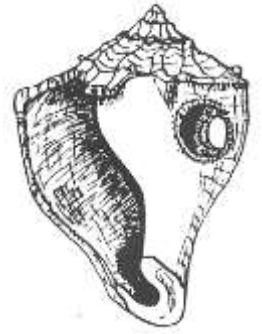


SWFAS

NEWSLETTER

THE SOUTHWEST FLORIDA ARCHAEOLOGICAL SOCIETY



JOHN G. BERIAULT, ACTING EDITOR VOLUME 18, NUMBER 9 SEPTEMBER, 2002



"To Learn and To Remember" - SWFAS Fieldtrip to the Ah-Tah-Thi-Ki Museum

SWFAS has just been having some great fieldtrips this Summer! And the credit is due to our president, Betsy Perdichizzi for coming up with the idea, Jack Thompson for organizing the July Trip, and Steve Tutko who planned and helped set up this very fine trip to the Ah-Tah-Thi-Ki

Museum on the Big Cypress Seminole Reservation August 17th. We had close to 30 participants turn out for this, and I don't think many were disappointed. We visited an excellent museum, walked about a

mile on an impressive boardwalk circling a huge cypress solution pond. Watched artisans create some neat things at a Seminole village (and got to purchase same), and last but not least were taken "behind the scenes" and shown some impressive things by Willard "Bill" Steele, assistant curator of collections. Thanks to guides Daisy, James, and Chris, Seminoles from the Big Cypress and Oklahoma who made our visit both understandable and enjoyable. We ate lunch afterwards at Billie's Swamp Safari, one of the more unique destinations. It's been a great summer, and now back to FGCU for our upcoming September Meeting!

Inside this Newsletter

- 1 We have Moved! Florida Gulf Coast University is the new site of our General Meetings**
- 2 Gone Fishin'... Got Fish? Part Three. Read Dr. Robert Gore...**
- 4 Bear Hunt... Read Account Inside!**

Great postcard dated c. 1906 (at least that's when it was sent from Miami to Macatawa Park, Michigan (wherever that is). Reminds me of the beautiful figures (mannequins) found in the Ah-Tah-Thi-Ki Museum... although this lady and her baby were very real...

THE DATE BOOK

September 11th SWFAS Board Meeting – Hampton Inn, Bonita Springs, 7:00 PM

September 16th SWFAS General Meeting 7:30 PM
Room 109, Ben Hill Griffin Hall,
Florida Gulf Coast University



POTSHERDS AND POTSHOTS... AN ONGOING SERIES BY ROBERT GORE

About SWFAS

The directorate: President Betsy Perdichizzi, first vice president Tom Franchino, second vice president Corbett Torrence, membership secretary Charlie Strader, treasurer Charlie Strader, recording secretary Jo Ann Grey, directors Steve Tutko, Sue Long, Dottie Thompson, Jo Ann Grey, Don Taggart, Jack Thompson, John Beriault, Charlie Strader, Theresa (Torrence) Schober, and Dr Susan Stans.

The committees: Field: Beriault, 434-0624; Hospitality: position open; Membership: Charlie Strader, 941-992-6133; Publicity: Dottie Thompson, 597-2269; Sales: position open; Finances, Jack Thompson 597-2269, 774-8517; Lab: (774-8517), Art Lee, 261-4939, Walt Buschelman, 775-9734, Jack Thompson, 597-2269.

To Join: Address your check to the Southwest Florida Archaeological Society, P.O. Box 9965, Naples, FL 34101. Dues are: Individual \$20, Individual Sustaining \$50.00, Family \$35, Student \$15.

Any questions, comments, contributions to the Newsletter: John G. Beriault, acting editor, P.O. Box 9074, Naples, FL 34101-9074 or Email to: JGBeriault@aol.com.

"GONE FISHIN'"-- Fending, Tending, Mending, and Vending. Part 3

Finally, some forms of "fishing" confuse the boundary between active and passive activities, especially those actions that were more akin to gathering. These would include digging clams, harvesting oysters, scraping barnacles, or simply picking periwinkle and rock snails from sea-washed rocks, as well as 'wait-hunting" for sea turtles or freshwater terrapins when they came ashore to lay eggs. Turtles, for example, are easily kept alive in shallow tidal or freshwater ponds, whether free or roped, and thus remain ready at a relative moment's notice to serve as food and shell products. The only other labor would be dragging a two- or three- hundred pound sea turtle up from the

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beach, particularly when she might have other ideas about the matter. But there is an awful lot of meat in just the flippers alone. Similarly, fresh-water- turtles, including the giant Alligator Snapping Turtle, also served as a food and shell resource for the aboriginal hunter.

