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On the cover: This illustration from *The Merchant Vessel*, authored by Charles Nordhoff and published in 1884, depicts a bucolic scene in the Bahamas, the ultimate destination of enslaved persons on the Saltwater Railroad.

Tequesta, The Journal of HistoryMiami Museum

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Editor's Essay

As with earlier issues, this edition of *Tequesta, The Journal of HistoryMiami Museum*, offers articles on a rich variety of topics. **James A. Kushlan, Ph.D.**, a renowned scholar and frequent contributor to the journal, has provided its readers with, among other articles, a superb study in "John James Audubon in South Florida." With "Dr. Samuel Mudd at Fort Jefferson," Kushlan now takes aim at that controversial physician, a co-conspirator in the assassination of President Abraham Lincoln, which was "the crime of the century" in the minds of many of his contemporaries. Upon being found guilty by a military commission of aiding and conspiring in the murder, Mudd was sentenced to life imprisonment, only escaping the death penalty by one vote. For his incarceration, Mudd was sent to the hulking, unfinished federal installation on Garden Key in the Dry Tortugas, which was named for the nation's third president and which, by then, was serving as a prison.

In his incisive examination of Mudd, one aided by a careful examination of the extant literature on this topic, Kushlan raises convincing points of criticism of the physician. The author holds that Mudd was a self-promoter who was loose with the truth; he was, unsurprisingly, a chronic complainer of prison conditions and – the author states with strong evidence – even incompetent as a physician. Kushlan's research and interpretation of the documents before him are compelling, as are his descriptions of life at the fort.

Like Kushlan, **Michele L. Zakis** has been a frequent contributor to *Tequesta*. A one-time teacher and administrator

in the Miami-Dade County Public Schools system, she is now a member of HistoryMiami's education department. In the 2019 issue of *Tequesta*, Zakis provided a detailed look at Miami and the pandemic of 1918-1919. The timing was uncanny, since a month after the article appeared, the COVID-19 pandemic overtook the nation and the world.

With "Commemorating the Past While Embracing the Future: The History of Miami's Woodlawn Park Cemetery," Zakis sets her sights on one of the area's oldest and most important graveyards. Interments in Miami City Cemetery and Pinewood Cemetery in Coral Gables contain, among others, the remains of those from the pioneering era of the nineteenth century and Miami's first generation of corporate existence. Woodlawn Park, which opened in 1912, fifteen years after Miami City Cemetery's beginnings, picks up from there as the final resting place of a plethora of greater Miamians, like George Merrick; Mitchell Wolfson and members of his family; Kirk and Mary Barr Munroe; and Richard Nixon confidant, best friend and successful businessman Charles "Bebe" Rebozo. They were joined by an international cast of notables, including three former Cuban presidents, two members of Nicaragua's Somoza family, and thirteen World War II-era Royal Air Force pilots who lost their lives in training accidents in the area. The cemetery's grand mausoleum, a splendid neo-Classical complex, also represents a stroll into the past as one passes the crypts of the Brickell and Collins families, among other prominent Miami dynasties. Zakis' article takes us through the cemetery and employs it as a canvas upon which she paints broad brushstrokes of Miami's rich history.

Denis M. Crawford, an educator at Ohio's Youngstown State University, provides readers with a study of a long ago, nearly forgotten event that heralded Miami's future as a major venue for a professional football team – and as a host of the Super Bowl. Played annually each January from 1961 through 1970, the Playoff Bowl pitted runners-up in both conference divisions of the National Football League against one another. The game often drew large crowds to the storied Miami Orange Bowl, site of the annual New Year's Day Orange Bowl game. A major objective of the game was to raise monies for a pension fund for retired players. But Crawford makes a compelling case that the Playoff Bowl was also a catalyst for bringing professional football to Miami, thanks to the attention and fans it brought to the Magic City for the games. Indeed, Miami received an American Football League franchise in 1965 and just three short years later hosted its first Super Bowl at the Orange Bowl stadium. Since then Miami has hosted ten additional Super Bowls, placing it first among metropolitan areas to do so.

In "The Playoff Bowl: The Significance of Miami's 'Hinky-Dinky' Game, 1961-1970," Crawford leans heavily for his source material on the rich sports sections of both of Miami's dailies of the time, the *Miami Herald* and the now defunct *The Miami News*, which were also reflective of a city and a county beginning to move away from their Deep South roots – at least with seating and other practices – when it came to football and professional sports as a whole, in the process of becoming more cosmopolitan. With Jim Crow on the run in the 1960s, games like the Playoff Bowl, with the

appearance of increasingly larger numbers of Black athletes, were partly responsible for this change.

With "Enslaved Floridians: The Saltwater Railroad and Cape Florida," **Nick J. Sciullo, Ph.D., J.D.**, associate professor of communications at Texas A&M University, Kingsville, offers interesting insights and observations on a topic that was familiar to very few people until the recent past. American history has long dealt with the topic of the Underground Railroad, a clandestine route by which enslaved persons moved north to free states and even Canada to realize their freedom. The Saltwater Railroad, as it has come to be called, refers to a Southern version of the famed underground network, as Black men, women, and children left farms and plantations north of Florida and followed the unpopulated peninsula south to Cape Florida, where many were carried by vessels to the Bahamas and their freedom. The topic is a challenging one for a growing number of historians now examining it, since information is delimited because of the isolation and wilderness that marked the Florida Peninsula, with parts of it impenetrable even today.

Finally, we offer readers "My Miami Story," **N. Loreto Grand**'s contribution to HistoryMiami's "Miami Stories" project. Her personal essay underlines the amazing cosmopolitan nature of greater Miami as seen through her experiences four decades ago and since. Grand, a nurse who hails from the Philippines, relocated to Miami to fill a growing need for trained nurses in the area's hospitals and other medical care facilities, as did many others in her profession.

We hope you will enjoy the articles appearing in this issue of *Tequesta*. Many thanks to HistoryMiami Museum and its contractual contributors for helping to prepare this edition of the journal for publication. Please visit our downtown museum, where we offer a wide array of exhibitions, research materials, and a very friendly staff.

Thank you.

Paul S. George, Ph.D.
Editor, *Tequesta, The Journal of HistoryMiami Museum*

Dr. Samuel Mudd at Fort Jefferson

James A. Kushlan, Ph.D.

The trial was over and the verdicts had been rendered on seven men and one woman, all accused of conspiring to assassinate President Abraham Lincoln.[1] On July 5, 1865, President Andrew Johnson approved his military commission's sentences on the now convicted men and woman. Four were to be executed, with the hangings carried out two days later; four were to be imprisoned at the penitentiary in Albany, New York, which at the time served as the District of Columbia's overflow jail.[2] Those to be imprisoned, Samuel Arnold,

Samuel Alexander Mudd, 1833-1883, a Maryland tobacco farmer and physician, was convicted of aiding in murder after-the-fact for his part in knowingly sheltering John Wilkes Booth after the assassination of President Abraham Lincoln. Sentenced to life imprisonment at Fort Jefferson in the Dry Tortugas, Florida, Mudd arrived there in July 1865. (Courtesy National Library of Medicine)

Michael O'Loughlen, and Samuel Mudd, were sentenced to life imprisonment at hard labor; Edman Spangler, to six years. Ten days later, Johnson switched the prisoners' place of incarceration to Fort Jefferson in the Dry Tortugas, Florida.[3]

For more than a century scholars, journalists, writers, and hobbyists have studied the trial and much consensus has been achieved.[4] Was it overseen by a jury of military officers still reporting to the secretary of war, lacking clear charges initially, and not allowing the accused to testify? Yes. Was the trial unfair? Not really, it was standard practice for the accused not to testify, and the investigation and trial, although quickly begun, were both thorough and accommodating to the very able defense counsels. Was there a predetermined outcome meant to appease a mourning nation and temper further disruptive plans of unregenerate Confederates? No doubt.

Likely, someone had to hang to heal the nation; but the commission proved discerning, handing out different sentences among the accused. Was the trial illegal? Later the Supreme Court found such military trials illegal in a city in which civil courts were functioning. But this was not so clear at the time. The military's commander in chief had been murdered and Secretary of War William Stanton was not about to trust the outcomes of a trial to a civilian jury drawn from Southern-leaning Washington, D.C. Was the imprisonment of civilians in a military prison inappropriate? It was not unheard of during the war. But Johnson's shifting of the imprisonment site to a military prison was quite deliberate; it was meant to ensure that no civilian court could

free the prisoners. Indeed, Mudd's lawyers had planned to do just that once he had arrived in New York.[5] Despite the prisoners' continued complaining, which will be described below, none of this would matter during the next four years of their incarceration.

At 1 a.m. the second night after Johnson's revised order, the prisoners were hurried from their cells at Washington's Arsenal to a waiting Army steamer and an hour later were on the Potomac River heading to Fortress Monroe, Virginia, where they were quickly transferred to the steamer USS *Florida*; by night they were out in the Atlantic fettered by shackles deep in the hold of a southbound Naval vessel.

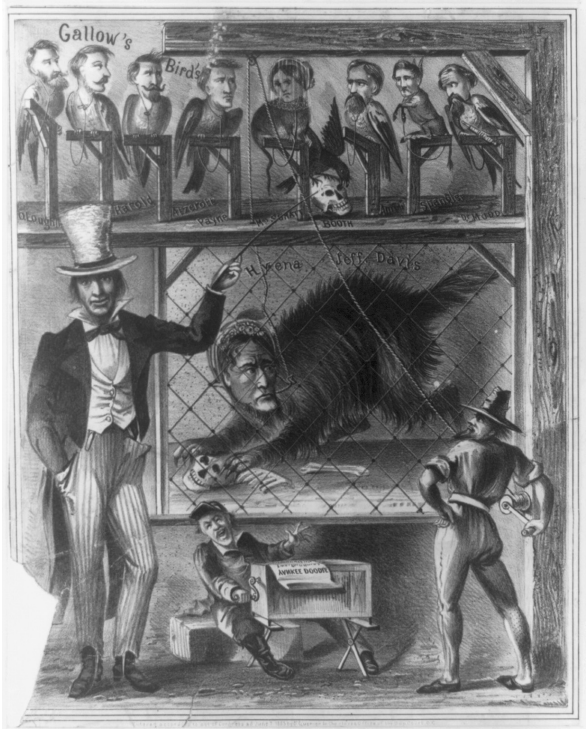
Few knew. Even the Navy ship's captain was unaware; he sailed under sealed orders entrusted to an Army general. The prisoners were informed at sea; their families and the public were informed via press coverage on July 19, 1865. Fort Jefferson was about to receive its most famous prisoners, the Lincoln conspirators.[6]

The Conspirators

Difficulties with the appropriateness of the trial do not necessarily reflect poorly on the decisions of the commission. After years of controversy, there is consensus, although not unanimity, about the guilt of the men charged and not hanged.[7] Spangler, carpenter and stagehand, did nothing more than make sure John Wilkes Booth's horse was tended to. Off duty from the theater where he also slept, Spangler

was employed by Booth to take care of his stabled horses; tending to them was just something he did. His light sentence reflected his limited role.[8]

Arnold, O'Loughlen, and Mudd were guilty of previously conspiring with Booth in unsuccessful plans to kidnap



The eight individuals convicted of participating in the assassination of President Abraham Lincoln, known popularly as "The Conspirators," are shown in this illustration. Samuel Mudd is on the right, without a noose around his neck as he was spared the death sentence by a single vote on the military jury. He was joined in prison at the fort by Ned Spangler, Samuel Arnold, and Michael O'Loughlen. (Courtesy Library of Congress)

Lincoln, although there is no evidence that they knew of Booth changing his plan from kidnapping to assassination. But in escaping, Booth followed the route planned for the kidnapping. Mudd knew about the escape route; he had helped Booth reconnoiter it.[9]

Mudd is mostly known to posterity as a poor and unlucky country doctor.[10] In fact, both his and his wife's family owned considerable land in Confederate-sympathizing southern Maryland's Charles County. Before the Civil War, his father's assets in today's money made his family millionaires. Mudd and his wife, Sarah Frances (Dyer), known as Frankie or Frank, had started farming in 1859 on 218 acres of land provided by Mudd's father – although still owned by him – on the farm where he had grown up and adjacent to the farm where Sarah had grown up. The Mudds and the Dyers were wealthy and locally prominent Confederate sympathizers.

And they were slave owners. The Mudd family farms, as of 1860, were being worked by 145 enslaved persons, five of whom were assigned to Samuel's farm. At its peak, he and Sarah's farm is documented to have been worked by at least thirteen slaves. There is testimony from a slave Mudd shot in the leg for having a bad attitude, and from a slave who said Sarah whipped her. In 1863 alone, forty slaves ran away from the Mudd and Dyer farms; others followed.[11] Nearly all the Mudd family assets beyond land and buildings were tied up in enslaved persons. Slave labor provided their income and social standing. Mudd was steaming to Fort Jefferson only eight months after his family's remaining slaves had been freed by the citizens of the state of Maryland. The loss of these

enslaved workers was financially devastating to the tobacco farming Mudds. In a flash of emancipation they were no longer millionaires, and most of the Mudd family did not look kindly toward Lincoln.

Previously, Mudd's family's wealth and position had brought him and his brothers release from conscription during the war and for Samuel an education, which continued even after his expulsion from Georgetown College for challenging authority – a personality trait that seems core to his character.[12] He apprenticed in medicine under his second cousin, Dr. George Mudd, followed by enrollment in the University of Maryland Medical Department.[13] Samuel was indeed a doctor living in the country, but his medical practice was minor. He was also a tobacco farmer from a formerly rich, influential, slave-holding family, now economically wrecked by emancipation.

Mudd is known to posterity, also, of being guilty only of performing his professional duty toward an unknown stranger. But, it turns out, Booth was far from being a stranger to Mudd. Near the time of the assassination, Mudd was conspiring with Booth to kidnap the president.[14] He knew Booth, met with him at church, had him overnight in his home, secured purchase of local horses, discussed escape routes, and met Booth by appointment in Washington, D.C., before the assassination. Booth visited Charles County to familiarize himself with an escape route following the Confederate spy trail that passed near Mudd's property. Mudd also stated that he had discussed selling his farm to Booth, likely a cover for the meetings, but indicative of the extent of their prior engagement. Six hours

after the assassination, Booth, wounded, went off the planned escape route to go to Mudd's house. Mudd announced him to his household staff as an honored guest.

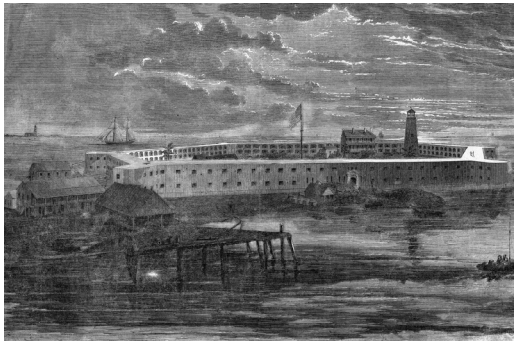
Mudd's argument of professional duty to offer medical treatment is also a bit suspect. It is well known that he treated Booth for a broken leg, an injury often referred to as affecting his ankle. Generally portrayed as an immobilizing injury, it was a fractured fibula, the tiny bone running down the main lower leg bone, the tibia, an injury that – according to Mudd's cousin and medical mentor, George Mudd – did not need treatment.[15] Medically there was little reason for Booth to stop for attention. There was certainly no medical reason for a man with a broken fibula to spend a night and a day recovering in Mudd's upstairs rooms while Federal troops scoured the nearby countryside for him. With Booth ensconced in his house, Mudd rode to town with Booth's companion, David Harold, to find a wagon so Booth's leg would be more comfortable than it would be on a horse during his further pending escape.

Mudd lied. Even before Booth left, Mudd began to set up alternative storylines.[16] Details aside, he lied repeatedly to the pursuing military authorities and others – including his family and neighbors – the lies iteratively becoming conflated and discernable. It was his lies that turned him from a witness into a suspect. His conviction by the commission was for being an accessory-after-the-fact to the murder whose actions furthered the conspiracy. It was his lies that convinced the jurors of his guilt. The Mudd heading to Fort Jefferson was not a poor, innocent, unjustly convicted, simple country

doctor, but rather a convict who had plotted with the eventual assassin to kidnap the president of the United States and then knowingly helped him escape after the murder.

Fort Jefferson

Fort Jefferson was designed to house one thousand soldiers, produce withering cannon fire upon attacking ships, and be defensible for a year's siege.[17] It was, along with Fort Taylor in Key West, a critical asset during the Civil War's early years, deep in the South yet remaining under Union control.[18] At the beginning of the conflict, the fort was only partially constructed, sparsely staffed and armed, and unprepared for its own defense. But it was quickly boarded up, garrisoned, armed, made ready for war, and retained for the Union. Construction continued throughout the war and after under



Fort Jefferson, Dry Tortugas, as illustrated in *Harper's Weekly,* in 1861 early in the Civil War, misleadingly shows a fully completed fort. The fort remained in Union hands throughout the conflict and served as a prison for Union soldiers convicted of various offenses. In 1864, President Abraham Lincoln changed the punishment for desertion from death to imprisonment on the Dry Tortugas, further increasing the prisoner population there. (Courtesy Monroe County Public Library)

the direction of the Corps of Engineers, while its defenses were assigned to the regular Army. The Southern Blockade was headquartered nearby in Key West. As the war went on, real or perceived threats to the fort diminished and its functions evolved.

Initially, the fort's construction had been done by paid civilian craftsmen and laborers, mostly recent immigrants, and by locally sourced slaves that the government rented from their owners.[19] The war ended the supply of young civilian workers and emancipation ended the use of enslaved persons, who, now freedmen, had no interest in working at the fort. To make up for the labor shortage and relieve other facilities filling up with Confederate prisoners, the fort was turned into a prison for Northern soldiers.

Lincoln changed the penalty for desertion from execution to imprisonment on the Dry Tortugas, clearly perceived to be a fate not quite worse than death. So the inmates were almost entirely Union soldiers convicted of various offenses from minor infractions to serious crimes and also of trumped-up charges. By November 1864, the prison population had swelled to 882 prisoners tended by 583 soldiers sharing the fort with an unrecorded number of civilians.[20] It was crowded. After the war's end, a few notorious civilian prisoners, such as the Lincoln conspirators, were added.

Fort Jefferson and the Dry Tortugas at this time were a little town incorporating the fort, brick structures within the fort, and many temporary wooden buildings inside and outside the fort.[21] Two harbors surrounded the fort on Garden Key;

nearby islands such as Bird, Sand, and Loggerhead Keys were used for various purposes at various times. The population included soldiers, regular Army officers, engineer officers, medical personnel, families of officers and some spouses of enlisted men, civilian workers, prisoners, slaves, the Garden Key lighthouse keeper and his family and personal slaves, a store keeper, and visiting personnel from military and civilian vessels.

When the convicted conspirators arrived, the fort was staffed by the 101 New York Volunteer Infantry, which had arrived in March of 1864, a full regiment of more than 600 soldiers.[22] During the conspirators' stay at the fort, Army units came and went. After the war ended, the ranks of the prisoners were drawn down quickly through paroles, pardons, and discharges, as many were being held only for the "duration of the war." By the beginning of 1867, just 56 prisoners remained. During much of the conspirators' stay, the fort saw its population diminish quickly and overcrowding was no longer an issue.

The Arrival

Mudd was heading to life imprisonment on a speck of land more than one hundred miles from mainland Florida, closer to Havana. He knew little about it. Fort Jefferson is seventy miles by sea from Key West, which itself was then accessible only by sea. On the trip, the conspirators were accompanied by a general, a colonel, a captain, a doctor, twenty-three soldiers, and the Navy ship's crew. The government was taking no chances of their escaping or being rescued by remnant Confederate sympathizers as they coasted the Southern states.

While on board, Mudd confided that critical testimony against him at the trial was correct, a crucial admission that he later denied making.[23] The USS *Florida* arrived at the fort on July 24. Only a bit more than three months had passed since the assassination, only nine days since Johnson redirected the conspirators to Fort Jefferson, and only a week since leaving Washington, D.C. Given the compressed schedule and secrecy, the fort commander apparently had no idea they were coming, and they arrived with no special orders. So, the commander gave them the usual introductory instructions and placed them under the same terms as other prisoners.

Discipline at the fort was 1800s military style. Capital punishment was authorized. Most punishment was corporal, such as solitary confinement, extra duty, being shackled, carrying around cannon balls, dunking, being tied to a scaffold, or solitary confinement in the "dungeon." The conspirators often told of being threatened with the dungeon in their orientation interview. This was all standard procedure, including the dungeon threat, carried out in the open, and applicable to both soldiers and prisoners. It seems that the civilians never chose to appreciate that nuance. Before the arrival of the conspirators, there was no public view of Fort Jefferson as being notorious, something that was soon to change with their incarceration there and their media savviness.

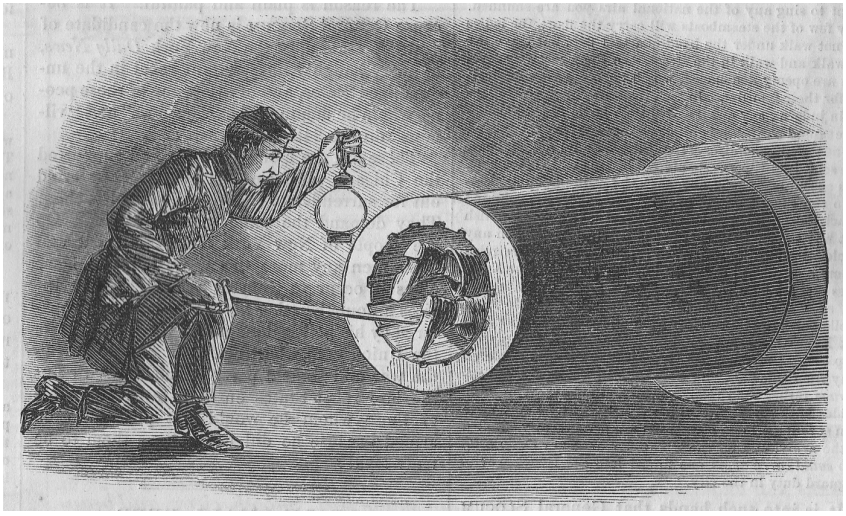
Like the other prisoners, the conspirators were assigned labor according to their skills. Spangler took his talents to the carpentry shop, where over time he became a well-liked personality and prison entrepreneur. Arnold, who

came from a prosperous Baltimore family and had attended college, was made clerk in the command office, where he initially prospered from his close associations with the fort commander. The uneducated O'Loughlen was made a laborer. Mudd, the physician, was assigned as a nurse in the hospital under Dr. Joseph Holder, who put him in the dispensary.[24]

Other than O'Loughlen, initially the required hard labor of their sentences was not all that hard, especially considering the men were regarded by the nation and their military authorities as having conspired to kill the president. Like other prisoners, they were put out during the day to their work assignments, had time to do other things, and returned to their cell at night. There was minimal oversight needed within the huge fort on a small isolated island. Most cells had no doors, locks, or special guards. This was a much-improved situation over what the conspirators had to endure before and during the trial. But this relatively copacetic situation was soon to change for all of the conspirators, thanks to Mudd.

An Aborted Escape

Two months after his arrival, Mudd tried to escape Fort Jefferson. The troops assigned to the fort had changed twice since the 101 New York had departed and procedures became disorganized. Mudd took advantage. He hid aboard a departing supply ship under the floorboards in the hold, but he was soon missed and the boat was searched. Mudd surrendered when a soldier approached while jamming his sabre through the floorboard cracks. Fort commander Major George E. Wentworth duly documented and reported the attempt and capture.[25]



Samuel Mudd attempted to escape Fort Jefferson two months after his arrival as the "colored" troops he despised took over control of the fort and its prisoners. Missing prisoner roll call, he was quickly captured hiding under a supply ship's floorboards rather than in a nonexistent cannon, as depicted in this image from *Harper's Magazine*. (Courtesy Kushlan Hines Collection)

The incident served to enhance the public's special interest in Mudd over that of the other living convicted conspirators. His escape attempt became front-page news. Apparently Mudd felt that the commander's factual report needed some editing for public consumption. In a letter to his brother-in-law Jeramiah Dyer, meant for publication, Mudd spun the story to be that he never made it to the hold because he was so well known: "I would have succeeded, only for meeting a party aboard who knew me, before I could arrive at my hiding-place."[26] This was, of course, a lie.

Harper's Magazine ran an account of the attempt including a drawing, purportedly by a passenger, of Mudd being found cleverly hidden in a cannon.[27] There were no man-hiding cannon aboard this supply ship. Hiding in a cannon or not having the chance to hide at all were stories that put Mudd in a better light than did his being hidden under the floor and popping out so as not to be impaled. His absence was missed not because he was well known, but because it was standard practice that prisoners were mustered and accounted for before ships were cleared to leave; Mudd missed the standard roll call.

It was clear to prison authorities that Mudd must have had help to get out of the fort, enter the ship, and hide under the planks. Upon questioning by the fort commander, Mudd quickly gave up the name of his accomplice – whom he had bribed – who was then arrested.[28] Mudd repeatedly tried to change this part of his story: He said it was a slip of tongue; that the accomplice accused him; that the accomplice had not secreted him; that he (Mudd) was being threatened with death if he did not give up the name. None of this comports with the fort commander's straightforward report.

