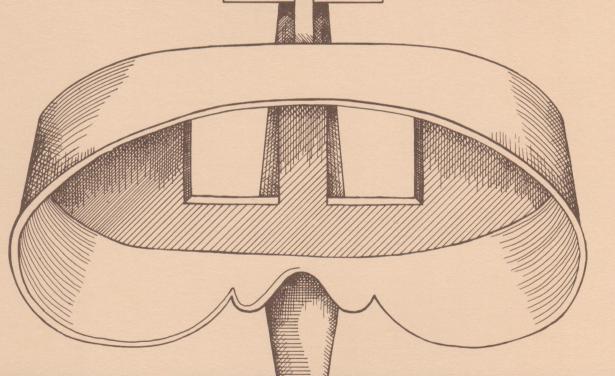
DINEER DAYS



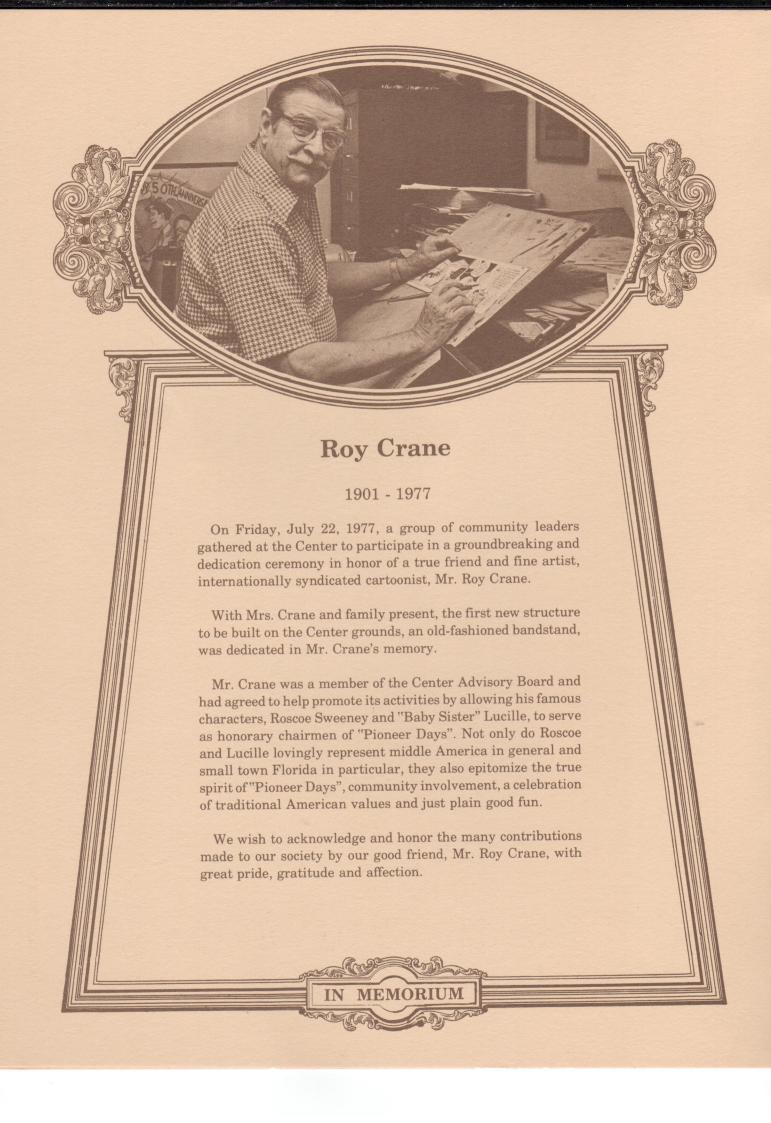


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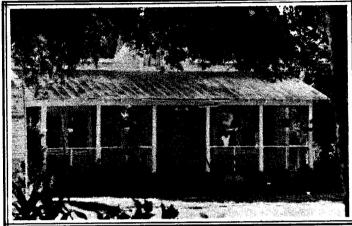
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The Pine Castle Center of the Arts is a non-profit community center whose purpose is to provide cultural opportunities for the residents of South Orange County.

The Center facility currently consists of three traditional farm houses and an old-fashioned bandstand on three acres of land.

The setting for all activities is friendly and casual. Throughout the year, hundreds of adults, young people and children will take advantage of the diversified educational program. Emphasis is placed on small classes allowing for individualized instruction, and exceptional teachers.

Children may choose classes in puppetry, drama, art, music and nature exploration. A special 3-arts workshop for youth ages 4 through 15 takes place in the summer. Designed as a day-camp, students may participate in a variety of arts and

Adult and young people's classes include drawing, pottery, painting, photography, weaving, macrame, batik and needlework, music and theatre.

Many scholarships are awarded throughout the year based on scholastic achievement and need, and free classes are offered for handicapped persons and neighborhood children.

The Center's art gallery features local artists in monthly exhibitions, free to all.

Numerous history projects, including Pioneer Days are developed as a community effort. Many of the traditional ways of life that at one time were an integral part of Central Florida's cultural heritage, are being forgotten due to lack of use. The Center is located in a historically significant area and is proud to be the voice that helps Orange County residents become more aware of the value of history and traditional customs and skills.

The bandstand is the focal point of all Center activities and is just beginning to reach the community through performing arts presentations for all age groups.

Outreach programs of the Center include, SEE, a monthly social activity for the blind, and an educational program at a local detention home.

With a community-oriented philosophy, the Center strives to develop activities that will enrich the quality of life in Orange County as a whole.

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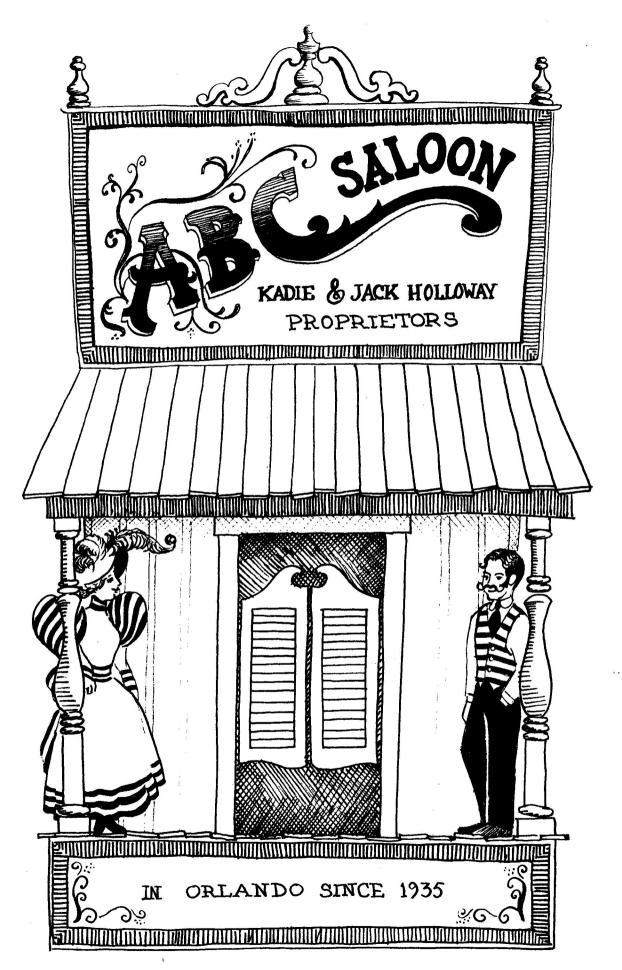
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4 H

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LUISIN AGRABANI I GANTI I RATARITYA RAMBANI MATA

CENTRAL FLORIDA'S COMIC STRIP KING

"A Remembrance"

by RUTH GILBERT SMITH



remember when Roy and Ebba Crane came to Orlando in 1938. They were Texans, but since a cartoonist can live anywhere and do his work, they were

already great travelers. They were on their way to Clearwater to visit friends when they drove through Winter Park and became conscious of the beauty of great oaks and shimmering lakes. They noted that it was a college town, a sure source of cultural advantages and interesting people. They detoured onto a street marked "scenic drive," and were fascinated by a meandering street called "Genius Drive."

On into Orlando they saw the clean, well-kept business buildings, the homes



with beautiful lawns and flowers, the landscaped parks around the many lakes, and more great oaks. No factory smoke! It made an indelible impression. They toured Florida. The previous summer they had spent in Cambridge, Md., where Roy had enjoyed sailing on the bay, but they couldn't forget the charm of the Central Florida area. They came back and bought property on a lake south of Orlando, and here they have made their permanent base.

Orlando was still a small-town-small-city place in 1937-38, but residents were becoming aware of new people moving in. The war in Europe had its effect on preparedness industries in this country — "defense" plants began to be built in secluded locations in the nearby countryside — the Air Force base was expanding each day. The world was coming to us rapidly.

There were many newcomers with specialized knowledge, which added an air of sophistication to our social life. We were especially happy to meet Ebba and Roy Crane, who had chosen our area for their new home. They were friendly and warm, and although few of us had any idea of what being a successful comic strip artist required, we did know that the Cranes and their two pretty little girls, Nancy and Marcia, were a happy addition to Orlando.

