preaching, the Rev. Tilman D. Peurifoy discovered a horror.

While the 19th century Florida Methodist circuit rider had been spreading the gospel of peace, Seminole Indians had attacked his home.

In a letter dated February 12, 1839, Peurifoy told a friend what he found:

My precious children, Lorick, Pierce and Elizabeth, were killed and burned up in the house. My dear wife was shot, stabbed and stamped, seemingly to death, in the yard.

But after the wretches went to pack up their plunder, she revived, and crawled off from the scene of death to suffer a thousand deaths

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during the dreadful night which she spent alone by the side of a pond bleeding at four bullet holes and more than a dozen stabs - three deep gashes to the bone on her head, and three stabs through the ribs, besides a number of smaller cuts and bruises.

She is yet living, and, O help me pray that she may still live... Pray for me. When I think of the wickedness of the people of this country, the flood of vice that sweeps over the land from the Atlantic to the Gulf of Mexico, I cannot be surprised that it streams with blood; but why this upon my precious family, I am not able to resolve.

That account and other historical information for the preparation of this story was supplied by the Rev. Roland D. Vanzant, superintendent of the Jacksonville district of the United Methodist Church.

Early circuit riders were encouraged to keep a daily record of all they saw and did, Vanzant said. These diaries and journals give a vivid picture of how Methodism came to Florida.

A 19th-Century *Class Leader's Manual* attempted to prepare traveling preachers like Peurifoy for what they would face:

"In a world cursed by sin, and peopled with sinners, it cannot be expected that the instrumentalities employed for the diffusion of truth and godliness will meet with no resistance, or that those who are personally engaged in this work will encounter no difficulties".

Spain ceded Florida to the United States in 1821. To encourage settlement, Congress offered 160 acres of land to any man who would bring a rifle and so many pounds of ammunition and build a house on that tract.

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Hopeful farmers, land speculators and outright rogues – anyone who could afford a rifle and ammunition – poured into the newly opened territory.

The early Methodist preachers adopted the motto: “Wherever men can go for money, we can go for the love of Christ and for souls”.

Wherever they found people, they preached.

They rode horseback from house to house and settlement to settlement bringing the good news to people – many of whom had never previously heard a sermon. Circuit riders preached at family hearths, timber camps and quilting bees. In towns they even mounted the scaffolds at public hangings.

At the time the population density of Florida was two to six inhabitants per square mile. And the diaries of circuit riders often speak of 40-mile treks through road-less swamps and palmetto clumps without seeing a single house.

And when they arrived at a home, it was floored with dirt and “built by driving four forked poles into the ground, for plates, rafters, etc., the same kind of poles, these fastened with withes or vines; thatching the sides and roofs with the broad palmetto leaves, the house was complete and fit for the habitation of man,” said John C. Ley, who rode a North Florida circuit for 52 years.

Ley’s comments were drawn from his journal.

Most Florida pioneers welcomed the traveling preachers to their simple homes as sources of news and entertainment as well as spiritual counsel.

And the settlers extended their hospitality as best they could.

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The Rev. John W. Talley's diary mentions a feast offered by a family he stayed with:

"Fed upon musty corn bread, the meal beaten in a mortar, and the tough lungs of a deer fried in rancid bacon grease and corn coffee sweetened with sirup".

Yellow fever, tuberculosis, lack of roads and hazards such as rattlesnakes and bandits hindered the preachers' work.

Their diaries record other hardships that they encountered:

Ticks - "The ticks indeed, which are innumerable, are a little troublesome: they burrow in the flesh and raise pimples which are sometimes quite alarming and look like the effects of a very disagreeable disorder. But they are nothing when opposed to my affection for my Lord," one said.

Loneliness - "I often think of my father's house; I know I could find a lodging place there; but I am far away from home and among strangers, and some who appear to be unfriendly toward me. But I remember that my Master before me had not where to lay his head. I am better treated than he was... I preached from the Psalm," another said.

Weather - "May 25, 1829, while riding through the rain and dark, with no human being with me, my soul was comforted on the reflection of the omnipresence of my Saviour: I felt he was near to bless and preserve me," wrote Isaac Boring, who rode the St. Augustine, Fernandina, Jacksonville, Palatka, Gainesville, Lake City, Micanopy circuit in the 1820s.

Indians - The *National Intelligencer* newspaper for November 15, 1817, said, "The Indians are

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incorrigible in their cruelties. They are naturally enemies to a civilized state society, as it destroys their independence. They resemble wolves, who would rather be exterminated than domesticated”.

Boring developed a plan for reaching the Seminoles.

“I intend first to preach to the blacks among them (Many runaway slaves took refuge among the Seminoles and spoke their language.) I am in hopes that if the blacks who can understand English will hear preaching, they will influence the Indians to hear me.

“I go to them not knowing what will be the consequences. I hope it is of the Lord and the Lord will open the door for his Gospel to be preached to this nations of Indians”.

He gathered a congregation of 50 in this manner. “At the close of the service, many came forward with tears in their eyes to bid me farewell,” he said.

Later, he conferred with Seminole chiefs Tuskenahhah, Olack-limoco and John Hicks, who was the most powerful of the three leaders.

Chief Hicks “observed that I was traveling alone among them. (And that) I was certainly trying to do them some good”.

But, “He replied that he had been opposed to preaching and was determined to continue so.

“I then told him that persons who would not hear the good word and continued to do bad displeased the Almighty, and when they died would go to the bad world.

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“To this he replied that many whites did not attend to the Good Talk and that they were as wicked as himself...

“What a lamentable truth!” Boring wrote.

Disappointment - “Wednesday, March 18, 1830. Rode 45 miles to Paladkey (old spelling for Palatka). Swam horse across the St. Johns River. No one attended preaching,” another circuit rider said in his diary.

Financial Troubles - When John C. Ley was appointed for a second term to the circuit that included St. Augustine, Gainesville, Alligator (old name for Lake City), and Cowford (Jacksonville), he wrote in his journal; “I was much astonished and hurt at the appointment”. He had been promised \$50 for his previous year’s work; he’d been paid only \$12.50.

One minister said, “My funds being all exhausted, I sold my boots off my feet to purchase provisions with; and after making all the preparations that I could to render my family comfortable, started out again upon my circuit”.

Pain - One circuit rider’s daily journal entry reads only “Pain. Pain. Pain”.

How did they endure such hardship?

Some didn’t.

Nationally, of the first 737 circuit riders from whom any record remains, nearly half died before they were 30 years old. Most of these preachers were teenagers when they began their ministries and 199 of them died within five years of starting. Two thirds died before serving 20 years.

Yet, the circuit riders thought the Lord they served was worth any sacrifice.

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Freeborn Garrettson, who survived 50 years as a circuit rider over much of the East Coast, evaluated his ministry:

“I had often to wade through morasses, half-leg deep in mud and water; frequently satisfying my hunger with a piece of bread and pork from my knapsack, quenching my thirst from a brook, and resting my weary limbs on the leaves of the trees. Thanks be to God! He compensated me for all my toil; for many precious souls were awakened and converted to God”.

Many of the Florida circuit riders were men of vision.

J.N. Glenn, the first Methodist preacher whose work was entirely in Florida, wrote in the December 12, 1823 issue of *Methodist Magazine* saying, “We hope yet to see the Floridas - which not long since were completely barred against the intrusion of a Protestant minister, but which law is happily removed by the cession of those provinces to the United States - blooming like the Rose of Sharon and producing, under the cultured hand of the Redeemer, fruit which shall rebound to the Glory of God”.

The first session of the Methodist Florida Annual Conference was held in Tallahassee on Feb. 6, 1845. Three weeks later, President John Tyler signed the bill that made Florida a state.

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JACKSONVILLE UNDER FOOT

Mastodon hunters, mound builders, French Huguenots, Spanish conquistadors, pirates, minutemen, slave traders, civil war soldiers, gandy dancers, gun runners.

You and I have one thing in common with them all: we too chose to live on Florida's First Coast.

Artifacts left by our predecessors on the First Coast fill the ground we walk over every day.

There are the remains of an Indian village beneath Jacksonville's Federal Building on Bay Street; another rests beneath the old jail at 711 Liberty St.

Dogs race around the site of an Indian mound at The Orange Park Kennel Club.

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The ruins of a Spanish military outpost may be in the ground under Bishop Kenny High School.

Thousands of broken pieces from thick, green glass beer bottles testify to the popularity of a turn-of-the-century tavern where the City Parking Garage now stands on Water Street.

The Independent Life building stands atop an ancient steam locomotive.

Workers digging a hole at the Daniels State Office building uncovered an huge rusty safe -- probably a relic of the days when sailing ships tied up to a wharf there.

"This area has enough historical scope for a Mitchner novel!" said Buzz Thunen who teaches anthropology at the University of North Florida.

"Northeast Florida is literally one of the richest archaeological areas in Florida. Prehistoric people lived along the river as long as eight thousand years ago. We have prehistory and history with French, Spanish, English occupations. It's all here," he said.

There are three types of archaeology in the United States: research, salvage, and contract, he said.

"Research archaeology is a type done by museums or universities as long-term research projects.

"Salvage archaeology involves something discovered that needs to be dealt with right away.

"Contract archaeology is done to meet state and federal guidelines about the managing of cultural resources on properties -- like in impact studies where the state is concerned about what sort of

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archaeological site might be affected by development," he said.

Most of the work now being done in Duval County is contract archaeology done by firms and subsidiaries of environmental groups which discover evidence of past people who lived here.

"As Duval County and the metropolitan area develops more, more of this is uncovered, usually by accident, and needs to be preserved," Thunen said.

Thunen and some of his students have been working two sites recently. They are helping University of Florida personnel on a Spanish mission site on Amelia Island, and they are uncovering an Indian/Spanish site in St. Johns County.

"Our Students touch history and fill in the puzzle of the past," Thunen said.

The St Johns County site presents a microcosm of how Indian lifestyle changed through contact with Europeans.

Thunen identifies the site as a small mission or visiting station where Spanish priests ministered to a Timucua Indian village.

Apparently these Indians had been pagan mound builders who converted to Catholicism and were then caught in one of the many wars between Spanish and British forces.

"Mound building extends back to at least 400 B.C. and occurred throughout prehistory," Thunen said.

"The French actually witnessed a mound being built by Indians. One of Le Moyne's pictures shows a group of Indians around a hump of earth

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with a conch shell on top. That's the beginning of a mound," he said.

Jacques le Moyne was a French artist who came to Northeast Florida in the 1560s.

"But as the Indians were exposed to Spanish culture and missions," Thunen said, "Their burial customs changed. When the Spanish came in, they were buried as Christians."

Thunen emphasized that Florida has strict laws about people digging burial mounds. If you know the location of one, leave it alone and report it to professionals.

At the St. Johns County site, which is right beside a modern day home, Thunen has uncovered Indian ceramics adjacent to European clay tobacco pipes.

"For me, it is not the artifacts that are so important but the stories they tell," he said.

Want to hear stories of local archaeological discoveries?

Talk with Jerry Hyde.

Hyde, who works as a field representative for the Florida Department of Insurance, is a past president of both the Florida Anthropological Society and the Northeast Florida Anthropology Society.

Hyde has worked on a number of sites in the metropolitan area and a collection of the artifacts he and his friends have found is on display now in a newly opened exhibit at the Jacksonville Museum of Science and History.

Hyde's experience gives him an insight to the pre-history and history of Jacksonville.

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"The most ancient people, the Paleo-Indians hunted big game, following herds of mastodon and huge extinct bison. I've seen evidence of this around Baker County," Hyde said.

"In the Archaic Period, the people had a food gathering culture and moved to the rivers to gather from oyster beds because they were so darned easy to get," he said.



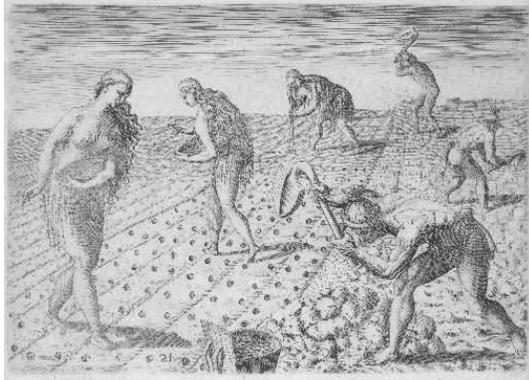
The Indians usually threw the empty oyster shells -- as well as bones, broken pottery, flint and other rubbish -- out the door of their houses and now great shell mounds,

kitchen middens, mark the location of archaic Indian villages.

We drive over such Indian remains every day; many Duval County roads, including Heckscher Drive and Mayport Road, were originally paved with material mined from area kitchen middens, Hyde said.

"In the Mississippian Period, people settled down and raised corn, squash and beans," he said.

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The major tribe living around Jacksonville were the Timucua.

"Before the coming of the white man, the dominant tribe in the Southeast was the Creeks... When the British came in the South, they thought the Creeks were the most civilized of Indians.

"Creeks dominated the Timucua and others. They established tremendous trade routes crisscrossing the Southeast going from place to place all the way from Ohio to Mississippi. The Maya had pyramid temples in the Yucatan, and the idea crept around the Gulf and up the Ohio valley in the form of burial and temple mounds.

"And the Creeks established athletic games, a sort of Indian Olympics. They made huge fields, bigger than two or three football fields where two or three hundred Indians on a side played field hockey -- it broke a lot of heads but reduced wars.

"The Timucua tribe at the time of Columbus stretched from the mouth of the St. Johns to Tampa with a population of over 50 thousand people. They had their own language, religion and culture.

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"It appears that they had once been an even bigger tribe with their center of culture near Mayport. This was not a simple culture; they were very complex. They were not isolated. They knew what was going on. But it appears that by the time white men came, they were on the skids compared to what they had been," Hyde said.

Hyde gleaned much of his information from seven years of field work on the Dent Mound, a huge village and burial complex on Pelotes Island near Clapboard Creek on Jacksonville's northside. It was named after the property owner when the mound was discovered; JEA now owns the site.

Like a King Tut's Tomb in Jacksonville, the Dent Mound had lain undisturbed for centuries until archaeologists uncovered its treasures.

Hyde ticked off an impressive list of finds:

* -- "We found a fine vase, or pot, over a foot tall composed of two globes one atop the other. Then the mouth of the top bulb flared out -- a double-bubble, it's called. It's a trade thing from the Gulf Coast.

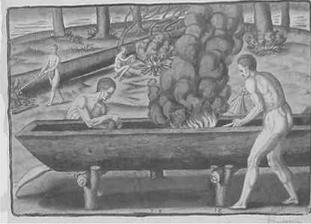
* -- "We found a lot of trade items, like big pieces of mica used as a mirror and a pair of little fishes made of conch shell. They are a gorgeous work of art.

* -- "We found copper from the Great Lakes, mica from North Carolina, pottery from the Gulf Coast, flint from Ohio -- these were sophisticated people with a vast system of trade and commerce.

* -- "We found quite a few projectile points -- even a cluster of them put in as a bundle of arrows. But the wood shafts had rotted away.

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* -- "A paint pot shaped like a canoe with compartments for different colored paints separated inside.



*-- "A kit used to make dugout canoes. They'd cut down a tree, burn out the center of the wood and scrape it smooth with shell tools. This was apparently the grave of a

boatmaker.

The Timucua believed in another world where they needed food, weapons, tools and the things they valued, Hyde said.

The Dent Mound contained many bodies which taught the archaeologists tremendous amounts about the people who lived and died there.

"The teeth in the skulls of the women contained no cavities --little or no sugar in those days -- but they are worn flat from the gritty diet and from chewing rawhide to make pliable leather for use as cloth," Hyde said.

The men's skeletons also taught lessons.

"In places we found jumbled bodies, as well as the extended burial of the a chief. And other body parts -- apparently what were enemies.

"A couple of burials had extra skulls with them -- on the chest for instance, or cradled in his arms. We think these are warriors who died of his wounds and had the head of an enemy he'd killed buried with him as a trophy," Hyde said.

Hyde emphasizes obedience to state laws concerning burial mounds.

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"Things have pretty much come to a halt as of October 1, 1986, because of a new state law about Indian burials. Now we have to contact the county medical examiner, and he takes a look, and then he contacts the state Archives in Tallahassee and so forth..," he said

How old is the Dent Mound?

"When we got to the bottom of the mound, we found a fire site built to purify site. We sent some charcoal for a carbon-14 test and it dated at 600 B.C. plus or minus 90 years," Hyde said.

Of course not all local sites are that old. Indian mounds and village sites line the river banks for miles but more recent artifacts also lie right underfoot, Hyde said.

"For instance there's a donkey engine under Independent Life. Sailing ships used to tie up at docks on Bay Street and around the Civil War, I guess, an engine jumped the tracks and got stuck in the mud.

"With the technology of the day they couldn't get it out.

"Of course with the technology of our day, when they built Independent Life, the cost was prohibitive, so they said the heck with it and put the building right on top of it. We couldn't get it out either," Hyde said.

From his office window in the Daniels State Office Building, Hyde once saw construction workers uncover an old safe.

"Here were the Clyde Steamship Line Docks that burned years ago and when they were digging for a JEA repeater station, the workers found a huge safe from a dock warehouse. They loaded it in back of pickup and took off about 90 miles an

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hour going north on Ocean Street and haven't ever been seen again. I'll bet there was nothing in it but shipping records," he said with a laugh.

Hyde recounts story after story of the people who lived here before us and the things they left behind them.

"In archaeology, you never finish learning. It's like detective work, half guessing, because their culture is gone forever," he said.

Jan Flager, public relations director for the Museum of Science and History in Jacksonville, advises anyone interested in seeing first-hand the dynamics of an Indian mound to visit the museum's "Peoples of the Mound" exhibit.

This display includes many artifacts recovered from the Dent Mound.

"It displays a cut-away cross section of a typical mound with artifacts exposed," Flager said. "It includes a projectile point chart and a potsherd chart showing types and chronology."

Flager classifies archaeological studies as either historic or prehistoric.

Historic archaeology involves sites the dates of which can be related through written history; prehistoric archaeology involves sites which pre-date the Europeans coming to Florida, he said.

The Dent Mound represents a major prehistoric site on Florida's First Coast.

"The mound complex was both habitation and ceremonial and they recovered whole pots, effigy pots and tons of potsherds," Flager said.

That is, unbroken ceramic pottery, pottery shaped like animal or human figures and broken fragments of pottery. In the days before plastic

John W. Cowart

and paper bags, people stored and carried virtually everything in baskets or ceramic vessels.

Therefore potsherds and pottery, made in distinctive styles, help archaeologists to identify the people who left them and to date the sites where they are found, he said.

"There is a whole series of pot types in this area ranging from the plain to check stamped, cord-marked and paddle stamped, to very complex," Flager said.

The pottery of prehistoric people is often just about all that's left of them, he said. "Organic materials like wood or bone don't survive well here because of soil conditions," he said.

"As pre-Columbian material they do occur but it's rare. When you do find them, they're always deteriorated. They're like marshmallow and have to be exposed, dried and sealed with plastic fixative. You can't just pick these things up," he said.

The *Peoples of the Mound* exhibit includes the remains of a dug-out canoe recovered from a mud bank in the St. Johns and preserved.

Deon Jaccard, director of the Amelia Island Museum of History in Fernandina Beach, feels delighted with a new exhibit of historical archaeology soon to open there.

"Since 1985, we've had a dig here going on under the auspices of the Florida State Museum -- It's a 17th century mission, Santa Catalina de Gauale, on the property of George and Dottie Dorion -- and we have just received a \$50,000 special category grant from the State through the Bureau of Historic Preservation," she said.

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"We're overjoyed. The grant enables us to double our facilities," she said. "We're in the old Nassau County Jail building and our new floor will include a Dorion Dig room telling the story of the site and of the plantation there. That was in the Harrison family for 150 years."

Ms. Jaccard describes the Amelia Island Museum of History as an oral history museum.

"We are unusual because we're not simply a collection but every visitor is met by a person who takes them through the museum and tells them a 400 year history which is wonderful," she said.

That presentation begins with the Indians and goes through 1900. Another museum presentation features a history of northeast Florida architecture styles illustrated by models constructed with pains-taking detail for the museum by Ms. Jaccard's husband.

Amelia Island used to be a no-man's land, a sort of buffer zone between the Spanish fort in St. Augustine and the English fort on St. Simon's Island, Ga.

Mrs. Jaccard does not know of any authentic pirate remains but she does not doubt that pirates worked out of Fernandina.

"Pirates? Well historically it is unquestionably a fact that they were here because Presidents Jefferson and Madison set about clearing pirates out of the area," Ms. Jaccard said.

"This was Spanish land and it was a magnet for Banditos of all descriptions. Fernandina grew so wild that the American Navy closed the port between 1807 and 1811."

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"Most of this island will yield something if you dig long enough because of our long and colorful history," she said.

When Joe Sasser was a boy at Jacksonville Beach, he found some Indian relics in a pit where construction workers were digging fill dirt.

That find influenced the course of his life.

Now he is an anthropology professor at Florida Community at Jacksonville's Kent Campus.

His most satisfying archaeological find -- and his most disappointing -- is the site of St. John's Town, an Eighteenth Century village on St John's Bluff where loyalists escaped from the American Revolution to live here under British rule.

"The town had two taverns, a physician, about 300 houses, and plantations back in the woods from it," Sasser said.

"This site could have been reconstructed like Williamsburg; but with property values and housing construction in the area being what it is... Well, it could have been."

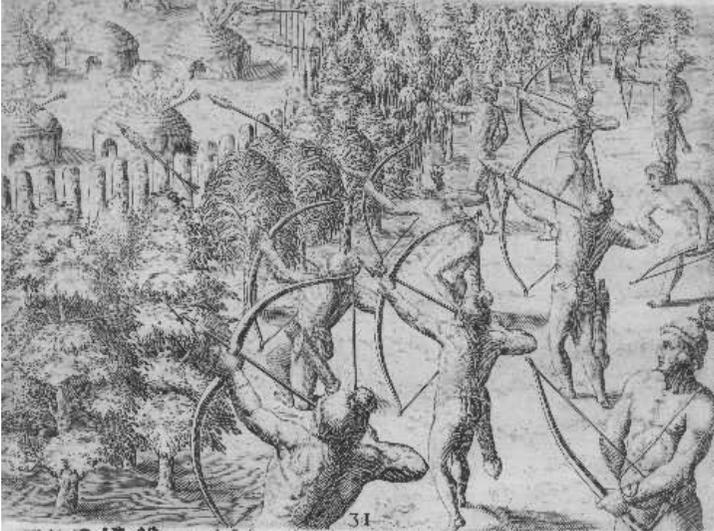
Sasser has surveyed the site twice and found broken pipe stems, parts of a flint lock musket, metal hoes and rakes made by the British East India Co., coins, part of a surveyors transit, and the tabby floors and foundations of some colonial houses.

"It's a potentially fascinating historical site, a major center for refugees from the American Revolution" he said.

"Jacksonville has always been a good place to live. When they first got here from Europe, they must have thought they'd gone to Heaven," Sasser said.

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Well, Florida's First Coast must not have been too heavenly because bloody battles were fought constantly in the area for its control.



Numerous forts comprise significant historical archaeological sites throughout the area, Sasser said.

"There's the site of a fort on Greenfield Island near the Intercoastal Waterway; that was a Spanish fort and mission complex guarding the entrance to the St. Johns.

"There are two forts to the south of us, Picolata and San Francisco de Pupo, near Green Cove Springs; they guarded the back door to St. Augustine.

"Fort Heilman near Middleburg protected settlers during the Seminole wars of the 1840's.

"Fort San Mateo, near Assumption School, covered the King's Road. And there were Civil War fortifications all along the river.

John W. Cowart

"This has always been a strategic area," Sasser said.

One of Sasser's favorite projects last summer was leading a team of 20 area high school students in surveying archaeological sites from Arlington to Mayport along the south bank of the river.

"I try to channel the students, interest, enthusiasm and energy, and to do creative salvage work without damaging a site," Sasser said.

Some of the land included in this survey is owned by the Nature Conservancy.

"They are a conservation organization, nation wide, that buys pristine properties and takes them off the development rolls," Sasser said.

"Near St. John's Town they have about 700 acres left wild, but they allow scientific studies done in a professional manner on their properties. I can't thank them enough for what they are doing."

Carol Norton, a junior at Douglas Anderson School of the Arts, took part in this year's survey and hopes to work in the one next year.

She is enthusiastic about the things she did and the things she learned.

"We had one week instruction, then a week in the lab, and two in the field," she said.

"Our lab work consisted of sorting though material from the field, artifacts (material worked by people such as carved bone or pottery) and ecofacts (natural substances such as unworked shell or bone). That was very tedious.

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"But out in the field we'd go to specially marked places in the Nature Conservatory and dig test pits 50 centimeters square and about 50 centimeters deep for samples," she said.

Most people look at archaeology and think of Indiana Jones, but it's not as glamorous as all that, she said.

"The woods were so thick that we would have to hack our way through with a machete.

"If we found bone or artifacts in a test pit, we'd record what we found there. That would be a fertile hole and we'd do seven to ten a day. We'd sketch a profile of the hole and label and describe each level.

"We ran the dirt through a sifter to screen out small items. I like finding bone a lot because I learned to tell bone from shell; shell is flatter and breaks to show really white inside. It's chalky while bone is more porous. I found deer teeth, vertebra and fish bones," Ms Norton said.

What could she learn from such scanty evidence?

"The Indians were hard workers and they had a hard life. Their teeth were worn flat because they ate a lot of sandy, gritty stuff like oysters and shellfish," she said.

"Archaeology is important to help you know about the culture and how people used to live. And you find out by looking at their stuff what they did in daily life and how they lived their lives. Maybe we can avoid their mistakes," Ms Norton said.

When Europeans initially came to Northeast Florida, they were not too far removed from knighthood and the invention of gunpowder;

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many soldiers still wore suits of metal body armor.

Near St. Johns Bluff, one group of students on the survey dug up part of the curved breast plate from a Spanish soldier's armor.

Ron Gilmour, a senior at Stanton College Preparatory School and a reporter for the *Devil's Advocate* student newspaper, told about that find.

"Well, it wasn't my group that found it but we all saw it; it's a good sized piece of metal and has the curvature of a breastplate. Nothing else that size could be buried that deep.

"I don't think they wore armor all the time -- too hot here for that -- but maybe only when they were on guard duty or expecting a fight," he said.

At one time, a group of Spanish soldiers in the area deserted the army and went to live with Indians. "At least they left their fort very quickly, and that may account for this piece of armor being found with Indian things; or maybe it was a guy the Indians killed in battle and took his armor home as kind of like a trophy," Gilmour said.

Gilmour credits a teacher at Stanton, Joel Williams, with interesting him in archaeology.

"He knew I was interested in forestry or wild life management as a career and put me onto this; it's opened a new world for me," Gilmour said.

"For instance, I never knew that Jacksonville was a major Indian site. I thought that you would have to dig very deep to find anything. But there are places you can just walk over the ground and pick up pieces of pottery right off the surface.

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You rarely have to dig over 60 centimeters to find things and you can just keep digging til you quit finding stuff."

Gilmour's team worked briefly excavating a possible mission site which has been continuously inhabited for centuries.

"Here we were excavating for artifacts hundreds of years old and there they were right across the street constructing new houses," he said.

"Most of the pottery my group found -- well, the most common was St. Johns Period Plain; that's in the neighborhood of 2,000 years old. Then we found patterned pottery -- where they carved a design on a wooden paddle and pressed it into the wet clay when they were making the pot. It leaves a waffle design. And we found some Complicated Stamped -- that's from a later period...

"And at the foot of the Dames Point Bridge, we found some Early American things, broken bits of dinner plates, things like that.

"I'll tell you, it's kind of eerie to pick up a piece of pottery and realize it was made before you were born.

"It makes you think," Gilmour said.

**Seen On The St Johns River:
*Sea Cloud***



When I was a boy in the 1950s, the masts, spars and rigging of the yacht *Sea Cloud* seemed a permanent part of the Jacksonville skyline. I thought it was a pirate ship and I daydreamed about all the rape and pillage and plunder that ship must have seen.

My daydreams were not far off the mark. Back then, the notorious Dominican Republic dictator Rafael Trujillo, a man as bloodthirsty as Bluebeard, owned the *Sea Cloud*.

Sea Cloud was built in 1931 as the most luxurious yacht



afloat for cereal heiress Marjorie Merriweather Post, who was then married to E. F. Hutton. The ship's staterooms featured fireplaces, Chippendale furniture, Sevres china, and marble bathrooms with gold plated faucets in the shape

of swan heads.

On August 18, 1955, *Sea Cloud* was sold to a shipping firm in Jacksonville and soon thereafter to Rafael Trujillo. His son Ramfis stayed aboard the yacht while in the United States, often docking in Jacksonville. On board, Ramfis played with such females as Kim Novak, Zsa Zsa, Joan Collins, Debra Paget, and a whole coven of bimbos.

In 1964, Rafael Trujillo was assassinated and Ramfis personally shot six accused assassins himself before fleeing to France with \$4,000,000 pilfered from his country. The new Dominican government took over *Sea Cloud*. In 1974, she was purchased by a German consortium and refitted for the Mediterranean and Caribbean cruise trade.



Report on the Lobe Mound of Amelia Island

Author's Note: When I was 13 years old, back in the mid 1950s, I belonged to the Jacksonville Archaeological Society and had the privilege of helping excavate an Indian burial mound threatened by construction. Materials recovered from the mound were sent to the Florida State University Anthropology Department. The following is a high school term paper I wrote about the excavation. Lord, what an obnoxious, pedantic prick! I hope I've out grown that??? --
jwc

The caverns of earth are filled with the pestilential dust, which once was the bones, the flesh, the bodies of great ones who sat upon thrones, deciding causes, ruling assemblies, governing armies, conquering provinces, possessing treasures, tearing down temples, flattering themselves with pride, majesty, fortune, praise and dominion. These glories have passed like the dark smoke thrown out by the

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*fires of Popocatepetl, leaving no monuments but the rude skins on which they are written*¹

My purpose in writing this paper is to reveal, in part, to other men, glories now passed away, which I have learned by reading the once dead writings inscribed upon "rude skins," the language of the archaeologist



Our base camp on the midden. Point A marks the Amelia River; B is the Inland Waterway; and C is Harrington Creek.

From August of 1955 until February of 1956, I was privileged to take part in the partial excavation of a conical burial mound located on the property of Mr. James B. Lobe of Jacksonville. The property, consisting of a large tract of land situated on a point formed by the conflux of Harrington Creek and Amelia River, was at the time under option to a large sand mining corporation, which upon taking up their option

¹ Mason, Gregory. *Columbus Came Late* N.Y.: The Century Co., 1931, p.251

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denied us permission to complete our excavations.

The main site on the property is a truncated burial mound some 20 feet in height; however, the land is rich in other historical sites ranging from. Pre-Columbian to the Civil War period.

Spanish sites include a roadway over two miles in length, raised above the marshes to a height of ten feet or more at points which is said to have been built by Indian slave labor. Just west of the point where this road ends at the edge of the creek, are the ruins of a building said to have been a Spanish chapel. Samples of masonry, when compared with the Spanish buildings on Fort George Island tend to confirm this identification so far as Spanish origin is concerned.

This entire end of the island was once under cultivation in the 19th Century, and many of the Negroes now living in this area can trace their genealogy back to slaves on the island's plantations.

However, the Indian ruins dominate the area, for in addition to the tumulus is a widespread kitchen midden, the full extent of which we were unable to determine because of state road building activities in the thirties. In Dr. Brenton's *Notes on the Floridian Peninsula*, the midden is described thus: "...shells exist to the depth of three feet over an area, one-hundred-fifty yards and-a quarter of a mile long"² My own observations, however, would lead me to consider the encampment larger and the shell

² Short, John T. *North Americans of Antiquity* N.Y.: Harper Brothers, 1879. p. 107.

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crust thicker, though I took no measurements of the midden.

After having cleared the tumulus of undergrowth and having mapped the area under the direction of Mr. M. R. Protheroe, we laid off



Eastern section of our test trench

an East-West line directly through the center of the mound. A large hole some five feet in depth, dug by vandals and, apparently disturbing several interments, lay at point zero in the center of the mound.

The eastern portion of the test trench, proved to be almost entirely virgin soil; however, the western sections were exceedingly rich in skeletal remains. There were few artifacts.



Viewing test trench from the East.

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Cubes W1 through W4 brought forth plentiful evidence of intrusive burials in the form of numerous bone fragments in every degree of preservation, indicating the moving of many individuals of varying age to this mound. This was confirmed in Cubes W2 and W3, for here we uncovered a cache of four skulls with accompanying long bones, indicative of a basket burial.

There are two major theories concerning burials of this type. Many archaeologists adhere to the theory that when a clan moved from one campsite to another, they were obligated by their religion to take with them not only living members of their clan but also their ancestors. As a result, each person in the clan's tumulus was disinterred, placed in a basket, and taken to the new encampment. Once a migrating clan had settled in a new home, the ancestors were taken to the nearest holy place, whether it belonged to their particular clan or not, and deposited there. Of course, the ancestors were rather scrambled in transit and present a real problem in excavation. A movement and re-interment of this type was once recorded by a French Huguenot of Mayport who observed this custom first-hand.

The other theory for intrusive burials, based largely on the customs of some modern Indians, is as follows:

The bodies were left out until decomposition was complete, then, "Skeletons from which, after exposure, the flesh had rotted or been stripped, were stored in the Bone house against the next date for general interment³".

³ Moore, Clarence B. *Certain Land Mounds of the St. Johns River, Florida*, Philadelphia: Levytype Press, 1894, p. 56.

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Not only because of the sundry states of preservation of the bones, but also because several of the long bones showed definite rope burns as would, occur in being bound together and transported for some distance in addition to the fact that two anatomical interments were found with evidence of two others, we adhere to the first theory in relation to this particular sepulcher,

Among the artifacts found in these cubes were several potsherds, one broken gouge (perhaps made of a human ulna), several clay beads, a pendant, and a clay ceremonial object⁴.

In Cubes W2, W3, N1, level I (15 inches below the surface) we uncovered Interment I, in a flexed position on his left side. Information from Dr. Field⁵ enabled me to identify the skeleton as



⁴ |
D

⁵ F **Interment I in a flexed position with trowel and brush at his hips**
Doubleday & Company. 1953. p. 68)

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a man. He was approximately six feet tall, a fairly young man at death.⁶

. An unworked oyster shell lay on the sternum in the position of a pendant. There were no other accouterments.

Interment II



In Cubes W2, W3, N1, level II, Interment II was exposed. Interment II, also male, lay prostrate on his back with the arms bent at the

⁶ Kimber, Diana C. *Text-Book of Anatomy and Physiology* . N.Y.: Macmillan Company, 1927, p.56).

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elbows so as to place the hands above the pelvis regions The skull was tilted to the right and in a very good state of preservation.

In Cube W2 was uncovered Cranium 9, a well-preserved, thick cranium showing distinct negroid characteristics, this, however, is atypical and cannot in itself be considered as evidence of a. Post-Columbian contact. The only other evidence that would indicate such a contact was a fragment of cast iron 2.6 cm. long and 1.2 cm. wide with a slight curvature which would possibly identify the piece as a fragment of a gun barrel This came from Cube W4, surface

Cube W3, level II, was especially abundant in beads, for at this level were several long bones of a basket grouping. Apparently the long bones were placed as the lining of a pit and the



Excavation with equipment

four skulls of level I clustered above them.

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The beads found throughout the mound fall into three general classifications -- excluding one pierced fish vertebra and one pierced nugget of iron peroxide, (hematite) --: clay, shell, and shell with a clay covering.

The clay beads are approximately 3/8 inch in length and 1/4 inch in diameter and are of a reddish-brown hue with a now fragmentary glaze-like finish.

The shell beads measure 1/8 inch in length and 3/16 inch in diameter and are made of oyster shell.

The shell beads covered with clay are about the same in proportion as the plain clay ones. The only difference is that the clay is applied to a shell base.

Judging from the fragments of brain-pan and teeth, approximately 15 individuals were brought to light by our excavations. Only two anatomical interments were found. however, crania 7 and 9 might in subsequent excavations prove to be such. (See map.) Among the teeth found there was little evidence of caries; although all, even those of young individuals, showed great wear.

The percentage of sand contained in shell fish was a major factor in the wearing down of teeth⁷The only other outstanding anatomical feature of the excavation is platycnemia. "The platycnemic... tibia has long been considered a racial characteristic."⁸ Of the skeletal remains only three crania were found in suitable condition for reconstruction.

⁷ Moore, op cit. p. 51.

⁸ Ibid., p.57.

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The stratification of the mound is, in so far as our excavation extended, as follows:

1. Black loam some three to five inches thick, containing a high percentage of vegetable matter, formed the surface deposits. Intermixed with this were numerous bone fragments, apparently from the previous excavation of the vandals.

2. Reddish-brown sand containing nuggets of iron peroxide constituted the remainder with the following variations:

- A. A strata of oyster shell from two to three inches thick was located about six inches above Interment I.

- B. A large mass of river clay was the matrix of Interment I's rib case.

- C. The sand in direct contact with each interment was colored a river-red with powdered hematite.

It was also quite evident that a great part of the material used in building the mound came from the area directly surrounding the base, for



Most of the sand used in building the mound came from the area at the base. At high tide, this borrow pit site creates a moat around the base of the mound.

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as a result, the mound is encompassed by a trench which at a very high tide is almost completely filled with water.

In addition to the work done on the tumulus, we also made a surface collection of pottery from the surrounding kitchen midden and studied a fire site exposed in the midden by the state's road-building activities*

From this site we obtained several potsherds, Type IV, (See Appendix I), the mandible of a small rodent, several bones of a large fish, and numerous skeletal remains of sea gulls. We found nothing in the midden indicative of Post-Columbian content.

It has been my purpose in writing this paper to report with some degree of accuracy, the results of our excavations and findings in this area. I have written in the hope that, when coordinated with the work of others in North-east Florida, our work will help to render the "rude skins" and parchments of the past more readable and serviceable to man.

Lobe Mound Appendix I

The pottery of this midden has been classified thus:

Type I. St. John's checked, stamped, ⁹Check - 4.3 mm., 7mm thick, paddle-marked. Light exterior, dark blackish-gray interior. One sherd perforated.

Type II. St. John's plain. ¹⁰No design. White to light yellowish-red exterior, black or white,

⁹ (John W. Griffin and Hale G. Smith, "Nocoroco", Reprint from the Florida Historical Quarterly, XXVII No.4 {April, 1949) p. 346).

¹⁰ Ibid. p. 347

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comparatively smooth, interior. Thickness - 8 mm.

Type III, Quartz temper. Sandy, grayish-brown with large quartz grain. Rough exterior, smoothed interior. Thickness - 11 mm • Raked over surface.

Type IV. Whitish to red polished exterior. Herring bone design or plain. Flared rim with perforations.

Type V. Unique Punctated, Weeden Island. Large square check, paddle-marked, yellow exterior, black center, whitish interior. Thickness - 3 mm. Uneven raked over exterior.

Type VI. Cloth impressed. Thickness - 2-3 mm. Black.

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Lobe Mound Appendix II - Glossary

The science of archaeology has an extensive vocabulary of terms and words with connotations entirely foreign to their dictionary meanings. This fact necessitates the partial glossary included with this paper,

Artifact - a product of human workmanship.

Brain-pan - that part of the cranium covering the brain consisting of the frontal, parietal, and occipital bones.

Cranium - the skull; when used in reference to an intrusive burial, this term indicates that enough skull fragments were found to identify an individual.

Hematite (iron peroxide) - a reddish-brown nugget found in yellow clays used to color the sand of a burial mound.

Interment - a burial consisting of an anatomically arranged skeleton.

Level - any break in the structure of excavated area indicating a chronological phase.

Mandible - jaw bone.

Matrix - the material holding a. bone or artifact in position.

Midden - the deposits formed by trash remaining from long term habitation of a site, composed of shells, charcoal, bones, potsherds, etc.

Paddle-marked - the term used to indicate that the design on a piece of pottery was first incised on a wooden paddle which was pressed into the soft clay piece before firing.

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Platycnemia - lateral flattening of the tibia.

Potsherd - a broken piece of pottery.

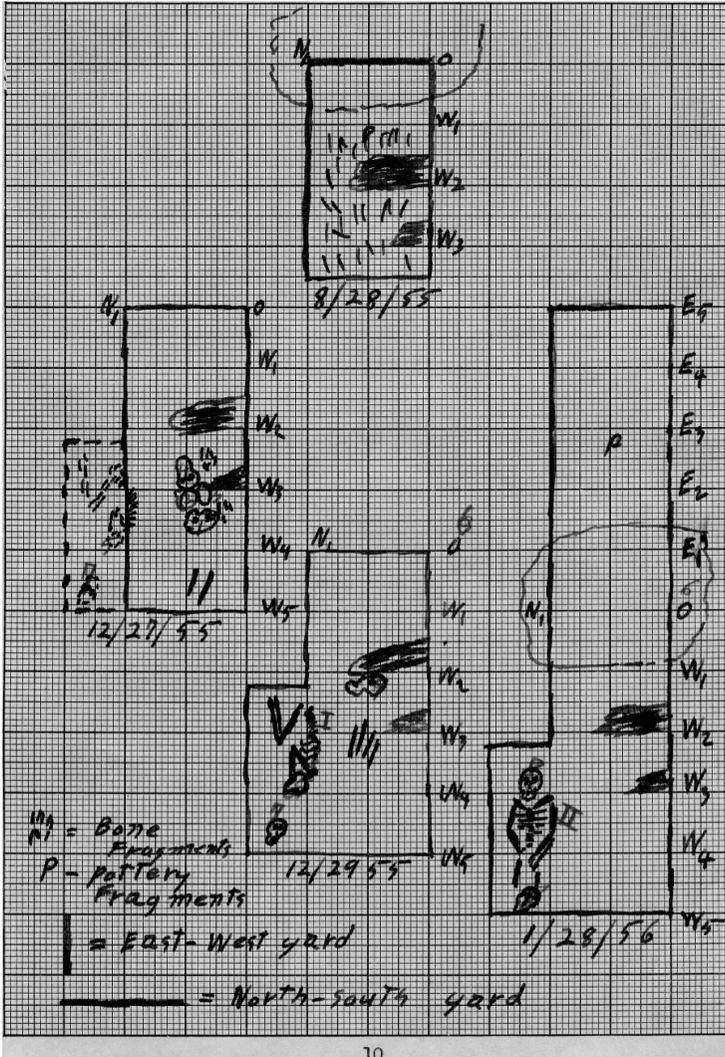
Stratification - differences in sand color, content, etc. revealing the structure of a mound.

Truncated - in the form of a rounded-off cone,

Tumulus - a prehistoric earthwork, usually a burial mound.

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Lobe Mound Appendix III - Map of Excavation



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EARLY DAYS IN MEDICINE

A snake bit Caroline Singleton in a tender place.

Miss Singleton wrote about her experience with Jacksonville's medical community in 1877:

"I was bitten on the breast by a snake about two months ago and was attended by Dr. King, who failed to do me any good. I then called on the Indian Doctress and Fortune-teller at 37 Newnan St. and was cured by her in four weeks!"



Similar testimonials for physicians, healers, and medical paraphernalia abound in the pages of early Jacksonville newspapers.

"To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay and loss of manhood, I will send a receipt that will cure you... This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to ..."

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Such advertisements, though strange to modern eyes, reveal that Jacksonville's concern for health care has been evident from the city's earliest days.

Immediately after the American Revolution, a party of loyal English refugees escaped from the democracy to settle under the Spanish monarchy in St. Johns Town, a village on St. John's Bluff.

"Hugh Rose, Esq., Practitioner of Physick" arrived from Charleston in December, 1782, and by his practice in his new location "cleared about 200 guineas," said Dr. Webster Merritt, a medical historian.

According to old records, Dr. Rose hired two "Carpenters 2 Months at a Dollar & a half per Day for Each... he enclosed an Acre with a post & rail fence & built a framed dwelling House 20 feet by 16 Shingled Roof boarded in the Inside two stories high & 3 rooms on Each floor."

St. Johns Town was abandoned by 1785 and another physician did not come into the area until Dr. James Hall moved to East Florida in 1798. For nearly 40 years, Hall was the only physician in Florida. He practiced under both Spanish and American rule till his death in 1837.