One as yet unproved type of passive fishing may have employed clay pots. These, when sunk in shallow water, could act as man- made and easily raised shelter-traps for a variety of marine Invertebrate organisms such as octopus and crabs, and certain benthic fish species. This ages-old methodology is still employed today in the Mediterranean and in Japan.

On a more natural note, storm-tide and high-surf castaways, and spring tide strandings, undoubtedly helped stock the aboriginal larders. Today, for example, the beachwalker may come across thousands of castaway conchs and surf clams, thrown ashore by high surf after storms on barrier island beaches at certain times of the year. Circumstantial evidence from middens near Sarasota also includes distinct layers of Surf Clams and other nearshore bivalves, suggesting large-scale strandings or die-offs, and 'it seems reasonable to assume that fish and other marine species would also be involved from time to time.

The Calusa or some tribe going under that name, feted Pedro Menendez in 1566 with large amounts of fish, boiled and roasted, and fresh oysters served raw, boiled and roasted. That other seafoods were served seems quite possible. Remember that the only data we have regarding actual "feasting" [was it, rather, merely an everyday meal?] comes from Menendez de Aviles. In any case seafood played a dominant part in the coastal aboriginal larders.

Owing to the large numbers of whelk shells (*Busycon* sp.) found in native villages and related contexts (e.g. as tools) it can be safely concluded that 1) this large species was then rather more abundant than now; and 2) its decline may have been directly caused by over-exploitation by coastal aboriginals. Unlike many of its bivalve relatives (e.g. oysters), who broadcast immense amounts of eggs pell-mell into the sea, the genus *Busycon* produces long, segmented egg cases. Within each segment the young whelks undergo what would otherwise be their planktonic development, beginning with the veliger that swims in its own tiny encased sea, and developing into the first or protoconch stage while still inside the egg case. When the egg case ruptures the tiny protoconchs are already well on their way to taking up their predatory seafloor lifestyle. However, the removal of immense numbers of large (i.e. adult) whelks by the Indians must have had some effect on overall populations of this gastropod snail. Not only did the

whelks have to contend with "everyday" predators such as sharks and larger carnivorous pisciform fishes, now it suddenly had to face predation from Indians on shore. The result is sadly apparent today where the largest whelk shells appear to be restricted to the deeper waters off of our coastlines.

Although gathering activities could be done by any tribal member, young or old, male or female, such onshore or "wade-hunting" had its own hazards. Among these were stepping on long-spined poisonous black sea urchins or buried stingrays, being fin-spined by catfish or scorpionfish, contracting "swimmer's itch" caused by parasitic microscopic worm larvae released from their molluscan hosts, and even becoming ill via ingestion of some of the molluscan species. For example, a large West Indian top shell (*Cittarium* [ex-Livona] pica was once common in south Florida and the Florida Keys and was used as food by the natives (sort of like a reef-dwelling "escargot"). However, this snail feeds on blue-green algae (among other marine plants). If the dinoflagellate *Gambierdiscus toxicus*, which lives on several species of macro-algae, is

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also present the snails can become violently toxic or deadly, even after being cooked. The dinoflagellate produces a paralytic shellfish poisoning commonly called "ciguatera," a term derived from the name the Cuban fisherman gave the snail [La Cigua]. Symptoms include gastrointestinal, cardiovascular and neurological effects which can last for years. In the most severe human cases paralysis, coma, and death may occur. The snail otherwise shows no outward signs as to its perverse deadliness. Ancillary, the ciguatoxin (for those who like to know these things) is classified as a ladderlike polyether, and though known for decades was only reported synthesized by Japanese chemists in November, 2001!

Another, less deadly, but more broadly ranging poison is that produced by Red Tide organisms. These toxins, also produced by dinoflagellates and other one-celled marine algae, are always present in the sea, but do not become a threat until during periodic population explosions. Then, many species of fishes, particularly reef-dwellers sicken and die. Any human eating these fish can contract a serious and often fatal illness. One surmises that only a single Red-tide event would be sufficient to produce a lasting cultural impression on any aboriginal survivors. Whether the coastal Indians had a method to detoxify the fish species affected by Red

BEAR HUNT

Tides, assuming that they collected them at all, remains unknown but seems unlikely. Given that the Europeans considered whatever medicine the natives employed to be gifts from the devil, it also seems unlikely that they paid any attention at all. It may even be that Red Tides were not as common an occurrence in the 16th-18th centuries because the Floridan peninsula was still relatively undeveloped, and off-land flow of high phosphate fresh waters during rainy season or hurricanes was less pervasive than it is today, owing to phosphate mining.