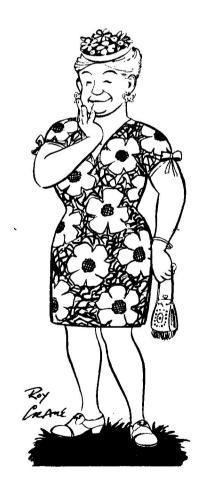
During the early days of World War II, Roy Crane came to my home with a big box of stationery and in his off-hand, hesitant way said he had a job he'd like for me to do for him. A friend had told him I could answer his letters and talk about "Buz".and "Sweeney" without bothering him about it at all, and although he appreciated all the mail he received, he simply didn't have time to write the answers these letters deserved.

I think he was really shocked when in some puzzlement I asked: "Who are Buz and Sweeney?" I hadn't read a funny paper since I was a child but I soon found out, starting with the fact that comic strips aren't called funny papers any more, and thousands of avid readers could not wait to learn what his famous strip characters, Buz and Sweeney, were going to do. A story sequence ran about twelve weeks, and readers became so impatient waiting to

learn how their favorites were going to get out of the dilemmas Roy had drawn them into, they hoped he'd let them into the secret ahead of time.

Strip cartoonists are in a demanding business — creative plotting, character development, deadlines to meet, competition — there's no let-up. Most established cartoon artists have assistants to help plan future action, to ink in the strips, and assist with myriad details.

Roy Crane says he was a poor student in school — all he ever wanted to do was draw. He was a drop-out from the University of Texas but he has an impressive "Most Distinguish Alumnus" from that great institution. He has, in fact, many honorary degrees from prestigious institutions of learning — a doctorate from Rollins College, from the



University of Syracuse and others. Syracuse University was the recipient of a valuation collection of his work. I asked him why he gave it to them instead of the University of Texas, and he replied: "They asked me first!"

Roy Crane has a room full of awards, from ceiling to floor where there are all varieties - statues, plaques, medals, medallions, citations from many sources. In November, 1974, he was invited to Lucca, Italy to accept the Salone Internationale die Comics, Gran Guinigoi 1974 — the International Cartoonists Convention Award. This was a gold replica of "The First Comic Strip Kind" by an early artist, F. Opper.

In 1965 the National Cartoonist Society honored Crane for the Best Story Strip Cartoonist. This same Society gave him the Billy DeBeck Memorial Award as Cartoonist of the Year in 1950. He was the fourth to receive this award which is now called the "Reuben," after Rube Goldberg.

Another much-prized award was from the Banshees, a club of newspaper, magazine, radio and television people in New York. The Banshees Award was given to him in New York in 1961. The

Club got in touch with high naval officials to see if they wanted to have a part in this occasion, and they quickly accepted. A chorus of Navy singers arrived to help with the entertainment, and brought a Navy flight suit covered with meaningful insignia. A colorful picture of this suit and its decorations catches the eye as one walks into the Award Room. Plaques representing many ships and carriers were brought to the award ceremonies as gifts to the artist by admirals and other high civilian and naval officials.

Roy Crane has received the highest honor the Navy can give - the Distinguished Public Service Award Medal and Citation. After the war he received a commendation as an accredited war correspondent. His high standing with the Navy came naturally. His comic strip character, Buz Sawyer, joined the Navy early in the war, and Buz was a busy and highly trained service man involved in many dangerous missions. In fact, the strip was so exciting, it seemed to supplement the headline war news, and made readers feel that they were getting inside information on Naval successes. The influence of the

strip continues to be widespread. Roy Crane has had a singular honor — he has been twice denounced by the Russian government in their official news organ, Pravda, as "being a menace to mankind.'

But many more complimentary remarks have been sent to him in letters by the world's distinguished personages, including three Presidents. A very thick book file of these letters is on a stand in the award room.

When the comic strip and cartoon artists gathered for their first convention in Orlando in 1974, each brought along some of his work to contribute to sell to cover expenses. Roy Crane gave his part of the money to the Museum of Cartoon Art in Greenwich, Conn., a non-profit institution designed to preserve and promote cartoon art. Their exhibits show cartoons as an art form with historic and monetary value, and a positive element in American culture. They feel the Museum is a gift to America, the country which created and nourished so much of this art. Roy Crane says in recent years many art critics in Europe and America have been writing about comic art, as an art form for which





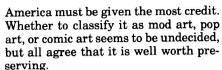
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The Crane girls are grown and married, and have families of their own. Both Nancy and Marcia were Orange Bowl Queens, and Marcia was "Miss Florida.

Roy and Ebba Crane's present home is a picture-book house, which is reached through a winding, wooded route at the very end of Jessamine Lane. The lake is visible through almost every window, proving that Roy Crane's long love affair with the water is still alive. Even on the side away from the lake there's an extended screened enclosure for a picturesque rock pool, lush with ferns and flowers.

Roy Crane is about as proud of the Cartoon Museum at Crealde, Aloma and St. Anderews in Winter Park, as its principal booster, Sentinel Star political cartoonist, Jim Ivey. This Museum is a new asset to the area's everenlarging opportunities for education - acquiring knowledge in the pleas-

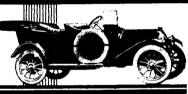
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A View From The Pine Castle



Chapter I of the forthcoming book "A View From the Pine Castle"

by DR. PAUL W. WEHR

This is the first chapter in a book being written for the Pine Castle Center of the Arts by Dr. Paul W. Wehr, history professor at FTU. The book will be composed largely of articles written by Will Wallace Harney in the 1870's and published in the Cincinnati Commercial. Presenting a broad view of life in Central Florida at this crucial period in its history. It will be published in time for "PIONEER DAYS" 1978.

Dr. Wehr is imminently suited to edit such a book since he is a specialist on the American Frontier. He also received a Bicentennial grant to write a history of old Orange County.



ate in the morning of March 30, 1912, a funeral procession silently wended its way from Annies Chapel to Orlando's Greenwood Cemetery. The local newspaper reported that "the body of

William Wallace Harney, of Pine Castle, who died Thursday in Jacksonville, was buried with Masonic rites, in Orlando cemetery this morning. The service at the grave was impressive, being attended by Pine Castle school childen en masse, and host of friends from his home town and Orlando."2 Despite the newspaper's remark that he was a "well-known man in Flroida," his death received scant notice in the press. The community's seeming lack of appreciation for what Harney had contributed to the development of Central Florida resulted most probably from his living the life of a recluse in his later years, outliving his contemporaries, and spending the last years of his life with his son William Randolph Harney in Jacksonville.3 Moreover, although Orlando in the Nineties was comparatively small, it had a large number of newcomers who even at that time were unaware of his role in the growth of the area.4 It is not surprising, then, that the present day citizen should ask who he was and what he had done.

William Wallace Harney was a newspaper

editor and correspondent, commentator on political and social affairs, national literary figure, and a long-time resident of the Pine Castle area. He was born in Bloomington, Indiana, on June 20, 1832, the son of John Hopkins and Mary Wallace Harney. 5 His father was a professor of mathematics at Indiana University and the author of several standard works in that discipline.6 When Will Wallace was five years of age, the family moved to Louisville, Kentucky, where his father became editor of the Louisville Daily Democrat. There he received a classical education, studying under both his father and the English scholar Noble Butler. After attending Louisville College for a time, he accepted a teaching position in the local public school and later "in recognition of his success was made the Principal of the Male High School."7

It was during this tenure as principal that adherents to the philosophy of the Know-Knothing party were creating ill will and animosities among the local populace to the extent that opposing groups resorted to physical violence. Harney became a hero of sorts when he helped to quell riots inspired by that party's anti-foreign stance. The grateful community presented him with a "silver tray and two goblets with inscriptions."8 Harney made no secret of his opposition to that party, and the Know-Knothings eventually had their satisfaction. They carried sufficient influence in the city to force him from his position as principal. He immediately accepted the chair of belle lettres in the new normal school established at Transylvania University, serving creditably in that capacity until the school was discontinued.9 He then returned to Louisville to practice law.

With the opening of the gubernatorial contest of 1859, Harney gave up his law practice and joined his father as assistant editor of the **Daily Democrat**. After his father died Harney succeeded him as editor and held that responsibility until 1868. During the Civil War he continued editing the newspaper rather than embarking upon a military career even though Kentucky Governor Beriah Magoffin appointed

him a colonel on his staff. He is supposed to have refused that appointment because he opposed the war; 10 it is also probable that writing proved more attractive to him than a military life. Even before he joined his father's newspaper he had become a protege of George D. Prentice. editor of the Louisville Journal and had developed as a writer of no small literary reputation. W. T. Coggeshall, editor of a literary anthology, wrote in 1860 that "Mr. Harney possesses fine scholarship, a correct and cultivated taste, with extraordinary versatility of talent, a logical mind, and great force of character. He has made a lasting impression upon the public mind in Kentucky as an able political writer, and as a congenial and brilliant wit."11 Harney later looked back upon those years as "that brilliant, eventful period from 1844 to 1867" and longingly remembered the "many bouts . . . [he] used to have with Mr. Prentice, between the Democrat and Journal of Louisville."12 He had weathered the uncertainties of the war and must have expected the coming years to be much more promising and fulfilling, for on August 11, 1868, Harney married Mary St. Mayer Randolph, daughter of Judge William St. Mayer Randolph of New Orleans and of Virginia connections.13 Harney's life and career were to change — and abruptly — but not in any way that he could have anticipated.