In 1835, the *Jacksonville Courier* newspaper said, "This place bids fair to become the most important town in Florida, not only on account of its pleasant and healthy situation, but also its situation with respect to trade; there are at this time more exports and imports from this section than any other in East Florida."

Charles Dickens Jr., son of the famous English author, observed this love for health and commerce in Jacksonville when he visited in

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1885. Dickens met "one of Jacksonville's most eminent physicians" on the street.

"He was a little dark man with spectacles on his nose, and a quick nervous step indicative of the enquiring and active mind within him... (the city) brings him as many patients at five dollars a visit as he cares to have.

"For by a merciful dispensation of Providence, there comes a time annually to almost every resident in Florida when the conviction comes that he has a liver, and that that liver is out of order...," Dickens wrote.

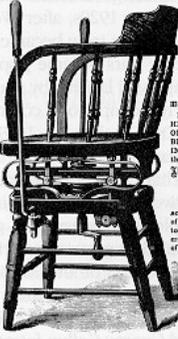
Dickens observed that posters advertising cures for liver complaint were posted on nearly every pine tree or cypress tree within sight of the St. Johns to catch the eye of riverboat passengers.

"A family provided with a comprehensive household specific like HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS is possessed of a medicinal resource adequate to most emergencies..." said one catchy Nineteenth Century ad.

Also advertised was the HEALTH JOLTING CHAIR, a seat mounted on powerful springs which were tightened by cranks, levers and pulleys. The patient would wind it up, sit down, then release the spring -- this device was touted as a sure cure for everything from bad complexion to constipation.

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The Health Jolting Chair
copyright.
The most important Health Mechanism ever produced
a Practical Household Substitute for the Saddle-Seat.



It affords a PERFECT means of giving EFFICIENT exercise to the ESSENTIALLY IMPORTANT MUSCULAR ORGANS OF THE BODY in the most DIRECT, CONVENIENT, COMFORTABLE, and ECONOMICAL manner.

Indispensable for all ages and for most physical conditions.

INDISPENSABLE TO THE HEALTH AND HAPPINESS OF MILLIONS OF HUMAN BEINGS WHO MAY BE LIVING SEDENTARY LIVES through idleness or weakness.

It preserves Health, cures Disease, and prolongs Life.

An ingenious, rational, scientific, mechanical means of converting those Impediments to the taking of proper exercise, created by the artificial methods of modern society.

For certain stages of Paralysis a splendid Treadmill-Exercise.

A CONSERVATOR of NERVOUS ENERGY.

No dwelling-house is complete furnished without The Health Jolting Chair.

During the Nineteenth Century many people lived on farms in outlying areas and it was common for Jacksonville physicians to travel by canoe or horseback to reach their patients.

MUNYON'S



I will guarantee that my Rheumatism Cure will relieve lumbago, sciatica and all rheumatic pains in two or three hours, and cure in a few days.

MUNYON.
At all druggists, 25c. a vial. Guide to Health and medical advice free. 1305 Arch st., Phila.

RHEUMATISM

William F. Hawley, who survived the great yellow fever epidemic of 1888, said, "I well remember old Dr. Beatty who drove over the

countryside in a little two wheel cart drawn by a little black mare: they all seemed part of each other.

"Every drug store had a leech jar from which a worm could be secured to suck the blood from bruises, black eyes and for the reduction of blood pressure. The blood sucking worm when full of blood could be stripped of his internal load and put back to work again," Hawley said.

Most doctors in those days compounded their own prescriptions and one of the most popular was a draught called Blue Mass. "The nastier the

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taste, the better the effect" was the slogan of the day.

When Hawley was a boy, he fell into the river and caught a cold which put him to bed for months. His family told Dr. Beatty of his decline.

"He punched me in the ribs and I let out a yell, whereupon the old doctor said, 'Decline nothing. Give the little devil some blue mass,'" Hawley said.

But Jacksonville doctors were not limited to leeches and blue mass, they were effective surgeons too as an August 13, 1874, baseball game proved. The *Tri-Weekly Union* newspaper reported:

Two of the (team) members began quarreling with each other. Finally (Mannie) Franklyn, after saying something to (Archie) Terry took his position as catcher behind the bat. Terry followed him up and calling him a d-n s-n of a b---h, struck him a horrible blow across the temple with a bat, crushing his skull and knocking him senseless. He was then taken home in a dying condition...

When the physicians, Drs. J.D. and F.A. Mitchell, were called, he was in strong convulsions, moaning and gasping, and from all appearances about to die. It was thought best to trephine the skull, which was immediately done, several pieces of bone being removed, and the clotted blood which had collected to a considerable extent was cleansed away. Then, by raising a large piece of the skull that had been forced down upon the brain, the patient was given almost immediate relief...

Two of Jacksonville's pioneer physicians, Dr. Abel Seymore Baldwin and Dr. Francis W.

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Wellford, founded the Duval County Medical Society, the state's first medical society.

When he came to Jacksonville in 1838, Baldwin was the only physician in a 20 mile radius of the city. He was a founder of the DCMS and was later first president of the Florida Medical Society in 1874. He helped bring railroads to Jacksonville and his scientific studies of tides led to the construction of the jetties at the mouth of the St. Johns which made it possible for Jacksonville to develop as a major port.

Dr. Wellford earned distinction as Jacksonville's first medical martyr during an epidemic of yellow fever which struck North Florida in 1877.

Wellford volunteered to serve inside a quarantine area.

A letter to his friend, DCMS president Dr. Richard D. Daniel, describes Wellford's attitude:

I am tired after more than 50 visits today, yet I am hearty and well and on the principal of naught being in danger, I am brighter and brisker than half the people here. Don't think I am either reckless or boastful, I appreciate life as most, but thank God I appreciate something higher still than mere physical existence. When you kneel down at night to offer thanks for present favors and future good, ask for me that God will bless that immortal soul that will survive the grave. And if your prayers be granted, I care not how soon the summons may come.

Yellow fever killed Dr. Wellford less than a week after he wrote this letter.

Yellow fever decimated Jacksonville periodically all during the Nineteenth Century.

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The Civil War divided Jacksonville's loyalties, as it did the nation's, and local physicians served both factions with distinction.

Although invaders had swept over Jacksonville several times during the war, refugees from burned out farms all over the south poured into the city. On March 11, 1865, a Society of the Daughters of Charity was formed here to "provide relief for the sufferings of the destitute refugees in Jacksonville".

On April 28, the worst refugees the city was to see arrived. "A ghastly army descended on the town."

They were not Southerners.

They were 3,328 Yankee prisoners of war released from Sumter Prison, Andersonville, Ga.

"In tatters and covered with the dust of Georgia clay and Florida sand, stumbled into Jacksonville looking more like ghosts and candidates for the grave than human beings... Many were emaciated, crippled and in need of medical care for maladies ranging from fever and malnutrition to diarrhea and scurvy. Some were without shoes or hats, all were begrimed with dirt and black smoke from their campfires and they looked pitiable in the extreme as they staggered into town," said historian Richard A Martin in his 1973 history of St. Luke's Hospital.

Jacksonville citizens of all political persuasions cared for the POWs taking them into homes, cleaning, feeding, dressing and nursing them.

The city's kindness paid unexpected dividends. Less than six months after the Civil War ended, Yankee tourists and invalids began coming to Jacksonville as a vacation spot and health resort.

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Jacksonville's reputation as a healthy haven drew many who suffered from consumption -- as tuberculosis was called then.

Poet Sidney Lanier, a consumptive, came in January, 1874. Here's what he found:

"The visitor strolling down (Bay) street soon discovers that not an inconsiderable item in the commerce of Jacksonville is the trade in Florida curiosities ... sea-beans, alligators' teeth, plumes of herons' and curlews' feathers, cranes'-wings, angel-fish, mangrove and orange walking canes, coral branches, coquina-figures and many others...

"Jacksonville is as it were a city built to order, and many provisions have been made for employing the leisure of its winter visitors..."

Lanier discussed some of the treatments tuberculosis patients might find here:

"The milk cure, the beef-blood cure, the grape cure, the raw-beef cure, the whisky cure, the health-lift cure, the cure by change of climate, and many more have been devised..."



He described the whisky cure at length:

First to ascertain the proper dose (which varies indefinitely with different individuals) by experimenting until you have found such a quantity as neither quickens the pulse nor produces any sensation in the eyes, this quantity being usually very small; and then to take this ascertained dose at intervals of not less than one hour and a half, with the greatest regularity; the theory being, that as the

John W. Cowart

stimulus of the first dose decreases, its reaction will be met by the new stimulus of the second dose, the reaction of that by the action of the third, and so on...

In most cases, pure whisky ... has been found to be the best possible form of stimulant...

This treatment -- by regular doses of whisky administered at intervals of from an hour to an hour and a half through each entire day from sleep to sleep -- has been known to effect marvels, unaided by any other remedies save generous food and proper exercise...

No person entertaining the least doubt as to the possibility of the stimulate habit so fastening upon him or her as to become itself a controlling disease should meddle with it. As between dying a drunkard and dying a consumptive no one in his senses could hesitate a moment in favor of the latter alternative.

Between 1865 and 1872 the population of Jacksonville increased from 2,000 to 7,000 people and over 30,000 guests annually registered at Jacksonville hotels during the winter months.

"The chief attraction for Northern people to go to Jacksonville... is so great that if the whole population of the town should turn out, their houses would not furnish room for the army of consumptives who have found their way there," said a pamphlet, *GOING SOUTH FOR THE WINTER WITH HINTS FOR CONSUMPTIVES* by Dr. Robert Speir in 1873.

In those days, haunting music floated over the city.

People thought that playing the flute exercised the lungs of consumptives beneficially and flute

Crackers & Carpetbaggers

therapy was popular in Jacksonville. Hundreds of flute-playing invalids practiced while rocking in chairs on the verandahs of the city's finest hotels.

Neither whisky nor music cured tuberculosis.

An 1885 pamphlet titled *PETALS PLUCKED FROM SUNNY CLIMES* by Silvia Sunshine said:

"Too many invalids, before coming to Florida, wait until they have already felt the downy flappings from the wings of the unrelenting destroyer, and heard the voices from a spirit-land calling them, but come too late to be benefited and take a new lease on life. The climate should not be blamed because the sick will stay away until death claims them..."

Many who came to Jacksonville for their health died here. Some had spent all their money to get here and died in hotel outhouses or in the streets.

A group of women, whose husbands were all either physicians or attorneys, decided to open a hospital to care for indigent patients.

St Luke's Hospital opened with four beds on March 11, 1873.

Before that, sick or injured people were treated in their own homes, in a doctor's office, or often, when surgery was necessary, at a drug store.

Before St. Luke's was founded there had been a few specialized hospitals in Jacksonville such as a "pest house" and a facility for soldiers wounded by Indians during the Seminole Wars of the 1830-40s. But St. Luke's was the first hospital for the general population.

The hospital was needed and prospered to the extent that expansion was called for in 1876. A

John W. Cowart

new 12-room hospital was built but a few days before it was to open, an arsonist burned it to the ground.

"The new St Luke's Hospital built by the ladies of this city and completed after years of self-sacrificing toil and unceasing effort, was on Saturday morning offered up a holocaust on the altar of charity," said the July 24, 1876, *Daily Florida Union* newspaper.

The next day's paper said, "The ladies (of St. Luke's) express their determination to rebuild the hospital at once..."

The women began fund raising all over again and on February 24, 1878, the new hospital, at Palmetto and Monroe streets, was dedicated. Its construction had cost \$6,350. It was one of Jacksonville's first buildings to have indoor bathrooms.

Speaking at the dedication, Judge Thomas Settle said, "When a woman voluntarily enters the precincts of a room of sorrow, of sickness and death, she rises to a higher plain and forms a near relationship with the angels."

In 1882, Dr. Malvina Reichard, a pioneer woman physician, became St. Luke's first resident physician at an annual salary of \$523.50.

By 1885, 60,000 tourists were arriving each year in Jacksonville.

Rabid dogs foraged in Jacksonville and the city hired men to patrol streets shooting any strays. But in 1885, Louis Pasteur discovered a rabies vaccine. Other medical advances and discoveries of the era included smallpox vaccination, the X-Ray, radium and the use of disinfectants in sickrooms.

Crackers & Carpetbaggers

The mosquito still had not been identified as the vector in Yellow Fever and an epidemic in 1888 decimated Jacksonville and spelled the end of that early tourist era.

When the first cases of Yellow Fever were reported, the city's population dropped from 130,000 to 14,000 in just a few weeks as everyone who could fled.

The 14,000 people who did not escape quickly enough were quarantined inside Jacksonville. Leading citizens formed the Jacksonville Auxiliary Sanitary Association to fight the epidemic. Yellow fever killed 67 members of the association including five of Jacksonville's 11 physicians.

According to Marian J. Rust's excellent book *The Healers: A History of Health Care in Jacksonville, Florida, 1791-1986*, in the 1890s a physician at Duval County Hospital received a salary of 35 to 50 cents per day. The per capita cost for a patient's total maintenance for a month was \$3.73!

A great typhoid epidemic hit Jacksonville in 1898.

The battleship Maine exploded in Havana Harbor on February 15th and the Spanish-American War began. Jacksonville's Camp Cuba Libre, in present day Springfield, was the staging area for 32,000 troops. Typhoid killed at least 362 of the men stationed in Jacksonville; only 385



US soldiers were killed in battle during the entire war. Legislation requiring the screening of outdoor toilets from flies did not come until 1910;

John W. Cowart

that year Jacksonville's typhoid cases dropped from 110 to five within six months.

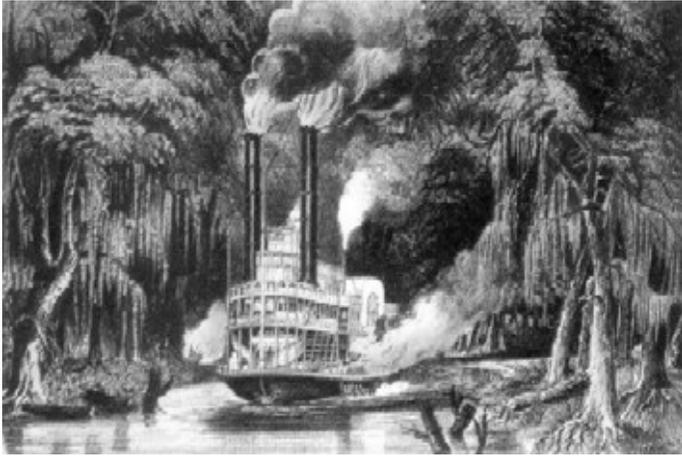
Jacksonville burned in 1901. Several local physicians treated black burn victims in a shelter called Faith Cottage. This endeavor later became Brewster Hospital and Nurse Training School, forerunner of Methodist Hospital.

In 1910, Rodgers Hospital, forerunner of Riverside Hospital, opened. In 1916, the American Daughters of Charity opened St. Vincent's Hospital.

In 1965, Baptist Medical Center was founded, and Memorial Medical Center of Jacksonville opened in 1969.

University Hospital, which has ancestors in various institutions where the poor could find care as far back as the city's founding, assumed private, non-profit status in 1982. Mayo Clinic Jacksonville opened in 1986.

If a snake were to bite Miss Singleton's breast today, she could readily find help; all Jacksonville hospital emergency rooms now keep the specific pharmaceutical kits of anti-venom serum needed for snake bite treatment.



The Burning Wheel Gory Horror On The St. Johns: The Wreck of the *City Of Sanford*

At 4 a.m. on April 24, 1882, the stern-wheel steamboat *City Of Sanford* burned to the waterline off Point la Vista within sight of downtown Jacksonville.

Nine burned and battered bodies were recovered after what the *Florida Daily Times* newspaper - a forerunner of the *Florida Times-Union* -- called "One of the most shocking catastrophes that has ever happened on the St. Johns".

The water was only three feet deep at the wreck site and survivors were able to wade to dry land

which was only 60 ft. away from where the ship ran aground.

“There was no necessity of anyone drowning in three feet of water,” said William H. Roberts, the Sanford’s captain.

A coroner’s inquest investigating the tragedy the following week revealed the horrible way victims died.

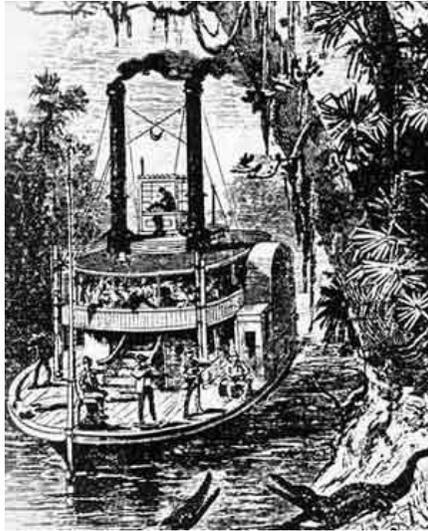
The *Times* printed the first extra in the paper’s history to report the disaster

Crowds clustered at the *Times* office at Bay and Ocean streets, and fights broke out between men anxious to read the headlines: **Shocking Calamity... Women & Children Roasted To Death... Stories of Terror and Despair.**

In the 1880s more paddlewheelers plied the St. Johns River than any other river south of the Hudson. Passengers, crammed aboard the riverboats, could speed along the St. Johns at up to 15 miles per hour.

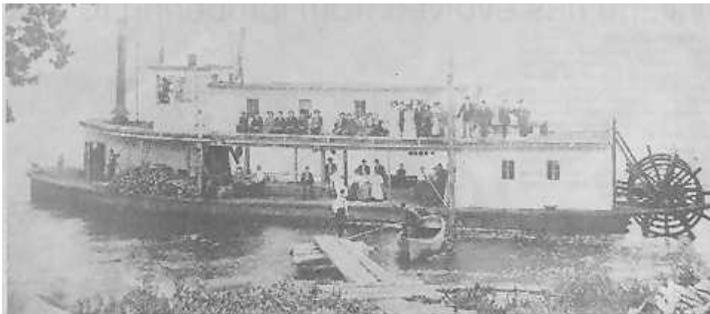
Competing steamer lines vied for business. Companies extolled their own boats as floating palaces sporting Italian musicians or steam calliopes that tooted *Where, Oh Where, Has My Little Dog Gone?* Rival companies hinted that a competitor’s boats were inferior and dangerous and that bunks in their staterooms were “about the dimensions of a poor-house coffin”.

Riverboats steamed roundtrip between Jacksonville and Sanford twice weekly. Armed crewmen perched on the bow to shoot at alligators to keep the reptiles from tangling in the paddlewheel.



Riflemen in the bow shooting gators

The furnaces of the boats consumed vast amounts of wood. Crews replenished the wood bunkers from caches along the shore twice daily. Clouds of smoke marked the progress of the boats around the curves of the river.



Paddlewheeler with wood fuel being loaded forward

The riverboat *City Of Sanford*, a vessel of 145 tons, was built in Jacksonville by the Thompson & Chase Shipyard; she was launched on November 24, 1880. Only one week before the ship met

disaster, the Florida State Supervisor of Steamboat Inspectors had examined the ship and passed it as meeting all safety standards.

In the two years she was in operation, the *City of Sanford* had made 137 trips between Sanford and Jacksonville.

On the night of the wreck the *Sanford* departed from Palatka at 10 p.m. on a Sunday carrying 21 crewmen, 11 salon passengers, and an uncounted number of deck passengers. She carried so much cargo that sacks of cabbages had to be piled on deck and lashed to the railings.

Midway down the river, at Georgetown, the crew had packed the bunkers with fat pine logs oozing turpentine. The captain and most of the crew went to bed leaving a watchman, H.B. Means, in charge.

About 3:30 a.m., as the *City Of Sanford* cruised 150 yards off shore, Means saw a tongue of flame flash in the fuel bunker. He ran for the captain, awoke passengers, and spread the alarm.

Chief engineer F.E. Smith ran for the ship's water pump.

"When I got there, the flames were about six feet high extending above the boilers. I judged that the flames were about two feet from the hose and injector. I then made up my mind that the boat would burn in spite of everything as the fire had gained such rapid headway... I do not think it was more than eight minutes from the time the fire started," Smith said at the inquest.

Curtains and carpets in the saloon ignited. Paint blistered on the woodwork. Trails of flame raced

up the rope rigging. The fire enveloped the ship less than 15 minutes after it was first spotted.

A witness on shore said it looked as though “a match had been put to a stack of dry hay”!

Pulling on his pantaloons, the captain rushed to the pilot house. Seeing the extent of the fire, he steered hard right, hoping to beach the vessel so that people could escape in shallow water.

“I climbed to the hurricane deck where the pilot house is,” Captain Roberts said, “I headed her for the shore just as quick as it could be done and I ran her at full speed trying to beach her so high that she couldn’t swing around and drift off. The tide was flooding and the wind was with the tide”.

The flaming *Sanford* grounded in three feet of water about 60 feet from dry land.

“I did not ring to stop the engines and they were kept running purposely to keep the steamer against the bank,” Captain Roberts said. “If the engines had stopped she would undoubtedly have swung off into the river”.

The impact of the ship’s grounding threw some of the people on deck overboard.

Others jumped deliberately.

Others stayed on deck and burned.

When flames engulfed the pilot house the captain raced to a cabin occupied by Mrs. Annie Keep and her eight-year-old son, Brandon.

“I took them aft,” said Captain Roberts, “And getting there found two other lady passengers. I told them to jump overboard as the water was shoal and the boat aground. One of the ladies, a Miss Ireland, then jumped overboard. But I saw

she would get sucked under the wheel and jumped over after her telling the others to follow me”.

The other women refused to jump.

Captain Roberts waded ashore carrying Miss. Ireland, whose hands and face were burned and all her hair singed off. Then he waded back to the *Sanford*.

“When I got to the place where I had left the ladies and children (it) was in a blaze and they had disappeared. I never saw them again”.

Miss Ireland’s father, mother and sister were also on board the *Sanford*. Her father later said that when they left their stateroom, “We were met by a wall of flame which seemed to enclose us completely. My little one darted back in the flames again followed by my wife – the last I saw of either of them”.

Mr. Ireland stayed searching for his family until his whiskers caught fire. When he jumped overboard, the churning paddlewheel caught his foot and jerked him upside down before dropping him in the river.

W. A. Brooks traveled with his young son and his 16-year-old nephew.

The blare of the ship’s whistle woke them and they ran on deck. “Immediately as the boat touched land,” Brooks said, “I handed my boy down to my nephew on the saloon deck. I said, ‘Here, Pete, take him and get overboard!’ He replied, ‘All right, Uncle Bill, I’ve got him’. And he jumped overboard with my boy”.

Then Brooks leaped into the water.

“The current and the wheel water was so strong I thought I would be swept out... I’m certain I was

the last man on the boat. I did not find my little boy”.

The huge paddlewheel, which had propelled the boat, kept turning; it now dredged up mud from the river bottom.

“I’d kept the engine working to hold her to the bank,” Roberts said at the inquest. “The fore part of the boat was afire before she struck the shore. She was head on, but the wind sheered her around”.

During the cruise the boiler pressure had been 85 pounds. In the run for shore the captain increased it to 110 pounds; but when the ship grounded, the heat of its burning intensified the heat of the furnace so that the pressure increased to 200 pounds - the paddle blades turned faster than ever before.

When people jumped into the shallow water, the wheel’s suction drew them back into the churning blades or thrust them past the stern into deep water.

Another steamer, the *Charles M. Bird*, rushed to the burning wreck and launched lifeboats to pluck survivors out of the water.

H.L. Cable, purser of the *Bird*, said, “She was a sheet of flame from stem to stern... The upper works of the *Sanford* seemed to callapse (sic) and fell in and the smoke stack went overboard with a tremendunus (sic) crash... The piercing cries of the people in the water were heard calling, ‘Help! For God’s sake. Come’. At one moment the gurgling cry of a drowning man was distinctly heard”.

One man swam to a lifeboat clutching his large traveling bag as he tried to save his possessions. Rescuers found he was naked and urged him to

dress because of the ladies passengers. But when he opened his bag he realized that he'd unpacked in his stateroom; his bag was empty except for one collar button and a pair of socks!

Residents on shore, awakened by the bells and whistle of the wounded craft as she rushed toward the bank, waded out to help survivors stagger ashore.

Finally the churning wheel itself caught fire. The paddles ignited as they emerged from the water, blazed in a half circle, then hissed into the water on the other side.

Fire chewed through the hull and water gushed in, setting off a white-hot shower of steam, sparks and popping cinders.

"The passengers," said one riverboat captain named Forester at the later inquest, "were terrified at the sight of that wheel revolving and lashing the water into foam. And the sight of Mrs. Ireland and other people being pounded to death kept them from making the leap which might have saved them. ... Everyone of them might have been saved but for that wheel".

Captain A.L. Rice, who also testified, said, "If that wheel had been stopped, there would not have been a life lost... It was the water wheel that did it".

The *Charles M. Bird* brought the survivors the remaining few miles to Jacksonville. As the news spread a flotilla of small craft raced from the city to comb the river around the wreck for bodies.

With a sensitivity for which news media are still famous, the April 24, 1882, *Daily Times* reported, "The body of Mrs. Keep, with the head burned off, has been removed from the wreck. Her little boy was burned to ashes... The poor charred

remains of Mrs. Keep, Mrs. Ireland and their two children were found just about amidships.... Towards evening other parts of bodies were taken from the wreck, but whether they were portions of the bodies of Mrs. Ireland and the children were not determined”.

The newspaper went on to say, “About noon yesterday, the crew of the burned steamer while searching the submerged wreck, brought to the surface the charred trunk of a man to which bits of burned clothing still adhered. The head, arms and limbs were gone. The body was, of course, badly roasted but not so nearly consumed as the others...

“It was identified ... by bits of the half consumed clothing still sticking to the charred trunk and thighs..

The newspaper continued, “An examination of one of the supposed human bodies found in the wreck Tuesday evening has proven to be a saddle of venison. It will not be given a Christian burial”.

Looters took to their boats looking for plunder; they salvaged thousands of cabbages floating near the wreck.

But the newspaper warned, “If any of those cabbages are put upon the market, there will probably be another victim to bury – the victim of an outraged community”!

While authorities were able to identify nine bodies, the revolving paddlewheel had so mangled and minced the people it caught that no one was ever sure how many people had died in the wreck.

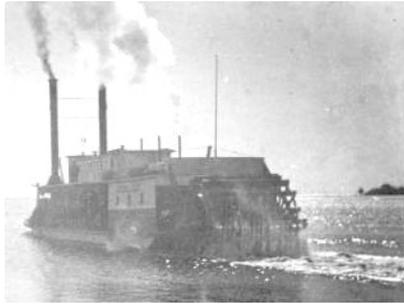
A week after the disaster, a *Daily Times* reporter visited the site:

John W. Cowart

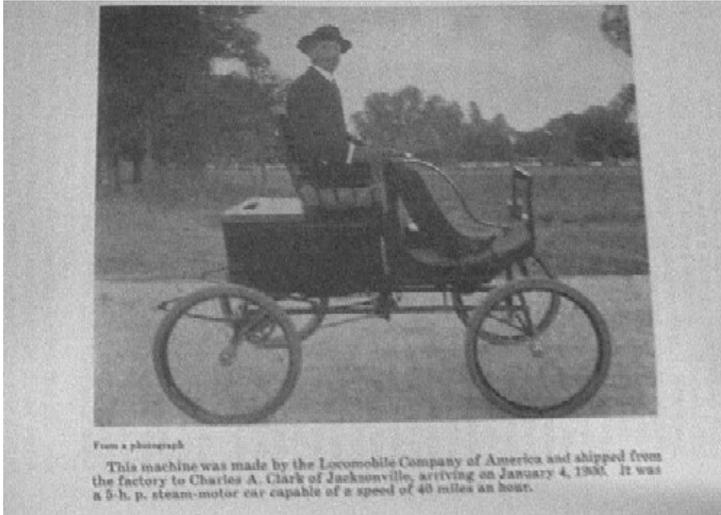
"I saw, lying under the bluff, a great black hulk with broken rods and steam machinery heaped red and ruined in the center of the wreck," he wrote.

"Far around, the water was strewn with cinders and charred wood... floating masses of dead embers and spoiled cargo," he said

"As the most conspicuous feature of the dismal wreck stood the wheel, the great guilty ally of the fire, which, like a wheel of fate, had whirled down to death the flying fugitives from the flames".



Note: For an overview of Northeast Florida riverboats, see *Paddlewheelers on the St. John's* by Virginia M. Cowart.



Jacksonville's Motorcar History

Blame undertaker Charles A. Clark the next time you circle block after block looking for a parking space.

Think of him as you creep along bumper to bumper – in the rain, late for an appointment, with rude drivers honking at you and LOT FULL signs mocking you.

It's all his fault.

Charles A. Clark is the man responsible for your frustration.

He started it all.

On January 4, 1900, Mr. Clark chugged into downtown Jacksonville in his brand new

John W. Cowart

Locomobile, a Stanley No. 2 – the first factory-built motorcar in Florida. Our city has not been the same since.

The *Florida Times-Union & Citizen* newspaper said, “The Locomobile resembles a rubber-tired driving buggy in its outward appearance, except that no allowance is made for attaching a horse...”

“The Locomobile is supplied with water and gasoline tanks and can run forty miles on one charge of water and seventy-five miles with one of gasoline...”

“A brake is attached to the rear axle that will stop the machine in a much shorter space than a horse can be stopped.”

The Locomobile used bicycle tires on all four wheels. Instead of turning a steering-wheel, the driver pushed or pulled a long tiller to steer the car. The Stanley No. 2 sported a 5-horsepower steam engine. It weighed 450 pounds and cost \$650.

Mr. Clarke proudly showed off his contraption; he gave rides to a number of people.

Dark envy seized their hearts:

“All were delighted with the speed and simplicity of the invention. Several professional men announced their intention of duplicating the order immediately. Mr. Clark... has the assurances of several prominent people here that his lead will be followed by them as soon as the factory is able to supply the machine,” the newspaper said.

The race was on!

Everyone in Jacksonville wanted to own a motorcar.

Crackers & Carpetbaggers

Only three months later, another Locomobile, driven flat out on the beach by C.W. Seamans, a tourist, traveled three miles in only six minutes!

“This is about as rare a thing as a shooting star in Purgatory,” said one newspaper reporter.

The idea of motorcars really caught on. The first auto dealer in Jacksonville, Fred E. Gilbert, opened his garage and placed the first car ad in the newspaper on October 25, 1903.

By the end of 1903, there were 40 motorcars in Jacksonville - enough for the city's first Automobile Parade for the Gala Week & Trade Carnival. That same year enthusiasts founded the Jacksonville Automobile Club; a prime aim of the club was to promote good roads.

What came next?

You guessed it.

On April 30, 1904, a prominent business man (he's not named in the old records, but you want to bet it was Charles A. Clark himself?) was arrested and had to pay the city's first traffic fine for speeding - the speeder exceeded the six-mile-per-hour limit on a downtown street thus endangering the lives and property of others.

On April 3, 1905, F.E. Gilbert became the first person to drive from Jacksonville all the way to the beach. He drove a Victoria Touring Car and described his trip as “a terrible journey”.

John W. Cowart



**A 1910 motorcar on the road
-- Dust, potholes, adventure.**

In 1906, nine automobile accidents happened in the city; three of these involved collisions with horses.

On April 12th that year automobile races were held on the sand of Atlantic Beach and Joe Lander, of Atlanta, broke the existing world's speed record for stock cars. Driving a Thomas Motorcar, Mr. Lander raced down the beach for five miles in only four minutes and 55 seconds!



A 1907 Thomas Flyer

That same year the Southern Automobile Manufacturing Company opened a plant at 913 East Bay Street. The factory assembled five cars a day. Their cars sold for \$400 each.

Crackers & Carpetbaggers

On January 10, 1907, Jacksonville celebrated a great public reception for Mr. Ralph Owen. He accomplished the amazing feat of driving an Oldsmobile motorcar from New York to Jacksonville in only 15 days. His was the first through trip by automobile.

On October 3, 1909, J.E.T. Bowden, a former mayor of Jacksonville, opened the city's first taxi company with a fleet of 15 cars -- all Fords.

One week later the cab drivers all went out on strike....



Of Course, with no cabs, there was always Jacksonville's bus service

By April, 1910, Jacksonville streets were clogged by 903 cars; traffic was building.

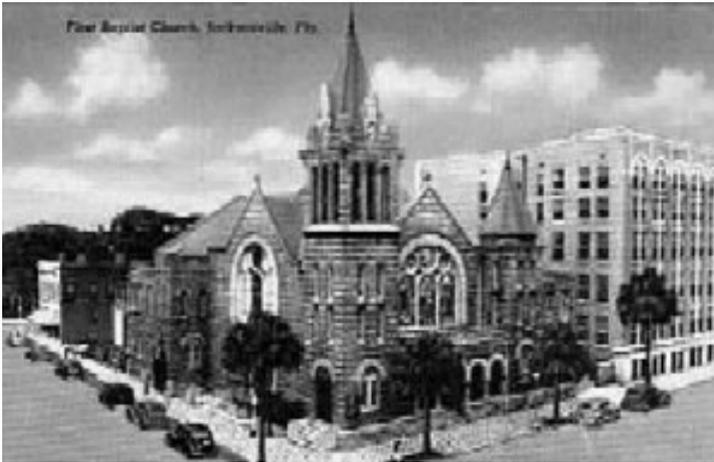
On July 28, 1910, a hundred gaily decorated cars moved in a parade through downtown streets, across the ferry, and out Atlantic Boulevard to the Little Pottsburg Creek bridge. There Miss. Marie Hyde smashed a bottle of champagne on the bridge rail to open that (mostly paved) road to the beach. (By 1922 drivers on Atlantic Boulevard complained about jarring potholes. One noted that Atlantic Boulevard was "a patchwork of repairs showing stretches of at

John W. Cowart

least five kinds of paving materials... The road became entirely inadequate”).

That banner year of 1910 introduced the city to many problems which Jacksonville drivers still face:

Car Thieves -- “When C.L. Pratt left his handsome touring car on the Hogan Street side of the First Baptist Church, he little thought that joyriders, (who) had designs on his machine, were at that moment lurking in the dark shadows of the house of worship to take possession as soon as the owner disappeared,” said the newspaper’s crime report.



First Baptist Church, site of Jacksonville’s first car theft.

Speeders - “Automobile speed fiends have been tearing things loose on Laura Street recently... The stretch of that thoroughfare lying between State and Phelps streets is being turned into a veritable speedway for cars of every description,” said the July 22, 1910 *Times-Union*.

Crackers & Carpetbaggers

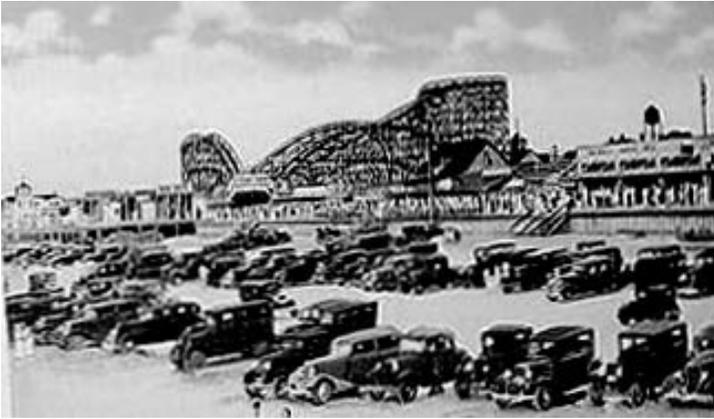
The town of South Jacksonville, which was a separate city in those days, increased their speed limit from 10 to 15 miles per hour to accommodate automobile owners that same July.

Back on May 21st that year Charles K. Hamilton brought the first Curtis biplane to be seen in Jacksonville to an exhibit at Moncrief Spring Park. He raced his airplane against a Cadillac driven by Dexter Kelley. The airplane soared to a height of 2,500 feet and reached a speed of 60 miles an hour in a dive - but the Cadillac won the five-mile race.

However, in July Kelly lost his Cadillac to a hazard which still plagues summer drivers in Jacksonville:

Beach Hazards - A newspaper report said that Dexter Kelly, "the well-known young automobile man, who owned the Cadillac that got caught Sunday" parked on the beach when the tide was low. But "a monster breaker came over the hard sand and caught the machine, holding the wheels as though in a vice. Another wave followed, and pretty soon the machine was submerged".

John W. Cowart



Early 1900s drivers loved to park on Jacksonville Beach at low tide.

First Traffic Jam - On July 11, 1910, the daily paper's headline announced: **Autoists Spending Day At The Beach All Made Rush For The City At The Same Time!** The first paved highway in the Southeast, Atlantic Boulevard, had just opened. At the ferry crossing the river from Southside back into Jacksonville, "Upwards Of 50 Cars Were Waiting At One Period!"

Imagine that!

What was the world coming to?

Over 50 cars stuck on Atlantic Boulevard!

The volume of cars on city streets continued to grow. "The constantly increasing number of automobiles in use in Jacksonville makes their safe navigation of the streets a more difficult problem in proportion. Hundreds of motorcars are using the streets every hour of the day and far into the night. In most cases they are left to work out their own salvation..." said the June 25, 1911, Times-Union.

Crackers & Carpetbaggers

But the crowded street conditions did not stop the city government from purchasing its own first motor vehicle --a truck for the Jacksonville Water Department - that same year.

Yes, 1911 proved the automobile was clearly here to stay. Why, a group known as the Glidden Tour Drivers arrived here from New York and their trip had only taken 12 days of driving!



**A 1914 Saxon Roadster.
The Saxon Roadster at the 1916 Jacksonville
Auto Show sold for \$395.**

Jacksonville's first Auto Show opened on March 6, 1916. It featured 29 different makes of motorcar ranging from the 7-passenger Cadillac Standard priced at \$2,085 to the Saxon Roadster priced at \$395.

Dr. Benjamin Chapman joined the Duval County Medical Society in 1920. At first, the new physician could not afford an automobile so he rented a horse for 50 cents a day to make housecalls.

When he was 95-years-old Dr. Chapman said, "Patients were poor. They would say, 'Doctor, I haven't got any money to pay but I'll give you a piece of ham and a half-dozen eggs now, and I'll

John W. Cowart

pay you later'. The people were always pretty good about paying you later”.



Finally Chapman’s practice earned enough for him to buy his first car, a Maxwell.

He ran out of gas on his first housecall.

“When I bought the car,” he said,

“Nobody told me I had to buy gas too”!

When the Acosta Bridge, the first highway bridge across the St. Johns, opened on July first, 1921, close to 5,000 drivers paid the toll within three days.

In 1924 historian and driver T. Frederick Davis lamented, “Within the last three years automobile traffic conditions have grown to be a serious matter, with dangerous smash-ups occurring almost daily, and fatal accidents of such frequency as to receive hardly more than passing comment from the general public”.

During the early ‘20s Henry Ford spotted Jacksonville as a strategic place for the automobile industry; he built one of the largest factories in the Southeast here. In March, 1925, Ford opened his Model T plant in a building which covered over four acres under one roof. The three-story factory stood near the west foot of the present-day Mathews Bridge.

The Jacksonville Ford Factory employed 600 men who turned out 150 cars on every shift. From 1925 to 1928 the Jacksonville Ford Factory turned out 45,000 Model T Fords each year. From 1928 till 1932, the plant produced Model A

Crackers & Carpetbaggers

Fords. Ships came upriver bringing parts to the docks at the plant; railroad locomotives loaded the finished black Fords and distributed them all over the country.



Factory fresh from the Jacksonville Ford Plant (in background) about 1950.

The Jacksonville Ford Factory continued in operation at the same site as a distribution center until the late 1970s.

To keep traffic flowing Jacksonville inaugurated its one-way street system on Forsyth and Adams streets in 1937.

John W. Cowart



A parade in 1941 celebrated the opening of the Main Street Bridge.

Still more cars poured into the city.

And no place to park them!

In 1942 Jacksonville's first parking meters appeared on city streets. By 1987 nearly two thousand of them lined downtown curbs. Fines paid by drivers who wear out their quarter's worth of welcome at the meters brought \$750,000 into the city's coffers. And over 90,000 citations were issued that year.

By 1990 there were 7,844 more cars registered to Jacksonville owners than there were parking spaces for them!

Yes, automobiles are still on the move in Jacksonville...

Crackers & Carpetbaggers

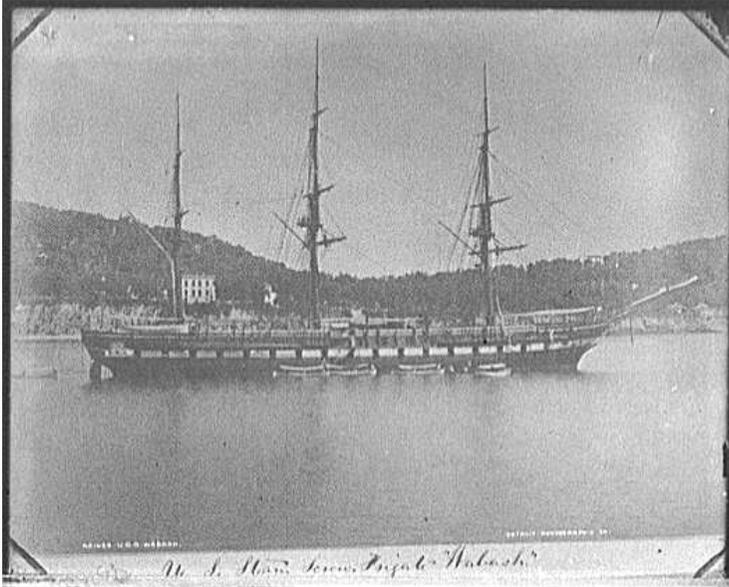


Well, maybe not all of them...

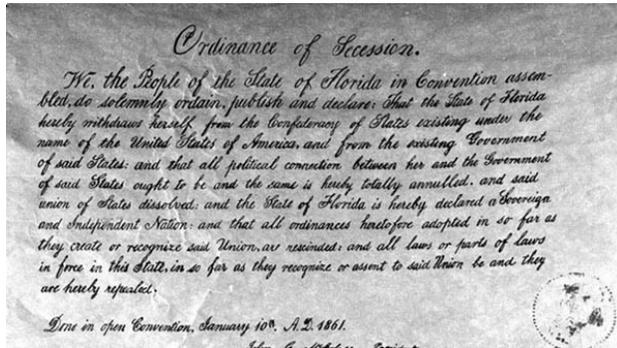
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For many photos of Jacksonville's older cars visit the Spottswood Collection of the Florida Archives.

Seen On The St. Johns The *USS Wabash*



During the Civil War the Union gunboat *USS Wabash* was often seen on the St. Johns River. Confederate forces abandoned Fort Marion in [St. Augustine](#). On March 11, 1862, the *Wabash*, took the fort without firing a shot. Local officials surrendered to the yankees hoping to avoid having the warship shell the ancient city.



Vindictive, Unrelenting War:

John Cowart's Factually Accurate, Totally Balanced and Completely Unbiased Account of the Civil War in Jacksonville

According to my grandmother, when the thieving, sorry, low-down, trifling yankee soldiers who occupied Jacksonville raided nearby farms, they would rape and kill women and even children, and leave their naked bodies exposed on the ground for rooting hogs to eat.

But vicious actions were not limited to the yankees.

In one Union raid at the plantation of a Madam Alberti these soldiers discovered a barracoon, i.e. an enclosure to confine slaves. Inside they found objects of horror. From that foul chamber they collected what they called Madam Alberti's iron jewels. These "jewels" consisted of iron collars, bracelets for wrists and ankles, spiked iron belts for both sexes – also vicious torture implements that wicked owner had used on her slaves –

John W. Cowart

chains and manacles, stocks -- a diabolical collection of perverted, sadistic, shame.

It was a horrible war!

Northeast Florida has often seen the fires of war.

Warring tribes of Indians burned each other out before Europeans arrived. French Huguenots on St. Johns Bluff burned Indian villages. Spaniards burned out Indians and French. England's General Oglethorpe burned the Spanish. Roving cattle thieves called *Banditti* burned and pillaged plantations belonging to everybody -- all this happened in the area before there was even a town called Cowford.

Our town's name was changed from Cowford to Jacksonville in 1822 to honor the great Indian fighter, Andrew Jackson -- who never set foot in the place.

The city was famous -- sort of. An 1843 visitor quipped:

Start a cow thief where you will;
He'll bend his way to Jacksonville.