Mudd immediately followed his escape attempt with a groveling letter to the commander seeking his sympathy and rationalizing his action. "I assure you it was more from the impulse of the moment & with the hope of speedily seeing my disconsolate wife & four little infants," he wrote. "Before I was detected I had made up my mind to return if I could do so without being observed by the guards. … I am truly ashamed of my conduct."[29] While his multiple infants may have been

compelling, he hid from the commander the real reason for his attempt – the fort was being transferred to the 82nd U.S. Colored Troops. The white soldiers were departing the fort and formerly enslaved persons were arriving to take charge.

To his brother-in-law, Mudd wrote: "Could the world know to what a degraded condition the prisoners of this place have been reduced recently, they, instead of censure, would give me credit for making the attempt [to escape]. This place is now wholly guarded by negro troops with the exception of the few white officers."[30] In writing to his wife, he was even more blunt: " … it is bad enough to be a prisoner in the hands of white men, your equals under the Constitution, but to be lorded over by a set of ignorant, prejudiced and irresponsible beings of the unbleached humanity, was more than I could submit to."[31] Mudd, scant months removed from his slaves being emancipated, could not abide being controlled by the 82nd Colored Troops. He expected the world would certainly agree that being guarded by "unbleached" inferiors was a justifiable reason for him to escape.

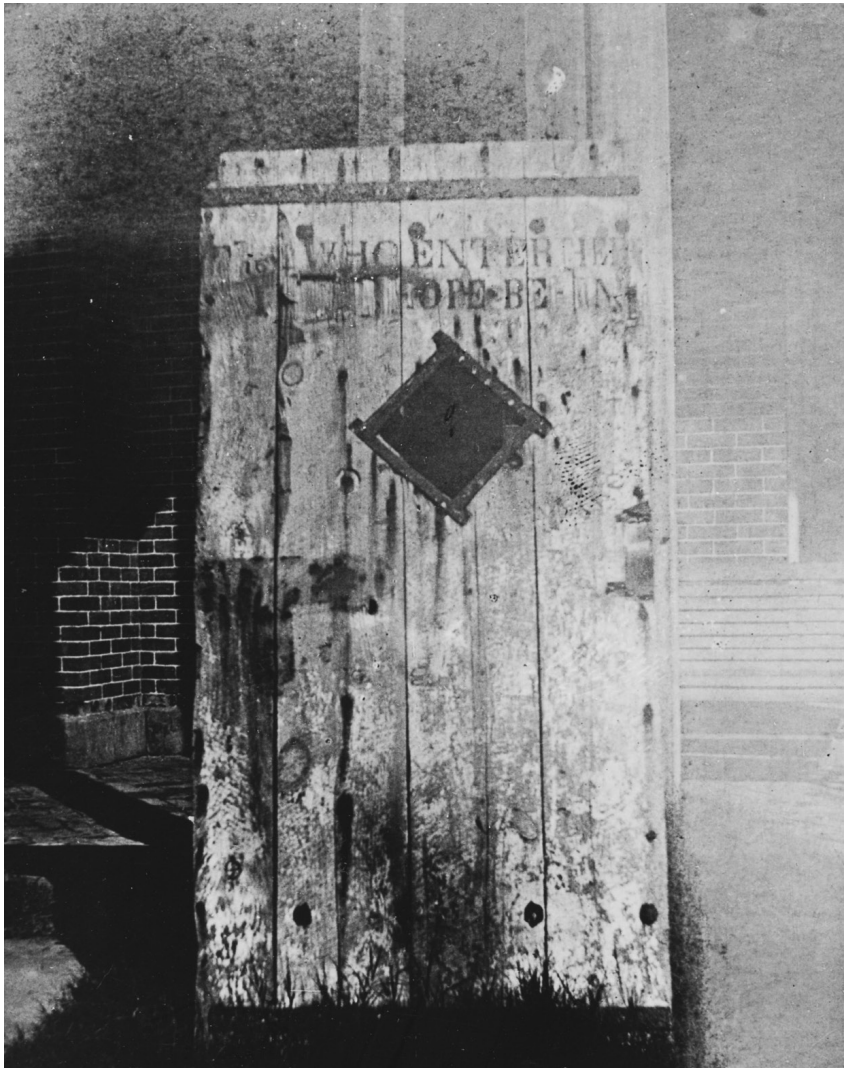
New Rules

Mudd might have anticipated that the rules of his incarceration would change after his excursion. They did, and he didn't like it.[32] Some of these rules derived from an inspection of the prison's capacity to secure the conspirators that was underway as he planned his escape. Other of the immediate changes were explicit responses to his mode of escape, providing punishment for his trying, or ensuring he did not have an opportunity to try it again. After his attempt Mudd was moved to a small cell and put in chains. Starting a

few days later, he was released for day work but had to return to his cell each night. He had to be in the cell when ships were leaving. And he was assigned hard labor under guard.

The escape attempt triggered another inspection, by John Newton and J. W. Forsythe, brigadier generals who gave specific orders for the security of the state prisoners (as the conspirators were called), which in addition to the conspirators would include Colonel George St. Leger Grenfell, a prisoner even more colorful than Mudd.[33] Mudd was to be allowed possession of no more than three dollars at a time because the commander had discovered that he was offering people money to do favors for him, such as the money he had paid for help in escaping. The rest of the money was held by the command. The commander was given full authority over the mail to monitor plotting; the state prisoners were confined within the fort; they were to be under guard in their cell; and when out they were to be under guard in irons.[34] These new rules applied not only to failed escapee Mudd, but to Arnold, Spangler, and O'Loughlen, who had not tried to escape, and the newly arrived Grenfell.

By November, command of the fort was upgraded to a brigadier general. Mudd remarked: "Four companies of heavy artillery arrived to relieve the detested and abominable negro regiment."[35] The government was taking confinement of the conspirators seriously. Despite the lack of threat to the fort and declining numbers of prisoners, a full battalion of troops was now in place, mostly no doubt because of Mudd and the other state prisoners.



After his unsuccessful escape attempt, Samuel Mudd and the other conspirators for a time were confined in isolation to a secure room in the fort nicknamed the “dungeon.” This image is of the door long ascribed to the room. The conspirators spent most of their years in a room fashioned out of a casement, as other prisoners and soldiers also occupied. (Courtesy National Park Service)

Accommodations

Mudd occupied five quarters during his time at Fort Jefferson. The conspirators' first cell was ordinary, the same as soldiers and other prisoners: a casement, or gun room, temporarily partitioned off, without doors. Mudd soon removed himself to a cot in Holders' hospital outside the fort and was, consequently, even more at liberty than most prisoners. After the escape attempt Mudd was confined in a small gun room off the sally port at the fort's entrance. Following the inspectors' report, Mudd was moved to the dungeon.

Mudd was not alone. Thanks to him, the other state prisoners were moved there too. They remained in the dungeon cell for four months under continuous guard. It was not a real dungeon, as the fort perched barely above sea level and had no basement other than below sea-level cisterns, but a cell on the first floor secured by an impressive door with a small window.[36] It was named the dungeon for the deterrent value the word offered to each incoming prisoner. Guards were posted outside the room. The cell has been a tourist attraction since soon after Mudd's departure.[37] Its door and inscription from Dante's *Inferno* were kept intact for visitors even during the long decades when the rest of the fort was left to disintegrate.[38] It's actually not so clear when the inscription was made, but Mudd's "dungeon" remains one of Key West's popular tourist attractions.

In January 1866, the conspirators were returned to more normal quarters, which they shared.[39] This move followed complaints lodged by Mudd through his wife to Johnson.[40] The guards remained, but the prisoners' casemate was

slightly different from the others. Instead of two frame side walls, one was brick, part of the heavily reinforced sally port. Additionally, because of the room's position over the drawbridge, its outer wall had three gun ports far too narrow to squeeze through, rather than a large unfinished opening for cannon that characterized other converted casements. Like the other casemate quarters, the cell opened fully onto the parade ground on the fort's interior until it was boarded over in 1868. The conspirators spent the rest of their prison time assigned to this cell.

This cell also elicited complaints from Mudd. He groused that it had limited airflow. Being over the only entrance to the fort, it was where everyone passed coming and going, disturbing his sleep. The guards below called the hours through the night. This was in addition to the regular rounds of bugles and guns that measured the passing of day and night in an Army camp, sounds which emanated from the vicinity of the sally port and its rooftop flagpole. To Mudd's displeasure, the noises, smoke, and lighthouse's spotlight also afflicted the open-walled room. But he complained too when the inner wall was boarded up.

The cell leaked, but then so did most of the fort's second tier where their accommodations were located. The roof above was a terreplein made of shell and sand designed to capture rainwater and direct it to the underground cisterns. It did leak. One of the fort's more interesting features today is the stalactites hanging from its beautiful arches, formed by more than a century of water oozing through the carbonate-rich beach-sand roof and the beach-sand mortar. The conspirators'

cell may have leaked more than most, as it was part of the sally port support wall. They dealt with periodic drippings by etching out little trenches that led to a small hollowed-out depression from which trapped water was sponged up. The excavations can be seen today. To solve the dampness problem for the prisoners, the fort soon installed a wooden floor for them.

Food

Mudd was a critic of the cuisine offered at the fort. One month after his arrival, he told his wife that his "principal diet is coffee, butter and bread, three times a day. We have had a mess or two of Irish potatoes and onions, but as a general thing vegetables don't last many days in this climate before decomposition takes place. Pork and beef are poisonous to me; and the molasses when am (sic) able to buy it, and occasionally fish, when Providence favored, are the only articles of diet used. I am enjoying very good health, considering the circumstances."[41]

Mudd professed that from this point on he did not eat meat by choice, thereby forgoing protein in his diet. Arnold later wrote of this early period: "The rations issued at this time were putrid, unfit to eat, and during these months of confinement I lived upon a cup of slop coffee and the dry, hard crust of bread."[42] The conspirators particularly disliked their coffee. Arnold continued, "Coffee was brought over to our quarters in a dirty, greasy bucket, always with grease swimming on its surface; bread, rotten fish and meat, all mixed together, and thus we were forced to live for months, until starvation nearly stared us in the face." Arnold was a major complainer

who saw conspiracies everywhere and he wrote about them decades after the fact but the situation no doubt was true. It is quite likely that the conspirators at the time of their dungeon stay were being quietly harassed by the freedmen soldiers in charge during this brief period.

Given the vehemence with which Mudd and Arnold complained about the food, it is of some value to separate out their complaints from the reality throughout their confinement. And to do this we need to distinguish between the situation during the war from that occurring afterward, when the conspirators were in residence. There is no doubt that during the war, the food situation at the fort could be atrocious; it was a situation endured uniformly by all eating out of the common stores. The logistics of supplying the multiple hundreds of inhabitants of the fort was difficult under the best of circumstances and far more so during the early years of the war. Added to the fort's inherent logistical problems owing to its isolation was that its supply routes were compromised by the war. Additionally, there were competing military priorities for available supplies. A shipment of supplies was scheduled to arrive twice monthly from New Orleans. Supplies also could be obtained directly from Havana or Key West but at significant cost to the military, or individually to personnel and civilians with money.

Correspondence and articles written by soldiers and the accounts of civilians who were at the fort during the war provide ample examples of how bad the food could be.[43] The bread was considered inedible, even though the fort had a fine bakery, which can still be seen today. And it was infested

with beetles. Water from the cisterns and open water barrels had "wigglers" swimming about. Storage of perishable food, including essential flour, was nearly impossible in the fort's humid climate. Much of it was bad by the time it arrived from New Orleans.

These supplies came to New Orleans from New York, bypassing a direct stop at Key West or the fort itself that could have reduced the number of weeks for food storage. Most of the surviving rations were dried, canned, or salted. But even salt pork and hard tack deteriorated into inedibility. Pigs and cattle were delivered intermittently and stabled on outlying islands, but northern Florida range cattle, scrawny to begin with, fared poorly on a diet of salty beach vegetation. A typical menu in 1863 was boiled beef for breakfast, bean soup for lunch, and salt pork for supper. Toward the end of the war, Holder's wife, Emily, found a potato to be a treat and to be invited to dine on a ship at anchor even more of one.[44]

Troops and prisoners were indeed malnourished during the war. Holder, when sent to look in on soldiers, who at that time were not his responsibility, found a prevalence of scurvy. Unlike mariners, who had been dealing with scurvy for centuries, the Army stuck on an island was seemingly unaware of what caused this condition. Holder treated the situation with what fruit and vegetables he could muster. Eventually he found that local dune plants served with vinegar were efficacious, and he secured funds to buy limes and other produce from Key West by establishing and charging admission for theater shows. [45]

During the war, some took the food issue on as a challenge. Soldiers gained permission to fish for the fort stores. Sea turtles (after all, the islands were named Tortugas) were captured and secured in the fort's moat until butchered. In season, turtle eggs and seabird eggs were collected for food. Coconuts drifting by were snagged. A small garden in imported soil and of indifferent production was maintained within the fort (on Garden Key), at times under the charge of Grenfell or Mudd. Beyond the supply ships, extra food was brought in from Key West and Havana; civilians and officers could travel to Key West, then Fort Jefferson's command headquarters, and pick up supplies for their families. To the extent supplies were available, anyone with money could make purchases at the civilian store, called the sutler, located adjacent to the fort. Soldiers ran accounts at the store between paydays. Prisoners with money also could buy provisions there.

As the war progressed and the potential for hostile activities abated in the Gulf, supplies to the fort increased and even more so after the war, at which time the number of people needing to be fed at the fort was decreasing rapidly. The quality and quantity of the food available improved markedly. The dietary conditions experienced during the war became widely known; but, during all except the earliest months of the conspirators time at Fort Jefferson, food shortages were a thing of the past.

Prisoners of means and connections were better off than most of the fort's other inhabitants. They could receive money to buy food and also receive food directly. Mudd received both, mostly from his brother-in-law Tom Dyer, a merchant in

New Orleans. He writes, "I received a trunk from dear Tom on the 3rd of December, invoiced as containing a quantity of fine clothes, several cans of vegetables, fish, whiskey, etc. The whiskey was not received."[46] A similar package was sent the following May.[47] Dyer writes, "I have sent a box containing canned fruits, etc., also enclosed thirty dollars. Anything you need that authorities will permit, inform me and I will forward to you." Mudd once requested Dyer send supplies instead of money because what was available was so costly. Mudd had much better food than his complaints intended to convey.

Mudd's complaint that he found the available meat repulsive was written in the very early days of his stay. However, this became a long-term narrative; he often is described as a vegetarian during his prison term. But even in his initial pronouncement, he noted that he was prepared to eat fish; two years later he was not at all vegetarian but enjoyed a varied diet. He wrote to his wife, "Our diet consists principally of salt pork, bread and coffee – fresh beef two or three times in every ten days. We had issued yesterday to us, eight in number, about a peck of Irish potatoes, the first vegetable of a kind since last January, with the exception of corn and beans occasionally."[48]

He supplied a longer dietary list in 1867 that enthusiastically shows how satisfactory the food situation had become: "We have pretty constantly on hand Irish potatoes, yams, or sweet potatoes, onions, ham and butter. … We have received lately a very fine barrel of potatoes from Mr. Ford, also one from an unknown party, with splendid ham." Mudd then added, toning down his enthusiasm, the disclaimer that, "I have little

appetite for such things …, without the same degree of liberty, freedom of speech, etc., but little enjoyment is realized."[49] Thus, Mudd made clear that he had good and abundant food but this he felt was not enough to compensate for his situation, nor did it serve his arguments that he was being mistreated. He likely was not so distraught as not to eat it.

The best example of the dichotomy between the actual and reported food situation may be understood from correspondence in 1865. As a result of Mudd's letters to her, his wife added "poor food" to a letter listing Mudd's complaints that she sent to Johnson on December 22. She wrote, "The food furnished is of such miserable quality, he finds it impossible to eat it. Health and strength are failing."[50] Meanwhile, quite literally, Mudd was writing to her the very next day that, "We have our Christmas dinner already in prospect: canned roast turkey, oysters, preserves, fresh peaches, tomatoes, etc." By the five-month anniversary of Mudd's arrival at the fort there was clearly no serious problem with the food supplies, his continued complaints to be forwarded to the president and newspapers notwithstanding.

Environmental Conditions

While Mudd would eventually complain about environmental conditions at the fort, early on he wrote, "Whenever there is a breeze, which is generally the case, it is always pleasant. A strict eye is kept to the cleanliness of the place, and being remote from the main land we have no fears of any infectious or epidemic disease."[51] He contrasted the climatic conditions at the fort positively to the fair winter back in Maryland. His was an accurate report of the idyllic environment of the fort

for much of the year. Warm tropical waters, coral reefs, crystal white sand flats, sand-beached islands, and abundant fish and other sea life are part of the reason why Dry Tortugas is today a national park.

During the war, the fort could be an unhealthy place. Problems with sanitation were pervasive. The moat, expected to be the fort's sewer, did not work. This image shows the moat's inflow and outflow. At the peak of the war, hundreds of people were crammed into a tight space and many became ill. (Courtesy National Park Service)

But years earlier during the war, Fort Jefferson was – at times and in some seasons – a difficult and unhealthy place.[52] However, it always had adequate medical care. For much of the war, Dr. John Bell was responsible for the soldiers from a hospital within the fort, while Holder was responsible for the engineers and their workers, including prisoners and

enslaved persons, from his hospital outside the fort. Holder, although a civilian, later took on regular Army responsibility as well and served as the health officer for the fort.[53] In 1866, Holder was replaced by Dr. Joseph Sim Smith.

During the war, many people were crammed into the fort's limited space. At any time a large portion of the soldiers and even more so the prisoners were too sick or weak to work, which was regularly documented by the command. Personnel were most susceptible to disease and other illness during the hot, wet, summer months, called the "sick season." During the winter, temperatures ameliorated and the climate was drier. Early in the fort's construction phase, civilian contract workers from the North labored in the winter but left during the summer, which was a reason slaves were brought in who could be compelled to work through the sick season.

The fort's tall exterior walls inhibited airflow and the interior walls functioned like a pizza oven, heating the interior parade ground. The Union Army knew nothing about operations in a tropical environment. Soldiers were made to drill in the midday sun in full woolen uniforms. Workers labored through the heat and humidity. Eye afflictions due to the bright light were common. Contagious diseases, especially intestinal infections, were commonplace and persistent, weakening the victims to other stresses. Smallpox and dengue fever breakouts occurred. Soldiers and prisoners died and were buried on nearby islands.[54] Letters written by soldiers to family members are full of accounts of their own illnesses, those of others, and the deaths of fellow soldiers.

For half the year there was little rainfall and for the other half there was sometimes too much. A hurricane hit the fort in 1865, collapsing buildings, blowing out wood casement walls, toppling parade ground trees, sinking the fort's supply vessel, blowing a cannon off the roof, and killing people.[55] It is a puzzle that Mudd failed to mention the storm in existing correspondence. Fleas and bed bugs harassed the inhabitants. Ships brought in rats; cats were introduced to control them. Both brought fleas that then inflicted the residents. In each rainy season, mosquitoes joined the pest brigade. Mudd complained that clothes sent him were not mosquito proof. No one knew then that the mosquitos were more than an annoyance, but a public health threat transmitting dengue fever that was endemic in the fort, and later yellow fever once it arrived. The mosquitoes bred in uncovered cisterns, water barrels, and any other water left about. Their larvae were the "wigglers" much remarked upon in the drinking water.

Sanitation was one of the great failures of the fort. The latrines, unless clogged, drained into the moat. The moat was designed to allow the tides to flush it out. It did not work. Likely engineers familiar with the northern Atlantic were unfamiliar with the miniscule one- to two-foot tides at the Dry Tortugas. The soldiers, in numbers well in excess of the facilities, often did not bother with the toilets but relieved themselves directly through the fort wall openings into the moat, and tossed garbage out the same way. So, the moat filled with sewage and debris. This was not only unpleasant but scary in that prevailing medical theory was that many sicknesses derived from miasmas emanating from such stagnant conditions. Mudd complained about the unhealthy sulfurous air wafting

up into his cell. When sicknesses prevailed, wall openings were boarded up to stop the vapors, eliminating what airflow there was. Mudd, as part of his duties in the carpentry shop, helped board them up.

During the war, crowded conditions and poor sanitation along with poor nutrition led to the persistence of illness among the soldiers and prisoners. Crowding allowed contagious diseases like measles, chickenpox, smallpox, and – presumably although not diagnosed at the time – flu and colds to spread. Poor sanitation led to dysentery, cholera, and other unidentified diseases characterized by diarrhea and dehydration. Mosquito-borne dengue fever, called break-bone fever, was seasonal and painful but not fatal. However, until 1867, there was no yellow fever at the fort, mainly because of its isolation and the work of Holder as health officer keeping it that way. Dengue fever is transmitted by the same mosquito that transmits yellow fever, but yellow fever never reached the fort during Holder's tour managing its quarantine processes. As the prison population drew down, crowding and pressure on the sanitation infrastructure declined, nutrition improved, the medical situation normalized, and yellow fever had never been present. This was the health situation the conspirators encountered upon arrival and enjoyed for much of their stay.

Entertainment

Mudd never wrote about there being entertainment at the fort; perhaps such positive activities did not comport with the dismal picture he was painting to aid the case for his release. Indeed, Fort Jefferson was about as isolated as a location could be in America in the 1860s. With multiple hundreds

of people on a speck of land, both leadership and individuals needed to create their own recreation. According to Holder, idleness took a toll on the psyche of the men stationed or imprisoned at the fort. There was not always enough real work for everyone to do and repetitious nineteenth-century marching drills were uninspiring. Holder wrote that in his view, the fort would be better served by the insertion of ministers who could provide counseling, rather than medical doctors such as himself.

But the fort was not without its entertainments and diversions. Games were held, including baseball, a new sport sweeping the nation. Soldiers and prisoners received permission to go fishing, turtling, turtle and seabird egging, shell and coral collecting, and scientific collecting for Holder's natural history studies. Spangler offered to send home a barrel of coral. Mudd offered to send home shells. Card games and chess were played. Mudd built a cribbage board and was reported to regularly play chess. Crafts were made, mostly to be sent home, including the then popular hobby of making cards embossed with pressed plants. Mudd did this too, apologizing for his poor craftsmanship. Inhabitants watched the fort's activities from the ramparts and open casemate walls. Long strolls were taken around the top of the fort and moat wall. Excursions for picnics were made to the nearby islands. Costume parties and plays were held. The comings and goings of the fort, the tribulations and adventures of its inhabitants, small town and military camp gossip, and news from the war, Key West and Havana provided fodder for conversation. The fort's officers and their families had opportunities for picnics, campouts, dinners, dances, and trips to Key West.

An important source of entertainment was the Théâtre de Hôpital, or Key Lime Theater, created by Holder.[56] It was a variety show put on by a cast of prisoners and soldiers with him as director. Holder's medical practice was much concerned with mental health; one of the theater's goals was to improve prisoners' and soldiers' states of mind. But he also had a practical purpose. Admission charges went toward buying fruit and vegetables for the fort to ward off scurvy. The theater, built from the boards of an outlying hospital building that Holder deactivated, was well appreciated and attended. The aristocratic Grenfell had a low opinion of the theater's quality and in his critique outed Mudd's participation in it.[57] Mudd did not mention in his letters that he played his violin at the theater for the entertainment of the soldiers and prisoners; in fact, he never wrote revealing that he had the pleasure of having a violin with him at the fort.

Mudd and other prisoners had access to the fort library. He noted that it was well stocked with more than 500 volumes available for his access.[58] It also had magazine and newspaper subscriptions. Mudd's fellow conspirators had subscriptions to Maryland newspapers. Mudd encouraged his correspondents to send him additional newspapers and cuttings that mentioned him, which he pored over in his cell for news of himself, public opinion, and the politics of pardons. Reading was clearly one of his primary activities, as was corresponding, discussed below. Mudd also made time for his prayers, saying his rosary daily between infrequent visits by Catholic priests and a bishop. Otherwise, according to his letters, he spent his time in his quarters or at his work assignments.

Life at Hard Labor

Mudd's sentence was to be served at hard labor; it did not work out that way. During his first tour of duty in the hospital he complained to his wife, somewhat surprisingly, that he had little or no labor to perform there.[59] At this point in his incarceration, his "hard labor" as a convicted presidential assassination conspirator was to distribute medicine prescribed by Holder.