On June 24, 1869,¹⁴ his wife gave birth to a son, the only child this union was to produce. The mother, who had never enjoyed good health became so seriously ill that Harney determined to take her to a warmer climate so she could regain her strength.¹⁵ Evidently others joined

his family in making this trek, for among the party was Selby Harney, a thirteen year old relative,16 William B. Randolph, Will's thirtytwo year old brother-in-law, nineteen year old Nathaniel Randolph, a relative of his wife from Virginia, and his wife's uncle Dr. Quachita Pushmataha Preston with his wife Jenny and children, Fannie aged fourteen, Lambeth ten, and Howard four.17 William M. Randolph, Will's father-in-law, came along to help with the labors of the journey, but he returned to New Orleans soon after the group arrived in Florida.18 With its goods packed on wagons drawn by mules, the little party set off for Florida, passing through the Cumberland Mountains, Athens, Tennessee, Cartersville, Atlanta, and Macon, Georgia, and Lake City, Florida to Ocala. 19

Harney found the Cumberland range so appealing that he used it as a setting for one of his stories which contains a description of the travellers. As he remembered the vista, "Over all this sweet rural scene of mountain, valley, river and farm, and over the picturesque camp, with stock, tent and wagons, now brightened by the grace of a young girl, the twilight lingers like love over a home." As he took in this view, the soft voice of his wife came from the carriage asking if she could come out. He wrote, "I turn to my little prisoner, and as the mingled lights cross her features I see her wide, dark-gray eyes are swimming in tears." Asked if something was troubling her, she replied, "Nothing - everything is so sweet and tranquil I was wondering if our new home would be like this — not the hills and valleys, you know, but so quiet and





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homelike." "It will be home if you are there," Harney thought and added, "I assisted her to alight—the burden daily growing lighter in my arms and heavier on my heart."²⁰

Will Wallace, undoubtedly fearing what the next day might bring, pressed the group forward on its way until someone cried, "See the oranges," and no one "felt a stronger thrill of emotion" than did that band of weary pilgrims. Their elation was dampened, however, because the journey now became more difficult, for the mules had to pull the wagons "through heavy sand, the wheels on piled cushions." But on the wagons rolled, over the wooded hills bordering the Suwannee River and through Ocala to the Oklawaha River.21 At that point everyone loaded his gear onto a little river steamer which carried the new settlers down that stream to the St. Johns and then up that river to Lake Monroe where the "steamer's plank thrust a stranger on the new shingle where Mellonville stands. A log shanty and rough wharf marked the spot; but all about was the solitary pine woods.

Climbing aboard their wagons once again, the travellers began the last leg of their hegira into the wilderness of central Florida. After leaving the lake shore, Harney reported seeing Arthur Ginn's orange grove of some thirty or forty trees, but from there to Orlando neither house nor fence was to break the solitude of the pine forest. What a disappointment he must have felt when he finally arrived at the county seat and found it consisted of two log pens and a shanty cottage.²² It did not even have a court house, for it had been destroyed by fire the previous year.

What the members of that little party did after their arrival in Orange County in the late

summer of 1869 remains a mystery. The Prestons might have stopped for a time on Mrs. Jenny Preston's eighty acres of land lying just south of Silver Lake in present Seminole County.²³ William B. and Nathaniel Randolph might have stayed on the one hundred and thirty acres which lay west of Lake Gem Mary and immediately north of Little Lake Conway or on the one hundred and twenty acres embracing Lake Gem Mary.24 That portion of the latter property which lay between Lakes Jenny Jewell and Gem Mary later became the "Gatlin Hill" homestead of the Randolphs. Whether the Prestons and Randolphs built shelters for themselves or occupied vacant cabins cannot be determined. Indirect evidence suggests that Harney with his wife, small son, and young Selby travelled on to Lake Conway where he and his father-in-law built a temporary shelter25 on the eighty acres lying west of the western arm of Little Lake Conway.26

It was in that primitive setting that the little family observed its first Christmas in Florida and welcomed the New Year. Hardly had the holiday season passed when Will found himself leading a "wild pioneer life, houseless" in the backwoods of Florida, doing his own cooking, washing, and nursing. His spirit groaned, as he later recalled, because on January 8, 1870, "the wife God gave me and took from me had left a babe of eight months to my experience, in these wilds."27 With a forlorn and broken heart he stood by her grave on lonely Gatlin Hill overlooking Lake Gem Mary and contemplated the chances of successfully rearing his young child in such an environment without the feminine companionship and assistance of his wife -"the saddest duty ever assigned to man." The

LEGEND OF THE SPANISH MOSS

Long ago, when the Spanish still governed Florida, there lived an evil conquistador called Gorey Goz. Early one morning Gorey Goz sneaked into a nearby Indian village and as he peered from behind a large oak tree his gaze feel upon a beautiful, young Indian maiden. Goz barged into the village, demanded to see the chief and coerced him into selling the Indian maiden. She could only stand by helplessly and watch as Goz completed his fateful transaction.

But his prize was not to be easily captured. As Goz turned to mount his horse, the Indian maiden darted out of the clearing and into the forest, running for her life. Suddenly she came to a wide stream. Anxiously she looked about for a place to hide, but there seemed to be nowhere to go. She lifted her head heavenward in utter desperation and there beckoning to her was a huge oak tree. She responded instantly, climbing into its welcoming branches.

0000000

Meanwhile Goz was close behind. He could easily follow the frightened creature crashing through the underbrush. Spying her hovering in the tree he was overcome with rage. He bounded up the tree, clawing his way toward her.

But when it came to climbing trees, Goz was no match for the small, lithe maiden. He found it difficult to get through the thick close branches and as he struggled she inched her way toward the end of the branch. Seeing no other way out, she plunged into the stream and swam to safety.

Seeing her escape, the bearded villain lunged forward! His haste proved to be his undoing. The close hanging branches snagged his beard and his writhing rage only served to further entangle him. And so he met his doom. His beard is still there hanging from the trees and gently swaying in the southern breeze. Today we call it "Spanish Moss".

Reprinted from: FOUR SEASONS

FLORIDA'S PANHANDLE COOKBOOK

view around him must have been demoralizing, for all he saw was "Yonder a cabin rotted down, a little further another; the rest a savage wilderness, reconquested by nature, from the parade ground [of old Fort Gatlin] to the outer edge of the lake, over which the shrill bugle call of the cowboy watching his herds had succeeded the wild yell of the war whoop."²⁸

But Will Wallace Harney possessed too great a spirit to succumb to that challenge. He courageously homesteaded a claim, built a house, improved his land, educated his son, all the while earning a living — not always in the manner in which he was accustomed but in the manner dictated by circumstances. By the middle of 1871 he was able to write, "I have an acre or so of grapes, and some young orange trees, and hope in a few years to have a fine fruit farm about me."29 Strangely enough, the solitary life of which Harney complained after his wife's death became his solace, and for a time he was a semi-recluse, infrequently seen in Orlando and even more rarely visited by acquaintances. For long periods in 1872 and 1873, he gave as his dateline in the Cincinnati Commercial two words he had Greek manufactured, Oikatoulypes and Wykalypes, which translate into house of grief or house of pain. His tortured spirit gave vent to its feelings when he remarked that his home Pinecastle was as "hollow as a worm-eaten nut."30 In 1877 he went to Gainesville to perfect his homestead and to obtain title to his land. As the riverboat on which he was returning home slowly moved up the St. Johns, he reminisced about his life in Florida.

I had lived my hermit life the full seven years. Episodes of death and change and sorrow had crossed it,

and now and again I had been among men, had mixed in the feverish struggle that had seemed to my earlier life essential to existence. [The river's] beauty and its hardships wee like a read book — the book of seven years' trial and hardships.

But in the words of the Psalmist, I was coming home bearing my sheaves with me. I could say I had fought the good fight. In all that time, supported less than others in my widowed, penniless condition, I had not faltered to do the work under my hands. I had cooked, washed, stitched for my baby like a housewife, grubbed palmetto, and fought the moral oak to the bitter end. My chief resources have been a bottle of ink and some quires of writing paper. These have been the magician's wand, thanks to the Atlantic Monthly, Lippencott's and Harper's Magazines, and more than all, the great newspaper without rival in the West, and scarcely in the East the Cincinnati Commercial.

I grow in worth and wit and sense,
Unboding critic pen;
Or that eternal want of pence
That nexes public men,
Who hold their hands to all and cry
For that which all deny them —
Who sweeps the crossing wet or dry
And all the world go by them.³¹

Harney avoided society only for a time, for in early 1873 he wrote, "My pine castle is not yet finished to receive guests; but I hope it will be by fall." By late 1873 Harney had moved into the home he called Pinecastle. It was his refuge and source of strength, the lodestone of his life's compass, and as he once remarked, "Pinecastle from its topmost dome, stands shadowless." As Pinecastle overlooked the Florida landscape, so too did Will Wallace Harney as a careful observer overlook the men and events that made the Central Florida scene in the 1870s. It is his words imparting his observations and comments to the outside world that serve as the basis for this work. It is Harney's view from his castle.

Notes begin on P. 35.