The independent nature of Jacksonville's citizens can be guessed by observing their voting record. When the issue of statehood for Florida was on the ballot, Duval County voted against it 174 to 31. Citizens in other portions of the state outnumbered the dissidents and territory of Florida became a state on March 3, 1845. According to civil war historian Samuel Proctor, "The presidential election of November 7, 1860, climaxed the political strife. In Florida not a single vote was cast for Lincoln".

On January 10, 1861, Florida withdrew from the union declaring herself an independent nation;

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and on February 28, 1861, Florida joined the Confederate States Of America.

Jacksonville scalawags, people with northern sympathies, began to put their property up for sale and pack just in case they had to evacuate. Southern patriots began joining Confederate militia groups and constructing fortifications at St. Johns Bluff and Yellow Bluff to guard the entrance to the river.

Confederate forces bombarded Fort Sumter in Charleston Harbor, South Carolina, on April 12, 1861 -- cannon fire which began the Civil War. The very next day the steamer *Cecile* arrived in Jacksonville from Charleston with eyewitness accounts.

Before the war, Jacksonville's citizens were polarized in their loyalties between north and South. For instance, a glance at on-line Civil War records under my mother's maiden family name



reveals that 929 men of that name fought in the Confederate Army while 884 with the same last name fought for the north.

In the 1860s the family of Jacksonville's most noteworthy riverboat captain, Jacob Brock, found just such a division among themselves; Brock and his grown children, although transplanted northerners, served

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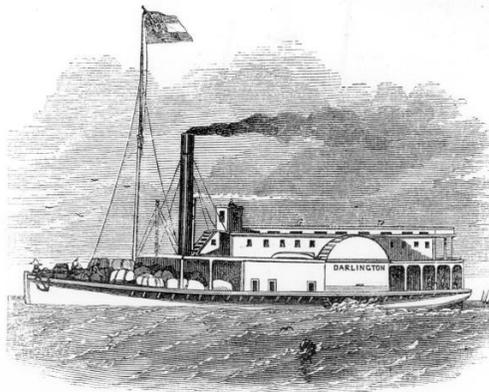
the Confederacy. Brock's wife, on the other hand, remained in the north nursing wounded Union soldiers.

-- U.S. Naval Historical Center .

With the outbreak of hostilities, many of the steamer captains plying the river turned immediately to blockade-running. Captain Brock had the distinction of bringing the first shipment into Jacksonville after the blockade had been proclaimed. He brought his *Darlington*, a 298-ton side-wheel steamship, loaded with provisions up to Cyrus Bisbee's wharf. Both men were New Englanders devoted to the Southern cause.

Race For Freedom

On March 3, 1862, Captain Brock's *Darlington* was involved in one of the oddest naval gun battles of the Civil War:



No. 671.—REBEL STEAMER DARLINGTON, CAPTURED IN FERNANDINA HARBOR.

Union troops commanded by Captain S.F. DuPont, chairman of the Blockade Strategy Board, arrived with a fleet of yankee gunboats in Fernandina just as Confederate troops were withdrawing from the city overland by train. The

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railroad tracks ran in a two-mile stretch immediately parallel to the Amelia River before crossing a railroad trestle.

DuPont dispatched the *USS Ottawa*, a shallow-draft gunboat, to blow up the trestle before the train could cross it. The gunboat and the train loaded with Confederate troops and civilian passengers raced for the bridge.

Where the rails ran close to the river, the gunboat opened fire on the train. Soon every window on the train bristled with rifle barrels as the Confederates returned fire spattering the deck of the *Ottawa* with hot lead.

A lucky shot from an *Ottawa* cannon burst in the last car of the train killing two passengers and disabling the car, which was loaded with furniture from the homes of fleeing civilians. Quickly the trainmen released the damaged car and abandoned it on the tracks. Freed from the disabled car, the Confederate train raced across the bridge to safety.

At that same time, to help with the evacuation of Fernandina, Captain Jacob Brock had packed every square inch of the *Darlington* with military supplies, wagons, mules, forage and as many Southern women and children as he could carry. As the *Ottawa* chased the train, Captain Brock raced the *Darlington* for the same bridge while being chased by other yankee ships.

The vertical clearance for the bridge was so low that the large yankee gunboat could not pass; but Captain Brock had traveled through the channel so often that he knew how to get his smaller steamer under the bridge.

Seeing both the Confederate train and the *Darlington* headed for escape trying to save the

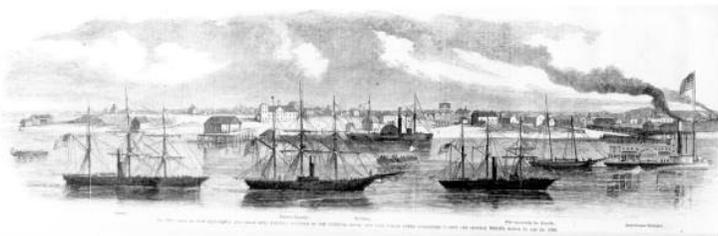
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Confederate supplies and household goods, Union Commander R. P. Rogers, launched two more armed smaller boats from the *Ottawa* and the *USS Pawnee* in full pursuit of Captain Brock.

While the train got away, the *Darlington* was not so lucky. Only when all means of escape had eluded him did Brock surrender. Afterwards, DuPont reported that "the brutal captain (Brock) suffer her (the *Darlington*) to be fired upon and refused to hoist a white flag, notwithstanding the entreaties of the women". The Union Army imprisoned Captain Brock until near the end of the war.

"Brock was taken into custody and suffered much vilification... (He) was placed in jail despite his civilian status, for two offenses: his attempts to escape, and his complete lack of northern sympathies despite his birthplace" said Edward A. Mueller, curator of the Jacksonville Maritime Museum and author of *Steamboating On The St. Johns..*

The yankees requisitioned the captured *Darlington* into their own navy, giving her a crew of 25 and two 24-pound howitzers. She was used against the South from Florida to the Carolinas. "At the close of the war she was laid up in South Carolina waters, at Beaufort or Hilton Head," Mueller said.



The *Darlington* (far right) races for the Fernandina railroad bridge.

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The pattern of the War

Those first few weeks of the war set a pattern for Jacksonville. As Southerners would move out, northerners would move in; then northerners moved out and Southerners moved back in. It almost looks as though everybody fought over the city but nobody really wanted it.

For instance:

On March 7, 1862, -- only four days after the *Darlington's* unsuccessful race for freedom -- Jacksonville Mayor H.H. Hoeg issued a proclamation saying:

Yesterday evening a portion of the City Council... determined that inasmuch as all the Confederate troops, arms and munitions of war upon the St. Johns... are to be abandoned, it is useless to attempt to defend the City of Jacksonville, and therefore upon the approach of the enemy it should be surrendered...

"I therefore... make known to you that all defenses will be immediately withdrawn from the city... I trust therefore that our whole population will act with becoming prudence..."

In other words: The Yankees Are Coming. Run For The Woods!

And every Southern patriot who could leave Jacksonville left. Boats and trains packed to overflowing with people and household goods poured out of the city. Loaded wagons, carriages, ox carts clogged the road toward Lake City, Georgia, anywhere still in Confederate hands. The poor pushed their meager goods in wheelbarrows to escape the yankees.

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As the Confederates evacuated the city, they set fire to anything which might be of use to the invaders: bales of cotton, stacks of lumber, boats under construction. While they did this, northern collaborators in the city hindered their actions and prepared to welcome Union troops.

Two days later, four Union gunboats -- the *Isaac Smith*, the *Seneca*, the *Pembina*, and the *Ottawa*, steamed up the St. Johns and trained their guns on the city; Jacksonville Sheriff Frederick Lueders tied a white flag to his walking cane and surrendered to keep the invaders from shelling the defenseless city.

So, with Confederate soldiers withdrawn, Southern patriots evacuated, and Union gunboats controlling the river, the northern collaborators who remained decided that Jacksonville would re-join the Union even though the rest of Florida remained Confederate.

On March 20, 1862, they issued a taunting document:

A Proclamation of Loyal Citizens

We, the people of the city of Jacksonville and its vicinity, in the county of Duval, and State of Florida, embraced within the territory and jurisdiction of the United States of America, do hereby set forth our declaration of rights and our solemn protest against the abrogation of the same by any pretended State or other authority.

First. We hold that government is a contract,... (and) allegiance (to the Confederacy) is no longer due.

Second. We hold that an established form of government cannot be changed....

Third. We hold that no State of the United States has any legal or constitutional right to separate itself.....

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Fourth. We hold that the act of the Convention of the State of Florida commonly known as the ordinance of secession, is void....

Fifth. We hold that the State of Florida is an integral part of the United States, subject to the constitutional jurisdiction of the same... We solemnly protest against all the acts and ordinances of the Convention of the State of Florida... We protest against the tyranny We protest against the ... governor. We have been released by the restoration of the Government of the United States...

Be it further resolved, That the chief of the military department of the United States be requested to retain at this place a sufficient force to maintain order and protect the people in their persons and property.

With this bold declaration -- and with Union soldiers on every street corner -- things looked good for these northerner scalawags -- but for only 18 days.

Then, the Yankees betrayed them.

On April 7, 1862, a military notice was posted for Jacksonville citizens to read:

“In accordance with the orders issued by the general commanding the Department of the South, the troops will be withdrawn from this place...”

In other words, The Confederates are coming back; Run For The Woods!

The yankee troops and gunboats were leaving the very next day. Northern sympathizers in the city had only ten hours to get out of town.

Panic ensued.

“This intelligence fell on our ears like a thunderbolt from the clear sky,” said one Union

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sympathizer. “Crashing to the earth the last hope and banishing us from our homes and few comforts... to send us out, refugees and wanders, we know not where”.

For many, “where” proved to be Fernandina which remained in yankee hands. Jacksonville’s scalawag refugees scrambled to get out. They piled on every available boat including the gunboats carrying books and boxes, valises, pictures, laundry and canary cages. One family even carted off their piano on board the gunboat *Cosmopolitan*.

Why did the federals abandon Jacksonville?

The White House, ever helpful even back in Civil War days, issued a statement from President Lincoln saying, “Jacksonville was evacuated by the orders of the commanding general for reasons which it is not deemed compatible with the public interest at this time to disclose”.

The city see-sawed back and forth between opposing armies several times. The Federals occupied the city four different times.

When the Yankees left, they burned anything they thought the Rebels might need; when Confederate forces withdrew from Jacksonville, they burned anything they thought the Yankees might use.

About the only people who never evacuated the city were the local prostitutes; no matter which army was in town, these ladies were equal opportunity employees.

Evacuation Conditions

Dr. Alfred Walton, medical officer of the Eight Maine Regiment, kept a diary during his tour of

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duty in Jacksonville, the third Federal occupation of the city. Here is one entry:

"Sunday, March 29, 1863: Before we were ready to embark, the boys began to set fire to the city, and soon we had to hurry up for the smoke was getting rather uncomfortable. On my way down (to the wharf) I ran into St. Johns church and groping through the smoke and fire I took from the altar a large guilt-bound prayer book ... Farther down I saw some (soldiers) setting fires and from their songs and shouting they appeared to be having a good time".

Unlike most yankee looters, Dr. Walton returned the stolen property to the church after the war.

A correspondent for the *New York Tribune* newspaper viewed the troops' burning of the city from the transport ship *Boston* anchored in the St. Johns:

From this upper deck the scene presented to the spectator is one of most fearful magnificence. On every side dense clouds of black smoke are seen. A fine south wind is blowing immense blazing cinders right into the heart of the city.

The beautiful Spanish moss, drooping so gracefully from the long avenues of splendid oaks has caught fire and as far as the eye can reach, through these once pleasant streets, nothing but sheets of flame can be seen, running up with the rapidity of lightning to the tops of the trees and then darting off to the smallest branches.

The whole city is being lapped up and devoured by this fiery blast.

One solitary woman, a horse tied to a fence between two fires, and a lean, half-starved dog

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are the only living inhabitants to be seen on the streets.

Is this not war, vindictive, unrelenting war?

Captain Valentine Chamberlain, 7th Connecticut, also described the devastation:

“If you could see Jacksonville, you could thoroughly realize what secession has done for the South. Desolation & distress are before you... You see ruins of large steam saw mills... Grass and weeds grow rank & tall in the principal streets. Houses with blinds closed attest the absence of inmates. Stores are abandoned, their shelves empty... Churches deserted and gloomy... Such is the general look of the city”.



War damaged Jacksonville in 1863

In wanton acts of unscrupulous vandalism the barbarian yankee invaders chopped down orange groves and pecan trees right at the roots. They burned standing fields of corn. They pillaged homes throwing whole libraries of books into muddy streets. The looters even ripped open mattresses and feather pillows looking for hidden goods to steal.

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Captain Winston Stephens, Co. B, 2nd Florida Cavalry, C.S.A., visited Jacksonville following the yankee withdrawal in 1862:

I went to Mrs. Maxey's house & everything was torn up side down, two trunks had been broken open & everything gone. I saw the picture Mother had sent... but everything but the furniture was carried off by the Vandals and negroes...

"They destroyed many buildings in Jacksonville... Pearsons houses are destroyed & the Catholic & Presbyterian Churches are destroyed... Col. Harts building & brick office... stores... the shoe shop... houses are burnt... the Court House was destroyed... some others were on fire.

Before the war Jacksonville had been renowned as a resort city of tree-lined streets. To form barricades and to clear fields of fire for their cannon, the invaders chopped down ancient oaks and clear-cut all trees within a thousand yards of the city limits.

The Big Gun

The enemy controlled the St. Johns River with his gunboats; but Confederate forces controlled the railroad tracks west of Jacksonville.

Two C.S.A. officers from Jacksonville, Thomas E. Buckman and Francis Sollee, developed a weapon to drive the Yankees out of town. They obtained a cannon which fired an eight-inch, 64-pound, explosive shell for two miles; they mounted this on a flat-bed railroad car pulled by a steam locomotive. This cannon's shells could penetrate through eight feet of solid packed earth.

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One soldier said, “The mouth looked to me to be as large as a flour barrel”.



A Civil War Railroad Cannon

The Confederate locomotive would push the gun from the town of Baldwin where our army held a stronghold, to within range of Jacksonville and shell the occupying Federal troops. The Federal gunboats would steam in close to the river bank and fire at the Confederate rail road train; but, before the yankees could find the target, the big gun would pull out of range.

This duel went on for days.

Since they could not damage the big gun, On March 25, 1863, the federals decided to sent out a detail to tear up the railroad tracks so the Confederates could not get close enough to fire.

Alfred Walton, a Union officer with the detail, described what happened:

When four miles out we began to tear up the track and just then the rebels made their appearance down the track with an engine and a

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large 8-inch gun on a flat car and they at once opened on us. The first shot struck in the center of the track just short of where Captain McArthur and myself stood, exploded and a large piece of the butt of the shell ricocheted to the right, making a high curve, cut off the top of a tall pine tree, and fell into the ranks of Company I, Eighth Maine, who were marching in four ranks by the right shoulder shift on a piece of plank road. It struck the musket barrel of Thomas Hoole of Brunswick, Me., taking off his head. Passing to the next rank it took off the shoulder of Joseph Goodwin, of Lyman, Me.—he lived two hours. Passing to the next rank it took off the leg below the knee of another man. I soon had the ambulance at work... We got back to town at 3 p. m., with no further loss.

Three days later, March 28, 1863, the Union again evacuated Jacksonville withdrawing troops and gunboats -- only to return in force on February 7, 1864.

Black soldiers

The Union garrisoned a large contingent of black troops in Jacksonville; many former slaves from South Carolina plantations were now fighting as Union soldiers.

The presence of these black soldiers outraged white sensibilities and struck fear into the hearts of Florida's white community.

With good reason.

Everyone knew the story from 30 years earlier when a black slave named Nat Turner in Southampton County, Virginia, became a

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preacher. On August 22, 1831, inspired by religious visions, the Rev. Mr. Turner led a slave rebellion. On that night slaves he stirred up took axes and murdered their owners killing 55 whites. Aroused whites in turn took rifles and murdered over 200 blacks, many of whom had nothing to do with the rebellion.

Turner himself was captured and hanged -- then skinned.

Did Southerners learn a lesson from this slave uprising?

Yes, indeed.

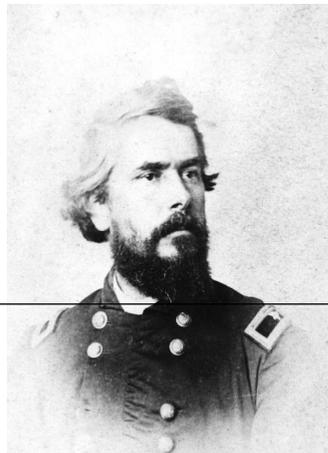
An editorial in the *Richmond Enquirer* newspaper concluded, "The case of Nat Turner warns us. No black man ought to be permitted to turn a Preacher through the country".

The black soldiers swelled the ranks to over 7,000 Union men stationed in Jacksonville.

The Yankees, led by Brig. Gen. Truman A. Seymour, decided to sweep the interior of Florida wiping out Confederate fortifications, supply lines, railroad depots and the Suwannee River bridge.

The area's Confederate forces, led by Brig. Gen. Joseph Finegan, resisted the incursion.

Battle of Olustee



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General Seymour
Finegan

General

On February 20, 1864, two armies clashed near a railroad depot named Olustee Station, about fifteen miles east of Lake City. The armies each numbered about 5,000 men. In four hours nearly 2000 Union soldiers were killed, wounded, or captured. The Confederate forces lost about a thousand casualties. The Battle of Olustee, also known as Ocean Pond, was the largest Civil War battle fought in Florida.

Long before the battle General Finegan appealed to area farmers:

Our unscrupulous enemy has landed a large force of negroes, under command of white officers, at Jacksonville, under cover of gunboats. He is attempting to fortify the place so as to make it secure against attacks. The purpose of this movement is obvious and need not be mentioned in direct terms.... I therefore call on such of the citizens as can possibly leave their homes to arm and organize themselves into companies without delay and to report to

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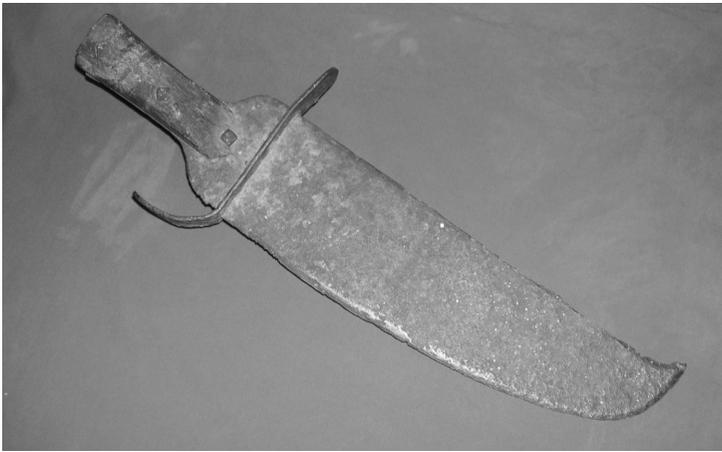
me....With the blessing of the Almighty, the zealous support of the people and the Government, I doubt not that the detestable foe will soon be driven from their cover.

On the day of the battle General Finegan issued another such appeal:

Special Notice To the People of Florida

The enemy, by a sudden landing at Jacksonville, in some force . . . [is making] a bold effort to penetrate into the interior [and has] succeeded in getting so far as within a few miles of Lake City. The timely concentration of our forces has enabled us to check his progress, and induce him to retire towards Baldwin...Reinforcements now received and expected will enable us to drive him back to his ships. The people of the State can contribute much to the early accomplishment of these results by combining themselves in efficient military organizations of mounted troops, if they have horses, and of infantry if they have not, and reporting to me for temporary military service, with such arms and accoutrements as they may have. . .

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One of my great-great-grandfathers, a Baker County farmer, answered General Finegan's appeal. He hand-forged this sword from some farm implement and used it to fight off the invaders at Olustee.

The Big Gun Again

But home-made swords would never carry this contest; General Finegan had brought the big railroad gun (or perhaps a similar one) into the action.

Lt. James H. Clark, Company H, 115th Regiment, New York Volunteers, fought at Olustee and saw the effects of the big railroad gun; his journal says:

"Suddenly, a stinging sensation was felt in my right side and I realized that I was wounded".

He hobbled to the rear to a field hospital.

"I came across a surgeon with about 20 wounded lying around him, and saw that he was engaged in the bloody work of amputation.

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“Just then a cruel shell burst in their midst and sent the mangled remains of several of them flying in all directions. I turned away from the sickening sight with horror”.

Lawrence Jackson, Company C, 2nd Florida Cavalry, said, “As we were fighting Yankees who numbered five to our one. General Colquitt had a large cannon mounted on two flat cars. The mouth looked to me to be as large as a flour barrel, and they moved and shot that big gun about every five minutes. They shot chain and pot shot both from that big gun. The chain shot would cut pine trees down like broomstraws., killing and wounding many every time it was fired. The pot shot blew up destroyed many of Seamore's (sic for Seymour) casons and ammunition wagons. Late in the evening we found that our enemy was falling back. The victory was ours! We had whipped them! whipped them! and whipped them good!

Letters Home

The day after the battle **Captain Winston Stephens**, Co. B, 2nd Florida Cavalry, wrote a letter to his pregnant wife, Octavia:

Feb. 21st 1864

My own dear wife - I am now writing with a Yankee pen, Yankee ink and on Yankee Paper captured on the battlefield. We had one of the hottest contested battles of the war on yesterday, commencing about 2 o'clock PM and ending 1/2 past 5 PM and during the whole time there was not a moments cessation in the fire. Men never fought better than our men did, and God seemed to shield them in great measure

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from destruction as the loss on our side is comparatively light.

We can't tell yet how much it is, but I think from all I can learn that 300 will cover dead and wounded and the enemy think that they have lost 1500 men killed and wounded.

I am so tired and dirty, I can hardly keep my eyes open to write. Davis will write by this mail. I went over the battleground this morning on my way to camp and never in all my life have I seen such a distressing sight , some men with their legs carried off, others with their brains out and mangled in every conceivable way and then our men commenced stripping them of their clothing and left their bodies naked.

I never want to see another battle or go on the field after it is over.

I have only received one letter from you in nearly three weeks. I do wish you would write. I can get a letter any day here as the cars come through. When you feel like writing do so and don't wait for me.

I must close. Give my love to Mother and the boys. Kiss Dear Rosa and tell her Pa thought of her Ma often while under fire and I feel thankful to God that he has been so merciful to me and mine. Goodbye my darling and may the Giver of Good continue to watch over us in mercy. I am as ever your devoted husband.

Winston

William Frederick Penniman, 4th Georgia Cavalry, also wrote about his experiences in the Olustee Battle:

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I saw an object on the ground in the palmatto bushes and heard a groan at the same time.

I immediately approached and dismounted, finding a young Yankee cavalryman, not exceeding seventeen or eighteen years of age, with his limbs held to the ground by his dead horse laying across them.

I had much difficulty in extricating him, and found that he was shot through the calves of both legs, the mine ball having pushed through the body of his horse killing it.

I noticed that the animal had on it a fine W.R. bridle, saddle, etc. and though I was able to secure the bridle which I so much needed, I had not the strength to get the saddle and it appeared to me too that "time" was just then a consideration, for I was uneasy at my proximity to the chap that I helped too, and those lights that I had seen.

I could not leave the young fellow, so hoisted him as best I could into my saddle, and started back for our lines.... (He had to put the wounded yankee down for a while but went back to pick him up again)... I wanted to pick up my boy and see him safely to the field hospital, (and) I wanted to investigate the stacks of knapsacks I had seen, before the infantry struck them, as I full well knew there would be nothing left for me after they had once laid hands on them. I soon found the place, and felt that I had developed a treasure mine indeed. It was not so dark but that I could see that several which I opened, had a full supply of nice clean new underwear, being articles that I was woefully short of...

In passing over the field, and the road ran centering through it, my attention was first attracted to the bodies of the yankees,

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invariably stripped, shoes first and clothing next. Their white bodies looked ghastly enough, but I particularly notice that firing seemed to be going on in every direction, until the reports sounded almost frequent enough to resemble the work of skirmishers.

A young officer was standing in the road in front of me and I asked him, "What is the meaning of all this firing I hear going on".

His reply to me was, "Shooting niggers Sir. "I have tried to make the boys desist but I can't control them".

I made some answer in effect that it seemed horrible to kill the wounded devils, and he again answered, "That's so Sir, but one young fellow over yonder told me the niggers killed his brother after being wounded, at Fort Billow, and he was twenty three years old, that he had already killed nineteen and needed only four more to make the matter even, so I told him to go ahead and finish the job". (Shame! Shame! Shame! What a blight on all concepts of Southern chivalry - jwc)

I rode on but the firing continued."

On February 27, 1864, **Winston Stephens** wrote a second letter to his beloved Octavia:

My darling wife...

I know how anxious you are to hear from us and I write every spare time. You will see by this that we are gradually closing upon the Yanks. We moved down from Baldwin yesterday Our main force rests on the west side of the branch from your Uncle George's old place. ...

Oh how I wish I could never see such a sight as I witnessed after the battle near Olustee Station,

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and then to think of the loved ones at home who have been left lonely in this life by the loss of a husband, son or father, or some young lady whose love had been centered upon some dear one whose life is so suddenly cut off.



Winston Stephens.

Those reflections are not sweet and I'll not write of them. I think the Gen. intends driving the enemy to their gun boats, and if he gets the force I learn is coming he will be able to do so. The sound drubbing we gave them before will prepare them to expect a second one when we meet. I don't suppose there has been a more decisive battle fought since the war commenced. We had about 4,500 men in the fight and had 183 killed and 729 wounded. Some of our wounded have since died, some 20 I think.

The Yanks had, from the best information, 11,700 men. We have over 600 in our hands, and we buried over 500 of their dead and they

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carried off nearly or quite 2,000 wounded so their loss was not less than 3,000 men or 1/4 of their command. They did not stop running until they reached Camp Finegan. If we had only pressed them after the fight, we could have captured the whole army...

I am well but as near worn out as any man you ever saw and so black that I am ashamed. I left Camp Cooper on the 6th and had on a dirty shirt and I have changed but once since that time. I have clean clothes in Lake City but they had as well not be for the good they do as I am kept so constantly going I can't get them and we are not still long enough to wash one...

I hope God in his goodness will soon deliver us from this awful condition. Give love to Mother and boys and kind remembrance to all friends ... give a kiss and love to dear Rosa and accept for yourself the love and devotion of a sincere and loving husband.... Winston



Winston's letter was dated February 27th; only two weeks later his wife, **Octavia Bryant Stephens**, made this entry in her diary entry:

With a sad heart I begin another journal. On Sunday, February 28, dear Mother was taken with a congestive chill. On Friday, Mar. 4, Davis came with the news of the death of my dear, dear husband. He was killed in battle near

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Jacksonville on the first of March. Mother grew worse and on Sunday, Mar. 6th, she was taken from us between 12 and 1 O'clock. She passed quietly away, (Typhoid pneumonia). At 7 p.m. I gave birth to a dear little boy, which although three or four weeks before the time, the Lord still spared to me. Mother was buried on the 7th and Rosa was taken with fever, but recovered after two days... I have named my baby Winston, the sweet name of that dear lost one, my husband, almost my life.

God grant that his son, whom he longed for, but was not spared to see, may be like him. I now begin as it were a new life and I pray that the Lord will give me strength to bear up under this great affliction and with His help and the example of those two dear ones now with Him I may be enabled to do my duty in this life and be prepared when the Lord calls me to meet them in that better world, where there will be no parting and no more sorrow.

Gone up the spout

The enemy had been driven back from Olustee but they still held Jacksonville and the war dragged on and on for another sad year.

To exacerbate the situation to an even more horrible level, the enemy instituted their "Direct Tax Law" in which exorbitant taxes were levied on homes and properties own by Southerners who had left the city. In the absence of the tax payer, the properties were immediately auctioned off - John Hay, Lincoln's secretary, acquired some prime Florida homes and lands in this way.

On April 9, 1865, General Robert E. Lee surrendered at Appomattox Courthouse, Virginia.

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The war was over.

What were Confederate soldiers supposed to do now?

The yankee victors insisted that Southern patriots either take an oath of allegiance or go to prison. What a dilemma that was for some.

In a Union prison camp, former Confederate officer **Robert Watson** wrote, "Nearly every man here has taken the Oath of Allegiance and I am afraid that the paroled men will have some trouble to get away from here. I don't want to take the Oath but if they send me to prison I will take it for I am satisfied that the South is gone up the spout and it is no use for me to linger for a long time in prison for no purpose".

Watson kept a diary detailing his life in the yankee prison camp:

Sunday, April 9th, 1865:

Started at daylight and marched until nearly sunset when we arrived at Burkeville where we turned over to the P.M. at that place. Many of our men are here prisoners but I knew no one. No rations. Turned in but my back ached so badly that I could not sleep. Commenced raining about 11 PM, turned out and stood up with my blanket over me till morning. I thought of my dear old home with all its comforts and my mother, how it would make her fond heart bleed to see me standing in the rain a prisoner, hungry, tired, and worn out. But its no use fretting about such things now, too late.

John W. Cowart

Monday 10th:

Raining all the morning. Drew some beef and some salt. Cooked it. Great cheering in the Yankees camps, official dispatch from Grant states that Lee has surrendered his whole army. I fear it is too true. Three train of cars came up today from Petersburg. Rain all day and night. Slept in a fly with some prisoners that I became chums with...

Wednesday 12th:

Pleasant morning, nothing to eat. Drew 2 days rations of bread and beef in the afternoon. Rain all night.

Thursday 13th:

Hot and unpleasant. At 10 ½ AM all hands fell in and were counted off, for what purpose I can't tell. All the troops from each state fell in separately and their names taken down. I and Alf. Lowe put ours with the Fla. Troops.... Drew some bread and pork. Rain all night.

Friday 14th:

Pleasant day. Was paroled at 2 PM, started and marched 8 miles, stopped at water station for cars, built a fire and turned in at an old field...

Monday 17th:

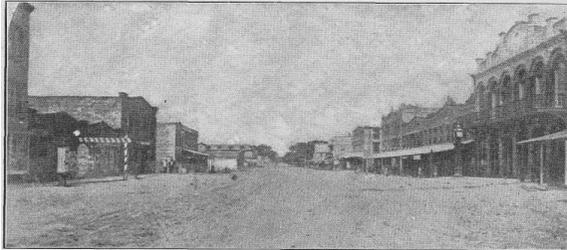
Saw two of my old shipmates. They are not paroled yet.... Quite cold... This place is crowded with negro and white soldiers all mixed together. There are also many Southern soldiers, the most of them deserters who have taken the oath and waiting for transportation.

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There was so much noise that I have slept but little during the night.

Tuesday 18th:

At 3 AM we were aroused and told to get up to make room for 12000 negro soldiers who were expected. Remained out doors in the cold till daylight. The niggers arrived at daylight, a very impudent sight. After they had got through their breakfast we got ours, a slice of bread, a thin slice of boiled pork, and a cup of coffee. I forgot to mention that President Lincoln and some of his cabinet were assassinated on Saturday night...



This 1868 photo of Bay Street shows that Jacksonville began to rebuild right after the war

Seen On The St Johns River: The *Maple Leaf*



Expert modeler Bob Santos crafted this 1/96 scale replica of the Maple Leaf for the US Army Historical Society

On February 6, 1864, the yankee side-wheeled steamer *Maple Leaf* bearing General Truman A. Seymour spearheaded the fourth enemy invasion of Jacksonville. The 24-ship yankee fleet then controlled the river.

To limit enemy movement on the St. Johns, Jacksonville's Confederate defenders mined the river with wooden kegs containing 70 pounds of gunpowder and strung together with chains. At 4 a.m. on April 1st the *Maple Leaf* hit one of these submerged torpedoes. The ship sank in eight minutes.

The ship carried 400 tons of cargo, the entire supply train for three regiments including not only military gear but also the soldier's private baggage.



Ship and cargo lay in the St. Johns' mud until 1984 when it was found by Dr. Keith Holland, a Jacksonville dentist, and St. Johns Archaeological Expeditions, Inc. Sediment encased the wreck preserving practically everything on board, even readable newspaper pages. Though much was

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recovered, 90 percent of cargo remains entombed beneath the St. Johns River today.



Early Days In Jacksonville Banking

In 1898, just 11 months to the day after the National Bank of Jacksonville opened, it was robbed.

The two thieves, who robbed the forerunner of Barnett Bank Of Jacksonville, made off with one packet of cash containing \$5,000, two packets with \$1,000 in each, and another packet with \$500.

Considering that the bank had been founded with only \$43,000 capital, this \$7,500 loss was a major setback.

With pistol in hand, bank president William B. Barnett himself hunted the bank robbers for ten days and apprehended a suspect, holding him at gunpoint till police arrived for an arrest.

Such incidents characterize the wild, early days of banking in North Florida.

Crackers & Carpetbaggers

Indian trading posts, such as Panton, Leslie & Co., served as the area's banks during the 1700s.

These trading posts gained land from the Indians in exchange for English goods, then traded the land to European settlers.

Since little money circulated, people used tickets, notes, even business and calling cards to pay debts and transact business.

Florida became a U.S. Territory in 1821, and for the next ten years East Florida operated without a bank.

The Bank Of St. Augustine was chartered with \$300,000 authorized capital in 1831. This bank maintained a branch in Jacksonville.

Northern interests owned the bank yet its powers were wide. Too wide, many Floridians thought. The institution "had every power except that of killing Indians" complained one contemporary newspaper.

One night, local bank customers tore down the red-and-white-striped pole from the front of a barber shop and set it up at the bank's front door. "They'll shave you so close, that you'll not need being shaved again," the irate citizens protested.

Such incidents gleaned from several publications such as Dr. J.E. Dovell's *History of Banking in Florida*, papers of the Florida Historical Society, and old newspaper accounts show controversy as an integral part of the area's banking development.

John W. Cowart



Anti-bank and anti-statehood feelings gripped northeast Florida. In the 1837 elections East Floridians voted against statehood by a 614 to 255 margin. The West Florida vote to seek statehood carried the day.

Delegates at the state's 1838 constitutional convention divided into "bank men" (people with money) and "anti-bank men" (people without). One article of the constitution read: "No president, director, cashier, nor officer of any banking company in this state shall be eligible to the office of Governor, Senator, or Representative of the General Assembly".

The Indian Wars of the 1840s caused Florida to borrow money from banks in Charleston, S.C., and Savannah to finance a \$214,000 war effort. Florida was deeply in debt when it became a state in 1845.

The invention of the circular saw in 1850 proved a boon to Jacksonville's economy. By 1853, the city boasted of 14 saw mills requiring 300 ships to haul away their product each year.

For a time banks flourished – sort of.

Crackers & Carpetbaggers



Arthur M. Reed opened a branch of the Bank of Charleston in a corner of his insurance office, which stood where the Florida Theatre now stands. In 1858 it became the Bank of the St. Johns and issued legal tender such as a \$5 note bearing the picture of a railroad steam locomotive or a \$10 note picturing a wounded stag.



Reed was a Christian abolitionist and worked his 1,400 acre plantation home, Mulberry Grove (site of NAS-Jax), with salaried freedmen – not slaves. Yet his bank and his home suffered when the North invaded Jacksonville.

Knowing the thieving ways of Yankee troops, Reed moved his bank to Lake City where, alas, all assets disappeared in the course of the war.

After the war, Reed redeemed his bank's notes with personal income from his plantation.

John W. Cowart

The end of the war brought both carpetbaggers and private banks to Jacksonville. Private banks included D.G. Ambler, 1868; Frank Dibble, 1869; Greely & Paine, 1872; and W.B. Barnett & Sons, 1877.

Some of these institutions are ancestors of banks still existing. For instance, Ambler's private bank became Ambler National Bank in 1874, then the Bank Of The State Of Florida, which in 1903 was absorbed by the Atlantic National Bank, which in turn became First Union National Bank Of Florida, which was acquired by Wachovia.

The end of the war brought the National Freedmen's Savings and Trust Co., an institution that handled money for former slaves. "Deposits received from 5 Cents upwards" the bank's adds boasted.

The First National Bank of Jacksonville (not related to the bank of the same name today) was the first national bank in Florida. It was organized in 1874 with a capital of \$50,000. By 1885, its resources had grown to \$389,973. Shaky phosphate investments led to this bank's failure on March 14, 1903.

Jacksonville enjoyed her banks and bankers.

An 1886 Board Of Trade report said, "Citizens can point with pride to the substantial and satisfactory condition of banking... The bankers are conservative and have never yielded to the fascination of speculation... Suspensions are conspicuous by reason of their absence, while the defaulting official is an unknown quantity, notwithstanding the tempting proximity of Cuba".

But Jacksonville banks endured several crises.

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Yellow Jack, the personification of yellow fever, rose out of the marshes near Jacksonville during the summer of 1888. The plague depopulated the city, with officials of six banks dying during the epidemic. Every single employee of W.B. Barnett's bank came down with the fever. Three clerks died.

When Jacksonville recovered from the fever, many area banks invested heavily in the citrus industry. In those days the Orange Belt extended as far north as Fernandina.

In a single night most of that Orange Belt died. On February 7, 1895, temperatures in Florida fell to 11 degrees and stayed there for a week. Snow fell as far south as Tampa. Citrus trees cracked. Estimated loss to the state -- \$75 million.

Six years later, Jacksonville banks thawed out.

On May 3, 1901, the city - including most bank buildings - burned to the ground.

But a May 7th newspaper announced, "The vault of the Commercial Bank was opened by its combination yesterday and not a paper was seen scorched".

Similar announcements followed for five other city banks - buildings destroyed, money and papers saved. They did business at temporary locations.

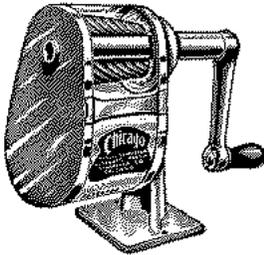
Barnett, with the only undamaged bank building in the city, shared its facilities with competitors in a cooperative endeavor to get Jacksonville on its feet again.

Jacksonville's banking community once again not only survived but progressed both financially and technologically as new bank buildings sprang up to replace those destroyed in the fire.

John W. Cowart

Yes, Jacksonville banks have always been in the forefront when it comes to bringing new technology into the city. During its first 11 years of existence the Barnett Bank introduced Jacksonville's business community to the telephone (the bank's phone number was 37), to the typewriter, the bicycle, the fountain pen, the loose leaf binder, and, of course, the Burroughs Adding Machine..

A front page story in the January 14, 1898 *Florida Times-Union & Citizen* newspaper reflects the technological progress always evident in Jacksonville banking:



"The First National Bank Of Florida has placed a unique pencil-sharpener in the bank lobby for the benefit of the public. All that is necessary is to stick the point of the pencil in the machine, turn the crank, and a

perfect point is the result. All who have pencils to sharpen are invited to try it".

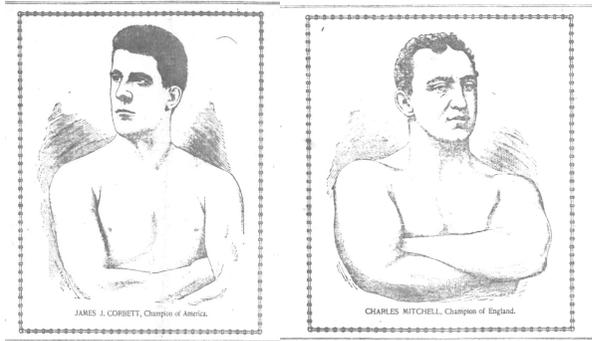
What will they think of next?

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=====

Crackers & Carpetbaggers



About 1945 at the C.I. Capps Foundry, Jacksonville, my father, Zade M. Cowart, who was a master molder, cast dozens of these bronze grills. Branches of the Florida National Bank used these ornamental screens around the teller cages instead of the traditional iron bars.



GENTLEMAN JIM CORBETT'S BIG FIGHT

Gentleman Jim Corbett, Boxing Champion of America, fought and fought and fought in Jacksonville, Florida.

On January 25, 1894, he fought Charles Mitchell, champion of England.

But, before he fought the Englishman, Corbett -- along with members of the Duval County Athletic Club -- fought churches, civic groups, the mayor of Jacksonville, the governor of Florida, the Second Battalion of Ocala Rifles of the Florida State Militia, and even the local humane society.

The big fight was over whether or not any prize fight ever could be held in Florida.

The November 16, 1893, Evening Telegraph newspaper printed a wire from Harry Mason, president of the Duval Athletic Club:

"Final arrangements have been completed for a glove contest between Corbett and Mitchell... The purse is \$20,000 and there are side bets of

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They concerned the battle between the fight promoters and other groups.

In one corner gathered the group known as "Sports", who wanted the fight to take place.

J.E.T. Bowden, owner of Florida's first taxi company, was spokesman for the Sports who included dignitaries identified by papers of the day as "Bat Masterson, gunslinger; Henry Stedker, New York bookmaker; and Kit Muller, an all round good fellow and one of the most popular traveling men who do Florida in the interests of houses that sell the nectar of white corn".

Also included among the Sports were: "Snapper Garrison, noted jockey and official time keeper of the club; Phil Dwyer, great patron of the turf; H.B. Perkins, popular mixologist (bartender) of the St. James Hotel; 100 members of the East End Club of London; Inspector McLaughlin of the New York Police Force; H.B. Miner, well-known theatrical man; Johnny Ward, the great baseball manager; Dr. J.P. McCombs, prominent physician; George Smith, better known as "Pittsburgh Phil", the famous plunger who has won thousands of dollars on the race track; and Professor C.R. Ramsey, inventor and patentee of Ramsey's new and improved punching bag."

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Politicians, ministers, businessmen - virtually everybody joined in the verbal free-for-all over the Big Fight

In the opposing corner, with the governor of Florida, the Hon. Henry I. Mitchell (no relation to the English prize-fighter) as main spokesman, were vocal and vigorous opponents to fighting. These contenders were referred to in contemporary papers as "Church folk and the moral element of the country".

In the tag-team battle over the morality of fighting, everyone got in at least one lick.

"I had hoped and believed that my instructions to the sheriff of Duval County to prevent the fight in Jacksonville would be sufficient warning to cause the parties promoting the fight to desist," the Governor said.

He cited state laws against dueling.

John W. Cowart

J.E.T. Bowden counter-punched saying, "We do not propose to have a prize fight, or anything like a fight, and my efforts in drawing up contracts, etc., have been with that one object to eliminate everything pertaining to a fight and to only have a scientific glove contest, pure and simple."

Jacksonville Mayor Duncan Fletcher issued a statement through the city attorney saying, "Members of the city government say that they are law-abiding and God-fearing and that a prize-fight, although cloaked under the name of 'scientific glove contest' will not be tolerated within the confines of their official jurisdiction if there be any legal method of preventing it."



The *Evening Telegraph* lamented, "City authorities put their foot down thus bringing to the hearts of the sporting fraternity consternation and anguish unspeakable."

Soon, the Sports sponsored a mass meeting at Metropolitan Hall where city councilman Boyd announced that, "The council had passed an ordinance (over the mayor's veto) regulating glove contests and granting to the holders of

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such contest a license giving them the legal right to give the exhibition."

Boyd said, "The proposed contest would bring into the state money, which, God knows, we need."

An *Evening Telegraph* editorial said, "Bluff, Blow and Gas seemed for a while to be the order of the day..."

"Pugilism is simply a branch of athletics and physical culture and, when not carried to excess, is commendable and worthy of cultivation and there is interest and instruction for the spectators."

Nonsense! said governor's aide Arthur C. Jackson.

"If there were no laws in Florida which will



Fight promoter Col. Crocket

prevent prize-fights, it is high time that vigorous ones were enacted," he said.

John W. Cowart

"The proposed prize-fight in Jacksonville is a disgrace to the city and if it ever comes will do more harm than an epidemic of yellow fever.

"It would bring the presence of the scum of creation in the persons of the Sports, plug-uglies, gamblers, prostitutes and thieves who will gather to witness the two imported professional prize-fighters hammer each other until one is pounded into insensibility.



"Prize-fighting anywhere and under any circumstances is wholly demoralizing and detestable.

"It has no more relation to physical culture than cutting throats has to shaving, and any jackass is vastly the superior of any prize-fighter yet produced in

knocking-out ability," Jackson said.

A letter from the East Coast Conference of Congregational Churches said,

Mr. James J. Corbett,
"Gentleman Jim", in the 1890s.