After being removed from hospital work and various menial tasks in 1867, Samuel Mudd was reassigned to the carpentry shop. Pleased with the assignment, he worked there for the rest of his time at the fort. This photograph was taken during his time in the shop. (Courtesy National Park Service)

After Mudd's escape attempt, the fort commander ordered the prisoner to be reassigned to actual hard labor.[60] He was let out of the dungeon to work six days a week in leg irons and under guard, remaining in the cell on Sundays. He complained that the shackles hurt his legs, the work hurt his shoulders and back, his hair was falling out, and his eyesight was deteriorating. In January 1866, following the complaint

from Mrs. Mudd to Johnson, which secured the release of the conspirators from the dungeon, the shackles were ordered removed.[61]

The commander had specifically ordered that Mudd was to be assigned wheelbarrow work, likely one of the more strenuous jobs at the fort. It apparently did not happen. Mudd tends to be viewed as an old and somewhat frail-looking man from the few images available, so such an assignment might seem onerous. But, at the time he was only thirty-one years old. He was assigned to a foreman who instead of putting him behind a wheelbarrow assigned him the task of cleaning bricks for re-use. His attitude to being expected to perform this simple and not overly hard labor assignment is made clear in his letter to one of his brothers-in-law: "I worked hard all day and came very near finishing one brick."[62]

It does not appear from his brick-cleaning work that Mudd was going to be very cooperative in performing actual labor. He now considered himself "the veriest of slave" and to have lost control of his own actions being guarded continuously by negro soldiers. At this point he felt his escape attempt would soon be forgotten. In a letter to one of his brothers-in-law, he revealed that he soon expected to be returned to a more suitable job. Apparently, he preferred what he described as having little or no labor to perform back in the hospital to cleaning bricks, but he failed to grasp the seriousness of his action in attempting to escape prison, as well as his incompetence in the hospital, discussed below. He wasn't going to be allowed back to the hospital any time soon.

Mudd was then assigned the task of sweeping the bastions each day, perhaps due to his lack of production as a brick cleaner. He was to do this under the eye of guards. While this might appear to be make-work, it was not. The bastion stairs and the fort's hallways daily accumulated sand from the terreplein topping the fort walls, blown sand, and clouds of construction dust that, if left unswept, made the narrow, winding, dark, stone steps unsafe. Although Mudd wrote that he finished his daily sweeping job in a couple of hours, other correspondents had gotten the impression from him that, "he is compelled by a Negro guard to sweep the Sally Port continually."[63]

In February 1867, Mudd was reassigned to the carpentry shop. Likely Spangler helped arrange this appointment so they could work together. Mudd was pleased to be there, especially because the boxes he made from the fort's wood stock sold in Key West for twenty-five cents and he could keep the income. Why a prisoner could have a private business selling boxes made out of government wood is puzzling, but pilfering of government stores was rather commonplace.

Several examples of woodwork attributed to Mudd from this period exist; canes, the cribbage board, and a table are on display at the Mudd House museum. He always receives full credit for these creations. In the same room as the exquisite table is a chest of drawers Mudd made by himself after he had returned home.[64] The inlaid table is a minor masterpiece of country furniture making; the chest is amateurish, showing that Mudd had achieved at best apprentice status as a furniture maker. The contrast between the prison-made

table and home-made chest, now standing fewer than ten feet apart, suggests that the talented Spangler was responsible for much of the detailed work of the finely crafted Mudd-attributed pieces. After their release, Spangler came to live on the Mudd farm. During his last years at the fort, Mudd clearly cherished the lack of hard labor in the carpentry shop, as suggested by the one image of him from his Fort Jefferson days – it shows him well-dressed and contentedly sitting in a chair in the shop.[65]

Mudd's most famous work assignment was his return to the hospital during the 1867 yellow fever eruption at the fort. However locally infamous it became, the Fort Jefferson yellow fever episode was but a minor part of a widespread epidemic that claimed thousands of lives along the entire Gulf Coast and up the Mississippi Valley. The medical aspects of Mudd's engagements are discussed in the next section; here I will discuss his work. The complex story is important as its narrative became a compelling basis for Mudd's claim to a pardon and his subsequent public rehabilitation. The facts differ substantially from Mudd's accounts.

Although yellow fever raged seasonally in Havana and particularly virulent forms of it appeared in Key West, as noted previously Fort Jefferson did not have an episode throughout the war owing to its isolation and because Holder inspected each arriving vessel and determined its quarantine.[66] Under Holder, sick people never made it off a boat and into the fort. The quarantine system broke down under his successor, Smith. Once an infected person arrived at the fort, the right mosquitoes were already there to serve as vectors.

The epidemic began in August 1867; the first soldier died on August 22. Smith had a tent hospital erected on nearby Sand Key for isolating patients. That remote hospital site previously had been closed by Holder. Under Smith, ill patients were to be taken from Fort Jefferson to the distant hospital. Smith and his family were early victims of the fever, with Smith taking ill on September 5.

These were the beginnings of Mudd's purported finest hours. The argument made by Mudd, his spokespersons, and petitioners was that he more or less singlehandedly fought the epidemic. As expressed by Johnson in his presidential pardon, "upon the occasion of the prevalence of the Yellow Fever at that military station, and the death by the pestilence of the medical office of the Post, the said Samuel A. Mudd devoted himself to the care and cure of the sick, and interposed his courage and his skill to protect the garrison, otherwise without adequate medical aid…"[67] Additionally, Mudd and others persistently made the point that when he was in charge no deaths occurred. These claims are at variance with the truth.

In Mudd's account on September 5, after he had procrastinated for some time owing to his being conflicted about helping out, he had decided to offer his services as a doctor, which he was spared from doing because at the same time the commander had decided to have him engage. Whether volunteering or having been assigned, Mudd began doctoring responsibilities after breakfast on September 5. His principal patients were Smith and his wife and child; there is no mention in any writings of other patients. Dr. Daniel Whitehurst, a former

fort surgeon, arrived from Key West at 10 p.m. on September 7. Smith died on September 8, as duly inscribed on his monument in the fort's parade ground.

In a letter to one of his brothers-in-law the same day, September 8, Mudd wrote, "The two days I had the management of the hospital no deaths have occurred, and all have improved that were taken in time."[68] Parsing the statement reveals its deceptions. It was in these two days that Mudd was unsuccessfully tending to Smith and his wife and son, who clearly did not "improve." Mudd discounted Smith's death as his responsibility as he actually died right after Whitehurst arrived, and so Mudd claimed these deaths did not occur on his watch. Contrary to all of his subsequent statements, Smith and family were dying under Mudd's care and died soon after Whitehurst arrived.

Mudd's tour "in charge" lasted two days. The story became much magnified. By October 1867, his account expanded in writing to his wife that, "... during the intervals, amounting to nearly three weeks, that I had exclusive care of the sick, not one died."[69] Other accounts repeated Mudd's self-congratulatory story. A letter from Spangler appeared in The New York Times on September 22, in which he wrote of Mudd that "we have lost no cases with him yet." The letter is dated September 6, the first day of Mudd's doctoring when his three patients – Smith and family – had indeed not yet died.[70] It is unlikely that the uneducated Spangler would have had the ability to write a piece suitable for a New York City newspaper. It is far more likely that Mudd wrote of himself

under Spangler's byline. Within one day of being assigned as a doctor, he set up the storyline of there being no deaths attributable to himself.

This story of no deaths under Mudd has persisted through to today. Johnson's pardon language praised Mudd's work after the medical officer of the post died and there being no other adequate medical aid. The president was misled. The previous "medical officer," although incapacitated, had not died, and "other adequate medical help" arrived before he did. There was never a moment when Mudd was in charge after a post doctor had died.

The epidemic went on with Mudd serving as a nurse to Whitehurst. Grenfell, without medical training, similarly was an attending nurse. O'Loughlen became ill and was attended by Mudd in their communal room where he died under Mudd's exclusive care.[71] Mudd himself became ill on October 4, one month after he became involved with patients. He was tended to by Spangler, who was unaffected, and spent six weeks in his room recuperating. By the end of October, with Mudd still staying in his room, the epidemic abated and Whitehurst was replaced by Dr. Edward Thomas, who himself took ill on November 14. Mudd was then reassigned to the hospital where there were now only three patients, all of whom were convalescing. Thomas himself was the last case of the epidemic and he returned to service after recovering.[72]

There is much noteworthy imbedded in this chronology. Mudd's total time in charge was parts of two days. He alone attended the Smith family, all of whom died. He alone

attended O'Loughlen to his death. His total time in service as an assistant to Whitehurst was a month, from Smith taking ill on September 5 to Mudd taking ill on October 4. Yellow fever symptoms generally last three to four days; those that move into the severe stage can last up to several weeks. There is no commentary that Mudd was ever in a severe stage. Yet he took to his room for six weeks, more than six times what would be expected. There were no new cases to be treated during his third tour of medical duty, which lasted a month. His total time of medical service in the epidemic was one month and another month after it was over. These points become important when considering Mudd's description of his work in the epidemic, discussed in the next section.[73]

With the epidemic over, Thomas returned Mudd to the carpentry shop, where he worked for the rest of his incarceration save for an occasional detail to the Provost Marshall's office as a clerk.

Medical Practice

Mudd's pardon and his public re-imaging are intimately connected with his medical practice at the fort. As noted above in discussing his medical work there, Mudd's three tenures serving in medical capacities were short, totaling about two months, only one of which was during the active epidemic. Elucidating his medical practice during his incarceration at Fort Jefferson involves the storyline he told, his medical theories and application, and his medical ethics.

Mudd's first medical responsibility was dispensing medicine in Holder's hospital, from which he was dismissed after his

escape attempt. He explains, "I am now thrown out of my job as chief of dispensary, … I don't regret the loss of my position. Take away the honor attached, the labor was more confining than any other place or avocation on the island. At the same time, it relieved me of the disagreeable necessity of witnessing men starve for the nutriment essential for a sick man … Four prisoners died during the short time I had been here; the last one died the morning I made my attempt to escape."[74]

He thus intimated that the doctor in charge was doing a rather poor job of keeping his patients alive. Yet Holder had a sterling reputation for his doctoring and counseling, as well as for his attention to nutrition that had significantly improved the health of the soldiers and prisoners.[75] Perhaps Mudd had a reason to downplay the job. His escape attempt had saved Holder, a mild-mannered Quaker, from carrying out a decision he had made – and had informed the commander of – to dismiss Mudd from the hospital. Mudd had dispensed the antithetically wrong medicine to several patients. The men were suffering from diarrhea, but Mudd administered an emetic that almost killed them. The fort commander accused him of attempted murder. Holder argued that Mudd's actions were not attempted murder but incompetence. Had he not tried to escape, Mudd would have been removed from the hospital anyway. Mudd's letter fails to mention that his poor dispensing, not Holder's medical practice, put patients in the hospital at risk. Mudd's charge that the job was "confining" does not take into account that it was located in near total freedom outside the fort's walls and that he got to sleep there as well.

Mudd's second medical assignment occurred, as discussed in the last section, when Smith became ill and he served as an assistant to Whitehurst for a month. Mudd made two persistent medical claims for his success during this period: that he closed Smith's distant hospital and that he introduced a new treatment practice, both to the benefit of saving lives at the fort.

Sand Key had been the fort's isolation hospital and graveyard but had been dismantled by Holder as being unnecessary and medically undesirable, as he felt people should be treated in the fort. This tiny speck of an island is now called Hospital Key in recognition of its legacy.[76] Smith reestablished it. It was never the death trap Mudd made it out to be – only six of the twenty-seven patients died there during the early stages of the epidemic, not half as Mudd repeatedly claimed. The hospital was small, tented, and set among the graves. Mudd argued that it was his idea to close Smith's hospital on the island because the trip was doing patients no good, and that he prevailed upon the commander, Colonel Frederick Stone, to do so. Mudd stated: "Immediately, I discontinued the Sand Key Hospital."[77] He also claimed he moved unaffected troops off Garden Key. He did neither.

Whitehurst, the physician in charge, reported that he was the one who closed the hospital on September 15 because of logistics and crowded conditions on that island, two weeks after Mudd would have relinquished any such authority, if he ever had it. Smith had started removing well troops off Garden Key and Whitehurst continued the practice; eventually up to two-thirds of the troops were removed from the fort to

Loggerhead Key.[78] Although Mudd seems to have concurred with the decisions, he neither closed the hospital nor sent off the troops as he claimed.

Whitehurst had vast experience with yellow fever in Key West, where intermittent quarantine was central to disease control. Irrespective of Mudd's not-unreasonable argument that transport was hard on patients, that was not Whitehurst's reasoning; his was logistics. The function of a quarantine hospital was not for patient comfort but a public health response to avoid the sick infecting others. It was easier to send well soldiers away, which proved successful as the vectors were in the fort.

A second aspect of Mudd's medical practice during the epidemic was his treatment protocol. The treatment offered by all the doctors-in-charge at the fort for yellow fever, until the arrival of Thomas after Whitehurst's departure, consisted of such interventions as purging, opioids, mercury, induced vomiting, and herbal tea. Mudd claimed credit for adding bundling, a treatment in which after a steaming bath to elicit profuse sweating, a patient was wrapped in blankets to induce further sweating while water and ice were withheld. He was quite proud of the treatment and insisted it saved lives. It was divergent from accepted medical practice and Mudd campaigned for the medical community to recognize him for his innovation.

Upon his arrival, Thomas documented previous practices and changed them. Thomas' treatment started with a strong cathartic followed by supplemental potassium, water, ice,

nitric acid (which reduced fever, muscle spasms, abdominal pain, and increased urine production), lemonade, and, when a patient was gaining strength, ale.[79] Yellow fever is incurable once contracted; the only proper treatment is to manage its symptoms, providing support for the body's own recovery as Thomas' protocols did. Mudd's treatments of overheating patients with already elevated body temperature and dehydrating them were far from palliative, and subjected patients to additional stresses. His practices were never accepted by the medical community.

As noted in the previous section, Mudd's third medical assignment came as Thomas became ill. Thomas' protocols, not Mudd's, were in effect for the remaining patients; the three other patients were already recovering. After Thomas no one else contracted yellow fever for Mudd to treat. The epidemic was over.

Mudd's medical ethics compel consideration. He was openly reluctant to take on the care of the sick during the epidemic. On October 27, he wrote a detailed letter to his wife about the epidemic. He began by revealing his state of mind conflating his bitterness with his duty, "... I found myself unprepared to decide between the contending emotions of fear and duty that now pressed to gain ascendancy. ... Tried by a court not ordained by the laws of the land, confronted by suborned and most barefaced perjured testimony, deprived of liberty, banished from home, family and friends, bound in chains as the brute and forced at the point of the bayonet to do the most menial service, and withal denied for time every luxury, and even healthy subsistence, for having exercised a simple

act of common humanity in setting the leg of a man whose insane act I had no sympathy, but which was in the line of my professional calling. It was but natural that resentment and fear should rankle my heart, … Can I be a passive beholder? Shall I withhold little service … Or shall I again subject myself to renewed imputations of assassination?"[80]

Mudd had no ethical position to justify withholding physician services.[81] Yet he not only considered withholding treatment but felt justified in communicating his indecision as part of a long, detailed letter clearly meant to be made public to his benefit. Somehow, he thought his indecision was justified and would be considered acceptable, perhaps even admirable.

Mudd persistently criticized other doctors at the fort by questioning the quality of their work, usually in backhanded ways, assigning them blame for deaths while embellishing his own work as successful. This practice began, as discussed previously, by his accusing Holder of mistreating patients, including, it would seem from the context, those to whom Mudd had wrongly dispensed medicine.

Smith came next. Mudd held that Smith died because he was uncooperative and late to be treated. In Mudd's words, "Dr. Smith was not under my care until a short time before his death, when, under hallucination of the disease, he persistently refused to take any medication or submit to treatment,"[82] Actually, Smith came under Mudd's care on the first day of his illness. Mudd was blaming Smith for his own death, which, as noted above, he ignored in spinning the story that no one died on his watch. He observed, "Many of the

deaths reported have not occurred here, but on an adjacent island where we have erected a hospital; more than half sent there have died. I claim credit of having broken up this establishment, and having inaugurated an entirely different system of treatment. Smith admitted, before his death, that he had never seen a case of it before, and acknowledged his incompetency to treat the malady."[83] According to Mudd, unlike himself, Smith was incompetent.

Mudd consistently and persistently undermined Whitehurst by frequently citing his age and ignoring that he, not Mudd, was the doctor-in-charge. Unlike Mudd's resistance to serve, Whitehurst returned to the fort from Key West on the same day he was asked to take over the epidemic. Mudd continued to emphasize Whitehurst's age as a negative: "Dr. Whitehurst from Key West is an old man, sixty odd years of age." Mudd wrote that "The Doctor Whitehurst, who was expelled from the island the beginning of the war, on account of the sympathies of his wife, … he is now an old man." Another example of the Mudd treatment contained the same condescending criticism: "Dr. W., who is very old, and is a little slow in his actions and treatment …"[84] In many of Mudd's letters, while praising himself, he found ways to undermine the competency and reputation of the experienced Whitehurst or to ignore his engagement all together.

Whitehurst in fact was a well-respected, second-generation Florida physician and civic leader. He was not expelled from the fort at the beginning of the war but continued working there late into 1862.[85] Whitehurst was a Unionist, a white Southerner who opposed secession, and active in the

African repatriation movement. Mudd stated in his letters that Whitehurst, not he, was attending Smith and his family before their deaths. As discussed, Smith was Mudd's patient, and he died soon after Whitehurst's arrival – any disclaimer of responsibility is clearly confuscation.[86] Similarly, deflecting any blame for the death of the commander's son, Mudd states that he was only called in for consultation by Whitehurst, ignoring Mudd's previous days attending to the boy's illness.[87]

Mudd similarly stated that it was Whitehurst who was treating O'Loughlen when he died. In Mudd's words, "He was taken sick whilst my kind friend, Dr. D. W. Whitehurst of Key West, Florida, had charge of the Post; from him he received prompt medical attention from the beginning of his illness to his death."[88] This was not true. Mudd wrote repeatedly to others that it was he alone who was attending O'Loughlen in their shared room and criticized Whitehurst for not becoming involved.

After blaming Whitehurst for O'Loughlen's death, Mudd explained in the same letter that, "The news had spread around through the garrison of the neat and comfortable appearance of the hospital and the improved condition of the sick, which had the effect to gain for me a reputation, and the confidence of the soldiers." This was Whitehurst's hospital as "charge of the Post" and not Mudd's, who was a nursing assistant. Mudd also generalized, "When Dr. Whitehurst arrived, I yielded to his age and experience … all those that have died in the official circle were patients of his and had all the advantages of his experience and knowledge. I feel much relieved that they did not die upon my hands."[89]

He also was harsh about other caregivers – "The nurses are ignorant and careless, and I can't act as both physician and nurse" – setting up the potential to cast any blame on improper nursing by others, never noting that in fact, he too was a nurse.[90] "I, ... have acted here entirely upon my own theory, and with unprecedented success. I can say with truth that none have died that I have seen in time and had proper attention and nursing. I am universally respected by all the soldiers, and they seem ever ready to shower complements and favors."[91] Thus, no one died under his watch with his procedures unless there was bad nursing or another extenuating factor. And as he saw it, everyone loved him.

Mudd's writings on yellow fever as informed by the epidemic contain the consistent feature of failing to mention Whitehurst. Even Mudd's article on health written late in life and published after his death failed to mention him.[92] This is due to how Mudd framed his stories to elevate his role while failing to mention that he was merely an assistant, taking notes for Whitehurst on his rounds and dispensing medicine Whitehurst prescribed. Before and even after Mudd's return home, newspaper articles praising his work while ignoring Whitehurst appeared frequently, so much so that Mudd wrote to Whitehurst disclaiming any responsibility for such egregious oversights in the writings of others. He claimed he had no part in such missives, ignoring that there could be no other source of the story.

"Let me assure you my dear friend that I have on no occasion sought distinction for the small part performed by myself during the prevalence of Fever at the post – nor have I spoken

of the subject with a view to distract from the noble & skillful services of yourself, or attaching credit to myself. … Whatever fame has been attached to my name is entirely due to you. My duties were simply as nurse & dispensor (sic) of medicines, if as such, was worthy of mention, the greater praise is due you since I could not have occupied the position without your appointment."[93] This one personal, unpublicized letter speaks much of the truth of Mudd's work, but dozens of other letters, articles, and petitions Mudd penned or organized credit his actions alone while failing to mention his supervisor, Whitehurst.

As for Thomas, Mudd complained that he never visited Mudd in his sick room. Both he and Arnold told the story that the post doctor remained in his quarters with abundant alcohol. There is not much evidence for this behavior beyond Mudd's accusations and there would seem little reason for the post doctor with multiple patients to visit one person, also a physician, who was weeks past the usual recuperative period and otherwise attended to. Mudd was probably not fond of the new post doctor who had dismissed his unproven protocol. There is little evidence of mutual engagement other than Mudd's asserting that Thomas respected him. When Thomas became ill, Mudd came back into the hospital with few to treat, and pointedly was not kept on by Thomas after his return to duty.

There can be little doubt that an overriding goal in Mudd's writing about his several medical practice engagements at the fort was lobbying for his own recognition. As early as October 1, 1867, he wrote, "I have done all that lay in [my] power and

feel encouraged by the gratitude expressed by those I have relieved. It is high time that the public be made acquainted with the fact, and those in power made to yield to proper sense of duty and regard for justice, instead of visiting upon helpless victims and unjust and tyrannical punishment."[94]

During his time at the fort, Mudd came to consider himself an expert on yellow fever. He had written his thesis on dysentery; none of what he wrote is accepted today as correct.[95] He wrote on yellow fever in an extensive letter to his wife, mentioned above, clearly intended for a wider audience and for publication in newspapers.[96] In brief, Mudd held that yellow fever was spread by "human effluvia" through soiled blankets, linens, and woolen uniforms; he also proposed a novel theory of infections that he argued proved why it was not possible to have inoculations for "typhoid fever, yellow fever, cholera, etc."[97] Of course, each of these now have vaccines. He considered yellow fever to be a type of typhoid.

Mudd's theory that the disease was spread by contamination from one person to the next led to his solution of avoiding sharing uncleaned cloth material. While cleanliness no doubt would control the spread of some other infections, it was not efficacious for yellow fever, which is now known to be transmitted by a vector. He presented evidence from his experience at the fort to support his view, but he interpreted it incorrectly. For example, his interpretation of one result from closure of the quarantine hospital was "… upon the breaking up of the Sand Key Hospital and the return of the nurses to the Fort, they were all speedily stricken down with the fever upon their being placed on similar duty. These nurses had

remained free from all diseases up to their return to the Fort, although the majority of the cases whom they nursed at Sand Key died of fever."

In his view, it was exposure to dirty linens at the fort that caused their illness. He failed to note that the nurses also had been exposed to similarly dirty linens on the island and yet did not become ill. The nurses were disease free because the island was mosquito-free and they only fell sick when they returned to the fort, which was filled with contagious people and mosquitoes. Mudd's selective use of evidence did not prove his theory. The mosquito-borne origin of the disease was not discovered until two decades after Mudd's death, so he would not be expected to understand this, although one might expect evidence to be objectively interpreted.

Communications

Communications are key to understanding Mudd's stay at Fort Jefferson. Mudd was his own best public relations agent.[98] A mail boat was scheduled to arrive from Key West every two weeks; he tried to make each one. He expected correspondence and chastised those who failed to write or keep him up to date on what they were doing to free him. He was repeatedly harsh on his wife, criticizing her composition and the encouraging words she offered that he felt misleading. After the escape attempt, letters in and, at times, out of the fort were subject to being read and returned by military censors, whose intrusiveness varied with the job holder and conditions at the time. Mudd urged his correspondents to be careful of what they wrote and that they might be able to write in code.

Samuel Mudd was his own best public relations agent, sending letters from the fort meant to foster action on his behalf, especially through his wife, Sarah Frances Dyer Mudd, who repeatedly pled his ever-changing arguments, including directly to President Andrew Johnson. In 1869, days before he left office, Johnson handed Mudd's pardon papers directly to Mrs. Mudd. (Courtesy National Park Service)

He wrote to his wife that his niece should "… be more prudent in her writing? The last letter that arrived was not handed to me on account of insulting language. She must have been aware that all correspondence is inspected previous to delivery to prisoners, and language prejudicial to me or herself would be observed and likely noted. Do caution her for the future, and allow nothing in your power to be said or done having a tendency to prolong my misery." And later, "I fear a copy of a former letter of Fannie's has been sent to the War Department, … I fear imprudent talk and writing will yet dispose the mind of the president not to listen to your appeals on my behalf."[99] Mudd was very much in charge of controlling his correspondence, in and out. He did not preserve the correspondence he received. Fortunately, his wife and others preserved their side of it.

Mudd repeatedly wrote to his wife, brothers-in-law Jeremiah and Tom Dyer, his still supportive and influential lawyers, and other potential supporters. His supporters wrote to newspapers, politicians, and the president and held meetings with influential people including the president. Mostly, he wrote to encourage or instruct them to act on his behalf. As in the multiple examples above, Mudd showed himself to be a master of the spin. Correspondence was his main weapon; letters crafted to his own benefit were meant to be revealed through newspapers, magazines, and petitions to a public and political audience, and so provide consistent arguments on his behalf.

He wrote to his wife, "I have written between thirty and forty letters to various ones. I have written at least a half a dozen

to General Ewing, and Stone three or four. Jere and others as many each. I am truly anxious to know if they intend to keep me here this Administration. I want to know public opinion. … When you write, send me newspaper extracts or clippings that may be favorable or otherwise towards us, or to me."[100] An example of the focus of his correspondence is an 1865 letter to one of his brothers-in-law, in which he mentions: "I sent you what might be a copy of a letter to Secretary Stanton … so that you and counsel can advise regarding. You may admit and supply [which means insert and delete] as you think the case may require."[101] He drafted his appeal letter to be sent by others.