Spanish moss frames the Pine Castle



Mr. George Brune

"Guavatown"

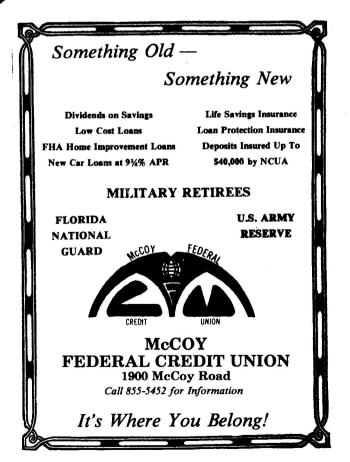
One old timer has told us that Pine Castle was sometimes referred to as Guavatown because of the amount of guavas growing there. He said that you could smell Pine Castle all the way to the Holden Ave. Railway Station when it was guava season. It seems that the Cracker expression, "we're busier than a cat in guava time," might have been applicable to this area, too.

Another old settler said she had five different varieties of guavas in her yard and that she canned them in two quart jars. The guavas were all eradicated in the efforts to destroy the Mediterranean fruit fly and have never been replanted to any large degree

Just in case you have access to some guavas and wonder how to use them, here are some recipes from the Orange County Extension Home Economics Office

Guava Butter

Wash guavas and remove blossom and stems. Cook until tender. Allow juice to drip through jelly bag. Run remaining product through sieve making a pulp. To each cup of pulp add ¾ cup sugar. Put in sauce pan and cook until thick, stirring with wooden spoon or paddle. Pour at once into hot sterilized jars and seal immediately.



Guava Nectar

To use in drinks and punch:

Wash firm ripe guavas. Cut off stem and blossom ends. Slice into large sauce pan. Add 2 cups water to 2 quarts of sliced fruit. Cover and cook until soft. Put this through sieve to remove seed. Add water until puree is this enough to drink. Sweeten with ½ cup sugar to each quart of nectar. Heat to boiling. Pour into clean jars. Seal and process in a boiling water bath. Pints, 5 minutes; quarts, 10 minutes. Serve cold with equal parts of Limeade or ginger ale as a cooling drink. Try it poured over a scoop of vanilla ice cream in a tall glass.

Guava Upside-down Cake

In a greased 9 inch pan spread 1 cupful of brown sugar and dot with ¼ cupful of butter. Cover with a pint of guavas, fresh fruit preferred, seeds removed. Place in oven while mixing the following batter:

2 eggs 1¼ cup bran ½ cup milk 1 cup flour

1 cup sugar 2½ teaspoons baking powder

1 tablespoon ¼ teaspoon salt

leom juice

Separate the eggs and beat yolks. Add half the water, sugar and lemon juice, then part of the bran, flour, baking powder and salt which have been mixed together. Add the remaining water and dry ingredients, lastly folding in the stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour over guavas and bake in moderate over (350) for about 50 minutes. When baked turn upside down on a large platter. Spread with carmel from pan evenly over cake and serve with cream or a hot lemon sauce.





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WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Pine Castle streets reflect community's history, founding fathers

By DIXIE TATE



rose by any other name would smell as sweet, but changing the names of roads in Pine Castle would mean destroying centuries of history and folklore.

To be sure, the menagerie of towns sprinkled across the United States and the streets that meander through them have been named for just about everything from famous and not-so-famous persons to plants to colors to well, everything!

But take the name of the community itself that lies just south of Orlando — Pine Castle.

The area could have been named for the man who homesteaded part of the land on the western shore of Lake Conway, but Harneyville would not have quite the poetic ring that Pine Castle does.

And after all, William Wallace Harney was a poet.

So the area, originally called Oak Ridge, was named for the turreted pine "castle" that Har-

ney built in the 1870s in the Central Florida wilderness.

Harney, a newspaper editor, poet and early Florida writer, moved to Orange County from Kentucky for his wife's health.

Because Harney was a man of letters and a student of law, he also was instrumental in establishing Pine Castle's first post office.

His wife, the former Mary St. Meyer Randolph, was the daughter of Judge William M. Randolph who owned large tracts of land in South Orange County.

After moving to Orange County, Harney set out a small orange grove and contributed articles to periodicals. By historical accounts, he established a weekly paper in Kissimmee called the "Bitter Sweet." No known copies are in existence.

The exact date is not known, nor are the circumstances surrounding the incident, but Harney's pine castle burned down in the late 1800s.

According to information at the Pine Castle Center of the Arts, the foundations were uncovered by Clarence Datson when land was cleared for his residence at 6135 Matchett Road. The site of the "castle" is on the fence line between Datson's property and Jack Holloway.

Dedication ceremonies were held Jan. 26, 1973, for the historical marker erected by the



Sunday School Class 1920 - Pioneer Families Hansels, Matchett, Wallace, Etc.

Orange County Historical Commission which commemorated the original pine castle and its builder.

While Pine Castle was not named directly for the man who homesteaded 160 acres in the area, numerous streets in Pine Castle are named for pioneer families who turned this wilderness into a thriving community.

And while the street names may not sound so colorful, the families for whom they were named were certainly colorful in their days—hardy pioneers, some whose progeny still live in the area carrying on centuries-old names and proud family histories.

Hoffner Avenue, that busy two-laned road that curves through Pine Castle, Belle Isle and Conway, was named for Charles Hoffner, Belle Isle's first mayor.

In 1912 Hoffner allowed convicts to cut a dirt path through his 160 acres.

Matchett Road skirts the edge of Pine Castle separating the area from Belle Isle.

J. W. Matchett, for whom the road is named, was born in Marion County. He was the postmaster of Pine Castle's post office for eight years, justice of the peace for 12 years, a schoolteacher, a citrus and vegetable grower and superintendent of Pine astle Sunday school.

Barber Road, on the west side of Orange Blossom Trail, was named by the Barber family for the Barber family.

Ruth Linton, whose maiden name was Barber, said that before the late 1950s when the county took over the responsibility or streetnaming, the name of the family living on the road was, in many cases, adopted as the road name.

So Randolph Street, is so named for the Randolph family, as is Perkins Street, and Lancaster Road, to name only a few.

0

The wooden building that stood on the corner of S. Orange Avenue and Waltham Street was built by J. A. Wilkes in 1911 and known as the Sphaler Store. Wilkes was one of the areas early merchants, along with the Sweets, Johnses, Hansels, Tyners, Gardners and Crittendens.

Wilkes Avenue connects Hansel and Orange avenues, a memorial to a man who helped Pine Castle grow.

Hansel Avenue, which runs through the center of Pine Castle and parallel to Orange Avenue, was named for William Hansel. Hansel was a deputy sheriff. He also served as the city's first tax collector when the citizens of Pine Castle voted to become incorporated in 1925.

Because of a lack of cooperation, the city's charter was dissolved about 1930.

Somehow, a few United States Presidents even received recognition in the community. In the south end of Pine Castle there's Buchanan, Fillmore and Pierce.

Little remains of South Orange County history; there are no voluminous historical accounts of the area. Basically, what old-timers remember from their younger days, a few pages in a history book, or small biographies is all that remains to tell the story of Pine Castle and its beginning.

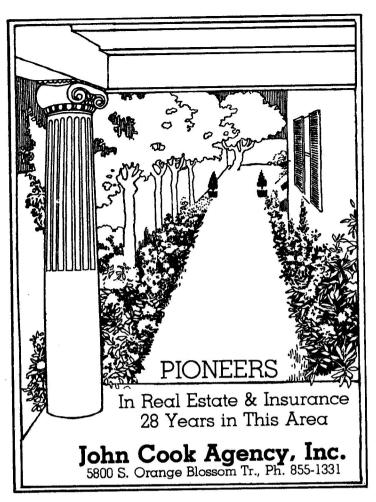
* Reprinted with permission from the Little Sentinel South



Martha, Virginia, Ruth, Elizabeth Barber 1934 Street named Elvarama – first two letters of the girls names.



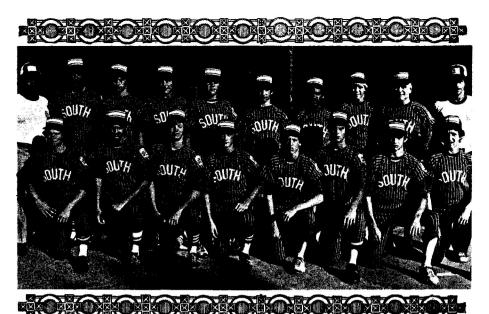
Mr. and Mrs. George Padgett and family preparing for trip.











PINE CASTLE LITTLE LEAGUE National Champs

by JEFF HANSEN

Gary, Indiana is every Senior League Allstar team's goal. Only eight teams in the world get to go. So the summer of 1977 won't be forgotten by the players, coaches and families of the Pine Castle Senior League Allstars, for they were one of those fortunate eight. I know. I was a member of the Pine Castle team. We finished first in the United States and second in the entire World, an honor that has never come to Pine Castle.

It isn't easy to become an Allstar. More than 120 boys are competing during the regular twenty game season to become one of fifteen selected players. Being selected was just the beginning. There was plenty of sweat and hard work in store for us. Those who made it were; Mark Nelson SS, John Classe 1B, Bryan Hansbrough RF, Bobby Sanderson P, 2B, Ken Dameron LF, Gabe Mantecon 2B, David Dunn LF, Chris Howard P, LF, David Cable 1B, Mike Montgomery P, Donnie Fornaiolo CF, Morgan Kerr 3B, P, Ricky Anderson RF, Tom Ryan LF, C, Jeff Hansen C. Our Manager was R. H. Sanderson and our coach was Rusty Craver.