Finally, a curious aside in spite of all this aquatic abundance is the fact, reiterated in many "survival sagas," that the average Spaniard, Frenchman, or Englishman often wound up nearly starving to death when cast away on Florida's beaches. This was undoubtedly a consequence of "food prejudices" wherein something that might prove quite tasty (or at least edible) was dismissed because the Europeans in question either did not recognize it or thought it of no food value. The Jonathan Dickinson party, noted earlier, pretty much was starving itself to death as it wandered forlornly up the coast from Jupiter Inlet toward the questionable safety of Spanish St. Augustine. Relying on the reluctant beneficence of some of the most truculent aboriginals in Florida, they suffered great privation. It is, indeed, a wonder that these shipwrecked and lost people managed to survive as well as they did.

Yet had they known, for example, of the huge abundances of coquina clams, surf clams, or sand fleas (a burrowing strand-edge crustacean) they might have fared much better than they did. Instead, they threw themselves on the untender mercies of the Jeagan and Ays aboriginals (who, it must be acknowledged, did not particularly care for the white people anyway, and probably thought something like: Oh boy, more lazy mouths to feed). In consequence the Europeans were often given what the aboriginals did not want to eat themselves. Thus the Europeans were almost continually hungry. In fact, such accounts easily lead today's reader to conclude that if, say, a Spaniard did not have olive oil and wine to accompany his meal, he would starve slowly to death amidst plenty. And, indeed, many did.

The Spanish, however, had an old proverb, first voiced by Miguel de Cervantes, the author of *Don Quixote*:

"La mejor salsa de mundo es el hambre."

"Hunger is the best sauce in the world."

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A little over a year ago your acting editor got to realize a dream and move out into the country to ten acres he had owned for quite a while. Some things come with the territory, and out where I live there are occasional bears. This may sound exciting (and even welcome) to some, but after you've had a succession of bears come tearing around your place, causing damage and mischief like giant raccoons with attitudes, the thrill tends to pale. When one of these bears charges you (as one recently did me), the joy is lessened yet. I told Betsy Perdichizzi, our president about some of this, and she sent me this excerpt which I pass on to the SWFAS membership as an insight into Native American hunting which may echo prehistoric activity:

LO-CO-SEE (BEAR) HUNT

Further Adventures of Captain Tom Tiger

The account of a bear hunt in the Everglades appeared in the columns of the *Asian Sporting Newspaper* of Calcutta, India. It had been submitted by a writer for Forest and Stream Publishing Company of New York. Reprinted in the The Seminoles of Florida by Minnie Moore-Willson, pages 142-147, copyright 1896, 1910,

"Hunting the black bear in Florida is a sport to which few are introduced. This bear is not fierce nor dangerous, but still he is big game, and a bear hunt is always full of incident and excitement.

"About ten miles from Kissimee, is a cypress swamp---it is an aquatic jungle full of fallen trees, brush, vines and tangled undergrowth, all darkened by the dense shadows of the tall cypress trees, and full of moccasins and alligators. Running through the swamp is a chain of island. Here is afield for sportsmen, and here live unmolested a whole colony of the bruin family. Hunters hear their growls, and numerous fresh tracks show where the night marauders have entered the hammock, where they feast on wild honey, huckleberries, the cabbage of the palmetto and the wild orange. They seldom come out to expose themselves during the day, hence they are rarely captured, and in consequence are on the increase. Settlers report depredations on their hogs; but bruin is safe in his swamp home, for without dogs trained to hunting bear, even if he were surprised, he would quickly make his escape into the jungle.

"Of all game of the forest bear meat is the favorite dish of the Florida Indians; squaws, pickaninnies, and dogs revel in it. With this knowledge, it was an easy matter to secure a party of Seminole chiefs and their trained dogs for a bear hunt. The auspicious day arrived. This picturesque hunting party came striding into Kissimee as unconscious and statuesque as bronze figures of Mercury. The

party was led by Chief Tom Tiger, following after in Indian file was old Chief Tallahassee, Doctor Tommy and Little Tiger, while trailing along by their sides were the formidable looking dogs. Dressed in their holiday attire, with new leggings and moccasins, bright calico shirts, a half-dozen red handkerchiefs around their necks, crowned with the immense red turban, the emblem of their race, with knives and cartridges in their belts, and Winchesters at their sides, the Indians attracted as much attention as a Presidential party.