His methods were revealed by Emily Holder, who wrote that, "He asked my husband to send a long letter, which he gave him to read, to The New York Herald – a very sensational and untrue report of the treatment of the prisoners. He had imagined all sorts of indignities and persecutions, when, in fact, they were treated to the same conditions as the surrounding soldiers." There is no evidence that her husband, Holder, who characteristically and repeatedly spoke up on behalf of prisoners he felt were unjustly convicted or treated, sent it.[102] But the example shows how Mudd worked.

Much of Mudd's correspondence seems rather passive-aggressive, berating non-correspondents or criticizing correspondence not meeting his current needs while asserting that such lack of or unhelpful communication was responsible for increasing his own stress. He informed his wife, "If I don't hear from you soon, I am afraid I will become indifferent and

careless," and "I am very anxious to hear from you, and when a mail service arrives without bringing any intelligence, I feel more heavily in my exile."[103]

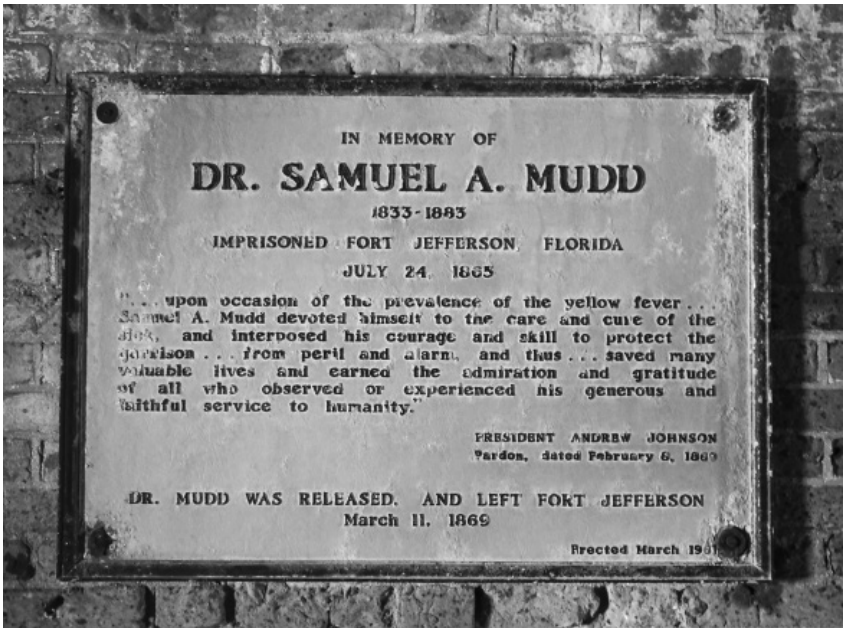
On secondhand information, he again wrote to his wife, stating, "I received yesterday a letter from Cousin Ann, apparently reflecting your opinions, protracting my stay in this hell for several months longer. … The vagaries which you and others had so implicitly imparted, or intentionally to stimulate hope, had had the reacting influence. … You are not alone, my darling, in contributing to these emotions; nearly every letter received the past seven or eight months has had the tendency to lead me to expect release at an early day … You spoke of the sympathy of friends, etc. Their kind wishes can never do me any good so long as I am here caged; on the contrary. I fear you do me harm by expressions of any opinion favorable to the president and his policy."[104] Of course it was Mudd who had set the plan in motion that Johnson was to be engaged in securing his release. At the end of a letter to Jeremiah Dyer that otherwise was mostly about death at the fort, Mudd informed him, "Arnold received the box sent by his friends. Why don't you write?"[105]

Mudd's most successful enterprise was to convince soldiers at the fort to sign on to a letter of commendation for his services. Why would soldiers on their own single out Mudd for praise and not the other doctors who were actually in charge? Remember: He was known to use his money for bribes. Mudd repeatedly asserted that he had no knowledge of the petition being passed around praising his medical work during the epidemic.[106] But, in a letter to his wife at the start of

the epidemic, he inquired if such petition would help secure his release. "Let me know if a petition signed by the officers of the Post would be to any avail. I have thought over the matter, and think that under present circumstances, the public mind might justify some ameliorating action upon the part of the president."[107] This indicates that Mudd was planning for the petition before it began. He started with junior officers who took it down the chain of command. Once the petition was under way, he offered to send "the original or a copy [of the petition], which friends can present in person."[108] Mudd's disclaimer of involvement was a lie; he certainly managed the creation of a petition through a couple of junior officers who had their men make their marks and pass it up the chain. Mudd managed the petition's delivery to Washington, D.C.[109] It worked; Johnson, although ignoring it when presented, cited it in his pardon.

The Pardon

Mudd's temperament swung wildly through his captivity as he interpreted one event after another or one letter and then another as suggesting his early release. He took words of encouragement as fact and expressed his disappointment with correspondents when his interpretations proved untrue or untimely. His bitterness toward those he held responsible for his imprisonment deepened with time. Emily Holder found him restless and brooding.[110] Much of his behavior during imprisonment can be explained by the description offered by his one-time mentor George Mudd, who said of his cousin that his downfall was due to, "that obstinacy of character, his prejudices, his false sense of honor, … a want of moral courage."[111]



Over the years, Samuel Mudd's descendants repeatedly lobbied for his exoneration. In 1961, Congress approved erecting a plaque at Fort Jefferson, which carefully excerpts President Andrew Johnson's pardon statement omitting lines that qualify the pardon – Mudd has never been exonerated of his crimes. (Courtesy National Park Service)

The last couple of years of Mudd's imprisonment were primarily devoted to his organizing to obtain a pardon before Johnson left office. With that deadline looming, activities intensified. Mudd's letters gave instructions and advice on how to proceed with his case. His arguments evolved over time: the unfairness of his trial and that perjury was committed (ignoring his own lies to the investigating authorities); the unjustness of the verdict to a person innocent of the conspiracy (ignoring that his conviction was not participating in the murder conspiracy but for aiding in Booth's escape);

his changing excuses for lying to investigators; the illegality of the trial; the vileness of the punishment and his personal mistreatment; and the merit accrued by his taking medical charge at the fort and saving soldiers from yellow fever.

Over the years, prominent people intervened directly with the president on Mudd's behalf, including his well-respected lawyers; Ford Theater owner John T. Ford, who also was attempting to free Spangler; Jeremiah Dyer, who had influence in Baltimore; and Tom Dyer, who had influence in New Orleans where Fort Jefferson's command was located. Mrs. Mudd's engagement was crucial to the effort and she visited the president herself, receiving encouraging responses.[112]

Johnson repeatedly was reported to have professed his intention to free Mudd when politics permitted. It was Johnson's many thousand pardons of Confederates and their sympathizers that was one of the underlying grievances leading to his impeachment for removing from office the leader of a strong federal approach to Reconstruction, Secretary of War Edwin Stanton, without congressional approval. Political impediments dwindled as Johnson's term came towards an end.

With Mudd's orchestration, his supporters lined up to plead his cause. The Hartford County Medical Society, Maryland's congressional delegation, and thirty-nine members of Congress sent petitions.[113] The governor of Maryland, several state justices, and congressmen met with the president on Mudd's behalf. A bill was introduced

into Congress to compensate Mudd for his services in the epidemic, compensation that would have been six times what Whitehurst was paid for being the post doctor actually in charge of the health crisis. Mudd's lawyers wrote and submitted detailed briefs outlining the arguments for release. They also unsuccessfully filed for a writ of habeas corpus in Key West.

Johnson waited until a few weeks before the end of his term, but on February 8, 1869, he signed Mudd's pardon.[114] The document suggests that Mudd's professional responsibility to treat Booth left uncertainty as to his motive. It cites Mudd's work during the yellow fever epidemic but that Johnson was satisfied with the finding of his guilt in harboring and concealing the fugitives. The president stated that he believed Mudd had no complicity in the conspiracy to kill Lincoln. The same day, Johnson called in Mudd's wife and handed her the papers. She passed on her husband's pardon to her brother, Tom Dyer, who engaged a courier in New Orleans to present the document at the fort. Mudd was to be free.

On March 2, 1869, on the last day of his term, Johnson pardoned the two other living conspirators, Spangler and Arnold. For all Mudd's work on behalf of himself alone, the other conspirators were also freed. Mudd left Fort Jefferson for Key West on March 11, 1869, a month and half shy of four years on the Dry Tortugas. He was only thirty-five years old. In Key West he caught a well-appointed steamer traveling from Havana to Baltimore. He arrived in Baltimore, went to

the home of his brother-in-law, Jeremiah Dyer, was attended by his supporters, and returned to his farm on March 20. Mudd's time at Fort Jefferson was over.

Mudd's rehabilitation in the public mind was well under way by the time he returned owing to the massive publicity leading up to his pardon. After being disappointed at his inability to control an interview soon after his release, he went silent on his experiences at the fort, other than within his writings on yellow fever. His wife gave only one more interview, late in life, and declared it her last. George Mudd was asked in an interview why his cousin did not leave his own record. He replied, "The reason Sam Mudd never spoke on that question was that he had prevaricated to his own neighbors, friends, and kin to such an extent that he was ashamed of himself. … When he came back to this vicinity he saw that his best policy was silence, he hardly ever talked on the question at all."[115] Apparently, Mudd did not want to try to keep up the framework of lies created at Fort Jefferson; they had done their job, he had his pardon, and he was back home.

Mudd's cause was taken up by his descendants, especially Dr. Richard Mudd, who was seeking a full exoneration.[116] At his descendants' urging, Congress was prevailed upon, with considerable resistance, to authorize a plaque to be installed in Fort Jefferson honoring Mudd. Richard Mudd claimed it an exoneration. Placed there in 1961 near one of the cells, it is now a historic artifact on its own right.[117] It reads:

"… upon occasion of the prevalence of the yellow fever … Samuel A. Mudd devoted himself to the care and cure of

the sick, and interposed his courage and skill to protect the garrison … from peril and alarm and thus … saved many valuable lives and earned the admiration and gratitude of all who observed or experienced his generous and faithful service to humanity."[118]

Its text is excerpted from Johnson's pardon with ellipses eliminating historically problematic elements.

The first ellipsis omits the president's statement "I am satisfied that the guilt found by the said judgement against Samuel A. Mudd was of receiving, entertaining, harboring and concealing John Wilkes Booth and David E. Herold with the intent to aid, abet and assist them in escaping from justice."[119] This ellipsis omits the president's finding of Mudd's guilt as an accomplice to the murder after the fact.

The second ellipsis omits the president's statement "and the death by that pestilence of the medical officer of the post."[120] This ellipsis avoids mentioning the erroneous basis underlying much of Mudd's claim that he was responsible for treating the yellow fever epidemic after the post doctor died.

The third ellipsis omits "and thus as the officers and men unite in testifying," omitting Johnson's reference to the Mudd-concocted petition, which the president's next paragraph of the pardon cites in detail.[121]

And finally, the plaque omits Johnson's "grant to the said Dr. Samuel A. Mudd a full and unconditional pardon," omitting that he provided a pardon, not an exoneration.[122] Richard

Mudd had petitioned for a full exoneration, but that potential language was stricken from the draft bill in Congress because of opposition from multiple civic and historic groups. Mudd has never been exonerated.

The plaque's text is restricted to recognition of Mudd during the epidemic. There is no equivalent plaque for the other doctors serving at the fort who prevented yellow fever from arriving or who were in charge during the epidemic – Holder, Bell, Whitehurst, and Thomas – all of whom have faded from public consciousness. On the parade ground of the fort is an impressive monument to Smith, whose failure to maintain Holder's quarantine procedures allowed yellow fever to gain its foothold in the fort.

Mudd, above all, was a master of his public relations. Of the convicted conspirators, only Booth remains more famous. Mudd's home in Maryland is kept by the family as a fascinating museum. Booth's trail to Mudd's house is followed by those consumed with the Lincoln assassination.[123] At Fort Jefferson in Dry Tortugas National Park, thousands annually visit Mudd's cells and his commemorative plaque affixed deep within the fort's arched interior. Mudd resided in the fort for less than four of its more than 175-year history. Yet Fort Jefferson now as much as ever remains linked to the memory and legacy of one Southern Maryland country doctor, Samuel A. Mudd.

Endnotes

1. The assassination of Abraham Lincoln is likely the most studied and written-about episode in American history. A 36-foot tower of fewer than half of the 15,000 books published on Lincoln decorates the staircase of the Ford's Theatre Center for Education and Leadership in Washington, D.C. The story of those charged as conspirators has its own literature, starting as early as the year of the trial (B. P. Poore, *The Conspiracy Trial for the Murder of the President and the Attempt to Overthrow the Government by the Assassination of its Principal Officer*. (Boston: J. E. Tilton, 1865); and Anon., *Trial of the Assassins and Conspirators for the Murder of Abraham Lincoln, and the Attempted Assassination of Vice-President Johnson and the Whole Cabinet*. (Philadelphia: Barclay & Company, 1865), http://lcweb2.loc.gov//service/lawlib/law0001/2009/20090020911299 1/200900209112991.pdf). Also published in 1865 was Army reporter Benjamin Pitman's official report (B. Pittman, *The Assassination of President Lincoln and the Trial of the Conspirators David E. Herold, Mary E. Surratt, Lewis Payne, George A. Atzerodt, Edward Spangler, Samuel A. Mudd, Samuel Arnold, Michael O'Loughlen*. (Cincinnati and New York: Moore, Wilstach & Boldwin, 1865) (https://archive.org/details/assassinationpr00herogoog).

The Mudd family contributed greatly to the historic record: daughter Nettie Mudd, only five years old when her father died, told his story from family recollections and letters from him, securing them for posterity; grandson Richard D. Mudd traced the family's history; great-grandson Robert K. Summers provided an essential compendium of his life, which also allows access to primary sources. These

contributions include N. Mudd, *The Life of Dr. Samuel A. Mudd, containing his letters from Fort Jefferson, Dry Tortugas Island, where he Was Imprisoned Four Years for Alleged Complicity in the Assassination of Abraham Lincoln*. (New York and Washington: The Neale Publishing Company, 1906); R. D. Mudd, *The Mudd Family of the United States*. (By the author, 1951); R. K. Summers, *The Assassin's Doctor, The Life and Letters of Samuel A. Mudd*. (CreateSpace Independent Publishing Platform, 2014); R. K. Summers, *The Doctor's Slaves, Samuel Mudd, Slavery, and the Lincoln Assassination*. (By the author, 2015). Other surviving conspirators also contributed. Spangler provided his story to a newspaper; Arnold wrote a memoir, as did unindicted conspirator Thomas Jones (E. Spangler, *New York World*, June 24, 1869, in Summers, *Assassins*, 559-567; S. B. Arnold, *Defense and Prison Experiences of a Lincoln Conspirator* (Hattiesburg MS: Book Farm, 1943); T. A. Jones, *J. Wilkes Booth: An Account of his Sojourn in Southern Maryland after the Assassination of Abraham Lincoln, his Passage across the Potomac, and his Death in Virginia*. (Chicago: Laird & Lee, 1893) (https://babel.hathitrust.org/cgi/pt?id=nyp.33433043100175&view=1up&seq=7).

More recent works include contributions of Edward J. Steers and Michael Kauffman. E. J. Steers, *His Name is Still Mudd: The Case Against Doctor Samuel Alexander Mudd*. (New York: Thomas Publications, 1997); M. W. Kauffman, *American Brutus: John Wilkes Booth and the Lincoln Conspiracies* (New York: Random House, 2005); *Samuel Bland Arnold: Memoires of a Lincoln Conspirator*. (Bowie MD: Heritage Books, 1995), *In the Footsteps of an Assassin*. (Bedford NH:

TravelBrains, 2012), *Looking Through Booth's Eyes*, 2012, www.abrahamlincolnonline.org/lincoln/books/kauffman.htm, *Walking in Booth's Shoes*, www.abrahamlincolnonline.org/lincoln/books/kauffman2.htm.). Exaggeration of the conditions the conspirators endured has been fodder for popular lore, including books and movies such as P. B. Mueller, *A Shadow of Hope: Dr. Samuel Mudd 1864-1871*. (Jekyll Island GA: Pinata Publishing, 2018); *The Prisoner of Shark Island*, (www.imdb.com/title/tt0028141/, 1936); *The Ordeal of Dr. Mudd*, (www.imdb.com/title/tt0081281/, 1980). Websites with information include: www.drmudd.org; www.muddresearch.com; www.LincolnConspirators.com; www.surrattmuseum.org/; www.fords.org; www.nps.gov/foth; www.nps.gov/drto; www.drytortugas.com.

2. Executive Mansion, July 5, 1865, in Summers, *Assassins*, 90.

3. Summers, *Assassins*, 90-91.

4. Steers, *His Name*; Kauffman, *American*; Summers, *Assassins*, 1-2.

5. Orville Hickman Browning to Thomas Ewing, July 29, 1865, in Summers, *Assassins*, 95-96.

6. The prisoners are usually called the "conspirators," although that label is not totally appropriate, as not all were convicted of conspiring. They also were called "state prisoners" to distinguish them from military prisoners. The terms mostly are used interchangeably.

7. Summers, *Assassins*, 67-74.

8. Major General August V. Kautz, one of the military commission, confirms this view of Spangler in his memoir, *Reminiscences of the Civil War* in Summers, *Assassins*, 691-696.

9. M. K. Kauffman. *Looking Through Booth's Eyes*.

10. Summers, *Assassins*, 11-12, 18, 24-2; Summers, *Doctor's Slaves*, 3, 13-15, 30-38, 66-73.

11. Summers, *Assassins*, 37.

12. J. S. Callaghan to Father George, October 17, 1852, in Summers, *Assassins*, 161-163.

13. Usually referred to as a cousin, George Mudd was a second cousin to Samuel Mudd, and a first cousin to both Mudd's father and mother (G. A. Townsend, *Cincinnati Enquirer*, April 16, 1883, in Summers, *Assassins*, 590-603).

14. Before changing his story, Mudd admitted several times that he had recognized Booth when he came to his house for treatment and revealed that he knew Booth was the assassin to two people before it was publicly announced. It was Booth's boot found at Mudd's house that convinced the authorities of the assassin's identity. The most compelling testimony for Mudd's knowing Booth, Mudd's involvement in the kidnapping plot, and his role in planning Booth's escape route was provided by his medical mentor and relative, Dr.

George D. Mudd, in 1881 (Townsend in Summers, *Assassins*, 590-603). Mudd's knowing that he was harboring a fugitive, giving him a place to hide, his delay in passing information on to authorities, and his lying to them was without doubt criminal. President Andrew Johnson in his eventual pardon of Mudd confirms the commission's verdict that Mudd was guilty of entertaining, harboring, and concealing Booth and David E. Herold with the intent to aid, abet, and assist them in escaping after the assassination. Despite over a century of pleadings by the family and others, the verdict against Mudd has never been overturned; he has never been exonerated (M. S. Lederman, "The Law of the Lincoln Assassination," Columbia Law Review, Vol. 118, No. 2, March 26, 2018, columbialawreview.org/content/the-law-of-the-lincoln-assassination/).

15. Townsend, in Summers, *Assassins*, 590-603.

16. This was the first of Mudd's many attempts to recast history to deflect blame, accuse others, and imagine scenarios to try to exonerate himself, as discussed beyond. The pattern of lying and creating alternative realities for public consumption would characterize Mudd's actions during his stay at Fort Jefferson. It was the first web of lies immediately after the assassination that turned him from a witness to a defendant, and eventually a prisoner. Beyond the scope of this paper is how a person's years of fabricating repeated and even conflicting lies in public in the face of widely proven facts can become so accepted to the public.

17. J. A. Kushlan and K. Hines, *Dry Tortugas National Park*. (Charleston: Arcadia Publishing, 2019). T. Reid, *America's Fortress: A History of Fort Jefferson, Dry Tortugas, Florida*. (Gainesville: University Press of Florida, 2006).

18. Kushlan and Hines, *Dry Tortugas*, 47-68.

19. Ibid, 31.

20. Reid, *America's Fortress*, 83-87.

21. Kushlan and Hines, *Dry Tortugas*, 54. J. A Kushlan, *Seeking the American Tropics: South Florida's Early Naturalists*. (Gainesville: University Press of Florida, 2020). J. A. Kushlan, "The Holders of the Dry Tortugas," *Tequesta*, No. 80 (2020), 164-200. Dr. Holder's wife, Emily, provided the most compelling view of the fort as a community (E. Holder, "At the Dry Tortugas During the War," *Californian Illustrated Magazine* (1892) 1, No. 2, 87-93; 1 No. 3, 179-189; 1 No. 4, 274-282; 1 No. 5, 397-403; 1 No. 6, 585-589; 2 No. 7, 102-109; 2 No. 2, 206-10; 2 No. 8, 388-95; 2 No. 8, 557-60. Also available as *At the Dry Tortugas During the War: A Lady's Journal* (Library of Congress, Manuscript Division, WPA Federal Writers Project Collection) and available online or printed from a number of sources (e.g., fcit.usf.edu/florida/docs/t/tortugas.htm) as *Emily Holder At the Dry Tortugas During the War*. Dr. Holder's writing fills in other details. He held a dual appointment as a doctor to the Army Engineers and as a naturalist for the Smithsonian Institution (J. A. Kushlan, "The Holders," 164-200; J. B. Holder, "The Dry Tortugas," *Harper's New Monthly Magazine*, 37 (1868),

No. 218, 260-267; "Along the Florida Reef," *Harper's New Monthly Magazine* (1871) 42 No. 249, 355-363; 42 No. 250, 515-526; 42 No. 251, 706-718; 42 No. 252, 820-830; 43 No. 253, 26-36; 43 No. 254, 187-195, 1868-1871). The most enchanting account of this period of the fort's civilian history is the semi-fictional book by the Holders' son Charles, who essentially grew up at the fort during the Civil War (C. F. Holder, *Along the Florida Reef*. (New York: D. Appleton and Company, 1892). These accounts could not be more different from the stories emanating from Mudd.

22. Reid, *America's Fortress*, 78-79.

23. Summers, *Assassins*, 279-285.

24. Kushlan, "The Holders," 154-200.

25. Summers, *Assassins*, 308.

26. Summers, *Assassins*, 2014, 107-108.

27. *Harper's Weekly*, 9 October 21, 1865, 460; Kushlan and Hines, *Dry Tortugas*, 62.

28. Summers, *Assassins*, 108-109.

29 Samuel Mudd to Jeremiah Dyer, in Summers, *Assassins*, 310.

30. Samuel Mudd to Mrs. Mudd, October 18, 1865, in Summers, *Assassins*, 317.

31. Samuel Mudd to Jeremiah Dyer, in Summers, *Assassins*, 310.

32. Reid, *America's Fortress*, 94; S. Z. Starr, *Colonel Grenfell's Wars: The Life of a Soldier of Fortune*. (Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press, 1971).

33. Reid, *America's Fortress*, 95.

34. Samuel Mudd to Jeremiah Dyer, November 11, 1865, in Summers, *Assassins*, 324-325.

35. Kushlan and Hines, *Dry Tortugas*, 63.

36. Ibid, 120.

37. Ibid, 69-86.

38. Ibid, 63.

39. Reid, *America's Fortress*, 99; Mrs. Mudd to President Andrew Johnson, December 22, 1865, in Summers, *Assassins*, 335-337.

40. Samuel Mudd to Mrs. Mudd, August 24, 1865, in Summers, *Assassins*, 103-104.

41. Arnold, *Memoirs*.

42. Kushlan and Hines, *Dry Tortugas*, 55. Examples of soldier's writing include: A. O'D, "Thirty Months at the Dry

Tortugas," *The Galaxy Miscellany* (1869), 282-288; C. Shedd, "The Calvin Shedd Papers, The Civil War in Florida: Letters of a New Hampshire Soldier," http://scholar.library.miami.edu/shedd/index.html); G. W. Albert in Reid, *America's Fortress*, 69, 72. E. Holder (1892) wrote entertainingly about the situation.

43. E. Holder, *Dry Tortugas*.

44. Kushlan, "The Holders," 164-200.

45. Samuel Mudd to Jeremiah Dyer, December 9, 1965, in Summers, *Assassins*, 327.

46. Thomas Dyer to Samuel Mudd, May 11, 1866; Summers, *Assassins*, 370. Thirty dollars in 1866 would be equivalent to nearly $500 today. Money was not much of an issue for Mudd while in prison; his family sent it as needed. His willingness to use his family money for bribes and to curry favors no doubt led the commander to withhold all but $3 at a time after his escape attempt.

47. Samuel Mudd to Mrs. Mudd, October 8, 1867, in Summers, *Assassins*, 458.

48. Samuel Mudd to Mrs. Mudd, October 14, 1867, in Summers, *Assassins*, 493.

49. Mrs. Mudd to President Johnson, October 12, 1865 in Summers, *Assassins*, 2014, 335.

Samuel Mudd to Mrs. Mudd, December 23, 1865, in Summers, *Assassins*, 338.