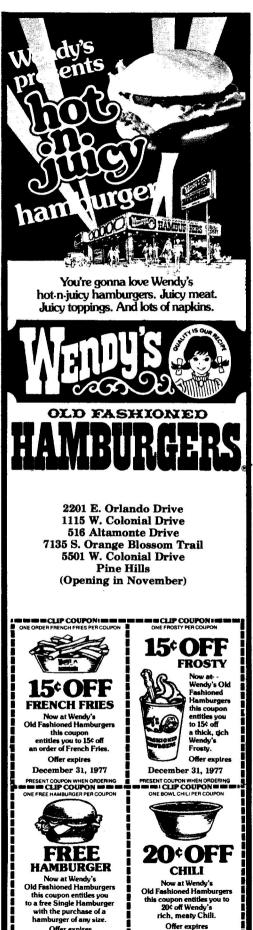
It's a long road to Gary, Indiana and the Senior League World Series. The first level of competition was at home in the District Tournament. We were unbeaten in this tournament and on our way. Next we went to Eau Gallie for the Sectional Tournament where we finished with four wins and one loss. Then on to Tampa for the State playoffs. We won the State Title with two straight wins and we were off for Dickson, Tennessee and the Southern Reg-

ional Tournament. A sweep there opened the way for the big one, Gary, Indiana and the Little League World Series

We got off to a good start at Gary, beating Madison, Wisconsin and the Island of Aruba before losing to a tough Taiwan team representing the Far East. We bounced back through to beat Madison once again 12-0 to become the United States Champions and earning a shot at the World Title. Unfortunately we lost again to Taiwan 5-1, but number two in the world ain't bad!!

Competing in the World Series is an experience that everyone on the team will never forget. It's really hard to express how happy we are. To be on a winning team like ours is just great. Mr. Sanderson said the key to our winning was our togetherness and our behavior, both on and off the field. Everyone on the team believes that this was the key to our success.

We, the players of Pine Castle, would like to thank everyone who supported and followed us through each tournament, especially Mr. Bill Ankney and Mr. Norman Neeves and their families for providing us with transportation. We would also like to thank the families who traveled to Indiana even though they had no one on the team, and all the folks who came out and greeted us on our arrival back home. We'd like to thank our coaches and their families as well as the league officials. And of course, the entire community, which supports Little League year after year. And finally, we want to thank our parents for being beside us all the way.



Offer expires December 31, 1977

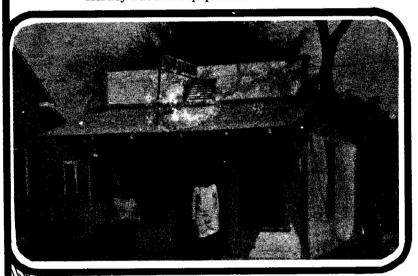
December 31, 1977

A Pine Castl

by Ruth Linton

Before 1870 the country around what was to become Pine Castle was great cattle raising country. Turpentine was already an important economic factor. Agriculture and small industry based on the lumber supply brought in new settlers.

William Wallace Harney was one of those settlers, moving from Kentucky to Florida in 1869. He homesteaded the land which was to become Pine Castle, and built himself a fanciful house with spires and turrets. Harney was a newspaper man who wrote articles for



Mr. C. F. Johns store.

a Cincinnati paper. He always dated each article from the "Pine Castle" which was the name of his home.

Before Mr. Harney built his castle, however, the whole area was known as Oak Ridge. One of the early cemeteries was located in the southwest corner on a ridge of high, dry land. That cemetery is still used by the Pioneer families of Pine Castle.

Although Mr. Harney was the one who brought the Post Office to Pine Castle, Mr. Clement Tiner was the first postmaster. The Post Office was officially established in 1879 and in it's early days was located in various stores depending upon who was postmaster at the time. From the mid-20's to 1960 the post office was in one location or the other, along Orange Avenue. Claudine Hansel Monroe was the postmaster from 1934 until it became a branch office in 1965. In 1960 it moved to Randolph and Fairlane Avenue and stayed until March 14, 1977 when it moved about 1 mile south of Pine Castle on South Orange Avenue in a large new post office.

In 1881-82 the South Florida Railroad extended their tracks south to Kissimmee. They laid the lines beside what was then State Highway #2, leading from Orlando. It was known locally as the "Black Bear Trail." People began to move closer to the railroad, and the community which was to become Pine Castle began to grow.

Mr. Charles Sweet and Mr. Leonard Tyner each bought ten acres from the Harney Homestead. The



Crittenden Store about 1922, Russell Critten den, Parthenia Crittenden and Peter Johns.



Edwin and Edna Mae Hansell in front of Wilkes Store, 1922.

e Scrapbook

Points, Annos and Tanners were the next, closely followed by the Johnses, Harrises, Matchetts, Evanses, Hoffners, Macys, Sullivans, Perkinses, Hansels, Crittendens, Lancasters, Speers, Wetherbees, Barbers and others. Many of the streets in present day Pine Castle and Belle Isle were named after these early residents.

In 1877 the first school in Pine Castle was built in the vicinity of Orange and Hoffner. The building was of rough pine boards placed vertically upon the frame work. The lumber came from the east of Lake Jennie Jewell and was drawn by ox team. Mrs. O. P. Preston was the first teacher, having about fifteen pupils. It is believed this building burned.

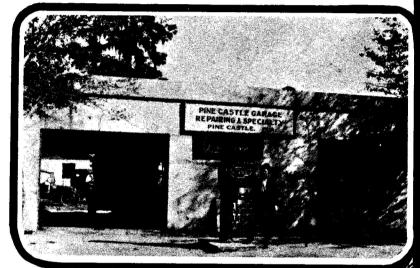
In about 1900 a new school building was erected on the present school grounds. The building was of pine, but was painted white. The school was graded by the reader you were in and was considered an eight grade school. Alice Leake and Mr. Matchett were two of the early teachers. Claudine Monroe, Harry Hoffner and Stella Brown all went to this school. One of the early teachers, Mrs. A. R. Bogue, boarded with the Sweet family while teaching in Pine Castle. The children sat on benches and if they had a desk it was furnished by the family. This little school house ended up as part of the house of Mrs. Knudson, which she used as a kitchen for years.

In 1912 a two-story wooden school was erected and used for some fifteen years. In 1924 a second two-story building, this one constructed of concrete, was

put up. In the late twenties and early thirties the younger children used the older building while the older ones used the concrete one.

In 1936-37, the old wooden school was replaced with a new concrete building and the present day auditorium. In 1973, a new school was built and the 1924 and 1937 concrete buildings demolished.

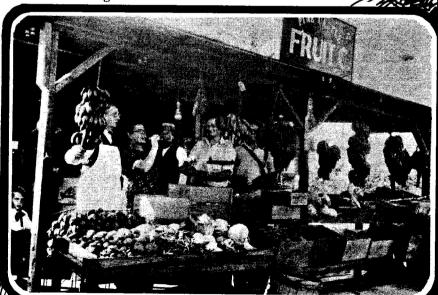
The first store in Pine Castle was built by Mr. Blitch. It was a two-story building with the first floor used as a store and the second as a dwelling place. In



Mr. Russel Crittenden in front of Pine Castle Garage.

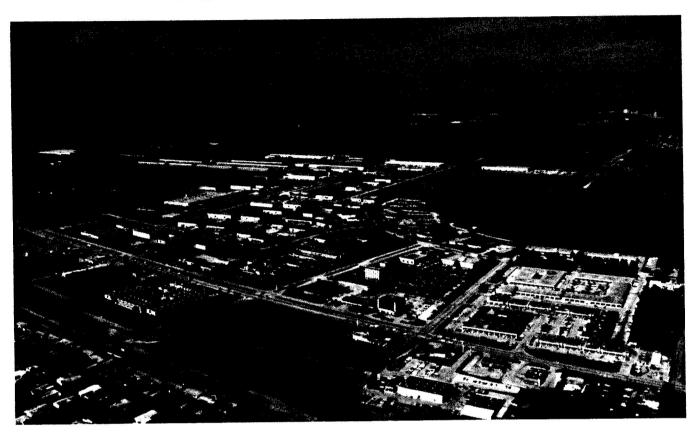


The ice man cometh – Crittendon home.



Pine Castle Fruit Co. in early 20's. Mr. Wallace
Mrs. Crittenden drinking coke.

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1892 Mr. Isaac Aten became the store keeper until the building burned. Then he set up another store on the other side of the street.

On February 26, 1925, the citizens of Pine Castle voted to become an incorporated city. Mr. P. M. Shanniburger was the first mayor; Mrs. Claudine Monroe, the City Treasurer; Will Hansel, the Tax Collector; William Wallace, the Justice of the Peace; Charlie Crittenden, a councilman; and Archie King was Superintendent of the Water Works. The city employed two motorcycle policemen, one of whom was known as "Bicycle Willie."

Lack of cooperation and the depression put Pine Castle out of business as an incorporated city. The charter was dissolved in 1929 or 1930.

The state intended to build a new North-South highway using the right of way of the old Dixie Highway which ran through Pine Castle and Taft. When the state was unable to acquire the additional property needed to widen the right of way, plans were revised and the new highway, now known as Orange Blossom Trail, was built three miles further west.