"As we reached the hammock, which has been for years a veritable Elysium for the bears, the dogs seemed to become possessed of a very spirit of unrest; soon they struck a trail. 'Lo-co-see ojus' (bear plenty), exclaimed Captain Tom Tiger, as he observed the numerous cabbage palms with their buds freshly torn out, as well as the conduct of his dogs, and with a word of command to the hounds, he started. The rest of us followed, till we struck a marsh heavily timbered with cypress, which grew so close that sun's rays could not reach the earth. It made a dark, damp and dangerous ground to enter. The dogs were now running with broad scent, heads well up

and throats wide open. If ever there were a sound sweet to the hunter's ears, it was the baying of five hounds close on bruins trail. With nerves on tension we rushed along, with gun carried at ready. A hunt in a Florida jungle, pulling through soft mud, climbing over logs, pushing through vines, sprawling on hands and knees through the tangled, matted undergrowth, expecting or fearing each step we would strike a moccasin, are the penalties paid for the romantic, adventurous hunt with a Seminole Indian.

"At last the supreme moment arrived"; the leading dog had reached the bear, and soon the five dogs and the bear were having a vigorous rough and tumble fight. We were in good hearing distance, but traveling was very difficult, and our progress was slow.

"The Indians' cry 'Yo-ho-ee-hee, Yo-ho-ee-hee!' (War Hoop) to the hounds made them fight furiously. Soon the sound of the pursuing dogs ceased, much to our surprise. We appealed to the nearest Indian for an explanation. 'Lo-co-see (bear) climb tree,' was the brief reply, and later, when we reached the dogs, they were running wildly around on the bank of a creek. We were again at a loss to comprehend the situation, until we were shown by the Indians a leaning tree, the top of which reached to the further side of the creek, over which bruin had safely passed. 'Lo-co-see-hiepus' (bear gone)."

The author noted that the sun and swamp had taken all the enthusiasm out of the white hunters, but the Indians would not give up. Big 'lo-co-see' fight heap; Indian to kill 'lo-co-see' today. The Indians crossed the creek wading up to their armpits and the white hunters followed, 'knowing our safety depended on not losing sight of the Indians as we were miles in the swamp, and with no hope of finding our way out without the guidance of our red pilots.'

The dogs cornered an old bruin who badly lacerated the dogs with her powerful paws. She made a break for the open and as she emerged from the tall grass, with the dogs at her heels, she met the stalwart figure of Tom Tiger. Rising on her hind legs, with open arms, she made one dash for him, when stepping back, in a cool and deliberate manner, he pulled the trigger of his Ich-chaw 'scatter' gun and emptied both barrels into the bear's side, thus ending the chase.

SEPTEMBER MEETING

The Fakahatchee Strand will be the subject of a talk by Mike Owen, Park Biologist at the State Park located near Copeland, FL. at the September 18 meeting of the Southwest Florida Archaeological Society. The group will meet at Florida Gulf Coast University in the Ben Hill Griffin Building, Room 109 at 7:30 P.M.

Owen received a B.S. degree from the University of Florida, studied at the Fl. Marine Research Institute

and was Park Ranger at Koreshan Historic State Park in Estero, FL.

Gulf Coast University in the Ben Hill Griffin Building, Room 109 at 7:30 P.M.

Owen received a B.S. degree from the University of Florida, studied at the Fl. Marine Research Institute and was Park Ranger at Koreshan Historic State Park in Estero, FL. His slide show will feature water, habitats, orchids, ferns, bromeliads, animal and non-native plants and animals.

Avocational and professional archaeologists as well as those interested in history are welcome to attend. For further information, call 1-239-597-2269.

ARCHAEOLOGY MONTH

By Jack Thompson

SWFAS, the Marco Island Historical Society and the Collier County Museum are already planning a big Archaeology Month program for Saturday, March 22 and Sunday, March 23, 2003. It will be held on the site of a new Collier County Archaeology Museum to be built on Marco Island. The goal is to make Marco residents and visitors aware of the archaeology treasure

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they live on. Hopefully, also we want to help them understand their responsibility in finding the \$3,000,000.00 needed to design and build the structure.

The FAS poster and handouts will feature the greats of Florida Archaeology. Cushing and Moore will certainly be featured. One criteria is that the honorees must be deceased. We want to feature as speakers the current stars of Marco area archaeology.