50. Summers, *Assassins*, 119.

51. Kushlan and Hines, *Dry Tortugas*, 58-59.

52. Reid, *America's Fortress*, 106-107.

53. Kushlan and Hines, *Dry Tortugas*, 59.

54. Reid, *America's Fortress*, 94-95.

55. Kushlan and Hines, *Dry Tortugas*, 58. Kushlan, "The Holders," 171-2.

56. Summers, *Doctor's Slaves*, 125.

57. Samuel Mudd to Mrs. Mudd, October 18, 1867, in Summers, *Assassins*, 496.

58. Samuel Mudd to Mrs. Mudd, August 24, 1865, in Summers, *Assassins*, 103-104.

59. Summers, *Doctor's Slaves*, 111.

60. Summers, *Doctor's Slaves*, 112.

61. Dr. Mudd to Jeremiah Dyer, September 30, 1865, in Summers, *Assassins*, 310.

62. Summers, *Assassins*, 111.

63. Kushlan and Hines, *Dry Tortugas*, 64.

64. Ibid.

65. Kushlan, "The Holders."

66. Samuel A. Mudd Pardon, U.S. National Archives, B-596, RG 204, August 2, 1869, in Summers, *Assassins*, 552-554.

67. Samuel Mudd to Jeremiah Dyer, September 8, 1867, in Summers, *Assassins*, 471.

68. Samuel Mudd to Mrs. Mudd, October 29, 1867, in Summers, *Assassins*, 130.

69. Summers, *Assassins*, 136.

70. Samuel Mudd to Mrs. Mudd, September 19, 1867, in Summers, *Assassins*, 478.

71. Summers, *Assassins*, 503.

72. Most patients who contract yellow fever are asymptomatic; of those who exhibit symptoms, about 86% are mild cases whereas about 14% become seriously ill; of serious cases 20%-50% die within two weeks; recovery from mild symptoms usually is 3-4 days and from cases that entered the toxic phase up to a few weeks (www.cdc.gov/yellowfever/symptoms/index.html; www.who.int/news-room/q-a-detail/yellow-

fever; https://www.medicinenet.com/yellow_fever/article.htm#yellow_fever_facts). That recovery even from the most severe cases takes only a few weeks, which places Mudd's taking six weeks away from his assignment in perspective. The official toll of the yellow fever epidemic at Fort Jefferson is that 38 of 270 who caught the disease died. We now know from modern medicine that there would have been more cases than those that required medical care. The total fort population was 387, but many of the active duty soldiers were in isolation away from the fort and so not exposed. So it is not possible to calculate epidemic statistics based on present practice. But the official 14% mortality rate was low; mortality rates of those declared ill often reached 30% or 40%. Active duty soldiers suffered the heaviest mortality. Only two prisoners died, one under Mudd's care. The epidemic at Fort Jefferson in reality was relatively mild.

73. Summers, *Assassins*, 310-311. Only Mudd referred to himself as the "chief" of dispensary; otherwise, he was referred to in this period as a nurse or assistant.

74. Kushlan, "The Holders."

75. Kushlan and Hines, *Dry Tortugas*, 59.

76. Samuel Mudd to G. B. Andrews, December 1867, in Summers, *Assassins*, 519.

77. D. W. Whitehurst to C. H. Crane, October 31, 1867, in Summers, *Assassins*, 525-526.

78. E. Thomas, "Special report on yellow fever at Fort Jefferson," October 31, 1867, in Summers, *Assassins*, 503.

79. Samuel Mudd to Mrs. Mudd, October 28, 1867, in Summers, *Assassins*, 128-129.

80. The first sentence of the first article of the American Medical Association's ethics statement at the time stated that a physician should not only be ever ready to obey the calls of the sick, but his mind ought also to be imbued with the greatness of his mission, and the responsibility he habitually incurs in its discharge (www.ama-assn.org/sites/ama-assn.org/files/corp/media-browser/public/ethics/1847code_0.pdf). To refuse service was unethical, and personal pique would seem not to characterize a mind imbued with the greatness of the medical mission.

81. "Dr. Samuel Mudd's Guide to Health," *Baltimore Sun*, March 10, 1883, in Summers, *Assassins*, 575-589.

82. Ibid.

83. Samuel Mudd to Mrs. Mudd, September 13, 1867 in Summers, *Assassins*, 472. Samuel Mudd to Jeremiah Dyer, October 1, 1867, in Summers, *Assassins*, 491.

84. Reid, *America's Fortress*, 67.

85. Samuel Mudd to Mrs. Mudd, September 13, 1867, in Summers, *Assassins*, 473, September 17, 1867, 475.

86. Samuel Mudd to Mrs. Mudd, September 17, 1867, in Summers, *Assassins*, 475.

87. Samuel Mudd to Mrs. Mudd, September 17, 1867, in Summers, *Assassins*, 475. Samuel Mudd to Mrs. Mudd, September 19, 1867, in Summers, *Assassins*, 478. Samuel Mudd to Mrs. Mudd, September 23, 1867, in Summers, *Assassins*, 483.

88. Samuel Mudd to Mrs. Mudd, September 25, 1867, in Summers, *Assassins*, 485.

89. Samuel Mudd to Mrs. Mudd, September 30, 1867, in Summers, *Assassins*, 490.

90. Samuel Mudd to Mrs. Mudd, September 30, 1867, in Summers, *Assassins*, 479.

91. "Dr. Samuel Mudd's Guide to Health," in Summers, *Assassins*, 575-589

92. Samuel Mudd to Dr. Whitehurst, April 19, 1898, in Summers, *Assassins*, 557.

93. Samuel Mudd to Jeremiah Dyer Oct 1, 1867, in Summers, *Assassins*, 49-492.

94. S. M. Mudd, *An Inaugural Dissertation on Dysentery Submitted for Examination of the Provost, Regents and*

Faculty of Physic of the University of Maryland for the Degree of Doctor of Medicine, 1856, in Summers, *Assassins*, 164-177.

95. Samuel Mudd to Jeremiah Dyer September 8, 1867, in Summers, *Assassins*, 471. "Dr. Samuel Mudd's Guide to Health," in Summers, *Assassins*, 575- 589. S. A. Mudd, "Epidemics and Infection," *Baltimore Sun*, June 25, 1873, in Summer, *Assassins*, 568-572.

96. Many of Mudd's outgoing letters were preserved by the family and have been made available, which allowed me to consult the original material for this paper (N. Mudd, "The Life"; Summers, *Assassins*). These are exceptional and generous contributions to the historic record. Few inbound letters to him are preserved. He writes that he organized his correspondence while in prison, but these letters were not saved or were destroyed. Fortunately, Sarah Mudd saved hers.

97. Samuel Mudd to Mrs. Mudd, December 14, 1865, in Summers, *Assassins*, 331. Samuel Mudd to Mrs. Mudd, December 25, 1865, in Summers, *Assassins*, 343.

98. Samuel Mudd to Mrs. Mudd, September 5, 1865, Summers, *Assassins*, 132, 301. General Thomas Ewing and Representative Frederick Stone were his lawyers. "Tom" referenced Tom Dyer, Mudd's brother-in-law living in New Orleans where the command managing Fort Jefferson was located. Tom sent Mudd money and helped pay for his lawyers. Jere was Jeremiah Dyer, also Mudd's wife's brother and neighbor, Baltimore businessman, fellow Confederate

sympathizer and a person with a wide range of powerful contacts he used on Mudd's behalf. He was Mrs. Mudd's primary source of support while Mudd was in prison, and the first person Mudd visited when released.

99. Samuel Mudd to Jeremiah Dyer, October 11, 1865, in Summers, *Assassins*, 324-325.

100. E. Holder, "Dry Tortugas." Reid, *America's Fortress*, 89.

101. Summers, *Assassins*, 104; Samuel Mudd to Mrs. Mudd March 22, 1866, in Summers, *Assassins*, 360.

102. Samuel Mudd to Mrs. Mudd, October 6, 1866, in Summers, *Assassins*, 373-374.

103. Samuel Mudd to Jeremiah Dyer, September 21, 1867, in Summers, *Assassins*, 481-482.

104. Samuel Mudd to Mrs. Mudd, October 18, 1867, in Summers, *Assassins*, 495. Summers, *Assassins*, 590-603.

105. Samuel Mudd to Mrs. Mudd, September 3, 1867, in Summers, *Assassins*, 467.

106. Samuel Mudd to Jeremiah Dyer, October 18, 1867, in Summers, *Assassins*, 497.

107. Samuel Mudd to Mrs. Mudd, September 3, 1967, in Summers, *Assassins*, 467. Samuel Mudd to Major Andrews, December 1867, in Summers, *Assassins*, 519.

108. E. Holder, "Dry Tortugas."

109. Townsend, in Summers, *Assassins*, 597, 599.

110. Kushlan and Hines, *Dry Tortugas*, 68.

111. Mrs. Mudd to Samuel Mudd, January 39, 1869, in Summers, *Assassins*, 551.

112. Samuel A. Mudd Pardon, in Summers, *Assassins*.

113. Townsend 1883, in Summers, *Assassins*, 601.

114. Kushlan and Hines, *Dry Tortugas*, 68.

115. Ibid, 67-68.

116. Ibid.

117. Kushlan and Hines, *Dry Tortugas*, 67. Lincolnconspirators.com/2012/10/07/a-plaque-for-dr-mudd/. Dr. Samuel A. Mudd's Pardon, in Summers, *Assassins*, 552-554.

118. Lincolnconspirators.com

119. Ibid.

120. Ibid.

121. Ibid.

122. Ibid.

123. Kauffman, “Walking In Booth’s Shoes.”

Commemorating the Past While Embracing the Future: The History of Miami's Woodlawn Park Cemetery

Michele L. Zakis

History-altering world wars. Devastating pandemics. Ruinous hurricanes. None of these were at the forefront of Miamians' concerns in the spring of 1913. Yes, suffragettes were being attacked in the nation's capital and a *Miami Herald* headline proclaimed, "No Girl Goes Wrong Because She Is Hungry and Needs Clothes," but, on the whole, Miami was a city on the upturn. With $102,000 in sales over a three-day period, Tatum Brothers Real Estate and Investment Company was on the verge of setting a weekly record for Miami's real estate industry. The performance of the Coconut Grove Citrus Association was rated as "above the average."

And then there was the news of a new cemetery for a rapidly growing population. Located 3.22 miles west of what was, at the time, Miami's city limits, Woodlawn Park Cemetery was created to accommodate burials should the Miami City Cemetery reach capacity. The cemetery was granted a perpetual charter from the state of Florida on March 13, 1913. Hoping to become wealthy, Nye Haskins, a Civil War veteran from Wisconsin, moved to Miami in 1912. But his time there was brief, for on March 21, 1913, Haskins became the first person interred at Woodlawn.

"Balmy and Refreshing" Atmosphere

Advertisements for Woodlawn Park Cemetery proclaimed it a place where "the dead of all classes and conditions may find a suitable resting place" and boasted of an "elaborate system of walks, drives, ornamental shrubbery and sodded lots ... winding rock roads ... (and a) beautiful park effect." Eschewing images of shadowy churchyards, cemetery publicists referred to Woodlawn as a "Memorial Park" bathed in sunshine and covered with blooming flowers and grassy slopes. Different sections were set aside for Catholics, labor unions, and other segments of the growing city's population. By 1915, plots ranged in price from fifteen to two hundred dollars. A perpetual care fund amounted to 15 percent of the gross receipts from the sale of lots. A portion of the cemetery was, however, set aside for free burials.

Cemetery management promoted Woodlawn as more than a repository for the community's dead. An advertisement in the *Miami Herald* announced that the "Throngs Out to See Woodlawn Park" basked in the cemetery's "balmy and refreshing" atmosphere. For twenty-five cents, a streetcar transported those interested from the company's office at 1114 Avenue C to the cemetery grounds. Upon their arrival, visitors were free to meander through the Coconut Grove Audubon Society's on-site bird sanctuary, which included bird drinking fountains, feeding stations, and food-bearing shrubs and plants.

Located on sixty-six acres and bordered by SW Eighth Street to the north, SW Sixteenth Street to the south, SW Thirty-Second Avenue to the east, and SW Thirty-Third

Avenue to the west, Woodlawn's burial space was finite. In a 1933 advertisement, management maintained that, despite "unfounded rumors," the cemetery was not sold out and that there were enough lots available to take care of Miami families for at least 60 years."

To ensure Miamians sufficient burial space and options, on March 9, 1926, the cemetery announced plans to build Woodlawn Abbey, a community mausoleum. Billed as the first mausoleum in Florida, the Georgia and Vermont marble structure would contain an Estey pipe organ and a hall of records where documents of "human interest, the biography and geneology (sic) of those entombed" could be maintained. Plans for the mausoleum were created by renowned architect Sidney Lovell. Estimated to cost approximately one million dollars, construction of the concrete and marble mausoleum was to be completed by the end of the year.

Growing Along With the City

1926 would, however, prove to be a devastating year for Miami and its economy. Already slowed by the grounding of the *Prins Valdemar* in the city's harbor, Miami's construction industry came to a near halt with the devastating September 18 hurricane. When work on Woodlawn Abbey commenced in April 1927, the projected cost had dropped to $450,000. Despite the decreased budget, the mausoleum was to contain a chapel, three hundred permanent crypts, and twenty-two memorial rooms.

By January 1929, the mausoleum was 90 percent complete and the public was invited to inspect the Alabama marble

Built over a period of several years in the second half of the 1920s and beyond, the handsome neo-Gothic styled community mausoleum, known as Woodlawn Abbey, is the burial place for many pioneer Miamians. (Courtesy of the author).

edifice. On Sunday, March 31, 1929, several hundred Miamians visited the structure. The final cost for construction was one hundred thousand dollars. When completed, the mausoleum contained 240 standard crypts, thirty companion crypts, twenty-four deluxe crypts, and five private rooms. Mausoleum crypts cost between $375 and $425. To a

community still reeling from the disastrous 1926 hurricane, structural engineers promised that Woodlawn Abbey would "outlast the Pyramids."

A second mausoleum, with its Indiana limestone exterior and solid sheet copper roof, brought the number of available crypts to approximately eight hundred. The addition contained one hundred columbarium spaces, two deluxe sections, ten sarcophagi, twenty-four chapel crypts, seventy-five companion crypts, and ten private rooms. Like its predecessor, the new mausoleum was designed by Lovell and Lovell of Chicago.

By 1938, plans were in the works for an entrance gateway and office building. With a projected cost of $6,500, the office building was to be completed in native keystone rock and contain several rooms. Nearly a century later, the structure still serves as the cemetery's main office.

Despite its steady growth, Woodlawn Park Cemetery was not impervious to controversy. Just prior to the cemetery's opening, concerns arose over its location. Some feared that, should the city of Miami extend its western borders, it would encompass the cemetery. This could present a problem should it become illegal for cemeteries to operate within city limits. As Woodlawn was located 3.22 miles outside of the city's borders and plans called for an extension of only two miles, a *Miami Herald* article assured readers that the cemetery would not be affected.

In 1936, amid construction of the mausoleum, a $20,000 damage suit alleged that Woodlawn Park Cemetery, Inc., and Rodney Miller, Inc., were responsible for injuries to a nine-year-old child. According to the child's grandmother, the child, Howard Mitman, was walking through the cemetery when he was struck by a five-hundred-pound piece of granite. The incident, she claimed, fractured the child's left leg and left him with "permanent injuries." Apparently, the child went on to recover from his injuries. By 1945, Mitman was enjoying success as a member of the Miami Shores Crusaders, a youth football team.

Woodlawn Park Cemetery's significance extends far beyond its spacious grounds and elaborate buildings. The roster of pioneer residents interred there reads like a Who's Who list of early Miami history. While not among Miami's original residents, all three of Woodlawn's incorporators are interred there.

Home to Miami's "First" Families

Upon Woodlawn's inception, Thomas Oscar Wilson served as its corporation president. William N. Urmey held the post of vice president and Clifton D. Benson was treasurer. Together, the pioneer Miami businessmen founded the Realty and Securities Corporation. From its downtown offices at 111 NE Second Avenue, the company bought and sold land in greater Miami locations that included Kirkland Heights, Larkins, and Goulds. After buying out his real estate partners in 1920, Wilson became affiliated with Frederick Sharp of Chicago. Wilson died in 1938.

Urmey was best known as the proprietor of Miami's Hotel Urmey. With a second-floor veranda that overlooked SE First Street, the hotel was a popular dining spot and a space

The interior of the mausoleum containing the final resting place for members of the pioneering Brickell family. (Courtesy of the author)

for viewing the "passing parade" below. While traveling to visit relatives in Indiana, Urmey passed away in Louisville, Kentucky, in 1950.

An attorney by trade, Benson served as general counsel for Coral Gables founder George Merrick and the city. Known also as a public speaker and entertainer, Benson died in 1957. In a fitting tribute to the cemetery's founders, all three are interred within Woodlawn's opulent mausoleum.

While not among Woodlawn's founders, Miami's Brickell family was, indirectly, responsible for its existence. Without the Brickells, Woodlawn might not have had a community to serve. The Brickell homestead stretched along Biscayne Bay from the Miami River to present-day Coconut Grove.

Upon arriving in South Florida in 1871, William and Mary Brickell established a trading post that also served as an early Miami post office. Seminole Indians traveled down the river to trade with the Brickells. In 1895, in an effort to bring the Florida East Coast Railway to the area, the Brickells deeded land to railroad magnate Henry Flagler.

Originally interred on the family's Miami River estate, members of the Brickell family were relocated to Woodlawn's mausoleum in the 1940s, as the last surviving sibling at the time, Maude Brickell, believed they would find the cemetery more restful than the Brickell neighborhood, which became more energized in the expansive years immediately after World War II. Though empty, the private mausoleum still stands in the Brickell neighborhood's Mary Brickell Park.

South of Miami, the Munroe families were among Coconut Grove's original settlers. During visits to Staten Island, New York, William Brickell regaled Commodore Ralph Munroe with stories about life on Biscayne Bay. Entranced by the area, Munroe built his home, The Barnacle, on the bay, and gained renown for his skills as a sailboat designer and builder as well as a photographer. Upon his death, Munroe was buried in Concord, Massachusetts. His widow, Jessie Wirth Munroe, is, however, interred at Woodlawn. Described as a "Coconut Grove pioneer" and a member of one of Miami's "first families," Munroe's second wife was active in the Coconut Grove Library Association, the Coconut Grove Audubon Society, and the Coconut Grove Housekeepers Club.

Kirk and Mary Barr Munroe were both highly regarded citizens of Coconut Grove. The daughter of nineteenth-century novelist Amelia Barr, Mary was instrumental in creating the Coconut Grove Library. Outspoken and opinionated, she was known for snatching egret feathers from women's hats in an act of protest against the slaughter of the endangered birds for use in the millinery industry. Kirk, a highly regarded author of adventure stories and founder of the League of American Wheelman, was regarded as a pillar of the Coconut Grove community. Desiring a secluded spot in the cemetery, the Munroes purchased 20 gravesites and are buried in the middle of the plots.

Not far from the Munroe gravesites are the memorials to Merrick and his wife, Eunice Peacock Merrick. It is estimated that he acquired one hundred-fifty million dollars through real estate sales during the 1920s land boom. Before losing

his fortune in the bust, Merrick carved a tropical oasis out of rugged pineland and donated one hundred-sixty acres of land and a reported one million dollars toward construction of the University of Miami.

Best known for founding Coral Gables, as noted, Merrick lost his fortune during the economic collapse of the 1920s and 1930s. He was serving as Miami's postmaster at the time of his death in 1942. Descended from Miami's pioneering Peacock family, Eunice grew up in Coconut Grove and remained by her husband's side during his rise and fall in economic prosperity. The flat headstones that mark the Merricks' graves lie in stark contrast to the elaborate monument to George that stands in front of Coral Gables City Hall.

Local Titans of Business and the Arts

Among the pioneering businesspersons memorialized at Woodlawn is S. Bobo Dean, owner of *The Miami Metropolis*. Upon moving to Miami in 1904, he purchased an interest in the newspaper. During his tenure there, Dean campaigned for better drinking water and lower railway freight rates for South Florida products being transported on the Florida East Coast Railway. The latter of these efforts resulted in a boycott against the *Metropolis*, but Dean weathered the storm and, eventually, advertisers returned to the paper. In 1923, Dean sold the newspaper to James M. Cox for a reported one million dollars but, several years later, suffered heavy losses during the city's real estate collapse.

"Coffee Percolators Lose No Aroma in Steam." This was the claim of a March 12, 1913, advertisement for the Railey-

S. Bobo Dean was the owner of *The Miami Metropolis*, the city's first newspaper. Dean was a reformer and a strong opponent of America's entry into World War I in 1917. (Courtesy of the author)

Milam Hardware Company. Along with the latest in coffee-making equipment, Fleming (Pat) Railey and Marcus Milam offered plows, wagons, ammunition, and boat supplies at their downtown Miami hardware store. The Railey-Milam partnership extended far beyond their business arrangement.

In addition to co-founding the hardware store, Railey served on the Dade County Commission and helped to organize the Miami Chamber of Commerce. Founder of the Milam Dairy Farm, Milam crusaded for the eradication of bovine disease in Florida and helped to ensure passage of Florida's Milk Products Law. After working with Gaston Drake to establish the Drake Lumber Company, Milam served as chairman of the board of Railey-Milam, Inc., Hardware Store. Milam and Railey's wives were twin sisters. Railey and Milam died twenty-one years apart but are buried in the same plot at Woodlawn.

During the June 1926 grand opening of Mitchell Wolfson's Capitol Theater, the venue offered patrons far more than an opportunity to view Laura LaPlante's performance in *The Midnight Sun*. Along with the featured attraction, musical performances, news presentations, and a comedic routine

were included in the fifty-cent admission price. Though he originally planned to study medicine, Wolfson was destined to make a profound impact on Miami's entertainment and educational enterprises. In addition to achieving the rank of colonel during World War II, founding the Miami Off-Street Parking Authority, and serving as director of both the United Way of Dade County and the Greater Miami Chamber of Commerce, Wolfson is credited with bringing television to South Florida in 1949.

He built Wometco Enterprises into one of the world's leading leisure-time industries and transformed the Capitol Theater into Wometco's headquarters and the home of WTVJ, Florida's first television station. At the time of Wolfson's death in 1983, Wometco owned 104 theaters, sixteen Coca-Cola bottling plants, one hundred race horses, twenty-seven hundred video game machines, and 22,500 vending machines. It employed seventy-two hundred people. In addition to Wolfson's business endeavors, he served as chairman of the board for Miami Dade Community College from 1960 to 1980. Miami Dade College's downtown campus is named in his honor. Wolfson is interred in Woodlawn's mausoleum.

Monument by Monument Chronicle of History

Alongside the individuals who shaped Miami's early history, several monuments stand in testimony to prominent events from the community's first century. The dates inscribed on many of these monuments serve as clues to the events that necessitated their construction. Like most of the world, Miami was ravaged by the second wave of the 1918 Spanish Influenza

epidemic. Approximately one hundred Miamians succumbed to the disease during October of that year. Johannis Reed, aged thirty-six years, was a chicken farmer from Larkins. James M. Penney was seventy years old and living in Cutler. Lena Purvis and Alfred J. Einig both resided in Miami. Separated in life, by the end of October these influenza victims would be united, in death, at Woodlawn.

Erected in 1936, a granite monument marks the graves of seventy-nine World War I veterans who died in the Labor Day Hurricane of 1935. As a part of a government project to employ destitute veterans, the men were building a highway bridge between Lower Matecumbe and Fiesta Keys when the storm struck. With little shelter to protect them from the Category 5 storm, the men were left stranded when, swept off the tracks, a rescue train failed to reach them. Of the 695 veterans working on the highway project, 295 were confirmed dead. Although the government purchased 110 plots at Woodlawn, concerns over the spread of disease prompted authorities to cremate many of the storm's victims. Flat headstones, most likely placed by family members, identify five veterans. The rest are remembered only through an inscription on the monument that reads, in part, "Lest We Forget."

Veterans were not the only ones who fell victim to the Labor Day Storm. Near the hurricane memorial are the unmarked graves of thirty members of the Russell family from Islamorada who, like the veterans, perished during the storm. According to the late Bernard Russell, a storm survivor, out of fifty-three family members, all but twelve died in the hurricane.

Bearing the message, "Lest We Forget," this monument marks the graves of seventy-nine World War I veterans who died in the Florida Keys in the monster Labor Day hurricane of 1935. (Courtesy of the author)

A low hedge encircles the graves of thirteen British airmen buried within Woodlawn. During World War II, several hundred airmen from the British Commonwealth trained at Opa-locka's Naval Air Station. The men buried in the British plot did not die in battle. They lost their lives while training in South Florida and remain here, interred more than four thousand miles from the British Isles.

Warm weather and healing sea breezes. Economic opportunity. The pursuit of freedom. People come to Miami from many places and for many reasons. Woodlawn Park Cemetery and those interred there serve as testimony to the city's diverse character. Funerary epitaphs and offerings represent the incorporation of an array of languages and traditions from across the globe into a multicultural resting place for Miami's dead. Along with extolling their cemetery's pastoral setting and attractive facilities, Woodlawn's founders promised potential customers a "unique feature." Sections would be set aside for "different religions and fraternal organizations." Like its predecessor, the Miami City Cemetery, Woodlawn contains areas that are designated for members of the Catholic and Jewish faiths. As Miami grew, so too did the diversity of its population. While the city's Hispanic culture is represented throughout the cemetery, pockets of gravesites bear evidence of the diverse groups that helped build the metropolis.