World War II and the Pine Castle Air Force Base, later McCoy, now Orlando International Airport, brought new people to Pine Castle. Since then the area has grown steadily. Today Pine Castle is a bustling southern extension of Orlando. Pine Castle has a Women's Club, Art Center, beautiful churches, good schools and many civic organizations. We are the home of the 1977 U.S. Champion Sr. Division Little League team, the Correct Craft Boat Company, builders of the world famous Ski-Nautique, and the location of "Pioneer Days" where each November the whole town turns out for a weekend of returning to the past with a parade, old fashion cooking, craft demonstrations and square dancing.

Mrs. Wilson's Christmas

for the Indians

Mrs. Minnie Moore Wilson of Kissimmee was known for her work on behalf of the Seminoles. She even went before Congress to present their needs. Mrs. Wilson Naylor, widow of James F. Harrington, remembers Christmas in 1909, seeing a very large Norfolk Island pine planted in the Wilson yard, that had red bandana handkerchieves tied onto the branches from the top to the bottom of the tree. Mrs. Minnie Moore Wilson had invited Billy bowlegs and his men to come for Christmas dinner. The handkerchieves were her Christmas gifts to her guests.

Taft's Beloved Mr. Brickley

One of Taft's most beloved men was George Reese Brickley, who was postmaster for over 40 years. Many stories abound about him. One year he played Santa Claus in the annual Christmas party. Now Mr. Brickley was not a stout man so the ladies pinned a pillow inside his red suit. In his exuberance the pillow fell out of his pants, causing the children to just holler.

He also ran his Model A on kerosene. He had enough gasoline to get it started but then would fill it with the kerosene, thus avoiding the road taxes on the gas. No one in Taft would ever report him to the state because of his kindness to the children.

He would fill the Ford with the children of Taft and then drive them to the Nela Isle bridge for a day of swimming. On one such outing his future daughter-in-law discovered that tiny ants had gotten into the sandwiches. He said that they should go ahead and eat the sandwiches because no one would see them and it would spoil everyones day to have to go hungry. So they all ate the sandwiches and no one was the wiser.





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RACKER FARM

by Ruth Linton



he Cracker Farm consisted of land, animals and buildings. Some of the farms were small, others were large, and most were self sustain-

ed. The Cracker used the cow pen method of farming. Within a fence of split rails the cattle were penned at night until the soil was sufficiently enriched. The fertilized land was then planted in sweet potatoes. Later, corn and other crops including cotton, were planted for a year or two. Another pen would then be ready for planting. Crackers also planted sugar cane and made their own sugar and syrup. Some Crackers around Lake County planted rice.

The people lived chiefly and cheaply on pork, beef, grits, sweet potatoes, syrup, a little milk and butter, whiskey - which they distilled in considerable quantities - and game and fish, which were abundant. Berry picking and ripening of guavas was a time for pies, cobblers, jams and jellies. The principal articles brought in from Fort Reed by ox cart were salt and some wheat flour.

The animals on the farm included: chickens, which provided the Crackers with meat and eggs; the work animals oxen, mules and horses — which were used for plowing, grinding sugar cane and transportation; cows, which furnished milk, butter, beef and fer





Hog Killing.

tilizer for farming; and hogs, which provided smoked and fresh pork, lard and home made soap. The Crackers kept dogs for hunting, rounding up the cows, keeping watch and sometimes just for company. Many of the farms also had a few goats, guineas and ducks. Most of the chores which involved the animals like "slop the pigs", "hitch up the plow", "milk the cow" and "feed the chickens," are chores of the past.

The buildings on the farm consisted of the house and the "out buildings." When the pioneers first came their house usually had just one room with a dirt floor. Before too long however the houses had floors, windows and generally two rooms. By the time the Civil War ended there were usually four rooms - a room for cooking, one for eating and gathering and two bedrooms. Most bedrooms had two beds, depending on how large the family was. If it was a family of nine or ten, there was usually a bed in the gathering room for the mother and father. The girls shared one bedroom and the boys the other. If company came and spent the night, which they usually did, there was a lot of "sleeping at the foot of the bed" or laying down of pallets on the floor.

The second most important building was the "out house", "necessity", or "John". It was built with one or two holes but this was also dependent on the





size of the family. "Three holers" were occasionally seen. It was built near the main house, maybe 50 to 100 feet away. Many a child has gotten their introduction to the literary world through "Woman's Companion," "Ladies Home Journal" and "McCalls" while sitting on the hole, and of course, the pages of the Sears, Roebuck Catalog had more than one use.

The barn held some of the animals along with the hay and farm equipment. Out behind the barn there was usually a wood shed. Often times a child learned some important lessons of life at this shed with the aid of a cherry switch, such as "I shall not steal", "I shall not lie", and "I shall not fight".

Nearby was the chicken house where the chickens were locked up at night to keep them safe from the varmints, chicken hawks, coons and possum. It consisted of a shed with the front side usually made of chicken wire, nests and a pole or two about two feet off the ground on which the chickens could roost at night.

The smoke house usually was right behind the main house and this is where the beef and pork were smoked and stored until eaten. "Butchering time" was a busy time for everyone. The cow or hog was killed, cut up and either salted or cured as soon as possible because of the lack of refrigeration. Pork fat was used to make home made lye soap, the lye a by-product of the ashes left over from the fires used for fat rendering, clothes boiling and cooking. Since the neighbors usually helped one another at butchering time they made

this an occasion for square dancing and bar-b-ques.

These Cracker farms and the Cracker way of life existed right up through the depression of the 30's. Then they began to give way to progress brought about by the R.E.A., which was part of the Roosevelt "new deal" to bring electricity to the rural area, and then the wartime boom. A Cracker farm now is almost a thing of the past.



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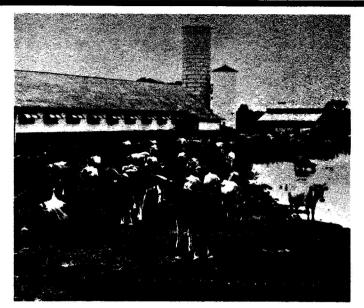


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Datsun Dairy on Lake Hour-Glass.

The Cattle Industry

by Ruth Linton



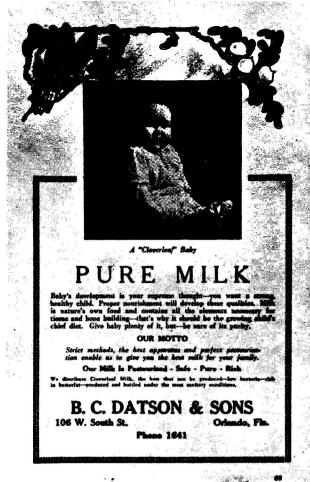
lorida was cattle territory long before it became a state. Florida cattle were smaller but tougher than those of the western herds, and ranches flourished on the Florida Peninsula. The Indians

were the most capable herdsmen, with the Miccosukee's developing especially fine stock. They called their Chief Cuscowilla, the "Cowkeeper".

The Florida cracker was a cowboy, cattle dealer, or cattle owner. They got the name "Cracker" from the art of cracking a long leather whip which sounded like a gun shot at half a mile away, (this whip was called a "drag" and was 18 feet long with an 18 inch handle). The first "King of the Crackers" was definitely Jacob Summerlin, who got his start in the cattle business by trading twenty negro slaves worth \$1500.00 each, (which his father gave him), for 6,000 head of steers. Summerlin was the man who put up the \$10,000.00 to build the Orange County Court House in Orlando in 1870 there by assuring Orlando as the county seat.

Throughout the 19th and into the 20th century, the law of the range ran from Palatka to Lake Okeechobee. The range was open and free to all — the only fences were those around groves or farms. The stock was scrawny and small. It was rare that a carcass would dress out more than three hundred pounds. Dr. Monroe Lynn, Orange County pioneer veterinarian, called them "pole and china" cows — he said "you had to prop them up with a pole to keep them from falling down so you could milk them in a china cup".

The first milk cow was brought to Orlando in 1884 by Mrs. Amanda Ford. One might say this



was the beginning of the dairy industry in Orange County. From 1884 to 1900, dairying in Orange County was primarily a family type operation, although several of the families sold their surplus milk to their friends and neighbors. The C.F. Ward family started the first family dairy in Winter Park in 1906 with four cows. The cows were milked by hand and the milk was strained, bottled and delivered all within a few hours. This was done twice a day because there was no refrigeration at that time.

From about 1920 until the end of World War II, Pine Castle was laced with a number of family dairies. The Ziegler brothers, Macys, Tootles, Moles, Judges, Bunches, Barbers, Smiths, Winegards, and the Radebaughs are but a few of the early dairymen. Some milked large herds and others had only herds of forty to fifty milk cows.

In 1921 B.C. Datson & Sons Dairy was the first in Central Florida to pasteurize milk and it was not readily accepted. Even the city physician, Dr. Slyvan McElroy, didn't think it was necessary and it wasn't until World War II, that all milk was required to be pasteurized. Mr. Clarence Datson told me when the dairy first started delivering refrigerated milk, people didn't care for it. They were used to the warm milk fresh from the cow.