"We enter our united and earnest protest against the occurrence of such a disgraceful and demoralizing event."

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The Methodist General Conference issued a similar statement.

The secretary of the Humane Society of St. Augustine wrote, "We hereby express our abhorrence of and opposition to all pugilistic encounters!"

The Duval District Union of Christian Endeavor sent a letter to the governor, the mayor, the sheriff and the newspapers saying a prize fight "would be a lasting detriment to the moral and material interests of our city. Its legitimate results can only be to blunt the moral sentiment of our people and arouse the brutal instincts of humanity."

Bowden countered saying, "The club has made a public announcement that the fight would come off, the governor's assertions notwithstanding, and again we wish to assure the public that this contest will come off in this city as advertised."

His club also initiated a covert attack.

Since there was no precedent for a boxing match in Jacksonville, the club, without publicity, acquired a city license for Green Harris and Perry Watking, two local men, to fight at the Opera House.

The other side took no notice of this until that bout was over.

A local newspaper observed, "There is considerable comment in town today because the governor's forces did not arrest the negro 'prize-fighters' last night. Friends of peace and good order say, 'If the governor has law on his side, why didn't he prevent that fight last night?'"

The governor tried a covert tactic of his own.

John W. Cowart

Since most travel in those days was by train, he asked railroad owners to suspend train service to Jacksonville for 48 hours around the proposed day of the fight.

Caught in the middle, one railroad manager, a Mr. Plant, replied, "I have never seen a prize fight in my life and do not care to see one. But if anybody wishes to go to Jacksonville to a prize fight, we shall be glad to have them travel over our line. We would carry delegates to a church convention with equal, if not greater, pleasure."

The governor received a better response from hotel and railroad magnate Henry Flagler.

"Mr. Flagler will use all of his influence to checkmate any movement that the club may make to have the fighters adjourn to the country in which his hotels are located... He does not want it held in Florida... He thinks the bad name it will give the state will injure the whole of it," reported the January 17th, *Times-Union* newspaper.

A sports writer for the *New York Recorder* said, "The railroads seem to have settled the differences existing between the governor and the Duval Club, and, as we all know, railroad companies can do a great deal in the way of straightening out..."

Dodging the governor's fancy foot work, The Sports swung again:

"So honorable and above board have been our actions and so thoroughly did we want a ridged test of this case," said a club spokesman, "But

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Governor Mitchell is afraid to submit the case to the courts and we hereby in this public manner throw the gauntlet at his feet and not only invite but dare him to ask the Supreme Court for a decision in this case.

"We assure the public at large that the sentiment of the people of the city of Jacksonville and the state of Florida is to favor the contest."

Meanwhile, as the verbal, tactical and legal fights raged, the newspapers of the day also carried some news about the boxers:

Reporters told about Corbett's dogs, Billy, a setter, and Bert, a collie. They told of his breakfast (chops, toast, eggs, oatmeal and fish); and they told about his wife -- the actress Vera Stanhope.



Mrs. Corbett excited the city when she arrived.

She "looked very pretty and attractive in a gown of soft black wool material with a Scotch plaid

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silk blouse-waist. Her eyes were unusually bright and the large cluster diamond ring on her finger and a beautiful gem at her throat spoke volumes for the financial success of Jim's business."

She said, "As my relations with my husband are purely domestic, I don't know much about prize-fighting. Pugilism is Jim's business -- and very few wives know much about their husband's business. But I can tell you this much -- Jim is going to whip Mitchell.

"It's Jim's business to win and he always attends strictly to business," she said.

The papers also carried reports about Mitchell's training in St. Augustine and even details of the voyage by Pony Moore, his father-in-law, from England.

"Yesterday, Mitchell ran up and down the stairs of the Anastasia lighthouse nine times. Once is an awful Journey for the average citizen," said one reporter.

Also, while the battle between Sports and moral people raged, businesses in Jacksonville bet that the fight would come off. The city's oldest stationary store ran ads offering "Boxing gloves -- every kind and style."

Railroads scheduled chartered trains to Jacksonville from Kansas City, Memphis, New Orleans, New York, Atlanta, Minneapolis and Cincinnati.

The Merchants and Miners Transportation Company, and other steamship companies, sold cruises from Baltimore, Boston, Philadelphia, New York and Savannah.

And the following ad ran in Jacksonville newspapers daily:

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"BOXING -- S.F. Monra, manager of L.N.F. Co., 71 Laura Street, challenges the world on preparing a box of fancy fruit and delivers at any door in U.S or Canada at lowest rates."

In Tampa, Col. G.W. Hall installed a special Western Union line to a circus tent where acrobats would enact a blow by blow account of the fight as an announcer read it from the wire.

Jacksonville continued to gear up for the fight.

One paper announced that "while Maynard's Transatlantique Troubadour Company continues to delight its audience at the Star Theatre, Corbett and Mitchell will appear on the stage next Thursday night, after the fight for the championship of the world, and receive the \$20,000 check, then (each) box three rounds with his sparring partner."

But would there be a winner to collect the check?



Sheriff Napoleon Bonaparte Broward

No! declared Jacksonville Sheriff Napoleon Broward.

"The fight will not take place in Duval County... I have been ordered by the governor to stop this fight and I propose to obey orders," he said.

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Yes! declared Sport J.D. Hopkins.

"It's all rot, this talk about thugs and toughs overrunning the state. Thugs and toughs do not have money enough to travel thousands of miles nor to stop at first-class hotels. The patrons of this kind of sport are gentlemen of means, who would not walk one step to see a brutal prize-fight, but who would come any distance to sit in comfortable chairs round an arena to witness a scientific glove contest, as this is unquestionably going to be," he said.

D.J. Lang, the governor's private secretary, said, "The Governor will use all lawful means should it be necessary to prevent the fight and to bring to punishment every citizen of the state who aids and abets any such disgraceful breach of the laws."

The governor issued, "A proclamation to all the sheriffs of the state calling upon them to use all lawful means to prevent the fight and promising them the aid of the entire civil and military force of the state..."

Jacksonville businessman L. Furchgott led a committee to draft a resolution stating, "We deem the massing of troops in this city under the circumstances unwarranted by law... We earnestly protest against such rumored action on the part of the governor and most respectfully request that he desist therefrom and leave the conduct and guidance thereof to civil local authorities."

The city council passed, on first reading, an ordinance drafting special police officers into the city's service.

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Governor Mitchell conferred with Adjutant-General Patrick Houstoun, commander of the state militia.

As these battle lines formed, Bowden said, "We don't care in the least what conferences are held between the governor and the militia authorities. We will have this contest and the militia will not interfere."

Brave words. But rumors abounded that the club was being forced to move the location of the match. Reporters learned that the arena constructed by the club was a pre-fab structure which could be torn down, moved and re-constructed in two hours.

The fight will be in Fernandina, or Green Cove Springs, or St. Augustine, various "insiders" claimed.

One Branford paper printed this item:

"At a meeting of the LaFayette Sporting Club this afternoon resolutions were unanimously adopted to send an invitation to the Duval Athletic Club to have the Corbett-Mitchell fight under the auspices of said club at Pumpkin Swamp, LaFayette County, Fla. Everything is as quiet and serene as a mud puddle here and there would be no disturbance whatever to the combatants in this rural district except from mosquitoes and alligators."

One report said that the fight would take place on a raft anchored in the St. Johns River -- out of the jurisdiction of any sheriff.

Would the fight take place in Georgia?

Fearing that possibility, Georgia Governor W.J. Northern shipped crates of 300 extra rifles to the Fifth Georgia Cavalry in Waycross. There, he

John W. Cowart

personally led his militia in patrolling the border to repulse any invading Sports from Florida.

Would the fight be possible anywhere?

Bowden and Governor Mitchell conferred in Tallahassee and each issued statements to the press:

"Bowden says the situation is unchanged and the contest will take place. He advises those who desire to witness it to assemble in Jacksonville on or before the 24th instant.

"Governor Mitchell asserts, so far as he is concerned, the situation is unchanged and he will not desist in his determination or in his effort to prevent the fight."

The threat of martial law in Jacksonville upset people and swung some to the side of the Sports.

A physician wrote, "The unfair treatment which the club has been the victim of has elicited the sympathy of many fair minded people... A large majority of the best people in the state are in sympathy with them."

Another Jacksonville businessman said, "It is probably true that the class from abroad in attendance will not be composed of strictly church-going persons, but they are usually well-to-do and proverbially lavish in expenditure."

On the other hand, a "Well-known Boston business man" wrote, "I have considerable property near Palatka and for the past ten years my family have made it their winter home. I have come to the conclusion if the state of Florida permits that pugilistic encounter between Corbett and Mitchell to come off within its

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jurisdiction I shall dispose of my interests there and cease to make the place my winter home."

Corbett sent a circular letter saying, "The contest between Charles Mitchell and myself will positively take place in Jacksonville, or in that city's immediate vicinity."

But the American Champion faced arrest -- for burglary!

"Claus Meyer, the well-known ship owner and wholesale grocer, has a claim of \$500 against Corbett," said the January 22 *Times-Union*. "His attorney will go to Mayport today accompanied by a special officer and make a demand on Corbett for that sum of money and if it is not paid, he will attach the American Champion's outfit, training apparatus, baggage and all."

It seems that the Corbett training team had technically broken into Myer's Mayport home to use it as a training camp; that is, they paid rent to a middleman who had not passed the money on to the owner. So he charged them with burglary.

That same day, another round was being fought over the \$20,000 check which the club had given to referee, "Honest John Kelly", as the purse.

The referee insisted the check be cashed before he would permit the fight, but Bion Barnett, vice president of the bank the check was drawn on, insisted his bank would not cash the check until after the fight proceeds were deposited.

The club cashed its own check out of ticket sales.

Mitchell said, "I am simply holding out for the purse of \$20,000 to which the winner is justly entitled, and so long as it is possible I shall try to

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keep it in sight and so will Corbett, if he is not a fool...

"But this I will tell you -- If I found that it was impossible to secure any purse, I am willing to meet Mr. Corbett at any secret place and, in the presence of twelve witnesses, settle the question of superiority."



Judge H. M. Call

In the final rounds, Circuit Court Judge H.M. Call issued an injunction against Sheriff Broward prohibiting him from trespassing on club property or interfering with any club activity.

The governor ordered troops into Jacksonville.

The railroads refused to transport the troops unless paid cash in advance for the men's tickets.

The state paid.

Crowds hissed the soldiers as they marched up Jacksonville's Bay Street.

The Hotel Carleton's chef cooked supper for the troops.

At the last moment, the governor ordered the troops to merely stand ready. "Florida shall be disgraced by a prize fight," he conceded.

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Bowden "evidently drawing a heap of dry comfort out of a short unlighted cigar stump screwed deep into the corner of his mouth until that orifice was wrinkled," smiled at reporters.

The fight was over -- the fight was on!



Newspaper illustrations show a bit of bias in their portrayal of the two fighters entering the ring at Moncrief Park.



Two days after the "scientific glove contest", the Duval Athletic Club permanently disbanded.

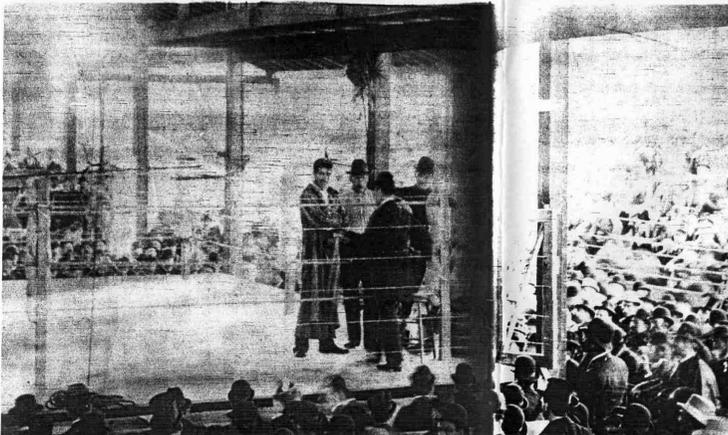
John W. Cowart

The January 27, 1894, *Times-Union* observed:

"To one familiar with them for the past week there is a look of loneliness and desolation about the rooms of the D.A.C. which reminds one strongly of a picnic ground after the merrymakers have feasted and departed... But such is mortality; today a rainbow spans the spangled heavens and its glorious coloring excites the awe-struck admiration of the world, but lo! it fadeth and becometh nothing."

Oh, the prize-fight?

In only 12 minutes of boxing, Corbett had knocked out Mitchell thus becoming Heavyweight Champion of the World



This 1894 photograph shows the start of the Corbett-Mitchel match at Moncrief Park.



DUVAL COUNTY MEDICAL SOCIETY HISTORY

Late one August afternoon in 1854, doctors of the Duval County Medical Society (DCMS) helped trundle a cannon to a wharf along Bay Street.

They aimed it across the river and waited for their target.

An epidemic of yellow fever was sweeping through Savannah, Ga., and the doctors were upset because Nick King, captain of the steamship *Welaka* refused to observe a quarantine.

King carried the U.S. mail from Savannah to Palatka and he felt his ship ought to be exempt.

The doctors showed him it wasn't. They felt Jacksonville's health was more important, said medical historian D. Webster Merritt, author of *Hundredth Birthday, Duval County Medical Society, 1853-1953*.

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Although King kept his ship close to the south bank of the St. Johns, the doctors used handspikes to elevate the muzzle and fired two 32-pound cannonballs into the ship's cabin. "It was not exactly a legal way of enforcing quarantine but it proved very effectual," said the January 25, 1876, *Tri-Weekly Union* newspaper.

Today, the only shots most DCMS members are likely to hear in the course of their duties is the starting gun at high school athletic events; DCMS doctors volunteer their services at some high school events to help injured players. For years the DCMS has provided free pre-participation health examinations for Jacksonville junior and senior high school athletes and cheerleaders.

Purissima et Optima.



TAKE
SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR

This unrivalled Medicine is warranted not to contain a single particle of MERCURY, or any injurious mineral substance, but is

PURELY VEGETABLE,

For FORTY YEARS it has proved its great value in all diseases of the LIVER, BOWELS and KIDNEYS. Thousands of the good and great in all parts of the country vouch for its wonderful and peculiar power in purifying the BLOOD, stimulating the torpid LIVER and BOWELS, and imparting new Life and Vigor to the whole system. SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR is acknowledged to have no equal as a

LIVER MEDICINE.

It contains four medical elements, never united in the same happy proportion in any other preparation, viz: a gentle Cathartic, a wonderful Tonic, an unexceptionable Alterative and a certain Corrective of all impurities of the body. Such signal success has attended its use, that it is now regarded as the

GREAT UNFAILING SPECIFIC

The DCMS is 133 years old, the oldest medical society in the state.

It was founded on May 25, 1853, by local physicians meeting in the office of Dr. William J. L'Engle,

Dr. A.S. Baldwin was the founder, but Dr. John S. Murdock was elected first president.

Charles Dickens Jr., son of the famous author,

Crackers & Carpetbaggers

visited Jacksonville in 1855 and met “one of Jacksonville’s most eminent physicians” on the street.

Dickens said, “He was a little dark man with spectacles on his nose, and a quick nervous step indicative of the enquiring and active mind within him... (The city) brings him as many patients at five dollars a visit as he cares to have. For by a merciful dispensation of Providence, there comes a time annually to almost every resident in Florida when the conviction comes that he has a liver, and that that liver is out of order...”

Dickens observed that posters advertising cures for liver complaint were posted on nearly every pine or cypress tree within sight of the St. Johns.



The Health Jolting Chair
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The most important Health Mechanism ever produced
A Practical Household Substitute for the Raddle-Stove.

It affords a PERFECT means of giving EFFICIENT exercise to the ESSENTIALLY IMPORTANT NUTRITIVE ORGANS OF THE BODY in the most DIRECT, CONVENIENT, COMFORTABLE, and IN-EXPENSIVE manner.

Suitable for all ages and for most physical conditions.

INDISPENSABLE TO THE HEALTH AND HAPPINESS OF MILLIONS OF HUMAN BEINGS WHO MAY BE LIVING SEDENTARY LIVES through choice or necessity.

It preserves Health, increases Circulation, and prevents Sickness.

An ingenious, rational, scientific, mechanical means of overcoming those impediments to the taking of proper exercise, created by the artificial methods of modern society.

For certain classes of Invalids is a valuable PREVENTIVE-EXERCISE.

A CONSERVATOR OF NERVOUS ENERGY.
For domestic use, is completely furnished without The Health Jolting Chair.

Ads in 19th Century newspapers support Dickens’ observations about Jacksonville’s concern for health:

“A family provided with a comprehensive household specific like HOSTETTER’S STOMACH BITTERS is possessed of a medicinal resource adequate to most

emergencies...”

“Of all the preparations brought to public notice, none deserves greater commendation than HOME STOMACH BITTERS, being extracted from the best vegetable materials...”

John W. Cowart

“To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay and loss of manhood, I will send a receipt that will cure you... This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to....” *(I wonder if that’s the same company that keeps sending me all that e-mail about my manhood?)*

In 1877, Miss Caroline Singleton wrote this testimonial:

“I was bitten on the breast by a snake about two months ago and was attended by Dr. King, who failed to do me any good. I then called on the Indians Doctress and Fortune-teller at 37 Newnan Street and was cured by her in four weeks”.

Also advertised was a HEALTH JOLTING CHAIR, a seat mounted on powerful springs which were tightened by cranks, levers and pulleys. The patient would wind it up, sit on it, then release the springs – the ad said it was a sure cure for everything from bad complexion to constipation.

In spite of intense competition from home cures, jolting chairs and quacks, Jacksonville doctors continued to serve the community.

Since many people lived on farms in outlying areas it was common for doctors to travel by canoe or on horseback to reach their patients.

William F. Hawley, who survived the great Jacksonville yellow fever epidemic of 1888, said, “I well remember old Dr. Beatty who drove over the countryside in a little two-wheel cart drawn by a little black mare; they all seemed part of each other.

“Every drug store had a leech jar from which a worm could be secured to suck the blood from

Crackers & Carpetbaggers

bruises, black eyes and for reduction of blood pressure. The blood sucking worm when full of blood could be stripped of his internal load and put back to work again," he said.

Most doctors in those days compounded their own prescriptions and one of the most popular was a draught called Blue Mass. "The nastier the taste, the better the effect" was the slogan, Hawley said.

When Hawley was a boy he fell into the river and caught a cold which put him to bed for months. His family told the doctor of his decline.

"He punched me in the ribs and I let out a yell, whereupon the old doctor said, 'Decline nothing! Give the little devil some Blue Mass'," Hawley said.

But Jacksonville doctors were not limited to prescribing Blue Mass as an August 13, 1874, baseball game proved. *The Tri Weekly Union* reported:

"Two of the members... began quarreling with each other. Finally (Mannie) Franklyn, after saying something to (Archie) Terry, took his position as catcher behind the bat. Terry followed him up and calling him a d-n s-n of a b---h, struck him a horrible blow across the temple with a bat, crushing his skull and knocking him senseless. He was then taken home in a dying condition...

"When physicians, Drs. J.D. and F.A. Mitchell, were called, he was in strong convulsions, moaning and gasping, and from all appearances, about to die. It was thought best to trephine the skull, which was immediately done, several pieces of bone being removed, and the clotted blood which had collected to a considerable

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extent was cleaned away. Then, by raising a large piece of the skull that had been forced down upon the brain, the patient was given almost immediate relief..."

Two pioneer doctors of the DCMS were Dr. Abel Seymore Baldwin and Dr. Francis W. Wellford.

Baldwin was the only physician in a 20-mile radius when he came to Jacksonville in 1838. He was a founder of the DCMS and was later first president of the Florida Medical Society in 1874. He helped bring railroads to Jacksonville and his scientific studies of tides led to the construction of the jetties at the mouth of the St. Johns which made it possible for the development of Jacksonville as a major port.

Dr. Wellford earned distinction by volunteering to serve inside Fernandina's quarantine area during the yellow fever epidemic of 1877. From inside the stricken city, Wellford, who was a former DCMS president, wrote to his friend Dr. Richard D. Daniel, who was then president:

"I am tired after more than 50 visits today, yet I am hearty and well and on the principal of naught being in danger, I am brighter and brisker than half the people here. Don't think I am either reckless or boastful, I appreciate life as most, but thank God I appreciate something higher still than mere physical existence. When you kneel down and night to offer thanks for present favors and future good, ask for me that God bless that immortal soul that will survive the grave. And if your prayers be granted, I care not how soon the summons may come".

Dr. Wellford caught yellow fever and died less than a week after he wrote that letter.

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The headquarters building of the DCMS, at 555 Bishop Gate, which was dedicated on March 3, 1986, is named the Baldwin-Wellford Building in memory of these two doctors.

During the Civil War most Jacksonville doctors served with Confederate forces. One served with the damn yankees. While the physicians were in the service, the records of the DCMS were buried for safekeeping, but after the war when they were dug up, the doctors found water had seeped into the containers destroying most of their earliest papers.

After the Civil War, Jacksonville became the nation's primary health resort. Between 1865 and 1872 the resident population increased from 2,000 to 7,000 and over 30,000 guests annually registered at Jacksonville hotels during the winter months.

"The chief attraction for Northern people to go to Jacksonville... is so great that if the whole population of the town should turn out, their houses would not furnish room for the army of consumptives who have found their way there,"

said the pamphlet *Going South For The Winter With Hints For Consumptives* by Dr. Robert F. Speir in 1873.

Another pamphlet, *Petals Plucked From Sunny Climes* by Silvia Sunshine in 1885 said, "Too many invalids, before coming to



SPECIAL DISEASES.

BILE BEANS

CURE BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, TORPID LIVER, SICK HEADACHE, MALARIA, INDIGESTION, SOUR STOMACH, BAD BREATH, VERTIGO, DYSENTERY, JAUNDICE, ENLARGED SPLEEN, DROWSINESS AFTER MEALS, &C., WITHOUT GRIPPING, SICKENING OR WEAKENING THE SYSTEM.

DOSE, ONE BEAN. PRICE, 20 CENTS.

Ask for BILE BEANS—Take no Substitute. Mailed to any address, 25c in Stamp. Sold by Druggists and Medicine Dealers everywhere. Circulars Free.

J. F. SMITH & CO., Sole Props. St. Louis, MO

For sale by Pendleton, Thomas & Co. jals d&wly

John W. Cowart

Florida, wait until they have already felt the downy flappings from the wings of the unrelenting destroyer, and heard the voices from a spirit-land calling them, but come too late to be benefited and take a new lease on life. The climate should not be blamed because the sick will stay away until death claims them..."

Many sick people who came to Jacksonville for their health died here. Some had spent all their money to get here and died in hotel outhouses or in the streets.

To care for such indigent patients, Mrs. Theodore Hartridge, Mrs. J.D. Mitchell, whose husbands were physicians, and Mrs. Aristides Doggett, whose husband was a lawyer, founded St. Luke's Hospital on March 11, 1873. St. Luke's Hospital opened in a two-room frame building with beds for four patients.

At 3 a.m. on July 22, 1876, a new St. Luke's building at Market and Ashley streets was set on fire by vandals just a few days before it was to open.

Two years later, an even better facility at Palmetto and Duval streets opened. In 1882, Dr Malvina Reichard, a pioneer woman physician, became St. Luke's first resident physician at a salary of \$523.50 a year.

In 1885, St. Luke's instituted a training school for nurses, the first permanent one in Florida. Hospital instructions included the rule: **All Patients Must Be Bathed Once A Week.**

The Battleship Maine exploded in Havana Harbor on February 15, 1898; the Spanish American War began.

Over 30,000 U.S. troops were staged in Jacksonville for the invasion of Cuba. They

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camped in Springfield Park at Camp Cuba Libre. Many died there.

Typhoid fever swept the camp.

DCMS members and army doctors fought the disease.

“Almost as many men died of typhoid in Jacksonville as were killed in combat and more were hospitalized in the city on a single day during the peak of the epidemic than the 1,662 who were wounded in action overseas during the entire Spanish-American War,” said Richard A. Martin, author of *St. Luke’s Hospital: A Century Of Service, 1873-1973*.

It was not until 1910, when DCMS member Dr. Charles E. Terry was City Health Officer, that typhoid was beaten in Jacksonville. Terry influenced legislation demanding that outdoor toilets be screened from flies and the number of typhoid cases dropped from 110 to 5 within six months.

The DCMS again lost its early records in the Jacksonville fire of 1901. But the day after the fire, members helped attend fire victims in a field hospital set up in what is now Hemming Plaza.

In 1918, an 89-car train arrived in Jacksonville bringing the Ringling Brothers Circus. The show did not go on. The world-wide influenza epidemic got to town first. By October 10th, one out of every three people in Jacksonville were down with the flu.

A *Times-Union* editorial even advised, “Kissing should be foregone during the period of illness”.

Stores, bars and movie theatres closed. People walking the streets wore face masks. 95 of the

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telephone company's 191 operators were sick and phone service faltered.

On October 12, one thousand, two hundred sixty seven new cases were reported and 21 people died.

That same day the Jacksonville Ministerial Alliance announced that all houses of worship would be closed for the duration of the epidemic. But the churches did open soup kitchens and emergency hospitals were set up at the City Prison Farm, YMCA and at the old Stanton High School.

Between September and November, 17,000 cases of influenza were officially recorded. Dr. W.W. MacDonell, City Health Officer, estimated, "Nearly 30,000 persons were infected with the disease". There were 1,051 deaths among Jacksonville civilians and 155 among soldiers stationed at Camp Johnson (now NAS-JAX).

Jacksonville doctors coped.

"From its establishment in 1853 until the present, the members of the Duval County Medical Society have strived to improve the quality of life in the community as the professionals in the field of medicine. Through determined persistence and a willingness to meet change, this professional association has a proven record of participation in health and community activities," said Carolyn Kirkland-Webb, managing editor of *Jacksonville Medicine*, the bulletin of the DCMS.

Dr. Benjamin Chapman joined the DCMS in 1920. At first he could not afford a car so he rented a horse for 50 cents a day to make housecalls.

In a 1980 newspaper interview when he was 95 years old, Dr. Chapman said, "Patients were

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poor. They would say, 'Doctor, I haven't got any money to pay, but I'll give you a piece of ham and a half-dozen eggs now, and I'll pay you later'. The people were always pretty good about paying you later".

When Dr. Chapman bought his first car, a Maxwell, he ran out of gas on his way to his first housecall. "When I bought the car, nobody told me I had to buy gas too," he said.

Dr. Kenneth Morris joined the DCMS in 1927. In a 1978 interview he told of surgery in the 1920s:

"The anesthetic would not relax the patient very well, so they would be breathing fast and moving most of the time on the operating table. In those days you had to be sort of a wingshot to catch an artery because the patient was breathing so hard".

He said, "Office visits usually ran about \$3 to \$5. Operations cost between \$100 and \$150 and you could get a hospital room for as little as \$7 a night".

During the Depression it cost \$15 to deliver a baby in a local hospital and one dollar for home delivery. Some people could not even afford that.

One doctor delivered a son to a family in a deserted boxcar on the railroad tracks near Talleyrand Avenue. There was no water, light or heat. A 16-year-old secretary from his office helped him because he himself could not afford a nurse. He did not charge the family.

"Everyone who goes into medicine initially does so out of a sense of wanting to help people and alleviate pain and suffering," said Dr. Clyde M. Collins, unofficial DCMS historian. "But involvement in our materialistic society lures

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them - plus the need to pay the rent, pay the nurse, buy the car, join the country club and all that - They sometimes forget why they started.

"But the original dedication is there. And humanitarian dedication, such as the stories told of old-time doctors they tell about, will be the one thing to bring medicine out of the doldrums".

The DCMS seeks to inspire and nurture that spirit of dedication in its 1,100 members and to meet the modern problems and challenges of Jacksonville doctors.

The DCMS has sponsored examinations for student athletes, a Peer Review Committee, a physician referral service, the "Health Line" column in the *Jacksonville Journal*, the "To Your Health" weekly television program, and the "Ask The Doctor" radio program.

"Duval County physicians work hand in hand with hospitals and other health professionals to meet the health care needs of both the individual and the community. This concern for others is the cornerstone on which the Duval County Medical Society was founded," said Mrs. Kirkland-Webb.

Dr. Charles P. Hayes Jr., president of the DCMS, said, "The challenges to the medical profession during the past few years are serious and important, not only to physicians but also to the public: professional liability crisis, hospital-physician relations, alternative delivery systems, encroachment upon medical practice by allied health professions, the federal government's withdrawal from its commitment to health care for the elderly... We plan to go forward with the things that seem to work, abandon those that

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don't, and be ever alert for the new and innovative".



THE NIGHT THE "BIG ONE" ROCKED JACKSONVILLE

Most Jacksonville citizens did not realize what was happening to them.

Some thought the rolling roaring noise signaled an invasion; there had been talk of imminent war with Mexico. Other people thought they were caught in a tornado. Still others believed that a building had collapsed or a munitions ship had exploded in the river.

"There has never been a day probably in the history of Florida when so large a portion of the people were so intently eager for news as yesterday," said the *Florida Times-Union* in its September 1, 1886 edition.

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The night before, Jacksonville and other parts of Florida had been hit by the first and most severe of what would be eight earthquakes in ten days.

The August 31, 1886, quake, called the "Great Seaboard Earthquake", was the worst ever recorded in the United States up to that time.

A shift in the continental shelf was felt from Key West to New York and as far west as St. Louis. It began at 8:52 p.m. and lasted 11 minutes.

"Trees were torn up by the roots, chicken coops blown down and outhouses blown over and a number of other calamities, more or less destructive, are being reported", the *Times-Union* said the next morning.

Charles Marvin, owner of a shoe store on Bay Street, Jacksonville's main thoroughfare in the 1880s, said the shoes on display in his window, "danced around as if they enclosed the dainty feet of a score of waltzers".

Suspecting perhaps that bad liquor had gotten the better of them -- but still clutching their glasses -- drinkers at the Growler's Retreat staggered onto Bay Street. At the same time, people attending a gospel meeting at the Young Men's Christian Association also rushed into the street. The two groups mingled in confused fellowship with everyone wondering what had happened.

Many in Jacksonville had gone to bed but the shock tumbled them out.

"A well-known Bay Street merchant made his appearance on the sidewalk in his wife's Mother Hubbard wrapper. He told his friends that he didn't care how much they laughed -- it saved him," the newspaper reporter said.

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One English immigrant dashed into the street waving a pistol: "To get a crack at the bloody thieves, you know."

Dr. J.M. Fairley reported a tidal wave at Mayport:

"There was brief calm on the river then a sudden wave dashed over the beach and a rumbling noise was heard," he said. "The earth and the houses shook like leaves on a tree."

Sailors from ships tied up at the wharves which lined Bay Street dashed ashore thinking that their boats had been rammed. They met a surge of townsmen running to the docks thinking a warehouse had collapsed.



"The excitement was intense and there was many a pale face among those who felt the shock," the newspaper said.

Vibration started church bells ringing, alarming people even more. Empty rocking chairs in homes began mysteriously rocking by themselves.

Before he ran into the street, Thomas E. Kernan, who worked at a Jacksonville pharmacy, said he felt a strong electric shock and saw the plaster on the walls splinter in cracks patterned like lightning.

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In a Lawtey church service -- "a protracted meeting" -- the minister had chosen the right topic: "The Terrors of Hell on a Naked Conscience".

Reports of the service said, "The church building was very rickety. When the rafters began to shake there was some panic but the preacher kept right on preaching -- and no one left".

The world tottered. Houses tipped on their foundations. Dishes and bottles fell from tables and shattered. Squawking chickens fluttered from their roosts. In Orange Park, the safe in George W. Wilson's library popped open and the steel door swung back and forth on its hinges.

Various meteorological phenomena accompanied the quake. Barometer readings fluctuated. There was an unusual sunset that evening. Fernandina residents reported a large meteor in the southwest sky.

A sound, which one observer described by saying, "The noise was like a loaded wagon on a hard road," accompanied the earthquake.

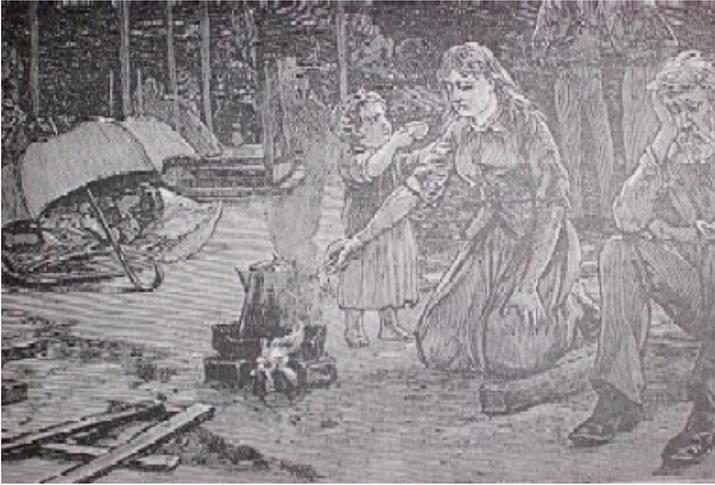
Although most of the Eastern United States felt the quake, the worst damage occurred in Charleston, S.C., where falling buildings killed more than 50 people and destroyed \$8 million worth of property, "Casting into the streets and squares the entire population of the city, their homes in ruins and their industry destroyed."

The day after the quake, Jacksonville Mayor Patrick McQuaid called for aid to the Charleston earthquake victims. "Gratitude to a Merciful Providence, who spared us a similar affliction, should urge us to give liberally and willingly of what we have to aid and comfort our suffering brethren... This is no time for words. Gratitude to

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God for being spared, and a deep sympathy for the unfortunate citizens of Charleston will induce us to send such relief as we are able," he said.

The Mayor's grandson Mick McQuaid said, "I have heard that Patrick McQuaid's initial home in the USA was in Charleston, and it is gratifying to see that he was later able to offer some comfort to that city!"



Within a few days, Jacksonville raised \$3,400 for Charleston's relief and the *Times-Union* boasted, "In proportion to her population and wealth, Jacksonville has contributed more liberally for the benefit of the Charleston sufferers than any other city in the country."

In the days following, as new quakes and aftershocks disturbed Jacksonville, the citizens, knowing Charleston's fate, lived in anxiety. Many people camped in downtown streets saying they would rather "sit up all night in the open than go to bed with an earthquake."

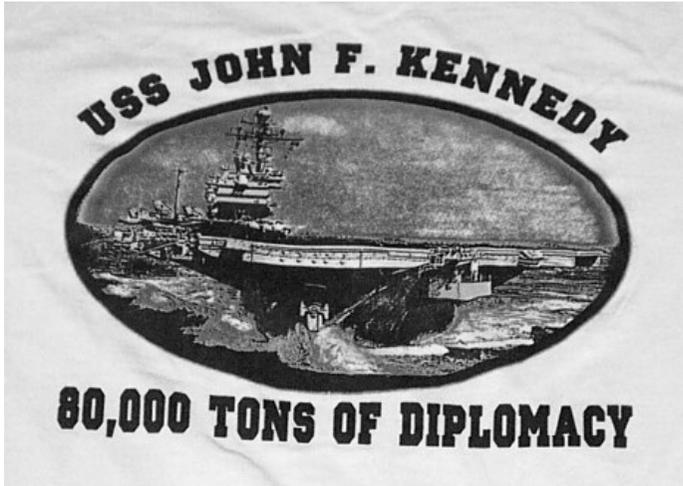
Crackers & Carpetbaggers

However, not everyone worried about earthquakes. One old lady insisted that there was no earthquake but that a robber was under her bed.

Some people did not even know there had been an earthquake!

"In Orlando," the *Times-Union* reported, "There were several young gentlemen visiting young ladies at a certain house and none of the party knew of the disturbance until told of it by others the next morning, but it is probable that no other occupation than courting would have so engrossed their attention as to make them oblivious to so pronounced a seismic shock."

**Seen On The St Johns River:
*USS John F. Kennedy***



Mayport Naval Station became the *Kennedy's* homeport in 1995. The Navy says, "Big John is flagship to the most technologically-advanced battle group in history". In February, 2002, responding to terrorist attacks on America, the *Kennedy* deployed in *Operation Enduring Freedom* to the North Arabian Sea where the air wing, CVW 7, dropped over 64,000 pounds of ordnance on Taliban and al Qaeda targets.

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JACKSONVILLE'S RAILROAD HISTORY

In 1882, George M. Barbour rode a train from Jacksonville to the end of the line out in the pine woods -- it was a bad trip.

Barbour -- who was NOT a member of our Chamber of Commerce -- recorded impressions in his book *Florida For Tourists, Invalids and Settlers*:

"The entire trip that day was through an unsettled region, the only human beings living along the road being... families of Florida natives, genuine, unadulterated Crackers -- gaunt, pale, tallowy, leather-skinned, stupid, stolid, staring eyes, dead and lusterless; unkempt hair, generally tow-colored; and such a shiftless slouching manner! Simply white savages... Stupid and shiftless, yet sly and vindictive, they are a block in the pathway of

Crackers & Carpetbaggers

civilization, settlement and enterprise wherever they exist," he said.

Then he said some really nasty things about Florida women concluding with "... No underwear whatever!".

However, he did like the people of Jacksonville and told why:

"The society of Jacksonville is universally admitted to be unusually select, cultured and refined," he said, "The reasons are not far to seek: Many of the most prominent citizens have been drawn thither from all parts of the country and are not native Floridians."

We love you too, Mr. Barbour.

Perhaps, Mr. Barbour's railroad experience upset him.

"It was enlivened," he said, "By the car setting off the track two or three times, caused by the breaking of the old wooden rails. On such occasions the male passengers would cheerfully assist the ... conductor to replace the car and hunt up and lay a fresh rail. (They) seemed to consider it a part of the business of the trip."

Barbour does not mention which kind of engine pulled his car over the wooden rails. During the early days of rail roads in North Florida, the various railroad companies used several kinds.

The earliest railroads used mules to pull the cars over the track. In rural areas, men stood in the cars, three on each side, and polled along much as they would if they were moving a flat-bottomed boat through shallow water.

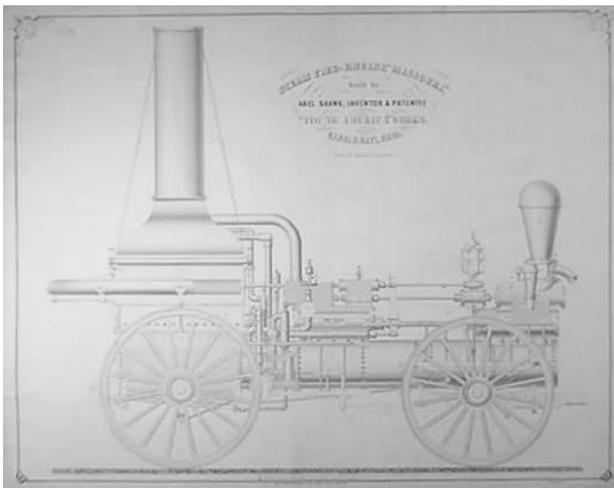
The first rails were simply wood but later iron strips were nailed on top of the rail. This helped

John W. Cowart

the tracks last longer but presented new problems.

As a young man, H.E. Lagergren worked passing wood to the fireman in a Florida Railway & Navigation Co. engine; for years he watched the development of railroads in the sunshine state. In 1879, he settled in Starke and, in his old age, wrote several letters about his memories of railroading's early days.

"The roads were build by slave labor, hired from planters. Their only equipment, even for high fills, were shovel and wheelbarrow," he said. "When they died they were dumped in the track and buried beneath the ballast".



When iron strips were added to the tops of wooden rails, Florida heat caused the strips of iron to curve up where the rails joined. These "snake heads" as they were called caused super bumps as the trains passed over.

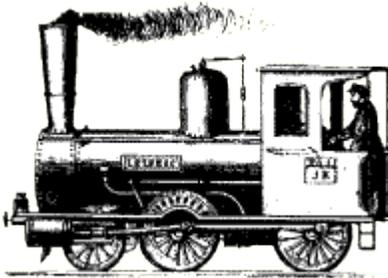
"If the snake head was only two or three inches, it didn't matter much because the train traveled so slowly anyway," Lagergren said. "More bend

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than that, however, had to be straightened. The rail was taken up and heated over a fire made of old cross ties, hammered straight and replaced."

Snakes heads made for a delay but so did alligators. Lagergren recalled a big gator getting stuck in a drainage culvert causing a flood which wiped out a half-mile of track.

Swamp grass grew so high along the tracks that on windy days it blew over the rails making them so slippery the engine couldn't move.



"The engineer... had to carry a bucket of sand... he had to sprinkle the rails with sand to gain enough traction to pass," Lagergren said.. "among his other standard equipment was a bag of hominy (grits) or rice -- not for dinner but to toss in the tender tank to stop leaks!"

When wood for the engine ran low, crew and passengers stopped and cut pine trees for fuel to continue their journey.

Lagergren told about passengers building fires on the floors of the cars to keep warm in winter and about how mosquitoes and sand gnats forced them to ride with all windows shut in summer. Boys boarded the trains at whistle stops to sell "Ile o' Pennyrile", an insect repellent. They always sold out.

Some early trains did not have seats in the cars, but passengers carried rocking chairs to sit in as they dashed along at high speed.

Speed?

John W. Cowart

Yes, in 1877, an engineer was fired from the St. Johns Railroad Co. for endangering company equipment by driving too fast; he was clocked chugging along at seven miles per hour!.

A lady passenger on that railroad complained, "The engine was so small that if a cow strayed on the tracks, the engineer has to dismount from



the cab and drive the animal off with a cattle whip". She also said that passengers shot alligators from the train for sport as it passed through the swamps.

As the railroads pressed south along the coast, feeding passengers became a problem. The Lagergren said the railway solved that problem by having a small ship sail parallel to the coast to meet the train with food at various places along the beach.

These conditions, though they seem primitive to us, represented a great improvement over previous travel through the wild scrub, marsh

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and uncut jungle of 19th Century Florida. The state wanted railroads from the earliest days.

As early as 1834, Isaiah Hart, founder of Jacksonville, and other leaders attempted to connect Jacksonville with the Gulf Coast. Their proposed railroad was to be called the Florida Peninsular and Jacksonville Railroad. The first leg was to be from Jacksonville to Alligator Town (now known as Lake City). Seminole Indians attacked the area, and the railroad investors lost over a million dollars as their project had to be abandoned.

In 1852, Dr. A.S. Baldwin lead another group of investors to build the Florida, Atlantic & Gulf Central Railroad to Alligator Town. A yellow fever epidemic delayed the railroad's construction until 1860.

Then came the Civil War which left area railroads in a shambles.

Scads of little railroads laid a few miles of track here and there out of Jacksonville before they were abandoned, merged, or were bought up by other railroads.

In 1875, F.O. Sawyer came to Jacksonville aboard a Jacksonville, Pensacola & Mobile Railroad train. He later became secretary of the Jacksonville Terminal Co. In 1937, he wrote an account of some of the rail companies he had seen pass through Jacksonville:

"In 1884, The Florida Central & Western Railroad Company, the Florida Western Railroad Company, and the Peninsular Railroad Company were consolidated into one railroad system under the name of the Florida Railroad & Navigation Company, V.C. Hoening, President.

John W. Cowart

"In 1885, the F.R.&N. Ry. System went into the hands of a receiver, Col. H.R. Duval, and in 1888, was sold, which sale included the Florida Central & Western Railroad running from Jacksonville to Chattohochee, branches to St. Marks and Monticello, Florida, and all terminal property in Jacksonville, being purchased by W. Bayard Cutting & Associates and merged into the Florida Central & Peninsular Railroad System, H.R. Duval, president, under which name it operated until purchased by Seaboard Airline Railway Company," Sawyer said.

In some ways the story of railroads in Jacksonville gets even more complex than that; in other ways it gets simpler. Rail history buffs enjoy tracing trains through such detailed histories as Mr. Sawyer's. For the rest of us, a few simple pegs served to outline that history.

For instance, fuel.

Wood burning engines replaced mules in pulling Florida's trains. Then coal became the fuel of choice, then oil, then diesel-electric locomotives appeared on the scene.

Another way to look at Jacksonville and the railroad is to look at some of the men involved in bringing railroads to Florida. You will already have noticed that some of these men, such as Baldwin and Bayard, have north Florida communities named for them.

Another such railroad pioneer with a town named for him was David Yulee, who is sometime called the father of Florida's Railroads.

