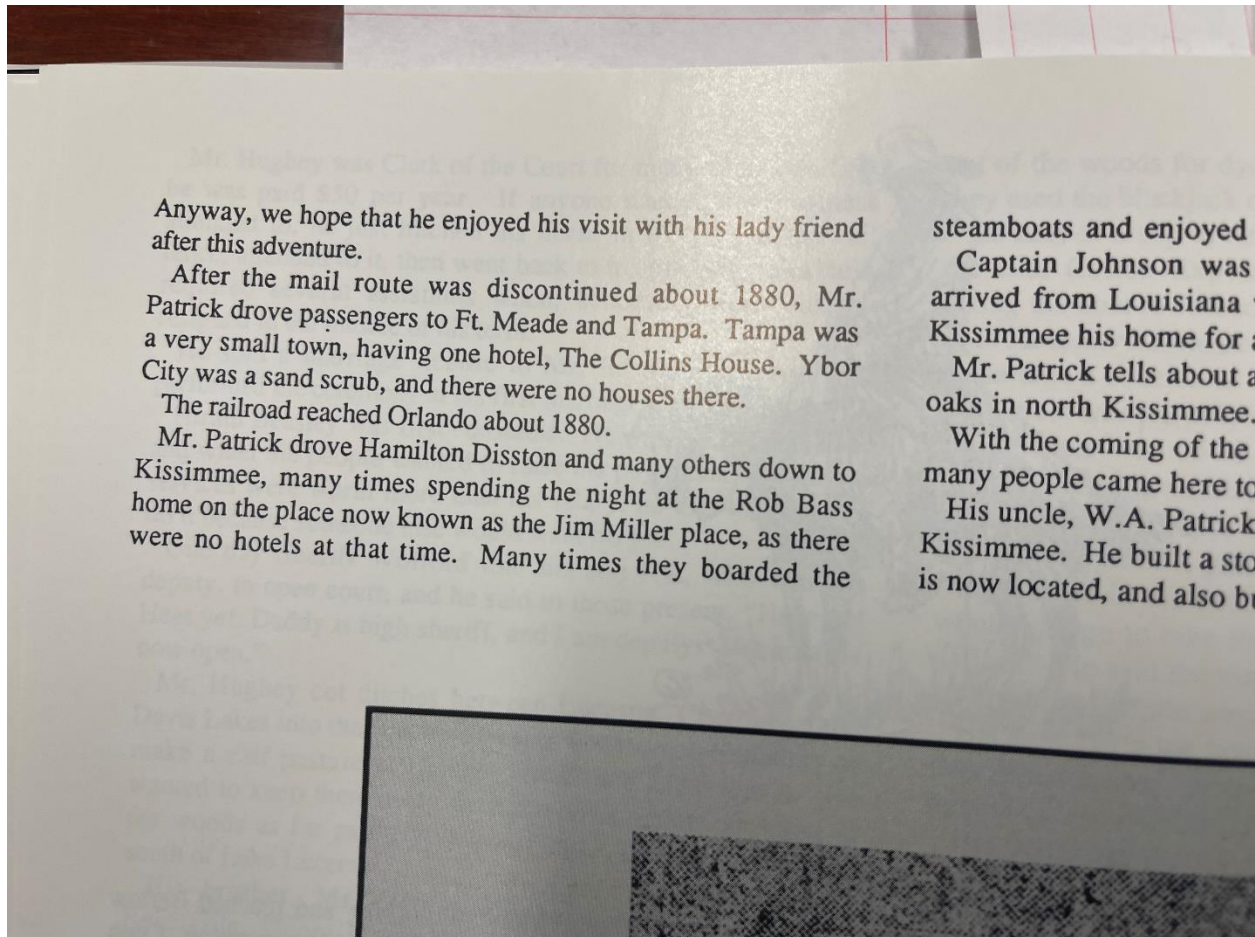


Page 11 (Book page 80 and 88) describes Rob Bass' (son of Needham Bass and brother of Crawford Bass) residence and brother Quinn driving cattle.



who sat on the bench on his grandfather's front porch. He sat on the bench with them till, childlike, he fell asleep. They wore big shawls wrapped around their heads, leaving the tops of their heads bare. These shawls were gayly colored, and red was one of their favorite colors.

The first school was several miles south of Campbell, near the present home of Mr. Wesley Clark, where it was centrally located. There were sixteen or eighteen pupils who walked from the vicinity of Pleasant Hill and Campbell. Their first teacher was Lamb Preston, son of Dr. Preston of Orlando. Church services were held at the school by all denominations. As the population increased, this school was discontinued, and schoolhouses were built at Pleasant Hill and Campbell and were more convenient for the pupils.

When Mr. Campbell was a boy, he like all the others at that time wore long shirts. Then pants were made to button onto the waist, and later suspenders were made of cloth. The long shirts were easily made, and boys and girls were dressed almost alike till they were about ten years old. He was a very proud little boy when he took some alligator hides to Kissimmee and sold them to Major Allen, the town's first merchant. With some of the money he bought some red-dotted calico, and his mother made him his first calico shirt.

He tells about Mr. Wright's small house near the location of the courthouse and Rob Bass owning most of the land in north Kissimmee. His brother, Quinn Bass, and Bill Shiver drove cattle to Jacksonville and St. Augustine during the Civil War.

About 1882, the railroad was being built towards Tampa, and a camp was established several miles southwest of Kissimmee. Mr. Alfred Campbell worked for the Plant System and later operated a store and post office there, and the place was named Campbell.

Mr. J.E. Campbell married Miss Mary Johnson, daughter of Jim Johnson.

Mr. Campbell now tells the story of the origin of the name "Florida Crackers."

The cattlemen used long whips when driving the cattle, and the cracking of the whips could be heard for some distance down the road. The inhabitants of the villages, towns, or forts were especially glad to hear the cattlemen coming, as sometimes their supply of meat was exhausted. At such times they would loudly exclaim, "Goody, the crackers are coming. Now we'll have some meat to eat."

Who are the Florida Crackers? No doubt that question has been asked many times, and it is somewhat confusing at times to the "Crackers" themselves.

Our state is not like the older settled states whose natives can point with pride to their long line of ancestors who have lived in a certain locality. We have our native-born "Crackers," and the percent of these persons who have reached the age of fifty and over is surprisingly small. It is interesting to note that we have people from every state, country, and clime in the big world, and the persons who are Crackers by choice are in the big majority.