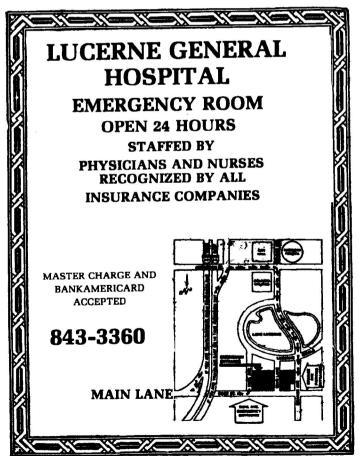
Cotton was the chief industry here until the Civil War freed the slaves and then in 1871, this area was flooded with a terrific rainstorm that ruined all the crops and made the ground unfit for farming so cattle became King. In the early days, feuding and cattle rustling were common place. One of the most notorious feuds were between the Barbers and Mizell families.

Hostilities continued and this brought about a complete disregard for law. Orlando became a brawling frontier cattle town, with fist fights and killings in the streets. Out of 41 murder indictments, there were no guilty verdicts returned. Martial law, enforced by big cattle men from the outside and the branding of cattle helped bring an end to this lawlessness.

The introduction of the railroads was a boom for cattlemen, but also was the beginning of the

end of the open range. Trains were constantly killing cattle and the railroads were constantly being sued. To prevent this, the railroads installed "cow catchers" on the front of their engines. They were supposed to gently push the cow, or animal off the track with out killing it. The late Mr. Jess Evans, told me about an old timer that lived just north of Pine Castle, near the Powell Cemetery, who would drive his old horses, mules or just about dead cows up on the track just before a train was coming, so they would be hit and killed. Then he would sue and get re-imbursed with good strong stock.

In 1939 the Governor of Florida signed a bill to put an end to the "no fence" law. That and the "tick eradication" program brought about the end of the "open range" and ushered in the modern day cattle industry as we know it now.







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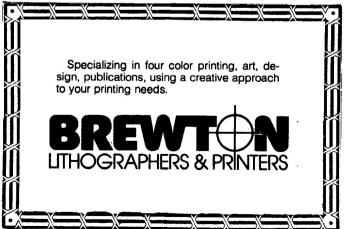




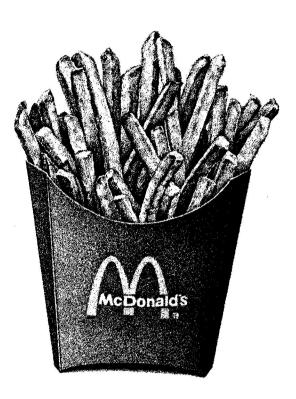
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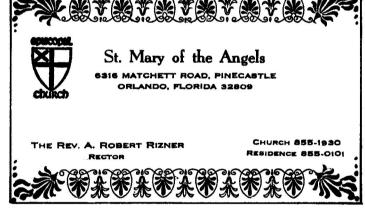


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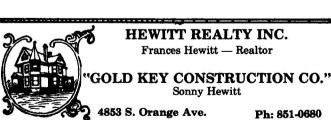






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Hoffner Remembers Days of the Pioneers*

by MELANIE BOWMAN



\$

practical joker — that was Charles Hoffner.

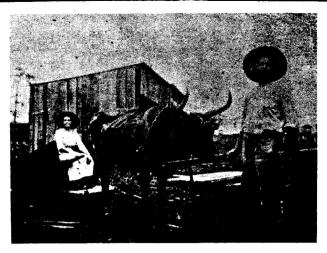
Belle Isle's first mayor — that was Charles Hoffner, too.

Then there was Charles Hoffner, the man for whom a busy

two-lane street in south Orange County is named.

And the Charles Hoffner who brought his bride Edna to a remote Florida homestead to help his brother in the nursery business, and left 6,000 decorative trees scattered throughout Orange County as his legacy.

They were all one and the same — Charles Hoffner, head of one of a handful of pioneer families settling around the Conway chain of lakes near the turn of the century.



Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hoffner demonstrate the "old ways."

"We were poor folks," remembers Harry Hoffner, Charles and Edna's eldest son, now 84.

Outside the picture window of Harry and Madaline Hoffner's home on Hoffner Avenue, traffic rushes past, a continual rumble of pistons and swatches of color headed somewhere in a hurry.

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The scene is nothing like the days when Hoffner and his three brothers were growing up on the site.

Those were the days when "we woke up with the sun," he said.

It was a time when summer baseball, fishing, all-day neighbor visits and picnics were the recreational highlights.

And school was eight grades in one building that doubled as a church when a circuit riding preacher stopped in the area.

And there was no Hoffner Avenue until Charles allowed convict labor to cut a dirt path through his 160 acres in 1912.

The land was the family's wealth, a substitute for ready cash settled after Charles followed his brother from Minnesota to what is now Belle Isle in 1885 to grow nursery stock for a northern company.

The company moved its operations to California after an 1891 freeze ruined the stock and devastated early citrus growers. Charles' brother followed the company.

But Charles stayed and landed a job selling fertilizer. For two years the family also experimented with growing rice near today's Hoffner Avenue canal.



Mrs. L. C. Newell and Mr. Charles Hoffner, Sr.



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The project ended, Hoffner said, when his father "didn't find the demand for it."

In 1895 Charles began planting palm and magnolia trees around Lakes Eola and Lucerne in Orlando and oak trees along the roads leading to Pine Castle, Orlo Vista, Oakland and Longwood, according to yellowed clippings preserved by Charles Hoffner's granddaughter, Mrs. Fred Medlock.

The trees grew in the wild then, said Hoffner. The Hoffner men would hitch horses to a wagon, hire help near Oviedo and there dig up palm trees to be loaded on a railroad freight car and shipped into town, he said.

By 1924, it was estimated Charles Hoffner had planted 6,000 trees in Orange County.

It was in 1924, too, that 27 persons met one April evening in Thompson Gregg's Pavilion on Pleasure Island and elected Charles Hoffner Belle Isle's first mayor by a vote of 18 to 5 over J. C. Tyner. Charles was a practical joker, known to have greeted neighbors with an alligator whose mouth had been clamped shut with a piece of thread, substituted toothpicks for salt at the dinner table and bamboozled a junk collector with an old tire in new wrappings left by the side of the road.

To the neighbors, his wife, known for her charity, was also known as Granny Hoffner—even on her mail. Four of her six childern lived beyond infancy.

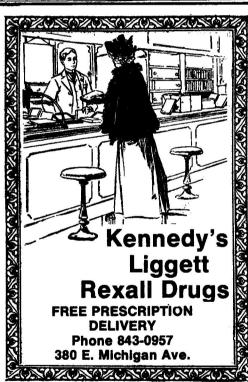
Only one of the boys, Carlton, a retired rear admiral, was able to go to college, said Hoffner, who went to work in a hardware store as soon as he'd graduated from high school.

Hoffner's father died in 1931 after an illness. His mother remained in the family home until her death at 96 in 1961.

Part of the house still stands on its original site, ensconced in foliage at the edge of Hoffner Avenue, remembered with a bronze plaque.

* Reprinted with permission from the Little Sentinel South.









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"Home of Cuban Sandwich"

Mr. James F. Harrington by SHARON GIBBONEY

Prior to coming to Florida and becoming one of the early settlers in Taft, Mr. James F. Harrington went with an expedition searching for gold in Alaska. He had been to the Klondike, but thought that it didn't hold much promise of gold. He became snowblind and left Alaska about six months before the gold strike in the Klondike.

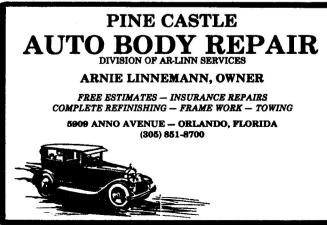
From Alaska he went to Central City, Colorado, where he also mined gold. While there he married Fannie Fedelia Comfort. In 1909 they came to Taft for family reasons. At that time Taft was a turpentine camp operated by the Spauler family. In those days it was also open range, which meant that all the cattle and hogs ran wild. The Harringtons lived there for 25 years. Here is one of the memories from those years given in an interview by his widow, now known to most everyone as Grandmother Navlor.

When Mr. Harrington was in Alaska, the party of which he was a member went over the Valdez Glacier into the interior and met the Siwash Indians there. Mr. Harrington became well acquainted with the Indian chief, admired him very much, and they became good friends. When Mr. Harrington and the Chief said good-bye to each other, they never thought

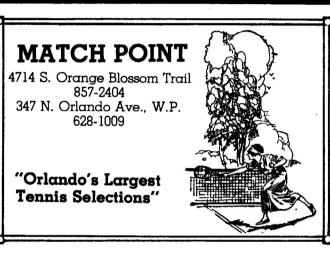
they would ever see each other again.

One day Mr. Harrington was walking down West Church Street, where Emrick's Drug Store is, when he saw a crowd gathering in front of the drugstore. He walked up to see what was causing the people to gather there and to his surprise when he looked inside he saw his old friend Chief Stickwan and eight of his men. They were all dressed in their native dress sitting there eating. He pushed his way through the crowd and into the store Stickwan recognized him and they had a great reunion powwow before the Indians resumed their tour of the South. I feel that this story suggests that Orlando was showing signs of being a crossroad even in the first part of this century.











CRACKER FIXIN'S

"A Pone of Meal"

Mix a quart of southern corn meal, a teaspoon of salt and a tablespoon of shortening with enough water to make a soft dough. Mold into oval cakes with hands. Place in a well greased skillet or pan. Bake on top of the stove or in a hot oven. You may want to turn it once, but it's not necessary. The crust should be brown.