A Place for All Believers

The Very Reverend Demosthenes John Mekras served Miami's Greek Orthodox community for sixty-one years. The stunning St. Sophia Greek Orthodox Cathedral and adjacent auditorium were erected under his leadership. Mekras also established additional Greek Orthodox parishes throughout Florida. His wife, Exacousti "Toula" Mekras, is jointly credited with bringing Greek culture to Miami in the 1940s. Aside from introducing the community to Greek radio programming, writing a Greek cookbook, and sewing robes and vestments for St. Sophia, Toula owned a clothing store and was a real estate broker. Under a headstone that bears inscriptions in both the English and the Greek languages, the Mekras' plot is surrounded by the graves of many of St. Sophia's parishioners.

The marble bench beside Jimmy Williams Uwanawich's gravesite refers to him as "King of the Gypsies." A leader

Thirteen tombstones pay tribute to World War II-era British airmen who lost their lives in training accidents in South Florida. (Courtesy of the author)

within the Romany community, Uwanawich lived in Knoxville, Tennessee, but was buried at Woodlawn because his family thought South Florida was more accessible to followers who wished to make a pilgrimage to his grave. Food, beer, lit cigarettes, and wine are among the offerings left by followers who hope that these will help their leader continue to "enjoy worldly joys" in the afterlife.

Uwanawich is not the only Romany interred within Woodlawn. Described as a "Gypsy boy" in his obituary, Jimmy Mitchell was only seventeen years old when he died of a cerebral hemorrhage on July 8, 1960. He is buried next to

The cemetery's St. Sophia Greek Orthodox Church section is highlighted by the burial site of the Very Reverend Demosthenes John Mekras, who was the spiritual head of that congregation for more than sixty years. Mekras was a giant in Florida's Greek Orthodox community who received invaluable assistance in his work from his wife, Exacousti Mekras. (Courtesy of the author)

his mother, Annie, who died six months before him. During Mitchell's funeral, a rock and roll band played "Night Train" while mourners, in an effort to "open his way to Heaven," tossed coins onto his coffin.

Miami's Hispanic community is prominently represented amongst internments from the last half century. In 1975, approximately 25 percent of those buried at Woodlawn were of Hispanic descent. By 1990, that number had risen to 75-80 percent of all burials. While those buried in the cemetery include individuals from throughout Latin America, Miami's Cuban exile community and their descendants are most heavily represented.

The cemetery possesses an unofficial Romany section headed by the imposing grave site of Jimmy Uwanawich, who was regarded as the "King of the Gypsies." (Courtesy of the author)

Leaders of Cuba

At least three Cuban presidents are interred at Woodlawn. Speaking at the 1939 funeral of General Gerardo Machado, Dr. Rafael Guas-Inclán, president of Cuba's house of representatives during Machado's regime, proclaimed, "The remains of Machado will rest here, having been saved from the fury of misguided multitudes. They may rest here for a short period, perhaps for a long period, but only so long as is necessary to demonstrate to the world at large that Cubans are a grateful people, and that day will be when his body is taken to his native hearth in Santa Clara." Though Machado was referred to as an "ex-dictator" in the headline of his *Miami Herald* obituary, Guas-Inclán credited him with developing Cuba's natural resources, launching a public works program, and bolstering the nation's economic growth. Machado was battling cancer when he died during surgery in Miami.

A graduate of the United Stated Naval Academy, Dr. Carlos Hevia served as president of Cuba in 1933. After only one day, Hevia's presidency was overthrown by Fulgencio Batista's first takeover. Nearly twenty years later, Hevia was a candidate for president when, in 1952, presidential elections were canceled due to Batista's second coup. Hevia died of a heart attack in 1964 while in exile and is interred in Woodlawn's mausoleum.

Carlos Prío Socarrás, the last constitutionally elected president of Cuba, died while in exile on Miami Beach. After being overthrown by Batista in 1952 and denouncing Fidel Castro, Socarrás spent twenty-five years campaigning for a

free Cuba. Despondent over financial failures and attempts to normalize relations between the United States and Cuba, Socarrás died of a self-inflicted gunshot wound to the heart.

Carlos Prío Socarrás, the last constitutionally elected president of Cuba, died in exile on Miami Beach. He is one of three former Cuban presidents buried in the Woodlawn Park Cemetery, the others being General Gerardo Machado and Dr. Carlos Hevia. (Courtesy of the author)

Machado, Hevia, and Prío are not the only former heads of state interred at Woodlawn. Deposed Nicaraguan leader Anastasio Somoza was in exile in Paraguay when, on September 17, 1980, his Mercedes was struck with rocket fire and riddled with bullets. Ousted from power by the nation's Sandinista government, Somoza's departure ended nearly a half-century of Somoza family rule in Nicaragua. He moved to Paraguay after his plans for exile in the United States were discouraged by U.S. officials. In the wake of his assassination, a group calling itself Friends of Anastasio Somoza and the Nicaraguan People took out an ad in the *Herald* referring to the fallen leader as a "Martyred Patriot To the Cause of Anti-Communism." According to the newspaper, "(v)irtually all of the 15,000 to 16,000 Nicaraguan exiles in South Florida and thousands of Cuban exiles who considered Somoza an anti-

Communist ally viewed the body" upon its arrival in Miami. After a brief service at Caballero's Coral Gables funeral home, Somoza's body was interred in a private mausoleum.

Nicaraguan strongman Anastasio Somoza was assassinated in 1980 while in exile in Paraguay. He is buried in the family's private mausoleum across from the burial site of Jorge Mas Canosa. (Courtesy of the author)

Tomas Cruz was not a world leader, but that didn't detract from the sacrifices he made for his homeland. A Bay of Pigs veteran and head of Miami's Cuban Committee of the Revolution, Cruz died in an automobile accident while delivering typewriters. Well known for standing up to Castro, Cruz was a hero in Miami's exile community. Following his capture, Castro asked Cruz why, after Castro opened Cuba's beaches to Black people, Cruz, a Black man, had joined the invasion. Cruz's response reflected his desire for a free Cuba. "I didn't come here to enjoy the beaches" he explained. "I came here to fight Communism." The exiled freedom fighter spent his final days attempting to unite Black and

white Cuban Americans. Speaking at Cruz's funeral, WQBA radio station manager Emilio Milian praised him for uniting Miami's Cuban exile community in "one common cause."

Torch Bearer of an Exiled Community

In the years since Cruz's passing, Miami's exile community has evolved into a major force behind the city's financial success. Forced out of their homelands, many Cubans now living in Miami turned an adverse situation into an opportunity to thrive. Upon Socarrás' death, Jorge Mas Canosa called the loss "a major setback in the struggle for a free Cuba." Often mentioned as a potential candidate for president of a post-Castro Cuba, Mas Canosa founded MasTech, a Coral Gables-based engineering and construction firm. At the time of his death, MasTech was valued at approximately seven-hundred million dollars. (In 2022, its net worth exceeded six billion dollars.)

But it was Mas Canosa's devotion to the pursuit of a free Cuba that won him a place in the hearts of Miami's exile community. In addition to launching the Cuban American National Foundation, an organization that lobbies for the interests of Cuban American exiles, Mas Canosa assisted with the creation and operation of Radio and TV Martí, the U.S. government radio and television stations that broadcast news and entertainment to Cuba. He was also well known for spearheading a campaign against the *Miami Herald*, adamantly proclaiming, "Yo no creo en el *Herald*. (I don't believe the *Herald*.)"

Determined to liberate his homeland, Mas Canosa stated, "I have never assimilated. I never intended to." Thousands of mourners, many waving tiny Cuban and American flags, flooded the streets of Little Havana as they accompanied the exile leader's casket from St. Michael's Catholic Church to the cemetery eleven blocks away. Before Mas Canosa's casket was lowered into the ground, it was sprinkled with Cuban soil. According to the *Herald*, Mas Canosa will remain interred at Woodlawn until his body can be returned to the free Cuba that he fought so hard to regain.

The body of fiery Cuban exile leader and business titan Jorge Mas Canosa rests in an elaborate burial complex on the west side of the vast cemetery. (Courtesy of the author)

As a young man, Emilio Bacardi Lay served as a field officer in Cuba's War of Independence. His grandfather, Facundo Bacardi Massó, founded Bacardi Rum; the younger Bacardi served as the company's European sales vice president before immigrating to the United States in 1961. Just two years later, Bacardi Imports, Inc., established its headquarters in Miami. Though he achieved the rank of colonel and is buried beneath a statue that depicts him in full military uniform, after the War of Independence, Lay eschewed political activity.

Emilio Bacardi Lay was the grandson of the founder of Bacardi rum and a major figure in the family's vast distillery business. He is buried in the private mausoleum seen here. (Courtesy of the author)

Politics and Entertainment

Unlike Lay, Charles G. "Bebe" Rebozo did not shy away from the political arena. The youngest child of a Cuban-born cigar maker, Rebozo was a Key Biscayne banker known for his allegiance to President Richard Nixon. When Rebozo chartered Key Biscayne Bank, Nixon was the first depositor. Rebozo's loyalty to his friend and client endured Nixon's tumultuous political career. Nixon frequently sought out Rebozo's advice on political matters. According to the *Miami Herald*, Rebozo and Nixon were swimming at Nixon's private beach on Key Biscayne when Nixon received word of the Watergate break-in. Rebozo was again nearby when, in 1974, Nixon was advised to resign from office. He remained close to the former president until Nixon's death in 1994.

Charles G. "Bebe" Rebozo was a Miami-bred banker and entrepreneur who was also the confidant and best friend of President Richard M. Nixon. Accordingly, Nixon established the Winter White House on Key Biscayne, next to Rebozo's home. (Courtesy of the author)

While many of those interred at Woodlawn affected the course of Miami's future, some up-and-coming leaders never had the opportunity to achieve their full potential. Lieutenant Carlos Garcia, a member of one of Miami's prominent Hispanic families, was the first ensign of Spanish descent to graduate from the Unites States Coast Guard Academy. His wife, the former Anita Simonpietri, graduated from the University of Miami with a degree in Spanish. Prior to reporting for an assignment in Alaska, the Garcias were enroute to Miami for a family reunion when they were involved in an automobile accident. Garcia, his wife, and their two young sons all died in the horrific crash. They are buried, together, in the western section of the cemetery.

Along with impacting the nation's political and economic climates, Miami's Hispanic community has played a major role in the field of entertainment. Regarded as "one of the greatest stars of American ballet," Fernando Bujones' success led to opportunities for other Hispanic American dancers. Bujones was born in Miami but lived in Cuba until the age of nine. It was in Cuba that he began studying ballet. He joined the American Ballet Theatre in 1972 and danced with the Boston Ballet from 1987 to 1993. At the time of his death, Bujones was beginning a new career as the artistic director of the Orlando Ballet. He is buried just inside the cemetery's main gates.

Not everyone associated with the entertainment industry embraces the connection. As a former mayor of Santiago, Cuba, a onetime congressman for the Oriente Province, and the owner of several drugstores, Desdiderio Arnaz could

Born in Miami but raised in Cuba for part of his youth, Fernando Bujones later became "one of the greatest stars of American ballet." He is buried near the entrance to the cemetery. (Courtesy of the author)

boast of multiple accomplishments. But it was the fact that he was the father of entertainer Desi Arnaz that brought him a great deal of attention in the United States. The elder Arnaz immigrated to Miami following the 1933 revolution. While his son rose to fame alongside wife and costar Lucille Ball, the elder Arnaz shunned the Hollywood lifestyle. He avoided publicity and explained, "I have nothing to do with television." While Arnaz's resolve was not related to politics or the economy, it represents the determination that has guided Miami exiles as they pursue their beliefs.

Rich and poor. Exiled and native. Known or lost to the pages of history. Woodlawn Park Cemetery represents all that Miami has been and all that it strives to become. Guarded by a 1.2-ton Egyptian sphinx and costing $147,000 to construct, the nine-foot tall, pink marble pyramid that marks Mary B. Hecht's monument is one of Woodlawn's more elaborate focal points. Dedicated during a graveside ceremony that included Champagne, tea sandwiches, and petits fours, Hecht's monument may be atypical in design, but it epitomizes the unique nature of one of Miami's most historic cemeteries – and the diverse city that it serves.

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The Playoff Bowl: The Significance of Miami's 'Hinky-Dinky' Game, 1961-1970

Denis M. Crawford

Vince Lombardi was shockingly unmotivated and it showed. The head coach of the Green Bay Packers – known not only for his football acumen but for being an energetic and dynamic speaker much sought after on the motivational speech circuit – meandered aimlessly around the practice fields of Dade County Junior College in north Dade the first week of January 1965 during Green Bay's desultory preparations for its Playoff Bowl matchup with the St. Louis Cardinals at Miami's Orange Bowl stadium.

The Playoff Bowl, known officially as the Bert Bell Benefit Bowl, was in its fifth year of pitting the two second-place finishers in the Eastern and Western Conference divisions against each other to determine the third- and fourth-ranked teams in the National Football League. Lombardi, who had won two of his five career NFL championships by this time, disdained losing, and many of his aphorisms included a pithy and often quoted anathema to the Playoff Bowl: "There is no room for second place."[1] Instead of the verbose coach's common commandments of "run to daylight" and "winning is a habit," Lombardi was heard referring to the upcoming game as the "Shit Bowl" and a "loser's bowl for losers."[2]

Lombardi's detachment filtered down to his players, who spent more time touring Miami than preparing for the

upcoming contest. Many Packers were spotted in a local pancake restaurant the morning of the game overindulging in plates piled high with flapjacks and syrup. *Milwaukee Sentinel* columnist Bud Lea was notified that the normally dedicated Green Bay players "devoured stacks of cakes," with a witness to the scene commenting, "I can't imagine them eating like that before a game. When a player orders pancakes, he just doesn't have his mind on the game."[3]

The lax week led to the Packers suffering a shocking defeat at the hands of the Cardinals, 24-17. A subdued Lombardi complained that his team was lethargic all week and it showed on the field. "We were sleepwalking," he said. "We came out of the huddle like we were dying. We didn't do a damn thing."[4] Lombardi was accurate in his assessment of his team's performance, but he conveniently overlooked the underwhelming tone he himself had set for the Packers.

The loss stung Lombardi and he resented it. Two years later, when his Packers were lethargic in practice, he pointed back to his experience at the Playoff Bowl to warn his players of the fate of those who did not give their all: "There's a second-place bowl game, and it's a hinky-dinky football game, held in a hinky-dinky town, played by hinky-dinky football players. That's all second place is: hinky-dinky."[5] Lombardi's use of "hinky-dinky" in a tirade to professional football players is amusing, but it epitomizes the popular historical view of the Playoff Bowl.

There was no greater arbiter of football's values in the 1960s than Lombardi. Winning five championships in a decade

provided the Green Bay coach with an outsized platform, and he used it to maximum effect. Lombardi's ubiquitous phrase "winning isn't everything, it's the only thing" was plastered in high school locker rooms around the country and used in various professions to justify "victory at any cost."[6]

The sporting press lapped up Lombardi's philosophy, leading football historian Michael Oriard to comment: "Lombardi was in fact the dominant symbol of a 1960s football world."[7] Therefore, the concept of a "runner-up" bowl was always a hard sell to journalists schooled in Lombardi's way of thinking. Nary a complaint was heard from the local gridiron cognoscenti when the NFL voted to discontinue the game following the 1969 season. *Miami Herald* columnist Edwin Pope delivered a less-than-heartfelt eulogy for the contest: "The nicest thing of all is that the game … is now stone-cold dead."[8]

Such vituperation obscures the long-lasting benefits the ten-year lifespan of the Playoff Bowl had on the financial security of NFL players and the Miami-Dade metropolitan area's pursuit of professional football. Here, I detail the history of this unique game, its positive influence on the financial security of NFL players, its rejuvenation of Miami's football reputation, and its role in Miami becoming the most popular host city of Super Bowls. Also examined is the rapid shift in rhetorical tone concerning the game exhibited by its participants and chroniclers.

Paying for a Pension Plan

A pension for retired players was one of the earliest demands of the National Football League Players Association (NFLPA) when it formed in the late 1950s. The NFLPA was recognized begrudgingly by team owners in 1957 to avoid Congressional intervention into the NFL's largely anticompetitive business practices.[9] The fledgling union had been midwifed through a contentious owner's meeting by NFL Commissioner Bert Bell, who had promised Congress to recognize the union during hearings on the league's violations of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act.[10] Although Bell was a reluctant patron, his follow-through led to a loose trade association, which began its advocacy on a small scale: road trip per diem, salary continuance for injured players, and a new minimum salary structure.

A pension plan was broached in January 1959 and Bell was intrigued when he learned it would not be as cost prohibitive as he feared. Bill Dudley, an insurance executive and former Pittsburgh Steelers running back, showed that a viable pension plan could be maintained with an annual contribution of $125,000 from the players and $213,000 from the owners.[11] Dudley's plan guaranteed players with five years in the league one hundred dollars a month for life starting at age 65, plus an extra ten dollars per month for each year of service beyond five. Dudley suggested team owners could generate the revenue by scheduling a greater number of preseason exhibition games.[12] Bell undertook the task of creating a game to fund the pension during the spring and summer of 1959 and found a willing partner in Miami's Orange Bowl Committee (OBC).

The OBC was created in 1935 to promote tourism in Depression-era Miami through sponsorship of an annual college football game, known as the Orange Bowl, and a series of related sporting events and pageants ranging from golf tournaments and regattas to the King Orange Jamboree Parade on New Year's Eve. The OBC proposed to add the allure of the suddenly popular NFL to its weeklong celebration as it approached its 25th anniversary in 1959. The Baltimore Colts had defeated the New York Giants in the first sudden-death playoff game in December 1958, driving national interest in the professional game higher than ever. This clamor for professional football resulted in the formation in 1959 of a new league, the American Football League (AFL), and expansion in the NFL to Texas and Minnesota.

The OBC's initial proposal to Bell was audacious on two fronts. First, the OBC suggested the NFL end its tradition of teams hosting title games in their own stadiums and transferring the title game to the Orange Bowl as a neutral site. Second, the OBC proposed transforming the NFL championship into a best two-out-of-three playoff series to be hosted at the Orange Bowl with the proceeds of the first game being split by the two contestants, and those from the second and third game (if necessary) going into the pension fund.

Bell demurred, saying such an unwieldy idea was not likely to gain support from the owners: "The probability of playing a two-out-of-three championship series certainly is in the distant future if at all."[13] A few weeks later he countered with a novel idea: a "Pro Bowl" pitting the two second-place finishers

of the Eastern and Western Conference divisions to determine the NFL's third- and fourth-place finishers. Sportswriters for the *Miami Herald* were less than thrilled by the suggestion.

"Bert Bell, harbinger of glad tidings for the National Football League, spoke of gracing Miami with a January match of the runners-up in the league's two divisions, a match to be called the Pro Bowl," sniffed *Herald* writer John Underwood. "Pro Bowl? No, Schmoe Bowl."[14] Less dismissive was OBC public relations staffer Hank Meyer, who viewed the proposed game as a gateway to bigger gridiron offerings for Miami. "Certainly, I realize a championship game would be more desirable," Meyer told the press. "While we are working towards getting one, let us support anything that would be helpful."[15]

In addition to the Playoff Bowl, Bell agreed to earmark percentages from the upcoming 1961 renewal of television rights fees, a percentage of championship game receipts, and sales of team highlight films to the pension fund.[16] Sadly, he did not live to see the negotiations through to conclusion. The sixty-four-year-old football lifer died of a massive heart attack while attending a game on October 11, 1959. Pete Rozelle was elected to replace Bell as commissioner in January 1960, and the thirty-three-year-old executive wasted little time finalizing a deal with the OBC.

On June 6, 1960, Rozelle and OBC President Jess Yarborough announced that the first Playoff Bowl would be played on the first Saturday of 1961, almost two weeks after the NFL Championship Game and culminating a weeklong festival in Miami, which would begin with the New Year's Day

Orange Bowl game. It was also disclosed that 75 percent of the profits would go to the pension fund and that the game would henceforth be known as the Bert Bell Benefit Bowl, an alliterative honor to the man who had envisioned the contest.[17]

Rozelle and Yarborough hinted that the Playoff Bowl had the opportunity to both generate pension revenue and showcase Miami as a viable site for professional sports. "Miami is under the strongest sort of consideration (for expansion)," Rozelle told the press, hinting that fan support of the Playoff Bowl and a series of preseason exhibition games could further their cause, while obscuring the fact that Atlanta, New Orleans, Toronto, Montreal, and several other cities were also being "strongly considered."[18] Before the Playoff Bowl could alter the retirement fortunes of players and transform Miami into a major league city, however, its citizens had to prove they were no longer apathetic to professional football.

A Hard Sell

Miami had a less-than-stellar relationship history with professional football. This prompted concerns in 1960 that the residents lacked interest in the sport. The city was the home of the infamously inept and snake-bitten Miami Seahawks of the All-American Football Conference (AAFC) in 1946. The Seahawks were owned by Harvey Hester, a Georgia restaurateur with a collegiate football background. Hester was more noted by the press for his rotundity and affability than football acumen, however. He was an odd choice to lead the Seahawks considering he was much less wealthy than his peers. Hester proved unorthodox in his decision-making as well. The owner scheduled Seahawks home games for Monday

evenings because he believed that day would draw larger audiences due to the many pleasant Sunday recreational activities available in Miami.[19]

In addition to a Monday home schedule, Hester lobbied the AAFC to keep his team on the road for seven of the first eight weeks so the team could benefit from splitting large gates from his opponents' home openers.[20] But the unusual schedule did more than put the Seahawks at a competitive disadvantage – it deprived the town and team the opportunity to truly get to know one another.

Meteorological mayhem also conspired against the Seahawks as their only home game in an eight-week span was postponed by a hurricane. The make-up game the next day (a Tuesday evening) saw the Seahawks beaten soundly, 34-7, before a "crowd" of 7,621. It was another month before they played in Miami again. That game was also played in rain so heavy that two Seahawks players slipped and fell during pre-game introductions, while only 7,438 were on hand to witness it.[21]

A contest with the league-leading Cleveland Browns, a team that drew crowds wherever it played, was also delayed for a day by torrential rains. Only 9,084 fans turned out the next day to see the Browns rout Miami 34-0. The Seahawks finished with a record of 3-11 and never drew more than ten thousand fans to a home game. When the season ended, Hester and his partners owed more than $200,000 to various creditors, including a Cleveland hotel that the Seahawks left without paying.[22]

In 1946, the Miami Seahawks were a member of the All-American Football Conference, an upstart rival to the National Football League. Both the team and the league were unsuccessful and short-lived, with the Seahawks moving to Baltimore for the following season where they were rebranded as the Baltimore Colts. The Orange Bowl, known then as Roddey Burdine Stadium, was home to the Seahawks during their one season in Miami. (Photo, 1940s. HistoryMiami Museum)

The deadbeat Seahawks were expelled from the AAFC for violating rules on paying vendors and not meeting minimum gate guarantees. Hester eventually recovered, opening a popular Atlanta restaurant and ultimately becoming a Miami bon vivant. When he returned to the Orange Bowl in the late 1960s to attend a Dolphins game Hester was heard to ask, "Why isn't it raining?"[23]

That game against the Browns was problematic for more reasons than just rain and fan apathy. Miami's adherence to Jim Crow laws also called into question the city's viability as a home to professional football. As explained by Florida historian Jerrell H. Shofner, "Social intercourse between whites and blacks was forbidden by both law and custom in Florida in the 1950s."[24] One of those laws was a policy by the State Board of Control which prohibited state colleges from hosting integrated home games, a policy which became infamous when Penn State University refused to play a 1946 game against the University of Miami when they were informed they could not bring two Black players: Wallace Triplett and Dennis Hoggard.[25]

The issue came up again when the Browns were instructed to leave Black players Marion Motley and Bill Willis at home. Motley reported receiving a letter threatening his life if he attempted to play in Miami. The letter read in part: "You black son of a bitch. You come down here and run across the goal line, you'll be a dead son of a bitch."[26] Rather than advocate on behalf of Black players, Miami-based journalists largely ignored or defended the segregation policy. Some were defensive, such as *Miami Herald* columnist Jack Bell, who wrote in advance of the Browns visit: "Ever since Penn State cancelled its game with the University of Miami because negro players could not compete here, the woods have been full of high-flown chatter intended to mark us as a bigoted minority, with the northern chatterers patting themselves on the back for their tolerance … Negroes just don't play with

white boys in the Deep South. This isn't due to any personal objection of mine, 'cause I haven't any. It's merely an old Southern custom."[27]

Motley and Willis stayed in Cleveland, but the Browns easily defeated the Seahawks anyway. Eventually, Jim Crow's grip on the Orange Bowl was defeated as well. A seating section for Black patrons was designated in 1950, and three years later the OBC finalized a contract with the Big Seven Conference (later Big Eight and Big Twelve) designating their champion an annual participant in the Orange Bowl. This led to the University of Nebraska Cornhuskers becoming the first integrated team to take to the Orange Bowl field when they played Duke on January 1, 1955.[28]

Integration led professional football to experiment with Miami later in 1955. The Detroit Lions and Pittsburgh Steelers met in a preseason game in September before a crowd of 26,402. The attendance was sparse by NFL standards, but represented a quantum leap compared to the defunct Seahawks. Lions coach Buddy Parker voiced appreciation for the crowd since neither the Lions nor the Steelers had a connection to the city. "That was a fine crowd for the first time the teams have played down there," Parker said. "It would be wonderful to come back again. Miami has a real potential for pro football."[29] That potential got a chance to manifest itself when the Playoff Bowl kicked off for the first time in 1961.