During his term in the Florida Legislature, Yulee pushed for passage of the far-reaching, Internal Improvement Act of 1854. This legislation enabled the state to grant land to railroad

Crackers & Carpetbaggers

companies which contracted to lay track into pioneer areas. It also helped railroads through bond issues.



Picking up vegetables in the fields

As railroads moved into new areas, settlers and tourists could be brought in, the U.S. Mail could reach towns quickly, lumber and phosphate could be exported, and Florida's fruit and vegetables could move to northern markets before they spoiled.

Also, successful railroad companies could rake in millions.

Yulee built his own railroad linking the port of Fernandina with the timber sawmills of Cedar Key. Yulee's venture was Florida's first cross-state railroad. It survived the Civil War and lasted until 1932 when it was bought, then abandoned, by Seaboard Air Line.

John W. Cowart

Florida ship owners were not crazy about railroads which took away their business. Back when Florida was a territory, boating interests sponsored and passed a law forbidding any railroad from crossing the state line. After the Civil War, the state chose to enforce this law to keep companies owned by damn yankees out.



On November 4, 1879, Henry B. Plant, a yankee, bought the Savannah, Florida & Western Railroad, headquartered in Savannah, and the Waycross & Florida Railroad, headquartered in Waycross.

Florida closed the border to his trains.

The rail magnate huffed and puffed.

Florida still would not let him in. So he bought a new railroad, the East Florida Railroad, headquartered in Jacksonville.

His Jacksonville railroad laid track north. His Waycross railroad, now called the Waycross Short Line, laid track south. When they came to the St. Mary's River, the Jacksonville railroad built a dock to the middle of the river. The Waycross railroad built another dock to the middle of the river. Coincidentally, the two docks touched in midstream and while the two railroads remained legally separate, trains from the north could finally come to Jacksonville.

Plant, for whom Plant City is named, bought, sold, resold, merged and dealt his way through at least seven railroad companies. He died in 1899 and his holdings were sold to Atlantic Coast Line Railroad Co. in 1902.

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The year before, on February 28, 1901, one of Plant's engines raced a Seaboard Coast Line engine; the government used the contest to award the U.S. Mail contract.

According to Robert W. Mann's excellent history *Rails 'Neath The Palms*, Plant's engineer, Albert H. Lodge, had but one order, "Win the contract!"

"Georgia passed like the wind as the train sailed along... Officials checked their timepieces against the mile posts. As the train ripped past the siding, the men's faces, flush with excitement or ashen with fear, grew into a solid expression of enthralled joy -- they calculated the speed at a steady 108 miles per hour," Mann said.

Lodge drove his engine the 148 miles between Fleming, Ga., and Jacksonville in 134 minutes. He not only won the contract, he also set the United States speed record of his day.

There is no north Florida town named for Henry Morrison Flagler -- a whole county carries his name. Perhaps that indicates the size of his stature in the area's railroad development.



Henry Flagler came to Florida as a tourist in the winter of 1883. When he arrived he was already a millionaire as a founder of the Standard Oil Company, and he was 53 years old.

Flagler fell in love with Florida's First Coast.

He loved the climate; he loved the history; he loved the people; he loved the ambiance; he loved the opportunities he saw in north Florida. And the more he saw of the state, the more he loved it.

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A grand vision obsessed him.

He envisioned the area as an "American Riviera" centered in St. Augustine with luxurious resort facilities to rival anything Europe's Riviera had to offer.

Flagler began constructing such resort hotels in St. Augustine, the Ponce de Leon, the Alcazar, and the Casa Monica, later named the Cordova. These were to be the most lavishly beautiful resorts in America.

Flagler's plans hit a snag.

Two snags really: one was that to transport the finest building materials to St. Augustine, he had to use undependable ships or an even less dependable narrow gage railroad. Besides, how were wealthy tourists and the cream of American society to get to his hotels?

To kill this two-headed snake, in 1885 Flagler bought the little Jacksonville, St. Augustine & Halifax River Railway. He widened the tracks to standard size, fenced the tracks to keep cows off, laid heavier rails, and modernized the railroad's equipment.

Before this, each railroad company decided on the width of its own track so trains from one company could not run on track owned by another company; in 1888, most of the various companies agreed to lay track 4 feet 8 inches apart. This standard gage meant trains could run from one end of the country to the other.

Therefore on January 9, 1888, the same year Flagler opened his Ponce de Leon Hotel, the first through, all Pullman vestibule train, named "The Florida Special" left Jersey City for Jacksonville with 82 passengers. It made the run in only 29

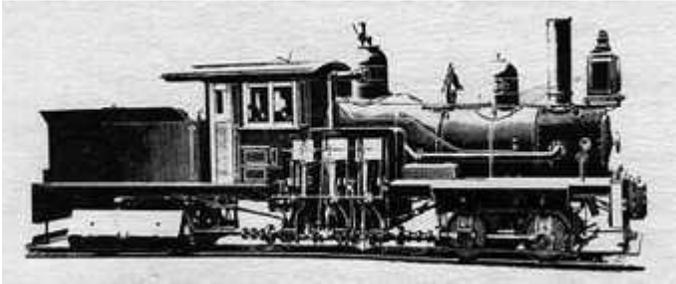
Crackers & Carpetbaggers

hours and 50 minutes; before this, it took a train 90 hours to make the same trip.

Goodbye to the old mule trains with mosquito repellent for sale.

Welcome the day of opulent luxury in rail travel.

While not exactly enjoying Amtrak (which came on the scene in 1971) service, passengers on the 1888 Florida Special managed to make do.



On Tuesday, Jan. 10, 1888, *The News-Herald of Jacksonville*, the city's newspaper of the day, described travel conditions on the Florida Special:

"Good judges among railroad men say that it is one of the finest trains ever seen... The train consists of four sleepers, a dining car, a combination car and a baggage car. The engine No. 67 that pulled this train was one of several built to order for this express work and is a magnificent piece of railroad machinery..."

"The baggage car is large and fine and finished in oiled woods... Just beyond this are 12 berths. The beauty of the work and finish is what attracts the attention of the beholder at first. The seats are elegantly upholstered in pale blue and in fine style. The sides are finished in Spanish mahogany which give a very rich setting. The berths and the outsides are finished

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in birds'eye maple burnished to the smoothness of glass, which reflects all objects like a plate mirror. The windows are double of fine French glass, and between them is set long, narrow bevel edged plate glass mirrors. The lambrequins over them match the plush of the seats...

"Overhead are exquisite chandeliers with delicate opaque glass globes, and also the pear shape globes of the incandescent light. The roof of the car inside is a raised deck ceiling beautifully carved and decorated in Queen Anne style in a most elegant and fanciful way...

"At the end of the smoking room is a neat and compact buffet for wine... the chairs are of light cane manufacture and the plush is cherry and the window lambrequins the same. At the opposite end, on either side of the entrance are book cases... also a writing desk, well stocked...

"In The dining room (which rivals Delmonico's) ... with seats for 30 to 40 people.. the entire car is handsomely fitted up in Nile-green silk plush ...in the most elegant manner possible and nothing that can be added to the comfort and pleasure of the passenger is omitted..."

This one train sported more electric lights than the whole city of Jacksonville at the time!

A belt around the axle of the baggage car turned a dynamo lighting 20 "Edison Incandescent, 60 watt lens" in each car. And every car was heated by steam pipes drawing directly from the engine.

This is the train President Grover Cleveland and his wife traveled on when he visited Jacksonville for the 1888 Sub-Tropical Exposition.

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Visitors to Flagler's resort hotels found there was only one small hitch in getting to them in luxury -- the St. Johns River. They had to disembark in Jacksonville, cross the river by ferry boat (which Flagler owned), and board a smaller train in Southside for the rest of the trip.

This wouldn't do at all.

To eliminate this inconvenience, in 1889, Flagler began construction of the first bridge across the St. Johns. His steel-railroad bridge opened for traffic on January 20, 1890. In 1925, it was replaced by the railroad bridge that runs parallel to Jacksonville's Acosta Bridge.

Flagler had a thing about railroad bridges; as his resort hotel empire pushed south to resorts at Ormond, West Palm Beach, and eventually to a barren place in the sand dunes called Miami, Flagler extended his railroads to follow. By 1912, he had built a railroad over trestles all the way to Key West. A hurricane in 1935 wiped out the tracks and the state used the old railroad pilings to build the Key West Highway.

Flagler laid the foundation for the mighty Florida East Coast Railway Company; but the railroad fell into hard times and receivership.

In 1961, the Interstate Commerce Commission awarded the railroad to Edward Ball, an associate of Alfred I. duPont.

The Florida East Coast Railway lost \$4.8 million the year before Ed Ball took it over. Ball bought its default bonds for 7.5 cents on the dollar; the very next year, the railroad showed a profit.

He brought in new people, abolished old work rules, restructured pay rates, untangled and reduced FEC debts, installed automatic crossing gates, initiated new safety procedures, improved

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rolling stock, upgraded equipment, and built a spur to serve NASA's space program at Cape Kennedy.

He managed the railroad through a bitter union fight which lasted 12 years, the longest strike in American railroading. There were over 300 incidents of violence during the strike including 82 trains dynamited.

Now, another thing which Henry Flagler thought Jacksonville lacked to accommodate his railroads and tourists was an elegant train depot.

He began to put that to rights as early as 1890 when he began to secretly buy property, mostly marsh land west of the city, for his envisioned Union Depot. Whipping other railroad owners into line and obtaining a public bond issue, Flagler organized the Jacksonville Terminal Company in 1894.

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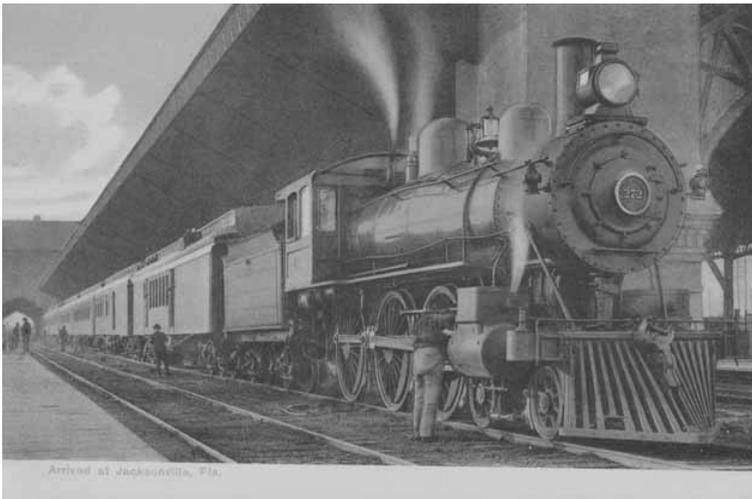
The Jacksonville Terminal of the Great Union Railroad opened in 1919. It is an impressive structure featuring a 180-foot facade of 14 Doric limestone columns that rise 42 feet from the floor. Inside, a 75-foot barrel-vaulted ceiling greeted the passengers which detrained from the more than 200 trains a day that served as the gateway to Florida during its heyday. The last train departed Jacksonville Terminal on January 3, 1974.

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Marsh was filled in with 300,000 cubic yards of earth and 2,100 pilings -- some driven 70 feet deep. A wooden train-shed over a fifth of a mile long was built -- but a hurricane blew the whole thing down.

The Union Depot, done in Open Mission style and decorated with wrought iron and palms, opened on January 15, 1897. Only one small tower of this original structure remains on the north side of today's Prime Osborn III Convention Center.

The old train station that was converted into Jacksonville's Convention Center, was built around the original Union Depot in 1919. It sported 14 sandstone columns at the entrance with a main waiting room measuring 80 by 125 feet. Its ceiling (rumored to be the eighth highest unsupported ceiling in the world, is 70 feet above the floor. At its heyday, Union Station had 60 miles of track and 29 track stations for passengers.



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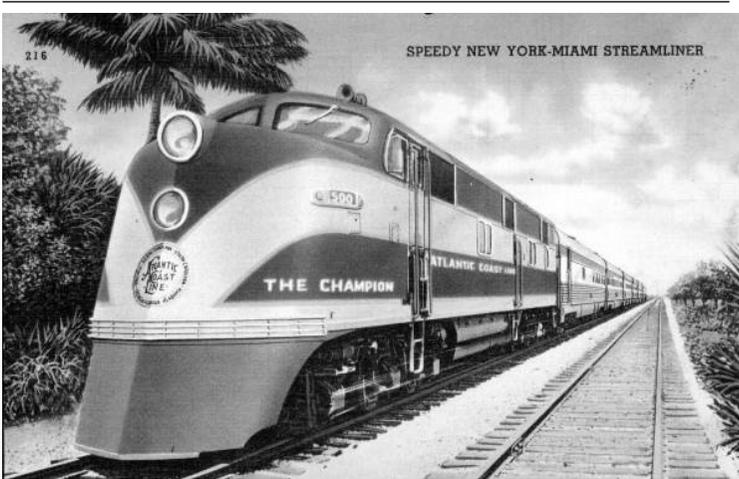
Curiously enough, Henry Flagler himself may have been obliquely responsible for the station's decline -- In 1896, he bought a White Steamer Motor Car and later brought it to Florida. Flagler died in West Palm Beach at age 83 in 1913.

Who can tell the impact of the automobile on railroading?

Of course, to a certain extent, the auto-train relationship in Florida has been symbiotic. According to material supplied by Gloria S. Taylor, FEC personnel administrator, in September, 1988, The Florida East Coast Railway Company took delivery of 51 new auto rack cars to transport new automobiles over the nation. Forty-one of these new racks were assigned to Ford national Pool and 10 were assigned to Chrysler National Pool.

Other FEC innovations include the use of concrete railroad ties instead of wooden ones. The new ties have a projected lifetime of a half century. FEC also is using 50 new all-aluminum flatbed trailers allowing the railroad to haul more payload and be more competitive; these new flatbeds brings the total FEC owns to 319.

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Another railroad giant in Jacksonville is CSX Transportation.

Seaboard Air Line and Atlantic Coast Line, rival systems for 140 years, merged in 1967. Seaboard Coast Line took control of the Louisville & Nashville and other smaller railroads in 1971 to form the Family Lines System. On November 1, 1980, the Chessie System and the Jacksonville-based Family Lines/SCL system were joined under the new CSX Corporation.

Railroad historian Robert W. Mann's *Rails 'Neath The Palms* sums up the birth of CSX Rail Transportation in a nutshell:

"The modern railroad may indeed be a colorless thing compared to its past," Mann said. "It has become a creation of plastic and high-gloss sameness, as endless strings of truck vans slip past on rails anchored to concrete -- devoid of clickety-clack, devoid of the red caboose and multi-engine lash-ups. The rails of Florida entered a new age with the end to end merger of the giant Chessie System on November 1, 1980,

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and more recently the complete absorption of all Family Lines member roads into a single Seaboard System Railroad. From that point on, things will never be the same."

No, Jacksonville railroading will never be the same; but a bright future lies ahead.

On March 29, 1989, CSX Rail Transportation opened its Kenneth C. Dufford Transportation Center, named for CSX Rail Transportation's executive vice president.

The transportation center features a three-tiered control center in a circular room with a 150-foot diameter. There, through an ultra modern computer system, dispatchers can control as many as 1,400 trains a day.

"It looks like Star Wars in there," said Norm Going, CSX Transportation's manager of corporate communications. "It's amazing. We control nearly 20,000 miles of track in 19 states from that one building right here in Jacksonville. It's the wave of the future."





JACKSONVILLE'S TELEPHONE HISTORY

Jacksonville's first telephone line stretched for a single city block. That line ran from the office of A.N. Beck at Main and Bay streets to the Inland Navigation Company at Bay and Laura streets.

Today, Jacksonville contains 424,000 miles of aerial wire and cable stretched along 31,818 telephone poles; and four million miles of underground line, as well as 18 million duct feet of conduit, said Dick Brown, Southern Bell community relations director.

"That's enough wire and cable to wrap around the world 180 times," he said.

That first phone line here was installed in 1878 - only two years after Alexander Graham Bell invented the telephone.

Jacksonville businessman John G. Christopher of the firm of Wightman & Christopher quickly saw the advantages of the new invention. He contracted with B.D. DeForrest, assistant superintendent of the

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Southern Bell Telephone & Telegraph Co., and in 1880 Jacksonville's first exchange was formed with 34 subscribers.

Today, over 275,000 customer lines are served in the Jacksonville area, Brown said.

During the early days of phone service in Jacksonville, some people viewed the instrument with reservations. For instance, in 1883, small pox broke out in the city and the question arose: Could infection travel through the phone lines?

A quarantine hospital was set up and, a June 3, 1883 newspaper reported, "The hospital has been connected with the telephone exchange and yesterday a *Times-Union* man mustered up courage enough to engage in a conversation with Dr. Babcock, of course at the safe distance of one and one-half miles and that after the Doctor had promised not to breath very hard while talking in the instrument".

Apparently the doctor did not breathe hard enough to spread the germs because both the reporter and the infant phone company survived that ordeal.

But the yellow fever epidemic of 1888 proved more serious.

Yellow fever depopulated Jacksonville; everyone who could fled the city, but of the people remaining in the city over 5,000 caught the disease and nearly 500 died. Telephone employees were no exception; all of them came down with the fever and several succumbed.

An October 17, 1888, letter from chief operator, Mrs. W.B. Owen, who was recovering from her own bout with yellow fever, captures the anguish of the day:

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“Mamie Davis has been sick today and has not been to the office... I do not think that Mamie has any symptoms of the fever, but it is dangerous to get sick now...”

“There is no doubt that if it had not been for her the exchange would have been closed, as at one time we were all down... She ran everything by herself. For sometime she had been alone... working from six in the morning to night and eating her dinner at the switchboard,,, It was very sad and lonely, her only company being the calls and most of them for doctors, undertakers and ambulances... I sincerely hope she is not going to have the fever”.

By 1890, the number of subscribers grew to 288. Business rates “within one-half mile radius of the exchange” cost \$16 per quarter, while the residential rate was \$12.50. On July 26, 1897, long distance service was established between Jacksonville and Savannah, Ga.

The telephone exchange caught fire on August 18, 1891. A new exchange was built at 212 West Forsyth Street. The great Jacksonville fire of 1901 leveled the city but missed the new exchange - although most telephone company records were destroyed.

The same year as the Great Fire, another communications business, the Jacksonville Telephone Co., was established to compete with Southern Bell. Due to financial troubles it folded in three years.

By 1910, Southern Bell had 6,367 Jacksonville customers and people were constantly discovering new uses for their telephones:

“If anyone desires to select the right kind of wife,” said the February 12, 1912

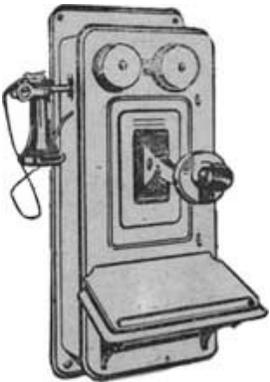


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issue of *Life* magazine, "One should never see the lady, but should first talk with applicants over the telephone.

"A woman's voice is a certain indication of her character. Selfishness, sympathy, shallowness, cultivation, reserve strength, control and the capacity to bore - all these things and much more are revealed in a woman's voice; therefore, make a list of girls... call them up on the telephone and select the voice you want. Never mind how she looks, she will always look well to you if you can listen to her with constantly increasing enjoyment".

People are still discovering new uses for their telephones. The Open Talk Service - with which people can join a round-table discussion on topics of current interest with up to a dozen other callers - draws 3,000 area callers each day.



An enhanced 911 service to enable callers to reach police, fire and emergency personnel was introduced in Duval, St. Johns and Clay counties in February, 1986. This service simplifies emergency calls for the caller, and also immediately displays the location of the calling phone and the location of the closest source of help to the dispatcher.

Now callers can bank or shop by telephone as well as have wide spread access to electronic mail and news services.

"The technology is available for even more," Brown said. "But at what point it will be ready for home use, who knows? ... There is almost no limit to what technology can achieve through fiber optics and computer switching

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systems; there's an exciting future ahead," he said.



THE GREAT TELEPHONE WAR

Frost in Cuba.

Snow in Tampa.

The winter of 1885/86 proved to be one of the coldest ever.

The Jacksonville Signal Office, a forerunner of the weather bureau, recorded temperatures in Jacksonville as ranging between a low of 15 and a high of 23 degrees.

The Signal Office received a telephone report of six inches of snow in Tampa and frost in Cuba.

Ice coated and broke telephone lines -- yes, there were telephones in Jacksonville back then, the first was installed in 1878 -- so the Signal Office could not issue up-to-date reports but printed bulletins as soon as information became available.

National news reports of the day covered:

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* A sex scandal during Grover Cleveland's campaign. The President admitted that he "had once formed an illicit connection with a woman, and a child had been born and given his name... although there was no proof that he was the father since other men had been involved".

* A Philadelphia Federal Court's decision in a patent infringement case brought by Alexander Graham Bell, inventor of the telephone; the court found in Bell's favor and awarded him one dollar in damages.

But weather dominated Jacksonville's local news:

"Several pigs and fowls were found frozen in their pens around the city yesterday...

"John Long left a barber shop late Saturday night for home and was found frozen dead Sunday morning not a quarter of a mile from where he started...

"There were no Northern mails yesterday owing to the failure of the fast mail train from the North to make connections...

"A large number of water pipes split during the night allowing water to escape, which soon afterward froze solid...

In 1886, pigs, plants and pipes concerned Jacksonville newspaper readers.

So did paving.

Jacksonville streets in those days were mainly dirt roads turning to mud in wet weather; paving streets was a major civic issue.

Opponents of paving cited the expense and claimed that paved streets caused Yellow Fever.

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Proponents observed that dogs, horses pulling carriages, and ox teams moving freight were not subject to emission controls.

The "Great Freeze" put the paving controversy on the back burner -- almost.

"Today Bay Street is frozen as hard as it can be," the newspaper said, "In fact, it could not be more solid if it was paved with stone... Mr. Jack Frost has taken on the contract, removing it from the hands of the Mayor these days".

Finally the cold snap broke. "Yesterday morning the Florida sun came up bright and smiling, but a little groggy from his fight with King Cold..."

The newspapers turned back to the usual civic issues: street paving and the telephone war.

An editorial commented, "Bay Street even has thawed out for a considerable extent and now in place of hard frozen earth, we encounter, in passing up and down, only the usual dust and sand and mud..."

An outstanding headline read:

HELLO! HELLO! HELLO! Telephone Rates -- The Big Kick Against Them

Yes, during 1885/86 Jacksonville and the telephone company had declared war on each other.

The first phone had been installed in Jacksonville in 1878. By 1885 the city had 170 telephones. As a leader in the 1880s communications industry, the *Florida Times-Union* boasted of having two telephones!

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Months before the great freeze, the newspaper started running a few paragraphs here and there about a local situation which finally developed into a front-page article headlined:

THE TELEPHONE WAR! Business Men Will Not Stand For Proposed Raise In Prices

The Southern Bell Telephone & Telegraph Company had entered Jacksonville in 1880. The company leased telephone instruments to customers for \$51 a year -- payable in advance.

In May 1885, Southern Bell announced a price increase of \$9 a year. This was during a time when people earned less. Lower prices reflected lower incomes; back then, quality blue jeans sold for 60¢ a pair and men's dress shirts cost only 47¢. The phone company's rate increase represented a considerable dip into people's wallets.

Two items in the national news distracted people's attention from the telephone rate increase for a time:

* Chief Geronimo and his band of Apache Indians daily eluded capture by the U.S. Army's 4th and 10 Calvary units.

* Popular French novelist Victor-Marie Hugo, author of *Les Miserables*, died. His funeral generated news coverage in 1885 like Princess Diana's did more recently.

But the telephone company's rate increase galled people.

A local businessman complained that everybody in Jacksonville was being "contemptuously treated by a scornful small agent of an autocratic monopoly".

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At first, citizens of Jacksonville responded to the price hike with grumbling and complaints and many, many special meetings. The Board of Trade wrote a letter protesting the rate hike to Mr. Corson, Southern Bell's general manager in New York.

His answer?

"The company has been in business long enough to know how to make its own charges," he said.

"The telephone company is willing to part regretfully with any subscriber who does not care to pay the company's rates," he said.

Public relations was not Mr. Courson's strong point.

Jacksonville's mayor said Corson's letter, "refers with expressions of disrespect" to Jacksonville and its Board of Trade.

This snub outraged citizens of Jacksonville.

The Board of Trade issued a statement saying, "The (present) rate of \$51 per annum for the rental of the Southern Bell Telephone Company's instruments provides that company sufficient remuneration for the service performed. The advance in rate now demanded is oppressive and extortionate!"

The Board circulated a petition:

In reference to telephone rates, we the undersigned subscribers to the Southern Bell Telephone & Telegraph, pledge ourselves not to renew our subscriptions to the Jacksonville Exchange of this company after the expiration of our present lease if any increased rental over fifty-one dollars per annum is demanded.

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Citizens lined up to sign the petition -- Florida Savings Bank, John N. Stockton, First National Bank, S.B. Hubbard, James Bowden.

Even the *Times-Union* vowed to give up both of its phones rather than pay the outrageous \$9 increase.

In retaliation, the phone company began removing phones from Jacksonville homes and businesses.

"Against the proposed rate increase we pledge ourselves to resist by every means in our power," Jacksonville said.

The Board of Trade opened negotiations with the Taylor System For The United States And Canada, a rival phone company, which offered, "a complete system of telephone transmitter, receiver, bell call, and switch... The Taylor System includes a simple carbon telephone transmitter, needing no adjustment, operated by a battery current."

The existing phone company legally squelched the competition:

The phone company wrote an open letter to the citizens of Jacksonville saying, "The Southern Bell Telephone and Telegraph Company has exclusive patent right of the Bell patent to the Southern States from Virginia to Mississippi inclusive..."

"The rate has been universally raised from \$51 to \$60 in all the cities in the company's territory. There is not the slightest prospect that the company would lower its rates if the whole city of Jacksonville withdraws its patronage... The company is better prepared to lose the whole of (Jacksonville) than to lose the \$9 per annum per box in those other cities."

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Jacksonville citizens still refused to pay what they called "superfluous and absurd" telephone bills.

The Board of Trade contacted other southern cities urging united, determined resistance to the giant monopoly.

The company removed more and more telephones.

Jacksonville citizens endured the inconvenience.

Because of Corson's haughty letter, the Board refused to negotiate with him; Southern Bell sent John D. Easterlin, company superintendent, from Charleston to present the company's non-negotiable demand for \$60 a year.

Easterlin said he had come to offer "an accommodation which had never before been granted to subscribers; however, the new rate will be insisted upon in the end".

His compromise was that Jacksonville subscribers could pay their phone bills for only three months in advance at a time, instead of paying the entire year's bill at once -- but they still had to pay \$60.

That seemed to be the best deal possible.

Jacksonville citizens knuckled under -- sort of.

The Board of Trade conceded:

"That we are being discriminated against and heaped with more than our share of a much resented burden seems plain. Such redress as lies within our power, however, should not be neglected. If we cannot save a part of the new extortion to our private pockets, we may nevertheless direct it from the coffers of a

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foreign corporation to the pressing needs of our city treasury”.

After all, the city needed money to pave those dirt streets, so...

The Jacksonville City Council imposed a new communications license tax of \$500 per annum on the phone company!

Later the license fee was reduced to \$300, but Jacksonville citizens continued to feel that their resistance to intimidation had paid off.

The prevailing attitude was:

That'll Show The Rascals! No phone company will ever dare impose an outrageous increase like that on Jacksonville again... Or will they?

YELLOW JACK IN JACKSONVILLE: The 1888 Epidemic



On July 28, 1888, Yellow Jack invaded Jacksonville, Florida.

He first attacked Mr. R.D. McCormick, a visiting businessman who was registered at the Grand Union Hotel.



Within two weeks the monster controlled the city.

The invisible killer slaughtered whole families of rich and poor without discrimination or apparent reason. He seemed to strike at his own cruel whim and no one knew where he came from or how to stop him.

Yellow Jack was the personification of

yellow fever.

Newspaper cartoons of the day pictured him as a skeleton shrouded in wispy graveclothes and

John W. Cowart

wearing a yellow sombrero, which indicated his supposed Cuban birthplace.

Yellow Jack's arrival in Jacksonville confronted every citizen with two equally horrible alternatives: staying home to face the epidemic, or trying to flee past quarantine guards armed with shotguns who sealed all exits from the city.

"One road leads to Hell and the other to damnation. And whichever one you take, you'll wish you'd tuck the other," said the Sept. 4, 1888, *Florida Weekly Times* newspaper.

Most citizens tried to escape.

The very next day after Yellow Jack's first appearance here, the *Florida Times-Union* reported, "Every train and steamer going out is loaded to the utmost capacity, and drays, carriages and wagons laden with trunks, furniture and people roll depot-ward all day".

W.C.B. Solee, who remained in the city, said, "When the trains pulled out they were jammed with refugees - packing the platforms, hanging on to the guardrails, and even clambering up on the tops of cars. In many of the residences of my friends, which I went through afterwards to make secure, I found food in vessels ready to cook, and bureau drawers partially emptied and left wide open".

Elihu Burritt, who wrote *Experiences In A Stricken City*, said that during the tourist season of 1887/88, "More than 130,000 people registered at hotels in Jacksonville".

But, in a Sept. 19th letter to a friend, Patrick McQuaid, a candidate for a second term as Jacksonville's Mayor, wrote, "The situation is now terrible... over 150 new cases yesterday and 20 deaths... All business and work is suspended..."

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The city government is virtually defunct, the heads having fled... God knows where the end is”.

The Florida Minstrels, an 1880s theatrical group, later made up a song about the panic:

*De Mayor's proclamation
didn't do a bit of good,
Kase all de oldest citizens was
breakin' for the woods.*

*You never seen so many folks
at the Duval County Fair,
As run aboard de steamboats
in the Yaller Fever Scare.*

As the population of Jacksonville dropped from over 130,000 people to 14,000, those hoping to escape faced a massive quarantine which grew ever tighter.

Everyone in Jacksonville was in a high-risk category; no one in other cities wished to be contaminated by refugees from Jacksonville.

Stories of horror and stupidity about the treatment of Jacksonville refugees filtered back to the city and were printed in the daily newspapers:

Fearing that a suspect freight shipment might carry the fever, “The City Board of Marianna recently fumigated a half-ton of ice that was put off at the depot there... Some of the Board suggested it ought to be dumped into a large vat and boiled,” reported the *Weekly Times*.

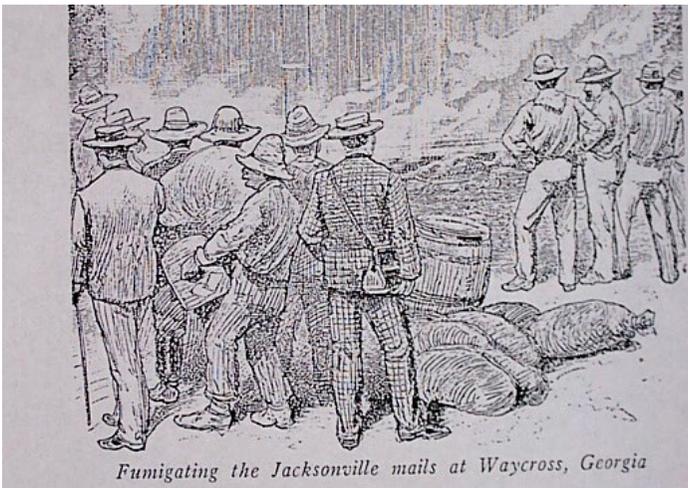
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Leaving their baggage, refugees from Jacksonville scramble in fear away from a sick woman in a railroad car.

The mayor of Montgomery, Alabama, offered a \$100 reward to anyone capturing an escapee from Jacksonville.

Waycross, Georgia, citizens threatened to pull up the tracks if a train from Jacksonville tried to pass through even if it ran at full speed with the passengers locked in and the windows sealed.



Crackers & Carpetbaggers

Officials in Ocala wrote a letter published in the August 12th *Times-Union* saying, "We condole and sympathize with Jacksonville on her misfortunes and afflictions, but self-preservation is the first law of nature".

Many other cities felt the same way.

Refugees from Jacksonville were shot at, turned back or locked in cattlecars in various places. Guards armed with shotguns sealed all roads out of Jacksonville and refugee camps were set up to detain escapees under quarantine. Trains were rerouted around the city and steamboat lines suspended service.

"Nowhere was a manly hand extended. If they had been in the land of the Hottentots they could hardly have fared more wretchedly," said J.E. Drayton concerning the treatment of his family and a trainload of refugees who had left Jacksonville on the first day of the panic.

The *Weekly Times* editor wrote, "My advice to the people of Jacksonville... is to remain at home 'til the fever scare subsides... It is much safer to fight the fever than to fight the fear of it".

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This 1888 photo shows Camp E.A. Perry, a yellow fever detention camp on the south bank of St. Mary's River in Florida, near the Georgia border.

On the other hand, the *Florida Dispatch* urged people to flee; it published the advice of the Jacksonville Auxiliary Association, a health organization which virtually ruled the city: "The committee proposed to urge all persons to leave town as soon as they had places of refuge open to them".

A September 8th *Times-Union* editorial said, "We advise all who can get away... to do so... Nothing now, it seems, can stay the plague except the want of material for it to feed upon".

Such confusing and conflicting advice bewildered citizens.

One correspondent said, "You may stay in Jacksonville and catch the fever or try to run away and catch fits..."

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“Our invaders (the Yellow Jack microbes) drive us with their spears into the sea; the waves rise up and drive us back again upon the cruel spears of the invaders and of all men we are most miserable”.

No one living at the time knew the cause or cure of the disease.

The *Florida Dispatch* explained the theory of “Wiggins, the Canadian weather prophet crank” who said:

“The cause of the fever is astronomical. The planets were in the same line as the sun and earth and this produced, besides cyclones, earthquakes, etc., a denser atmosphere holding more carbon and creating microbes.

“Mars had an uncommonly dense atmosphere, but its inhabitants were probably protected from the fever by their newly discovered canals, which were perhaps made to absorb carbon and prevent the disease”.

Reputable scientists were not much closer to the mark.

Mrs. H.K. Ingram, speaker for the American Association For The Advancement Of Science, recommended “exploding a little gunpowder on a shovel in the middle of the room” to combat the illness.

“It (the cause of yellow fever) is either a germ possessed of animal or vegetable life,” she said. “Or it must be a poison in the air in the form of a gas. If it be not animal, it may be fungoid... If the cause of infectious diseases be poisonous air or gases, concussion still becomes a most reasonable remedy”.

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That theory sounded reasonable to a lot of people.

The federal government sent cannon from the garrison at St. Augustine to “concuss” the microbes. The Wilson Battery, a local paramilitary unit, set up the artillery on Jacksonville street corners and blasted Yellow Jack every five minutes all night every night. “The result was great damage to store windows and fronts while the fever raged on”.

Effigies of Yellow Jack were burned on street corners.

“Just before sundown last evening the proprietors of the *Times-Union* caused several bonfires of pitch and tar to be lighted about the building in order to purify the atmosphere in the vicinity... later in the evening other fires were lighted in different points in the city... Let fires be kept burning constantly,” urged the August 12th *Times-Union*.

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*Bay Street. Fires burning to
"destroy" fever germs.*

Two days later the newspaper suggested such conflicting precautions as:

*Keep indoors from an hour or more before
sunset 'til an hour at least after sunrise...*

Avoid the night air...

Avoid exposure to the sun...

Eat no meat...

Eat no cabbage...

Eat before leaving your house...

Avoid nervousness...

Have faith in your doctor...

Nothing worked.

"Yellow Jack Reigns Supreme" declared one headline.

Excerpts from the sick lists published daily in the papers show the democratic scope of the

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disease: citizens of all ages, races, religions and economic status were victims.

Yellow fever attacks the liver and kidneys causing the skin to turn yellow and the stomach to hemorrhage producing a black vomit – the dreaded hallmark of yellow fever. The victim’s whole body turns black at death.

Caroline Standing, matron of Nurses at St. Luke’s Hospital, later recalled the fate of a city fireman, who did not flee the scourge: “William Craugn was found sick in the middle of (Forsyth) Street, in the last stages of the fever. He was lying prostrate, with his head down, his face red and yellow, showing the marked characteristics of the fever. He was partially delirious... with the symptoms of the fatal black vomit... He died the following morning”.

Before the disease ran its course nearly 5,000 of the 14,000 people remaining in Jacksonville caught it and more than 400 died. During a single September week, there were 1,000 new cases and 70 deaths; on just one day, 156 new cases and 20 deaths were recorded.

Times-Union editor Edwin Martin wrote:

“As believers in the great truths of Christianity, we should, on... the threatened prevalence of a dread pestilence in our midst, recognize our dependence of the Great Physician whose skill reaches even beyond the span of human life... It becomes the people of Jacksonville to bow themselves in all humility before the throne of grace and pray to Him who holds the universe under His control to stay the pestilence and save our city in this hour of danger. But should it not be consistent with His will to avert the epidemic, we can ask in all confidence for the sustaining strength to endure”.

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Yellow Jack killed Martin a few weeks later.

To help Jacksonville endure the scourge, James Jaquelin Daniel, a leading citizen, organized the Jacksonville Auxiliary Sanitation Association (JASA). "There is nothing which Jacksonville more needs than that her people should stand together in all matters pertaining to the welfare of their city," he said.

Yellow flags marking houses containing the sick flew all over the city, and black bunting draped hundreds of doors. Death carts rattled through the city each night picking up the dead secretly to avoid spreading panic.

"Almost every household has been invaded by the pestilence and more than one family has been literally swept from the face of the earth. The dying have rarely been surrounded by loved ones and the dead have been interred with little if any ceremony," lamented one sufferer.

Mass burials in trenches became necessary. Present-day workers near the intersection of 44th Street and Norwood Avenue occasionally still unearth skeletons of fever victims buried in these unmarked trenches.

Early in the epidemic, Daniel had urged citizens to "show the world that we have confidence in our own resources". And Jacksonville responded. Pastors stayed to minister to their congregations, doctors labored without pay, businessmen contributed to the JASA, and a private citizen - Mrs. A.B. Anthony - went from house to house carrying jugs of fresh milk to the sick at her own expense.

After weeks of such efforts, Daniel issued a call for outside help and the nation answered Jacksonville's distress call.

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Other cities did what they could to relieve the suffering of Jacksonville.

Editorial cartoons of the day portray Jacksonville as a stricken lady surrounded by other cities as Amazon warriors with raised shields giving her aid. Or they show Yellow Jack ravishing Lady Jacksonville with the whole nation, Columbia, fighting for her virtue.

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Clara Barton, founder of the American Red Cross, dispatched nurses into the danger zone. Jacksonville

A contingent of 18 Red Cross nurses from New Orleans took a train to come relieve suffering in Jacksonville, but the train engineer refused to stop in the plague zone.

It was after midnight in a torrential downpour when the nurses jumped from the moving train in MacClenny in order to reach the sick who needed them.

They stayed in this area for 79 days often working shifts of 72 hours without sleep. Some

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carried patients on their backs for miles to seek help. These nurses earned \$3 a day.

Apparently, eight of them died of the fever.

Clara Barton wrote of their sacrifice, “Warm appreciation and grateful acknowledgement of the faithful hands that toiled and the generous hearts that gave”.

Some cities sent artillery to help blast the air. From all over the country money flowed in ranging from large gifts to two cents sent by a widow contributing her mite.

J.J. Daniel caught the fever and died. Grieving citizens planned to erect a statue honoring him, but when the money was collected -- \$2,000 in 48 hours - they chose a memorial more appropriate to his life and service: Daniel Memorial Orphanage And Home For The Friendless came into being.

“Great calamities... serve to bring the people to a practical realization of their dependence on the Creator. We believe this has been peculiarly true here in Jacksonville. This epidemic has developed many Christian heroes—we may almost say martyrs... This epidemic is daily illustrating the power of God, the influence of genuine religion and the brotherhood of mankind,” said the September 30th *Times-Union*.

Maybe so.

But heroes of faith found that their opposites also abounded in Jacksonville at the height of the plague.

“Antonio Christopher at the time he was taken sick with the fever is reported to have \$3,000 in cash... False friends secured his pile and made

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off with it," reported that same issue of the newspaper.

When H.L. Robinson, an employee of Western Union, died, two women, both claiming to be his wife, came forward to collect the salary due him. Neither woman had been aware of the other's existence; confusion and feelings of betrayal mingled with their grief.

"Please find enclosed 50 cents, the joint contribution of two poor men for the Jacksonville sufferers," said one letter the JASA received - the enclosed coin was counterfeit.

In October, the long confinement in a stricken city with a scarcity of supplies, drove people to form a mob.

About a thousand strong, they staged a raid on the JASA warehouse. The cannon of the Wilson Battery, previously used to concuss Yellow Jack, were now turned on his victims.

"Two guns were planted in the alleyway, loaded to the muzzles with slugs, shot and ten-penny nails. This information was conveyed to the insurgents, who were further informed that action would be instantaneous with the first move in the direction of the supplies. Thus peace prevailed, and what looked like the beginning of a bad riot was averted," the newspaper reported.

William F. Hawley, who caught the disease but survived it, later recalled other people's reactions to Yellow Jack.

Hawley and a friend heard a rumor that drinking champagne prevented the disease. They "vaccinated" themselves with six bottles in one night. Hawley could not remember whether or not his friend caught the fever, but, "I know he had a large headache the next day," he said.

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Finally, on November 25th, 1888, the temperature fell to 32 degrees and the cold weather did what batteries of cannon could not do - it killed the mosquitoes that carried

Yellow Jack and ended the epidemic.

It was to be another dozen years before Dr. Walter Reed would prove that mosquitoes were the disease vector and that killing them killed Yellow Jack.

“The Clyde Line steamboats... resumed operation on December 15th, and that night there was a welcoming reception. The Wilson Battery came out and shot off several salvos. There was a parade and a good time generally,” Hawley said.

The nightmare had ended.

As people returned to their homes, resumed business, greeted friends and talked about their experiences during the plague, perhaps a few remembered the last verse of the Florida Minstrels song:

*It's mighty curious, somehow,
But den it am a fact,
Dat dis yer whole community
Wid funny folks is packed.
An suppose you ax the question,
Dey'll one and all declare,
Dat dey nebber got excited on
The Yaller Fever scare.*

John W. Cowart





THE GREAT FIRE OF JACKSONVILLE

Just before Easter, 1901, the March 13th *Florida Times-Union* carried these items:

* "It takes the dears to make a stag party what it really ought to be."

* "The burning out of a flue in the United States Hotel at 5:55 o'clock last night caused the entire fire department to be called out. Smoke was seen issuing from the hotel at that time and an alarm was sent in from box 16, corner Bay and Newnan Streets. There was no damage.

* "A small shed and a pile of weeds at the foot of Hogan Street... was destroyed by fire shortly after 5 o'clock yesterday morning. An alarm from a box corner of Bay and Cedar streets called out the entire department and the flames were

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extinguished in a few minutes. The loss will amount to \$25.

* "An absent-minded drug clerk was asked the other day if he kept Lent and he replied: No, but we have something just as good.

* "All fire alarm boxes in this city are now in working order and the system is complete. This announcement was made by Chief Haney last night. Six new boxes being of the Keyless pattern have been added to the number already in use. These are on Bay Street. With the addition of these new boxes there are fifty-two in service and every portion of the city is covered by them."

Alas, all the technological advances Fire Chief Thomas W. Haney had instituted proved to no avail. The new boxes all burned six weeks later in the Great Jacksonville Fire of May 3, 1901.



When that day was over, 2,368 buildings had burned; 466 acres covering 140 city blocks

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smoldered; 10,000 homeless people camped out; at least seven bodies were found.

Heat from the fire created a waterspout in the St. Johns.

The statue of the Confederate Soldier in Hemming Park glowed red hot and its concrete column cracked.

The cypress paving blocks on Bay Street burned. Moisture in porous bricks exploded them.

Everyone who lived through that day remembered it.

Here are some of their experiences:

Fire Chief Haney:

"On May 3d at 12:39 p.m. this department received an alarm by telephone that there was a fire at the Cleaveland (sic) Mattress Factory...

"The Department responded promptly, and immediately upon my arrival at the fire I sent out a general alarm calling all the apparatus in the service; the Department was put to work on the east, south and west sides of the fire...