"A Mess of Greens"

First you "crop" your collards or pick your mustard or turnip greens, just enough for a good size mess. Wash well, probably several times to get all the sand off them. Then break off tough stems and take several greens together and cut into about 1 to 1½ inch pieces. When cut up put in a large iron pot if you have one, if not any pot will do. Barely cover with water. Add a piece of fat-back or ham hock, and a little salt for seasoning. Cover, cook slow until tender. Add water if necessary. Serve with a cruet of vinegar or pepper sauce.

Ambrosia'

5 medium size oranges, peeled and sectioned

1 large grapefruit

1 large red apple, cut up

1 ripe banana, sliced

½ cup pecan pieces

A hand-full of red grapes, with the seeds removed

% cup of moist shredded coconut
Mix in a bowl and sprinkle with sugar
to taste. Chill thoroughly.
Serves about six.

Fried Fruit Pies

Combine about equal parts of dried fruit (peaches, apples or apricots) and sugar in a pan and add enough water to cover. Cook down until tender. Mash and let cool.

Use a good pastry dough for the crust. Cut the dough into 5 by 8 inch pieces. Place about ¼ cup fruit in each crust, fold over and stick edges of crust together. You may have to dampen the edges to get them to stick good. Fry till brown in a well greased skillet.

Corn Bread

1 cup yellow cornmeal

1 cup all purpose flour

¼ cup sugar

4 t. baking powder

½ t. salt

1 cup milk

1 egg

¼ cup shortening

Sift first 5 ingredients — add eggs, shortening and milk — mix well. Pour into well greased 9" iron skillet (or 8" square pan) and bake in a 425 degree oven for 20-25 minutes.

Hopping John (old recipe)

1 cup raw cow peas (dried field peas)

4 cups water

2 t. salt

1 cup raw rice

4 slices bacon fried with 1 med. chopped onion

Boil peas in salt water until tender. Add peas and 1 cup of the pea liquid to rice, bacon with grease and onion. Put in rice steamer or double boiler and cook for 1 hour or until rice is thoroughly done.

Hopping John (new recipe)

Fry 3 slices bacon (drain on absorbent towel) remove to crumble over hopping John.

1 med. can tomatoes

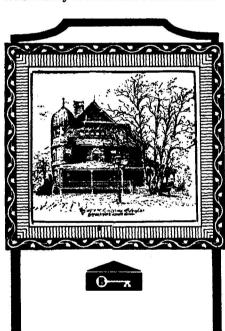
1 med. can blackeye peas

1 cup raw rice

1 med. chopped onion

½ bell pepper, chopped

Cook tomatoes, blackeye peas, onion, and bacon drippings on low heat about 30 minutes. Add rice and bell pepper and 1 cup water and continue to cook on low heat until rice is cooked and fluffy. When ready to serve add bacon. Serves



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"A View From the Pine Castle" Notes

ⁱHis son William Randolph Harney purchased a burial lot in Greenwood Cemetery in 1909 in which both his parents now repose.

²Orlando Daily Reporter-Star, March 29 and 30, 1912. Pallbearers were A. J. Doyle, E. H. Tomlinson, E. R. Whitner, J. R. Randolph, G. R. Williams, and J. C. Twyman. Jacksonville **Times-Union**, March 29, 1912.

3A. G. Breakfast, Romantic History of Orlando Florida (n.p., Orlando, 1946), 23. Riley M. Fletcher Berry, "Will Wallace Harney, Florida Poet and Promoter, Orlando Morning Sentinel, February 1, 1931.

4Tbid.

⁵Biographical sketches are found in William F. Blackman, A History of Orange County Florida (E. O. Painter Printer Co., Deland, Florida, 1927; reprint edition, Mickler House, Publishers, Chuluota, Florida, 1973), biographical section, 186 and in William Turner Coggeshall (ed.), The Poets and Poetry of the West: With Biographical and Critical Notices (Follett, Foster and Co., Columbus, Ohio), 634. The latter gives the mother's name as Martha. Mrs. Clarence L. Martin, "Will Wallace Harney, the Man, the Writer," an unpublished paper read before the Filson Club of Louisville, Kentucky, on January 6, 1919 (photocopy) gives Harney's year of birth as 1831. The Jacksonville Times-Union states he was eighty-one years old. If the birthdate given by Blackman and Coggeshall is accepted, Harney would have been only seventy-nine.

⁶Coggeshall, Poets and Poetry of the West, 634; Blackman, History of Orange County, 186 and Martin, "Harney, the Man," states he was the first American author

of an algebra text.

Tbid.; Breakfast, Romantic History, 23, writes that he graduated from Kentucky Normal School. Blackman, History of Orange County, 186, states he graduated from Transylvania College.

*Ibid.; Martin, "Harney, the Man."

PIbid.

10 Breakfast, Romantic History of Orlando, Florida,

¹¹Coggeshall, Poets and Poetry of the West, 634.

¹²Cincinnati Commercial, February 13, 1875 and January 2, 1876. Hereafter citations to the Cincinnati Commercial will consist of dates only.

13 Martin, "Harney the Man."

14Records of Oaklawn Cemetery, Jacksonville, Florida.
15Interview with Judge and Mrs. Donald Cheney, June 30, 1977. Mrs. Fanny Cheney is the grandniece of Harney's wife. It is thought she suffered from tuberculosis.

¹⁶He was not a member of the John Hopkins Harney family. See Eighth Census of the United States. [1860]. Microfilm roll 377, p. 160, Louisville and Jefferson County,

Kentucky.

¹⁷Ninth Census of the United States. [1870]. Microfilm roll T-8-34, Florida, Orange County, p. 18. cont'd. p. 36



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Notes (cont'd.)

18Interview with Judge and Mrs. Donald Cheney.

19July 12, 1875.

20Will Wallace Harney, "A Strange Land and A Peculiar People," Lippencott's, 12 (October, 1873), 430.

²¹November 15, 1877. ²²March 24, 1878.

²³This was part of the south half of the southeast quarter of section 7, township 20, range 31 east which she had purchased from the Internal Improvement Fund on November 28, 1868. Deed Book E, p. 108, Orange County Recorder's Office. On August 27, 1869, she became the first

member of the party to record her title to the land.
24The first parcel lay in sections 7 and 8, township 23, range 30, purchased by William M. on July 2, 1869; The second was the south half of the southeast quarter and the southeast quarter of the southwest quarter of section 12, township 23, range 29 purchased by William M. on December 21, 1868, ibid., 175-176, 178.

25 Martin, "Harney, the Man.'

²⁶This parcel consisted of lot #1 and the southeast quarter of the northwest quarter of section 24, township 23, range 29, owned by William A. and Jane E. Patrick, but later purchased by William M. Randolph. There must have been some conditions attached to the purchase, for the transaction was not entered until June 30, 1884. Deed Book

17, pp. 57-58, Recorder's Office, Orange County.

²⁷February 13, 1875. The death of their daughter on that parcel of land undoubtedly made the Randolphs very partial to it. The will of William M. Randolph, dated July, 1875, left that eighty acre tract to his grandson William Randolph Harney. The close connection of that land to the Harneys becomes more evident when the will further stated that should his grandson die before coming of age, Will Wallace Harney should have a life inheritance in it. Book of Wills, pp. 19-21. Clerk of Court, Orange County. Harney's mother-in-law, Mary E. Randolph, cemented the connection between that property and the Harneys by designating it Mal Harney in her will dated August 22, 1885. Ibid., pp. 351-354. Original document is in file 237, Probate Court. The prefix "mal" undoubtedly reflected the unfortunate experience of the Harneys on that land.

Some confusion arose later as to just where the Mal Harney property was located. William B. Robinson, Fanny Randolph's husband, certified on February 6, 1915, that the Mal Harney grove referred to in Mary E. Randolph's will consisted of the southeast one-quarter of the northwest one-quarter, section 24, township 23 south, range 29 east. Miscellaneous Book 24, p. 297, Recorder's Office, Orange County. The confusion probably arose as a consequence of the lengthy litigation over the Fanlock property, another eighty acre tract purchased by Wm. M. Randolph from Wm. A. Patrick in November, 1870, consisting of lot 4 and the southwest one-quarter of the southwest one-quarter, section 13, township 23, range 29, Miscellaneous Book A, pp. 411-419, ibid. He intended giving it to his daughter Fanny, hence, the name Fanlock. This became the honestead of Wm. M. Randolph and his will was written there. For further confirmation of that location see Fanny Randolph Robinson vs. Mary E. Randolph, Chancery Court, case 310, microfilm reel 27R, Clerk of Court, Orange County and 21 Florida Reports, 629-652.

28 July 12, 1875. Harney did not mention that he had the added responsibility for caring for thirteen year old Selby Harney. Selby later may have lived with the Randolphs. See Fanny Randolph's testimony in Francis Eppes' divorce suit against Wm. B. Randolph of June 13, 1877. Common Law, case 58, microfilm reel 16, Clerk of Court, Orange County. More surprisingly, Harney never once mentioned Selby in

all of his correspondence.

²⁹July 27, 1871.

30July 12, 1875. 31March 5, 1877.

32March 21, 1873.

33July 9, 1877.



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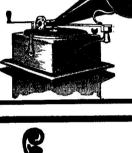
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