Legitimacy Leads to Increased Benefits

The NFL conducted other preseason games in Miami before the start of the 1960 season. A reported crowd of 33,265

turned out to see the two-time defending NFL champion Baltimore Colts play the Pittsburgh Steelers. The attendance buoyed spirits and led many to believe Miami's relations to pro football were improving. Roughly the same number attended the inaugural Playoff Bowl three weeks after the 1960 season concluded, as 34,891 watched the Detroit Lions defeat the Cleveland Browns 17-16 on January 7, 1961. A last-minute 89-yard touchdown pass from Milt Plum to Bobby Mitchell gave the Browns a chance to tie the game late but a blocked point-after-touchdown preserved the victory for the Lions.

The exciting finish led local media and officials to gush about the Playoff Bowl's future. "Miami came up Saturday with a sparkling, new football spectacle which appears assured for a bright future here," wrote Jimmy Burns of the *Miami Herald*. Burns quoted Rozelle, who claimed: "This game will make it easier to draw more people next year."[30]

The giddy expectations were not met the following January. Only a reported 25,612 attended the second Playoff Bowl to see return-participant Detroit slam the Philadelphia Eagles, 38-10. The good feelings espoused by Miami media members the year before were replaced by fickle indifference and complaints that it was impossible to sell "a Saturday game between two second-place teams after a three-week layoff."[31] Players placed blame for the disappointing turnout on holding a NFL game on a Saturday instead of the traditional Sunday, hinting it was done to shortchange the pension fund. NFLPA president Kyle Rote demanded that the game be moved from Saturday afternoon to Sunday afternoon to

drive up attendance, lamenting that the game had only raised $70,000 for the pension fund over two years, far below what was forecast.[32] When word got out that ticket giveaways for the first two games had papered over true paid attendance of twenty-eight thousand and nineteen thousand, respectively, the NFL committed to moving the game to Sunday afternoons going forward.[33] The decision did little to assuage coaches predisposed to disliking the extra game. Lombardi countered that the low attendance was due to fans being tired of football by that point of the year. "The season is long enough as it is," he said. "We play six exhibition games, fourteen regular season games, and then there's a championship game. That's a lot of games."[34]

But in an interesting twist, Lombardi's Green Bay Packers played a big role in saving the Playoff Bowl.

The third installment of the Playoff Bowl drew a much improved 36,284 fans to see the Lions win in their third straight appearance, 17-10 over the Steelers, but the biggest jump came the following year. The Packers failed to reach the NFL title game for the first time in three years. Their second-place finish placed them in the Playoff Bowl against another perennial title contender, the Browns. The match-up between two elite teams drew 54,921 to the Orange Bowl and the CBS television network estimated that 25 million viewers watched the contest from home.[35]

The following year, 56,218 watched the pancake-impaired Packers lose to the St. Louis Cardinals. Back-to-back years of attendance exceeding fifty thousand and stellar television

The Baltimore Colts walloped the Dallas Cowboys in the 1966 Playoff Bowl 35-3 before more than 65,000 fans. Cowboy punter Danny Villanueva is seen here punting from deep in his own territory. (Getty Images)

ratings led OBC officials to seek a three-year commitment from the NFL to continue the game. The NFL acceded to the demand and was rewarded when 65,569 saw the Colts run roughshod over the Dallas Cowboys in the sixth game of the series, 35-3. "You couldn't ask for more support than this," Rozelle said. "This turnout substantiates what the Orange Bowl Committee said in convincing us to extend our contract for this game for three years. The OBC claimed Miamians wanted this game. They've proved it today."[36]

As attendance increased, so too did the amount of funds in the players' pension fund. Press reports of the Colts-Cowboys game revealed that after struggling initially, the Playoff Bowl

Detroit Lions quarterback Milt Plum in action with a pass against the Pittsburgh Steelers in the third Playoff Bowl, won by the Lions 17-10, in January 1963. (Getty Images)

had raised more than $600,000 for the fund, an average of $100,000 per year.[37] In addition to ticket sales, the NFL began to earmark proceeds from its contract with CBS to televise the game. By the time the 1970 Playoff Bowl between the Los Angeles Rams and the Cowboys concluded, the game had raised more than $1.5 million for the pension fund.[38]

The Rams-Cowboys game was the final Playoff Bowl contest, however, and it was played before a small audience of 31,151 fans. The middling crowd was an improvement over the previous season, when a record low 22,961 watched the Cowboys defeat the Minnesota Vikings. The plummeting attendance corresponded with increased disinterest in the game by players and the local press. Player detachment stemmed from both competitive and political sources, while Miami sportswriters quickly soured on the game once two other professional gridiron institutions started to call Miami home.

Player Apathy Triggers a Decline in Status

NFL players in the early 1960s viewed the Playoff Bowl as a chance to earn extra money and satisfy their competitive urges while playing in a warm-weather site during the height of winter. Following a decade in which a player earning as much as $10,000 was rare and only some were fortunate to earn $50 for a preseason game, the $200 difference between the winning share of $600 per player and losing share of $400 per player was something to fight for.[39]

The bonus money was openly discussed by participants before a game. Philadelphia Eagles head coach Nick Skorich

admitted his players were mercenary in their desires to win the 1962 game, stating simply: "They want the extra money."[40] Dick "Night Train" Lane of the Detroit Lions, the team which won the first three Playoff Bowls, admitted the money was a prime factor during practice, but once the game kicked off it was just about competition. "When a 273-pound (offensive lineman) cracks you good, you forget about the money and begin fighting for your life," Lane said.[41]

Devotion to the bitterly won pension fund also motivated players. Max McGee of the Green Bay Packers stated that he had a special reason for giving his all in the game. "I'm personally interested in the game because it is played for our pension fund, and you know I'm getting old," the 32-year-old McGee quipped.[42] The chance to win a post-season game also appealed to many early participants, particularly those unaccustomed to such contests. The 1962 Pittsburgh Steelers, 1964 St. Louis Cardinals, and 1965 Dallas Cowboys all expressed enthusiasm for post-season play. The 1965 Cowboys, in just their sixth year of existence, viewed their Playoff Bowl appearance as something they strove for during the regular season. "Our club hasn't been anywhere, so the Cowboys are enthused over this game," explained Dallas publicist Larry Karl. "We think this game is good because it gave the clubs something to battle for. A month ago, five teams were in contention for second place."[43]

The urge to play to win might have intensified when the winner/loser shares increased to $800/$500 in 1965 and the winner's share increased to $1,200 in 1966. This did not happen, however, due to growing player disenchantment with

the pension fund. The pension victory by the NFLPA appeared pyrrhic when players complained that the benefit plan "did not show where an individual player stood in relation to the plan, what his benefits might be, and how much was in the fund." Players were also incensed that rank-and-file members were denied a seat on the governing board of the pension fund. The lack of shared governance infuriated them in light of the board's decision to funnel money intended for the pension fund back to NFL owners, including an earmarked $300,000 in proceeds from the 1964 NFL Championship Game.[44]

The pension fund was one of the major negotiating points as the NFLPA and NFL Management Council met to discuss the original collective bargaining agreement (CBA) in 1968. Harsh feelings surrounded the Playoff Bowl of 1968 between the Los Angeles Rams and the Cleveland Browns. The NFLPA held a meeting near Miami and the union agreed to register with the U.S. Department of Labor. Members of the Browns met the night before the game to discuss labor strategy, which team officials blamed for the team's lackluster performance in a 30-6 loss. "Is attending (a union meeting) any way to prepare for a game?" lamented an anonymous source.

When asked if he blamed the meeting for the loss, Browns owner Art Modell bluntly said: "It didn't help."[45] On the verge of training camp, players threatened to walk out of practice sessions and boycott preseason games if management did not increase contributions and payouts of the plan in addition to naming players to the pension board.[46] A marathon negotiating session lasting long into the night resulted in a compromise. The two-year agreement guaranteed an increase

in benefits, including $1,600 a month in benefits to a ten-year veteran at the age of sixty-five and a cut of the revenue from the increasingly popular Super Bowl contest, the end-of-season neutral site championship game, which had begun in 1967. The agreement continued to allow the owners to "have exclusive control over determining how best to meet the guarantee."[47]

Ironically, the improvements in funding and distribution won by the NFLPA in 1968 led players to disdain the game that gave the fund its start. With funding coming from the Super Bowl, the only motivation left for playing in the Playoff Bowl was the chance for teams that missed the playoffs to extend their season and earn an extra paycheck. With the AFL-NFL merger of 1966, however, these motivations dissipated. The absorption of ten teams from the AFL led to an increase in the number of NFL playoff teams from two to four. Since the third- and fourth-place teams were already in the playoffs, an additional playoff game to determine a third-place finisher lost its appeal.

Furthermore, the AFL-NFL battle for players led to a quantum leap in salaries, evidenced by Joe Namath's $427,000 contract with the New York Jets and the combined $1,000,000 that Green Bay running backs Donny Anderson and Jim Grabowski earned.[48] The $1,200 awarded for winning the Playoff Bowl paled in comparison. Many players and coaches began to begrudgingly accept their place in the game as an obligation rather than an honor or challenge. Rams quarterback Roman Gabriel summed up this mindset before

the 1970 contest: "You're playing for third place in the NFL … There isn't any such thing. There are winners and losers, but nobody comes in third."[49]

The timing of the players souring on the Playoff Bowl coincided with a change in the attitude of the Miami sporting press toward the game. The Playoff Bowl's role in funding a pension fund had petered out, leaving players apathetic. Similarly, the game's role in proving Miami to be a viable market for professional football also led the local press to treat the Playoff Bowl with antipathy once an expansion franchise and neutral site title game were awarded to the city.

The Dolphins and Super Bowl Hasten the End

One of the most vocal champions of sports in Miami was *Miami Herald* columnist Burns. The newspaper's sports editor since 1944, he advocated for increasing the number of golf courses in the area and improving facilities for all sports at the University of Miami, glorified the exploits of the moribund Seahawks, and indefatigably promoted the Playoff Bowl during its early struggles. Such work led reporters in the area to refer to Burns as "the best friend South Florida sports fans ever had."[50]

Burns admitted that he was not enamored with a "third-place game," but his promotion of the Playoff Bowl was motivated by a desire to see Miami get a second chance at professional football following the ill-fated Seahawks. He argued that hosting the Playoff Bowl placed Miami's "foot in the door (for) if and when the championship game might be up for grabs

at a neutral site," and "establishing that Miami is capable of supporting pro football, if and when the opportunity to acquire a NFL franchise arises."[51]

Burns twisted arms, including that of Rozelle, to move the Playoff Bowl from Saturday afternoon to Sunday, a move that dramatically increased attendance and television ratings. In addition to the sixty thousand in attendance, CBS estimated twenty-five to thirty-five million viewers tuned in to watch, justifying the network's payment of $200,000 to the NFL to broadcast the game.[52] Burns also featured the Playoff Bowl prominently in columns throughout the years, touting the growth of the game as proof that Miami was indeed the next great American football city. "Cynics have been cruel enough to tag this Playoff Bowl as only a post-season exhibition which doesn't prove anything," Burns wrote defensively in 1964. "They're wrong!" Instead, he argued that the game "is helping to build something big."[53] That something big came about in the summer of 1965.

The upstart AFL formed in 1959 to provide competition to the NFL by bringing professional football to markets deemed "too small" for major league sports: Denver, Houston, Kansas City, Oakland, and San Diego, among others.[54] A unique revenue-sharing plan helped AFL teams stay afloat while they competed head-to-head for players with the better-financed NFL. This hand-to-mouth existence ended when the National Broadcasting Company (NBC) agreed to pay the AFL $36 million for the right to televise its games starting in 1965. The influx of capital allowed the AFL to procure stalwart college names such as Alabama quarterback Namath, Ohio

State fullback Matt Snell, and USC Heisman Trophy-winning running back Mike Garrett. The now well-funded AFL took the opportunity to grow further by announcing a plan to expand its league – and immediately looked to Miami as a logical location.

"Miami has shown an amazing enthusiasm for (professional football)," AFL Commissioner Joe Foss told the press. "Miami has a fine stadium and a large potential audience."[55] Prospective owners included Joe Robbie, a Minneapolis lawyer who was a political ally of Foss (both men had been heavily involved in South Dakota electoral politics); Danny Thomas, television producer and star of the sitcom *Make Room for Daddy*; and Lou Wolfson, an early corporate raider who owned several companies throughout Florida. Wolfson, just a few years before going to prison for what was viewed as bribing Supreme Court Justice Abe Fortas, felt that he could easily sell "25,000 to 35,000 season tickets" for a Miami AFL team.[56]

The expansion franchise was awarded to Robbie and Thomas in June 1965 and the famous television personality explained that he expected the fans of the city to turn out in droves. "Miami can and will support major league football," Thomas said. "This is a big city. It is no longer a citrus grove where people come to escape the winter … I think we can expect nice, normal crowds for our ball games. About 65,000."[57] The team, which was eventually named the Miami Dolphins, was scheduled to begin play at the Orange Bowl in 1966.

In the excitement surrounding the awarding of an AFL franchise, many in the Miami sports scene quickly abandoned the NFL for the newer league. A survey conducted by the *Herald* found that local football fans now preferred the AFL to the NFL by a large margin.[58] City officials granted a lease to the Dolphins that gave the AFL club control of the Orange Bowl with the exception of University of Miami games, the Orange Bowl game, the Orange Blossom Classic Game, and the North-South game. The Playoff Bowl game was conspicuously absent.[59]

Miami Mayor Robert King High went on the record saying that he was no longer a fan of the Playoff Bowl because "Miami is an AFL City ... the AFL made us major league."[60] New Dolphins head coach George Wilson, who had led the Detroit Lions to victory in the first three Playoff Bowls, argued for ending the Playoff Bowl because of its ties to an enemy league. "I was in the National Football League for a number of years" Wilson explained. "But now, to me, it's the 'other league.' I want to say here and now that I hope the Orange Bowl drops its tieup (sic) with the NFL Playoff Bowl each January ... This is an American Football League city now."[61]

The damage inflicted by the upstart AFL on the NFL led to a negotiated truce. The NFL requested a merger, and a deal to combine the two leagues was reached on June 8, 1966. The deal called for the two leagues to form one joint operation beginning in 1970. In the interim the two leagues would hold a common draft, compete in preseason exhibition games, and, in a decision that excited fans of both leagues, hold an end-of-season "AFL-NFL World Championship Game" at a neutral

site to determine the best team in football beginning in January 1967. When the OBC first began discussions with Bell in the late 1950s, its intent had been to host an end-of-season title game. After painstakingly growing the Playoff Bowl into a popular gridiron tradition, Miamians fully expected to be given the honor of hosting the first "Super Bowl," an unofficial moniker given to the AFL-NFL World Championship Game by Kansas City Chiefs owner Lamar Hunt.[62]

Miami Mayor Robert King High was an energetic promoter of the Magic City. He is seen here in 1963 in an empty Orange Bowl, the home to many athletic contests, including the National Football League's Playoff Bowl. (*Miami News* Photograph Collection. HistoryMiami Museum)

A Shocking Disappointment

After the nail-biting drama of the merger talks had been resolved, football fans in Miami looked forward to their city hosting the big game. They were stunned when Rozelle announced the first championship game would instead be

played at the Los Angeles Memorial Coliseum on January 15, 1967. *Miami Herald* columnist Burns, who had cajoled, wheedled, and bantered with Rozelle for years, was particularly shocked and voiced his disdain for the decision, especially when reports of Los Angeles struggling to sell tickets appeared. "If they (the NFL) had played the game here, it would not be a lemon," Burns wrote. "We'd have a complete sellout by now."[63]

After a less than stellar 63,036 fans attended the first game in a stadium that seats one hundred thousand, Burns tweaked the commissioner further: "Pete Rozelle, the high commissioner of pro football, should have a mug resembling a neon sign after bungling in choosing the site." Burns gleefully pointed out that Miami's last two Playoff Bowls had drawn crowds of the same size as the Super Bowl, proving that "a home game is not essential ... for the Playoff Bowl, in which nothing is at stake except the winning and losing share, drew 58,088 last Sunday."[64]

Chagrined, Rozelle and the NFL voted to award the second Super Bowl to Miami in May of 1967. High evinced both pride in Miami and a sense that the NFL had made the only logical decision. "We've done well with the runners-up game," said the mayor. "And I feel they (the NFL) have a duty to see that their new franchise holders do well." Miami Dolphins' owner Robbie predicted that this Super Bowl was just the beginning. "I honestly believe we have a chance of getting the game here at least every two or three years," he said.[65]

Robbie's bold proclamation was proven true. After Green Bay defeated Oakland 33-14 before a crowd of more than seventy-five thousand, the NFL awarded the third Super Bowl to Miami the following year. Super Bowl III is remembered as one of the most important games in professional football history. Namath's New York Jets scored a historic upset by defeating the heavily favored Baltimore Colts 16-7, securing the AFL's reputation following two lopsided losses. Namath's heroics were witnessed by another seventy-five thousand fans and more than fifty-four million television viewers. Miami was now the center of the professional football universe, a status established more firmly when the NFL awarded Super Bowl V to the city, its third Super Bowl in five years.

Miami's newfound status led many *Herald* staffers to hold the opinion that the Playoff Bowl had run its course and should be put out to pasture. Columnist Pope decried the game, opining that a humdrum 17-13 Dallas victory over Minnesota in the 1969 edition of the game was altogether fitting for a game he labeled the "quintessence of nothingness."[66] Pope's *Herald* colleague, Bill Braucher, echoed the sentiment, writing the Playoff Bowl is a "lame-duck affair" devoid of interest or intrigue.[67] The hostility toward the game by the local newspaper illustrated a management shift in the sports department. Pope replaced Burns as sports editor when the latter retired in 1967, and he and Braucher covered the Dolphins beat as well as reporting on the inner workings of the AFL-NFL merger. The two writers were open in their dislike of the Playoff Bowl.

Braucher argued that with revenue for the pension fund coming from multiple sources, the players' motivation to take the game seriously was gone. "Few athletes are known for philanthropic tendencies," he wrote. "It figures, that unless financial rewards are increased or the game is set up to involve both the NFL and AFL, the participants will not be disposed to go out and die for the dear old pension fund."[68] While Braucher based his opposition on economics, Pope viewed a battle for third place as beneath the status Miami had attained, bitterly complaining about a sloppy 1969 contest between Dallas and Minnesota. "Dallas' 17-13 victory over Minnesota was sloppy and uninspired and perfectly reflective of the meaningless nature of this thing that has been visited upon us for nine years," an exasperated Pope wrote following the game.[69]

When staunch football advocate Burns left the *Herald* he took the love for the game with him. One of his final columns was another suggestion for Rozelle to improve the quality of the contest. Thanking the Playoff Bowl for paving the way for the Dolphins and the Super Bowl to come to the city, Burns argued that with the merger complete, the Playoff Bowl should immediately pit the losers of the AFL and NFL title games, respectively. Furthermore, he pointed out that the game still drew fans and television viewers alike.[70] Burns overstated the number of fans, as attendance dwindled from the 1965 record high to a record low of 22,961 in 1969, but television viewers still loved the game. The 1968 contest between the Los Angeles Rams and the Cleveland Browns drew more viewers than every game that year except the Super Bowl.[71]

Sadly, Burns died the morning of the Playoff Bowl between Los Angeles and Cleveland in 1968 at the age of sixty-five. A moment of silence was observed before the kickoff of the game he had supported for almost a decade. Unfortunately for those who viewed the Playoff Bowl positively, the loss of the game's leading champion combined with declining attendance, player apathy, and media antipathy led to the game being discontinued following its final installment, a 31-0 rout of the Dallas Cowboys by the Rams before a bored audience of 31,151 in a rainstorm that Seahawks owner Hester would have appreciated.

Pope had the final word on the Playoff Bowl, stating that even if it is "replaced by a game between the losers of the American and National title games ... it will still be a contest between losers."[72]

The Playoff Bowl's Legacy

Pope's opinion of the game has become the historically accepted view of the Playoff Bowl, but a review of the impact the annual contest had on a variety of areas reveals it was a seminally important series of games.

The original mission of the Playoff Bowl was to provide revenue for the NFL players' pension fund. In that regard it was a massive success. Over the course of ten years, the Playoff Bowl contributed $1.5 million to the fund. That seed money, combined with a variety of other sources over the past fifty years, has resulted in a pension plan that was 89 percent funded as of 2018, with total assets of $2.4 billion.[73] The fund now provides minimum benefits of $19,800 a year to players

with at least three years of service and an average of $46,000 per year to players with longer careers.[74] The Playoff Bowl should be remembered fondly by current and former players for its role in their benefits, but the city of Miami should hold it in high esteem as well for bringing the Dolphins and the Super Bowl to the city.

Contemporary writers such as Burns lauded the role of the Playoff Bowl in convincing the AFL to expand to Miami, although the growing pains of the franchise reminded many of the Seahawks. Following four rough seasons in which the team lost thirty-nine games, the Dolphins fired former Playoff Bowl master Wilson as head coach and replaced him with Don Shula. The former Baltimore Colts coach, who went 2-0 in Playoff Bowl games, quickly transformed the Dolphins from bottom feeders to champions.

The Dolphins made the playoffs in 1970, Shula's first season, and the Super Bowl in his second. After an embarrassing 24-3 loss to the Dallas Cowboys in Super Bowl VI, Shula's Dolphins recorded the NFL's only undefeated season in 1972, winning Super Bowl VII, and followed up with a second-straight championship in Super Bowl VIII. The Dolphins have not won a Super Bowl since 1973, although they did make the title game in 1982 and 1984. Their status as one of the league's elite franchises remained throughout Shula's tenure, which ended in 1995, but the Dolphins remain a popular institution in South Florida and their recent drafting of Alabama quarterback Tua Tagovailoa has kept the team in the national

sporting zeitgeist. The fifty-year-plus love affair between town and team was only possible because of the city's commitment to the Playoff Bowl.

The Dolphins' participation in three consecutive Super Bowls in the 1970s and two in the early 1980s occurred during rare fallow periods for Miami hosting the big game. After hosting three of the first five games, the Orange Bowl hosted only two more title games between 1971 and 1980 (1976 and 1979). The aging stadium was deemed ill-suited for a title game by the NFL and even Robbie grew weary of it in the mid-1980s, opting to personally finance a stadium on the border of Miami-Dade and Broward counties. The new venue, eponymously titled Joe Robbie Stadium, opened in 1987 and returned Miami to the Super Bowl rotation, hosting games in 1989, 1995, 1999, 2007, 2010, and 2020.

Miami has hosted eleven of the fifty-five Super Bowls played, the most of any host city. Bell had rejected a neutral site championship game, but Rozelle and others viewed the prospect more fondly after seeing how Miami embraced a game between "runners-up." Even the usually unimpressed Pope indirectly admitted the Super Bowl was the result of the Playoff Bowl when he commended the OBC for landing the title game. "The dream of the Orange Bowl Committee has been to bring the World Championship here," he wrote. "Now it is here in the form of the Super Bowl, due in no small part to the OBC." The compliment only came after Pope referred to the Playoff Bowl as a "nonsense game" crowning a "champion of nothing."[75]

It has been fifty years since the last of the ten Playoff Bowls was contested. Since then, the Orange Bowl has been razed and replaced by LoanDepot Park, home of Major League Baseball's Miami Marlins, and the city's professional sporting landscape has added the Miami Heat of the National Basketball Association and the Florida Panthers of the National Hockey League, although the latter moved from the Magic City many years ago to Broward County. Miami has come a long way from a city that housed a historically inept AAFC squad, a segregated college bowl game, horse race and dog race tracks, and jai alai. The community support of the Playoff Bowl led to Miami becoming a permanent home to professional football and a regular site of NFL title games; in turn, the proceeds of the Playoff Bowl led to a burgeoning NFL retirement fund. As OBC committee member Van Kussrow explained to the *Miami Herald*'s Bob Elliott near the end of the series, the Playoff Bowl did more for Miami than anyone imagined. "Miamians may not realize just how important the Playoff Bowl is to the city," Kussrow said. "We feel we've done a (good) job with this game."[76]

Today, Miami and the NFL still reap the rewards of a game relegated to historical footnotes. It is time to revisit the contributions of the Playoff Bowl, a contest which ran counter to the "winning is the only thing" mentality ensconced in professional football for more than half a century. The Playoff Bowl proved that a contest featuring a battle for third place had a greater meaning than its perceived limitations, and was far from "hinky-dinky."

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Enslaved Floridians, the Saltwater Railroad and Cape Florida

Nick J. Sciullo

The Underground Railroad is often taught as a path used by enslaved persons to escape the Southern United States to the Northern United States and even Canada, but this ignores another way out, what some scholars call the Southern or Saltwater Underground Railroad. This escape route extended in the other direction, from the South Carolina-Georgia border region to Key Biscayne, Florida (then Cape Florida), and on to Red Bays, Bahamas.[1] This article discusses antebellum Black life in Cape Florida,

Harriet Tubman is the most famous person associated with the Underground Railroad, which employed a network of antislavery activists and safe houses, to bring enslaved persons from their farms and plantations in the South and border states north to freedom in the North and, in some case, Canada. Tubman herself grew up in slavery before escaping to freedom in the North. Thereafter she dedicated her life to becoming a "conductor" on the Underground Railroad, assisting family members and scores of other enslaved persons to freedom. (National Park Service, CC by 2.0)

which was that of a transient community anxious to flee the state via the last leg of the Saltwater Railroad for freedom elsewhere, namely, in the Bahamas.