"After some very hard work, the Department had the fire under control in the blocks adjoining the one in which it started, when to my surprise and, I might say, horror, I was told that there was a fire at the corner of Bridge and Church streets. I immediately sent a hose company and the hook and ladder company to this fire.

"From this time it was one report after another that this house or that one was on fire from one to five blocks away.

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THE FIRE AT 12:45 P.M. WHILE BUSINESS DINES.

"I sent the hose wagons back to the houses for more hose with instructions to return to the fire farthest east and make a stand...

"I then called... Mr. B.F. Dillon...with a request to telegraph for all the assistance that he could possibly get as the city was doomed.

"The Department was making the best fight possible, but with the wind against it and the light material that was burning, and a large number of the buildings frame structures with shingle roofs, their best efforts were of no avail.

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The Fire at 2:55 p.m.

"About three o'clock in the afternoon I became overheated and had to be carried home. After resting a while I returned to the fire, to again become so faint I could not keep up, and was again taken home where Dr. Durkee came and gave me the necessary medical attention. After a short while, and against the wishes of the doctor, I again started for the fire, but my strength gave way and I was taken home again, and then sent word to the assistant chief that he must take charge.

"From what I saw before I became incapacitated, and have learned from the citizens of this city, there was never a more noble or braver fight made than was made by the little band of men that constitute this Department."

E.J. Wendt, Mattress factory foreman:

"We made fiber from the palmetto leaves and also made excelsior, cured feathers and moss for making mattresses and upholstering..."

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"The day of the fire I had shut down the machinery and after the help... had lunched as usual, they lay down somewhere in the fiber, moss or near the cotton gin to nap.

"I was lying down on a couch in the office resting when the yard foreman gave the fire alarm. I ran for the first fire hose just outside the office door but had to drop it and run along the shed to wake up the (workers)...

"The burning moss was rolling in waves like ocean combers.



Burning moss rains down on Jacksonville

"The whole factory force had to jump down the trash hole near the back of the factory...

"The fire started about 12:30 from a spark from one of the houses on Beaver Street on the south. It started near the ramp and rolled toward the factory and in the doors and windows where we had bags of feathers and horse hair hanging from the ceiling drying."

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Mrs. Clarence Maxwell:

"We ate our dinner and Mr. Maxwell returned to town while Reba and I returned complacently to our sewing. We could hear explosions and from the window see flames leaping above the tree-tops. I suggested that we get our hats and go to it.

"As we walked over to Riverside Avenue we met a colored man who said 'Madame, the whole city is burning up and these two children and few clothes is all I got left. I'm going to the woods...'

"The whole avenue was lined with vehicles loaded with goods and people. Private carriages were piled high and rushing in all directions...

"We hastened on, appalled at the spectacle. Flames were enveloping everything on all sides. The fire advanced as rapidly as a person could walk.

"Women were even seizing vehicles standing on the streets where they had been hauled out of stables for protection and loading them up themselves and then getting between the shafts and pulling them.

"Little children were fleeing, some with dolls in their arms, some with cats or bird cages. I saw one woman leading her cow up the middle of Bay Street...

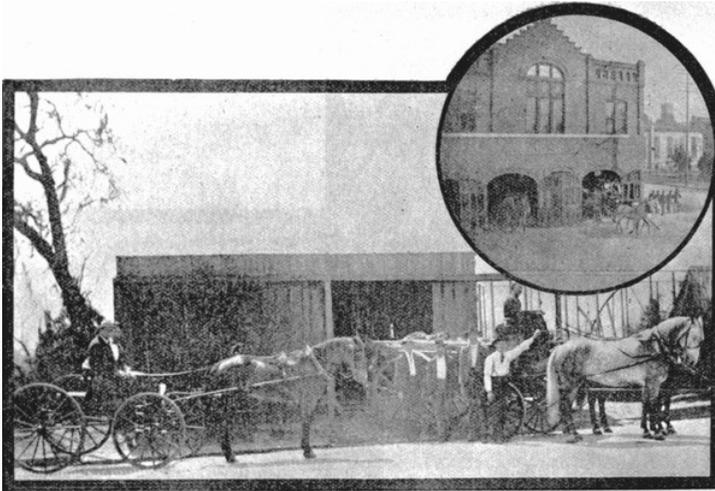
"Inside of five minutes the places we had just left were a seething mass."

Fireman W.G. Smedley:

"I was eating lunch in a boarding house down the street from the No. 1 fire station when the alarm came in at 12:35 p.m.

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"I ran back to the station and caught the end of the wagon just as it went out the door.



OLD AND NEW HEADQUARTERS OF FIRE DEPARTMENT.

"Nobody had any idea, of course, of what we were in for...

"Moss being dried at the fiber factory had caught fire. A sudden wind blew up out of the west on what had started as a calm hot day.

"We thought we just about had the fire under control when the wind blew burning moss onto the tops of about two dozen houses along the street...

"I looked down the street (Jefferson) and couldn't see anything but a wall of flame.

"The fire zigzagged from Beaver Street to Bridge Street. It went on to Adams and along the north side of Adams to Laura. With the exception of a small blacksmith shop, everything east of Laura to Hogan's Creek burned..

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"I saw a woman running down the street carrying a bird cage. The cage was empty..."

"I saw another woman frantically stuffing newspapers into a trunk. She must have been so excited she didn't know what she was doing."

Fireman Stephen A. Weeks:

When Chief Haney's telegram calling for help reached Savannah, firemen there loaded their engine on a railroad flat car and speed south "122 miles per hour on 60-pound rail".

Stephen Weeks was a stoker on a steam fire engine from Savannah.

When his crew got here, Jacksonville resembled a city under bombardment. Escaping refugees got in the way of firemen trying to get into the city.

"Horses with wagons burning like comet tails behind them panicked and ran blindly through the streets..."

"Bricks used to pave the streets leaping 10 or 15 feet in the air to burst into countless fragments in the heat..."

"It was so hot that fire hoses burned off at hydrants with water running through them," he said

Weeks helped evacuate a new orphanage -- "They had just dedicated it at 12:30, about the same time the fire broke out," he said.

Some fire units from other cities which came to help, got lost in the city and were boxed in by the flames and had to abandon their equipment to escape.

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"Some departments, which sent every bit of equipment they had, lost it all that way," Weeks said.

Only seven lives were reported lost. Weeks believed there were many more.

"The number lost will never be known but to God; it was impossible to determine how many were burned or drowned in the river where they fled for safety," he said.

Schoolboy Richard D. Oldham:

First-grader Richard Oldham had just come home from school for lunch when the fire started; in later years, he recorded what happened:

"We were real scared.

"The sparks were everywhere.

"Sparks were all over the place.

"My mother was just praying.

"I guess, my father was at work helping people downtown," he said.

His father owned a livery stable. His drivers were picking up furniture from homes and stacking it in a vacant lot where they hoped it would be safe.

A driver brought in a piano and one of the crew sat at it and over and over played "It's a Hot Time in The Old Town Tonight".

"I think there were two ships in port, the *Comanche* and the *Apache*, and they put the ships out in the middle of the river to keep them from burning," Oldham said.

"We had a great big 10-room house and we kept people. We had to help because they had

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nothing. All their clothes were burned and everything else, see. They lost everything...

"After that, I didn't go to school for a long time, about a year and a half or two years," he said.

Attorney David Mitchell:

"I had been over in town in the morning, and as I left to catch the boat across the river where a dray awaited me to take the trip to Alexandria Villa, I passed the fire station (Central)...

"The alarm sounded and Chief Haney streamed out in the big red go-devil of a fire truck, drawn by the two handsome bay horses of the fire department...

"I went home -- four miles from the Jacksonville Ferry, and as dinner was being served, I said to the butler, 'Pearson, what makes it so dark? Is there an eclipse of the sun?'

"He went to the north window and looked across towards Jacksonville and rushed back with a tense face -- 'Fore God, Master David, It sure looks like the end of the world! Come Look!'

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"There was a clump of imported bamboo at least forty feet high growing on the lawn ... and above that was a sheet of flames from the burning Jacksonville, lurid and roaring, fanned by a high wind, and above that a pall of black smoke that obscured the sun and make it dark as night at our place."

Mitchell took the ferry boat back into Jacksonville to see about his Sunday School teacher, Mrs. Root.

He saw, "That wharf -- filled with precious belongings of Jacksonville citizens, who hoped in vain to gain transportation to the south side of the river. There were family portraits, clothing, bric-a-brac, baskets of silver, trunks filled with heirlooms and precious documents and papers, and the people with their panic-stricken faces as

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the fire leaped by bounds to the water's edge, destroying the wharf itself!"

He fought his way to the Root house.

"From there saw -- two big hotels--the Windsor and the St. James--flames shooting from every window, flames high in the air from the roofs, a million dollars going up in flames, but what a magnificent sight the two big buildings made as they yielded their greatness to the fire!"

A Fireman's Heroic Wife:

Six-year-old Erma Zoller's father served as assistant fire chief during the Great Fire. Years later, she told about what happened.

The Zoller family lived on Church Street.

Her mother had his lunch ready when she heard Big Jim blow that day.

"Well, we better sit down and have dinner because he's going to be late coming on account of the fire," Mrs. Zoller said.

The daughter remembered, "She fixed his meal and put it on top of the stove to keep warm. The little warmer oven was there. I guess about an hour later we heard the whistle blow again about three or four times..."

"Mother said, 'Oh, my goodness, he's going to be very late getting home now. They must have a tremendous fire someplace. They're calling help.

"After a while people started running through the street hollering, 'The city's on fire!'

"We went out on the porch and we could see just big clouds of smoke going up, and everybody was hollering and telling everybody they'd better

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pack up and get out because the city was burning up. So Mother had a large trunk and she started to pack what valuables that she had in the trunk.

"We went out again and watched. When we saw the Immaculate Conception Church a block-and-a-half or two blocks from our house burning, Mother said, 'Well, this is serious. I'll see if I can't get somebody to move the trunk down.'"



Mrs. Zoller had to pay a man \$25 to carry her trunk down and set it in the middle of Church Street.

"I was terribly frightened. My mother was frightened. We were worried about my father because we heard people telling all kinds of things, that Chief Haney was dead, and the other chiefs were dead, and they were overcome in

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the streets, the fire hoses were burning up in the streets, and they couldn't make any headway. Oh, we heard all kinds of reports, don't you see..."

Mrs. Zoller, her daughter and her 3-year-old son stood in the street watching their house burn.

"She took me by the hand and my brother. He was younger than me. I had a little dog on a string, a little fox terrier on a string and we stood over on the corner and we were watching the trunk to see whether anybody would take it off..."

No one would help the fireman's wife move her trunk of valuables.

"And so we saw the house burn and Mother said, 'Well, we better move on before you get a spark in your hair and set your hair on fire.'

"She saw the trunk burned up in the street. She didn't cry. She just took me by the hand and we just started walking.

"After we saw the house go, we were worried about my father. We didn't let the house worry us too much, but Mother was so afraid that something had happened to him."

They walked blocks and blocks following the crowds away from the fire.

"All along the way, we asked people, inquiring about the fire department. Was anybody hurt, did they hear of anybody, the chief or the fire chiefs. A lot of people said no, they didn't hear and some people -- well, they'd tell us some weird stories..."

Exhausted, they arrived on Talleyrand Avenue. They asked at stores and homes if they could rest.

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No one would take them in.

"Everybody told her they were full up and my mother said, 'Well, I simply can't sit in the street with my two children....

"So the lady said, 'Well, all I can do is rent you a chair.'

"So Mother rented a chair from her, a rocking chair... We spent the night there. I just sat on the floor and rested my head against my mother's knee."

The next day, an uncle found Chief Zoller; he had been overcome by smoke and was in a home across the city from where his family was.

The uncle "took us to where Dad was on the other side of town. Oh my lands, we were so happy to see Poppa.

"Mother finally broke down and cried.

"And she thanked God that we were reunited again."

THE FIRE'S AFTERMATH

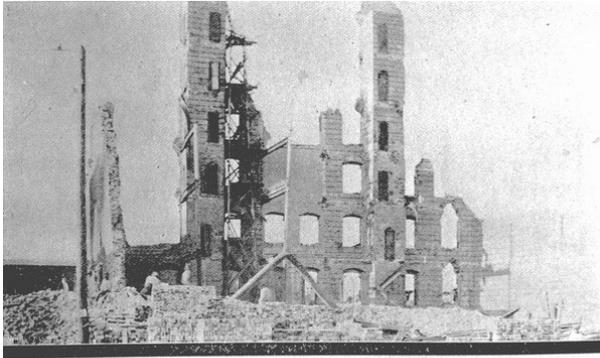
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*N.E. Corner Hemming Park
Jackson after fire*



John W. Cowart



REMAINS OF GARDNER OFFICE BUILDING, COHEN BROS., DRY-GOODS, GROUND FLOOR.



Merrill and Co.

26



*CITY HALL MARKET JACKSONVILLE FLA
MAY 6th 1901 - 3517
REPLACES 1900*

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Jacksonville Rebuilt.

Mayor J.E.T. Bowden said, "The loss of Jacksonville is greater than was ever before inflicted by fire upon a city of the South, but her best wealth survives in her people and through them she will soon sit resplendent once more with increased glory as the metropolis of the state. "

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Chief Haney issued the first building permit -- for a grocery store -- within days of the fire.

The U.S. Government sent tents to house thousands of homeless people.



HEADQUARTERS WOMAN'S AUXILIARY ASSOCIATION,

Five days after the fire, the city issued 49 marriage licenses. The newspaper said, "Evidently many young men who found their sweethearts without a home thought it best to provide for them."

A barn served as a temporary fire house. Other cities donated their used equipment to make up for the engines and horses Jacksonville had lost.

A newspaper editorial exonerated the Jacksonville Fire Department, "Fire Chief T.W. Haney is a good commander, as has been demonstrated a thousand times here. The

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firemen did all that human beings could do under the circumstances but had to give up."

Local newspaper accounts said:

"Funds poured in from all over the United States and thousands of dollars soon went to the relief of the stricken.

"None of the larger cities declined to lend a helping hand...

"Many trains and steamboats brought supplies to us from all over the United States, as well as large sums of money..."

One out-of-town newspaper man saw the relief effort a bit differently:

H.L. Mencken covered the aftermath of the fire for the *Baltimore Morning Herald*.

"When I arrived by train.. there seemed to be nothing left save a fringe of houses around the municipal periphery, like the hair on a friar's head.

"Only one hotel was left standing, and, so far as I could discover, not a single other public convenience of any sort, whether church, hospital, theatre, livery-stable, jail, bank, saloon, barber-shop, pants-pressing parlor, or sporting house".

The buildings had burned. But by and large the people were fine. Everyone had lost property. Everyone had been excited. Everyone had been scared. But virtually no one had been seriously injured.

In the beautiful May weather (temperatures in the mid to high 80s), everyone was camping out, eating in the open, swapping tales, swimming in the St. Johns -- instead finding the gaunt disaster

John W. Cowart

victims he came to write about, Mencken found that Jacksonville resembled a giant community picnic!

Bigger disappointment confronted Mencken.

"Not this scene of desolation, but the imbecility of public effort to aid its ostensible victims. In every American community of Christian pretensions, North, East, South and West, busy-bodies began to collect money and goods for their succor the moment the first bulletins came in, and by the time I reached what was left of the Jacksonville railroad station the first relief shipments were on the way...

"The boys at the Pimlico race-track had contributed 100 second-hand horse blankets ... the saloonkeepers of Baltimore had matched them with 100 cases of Maryland rye...

"The Mayor was amused, but not surprised, for he had telegrams on his desk showing that many other Northern cities were even more idiotic than Baltimore. St. Paul, it appeared, was sending a couple of bales of old fur coats, and Boston was loading a car with oil-stoves. Even some of the nearby towns, though they should have known better, had contributed supplies almost as insane. Thus a large box of woolen mittens had come from Montgomery, Ala., and Winston-Salem, N.C., had sent a supply of the heavy, sanitary red underwear for which it was then famous."

Mayor Bowden and the reporter discussed hiding the rye under the 100 horse blankets. The one thing Jacksonville needed less than any of the other stuff was liquor.

A new telegram came from Baltimore -- another boxcar was on the way "loaded mainly with

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medical and chirurgical(sic) materiel(sic), including a bale of splints, five gallons of sulphuric ether, half a ton of bandages, a crate of wooden legs and twenty Potter's Field coffins...

"Inasmuch as... survivors were in robust health and excellent spirits, this shipment seemed somehow irrational," Mencken said.

The Mayor told him that since the State Militia -- from the Everglades -- was on the scene, they "would undoubtedly begin shooting one another anon, and it would be handy to have the splints and coffins, if not the wooden legs".

That night Mencken camped underneath a grand piano to sleep. State militiamen guarding the smoldering ruins of a nearby bank thought they saw something and opened up with a machine gun.

"With the sounding-board of the piano directly over my head, I got the full force of the reverberation," he said.

After days of looking for the shipment from Baltimore, Mencken finally found the cars on a siding.

"I spent the next morning writing a long piece describing the grateful gloats and sobs of the starving and shivering Jacksonville populace as the cars rolled in, and the supplies were distributed," he said.

The reporter really felt "The fire had been the luckiest act of God in all (Jacksonville's) history."

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John W. Cowart



After The Fire Near Bay & Main Streets

Near the corner of Bay and Market, stood an old feed company warehouse with a cellar packed tight with wheat, corn and oats.

After the warehouse burned, the fire ate underground into the compressed grain.

For months and months after the Great Fire of Jacksonville, the pit full of grain continued to smolder and break into flame periodically.

At 12:30 p.m. on May 3, 1902 -- one year to the minute after the fire started, Chief Haney ordered a pumper and hose down there again.

He told the men to start pumping and not stop until that cellar was full to the top.

That's what they did.

The Great Fire of Jacksonville was finally out.



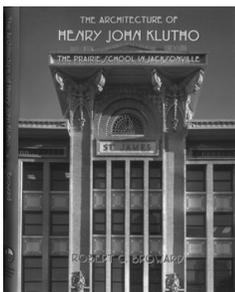
AFTER THE FIRE...

Architect Henry John Klutho (1873-1964) rebuilt Jacksonville, Florida, after the Great Fire.

Fire destroyed the city on Friday, May 3, 1901. In only eight hours 1,700 buildings burned to the ground.

In New York Klutho read newspaper accounts of Jacksonville's destruction and its spirit to rebuild. He closed his office and headed south. "I decided to go after about \$10 million of the destroyed property," he said.

Klutho remained in Jacksonville for the rest of his life.

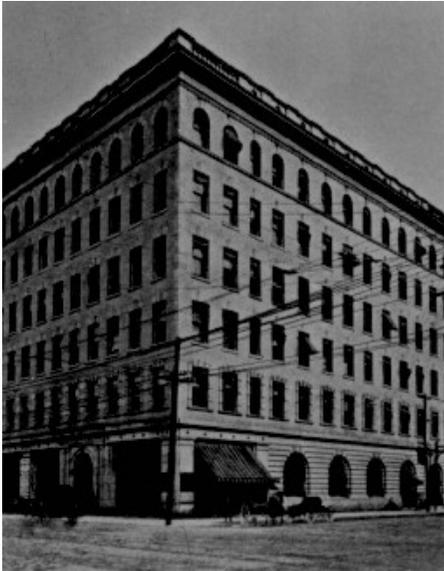


"He was one of the few architects in America who could stroll downtown in a city and see one or more of his

John W. Cowart

unusual buildings in nearly every block. It is no wonder that he considered Jacksonville his own personal creation," said Jacksonville architect Robert C. Broward, author of *The Architecture of Henry John Klutho: The Prairie School In Jacksonville* (University of North Florida Press).

"His buildings are the best examples of Prairie School (style of architecture) left in the country," Broward said. "In my opinion, his work will be important a hundred years from now, when few other buildings, even those being put up downtown right now, will still be standing".

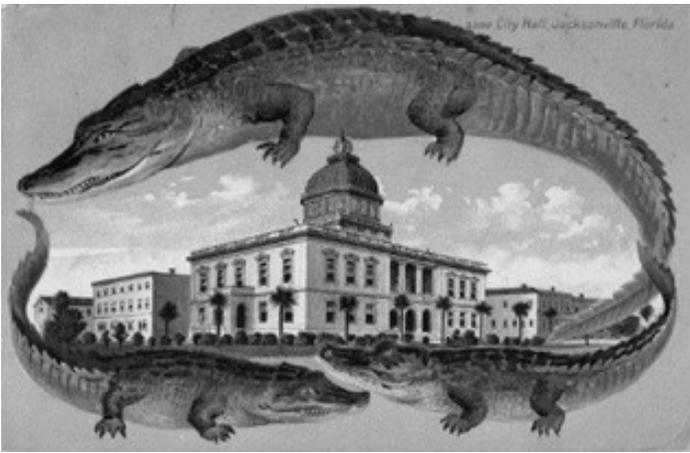


Klutho's first commissions in 1901 included the Dyal-Upchurch Building at the corner of Bay and Main streets, the T.V. Porter home, and the St. Clair-Abrams Mausoleum in the St. Mary's Section of Evergreen Cemetery.

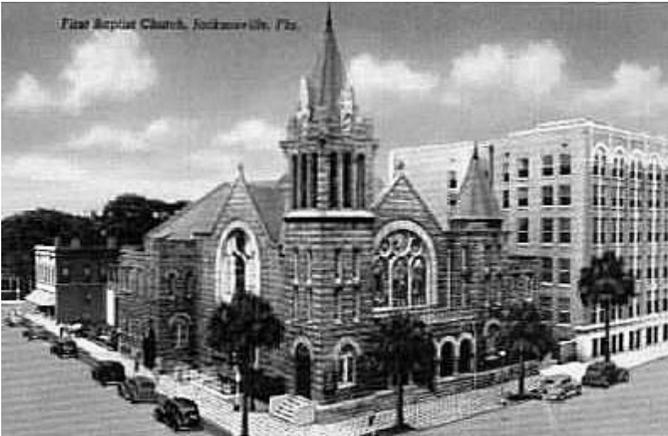
By October of 1901 Jacksonville had issued more than a thousand building permits. That month Klutho won a competition to design the new City Hall.

The City Hall building was constructed for a contract price of \$61,966.47 - about \$2.95 a square foot. It was demolished in 1960 to provide a site for the Hayden Burns Library.

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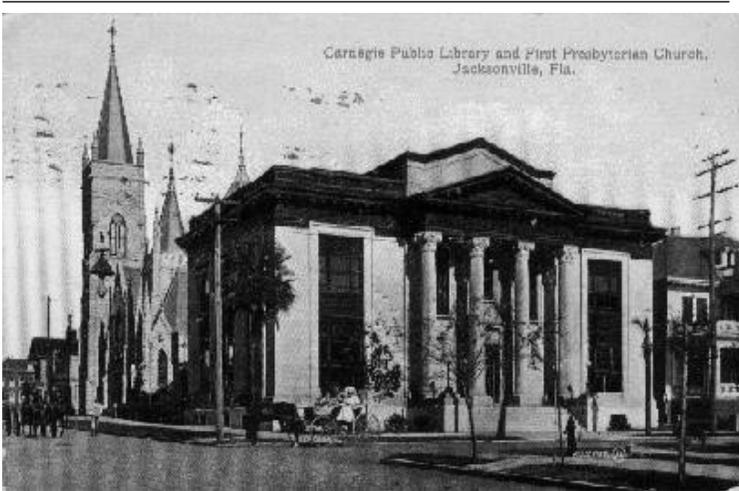


In 1902 Klutho designed the sanctuary of First Baptist Church. His building now serves as one of the congregation's educational buildings.



In 1903 he designed the Carnegie Library Building at Ocean and Adams streets.

John W. Cowart



“Design is of paramount importance,” Klutho said. “A project should be so designed as to indicate its function. A church, a school, a hospital, a public building or an office building should each be recognizable as such. A project should be made to harmonize with its environment”.

Klutho physically expressed this philosophy in his style of architecture known as the Prairie School.

“During the short time that it flourished, the Prairie School produced beautiful, earth-hugging, broad-roofed houses with flowing interior spaces and well-articulated and delicately ornamented cubistic banks, schools, churches and government and commercial buildings,” Broward said.

Although Klutho’s work was influenced by that of Frank Lloyd Wright and Louis H. Sullivan, it was his own.

“I do not feel that I, in any way, became a copyist – but I do know that their influence is

Crackers & Carpetbaggers

evident in some of my handiwork. However, I am sure that I display enough originality to have my work dubbed 'Klutho-esque'," he said.



Klutho designed his own home (relocated at 30 W. Ninth Street) after the Prairie School.

"His home is most

significant because of the date it was done (1908)," Broward said. "It was the first modern house in the South. Up to that time, everything was traditional but he looked into a new era".

Broward said that Klutho's most significant commercial buildings are the St. James Building (which once housed the May Cohens Department Store and has now been restored to house Jacksonville's City Hall), the Bisbee Building, and the Florida Life Insurance Office Building.



Klutho was not the only the architect but also the builder of the St. James Building, letting all subcontracts and overseeing the project. He received \$40,000 for this work. In January, 1911, construction estimates ran up to \$500,000.

"The final cost of the St. James Building is unknown," Broward said.

John W. Cowart

“But if were built today, assuming that such artisans and craftsmen were available, its cost would be in the neighborhood of \$24 million”.

Following World War I, the Great Depression came and Klutho’s commissions dwindled.

“His work brought Klutho fame and fortune, but its vogue was as capricious as the public that had applauded it,” Broward said.

Although he continued work in Jacksonville over the years, designing the West Bay Street Post Office Annex, Lola M. Culver Elementary School, Clara White Mission, Paxon Junior High School and the Hogan Street Beautification Project as well as many homes still in use, Klutho’s popularity had passed.

“The feeling of satisfaction at being able to live and work for so long a time and see around you the results of your handiwork in enduring form is sufficient compensation for any heartaches that may have been suffered along the way,” Klutho said.

He did suffer heartaches in rebuilding Jacksonville from the ashes. His proposals for beautifying the waterfront were disregarded. His pleas for city planning went unheeded. His innovative style was no longer appreciated.

In 1940, when he was reduced to working for younger men designing portions of the Blodgett Homes Public Housing Project, the crediting plaque even misspelled his name - the plaque reads Kluto!

“If Klutho arrived in Jacksonville today and searched for its innate character, he would find a city of contrasts,” Broward wrote. “Downtown he would see block after block of automobiles parked where handsome buildings once stood.”

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Many of his own creations that were part of his urban dream, the fruits of his Prairie School period, have been demolished and he would find in their places a glass and concrete skyline crowded to the very edge of the beautiful river that cries out for open space along its banks. He would see all of this complex city teeming with activity from sunrise to until late afternoon but, like so many American cities today, turning into an urban necropolis at night”.

Broward said that it would be economically profitable, historical vital, and aesthetically important for Jacksonville’s business community to preserve Klutho’s remaining work.

“While a lawyer strives to preserve the rights of the people, the doctor to heal diseases, the clergyman to outline moral and religious paths, the architect designs buildings which render secure the achievements of the past, and provide for the triumphs of the future,” Klutho said.

When he died in 1964, Klutho’s obituary stated: “He is survived by much of Jacksonville’s older skyline”.



Seen on the St. Johns River: BLUE ANGELS

Blue Angels originate at Jacksonville. At the end of World War II, Chief of Naval Operations, Adm. Chester W. Nimitz, ordered the formation of a flight demonstration team to showcase naval aviation. The team performed its first flight demonstration less than a year later, June 1946. Flight Leader, Lt. Cmdr. Roy "Butch" Voris led the team flying the Grumman F6F Hellcat at Craig Field, Naval Air Station (NAS) Jacksonville, Florida.





JACKSONVILLE'S TITANIC HERO: DR. ROBERT J. BATEMAN

T

he sinking of the Titanic on April 14, 1912, spread grief across the nation as at least 1,502 people died in the shipwreck, but few cities were stricken as hard as Jacksonville.

John W. Cowart

Only one Floridian died aboard the liner when she sank -- the Rev. Robert J. Bateman.

He was Jacksonville's most popular public figure.

"Dr. Bateman was the most useful man in Jacksonville... His death is a public calamity," said one contemporary newspaper

A letter from a local prostitute had lead the minister to be on board the Titanic.

"He stood ever ready to save fallen women -- to secure homes for them and rescue them from lives of misery and degradation," said one newspaper of his work.

It is not clear whether Dr. Bateman's degree was in theology or if perhaps "Doctor" was an honorary title. But newspapers of the day say Dr. Bateman was a physician who had laid aside his medical practice to become a minister among destitute, downtrodden people.

He found plenty of them in Jacksonville during the first decade of this century.

As a major rail terminus and a wide-open port, Jacksonville attracted the broken dregs of humanity as well as citizens of great prosperity.

Mobs of sailors mingled with railroad workers, turpentine men, hobos, bankers and tourists in front of lavish resort hotels.

The city's reputation as a health resort lured tuberculosis patients from all over the country -- but when they arrived and had spent their savings, they often slept in the streets.

Most of Jacksonville had burned in the Great Fire of 1901, and a flurry of building activity had attracted hundreds of men seeking jobs. But in a

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few years, when construction lagged, they were thrown out of work.

The city's lumber mills sawed millions of board feet yearly. Over 500 steamers docked in Jacksonville annually, and nearly a hundred trains stopped each week.

Resting on landscaped sidings, railroad cars outfitted as lavish rolling palaces served as vacation homes for wealthy northerners passing through the city. Yet in the nearby commercial rail yards, hordes of single men and sometimes whole families of poor people slept beneath parked boxcars.

The Florida Ostrich Farm drew tourists from all over to see Oliver W. Oliver, the world's fastest bird, race competitors. Dixieland Park, the Disneyworld of its day, opened in 1907.

Opera and theatrical performances made the city a showplace. Jacksonville's cosmopolitan atmosphere attracted Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show; the Indian fighter considered Jacksonville as winter quarters for the troop.

The dockyards swarmed with work. Smugglers traded in tons of contraband. Lavishly appointed excursion boats plied the river.

Traffic filled city streets as long ox teams dragged towering wagon loads of timber to the docks. Streetcars carried passengers to thronged hotels. And parking for both motorcars and horse teams began to create a problem. In 1908, the city witnessed a bizarre traffic accident involving a camel, a horse and a bicycle!

The stores along Bay Street, the main thoroughfare of the city, catered to every human necessity -- or whim. Hawkers offered live alligators, poached plumage from exotic birds,

John W. Cowart

shark teeth carved into whistles, woven palmetto hats and umbrellas.

Shanty towns surrounded the core of Jacksonville and vice of every description flourished.

In dusty barns and makeshift arenas, crowds of sweating men gambled away their pay on prizefights, rat fights, cock fights, dog fights, and contests between dogs and a chained bear.

Crowds pressed to the storefront windows of tattoo parlors to watch the artists emblazon sailors with dragons, eagles, skulls and naked women.

Liquor flowed so free that temperance crusader Carrie Nation raided Jacksonville's Falstaff Saloon in 1908.

And rows of open brothels lined the streets of LaVilla, the section of the city known as the Jacksonville Tenderloin.

A few women worked in them by choice. Others were there because lack of education and economic circumstances forced them. Some women reportedly had been kidnapped and sold as slaves to the brothels.

Robert Bateman chose to work in LaVilla.

Born in Bristol, England, on October 14, 1860, Bateman came to this country after earning a medical degree in London. As a Christian physician, he became interested in urban rescue mission work.

In his evangelistic work among the down and outs, Bateman used a presentation with the innovative Magic Lantern, a gas-burning slide-show forerunner of motion picture film. His forte was a presentation entitled The Passion Play,

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perhaps a forerunner of The Passion of The Christ!

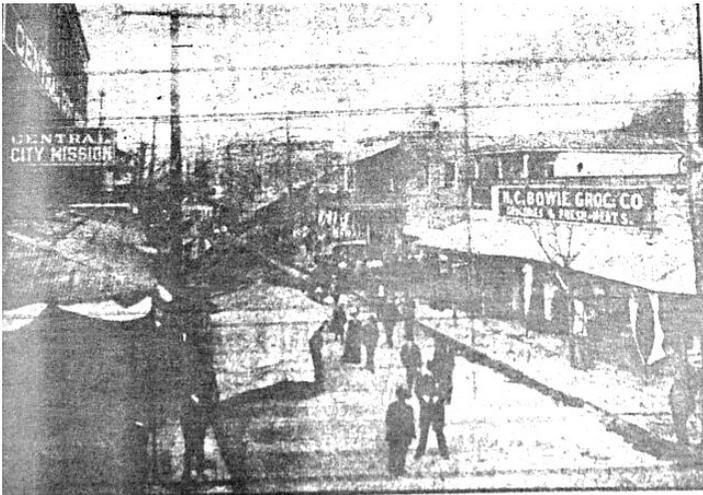
In 1901 Bateman labored in Baltimore where he once conducted a service in which only three boys came forward to receive Christ.

Disappointing.

Yet one of those boys was E. Stanley Jones, who became one of America's most effective and famous Methodist missionaries and author of many books about Christ in India.

In his autobiography, *A Song Of Ascents*, Jones describes Bateman: "Through his rough exterior I saw there was reality within. He was a converted alcoholic, on fire with God's love and I said to myself, I want what he has!... I accepted him for what he was - a devoted, diamond-in-the-rough winner of souls"

Bateman came to Jacksonville to establish the Central City Mission in 1904.



Bateman's mission (on the left) combated poverty and evil in the heart of LaVilla.

John W. Cowart

One newspaper called Bateman "The man who distributes more human sunshine than any other in Jacksonville".

Another said, "If Jesus Christ had been in Jacksonville, He would have been seen often at the Central City Mission".

One monthly report showed, Bateman's mission served 1,284 meals to hungry people. He took in 836 homeless men for the night. He found jobs for 182 men. He sent food baskets to 12 families. He helped "five wayward girls" escape the brothels. He found homes for four orphan boys. And he took care of three babies which desperate mothers had abandoned on the steps of the mission.



**Bottles, a boar's tusk and an ox shoe
excavated from the mission site**

Crackers & Carpetbaggers

Bateman wrote a poem about LaVilla:

*Foul Tenderloin, least wholesome spot in town,
Where vice and greed full many a man brings
down...*

*Vile hovels of licentiousness and lees,
Haunts of base youth from which virtue flees;
How many hide behind your gaudy screen,
Where hollow happiness befouls each scene?
The dancers there, filled from the foaming cup,
Attempting each to hold the other up...*

*These are your "charms" dank section;
Spots like these, that on the morning after fail to
please..*

Bateman tried to care for the people no one else cared about.

"The object of this work," he wrote, "Is to visit the sick, visit the jail, visit the workhouse, feed the poor, clothe the needy, hold nightly meetings, provide a home for fallen girls, an employment bureau, free reading room, visit the hospitals, the distribution of religious literature, encourage temperance, help restore lost relatives, and send the wanderer home."

To do all this Bateman built the mission building himself.

John W. Cowart

One day as he worked in the hot sun laying the bricks, someone asked him if a preacher couldn't find a softer job in a nicer section of town.

"I had rather have my mission than the best church in America," he said.

While Bateman worked with the most destitute members of Jacksonville society, he also mingled with the highest social elements of the city and the nation.

In 1908, Jacksonville's mayor appointed Bateman to attend the National Conference of Charities in Richmond, Va. He met with delegates from the Catholic St. Vincent de Paul Society and the National Conference of Jewish Charities to plan effective relief work for all elements of society.

President Theodore Roosevelt invited Bateman to the White House to discuss the work.

Bateman attacked Jacksonville's problems with sin, poverty, vice and drunkenness in several ways innovative for the day: He worked with the Broad Street Merchant's Association (a forerunner of the present-day Jacksonville Chamber of Commerce) to attract wholesome businesses and shoppers into LaVilla.

One of their efforts involved sponsoring a street carnival in front of the mission. The promotion featured "Paduano's Royal Italian Concert Band; Princes Olga, the daintiest, smallest woman in public life; Thompkin's Wild West Show, 10 human freaks -- and one giant octopus."

Bateman was a member of the Jacksonville Ministers' Alliance and he involved members of mainline churches in helping the poor.

Another of his efforts which involved rich and poor alike - revolved around firewood.

Crackers & Carpetbaggers

At the turn of the century, most people in Jacksonville heated their homes with fire wood. Most food was cooked on wood stoves.

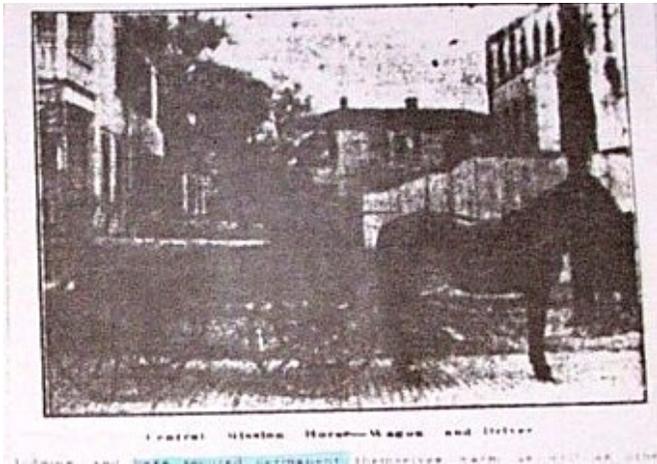
The city needed a lot of firewood.

Bateman employed out-of-work men in the mission's woodlot. The men chopped and split firewood. Then they loaded it on horse-drawn wagons and delivered it to poor people free. Wealthy people bought their wood from the mission.



Central City Mission Woodyard, Where Poor Men Obtain Employment.

John W. Cowart



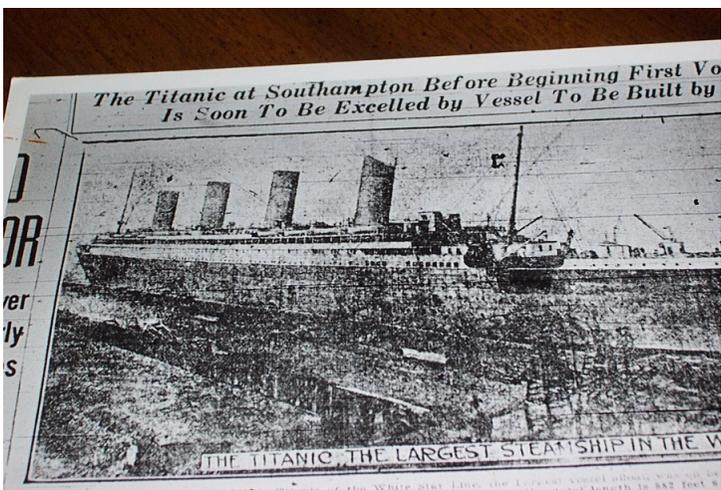
"There is not a sweat drop that falls from the brow of honest labor but is a jewel richer in the eyes of Heaven than all the flashing baubles in the coronets of dukes," Bateman said.

Before long, just about everyone in Jacksonville -- rich and poor alike -- knew Dr. Bateman.

His work made him the most popular man in the city.

"He went about doing good," said one newspaper. "He gathered in the sin-scarred brood, the poor, broken ones, penniless, homeless, helpless, hungry and in rags. He housed the homeless. He fed the hungry. He clothed the naked. He helped the helpless to help themselves."

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A letter from a prostitute inspired him to do even more:

Dear Dr. Bateman,

I hear you are going to start a home for us girls. I want to come to it... I can't do anything that is worth anything to anybody. I have tried to leave here but nobody will give me work... This place is terrible and I know lots of girls will come. For God's sake do something quick.

--- From a Certain House on Davis Street

Bateman felt compelled to help.

In Bristol, England, where Bateman had been born, a man named George Muller had established a home for over 3,000 orphans. This orphanage functioned without any fund-raising activity -- except prayer.

Bateman wanted to organize a hospital and "home for fallen women" as part of Central City Mission's work. He planned to pattern his work after the Bristol orphanage.

John W. Cowart

He traveled to England to learn more of Muller's work.

A newspaper called his trip, "A tour of investigation to the hotbeds of iniquity in London, England".

Another reported, "Dr. Bateman has been making a tour of study and observation in England for the purpose of familiarizing himself with the best methods of lifting fallen humanity".

While studying fallen humanity in the hotbeds, Dr. Bateman conducted revival services in English churches.

When he preached in Bristol, he usually closed the services with his favorite hymn, "Nearer My God To Thee".

His preaching was so popular that upon his departure, a band playing that same hymn, escorted him and Mrs. Ada Ball, his sister-in-law, to the train which took them to the Titanic.

"Crowds stood in front of the house...They cheered him when he came out and great big men broke down and sobbed like little children when he said good-by," Mrs. Ball said.

The Titanic was the heaviest moving object made by man when she was launched. The world's largest and most luxurious ship was 882.5 feet long with a gross tonnage of 46,328 tons.

On this, her maiden voyage, the Titanic carried 2,207 people.

Enjoying first class accommodations were the cream of American and Continental society. First class passengers were estimated to be collectively worth over \$500,000,000.

Crackers & Carpetbaggers

Regal suits on the Titanic cost \$4,350 each and included a private promenade deck.

Bateman and Mrs. Ball traveled second class.

The pastor amused his sister-in-law by comparing features of the Titanic to features of Jacksonville around the Central City Mission.

"I was always afraid of the water; Robert was jolly and comforted me. 'We are going up old Broad Street,' he would say as he walked with me on the decks...

"That's the subway and there is the viaduct in Jacksonville,' he would say pointing at the bridge...

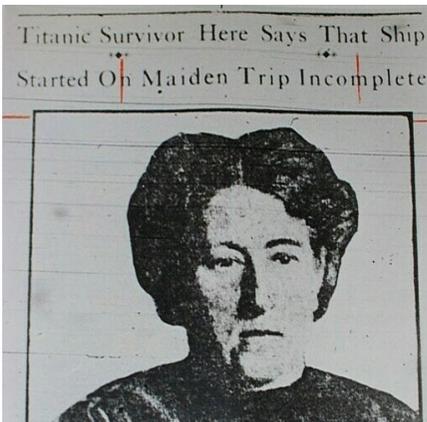
"I have never seen anyone more happy than Robert was ... He sang to himself any time he was not preaching," Mrs. Ball said.

All Titanic passengers traveled in comfort, luxury -- and security.

"With her numerous watertight compartments she is absolutely unsinkable and it makes no difference what she hit," said P.A. Franklin, highest US official of the White Star Line.

"God, Himself, could not sink this ship," boasted one deckhand.

After she was rescued, Mrs. Ball told what happened aboard the Titanic:



On Sunday, April 14, 1912, she said, Dr. Bateman conducted the only religious service held aboard the doomed liner.

John W. Cowart

He concluded the service by calling passengers to turn to Christ. The closing hymn was "Nearer My God To Thee", Mrs Ball said.

One survivor said that Dr. Bateman was, "The most popular man on the Titanic".

That same night, at 11:45 p.m., an iceberg grazed the side of the Titanic. The ice peeled a 300-foot strip from the steel hull.

"For some time we had been seeing icebergs of various sizes floating in the ocean. Despite this fact, the ship was running at a tremendous rate of speed," Mrs. Ball said.

One passenger said the sound of the metal being stripped from the ship's side sounded no louder than a piece of cloth being torn. Mrs. Ball's roommate said, "It was a tremendous shock that made me think the boilers had blown up."

Mrs. Ball was asleep when the ship struck. Her roommate woke her. "I laughed at her and told her there was nothing wrong and went back to sleep," Mrs. Ball said.

Bateman pounded on the door to the women's cabin.

There was no time to dress. Mrs. Ball ventured onto the boat deck in her nightgown. Feeling the Artic cold, she wanted to go back to the cabin for warm clothes. Bateman held her back, he took off his overcoat and draped it around her shoulders.

Mrs. Ball later told reporters:

"The boat was at that time listed away over to starboard and sinking in front so that we could hardly walk..."

Crackers & Carpetbaggers

"I will never forget Robert as he stood on the deck with me... 'The boat is slanting,' I told him.

"'Yes,' he answered, 'We have struck terribly hard.'

"Well,,' I said, 'If there's any danger, I am ready, 'Thank God, so am I,' he said."

The Titanic carried lifeboats sufficient for less than half the number of people on board. Hundreds of people, not sure where to go or what to do, milled around on the decks.

As Bateman escorted the women to one of the boats, he said, " Don't be nervous, Annie. This will test our faith. I must stay and let the women go. If we never meet again on this earth, we will meet again in Heaven".

