

After a few months there they moved again further north and settled on a tract of land covered by blackjack oaks and built the aforementioned log cabin with a few extra logs added so the attic was roomy enough for beds. This upper room was reached by stairs built up from the end of the front porch to a low door at the end of the house. As the family grew, porches were built on each side and across the end of the cabin and bedrooms built on these porches, so there would be room for the growing family. There was a school near enough for the Hart children to attend. Just how long the terms were one can only guess, and the guess would be three, four or five months each year, but they all learned to read well and write, and all other fundamentals of rural school education. There was one standard book that all pupils of that time studied. The old blue-backed spelling book. Cornelia Hart attended school long enough to become a teacher. She attended Summerlin Institute in Bartow, Florida. The function of those institutes was usually to prepare one for teaching. No college degree, not even a high school diploma was required for teaching in a grade school.

In the early days of their living in south Florida, food was scarce and grandmother was taught by the natives to cook the bud of the native palm, when seasoned with bacon it tasted a little like garden cabbage, hence the name swamp cabbage. Another food they soon learned to cook was chicken and rice.

Perhaps one of the reasons for coming to Florida was the warm winters, so they could grow many kinds of vegetables which would have been killed by the cold in Georgia. Here orange trees could be grown so soon land was cleared and a grove set. Even the small children helped with all the tasks.

Grandfather set up his anvil and bellows and took on any job of repair of wagons.

As he had two strong mules and a heavy wagon grandfather decided to start a freight route from Tampa to Ft. Ogden. Sometimes someone without transportation wanting to go to either place rode along in the wagon. Although they would have to sleep on the ground each night of the trip, and eat such foods as could be cooked over a camp fire--bacon cooked on sticks, biscuits or cornbread baked in a heavy iron oven set on the coals and coals heating the heavy lid, coffee made in a tin bucket set on the coals. One unfortunate woman who made the trip had two feeble minded children who had grown up to be more than she could handle. She was told that if she would take them to Tampa, there she could board a boat which would take her across the Gulf of Mexico, up the Apalachicola River, to Chattahoochee where the state mental hospital was located. One morning as they were breaking camp, Grandfather started to pour out the left over coffee. Mrs. H. said, "Please don't pour it out. I'll drink it; better a bad belly busted than good coffee wasted." She probably had never had all the coffee she could drink before.

The next year after they came to Florida, 1876--Bertha was born. Then three years later, 1879, James the second son arrived. In 1883 Robert Leroy came along to join the five sisters and two brothers.

The Hart family lived like other frontier families. Their parents in Georgia had taught them some of the niceties of life, so they in turn taught them to their children. They were poor but prideful in their ability to cope with the many hardships which they had to endure. They worked hard and were thrifty, so they always had plenty to eat. Corn when dry was shucked and shelled and ground by hand into grits and corn meal. Unground it was fed to the chickens and mules. A few head of cattle furnished milk and butter. There was occasionally one killed for beef and a few to sell. A few hogs furnished meat when fattened on