To do so, we must seek a deeper understanding of what Cape Florida was like by piecing together the available primary and secondary sources to grasp what the enslaved, escaped enslaved, and free Black population experienced in South Florida. Despite the wealth of information in the "Works Progress Administration (WPA) Slave Narratives" on Florida, few of these narratives address enslaved persons' experiences in South Florida.[2] Given broad interest in enslavement in the American South, and an interest in the complex historical racial demographics of Florida – as well as the constant conflict between Spain, England, the United States, and multiple Indigenous communities – the more incisively scholars understand South Florida and the issue of enslavement, the better they will understand enslavement

This illustration from *The Merchant Vessel*, authored by Charles Nordhoff and published in 1884, depicts a bucolic scene in the Bahamas, the ultimate destination of enslaved persons on the Saltwater Railroad.

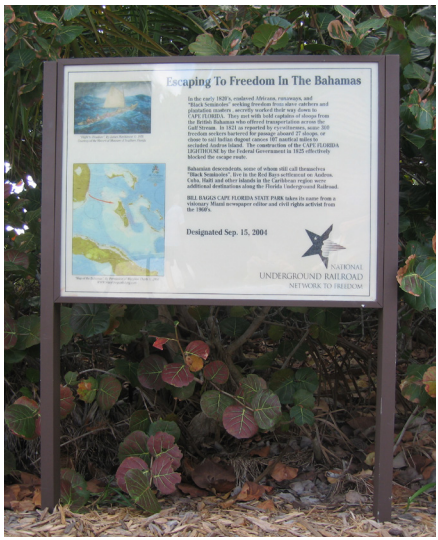
throughout Florida and its history. Indeed, the legacy of slavery still shapes how Floridians grapple with Cape Florida, today's Bill Baggs Cape Florida State Park, and the area's current racial identity.[3]

A Region Ripe for Escape

The lack of study of slavery in South Florida is explained by both general and specific arguments. First, the lives of the enslaved have been broadly ignored in historical study.[4] While that is changing, it takes time to catch up; as a result, a relative dearth of information and interest in South Florida's enslaved peoples has been the rule, at least until the recent past. Second, the legacy of white supremacy has had an exacting toll on American society and the study of history.[5] Third, South Florida was an inhospitable environment not conducive to plantation life, so the relatively few enslaved and freed people in South Florida have garnered less attention than areas with larger enslaved populations and more plantations, such as those that existed in northern Florida. Fourth, South Florida was often a waypoint in attempts to escape to the Bahamas, so there may be a tendency to understand South Florida's Black population as transient. It is doubtful that free Black persons or escaped enslaved people intended to make South Florida home, which made counting the enslaved population and writing its story difficult.

The Saltwater/Southern Underground Railroad was a popular escape route for enslaved people throughout the American South from roughly 1821 to 1861, although there are indications that its beginnings are found in Colonial Florida's Second Spanish Period (1783-1821).[6] Its primary departure

point was Cape Florida/Key Biscayne, now memorialized with a historic marker by the state of Florida as part of the National Underground Railroad Network to Freedom.[7] Yet, scholars have completed relatively little work about what happened in and around Cape Florida, and have relatively few accounts of what life was like for enslaved persons who escaped to



Installed in 2004, "Escaping to Freedom In The Bahamas" tells the story of the Saltwater Railroad, which employed the long, undeveloped Florida Peninsula as the vehicle for escaping enslavement. (National Underground Railroad Network To Freedom)

the area or went on from there to the Bahamas. While the Bahamas is regarded as "a hotbed of resistance to slavery and a destination for regional liberated or escaped slaves," this article fills a gap in the literature with respect to what life was like for Saltwater Underground Railroad travelers as they came to and waited to depart South Florida.[8]

Early South Florida contained a wide range of Indigenous peoples involved in diverse and difficult agricultural practices and trading networks. First contact with Europeans did not take place until the arrival of the Spanish in 1513, in perhaps what was Cape Florida.[9] This may have been a harbinger of

the area's later use by escaping enslaved persons because there was relatively little European contact. Historians have often ignored Black populations in the area, preferring instead to discuss Indigenous populations, Spanish arrival, and the economic and political development of the region once the United States acquired it.[10]

When the U.S. acquired Florida from Spain in 1821, Black people were terrified at their future prospects given this country's violent record of enslavement, and they soon began leaving Florida.[11] They were familiar with the U.S. and slavery through word-of-mouth informal information networks, and some had themselves experienced slavery here or had relatives and friends that had.

Word traveled fast. The most storied plantation in South Florida was that of Richard Fitzpatrick, who sought desperately to prevent his enslaved labors from joining forces with the Seminoles during the Seminole War (1835-1842). Yet there were few plantations in South Florida, and a modest population of Black people relative to the Low Country as well as northern and central Florida.[12] Indeed, what we now know as South Florida was virtually bereft of people. The future city of Miami centered around Fort Dallas, a remnant of two "Indian" wars, on the north bank of the Miami River. While Dade County was much larger geographically than it is now, its population was less than 900 in 1890.[13]

To be sure, the Saltwater Underground Railroad did not exist only in South Florida, since another main – and earlier – stop on its route was Fort Mose near St. Augustine, a vibrant

colony of formerly enslaved, but now freed, people at the hands of the Spanish rulers of Florida in the mid-1700s.[14] As the eighteenth century segued into the nineteenth century, rising racial tensions and a sizable geographic distance from possible freedom in the Caribbean pushed enslaved persons farther south. Cape Florida, a natural seaport and a short overseas route to the Bahamas, seemed a logical choice for a free Black community hoping to eventually escape the harsh

This aerial view of Key Biscayne showcases the 2,300-acre island hemmed in by the warm waters of Biscayne Bay and the Atlantic Ocean. The Bahamas sit just fifty miles away. Until the second half of the twentieth century, Key Biscayne was a verdant place with a thick tangle of subtropical trees and plants in some parts of the island. (HistoryMiami Museum)

conditions of enslavement and the danger present from slave catchers. And although Spanish colonizers enslaved Indigenous people, at least several scholars have noted that Southeast Florida, with its dense foliage and extreme weather

conditions, acted as a barrier to enslavement.[15] Thus the enslavement of Indigenous populations was difficult given the geographic constrains of the region.

Florida's relationship to slavery was complicated by both questions of who controlled Florida (Spain, Great Britain, and the U.S. over the course of more than two centuries) and the various laws in effect as a result, and who was enslaved (Black persons or Indigenous people), which entailed complex rights regimes and conflicting practices with respect to enslaved and free Black or Indigenous persons.[16] Slavery has a lengthy history in Florida that predates Florida's entrance into the U.S. by nearly three centuries.[17] A center of the slave trade in Florida was Castillo de San Marcos in St. Augustine, but few scholars have discussed the importance of slavery to Florida under Spanish, British, or U.S. control.[18]

This leaves scholars with a general sense of the well-established nature of enslavement, but with relatively little focus on enslavement and freedom in the southern part of Florida. Even general treatments of slavery in Florida tend to focus on its northern reaches, since most slave-owning power existed there, the most heavily populated region of the territory.[19] In comparison, the number of enslaved persons in South Florida was miniscule.[20] Not surprisingly, slavery was integral to the economic success of Florida from its earliest inhabitation by Europeans.[21]

The Seminole Connection

The 1760 autobiography of Briton Hammon contains the earliest mention of Cape Florida[22] made by a Black man.

His account paints the picture of a diverse community of enslaved Black people, Indigenous people, and English sailors and traders with all the requisite tensions stemming from a backdrop of being shipwrecked in the 1740s.[23] Scholars also have evidence of what plantation life was like in Cape Florida from the story of James Wright, the overseer of Fitzpatrick's plantation on the Miami River seven miles from Cape Florida.[24] Yet, what life was like for the many enslaved people that seem to have lived in and departed from Cape Florida (estimates are anywhere from one hundred to three hundred to six thousand) is largely absent.[25] This discrepancy is likely a result of poor record keeping and potential language and translation barriers – as enslavers and enslaved people who spoke English, Spanish, and Indigenous languages interacted with and engaged in slavery and the slave-based economy – as well as different strategies for counting enslaved and free populations. Add to this the goal of escaping to the Bahamas, and making sense of how many enslaved persons lived in the region and who they were is difficult.

Historian and author Marvin Dunn observed that "Red Bays is on Andros Islands and it is the closest point of land between South Florida and the Bahamas," explaining why enslaved persons sought passage to Red Bays, and historian Paul S. George argues for the attractiveness of Cape Florida to fugitive enslaved persons, stating that "[I]t's the Southern tip. And, you've got a better chance at freedom on a long-term basis this far down and then get(ting) picked up by a boat and taken to the Bahamas."[26]

This explains why free persons and escaped enslaved persons chose Cape Florida, but it does not provide much information about what Cape Florida was like. It also underscores the transient nature of free Black and enslaved populations in South Florida, given their desire to take an overseas route to an island while possessing limited knowledge of weather patterns and in treacherous seas. Irvin D. S. Winsboro and Joe Knetsch have completed the most substantive study of the Saltwater Underground Railroad, but they too tend to understand Cape Florida as a waypoint rather than exploring it as a place of dwelling.[27] Indeed, it may not have been a place of dwelling, but the emphasis on Cape Florida as a waypoint obscures the experiences of the people who lived in and traveled through the area.

Life for Black people, enslaved and free, often centered on cosmopolitan communities of Seminoles and Black people. Black people would establish settlements close to Seminole communities, and they experienced a greater degree of freedom than they'd known farther north.[28] It is practically impossible to discuss free and enslaved Black populations in South Florida without reference to the Seminoles.[29] Along with their newly found freedom, Black populations also experienced racial mixing with the Seminoles that implicitly and explicitly confused the racial segmentation of life in the nineteenth century, at least for some. This made it difficult to distinguish who was free or enslaved, Black or Seminole. It was not simply that the Seminoles helped enslaved and free Black people, but rather that they developed a complex new society that looked much different than life in other

parts of the young country. The Seminoles were, perhaps obviously, hated for their connection to the runaway enslaved community.[30]

The importance of the Seminoles for free Blacks and escaped enslaved people cannot be understated. As William Loren Katz has written about the influx of Black people to Florida, "First they came one or two at a time, strong young men and women beating a path from slavery into the thickets and marshes of Florida."[31] The relationship between the Seminole

The Cape Florida Lighthouse and the keeper's house appear in this photograph taken by Ralph Munroe, a leading figure in the rise of Coconut Grove. Built in 1825, the lighthouse was deactivated in 1878 and replaced by the Fowey Rocks Lighthouse five miles off the coast of Key Biscayne. (HistoryMiami Museum)

and Black people was mutually beneficial as the two groups developed strong economic, social, and military connections. Black people were actively involved in leadership positions in government and military. They worked as translators and soldiers, and even helped transfer rice cultivation practices from Africa.[32] This helps explain the resiliency of these communities through the Seminole Wars. Yet, free Black and escaped enslaved people were actively pursued and greatly feared by white slaveholders.[33]

Scholars and other writers also note that the construction of the Cape Florida Lighthouse negatively impacted the escape route as more people came to the island and the lighthouse exposed a wide range of water to surveillance.[34] Yet, South Florida being "off the grid" still made it an attractive place for enslaved persons to pursue their chance of freedom.[35] Nicole Campbell has observed that as many as six thousand people, by the 1830s, had managed to escape to the Bahamas.[36] These escapes were not isolated incidents and were widely known in their day. Note Winsboro and Knetsch, "[T]he principle that slaves could escape forced servitude via a short saltwater route to the British Bahamas was one that continued to frighten masters and planters …"[37]

Whatever the experiences of the enslaved and free Black people were in the area, the ability of people to escape enslavement and find refuge and common cause with another people was a threat to enslavers and their slave-based economy.

Freedom and Enslavement Intertwined

Life in Cape Florida was a mixture of freedom and harsh living conditions. Hurricanes, pirates, privateers, commercial vessels, navies, and rough water awaited Black fugitives as they attempted to escape. The dense mangroves, sweltering heat, and mosquitoes made the area a relatively inhospitable place even as "the dark beaches" provided some freedom from slave hunters.[38] As Hammon described in his autobiography, the area was racially and ethnically diverse with a variety of trading and merchant activity.[39] Agriculture was also difficult because of a range of issues, including a lack of transportation infrastructure, high-salinity water, and better, more easily accessible land to the north that slowed the urban and even agricultural development out of South Florida until the 1900s.[40]

Three main strategies for agriculture existed in Florida prior to the arrival of the railroad in Miami in 1896: foraging, pastoralism, and horticulture.[41] But, despite abundant resources, there were few options beyond subsistence agriculture to sustain a large, permanent settlement.[42] This suggests that the enslaved and formerly enslaved individuals arriving in South Florida would not have been seeking a permanent settlement so much as a place to hide from conflict and captors. South Florida may then have been a staging area for some as they waited for the right opportunity to head for the Caribbean.

Captors and slave catchers were, however, a prominent part of the South Florida landscape.[43] Both Seminoles and whites participated in slave catching, many for significant monetary

rewards. Not all Indigenous persons were welcoming to free Black and escaped enslaved persons. Advertisements were also posted widely for escaped enslaved people. This made life in South Florida dangerous for all Black people regardless of their freedom or enslavement. Even if enslaved persons were able to escape their captors and even if they were able to develop multicultural bonds with local Seminole populations, there was still the danger of being captured. Thus, freedom and enslavement were always bound together, and South Florida was no utopian oasis from enslavement.

The WPA slave narratives contain only seven reports from formerly enslaved individuals in Dade County.[44] These are complimented by nine folkloric accounts.[45] These accounts refer to South Florida only sporadically, usually in the context of potential job opportunities. The area boasted an "Ex Slave Association of Greater Miami" with a membership of 25[46] at the time of the WPA's recording of slave narratives. While none of these formerly enslaved individuals referenced Cape Florida, and by extension none seem to have lived there, the WPA narratives suggest that South Florida did provide opportunities for formerly enslaved individuals even if those opportunities were few and far between.

The picture painted by contemporaries, historians, geographers, and other scholars is one of great possibility in South Florida. The natural barriers to enslavement, along with frequent military strife, made it a place with great potential for enslaved persons and free Black people. Life was hard in South Florida because agriculture was difficult, although there were abundant plants and animals to sustain life, and

this area of Florida was largely inaccessible without extreme hardship. Yet, because it was ethnically and racially diverse due to a constant influx of different peoples and the mixing of populations through settlement, marriage, trade, and other relationships, free Black people and escaped enslaved people were able to carve out a living as they searched for freedom, in and beyond Florida. Of course, this possibility of freedom was not universally experienced, as slavery would continue in Florida until 1865.[47]

Restoring the legacy of South Florida's experience with enslavement broadens our understanding of the "Peculiar Institution" throughout the South, and helps the multicultural population of today's South Florida better understand its own historical development. As historian Winsboro has argued, South Florida has also served as a "saltwater highway" for its Cuban population that came to South Florida for a variety of reasons that spanned culture, economics, and geography.[48] The Saltwater Railroad also expands our understanding of freedom-seeking as a transnational process that was more than simply moving north.[49] Careful historical scholarship often uncovers and exposes the omissions of prior historical study and, when possible, provides a basis for encouraging a deeper grasp of the present day's experience with historical themes like multiculturalism, racial tensions, and competing notions of freedom.

The region appears to have been a much better departure point for the enslaved and formerly enslaved than it was conducive to enslavement. Plantations could not thrive where there was sporadic warfare and in a marshy, oppressively hot

environment. Since few enslaved persons lived in the area, and some of those that did escaped to the Bahamas, it stands to reason that we know relatively little about Cape Florida and what happened at the end of the Saltwater Underground Railroad in South Florida. This underscores the importance of understanding even a small free Black and formerly enslaved population, its legacy, and its exclusion from Florida's history. Further study should extend the scholarship to formerly enslaved populations in the Bahamas, like that of Rosalyn Howard's, to understand what those formerly enslaved and free Black persons did and experienced once they left Florida.

South Florida's connection to the Bahamas was also important to the appearance in the late nineteenth century of a robust Black Bahamian neighborhood in Miami's Coconut Grove, and smaller Bahamian neighborhoods elsewhere in the area.[50] Black Bahamians, as well as their white counterparts, made important contributions to the area. That we have an incomplete picture of what life was like for free Black and formerly enslaved persons in Cape Florida is a counterintuitive testament to the importance of the region as a pathway to freedom.

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My Miami Story

N. Loreto Grand

"Why Miami; why not New York?"

My aunt – at the time chief of the Nurses Corps of the armed forces of the Philippines – very nearly screamed the question at me. Then, more quietly, she voiced her concern about the immigration issues Miami was facing and told me that she would prefer I go to the "Big Apple" if I wanted to experience a major American metropolis.

My bachelorette party! (Courtesy of the author)

I responded that in Florida it's summer all the time, like the Philippines, and that it was where I got an H-1 visa to legally

work in the United States. My only knowledge of Miami then was humming the Miami Dolphins fight song from the perfect 1972 season.

With one hundred dollars from my oldest brother in my pocket and a plane ticket secured through Pan American Airlines' "Fly Now, Pay Later" plan, I began my Miami odyssey in 1982 at the age of twenty-three.

Upon our plane's stopover in San Francisco (I was traveling with several other nurses) a colleague's relatives invited us to dinner; we came back to the airport so late that we weren't able to board our flight. Oh no! But confident that we would be rescued by my brother (he lived in Los Angeles), I called and asked if he could pick us up. His response: "Do you know that San Francisco is a five- or six-hour drive from Los Angeles?"

We had no idea of the distance or geography – this was pre-Google time!

Undeterred, my friends and I slept at the airport, and at four a.m. I reluctantly paid four dollars for a hot chocolate, to be shared with my three friends. Initially we couldn't drink it because we thought the straw had no hole in it; then we realized it was a stirrer. Welcome to America!

We were met at Miami International Airport by complete strangers, with no prior contacts. They were Filipino nurses who worked at Miami International Hospital at the Golden Glades interchange, where we were also assigned. In fact,

Filipino nurses staffed many hospitals in greater Miami, during that era and beyond. Miami Beach's Mount Sinai Medical Center, for instance, claimed many Filipino nurses who were involved in a series of professional tasks on its roster of employees.

Members of this nursing corps were close as they worked together, often roomed together, and socialized together in the area's vast offerings of restaurants, bars, and clubs. So valued were Filipino nurses that many of the area's hospitals provided housing for them.

Relying on the Filipino "bayanihan" spirit of helping each other, the four of us were placed in four different apartments until we could find and afford one of our own. On our third day after arrival, we signed our official work contract with a salary of $8.24 per hour. Feeling concerned that our respective welcomes were coming to an end where we were staying (guests, like fish, start to smell after three days, you know!), we embarked on another journey to independence.

I approached the manager of an apartment complex on NE 183rd Street in North Miami Beach, showed him our job contract and begged him to allow us to rent – with no deposit, no security, and no down payment. Thankfully, he deemed us trustworthy and agreed. At midnight, we scavenged the big green trash bins outside for any recyclable junk we could reuse in our apartment. We got chairs, tables, lamps, a black-and-white television set, and even my first mattress! Our white bed sheets, slightly torn on the sides, were donated by the hospital.

On our first shopping spree, at Loehmann's Plaza, a friend and I went to purchase a dress for a party, but it took us half a day to find one that suited our budget because we kept calculating how much it would cost in Philippine money. I finally settled on a forty-dollar dress, which was more than my monthly salary at Manila Doctors Hospital; I felt so guilty for this conspicuous consumption!

After shopping, we decided to order a pizza and we were asked, "Whole or slice?" We really did not understand what the waiter said and we were too bashful to ask, so we just responded whole. Then he asked, "Small or large?" We said large because in the Philippines, pizza whole sizes were small, similar to an individual size here. Lo and behold, we each got a large, whole pizza that we couldn't consume, but we brought portions of it back home to our friends. We laughed and confirmed that yes, everything in America is large!

After a year I had saved enough to purchase my first car, a sleek red Honda Prelude. Most of us worked the 3 p.m. to 11 p.m. shift. After work we would pack in my car to go dancing at Biscayne Baby in Coconut Grove, and when someone liked one of us, he would be disappointed when he realized we were a pack of five or six. Sometimes we would come home really late and a few of us were called to work overtime for an early 7 a.m. shift, so we barely had any sleep. But somehow we never compromised our work. Overtime was in abundance then; some of my friends worked double shifts almost daily. Nurses were so in demand!

I became one of the first nurse practitioner graduates at Florida International University in 1988 for a mere 500-dollars-a-semester tuition, due to a specially discounted certificate program. Research nursing beckoned to me, so I joined Dr. Eugene Schiff at the University of Miami and later became the first advanced registered nurse practitioner (ARNP)/nurse liaison. I assisted him in opening UM's Center for Liver Diseases at Cedars Medical Center. My constant thirst for more professional opportunities landed me other exciting jobs, such as research administrator, liver and GI transplant coordinator, and ARNP for solid tumors at Jackson Health System.

I met my husband at a famous watering hole in Brickell, Firehouse Four; now it's the restaurant Dolores But You Can Call Me Lolita. In April 2014, we went back to the Philippines for a vacation and, upon my return to Miami, I focused on helping restore the livelihood of farmers in Leyte in the Philippines, whose lands were destroyed by Typhoon Haiyan.

I love Miami's cultural diversity and resilience, and with my true American spirit I volunteered to be a fundraiser through the Global Giving Project with the knowledge that we can defy odds and uplift ourselves if we have the will and determination to succeed.

An earlier version of this story was submitted to HistoryMiami Museum's Miami Stories project.

A Fond Farewell to J. Andrew Brian

Paul S. George

Andy Brian in front of his canoe, which he was working on before he died. (Courtesy of Jody Brian)

As this issue of *Tequesta* was being prepared for publication, HistoryMiami Museum learned of the passing in September 2022 of J. Andrew Brian, or "Andy" to those who knew him. Andy joined the institution in 1985 as exhibits director. Fifteen years later, after serving many years as museum director, he ascended to the position of president and served HistoryMiami in that role until 2004.

A Midwest transplant with an ever-present smile, Andy enjoyed a sterling career in the museum field before coming to the Magic City. Earlier, while working with the Pensacola Historic Preservation Board, he restored a vintage trolley. Moving to Tallahassee at the end of the 1970s, Andy was appointed as the curator overseeing the restoration and

furnishing of the Old Capitol, built in 1845 when Florida entered the United States as the twenty-seventh state. Under his guidance, the Capitol was restored to its 1902 look in what is considered a textbook example of historic restoration.

Andy was a brilliant fabricator who oversaw the building of many stunning HistoryMiami exhibitions. Those who knew him were convinced he could build, repair, and restore virtually anything. While he was at HistoryMiami's helm, he meticulously and beautifully restored a vintage sports car. At the time of his death, he was applying the same care and attention to detail to a wooden canoe.

More importantly for the museum, Andy was a quiet, prudent leader who made sound decisions and was widely revered by the HistoryMiami family. He embodied those qualities shared by others who have labored at the institution – namely, compassion, camaraderie, mentorship, and teamwork – prompting my characterization of HistoryMiami as "family" and a workplace unlike any I've been a part of during my professional life. In recent years, the museum has lost many wonderful early employees and supporters. Like them, Andy Brian, my friend, will be missed.

HistoryMiami Museum

HistoryMiami Museum, a Smithsonian Affiliate, is the premier cultural institution committed to gathering, organizing, preserving, and celebrating Miami's history as a unique crossroads of the Americas. We accomplish this through education, research, collections, exhibitions, publications, and city tours. HistoryMiami advocates for helping everyone understand the importance of the past in shaping Miami's future. Divisions that comprise HistoryMiami include the Museum, Archives & Research Center, South Florida Folklife Center, Education Center, and Center for Photography.

HistoryMiami Museum safeguards and shares Miami stories to foster learning, inspire a sense of place, and cultivate an engaged community.

Membership

Our members are the public face of HistoryMiami Museum in the community. Being a HistoryMiami Museum member gives you a wide range of benefits and privileges at different levels. All members enjoy a wide variety of benefits, including free year-round admission to the Museum and Archives & Research Center, subscription to *Tequesta*, invitations to exclusive exhibition openings, discounted admission on City Tours, and other special events. To join HistoryMiami Museum, please visit us at HistoryMiami.org/become-a-member.

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Tequesta, the scholarly journal of HistoryMiami Museum, has been published annually since 1941. It contains articles about the history of South Florida, with a particular focus on the Miami area, the Florida Keys, and the Everglades. While most articles are scholarly studies, many first-person accounts are also included. The breadth and depth of these articles make *Tequesta* one of the best sources for the study of South Florida history. The contents of *Tequesta* are copyrighted, and all rights are reserved. Reprint of material is encouraged; however, written prior permission from the Association is required.

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