"As the boat lowered Robert stepped to the railing and threw me his silk handkerchief. 'Put that around your throat,' he said. 'You'll catch cold.' Just imagine thinking of such a little thing in a time like that," she said.

"Survivors were literally thrown from the top deck into the boats as they were being swung from the davits and lowered to the black water below," she said.

Confusion and turmoil ruled in the lifeboat.

"I found a baby in my possession without the least idea whom it belonged to. I never did find out... Our boat had more children in it than any of the others." said Mrs. Ball's roommate.

After he saw the women safely off the sinking ship, Bateman "Collected about 50 men on the stern of the ship and told them that they should prepare for death. And he led them in praying the Lord's Prayer," said a surviving passenger.

John W. Cowart

Edward A. Mueller, curator of the Jacksonville Maritime Museum, said, "Dr. Bateman and another man were also purported to have opened some of the steerage passageway doors to allow those mostly unfortunate and ill-fated passengers to escape".

Mueller tells of teenager Jamilia Yarred and her brother Elias who traveled as third-class passengers aboard the Titanic. They survived the wreck and, oddly enough, in later life they became Jacksonville residents.

Elias said, "An old man saw us and climbed up the ladder to get me. He carried me safely down the shaky ladder and put me in a crowded lifeboat. Then he went back up and got Jamilia. She was heavy and hard to manage but he got her into the lifeboat just as it was pulling away from the sinking ship".

Jamilia thought she was one of the last passengers on the last boat. She only remembered standing on the deck... panic stricken... while water started to engulfed the deck. Some old man then put her aboard the lifeboat. "Of course," Mueller said, "No one know if this was Bateman, but it is characteristic".

Mrs. Ball's life boat remained near the Titanic. She believed that Bateman persuaded the band to play "Nearer My God to Thee" in the Titanic's last moments.

"Before we had been in the boat very long we saw the Titanic go down... The stars were bright and we could see the lights of the ship. The band was on the stern and went down playing. We could hear the screams of those on board and crys of 'Save Us' but of course we could do nothing," she said.

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As the bow of the ship filled with water, the stern rose higher and higher till the Titanic stood nearly perpendicular to the icy Atlantic. The lights of the ship remained on, even in the bow already submerged, giving a rosy submarine glow. Those in the lifeboats could see men clinging to handholds "like clusters of bees on a tree."

Then the ship slid under.

"The ship struck head-on and appeared to collapse in half just before it went down," Mrs. Ball said.

"When she sank there was silence. A moment later the cries and supplications of 1,500 dying men rose in melancholy chorus over the spot where she went down."

Hundreds of men struggled in the freezing water.

"It was heart-rending and piteous to hear the awful cries and moans just as the ship was sinking. Lights remained until within three or four minutes before the ship sank but gradually disappeared from view as the ship went down and left a black space and shadow of a huge iceberg," she said.

"I saw one of the lifeboats with thirty or forty, tip over as it was being lowered and all were thrown into the water to drown. Many swam in different directions. We could only see those nearest our boat. I saw at least 200 bodies in the water."

She also said that she saw a man in another lifeboat shooting at swimmers to keep them away.

Col. Archibald Gracie later told what it was like in the water:

John W. Cowart

"Again and again I prayed for deliverance although I felt sure that the end had come... I reached the surface after a time that seemed unending. There was nothing in sight save the ice and a large field of wreckage. There were dying men and women all about me...

"One of the Titanic's funnels separated and fell apart near me scattering the bodies in the water...

"A great crate-like block of wood floated within my grasp and I grabbed it," he said.

Gracie eventually found a lifeboat which was floating upside down in the water. He joined 20 men standing on the upturned bottom.

"Presently the raft became so full that it seemed she would sink if more came aboard and the crew for self-preservation, had to refuse to permit others to climb aboard. This was at once the most pathetic and the most horrible scene of all. The piteous cries of those around us still ring in my ears...

"Through all that wild night there was not a moment that our prayers did not arise above the waters. Men who seemed to have forgotten long ago how to address their Creator recalled prayers of their childhood and murmured them. We said the Lord's Prayer again and again together...

"And so we passed the night with the waves washing over us and the raft buried deep in the water under our feet ... We stood in columns two deep, back to back, balancing ourselves, fearful to move lest the delicate balance should be disturbed and all of us thrown into the water. We were standing and content to stand and pray...

Crackers & Carpetbaggers

The slipping of one man would have meant the death probably of us all," Gracie said.

The women in the life boats did not fare much better.

Mrs. Ball and her companions spent seven hours in the lifeboat which had sprung a plank when it hit the water. They bailed all night to keep from being swamped and they burned handkerchiefs and strips of clothing for warmth and light.

The first rescue ship arrived at dawn.

Of the 2,207 aboard the Titanic, only 705 survived.

Some men had fought for a place in a lifeboat; Robert Bateman had died to give room to others.

After treatment at Sydenham Hospital in New York, Mrs. Ball came to Jacksonville to stay with her sister, Mrs. Bateman.

Ten days after the disaster, the widow received a letter from her dead husband. Bateman had written on shipboard and mailed the letter in Ireland when the Titanic had stopped for more passengers.

"I feel that my trip has not been in vain," his letter said. "God has singularly blessed me. We had a glorious revival... It was the Time of My Life."

His nephew received a letter mailed at the same time.

"Tom, if this ship goes to the bottom, I shall not be there, I shall be up yonder. Think of it!" Bateman had written.

When the family pried open Bateman's locked roll-top desk, they found that he had set his affairs in order and that he had written a poem

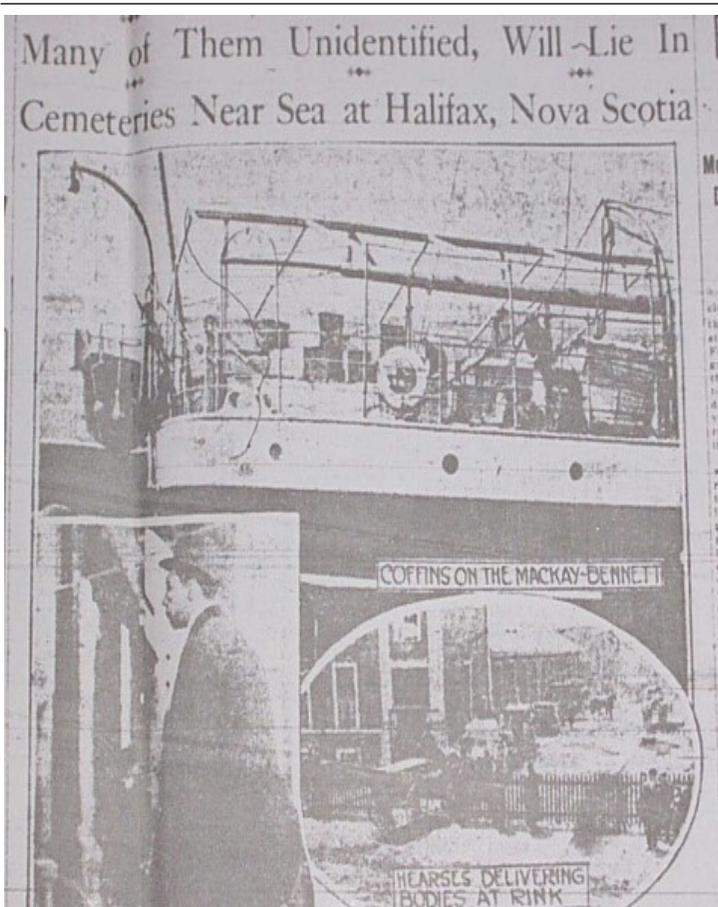
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on a black-bordered card and left it on top of his papers:

*Do you shudder as you picture
All the horrors of that hour?
Ah! But Jesus was beside me
To sustain me by His power.*

*And He came Himself to meet me
In that way so hard to tread
And with Jesus' arm to cling to
Could I have one doubt or dread?*

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Several weeks later, the cable ship *McKay Bennet* found Bateman's body floating in the ocean. In his watch case was a photograph of George Muller.

The recovered body was taken to Nova Scotia.

Memorial services for Dr. Bateman were held in London and Bristol but city officials from Baltimore and Memphis telegraphed officials in Nova Scotia to ship the body to them.

"Conflicting telegrams were being received from so many different places that the officials of the

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White Star Line were at a loss to know where to send the body," reported the May 6, 1912, *Metropolis* newspaper.

Mrs. Bateman had to appeal to a federal judge and the mayor of Jacksonville before she could have her husband's body shipped home for burial in Jacksonville's Evergreen Cemetery.

The funeral service at First Baptist Church was the largest in Jacksonville's history at that time.

Mourners, some in rags, some in best-dress finery, lined the route of the funeral procession. Rich and poor hugged each other and wept.

The minister delivering the eulogy said, "I somehow felt from the first that Dr. Bateman would be among the lost ... Knowing Dr. Bateman as I knew him, I believed he would do just what he did in a crisis like that -- help others to safety and take his chances among the last.

"How beautifully characteristic of the man.

"With the courtesy of a gentleman and the spirit of Him who laid down his life for others, he stepped aside for the women and children and took his place with those marked for certain death.

"It was so like him.

"He died as he lived -- serving others with a triumphant faith in God."

**Seen On The St. Johns River:
THE *USS ALOHA***



Often in Jacksonville inspecting shipyards during World War I, the *USS Aloha* was flagship for Rear Admiral Cameron Winslow, Inspector of Naval Districts, East Coast. This beautiful yacht also hunted German U-Boats in the Atlantic.

Aloha—a steel-hulled, single-screw, bark-rigged steam yacht— was regarded by some as the "finest thing of her kind ever built." Designed by Tams, Lemoine, and Crane, naval architects, *Aloha* was built in 1910 at the Fore River Shipbuilding Company of Quincy, Mass.

Source: <http://www.navsource.org/archives/>

Seen On The St Johns River: The Union Gunboat *Columbine*

Jacksonville businesses closed and mourners lined streets to Evergreen Cemetery when Capt. John Jackson Dickison was buried in his Confederate uniform on August 28, 1902.

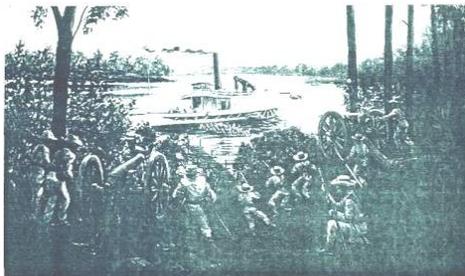
Noteworthy among defenders of Jacksonville, Dickison's cavalry fought in many area actions. They are most famous for being the only horse-mounted cavalry unit in history to sink an enemy warship.

On May 23, 1864, at Horse Landing, near Palatka, Dickison attacked the 130 ton Union gunboat *Columbine*. Lying yankee reports said Dickison had 500 men; Dickison said his force numbered 20 men with one cannon battery.

One of Dickison's cannonballs broke the ship's wheel chains and ruptured a steam line. The yankee returned fierce fire in the battle but ran aground. None of Dickison's men was injured; a boarding party burned and sank the ship.

"After a hot engagement of 45 minutes," Dickison reported, "I have succeeded in capturing the steamer *Columbine*, carrying two 25-pounder Dahlgren guns, taking about 65 prisoners, 6 wounded, and about 20 killed and drowned, together with 65 stand of arms and 3 stand of colors...the deck presented a horrible scene, the dead and the wounded lay weltering in blood".

When Dickison reported the victory, General W.D. Barnes replied, "Can not commend too highly the gallant conduct of yourself and the brave men under your command" He enclosed a dozen blank tri-monthly report forms to be filled out, saying "Official communications... should be made direct through these...".





**I come to the garden alone;
I have to. Can't get my kids to mow.**

**GUTS, FEATHERS AND ALL:
The History Of One Ordinary Guy From
Jacksonville**

Hello.

My name is John.

I wear size 11 shoes.

My birthday is July 15th.

John W. Cowart

My blood type is A Positive.

I weigh 247 pounds and when I stand straight I'm 5'11".

I've been married twice and I'm the father of six children, three sons and three daughters. Ginny, my present wife, and I have been married for 29, 30, maybe 35 years... something like that. I am a native of Jacksonville, Florida, where I've been a member of the Episcopal Church of the Good Shepherd for about 25 years.



When I first came to Good Shepherd I was working as a grave digger in Evergreen Cemetery. My last real job has been working as a sitter, taking care of an adult invalid with severe neurological impairment from being hit by a car. So I spent most of my days changing diapers and wet bed linens and teaching him how to swallow because his injuries knocked out his swallow reflex. My work was a lot like taking care of a large strong toddler.

Other jobs I've worked at include several years working on the religion deck at the Library of Congress in Washington, D.C., flipping

Crackers & Carpetbaggers

hamburgers at an all-night burger stand; and being a night watchman at a city dump.

For a few years when Ginny and I were first married we drove a tractor trailer, a Mayflower moving van, all over creation. I've been to Mexico and Canada and all the continental states except Maine, Washington and Oregon.

For years I worked for the Duval County Florida Mosquito Control Board where I grew mosquitoes for test purposes. Back then I could identify on sight most of Duval County's 53 species of mosquito -- Here's an inside Mosquito Control joke:

How do you spell Psorophora?

B...U...G.

When a cutback in funds caused 18 of us to be laid off from the board, I discovered that a 40-year-old male who knows how to grow mosquitoes can write his own ticket in the job market...

Well, not exactly.

For months and months I could not even find a job as a security guard. Nothing. Zilch.

What was I to do?

Well, I figured that I was not the only person in the out-of-work boat so I wrote a magazine article about coping with unemployment. It sold! But not for much. So I wrote another article about coping with poverty. Eventually I wrote and published a couple of hundred newspaper and magazine articles and I also wrote three little paperback books which got published but didn't sell worth diddly-squat. Virtually all of the great literature I produced disappeared without a ripple.

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For a few years I also worked part-time for the *Florida Times-Union* newspaper as an editorial assistant -- that's the job title for a mail clerk who can be blamed for a lot of things that go wrong at a newspaper.

When my writing career finally went belly up for lack of sales, I got the job of night janitor for a church where I scrubbed floors and cleaned toilets until I began the job I have now as a sitter.

My hobbies over the years have included hiking, camping, karate study and building model ships. In fact one of my proudest accomplishments in life was building a model sailing ship inside a beer bottle.

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My besetting sin, the one I have to struggle with most all the time, is petty theft -- too sorry and lazy to be a bank robber I guess.

The third hardest thing I've ever done in my life was to kill my dog.

Sheba, a black lab, lived with our family for over 17 years. She did as much to raise our children as Ginny and I did; she considered us all as her puppies. No better natured animal ever lived: she even got along fabulously with the three family cats and my daughter's bunny. I recall laughing as this huge dog, the three cats and the bunny all gathered head down in a circle to eat out of the same bowl at the same time!

A few years back Sheba suffered a stroke. For months she could not walk or even sit up to eat. Ginny and I soaked bread in milk and hand-fed her till she got well enough to resume her role as family dog.

After a few years Sheba suffered another stroke. She went blind and appeared to suffer a dog's equivalent of Alzheimer's Disease. For weeks I postponed the inevitable. I'd go out to her shed

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several times a day to check if she were still alive.

Poor feeble thing hung on.

I suppose I could have taken her to a vet but I felt that no stranger's hand should do it; it had to be someone who loved her.

One day I dug her grave and led her to lie beside it in a sunny spot. I cooked her favorite meal of meatballs for her. I poured some campaign in her water bowl. When she passed out and I was sure she slept, I was so afraid I might bungle the job and merely hurt her. I had visions of my mangled dog clawing her way out of the grave in frantic pain.

I prayed for God to give my arm strength.

I lifted the ax.

I bashed her head in.

I buried her with her favorite dog toy.

Then I sat beside her grave, drank the rest of the campaign and cried.

Killing Sheba was my third hardest thing. The top two hurt me too much to want to talk about just now. Is that Ok?

Let's see ... What else?

My blood pressure is finally down to 120 over 90. On the Myers-Briggs Type Indicator test I come out as ISFJ; and folks who keep track of such things tell me that I have a character profile which they call a "dishonest passive aggressive personality". I have only a vague idea of what those facts mean -- functionally sane but wobbly, I guess.

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As you can see from this fascinating account, I'm just an ordinary person. I get up. I go to work. I come home, click on the TV and put my feet up. Nothing unusual. Nothing special. I just plod along through life making it as best I can. Not bothering anybody. You know: John Cowart, human manatee... Want to see the propeller scars on my back?

Now you have a pretty complete picture of my entire life except for one element:

Jesus Christ is my Lord.

And because He is my Lord, He has done certain things to me.

And for me.

And through me.

And, mostly, in spite of me.

At 3:30 in the morning on November 12, 1957, while driving a car down Phillips Highway on Jacksonville's Southside, after months of struggle to avoid the conclusion, I decided that Jesus Christ is actually God come to earth in the flesh.

Before that moment, I regarded Him as only a human teacher who had the bad luck to bug the wrong people and get himself killed, a nice guy but certainly no more divine than Socrates, Buddha, Mohammed or any other important human teacher.

I considered myself an intellectual, too smart to be taken in by the common ordinary Christianity taught in every little church on every other street corner in town. No. That stuff was for people who had never given comparative religion much thought. You know, Believers.

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None of that for me. I investigated the esoteric faith patterns of the exotic mysterious orient. I dabbled in theosophy. I read the scriptures of other religions, The Koran, the Vedic Hymns. When asked, I identified myself as a student of Hinduism, praying to Siva and Vishnu, the gods who create and destroy in perfect balance.

A Christian missionary who was in Jacksonville on leave from French Equatorial Africa told me about Jesus. I regarded that message as dribble. But being an open-minded person, I decided to disprove the ridiculous claim that Jesus made to being the exclusive way to God. So I read the entire Bible -- looking for loopholes. The missionary later told me that she'd given up on my ever being converted because I was such a hardcase.

However, something about the claims of Jesus disturbed me.

Follow this thought process through with me quickly:

In one Gospel alone Jesus constantly went around saying odd things like:

"He who has seen me has seen the Father..."

"I and my Father are one."

"Before Abraham was, I am"

"I have come as light into the world..."

"I have come down from Heaven..."

"I am the bread of life..."

"The hour is coming... when all who are in the tombs the dead will hear the voice of the Son of God and come forth ..."

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"I am the way, and the truth, and the Life, no one comes to the Father but by me..."

Well, these statements of His are either true or false.

If they are false, then Jesus either knew they were false or he did not know they were false.

If he knew what he was saying was false but said it anyhow, then Jesus Christ was deliberately deceiving people, he was a liar.

If he went around saying that he was God and he did not know that what he said was false, then he was as crazy as a bedbug. Like the guy who goes around saying he's Napoleon.

So if what Jesus said was false, then he was either a liar or a lunatic.

However, if what he said is true, then he is LORD.

Now, if Christianity is false, then there is no reason in the world you or I should pay it any attention whatsoever. It doesn't matter that nice people think that way or that it's customary to attend church or that Christianity upholds high moral standards; if it's false, then it's false. Nothing to it.

But if it's true... What then?

If Jesus Christ is neither a liar or a lunatic, then He is the Lord God Almighty, murdered by men but risen from the grave as Lord of Life and what He says counts for everything. Nothing else on earth matters but following Him.

Now as I considered these claims that Jesus made, as I read the whole Bible cover to cover; remember, I was looking for loopholes. I wanted to escape the conclusion my own mind had

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arrived at because that meant that if He were Lord --- then I wasn't!

And I wanted to be Lord of my own life. I had my life mapped out. I'd won a small academic scholarship to Florida State University and I intended to devote my life to the study of archaeology, I planned to get my master's at the University of New Mexico because of the availability of Pueblo ruins there, then study for a doctorate in Germany then spend the rest of my life digging up ancient ruins. Yes, I knew exactly what I wanted to do with my life. It's my life and I'll live it exactly as I please. I am the lord of my life, the master of my fate, the captain of my soul -- and I like it that way.

Who does Jesus think he is, intruding on my well-thought-out plans? Does He think he's God or something?

Well, yes.

That's exactly who He says He is.

He says He's God and that He cares about me.

"For the love of God is commended toward us in that while we were still sinners, Christ died for us".

Now, here's an old Cowart Family joke:

When I was about five, my father came home with a chicken for Sunday dinner. A whole live chicken. He rung it's neck in the back yard, then cleaned it over the kitchen sink -- a process I found fascinating. As he worked I stood at his elbow full of questions and comments:

"What's that gooey lump?"

"The gizzards."

Crackers & Carpetbaggers

"Yuck. You don't eat that do you? What are those stringy red things?"

On and on I babbled till finally, my daddy got so exasperated at my pestering him that he said, "John, if you don't shut up I'm going to make you eat this chicken -- guts, feathers and all!"

In our family that expression became a byword to stand for "the total thing, all there is, completeness, nothing held back".

Well, that night in the car on Phillips Highway I prayed my first Christian prayer, "Dear Jesus, I believe you are the Son of God and I want you to take complete charge of my life guts, feathers and all".

Not much emotion was involved, just a settled conviction that Jesus, the murdered and risen God, was now my master, my boss, my Lord.

One little problem...

At the time I was taking a civics course called Problems of American Democracy. One segment of this class was for every student to give a report on his or her particular religion. A few days before I'd already given my report on Hinduism. My talk had been acclaimed as outstanding by classmates and the teacher gave me an A+ grade...

What do you suppose I should do about that?

My stomach crawled when I asked the teacher if I could give an amended report. She said I could in a week or ten days, after everyone else in class finished their turn.

What a long week!

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When you know that you absolutely positively have to eat a live frog, it's best not to spend too long looking at it beforehand.

But I had to eat that frog. Jesus was now my Lord and I'd publicly discounted Him. I had to retract just as publicly as I had denied.

Having Jesus Christ as a Lord is not all peace, security and joy.

I spent a miserable ten days waiting to eat the frog I'd hatched myself.

It's a shame that the only way I can learn humility is by being humiliated. But that was the deal. I'd said guts, feathers and all; and God took me up on it. If He is Lord, then He is Lord -- and John Cowart's precious sense of dignity can stand a little humiliating now and then.

Using a Bible passage from the Book of Joshua, I backed down from all my former statements... "Chose you this day whom you shall serve, whether they be the gods of your fathers which lay beyond the flood, or the gods of the Ammonites in whose land ye dwell... but as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord".

At the end of my recanting from my former idol worship and admitting that Jesus is the Son of God, I asked if anyone else in class wanted to ask Christ to be their Lord too. Seven people came to kneel weeping at the front of the class. Word spread all over the school that something strange was happening in civics class. Some of the people who came forward were Jews, some Roman Catholics, some Baptists. It created a furor as the ranks of those confessing Jesus as Lord grew to 13 students.

The Lord was doing something. Claiming His own.

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Well, I ended up in the United States Army as a private E-2, the lowest creature on the military's earth.

Word came that an old lady -- she must have been at least 30 -- got burned in an apartment fire and she needed blood. I had blood. I gave some for her. As I did, I felt that God would also have me give the nurse \$10 to send her.

Word came down that General so and so wanted to see Private Cowart. Now in my lowly eyes a sergeant ranked as the fourth person of the Trinity so I was scared to death to be called into a general's office...

Somewhere in Scripture it says words to the effect that when we follow Jesus we'll stand in the presence of kings; well, that may be so but we sure don't stand there as equals. I actually felt queasy waiting to go into the general's office. What had I done wrong enough to warrant the attention of a general?

The old lady who needed blood was a friend of his and he wanted to know why I'd sent a woman I'd never meet \$10 out of the \$78 a month that I was earning at the time as a soldier?

I told him that it was because Jesus is my Lord.

The General and I ended up kneeling on the floor beside his huge mahogany desk crying and praying together.

Now, I hope you realize that I'm compressing a lot of time into a brief presentation. All this stuff did not happen on the same day but over the span of my life as a Christian. In Scripture David the shepherd King only killed one lousy giant and that's the story that's told; but while he tended that herd of 30,000 sheep, David spent 99% of his time scraping his shoes. That's how I spend

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99 % of my time too, but it's just the high points of a humdrum existence that make for a story.

Because I was an active scout as a boy, I felt God would have me serve him as scoutmaster of a troop in one of the worst slums of Washington, D.C. That's where I was the night Dr. Martin Luther King was assassinated.

Mobs smashed liquor store windows and got rip roaring drunk. Thugs threw bricks. Looters grabbed TV sets and stereos. The mayor called out the military. Tear gas choked the air. The government closed down. Fear choked the city as rioters set fire to hundreds of stores.

The real trouble with the burning stores was that thousands of people, most of them poor elderly, lived upstairs over the stores. In a few days they were homeless and starving.

Christians and socially conscious people from all over flocked into the riot areas to help. So one day I found myself with a Quaker friend shoveling dead fish.

I mean really dead fish. Aromatically dead.

What happened was that when rioters burned a fish market, the wall to the freezer room partially collapsed cascading tons of fish into the alley. An old blind man was trapped upstairs over the smoldering ruin. He was trapped because some citizens had tried to steal the refrigerator out of his apartment but when they tried to get it down the stairs, the flames got too intense so they abandoned it wedged in the narrow stairwell. To get to the refrigerator, we had to shovel these rotting fish out of the way and the more we shoveled, the more fish cascaded out of the breach in the wall.

Serving the Lord is so glamorous.

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And dangerous.

A gang of looters with rifles came into the alley. One punched his gun into my belly button. "What's you doing here fat boy," he said.

I said the first thing that came to mind: "I'm serving God. What are you doing here?"

Right then, a squad of National Guardsmen appeared at the end of the alley. A gun battle erupted between them and the rioters. As the bullets from both sides zipped over our heads, the Quaker and I both hit the ground -- except it wasn't ground underfoot. It was rotting fish we burrowed in... My friend said, "Do you suppose this is what Jesus meant when he said He'd make us fishers of men".

And we lay there in the dead fish laughing with pure joy as buildings burned around us and both rioters and Guardsmen shot at us.

O the joy in serving Jesus.

Incidentally we did get the refrigerator moved and rescued the blind man... but was that why Jesus my Lord placed me in that awful spot? I doubt it. I think He had something even better in mind for me because it was in connection with the riots that I first met Ginny. And she is without doubt the best thing that ever happened to me in my whole life!

Lord, if it's all the same to you I'd prefer picking up girls at Club Med next time, OK?

Now I am just a common, ordinary, garden variety Christian. I hope you understand that practically all of God's dealings with me have simply involved my obeying the same obvious Scriptures that every other Christian does. You don't need a burning bush to tell you to feed the

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hungry, to clothe the naked, to care for the sick, or to comfort the feebleminded. A huge part of obeying Jesus as Lord means just doing the obvious duty right in front of your eyes; you don't hear any voice from Heaven, or see any beatific vision, or get a visit from an angel -- you just follow the Standing Orders posted on the wall we call the Bible.

There have been a few rare exceptions to that kind of divine instruction in my life; here's one of them:

One afternoon I was driving my tractor trailer across Ohio on Interstate 80 when I felt an urgent impression to take the next exit and drive north. That was crazy. My delivery schedule called for me to be in New York the next day and I was pressed for time. But the urge came on stronger and stronger. So I exited and drove north through miles and miles of nothing but miles and miles of nothing...

I came to a crossroads diner with a big parking lot and decided to stop for supper. I sat down and began my meal. Another truck driver entered the diner. He walked straight over to my table and said, "Hey, Driver, I'm going nuts and I've just got to talk with somebody. Would you mind if I sat here and just talked?"

It turns out that he had a wife in one town and a girlfriend in another and his marriage was breaking up and his girlfriend was making demands and the conflict was tearing him apart. (Neither woman sounded like a prize to me).

I listened for a long time then said just a few words about Jesus. The man accepted Christ as his Savior and Lord right on the spot.

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As we left the diner he told me that he had been driving south on Interstate 75 when he felt an urge to exit the highway and drive east. He had no idea why he was to do this but the urge felt overwhelming. We thanked God for our meeting then turned our rigs around and drove back in opposite directions to the two Interstates we had left in the first place.

Here's something that strikes me as even odder:

Back here in Jacksonville every day I rode a city bus to school changing busses at Hemming Plaza. The drab unhappy faces of people in the park began to haunt me. I thought, Somebody ought to do something to tell these poor people about Jesus...

Well, in my experience anytime you think the phrase, "Somebody ought to... whatever", that's often the voice of God saying, "John Cowart, YOU ought to... whatever".

Who? Me? I thought. Look God, you may be Lord, but You are also crazy as a bedbug. If you expect me to get out there on the street corner and preach the gospel like some religious fanatic... then... then... Hey, I'm an Episcopalian, for Heaven's sake! We don't do stuff like that.

Even as I thought this, a Scripture popped into my mind:

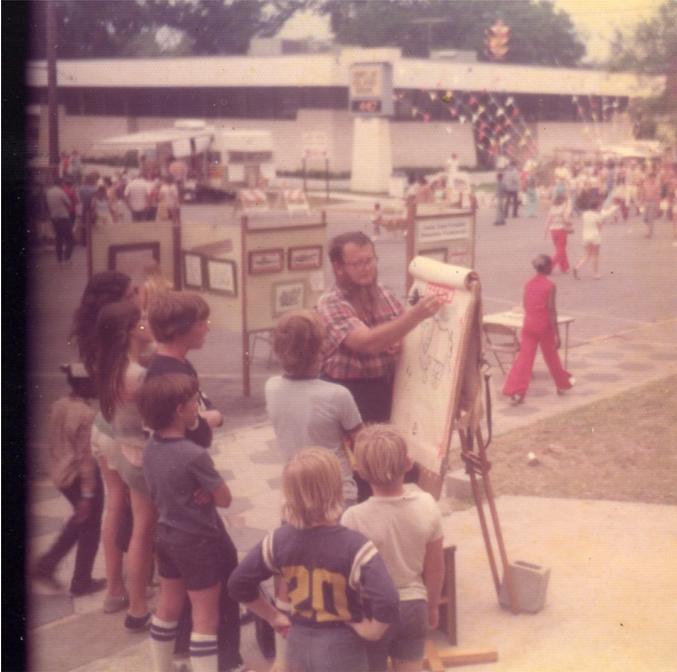
"And at that time some of his disciples turned back and followed him no more. And turning to the twelve he said, will ye leave me also, But Peter answered and said, Lord, to whom should we go, You alone have the words of eternal life..."

Well Lord, if you absolutely insist... But I need a crutch. I can't go out there cold turkey; You're going to have to show me how...

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Soon afterward in the park I met an evangelist from Australia, an Anglican evangelist with a group called Open Air Campaigners, sort of an Australian Salvation Army. He was in town for one afternoon and he preached in Hemming Plaza using an easel with simple line drawings to tell Bible stories. Something clicked. Immediately I understood that I could do that. So I made an easel (I didn't know you could buy them ready made) and I figured out how to do three or four Bible stories in drawings...

Can you imagine me preaching on the street? I sure can't.



My first story was about King David featuring a voluptuous stick-figure Bathsheba in her bathtub. A woman came up to me crying after I told the story and said she was waiting for a bus to take her to an abortion clinic. She'd decided to

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think it over for another day or two. Poor heart-broken child, whatever she eventually decided to do.

For several years after that, since I worked nights I went out to various parks and such places often.

As a rule I never spoke until someone asked me what it was I was drawing. They had to ask me and I'd never raise my voice, yet I spoke with hundreds of people about Jesus.

Once, I was painting my stick figures near Friendship Fountain on Jacksonville's beautiful Riverwalk when two prostitutes off a party yacht asked what I was painting a picture of; it felt odd to waste a picture on an audience of only two girls but I told them the Bible story and they walked away in tears.

A few minutes later, a man in work clothes walked across the park straight at me. "Say mister," he said, "I'm foreman of a work crew, a dozen guys, putting a roof on that building across the street and from up there we saw you drawing a picture for those girls. The guys sent me down off the roof to ask if you'd come over and draw a picture for them during their lunch break!"

How about that!

Once after the bar closed at 2 a.m., I ended up in the far corner of a bar parking lot painting a Bible story under a street lamp. A gang of guys in black leather jackets noticed and came over to ask what I was doing.

"Painting a picture that tells a story," I said.

"Painting in the dark? That's the dumbest thing I ever heard of," said one guy. "You can't see shit

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in this light. Wait a second before you draw anymore."

He and several of the guys wheeled over their motorcycles in a semicircle and cut the engines with their headlights pointed at the easel. I drew Bible stories for them the rest of the night. We held an impromptu prayer meeting at dawn with 18 motorcycle people holding hands and praying in a circle.

Sometimes, Sam Thompson, a Christian friend of mine who was born blind, used to go out in the parks with me and read his Braille Bible aloud, a thing which fascinated people. But more than anything Sam wanted to be able to draw a picture to illustrate a Bible verse. The idea obsessed him. Sam, who had no idea what a color was or what anything looked like, wanted to draw a picture. Ridiculous. Impossible... but the two of us prayed to do the impossible.

God sent us a simple idea.

Sam could not see but he had a sharp mind and he could feel things. So we took different colored strings of knitting yarn and tacked them to a long board in a certain order. Then we nailed short nails into the board leaving the nail heads sticking up. The nail heads formed patterns so that Sam could take a strand of yarn and weave it among the nail heads to form simple pictures!

I was amazed. Who but the Lord God could use a blind man to draw illustrations of Bible verses?

As a volunteer for several years I taught Bible lessons at a sort of half-way house for drug addicts at Jax Beach. The great parades held on the day the beaches officially open for the summer draw thousands and thousands of people; Someone ought to...

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For five years running I designed parade floats illustrating Bible verses: Four years in a row our floats won trophies as outstanding in our division; and one year we won the "Most Outstanding Float in the Parade" award.

Each year we'd park these floats along the beach and use them as platforms to give out tracts and for me to draw the Bible pictures and tell stories.

The odd thing about this venture is that we were competing against commercially sponsored floats with huge budgets. Operating on a shoestring we constructed our floats out of materials found in the city dump. The float named "Most Outstanding" cost a total of \$5 cash.

That brings me to the fact that Jesus is also Lord of my money -- or He would be if I had any.

For whatever reason -- I'd prefer to think it's because of my commitment to Christ rather than because of my own ineptitude -- Anyhow, for whatever reason I have spent most of my life in abject poverty. I don't mean not having enough cash to pay my bills; I mean in actual want. Not knowing if there'd be anything for supper.

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Two of our Parade floats

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Incidentally, right this moment I'm in better financial shape than I've ever been in before in my life, so I'm not poor mouthing but trying to accurately convey information about this side of Jesus' Lordship in my life, OK?

But for years I supported a family of six on less than a third of what the U.S. government says is poverty level for a family of four. Just so you'll know we are talking about -- that's an income of less than \$7,000 a year.

Because of the grace of Jesus Christ we have never lacked for anything... 247 pounds -- Do I look like a guy who's missed many meals?

Not hardly.

But once Ginny and I had to get up at 4 a.m. and go along the road collecting beer cans to turn in at the recycle center for cash enough to buy the children milk and cereal for breakfast.

Once we went without lights or water in the house for months because I could not pay the utility bills. To get water, at night I would take a beach towel and string empty plastic milk jugs by the handles to carry water home from a public fountain on my back.

Public fountain? Yes. Because of some 18-when-ever law, the city of Jacksonville is required to keep open a certain number of public water spigots -- blue stand pipes you see on certain street corners; I'd learned of their existence when I worked for Mosquito Control. Because I felt ashamed to be seen in such poverty by my neighbors, I'd sneak out late at night and fill our jugs with water for the next day.

Why did God put me in such awful straights?

John W. Cowart

I really don't know except that years afterward one of my neighbors told me, "Thank God for that time your water was cut off. When ours got cut off I remembered seeing you sneak out to that fountain at night so I knew where it was and I could go out and get water just like you did!"

And here I thought that no one had seen me.

Even though I'm fat now, getting basic food loomed large in my thoughts for years. Some gentle soul once helped us out by giving me a five pound bag of rice. Praise God!

When Ginny opened the bag, she found the rice full of weevils, tiny black lobster-shaped bugs.

I did not like it but God had prepared me for this. Remember that my hobby was building model ships and that I had once worked sorting mosquito lava? Well, talents gained in those activities proved handy now. I poured the rice out on the table and used a magnifying glass and tweezers to pick the weevils out of the five pounds of rice so we could eat it.

Got all of them...

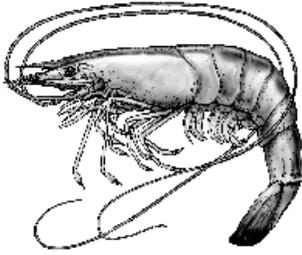
Most of them...

Many of them...

Some of them?

For several summers recently I fed my family by going shrimping practically every night to catch food for the following day... We're not talking Forest Gump here, but hand casting a net to glean eight or ten shrimp at a cast. That's me: John Cowart, a food-gather in our High-Tech Society.

Crackers & Carpetbaggers



Why would the Good Lord treat His servant in such a shabby manner?

That question made me mad at God.

I'd be out there in the dark of night on a dock casting my net and raging at God. "Hey, Lord, other men have to drink heavily to get in such sad straights. What are You trying to do to me?"

Well, a servant is no better than his Lord, is he? Foxes have their dens. Bird's have their nests. But the Son of Man had no place to even lay his head, did He?

Why would God have me out there covered with shrimp meal, that's ground-up fish guts which shrimpers use for chum -- so tired I could faint?

One night as I raged at God, a man came out on the dock and after a while he revealed to me that he was up late worrying because he'd been in a law suit gone bad and planned to shoot his lawyer the next morning. I talked to him about "Forgive me my sins, just as I forgive those who sin against me". He changed his mind about killing the lawyer.

Another night a policeman arrived at the dock. After we talked, he told me that because of trouble in his marriage, he planned to eat his gun at the end of his shift. He left the dock with hope.

One summer night, I borrowed our church van to drive to the dock. A different cop saw the words on the side of the van and stopped me to tell me that he'd been sitting in his patrol car just wishing that somebody would happen by to talk with him about God and about the problem of

John W. Cowart

evil. So when he saw the words "Church of the Good Shepherd" (that's all it says) on the side of the van, he just knew God had sent him someone. We talked all night and when I finally got to the dock, I caught more shrimp in an hour than I usually would catch in eight!

What I'm saying is that when Jesus is Lord, He uses us for His own ends, for His own convenience... and that joy is a by-product of His Lordship, not the purpose of it.

No matter how great or tough things are for us, He accomplishes His own ends. Our life has purpose and meaning. Nothing about it is haphazard.

Before I leave the subject of finances, let me mention briefly that about six years ago our pastor, Jim Dannals, told me and Ginny that we ought to buy a home near the church.. On that particular day, we were living in HUD housing and our cash assets totaled 79¢.

Today, through the goodness of God and His people, we are living in our own 3-bedroom home with new appliances, a huge lawn full of flowers and a swimming pool!

But for about 20 years we did live in HUD housing in a slum area. Rent ranged from \$59 to \$107 a month and we were hard put to raise that much.

Here's something odd:

Most of the time we were living in the HUD housing, I was writing newspaper and magazine articles and selling one now and then.

I recall writing by candlelight when we were without lights. I also recall writing on a yellow legal pad while laying on my belly on the floor

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beside my father's bed as he died of cancer in St. Luke's Hospital; I was writing a piece on St. Patrick of Ireland.

That particular article (and a few others I wrote) was translated into 11 foreign languages and transcribed into Braille. It was also used as a radio script.

Through articles and books written in that HUD housing, about 12 million people world-wide have had the chance to wrap coffee grounds in my work.

While my writing never achieved any financial success -- for instance, an article that took me six or eight weeks to research and write would pay about \$50 -- some of that work does appear to have touched people; I have letters from readers in Germany, Japan, Tiawan, all over.

A death-row inmate wrote to me from Uganda; a discouraged missionary from Costa Rica; an oil company geologist read one of those articles 3 years after it was published while he waited in a dentist's office in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil (he called me long-distance), A lonely kid wrote to me from a farm in Nowhere, Kansas...

So... Was it worth following Jesus' direction even though it cost me and my family a little personal inconvenience?

Sometimes I honestly don't think so; but then again, sometimes I think it was.

Jim Elliot, a missionary murdered by Auca Indians in Equator, once said, "No one in Heaven will have one word of complaint about anything he lacked here on earth."

John W. Cowart

So you don't have to worry about having to give up this or that trifle if you allow Jesus to be absolute Lord of your life.

I think Jim Elliot was right. Personally, all things considered, I have never given up anything for Jesus; it's all been gain.

Now, don't get the idea that making Jesus your Lord automatically inducts you into an order of Saints, giving you a life filled with peace, obedience and freedom from sin. It doesn't.

Even though Jesus is my Lord, I have committed, am committing right now, or am likely to commit before all the returns are in, every squalid, nasty sin that takes my fancy.

I still say "No" to God Almighty more often than I say "Yes".

That brings me to two final incidents in my life with Christ that I need to tell about in order to give you even a hint of a balanced report:

While working at the Library of Congress, I met a young woman named Lucille. She was a clerk there.

One Friday, Lucille told me she wanted to talk over a problem that was bothering her. I knew I should make the time to listen to her problem; I just knew I should. But I did not want to. I was working through some problems of my own and I put her off. I told her that we'd have lunch on Monday and we could talk then.

Monday, a co-worker said, "John, did you hear about Lucille? Yesterday at the shopping mall she had a heart attack and died. Yep, between one step and the next she just dropped in her tracks. Such a young woman too."

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I did not obey God's prompting when it came. When the LORD give you an order to obey, it's not subject to discussion and negotiation for obedience at your personal convenience. Could something I would have said helped Lucille be prepared to step into Eternity? I'll never know till my own Judgment Day...

I don't know the other woman's name. She was elderly. Ancient. I saw her as I walked to work one morning. I'd left home early to I could have a time of prayer in my work area before anyone else arrived.

This white-haired old lady tottered along carrying two heavy suitcases. She was headed in the direction of the train station a few blocks away.

I knew I should go up immediately and carry that woman's bags to the train for her. This came to me as an urgent impression. There was no mistake about what I ought to do. "But," the devil whispered in my ear, "If you go off doing Boy Scout stuff like that, you won't have time to pray. It's only two blocks to the station, she'll make it ok. You have more important things to do than..."

I turned and went on to work. My prayers were ashes because I knew that I'd come to an irrevocable turning-point in life and I'd chosen the wrong thing. I'd missed something of unimaginable importance because I'd chosen not to obey God.

One Prophet tells us that, "To obey is better than to sacrifice".

Why is that?

We chose the sacrifice. We decide what and when and where and how much. We initiate the

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whole thing. On the other hand, when we obey, the Lord God initiates the action.

My normal course is to make my plans and then pray, "God bless what I have in mind"

When Christ is Lord of our lives, there is only His plan and our question is the same as Saint Paul's, "Lord, What will You have me to do?"

Think about it: Is there any reason that you should not allow Jesus Christ to become the absolute Lord of your life -- Guts, feathers and all --right now, today?

In 1996, I gave this talk at Good Shepherd Episcopal Church, to a group which had requested an autobiographical speech. I now attend a different church. -- jwc



THE YEAR NOTHING HAPPENED

How could they have missed it?

Browsing through an old almanac on the shelf I noticed an odd phenomena:

The compilers of the “Memorial Dates In U.S. History” section listed absolutely nothing occurring in the year 1908.

Important happenings are listed for 1907 (Oklahoma became the 46th state) and for 1909 (Peary reached the North Pole and William Du Bois founded the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People) but not a single event for 1908.

Shameful!

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I don't know about what happened in the rest of the country, but just a glance at old newspapers shows that a lot of significant things happened in Jacksonville that year. For instance, a camel was killed in a traffic accident on Main Street; a local man invented a mechanical bird; Carrie Nation raided the Falstaff Saloon; George Loring Hanscom preached a sermon to the Union Congregational Church; a giant shark was hooked; Mr. F.C. Miller's successfully drove an auto over 80 miles; there was a chicken scam alert; a mule died in Mrs. E.C. Clark's kitchen; and Well, let's look at some top Jacksonville stories quoted from 1908 newspapers:

HON. FRANK CLARK WILL SPEAK TONIGHT

Hon. Frank Clark, congressman from the Second Florida District, will deliver an address tonight in the auditorium of the board of trade upon the subject of a ship canal across Florida... ---
April 10, 1908

(Sound familiar?)

BUSINESS SESSION OF CITY COUNCIL

There was very little business of general interest transacted at the regular meeting of the city council last night, and there was an entire absence of wrangling and no arguments whatsoever. --- April 22, 1908

AN AUTO TRIP TO GREEN COVE SPRINGS

Another object lesson in favor of the "good roads" movement, which seems to hang fire in the estimate of the powers that be, was

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furnished in a trip made by Mr. F.C. Miller in his "Premier" touring car on Friday from Jacksonville and return, his objective point being Green Cove Springs, but which incidentally involved taking in Middleburg, altogether a distance of nearly eighty-five miles.



Throughout the run he had no tire or other trouble with the exception of one stop to change a spark plug.

The consumption of gasoline was eight gallons and the time taken was a little over seven hours.

--- April 12, 1908

DRAWING OF GUNS SCATTERED CROWD

Had Jessie James, Robert Ford or other well remembered members of the outlaw gangs of years ago been in the vicinity of Main and Forsyth streets at 6:30 o'clock last night they would probably had sought places of safety when Charles S. Wiggins of Fort White and M.B. Selph of this city pulled off a little gun play that would have made the heavy villain of a 30-cent drama look like a frightened child.

The result of the drawing of the pistols was that both men were locked up at police headquarters

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and charged with disorderly conduct by fighting and carrying concealed weapons...

Just what started the trouble which resulted in both men drawing 38-caliber revolvers could not be ascertained. Some say it was the result of politics and John Barleycorn being unable to agree.

The trouble, so it is stated, originated in the Falstaff Saloon...

The scene shifted from the barroom to the sidewalk, and, once on the outside, both are alleged to have pulled revolvers. There was a large crowd looking on, and when the two long guns were flashed there was a general stampede for places of safety. Cool headed individuals rushed to the men and managed to pry them apart, both still holding tightly to their trusty revolvers...

The affair created the greatest of excitement, happening as it did when the streets were crowded with people going home from the down town district.

--- May 15, 1908

MRS. CARRIE NATION IN JACKSONVILLE

Mrs. Carrie Nation of Wichita, Kas., has at last touched port. This is not to be construed that the noted saloon smasher and temperance lecturer has imbibed of the port of ambrosia, but that she has at last arrived at the port of Jacksonville for sure.

"Are you the young man from the *Times-Union*?" said the saloon-smasher.

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“Right you are,” said the newspaper man.

“Well, young man, you are the first newspaper reporter I have yet seen without a cigarette between his teeth... If you are an example of the newspaper profession in Jacksonville, you are a fair lot”.

The reporter assured Mrs. Nation in as unflinching a manner as possible that the compliment was appreciated, despite the fact that he was trying his level best to chew up as many sen-sen (breath mints) as possible in order to erase the odor of tobacco on his breath caused by a half indulgence of a “two-for” (cigarette) which he had bereft himself of upon entering the door of the hotel...

Mrs. Nation asked how many saloons were being operated in Jacksonville.

“God, over a hundred breathing holes of hell in Jacksonville,” she said, “This is a bad city”.

--- February 9, 1908

CARRIE PAYS VISIT TO LOCAL SALOON

Carrie Nation’s tour of visits to Jacksonville saloons began yesterday when, all unannounced and unexpected, she descended in Majestic wrath on the Falstaff on Main and Forsyth streets...

“Hell all around!” she cried. “Hell to the left of me and hell to the right of me and death on the floor!”

She started in and delivered her opinion of the crowd and of men in general, roasted saloons, liquor, tobacco, cigars, and passed a few

John W. Cowart

remarks across the mahogany bar to the white-coated mixer who happened to be on duty.

Then she took a look at the classic scenes pictured on the walls with merry old Jack Falstaff in the center of the group.

"I'll say one thing for you here," she said, moderating her tone and some of the anger dying out of her voice, "You haven't any pictures of nude women on the walls. That is one thing in your favor. I generally find them in these hell-holes"...

Seated at a table in one of the booths was a distinguished



appearing military officer, a hero of political fights galore, an eminent attorney who has won honor in foreign lands, and as popular an officer as there was in the Florida state troops, so popular indeed that once he was talked of for governor.

Carrie took a look at him and the officer thought of an engagement, evidently at the courthouse, for without stopping an instant longer, he ducked out through the Forsyth Street door and when last seen was headed due east...

--- February 2, 1908

While strong men chickened out and ran from Carrie Nation, she received a touchingly different reception from the prostitutes when she visited a

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whore house on Ward Street called the New York House: The newspaper reported:

Carrie Nation at the New York House

...Here Mrs. Nation received her first cordial reception. The inmates of the house evidently considered her a curiosity, but when she began to talk, it did not require the utterance of many words before it was seen that her remarks were proving effective.

At this juncture, Mrs. Nation requested the newspaper men to leave the room, and closing the door of the ballroom, in which she was talking, she lectured for a quarter of an hour to the girls. Her words evidently made a deep impression, for emerging from the room came girls bowed in shame and weeping.

With tears streaming down her own cheeks, Mrs. Nation left this resort, thanking the inmates for the kind treatment and consideration shown her and party.

-- February 14, 1908

THE NEW PURE FOOD AND DRUG LAW

We are pleased to announce that Foley's Honey and Tar for coughs, colds and lung trouble is not affected by the National Pure Food and Drug Law, as it contains no opiates ...

--- May 15, 1908

LOCAL MAN INVENTS MECHANICAL BIRD

James B. Slinn, an inventor, was exhibiting to curious eyes in the corridor of the Windsor Hotel yesterday afternoon a mechanical bird which he recently had patented.

John W. Cowart

“What’s that?” inquired a *Times-Union* reporter as he beheld upon entering the hotel a little red object flitting around the clerk’s desk...

(The inventor) produced his bird... wound it up – and it flew from his hand as a live bird would have done.

It’s wings beat the air as do the wings of a bird... It flew about the corridor of the hotel covering a space of many feet and then, when the little rubber bands had uncoiled themselves, it settled to the floor.

Inventor Slinn declares that aerial navigation is similarly possible, a bigger machine being all that is needed... Its mechanism will be as closely similar to the flying structure of a bird as is possible to human ingenuity.

“Bird flight,” said Inventor Slinn, “Offers the one and only solution of the problem of aerial navigation. When men fly through the air for long distances, controlling their flight in the essential details, they will do so like birds”.
--- April 29, 1908

A LOST CHRIST AND A FOUND CHRIST:

Sermon Delivered at the union Congregational Church By the Pastor, Rev. George Loring Hanscom

Let us enter the morgue.

There lies a lifeless form just brought in by rough yet kind-hearted men from the river.

It is the body of a woman. Pushing back the masses of disheveled hair, we look into a young

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and beautiful face and wonder whose child she is.

Last night when the city was quiet, and those who had homes had sought them, and the poor street Arab had coiled himself into an empty box, this child of sorrow noiselessly stole to the bridge, climbed the rail, gave one long, low cry of despair, then madly leaped into the river. There was a splash, a struggle, and then the dark waters rolled on as before, and as they have over hundreds of such frail children as the one who lies here in the dead-house.



What does it mean? It means that this young girl, who was the idol of the country village where she was reared, came to the city and under the spell of its allurements, began to neglect divine worship and the religious practices of former days and wandered away from the path of duty and uprightness.

She lost her Lord.

Mary and Joseph once lost Jesus in the temple, the place where people generally go to find Him. They did not lose Him in some public resort

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where' God's holy day is desecrated, nor in the licensed saloon, nor in the divorce court, nor in some institution where men lose their money in games of chance, nor in some giddy social set that shamed the day and debauches the night...

You need not be a vulgar sinner, you need not shock the community, you need not paint the town red, you need not bring your father's gray hairs in sorrow to the grave, you need not to break your mother's heart, and you need not disgrace your family in order to lose your Lord.

Listen! You may sit in these pews on Sunday. You may sing these hymns. You may read selections from Holy Writ, may listen to the gospel message, may stand high in church circles, and may carefully observe the externals of religion, but if you are not seeking spiritual communion with your Divine Lord, you may lose Him even in this religious atmosphere.

In a word, it is possible to grasp the shadow and miss the substance; to be so wedded to the form of service, to the preaching, to the music, or to the place of worship that you will lose sight of the Lord Christ. Let us be watchful and prayerful. It is not the church edifice, however ornate; it is not the sermon, however logical and eloquent; it is not the music, however rich and inspiring; it is Jesus and "Jesus only". If He presides not at the feast, the soul is not fed. -- May 3, 1908

FRIGHTENED DRAFT ANIMAL COLLIDED WITH SHIP OF THE DESERT ON MAIN STREET

A horse, attached to a delivery wagon belonging to a local retail grocery store... became frightened yesterday morning about 10:30

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o'clock on Main Street by the steam organ in the circus parade and, dashing up the street at great speed, struck the animal section of the parade resulting in the horse and a camel being injured and a bicycle being demolished.

The horse struck the parade diagonally at the intersection of Main and Ashley streets. The shaft side-wiped the camel gouging out a chunk of flesh on the left side. The camel was knocked down by the force of the blow and its head struck the hard pavement, inflicting another wound.

The horse fell to the pavement and bruised its head causing the blood to flow profusely. The Negro (wagon) driver clung to the reigns and when the horse fell, he jumped out and held the animal's head until the excitement subsided.

A bicycle standing on the curb and owned by W.C. Warrington was completely demolished. Pandemonium reigned at the time of the runaway and sightseers lining the sidewalks were scattered in wild disorder. The parade continued after a short delay.

--- April 19, 1908

DOLLAR DINNER A BIG SUCCESS

The Florida National Guard Association and guests spent an enjoyable evening at Dixieland Park...

The banquet, for a dollar a dinner, was greatly enjoyed by all and the menu, which was as follows, was served in most excellent style:

John W. Cowart

Florida Celery Queen Olives
 Caviar Canape
Oyster Cocktail Green Peppers
 Cold Consomme
Fresh Spanish Mackerel Maitre de Hotel
Sweet Breads Saute Aux Petit Pois
Cucumber Salad Potato Rosette
 Punch Curacao Cigarettes
 Roast Fillet de Beof Champignon
Salad Macedonia Strawberries & Ice Cream
 Roquefort Cheese Bent Crackers
 Demitasse

--- April 10, 1908

SHARK WAS GAME

St Augustine --Fishing is affording much sport here now, the fish being plentiful and the people having time to indulge their taste for the sport.

A big shark was caught yesterday afternoon ... by Mr. F.O. Iwanowski... The big fish measured 7ft.4in. in length...

A toad fish was used for bait, but this repulsive morsel was greedily taken with the hook and a moment later the line was spinning out as if pulled by an ocean greyhound.

A husky colored man proffered his services to haul in the catch before the shark hit and Mr. Iwanowski told him to grab the line and haul in, but the shark was obeying the other part of the

Crackers & Carpetbaggers

order for it was surely and rapidly hauling the now frightened darkey over the rail into the river.

“Heah, take yo line an’ fish,” he yelled and Mr. Iwanowski relieved him of his burden just in the nick of time.

The line was now played out and hauled in as the big shark spurted one way or the other.

In the course of time the sportsman’s tactics began to have the intended effect and the shark was hauled in tight and gradually lifted ...

--- May 26, 1908

BE ON THE LOOKOUT

H.L. Jones, bookkeeper for Lewis & Co.’s liquor house, was badly stung yesterday. A Negro called on him and told of having a coop of chickens in the express office with no funds for expressage. Mr. Jones was informed that he could have the chickens, provided he would pay the expressage, which amounted to \$1.25. The money was given the Negro and he left for the express office. He has not been seen since and inquiries made at the express office show that no chickens were received there. Citizens are warned to be on the lookout for the slick Negro.

--- April 22, 1908

MUZZLESS DOGS MUST ALL SKIDOO

John W. Cowart

All dogs running at large on the streets of the city must be muzzled.

Such is the edict of Hon. William H. Sebring, mayor of Jacksonville...

The wearing of a tag showing that the dog tax has been paid for the current year will be no protection to the life of the unmuzzled canine. Tagged or untagged, terrified or unterrified, the muzzles canine must go.

--- May 7, 1908

STATE HEALTH BOARD TREATS HYDROPHOBIA

That a genuine case of hydrophobia has been successfully treated in this city under the supervision of the state board of health of Florida will prove a source of satisfaction to many people, especially when it is known that it is the world-famous Pasteur treatment that is given without the necessity of sending the patient off to a Pasteur Institute in another city. --- April 14, 1908

NEW TURKISH BATH HOUSE IN JACKSONVILLE

The fond hope of many Jacksonville men for an up-to-date Turkish bath establishment has been realized. In the handsome new Sanitary Barber Shop in the basement of the recently erected Buckman building, corner of Hogan and Forsyth streets, has been established one of these enterprises with modern conveniences. --- May 21, 1908

PROPHYLAXIS SOCIETY

Crackers & Carpetbaggers

The next regular meeting of the Society of Sanitary and Moral Prophylaxis will be held at the board of trade auditorium Thursday evening. Business of considerable importance will come before this meeting and all members are earnestly requested to be present.

--- May 21, 1908

NOMINEE WATSON SPENT THE DAY HERE

Hon. Thomas E. Watson of Thomson, Ga., who was yesterday nominated as a candidate for president of the United States by the Populist national convention in St. Louis, spent the entire day in Jacksonville...

The first news of the action of the Populist convention in nominating him for the presidency reached Mr. Watson through a representative of the Times-Union calling upon Mr. Watson at the Duval hotel and breaking the news to him as gently as possible...

Mr. Watson was decidedly non-committal as to his intention regarding the acceptance of the nomination...

(President Theodore Roosevelt backed the nomination of William H. Taff, who won the November election).

JACKSONVILLE GAS CO.

Cook with gas
And the world
Cooks with you.
Cook with wood
And you cook alone.

John W. Cowart

For you'll never be cool in this hot old world,
Till you own a gas range of your own.

(In 1908 the Jacksonville Gas Co. was located at 18 West Forsyth St. The company's phone number was 6. Gas cost \$2 a month.)

MULE WALKED INTO KITCHEN AND DIED

Mrs. E.C. Clark, a widow, residing at 16 Dora Street, Riverside, heard a commotion in the backyard.

The lady was performing certain household duties when her attention was attracted to the rear door by a noise. Glancing around she beheld the head of a mule.

Quickly and with presence of mind she pushed the door shut. However, before she could bar or lock the door, the door had been again pushed open by the mule.

Then began a tug of war. Mrs. Clark pushed with all her might from the inside in an effort to get the door closed and the mule stubbornly contended that the door must give him an entrance.

Thoroughly exhausted and overcome by fright, Mrs. Clark let go the door and when her thoughts became collected again, she found herself clutching convulsively to a chair in another room. Through her fright she had fled from the "impending" danger...

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She returned to that precinct of her home and found the form of a huge mule stretched upon the floor. The mule had dropped dead upon gaining the interior of the kitchen...

Mrs. Clark was in a quandary, "What must I do with him".

Several men (from a nearby store) then volunteered to drag the body out into the alley. Soon a team belonging to the city street cleaning force drew up to the alley and the dead form of the mule was soon skidding down the brick pavement on Riverside Avenue bound for the crematory... --- May 25, 1908

... And reporting to you live from Jacksonville, Florida, this is John Cowart and that's your local news from 1908, the year nothing happened.



AVIATION HISTORY IN JACKSONVILLE

On January 28, 1878, a strange apparition floated in the air above Jacksonville.

Laborers stopped pushing and pulling the giant saws in the city's lumber mills. Crews jumped off the ships tied up to the docks along Bay Street and craned their necks backward to look up.

Business halted as customers ran out of stores and clerks deserted the counters.

People ran out of their homes. Children cringed clinging to their mother's aprons.

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Everyone crowded into the streets and pointed at the sky.

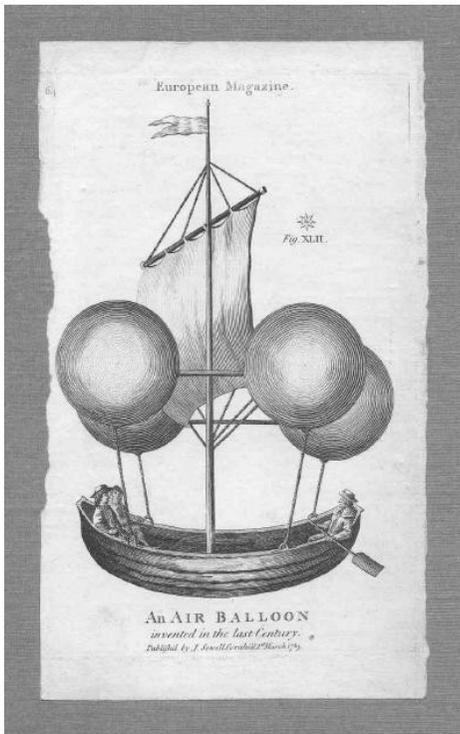
The next day, the *Sun and Press* newspaper reported, "A large balloon containing one man is reported to have passed over this city yesterday afternoon about 5 o'clock. It appeared to be about a mile up, and was going in a southeasterly direction".

Thus began Jacksonville's aviation history.

The unknown balloonist was the first person to fly over the city but hundreds of Jacksonville flyers have followed his lead.

When the Seventh Annual State Fair was held here on February 23, 1882, Professor T. F. Burton

"soared skyward amid gasps of mingled fear and delight," said the *Daily Florida Times*, the newspaper of the day.



The aeronaut (as flyers were called in those days) hung from a trapeze suspended beneath a hot air balloon. When a breeze pushed the balloon toward the St. Johns River, the Aeronaut slid down a guy-rope some 20 feet to safety.

John W. Cowart

"The professor stuck in the mud at the upheaval and the airship collapsed into the river."

On December 17, 1903, Orville and Wilbur Wright made the first heavier than air flight at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina. Orville flew 120 feet in 12 seconds; Wilbur flew 852 feet in 59 seconds.

In 1905, another type of balloon, "The Wonderful California Airship" rowed its way across the Jacksonville skyline powered by a young man named Foillette.

"It does not depend on a motor but is propelled and steered with oars. Mr. Follette rows it exactly the same way as he would a boat; according to the stroke he gives the machine will go to right or left, forward or backward, up or down, and ballast is only carried in anticipation of an emergency," said the December 17, 1905, *Florida Times-Union*.



This gentleman posed for his picture over the city skyline in a biplane sporting a Jacksonville pennant.

Crackers & Carpetbaggers

Technology marched on abandoning the oar-powered balloon.

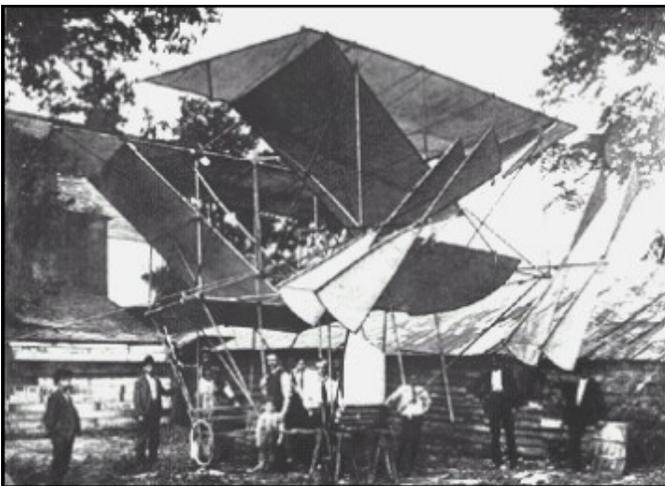
The next year saw a double-winged kite with a man sandwiched between the wings fly over Jacksonville Beach. Two steam-powered motorcars racing side by side pulled the kite into the air.

Israel Ludlow, an attorney, invented this flying device. On Easter Sunday, 1906, he demonstrated it.

Here's how a reporter recorded the event:

"Promptly at 3 o'clock Ludlow attached the guy ropes to the big kite and the crowd, attracted by the announcement of the intended flight, lined itself along the Hotel Continental pier and along the beach. In front of the kite the little rudder flapped back and forth, back and forth, in the strong south wind...

"Every one realized that Ludlow, calmly working his way through the wires and bamboo supports to his seat in the center, was taking his life in his hands.



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Israel Ludlow's craft crashed paralyzing him.

"Two White Steamers wheeled in to position and the guy ropes were made fast to them...Then the cars were crowded with spectators to add weight.

"The cars, jumping at once in their high speed, took up the slack in the tow. There was a sudden jerk, a whirl of dust and sand, and the kite was off.

"Up into the air it shot as though it was some mighty projectile hurled from the iron jaws of a giant cannon. It did not pitch, did not waver, did not tilt...

"Up and up went the kite, going ever higher and higher. Ludlow pulled on the rudder-ropes to swing it more directly into the wind..."

But as the crowd began to applaud, Ludlow's kite began to come apart.

"The drivers halted the cars with a jerk that almost unseated some of the passengers.

"A shattered piece of bamboo, like a premonition of what was to come, came free of the wires and hurtled down through the air. The front half of the kite lifted quickly under the high pressure of the wind. Straight up in the air it went. There it quivered for just an instant; made one mighty effort to tear itself free; failed; bent backward; and broke again.

"Crackling and splintering every instant it crashed through the top of the remaining half and jammed itself down over Ludlow..."

The driver of one car, "half frantic because he could not help the man alone up there in the air,

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ran back toward the kite, now falling like some great stone, its lifting power gone; all crippled, shattered and helpless...

"Crashing downward through space for more than one hundred and fifty feet; pinned helplessly to his seat by the big wings of the aeroplane that was rushing its inventor to what seemed certain, instant death; beyond all reach of human aid; powerless and utterly helpless in the hands of heartless, unpitying Fate"..., Israel Ludlow hit the sand.

The impact paralyzed Ludlow and the accident shook the community; but Jacksonville refused to give up flight.

Aviation experiments continued here.

One of the first motor-powered airships ever to fly in Florida took off from Southside at 5:10 p.m. on February 3, 1908. Thousands of citizens watched native son Lincoln J. Beachey fly a cigar-shaped gas-filled bag equipped with a four-cylinder motor.

"The great propeller... like some monster double paddle of the Indians of old, whirled the sand in all directions... Beachey cast off his anchor and the ship as easily, lightly, gracefully as some great feathered bird, shot up into the heavens, outlining itself against the sunset colors of the early evening and the cool, gray background of the sky," the *Times-Union* reported.

The airship ascended 200 feet, cruised over the Dyal-Upchurch Building at Main and Bay streets, then returned to Southside. It came down to 35 feet and Beachey threw out the anchor.

"Easily as the merest of birds drops to the swinging topmost bough of some favored tree,

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the Beachey airship settled," the newspaper said.

Beachey's flight lasted 12 minutes.

1910 was a big year for flight in Jacksonville. "Dainty Dot LeRoy, the world's most famous woman aeronaut" ascended in a balloon at the Florida Ostrich Farm.

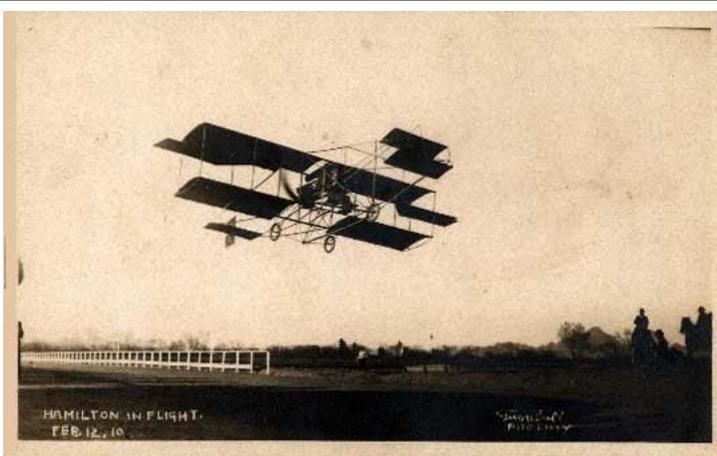
"She has no fear of the monster gas bag above her head and declares that she never thinks of what might happen if the balloon acted cranky in mid air," the *Times-Union* reported.

The balloon did get cranky.

Our first female flyer landed in the river and had to be rescued by a launch. Around the turn of the century, the river seems to have hosted as many balloons as boats.

Also in 1910, on May 21, at Moncrief Spring Park, Charles K. Hamilton, known as "The Daredevil of the Air", raced his Curtis biplane, the first heavier-than-air flying machine seen in Jacksonville, against a Cadillac driven by Dexter Kelly. The biplane soared to the height of 2,500 feet and reached a speed of 60 miles per hour in a dive, yet the automobile won the five mile race.

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Hamilton's plane in Phoenix, Arizona

But what was to have been 1910's biggest aerial event was the Christmas Day Moncrief Park Aviation Demonstration sponsored by the *Florida Times-Union*.

For weeks ahead the newspaper ran promotional articles and half-page ads with photographs of flying machines. Headlines proclaimed BIRD-MEN WILL INVADE JACKSONVILLE -- SKY PILOTS AWAIT SIGNAL TO FLY CHRISTMAS DAY -- TIMES-UNION GREAT AVIATION MEET: GET IN THE HABIT OF LOOKING UP.

News articles touted "The most sensational exhibition ever pulled off in any Southern city."

The paper arranged for railroads to bring spectators to the city at reduced fares. Pinkerton guards were hired.

"Important among the features of the aeroplane tournament on Christmas day is the appearance of the Curtiss aeroplane which has taken the lead in advancing the science of aviation along practical lines during the past year," one paper

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said. "First in cross country flights from city to city, first to be used in bomb dropping experiments: first used for demonstrations of aerial sharp shooting by an officer of the United States Army: first to fly from the decks of a United States cruiser, and possibly most important of all, the first aeroplane from which a wireless message was ever sent while the machine was in flight".

All the hoopla was before the meet.

On December 26, the *Evening Metropolis*, the city's other newspaper, carried a small announcement:

"Both aeroplanes broken and flights abandoned early."

One of the machines broke a propeller after circling the race track twice. The other plane cracked a cylinder after circling three times.

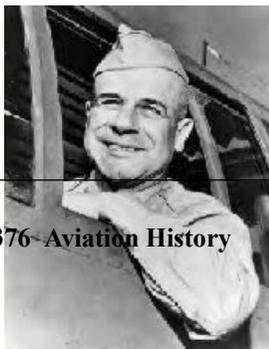
"The meet was abandoned with the three flights. Some 2,000 people were disappointed but the accidents could not be helped," the *Metropolis* said.

But set-backs did not stop aviation in Jacksonville.

In February 1913, Robert G. Fowler created a sensation by landing at Pablo Beach after flying cross-country from Long Beach, California. He was the first to fly across the continent from west to east.

Fowler had left California the previous October!

In 1916, Earle Dodge opened a flying school at a site that is now NAS-JAX. He taught flyers in Curtis Hydro-aeroplanes there till



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the army took over the site in 1917 and military pilots began training there.

Another long-distance flyer, then Lieutenant James H. Doolittle -- later famous for leading the World War II raid on Japan -- made his name in Jacksonville. On September 4, 1922, he took off from Jacksonville Beach and flew his DeHaviland to California in world record time of 21 hours and 18 minutes.

Robert Kloeppel Sr., later the owner of Jacksonville's George Washington Hotel, had built his own heavier-than-air machine in 1910. He tested it on East 14 Street in Springfield. It flew a distance of 75 feet in two minutes at a height of four feet.

Then it crashed, a total wreck.

Kloeppel never tried to fly again but he always remained active in the Aero Club of Jacksonville. He offered a \$1,000 reward to the first person to fly across the Atlantic.

Charles Lindbergh flew to Paris in 1927.

He returned to this country aboard a warship, the *USS Memphis*. While the ship was still 75 miles out to sea, Jacksonville aviator, Laurie Yonge flew his own Waco biplane over the Memphis and dropped a note to the deck inviting "The Lone Eagle" to Jacksonville.



Lindbergh accepted.

A parade in October welcomed the World's Most Famous Man to Jacksonville.

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The day he flew in, schools let out and everyone took the day off.

Headlines proclaimed: THOUSANDS BRAVE RAIN TO WELCOME LINDBERGH.

Just as Lindbergh landed at the Jacksonville Municipal Airport, a heavy downpour, 2.23 inches, fell.

In spite of the rain, 150,000 people stood cheering on Jacksonville streets to see Lindbergh ride through downtown in an open car.

"I don't remember any rain," said Mary H. Mortellaro, 72, who as a 12-year-old attended the parade. "Probably as a kid, it didn't bother me.

"I remember Aunt Laura took me and DeeDee down to see him. There were huge crowds but she hustled us right up to the front where we could see.

"He rode by Jacobs Jewelers in a big old touring car. The top was down and he sat up on the back waving to people.

"He was curly headed and tall and lanky -- looked just like an ordinary man -- just like his picture in the paper. We were thrilled," she said.

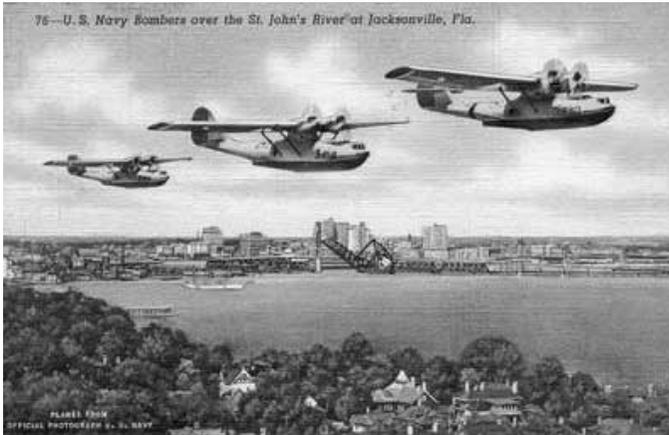
In the George Washington Hotel ballroom, Kloepfel presented Lindbergh with a \$1,000 check.

Jacksonville's Laurie Yonge once set the world's endurance flying record for small planes by staying aloft over Jacksonville Beach for 25 hours. The previous record had been only 13 hours.

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When Yonge landed his plane, "The Spirit Of Jacksonville", he was congratulated by city commissioner Thomas C. Imeson.

Yonge organized Florida's first Civil Air Patrol squadron and the first aerial ambulance service in Jacksonville.



Under Imeson's supervision, the city built our first municipal airport which was named for him posthumously.

Clint Frank began his aviation career at Imeson Airport.

Frank has the distinction of having served for 35 years in Jacksonville for Eastern Airlines. He retired as manager of passenger and cargo sales.

"For one manager to stay in one city all that time is unusual," he said. "But I'm glad I was able to do it. Other people work all their lives to be able to come to Florida; but here I am."

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Before 1960 this a seaplane floated on the St. Johns with the old Jacksonville City Hall dome visible in the background.

When Frank joined Eastern in 1951, only one travel agency existed in the city. "Now there are about 70 I would say; and the increase in service for air travelers has done it," he said.

The lone agency in 1951 sold only 5 percent of the seats on planes flying from Jacksonville; the airlines handled all the other bookings. Now 75 percent of all bookings are handled by travel agents, he said,

"I remember that in the early '50s what stands out in my mind was that Eastern had 60 plus flights a day into Jacksonville -- DC3s, Constellations, DC4s. Jacksonville was a small hub for piston-engined aircraft to stop for fuel.

"When the jet era came in the mid '60s, Jacksonville was not needed for refueling. Flights could go directly to their destinations.

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"We lost in number of flights, but there was no loss in service because jets were so much quicker. Therefore the total number of seats kept going up," Frank said.

Frank helped in aviation's transition from Imeson to Jacksonville International Airport.

"The old airport was antiquated and larger planes needed a better facility. Lew Ritter who was mayor then was criticized a lot for the new airport but if he had not stuck to his guns and done it, we'd be in bad shape now. It cost about \$28 million when it was built, but if you had to do it today, think what it would cost."

Frank missed seeing the landing of the British Airways supersonic Concorde jet on May 14, 1987. The Concorde, world's fastest airliner, had come from London to Jacksonville at 1,340 miles per hour and at an altitude of 60,000 feet.

"The generation of aircraft we have now will be with us for a long time," Frank said. "The Concorde is supersonic but it's also super expensive and super costly to operate. That's why they haven't built any more of them. I think it will be another ten years before we seen any more major changes in aircraft technology.

"But I may be wrong about that; I still find it hard to believe that airplanes can actually fly," he said.

Such were the early days of flight in Jacksonville. How far have Jacksonville's contributions to aviation gone?

John W. Cowart

Well, before his death in 1979, my father, Zade Maxwell Cowart Jr., a Jacksonville native and a master molder, worked at NAS-JAX.

There he crafted parts for some of NASA's 1971 Lunar Rover equipment, the golf-cart like vehicle astronauts used to drive around on the moon's surface and abandoned when they left.

Yes, astronauts took my Daddy's work from Jacksonville to the moon.

It's still up there.



Lunar Rover (far right) was abandoned on the surface of the moon

Seen On The St Johns River: Jacksonville's Liberty Ships



Launch ways at St Johns River Shipbuilding Co. during World War II.

Metropolitan Park now covers most of this site.

Of 2,710 Liberty Ships build in the U.S., during WWII, Jacksonville's St Johns River Shipbuilding Co. launched 82 of them at an average cost of \$2 million.

Each Liberty Ship, designed to carry vital military supplies to war zones, was 441 feet long and could carry the cargo of 300 boxcars. Liberty Ships carried thousands of troops and 2/3 of all cargo that departed the United States. Enemy action sank over 200 of our Liberty Ships.



**Seen On The St Johns River:
USS *Richard Montgomery*, a Jax Liberty Ship**



Wreck of the *Richard Montgomery* in the Thames Estuary.

In July, 1943, the St. Johns River Shipyard, launched the *Richard Montgomery*, Named after a Revolutionary War hero. It was the seventh of 82 Liberty Ships to be built in Jacksonville.

In August, 1944, the *Montgomery* loaded over 7,000 tons of bombs at Hog Island, Philadelphia. Deck cargo included 175 tons of fully armed, fragmentation cluster bombs.

After crossing the Atlantic safely in convey, on Sunday, August 20, the *Montgomery* sank on the Sheerness Middle Sand in the Thames estuary. When she grounded her plates buckled and the ship broke apart The water was so shallow that her superstructure remained above the surface.

None of the 81 men in the crew was lost and they salvaged some of the munitions -- but to this day at least 3,500 tons of explosives remain in the sunken hull. A British official said, "If the *Richard Montgomery* blew up, it would be the largest non-nuclear explosion in history".



JAX FACTS



Jacksonville City Flag

Jacksonville, located at 30°19'10" North, 81°39'36" West, is the county seat of Duval County, Florida.

With a land area of 874.3 square miles, Jacksonville is geographically the largest city in the contiguous 48 states of the United States.

As of the 2000 census, the city had a total population of 735,617 making it the largest city in Florida in terms of population in the city proper. The Jacksonville metropolitan area now has over a million residents.

Jacksonville and Duval County are incorporated. All areas of Duval County are considered to be part of Jacksonville, with the exception of the communities of Baldwin, Neptune Beach, Atlantic Beach and Jacksonville Beach.

Duval County was created in 1822. Isaiah Hart mapped out blocks for the city of Jacksonville that year. The county was named for William Pope DuVal, Territorial Governor of Florida from 1822 to 1834. When Duval County was created

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on the same day as Jackson County, it covered a massive area, from the Suwannee River on the west to a line running from Jacksonville to the mouth of the Suwannee River on the east.

On October 1, 1968, the government of Duval County was consolidated with the government of the City of Jacksonville.

Jacksonville was originally named Cowford because the St. Johns River is narrow here, allowing cattlemen to herd cows across the river. The city was renamed in 1822 for the first territorial governor of Florida and the future 7th U.S. President Andrew Jackson.



JACKSONVILLE STATISTICS

As of the 2000 Census, there are 735,617 people, 284,499 households, and 190,614 families residing in the city. The population density is 970.9 per square mile. There are 308,826 housing units. According to the city's website, as of October 2004, there were 515,202 registered voters in Duval County.

The racial makeup of the city is 64.48% White; 29.03% Black; 4.16% Hispanic; 0.34% Native American; 2.78% Asian; 0.06% Pacific Islander; and .33% from other races.

There are 284,499 households out of which 33.9% have children under the age of 18 living

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with them; 46.7% are married couples living together, 16.0% have a female householder with no husband present, and 33.0% are non-families. 26.2% of all households are made up of individuals and 7.7% have someone living alone who is 65 years of age or older. The average household size is 2.53 and the average family size is 3.07.

In the city, the population is spread out with 26.7% under the age of 18, 9.7% from 18 to 24, 32.3% from 25 to 44, 21.0% from 45 to 64, and 10.3% who are 65 years of age or older. The median age is 34 years. For every 100 females there are 93.9 males. For every 100 females age 18 and over, there are 90.6 males.

The median income for a household in the city is \$40,316, and the median income for a family is \$47,243. Males have a median income of \$32,547 versus \$25,886 for females. The median per capita income for the city is \$20,337. 12.2% of the population and 9.4% of families are below the poverty line. Out of the total population, 16.7% of those under the age of 18 and 12.0% of those 65 and older are living below the poverty line.

Jacksonville is home to Edward Waters College, Jacksonville University, and the University of North Florida, as well as the Florida Community College at Jacksonville, Trinity Baptist College and Florida Coastal School of Law.

Jacksonville is also home to the Jacksonville Jaguars football team and the Jacksonville Suns baseball team. Jacksonville is scheduled to host Super Bowl XXXIX in 2005.

The city hosts an annual Jacksonville Jazz Festival. Other cultural elements include the Cummer Gallery of Art, the Jacksonville Museum

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of Modern Art, and the Jacksonville Symphony Orchestra.

Jacksonville's Sister Cities include: Bahia Blanca, Argentina; Murmansk, Russia; Masan, South Korea; Nantes, France ; Yingkou, China; and Port Elizabeth, South Africa . In 2000, the Sister Cities International awarded Jacksonville's the Innovation Arts & Culture Award for the city's program with Nantes, France.

Above information condenses facts supplied by the U.S. Census Bureau (<http://www.census.gov/>) and Wikipedia On-line Encyclopedia: (http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Main_Page).

Jacksonville History in a Nutshell

- In 1513, Spanish explorers landed in Florida and claimed their discovery for Spain.
- In 1562, the French Huguenot explorer Jean Ribault explored the St. Johns River area and in 1564 the French established Fort Caroline. Spanish troops, led by Pedro Menéndez de Avilés, from nearby St. Augustine attacked the fort and drove off the French in 1565.
- Spain ceded Florida to the British in 1763, who then gave control back to Spain in 1783.
- The first permanent settlement was founded at Cow Ford in 1791 and Florida became a United States territory in 1821.
- On June 15th, 1822 settlers sent a petition to the U.S. Secretary of State asking that Jacksonville be named a port of entry; this is the first recorded use of the name.
- The charter for a town government was approved by the Florida Legislative Council on February 9, 1832.
- During the Civil War, Jacksonville was a key supply point for hogs and cattle leaving Florida and aiding the Confederate cause. Throughout most of the war, the US Navy maintained a blockade around Florida's ports, including Jacksonville. In 1862 Union forces captured a Confederate battery at St. Johns Bluff and occupied Jacksonville. Throughout the war,

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Jacksonville would change hands several times though never with a battle.

- On February 20, 1864 Union soldiers from Jacksonville marched inland and confronted the Confederate Army at the Battle of Olustee which resulted in a Confederate victory. By the end of the war in 1865, a Union commander commented that Jacksonville had become a "pathetically dilapidated, a mere skeleton of its former self, a victim of war."
- Following the Civil War, during Reconstruction and afterward, Jacksonville and nearby St. Augustine became popular winter resorts for the rich and famous. Visitors arrived by steamboat and (beginning in the 1880s) by railroad, and wintered at dozens of hotels and boarding houses.
- The area declined in importance as a resort destination when Henry Flagler extended the Florida East Coast Railroad to the south, arriving in Palm Beach in 1894 and in the Miami area in 1896. Not even hosting the Subtropical Exposition, a Florida-style world's fair attended by President Grover Cleveland in 1888, served to provide a lasting boost for tourism in Jacksonville.
- Jacksonville's prominence as a winter resort was dealt another blow by major yellow fever outbreaks in 1886 and 1888, during the latter of which nearly ten percent of the more than 4,000 victims, including the city's mayor, died. In the absence of scientific knowledge concerning the cause of yellow fever,

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nearly half of the city's panicked residents fled, despite the imposition of quarantines and the (ineffectual) fumigation of inbound and outbound mail. Not surprisingly, Jacksonville's reputation as a healthful tourist destination suffered.

- During the Spanish American War, gunrunners helping the Cuban rebels used Jacksonville as the center for smuggling illegal arms and supplies to Cuba. Duval county sheriff, and future state governor, Napoleon Bonaparte Broward was one of many gunrunners operating out of the city. Author Stephen Crane traveled to Jacksonville to cover the war.
- On May 3, 1901 hot ash from a shanty's chimney landed on the drying moss at Cleaveland's Fiber Factory. At half past noon most of the Cleaveland workers were at lunch, but by the time they returned the entire city block was engulfed in flames. The fire destroyed the business district and rendered 10,000 residents homeless in the course of eight hours.
- Florida Governor William S. Jennings declared a state of martial law in Jacksonville and dispatched several state militia units to Jacksonville. Reconstruction started immediately, and the city was returned to civil authority on May 17.
- Architect Henry Klutho helped rebuild the city. Klutho and other architects, enamored of the "Prairie Style" of architecture then being popularized by architect Frank Lloyd Wright in Chicago and other Midwestern cities, designed exuberant local buildings with a Florida

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flair. While many of Klutho's buildings were demolished by the 1980s, a number of his creations remain, including the St. James Building from 1911 (a former department store that is now Jacksonville's City Hall) and the Morocco Temple from 1910. Despite the losses of the last several decades, Jacksonville still has one of the largest collections of Prairie Style buildings (particularly residences) outside the Midwest.

- In the early 1900s, Jacksonville was a center of the fledgling motion picture industry. The city's warm climate, excellent rail access, and low costs all helped to make Jacksonville the "Winter Film Capital of the World". By the early 1910s, Jacksonville hosted over 30 studios employing over 1000 actors. However, some residents objected to the hallmarks of the early movie industry, such as car chases in the streets, simulated bank robberies and fire alarms in public places, and even the occasional riot scene. In 1917, a conservative mayor was elected on the platform of taming the city's movie industry. Subsequently the film studios opted to move to a more hospitable political climate in California.
- The 1920s brought significant real estate development and speculation to the city during the great Florida land boom (and bust). Hordes of train passengers passed through Jacksonville on their way south to the new tourist destinations of South Florida, as most of the passenger trains arriving from the population centers of the North were routed through Jacksonville.

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Completion of the Dixie Highway (portions of which became U.S. Highway 1) in the 1920s began to draw significant automobile traffic as well. An important entry point to the state since the 1870s, Jacksonville now justifiably billed itself as the "Gateway to Florida."

- A significant part of Jacksonville's growth in the 20th century came from the presence of navy bases in the region. October 15, 1940, Naval Air Station Jacksonville ("NAS Jax") on the westside became the first navy installation in the city. This base was a major training center during World War II, with over 20,000 pilots and aircrew being trained there.
- After the war, the Navy's elite Blue Angels were established at NAS Jax. Today NAS Jax is the third largest navy installation in the country and employs over 23,000 civilian and active-duty personnel.
- In June 1941, land in the westernmost side of Duval County was earmarked for a second naval air facility. This became NAS Cecil Field, which during the Cold War was designated a Master Jet Base, the only one in the South. RF-8 Crusaders out of Cecil Field detected missiles in Cuba, precipitating the Cuban Missile Crisis.
- In 1993 the Navy decided to close NAS Cecil Field. It is now known as the "Cecil Commerce Center".
- In December, 1942, Jacksonville: Naval Station Mayport opened at the mouth of the St. Johns River. This port developed through World War II and today is the

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home port for many types of navy ships, most notably the aircraft carrier *USS John F. Kennedy*. NS Mayport current employs about 14,000 personnel.

- After World War II, the government of the City of Jacksonville began to increase spending to fund new building projects in the boom that occurred after the war. On October 1, 1968, the governments merged to create the Consolidated City of Jacksonville.

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Fort Caroline:

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* **Jacksonville Story**, a great site maintained by Glenn Emery, senior librarian of Florida Collection at Main Public Library:

<http://www.jacksonvillestory.com/index.htm>

Jacksonville Chamber of Commerce:

<http://www.myjaxchamber.com/>

Jacksonville Public Library: <http://jpl.coj.net/>

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