

## IN SILVER GLEN SPRINGS - MARION COUNTY, FLORIDA

Ray King 09/01/05

( References and End Notes )

The Clinton Burbridge (Sr.) family introduced the Dr. Raymond H. King ( I am Jr.) family to Silver Glen Springs shortly after WWII. We all lived in Jacksonville and our parents had been friends for a while through a mutual acquaintance. We kids were a bit spread out in age. Nick (Clinton Jr.), about 13, was the oldest and Linda, who could already swim quite well was the youngest at 3. The rest of us, Ray, Ben, Kay (my sister) and Gail filled in the gaps. ( I learned to swim at Silver Glen; I was 12. )

Our first trip, in 1946 and most of the subsequent King family trips over the next 7-8 years was by cabin cruiser down the St. Johns River. You could also get there by back roads through the Ocala National Forrest. The present Highway 19 , from Palatka and which intersects Hy 40 to Ocala was then a two-rut dirt road. Also at that time the River was choked with water hyacinths from where it narrows at Palatka to the North entrance to Lake George. We, like the few other small boats could not get through. We had to wait for a tugboat -powered river barge to come past and we would drop in behind. The Lake is so long you cannot see the South end of it from he north entrance. The State finally got the hyacinths under control around the mid-to-late 1950's. They had been introduced into the River out of an overflowing ornamental pond in Jacksonville where a traveler (to the Orient or South American) had put the little floating water plants with the pretty blue flower. They remain today, spread all over the State. When under control they make a fine fish cover. I have even added some to my swimming pool in rural Ocala, which I have converted to a fish pond with all local biology including minnows from the Withlacoochee River, the several bull frogs who just showed up unannounced and the Great Blue Heron which I accidentally scared-off one time too many. Also there is a visiting red shoulder hawk which I feed from time-to -time.

The Glen was a remote, tropical, Florida paradise. You can still see some of that even today and just imagine how it used to be. When we approached the Glen by boat from Lake George, Kay and I would get up on the bow and watch the water. It would be the brown lake water, just like the river, but when we got just outside the mouth of the run ( the large stream flowing about 1/4 mile from the spring ) it would change from opaque to clear. It was almost like when Dorothy opened to door in the Wizard of Oz movie. We did not see any Munchkins, but we saw all that wonderfully waving eel-grass and schools of silver mullet and shiners in that clear water. We had just entered Tarzan country.

The Glen was owned by the Henderson family at that time and some of them lived there. I believe the son -in-law , a veteran, was a State Game Warden. Judging from some of the nighttime excursions he took us on, I believe he must have been a Marine Ranger in the War. The Hendersons sold it a few years later. The new owners were definitely not as much fun. (See Dog Story, below.)

Somewhere about in the 70's, along with the improved highway access it became much more frequented and then commercialized and deterioration started.

There were several factors involved in the degradation. A primary one is the more recent yuppy boaters who found that the run was a good party spot and on weekends even now there are a hundred boats anchored in it. The prop wash has undermined the grass so the the bottom is sand covered with blotches of brown algae. This can be seen in a photo shown in Florida Geological Survey, Bulletin 66 (See References) Water quality has not declined much, but enough so that invasive plants, mostly algae, have changed the nature of the once grass-covered bottom . The native black bass and bream are now replaced by fish I never saw before in the Glen, but the Mullet are still there. The introduction of Striped Bass into the St. Johns for sports fishermen and the accidental spill-over of the ("exotic") Talapia (imported, plant eating "Nile Perch") have had a deep impact on the underwater. The Stripes are now the major fish predator. Talapia nests are the size and shape of very large salad serving bowls and they decimate the bottom. They look similar to the effects of a WWII bomb run over Germany. However, the topside still looks pretty good compared to the somewhat depressing bottom. Now the Glen has been partially rescued and is being operated by the National Park Service, but the boorish beer boobs in boats are still flocking into the run on week ends. Some activities of this invasive species of Boobius Americanus were noted by Florida naturalist Bill Belleville (Ref.).

In the late 40's there were not very many outboard motors. Like walking and biking when there were few motor cars, people on the water with small boats rowed them. It took a while to get anywhere, but people seemed to have more time. However, the Burbridges owned one of the larger outboard motors available at the time. It was a whopping five horsepower. Ours was a 3 1/2 . Several years later they had a speed boat. Nick was the first person I ever saw water ski backwards. It was on Lake George behind that boat. It was the same afternoon we were caught out there in a hail storm. Ouch, ouch, --ouch ouch, ouch. Ben and I crawled up under the transom and Nick hid under some boat cushions. ( Nick would later marry Amo Baldwin )

In the mouth of the run at the Lake is a small island. This West side of the Lake is about waist deep for two hundred yards out and covered with grass beds. Six miles North of the Glen is the entrance to the Salt Springs run. About three miles North are the bluffs where there is some residential development and boat docks. The rest of the Western lakefront is still wet and wild. About three miles South is the island entrance to Juniper run and a couple more miles, curving Eastward are the navigational structures at the South entrance to the Lake . We called them the "Jetties". Bass will be often "schooling" at the Jetties (a.k.a. chasing schools of minnows on top). A silver spoon or a fly made from a white chicken feather tied to a casting plug with about 18 inches of leader will pick up the frenzied bass. It was a sign of wisdom (or fear) to wear a hat when several people were fishing for schooling bass from the same boat. Not because of the Sun, but because of the flailing around of all those casting rods and treble hooks when the schooling suddenly began in one direction and then another. I have seen a few

hats go overboard attached to a plug when otherwise it could have been a piece of scalp or an ear. With only a five horsepower motor or less, it would take most of a day to get anywhere, then do the fishing and then get home while you could still see well enough to find the entrance to the Glen. There were no shelters from storms (or hail) on this big lake, the second largest in the State. Like venturing into the Gulf, you were committed.

That first year we stayed in one of the several cabins. Of course, there was no air conditioning in the cabins. We did not even have it at home nor in the automobiles for another fifteen years or so. This was 1946. But there was electricity and flush toilets, provided that someone (you know who) hauled buckets of water up from the "Drinking Spring". It is also called the "Well Spring". Swimming there was off limits, but there were a few rare exceptions. There was a short dock at the Well Spring for getting the water buckets filled. This spring entrance was a vertical cylindrical shaft about twelve feet in diameter and 39 feet deep (according to the literature). We could not see the bottom from the short dock because of the angle. At that time the well was nearly surrounded by trees. One afternoon many years later I swam underwater up the short run to the Well Spring and looked straight down all the way to the bottom and then hurried (snuck) back out to the main spring. I just had to take a peek to end fifty years of frustrated denial. It was teeming with fish at the bottom. It was beautiful. Now I dream about it. But it did not appear to be 40 feet deep. A section detail on the map of the caverns (References) shows the Well to be about 20 feet straight down to a flat and then splitting with one nearly horizontal leg and the other veering downward at about 45 deg for the additional 19 feet.

This water was not much fun to drink; it tasted flat and it was the only drinking water we had. I have guessed that it might be because of the salt content. Maybe it is something else. I have heard that Silver Springs water at Ocala is now being bottled commercially. It has always had a much lower salt content. You could not give away Silver Glen water.

There was a swimming pier ("dock") on the East side of the main swimming spring with a diving board above the main "boil". There was a small turtle-shaped island adjacent to the South side of big spring. It is gone now. East of the spring there was a small store and office with a bath house for the day visitors. There were old photographs and some Native Indian artifacts on display in the store. They have been retained by the Park Service. ( I do not know where.) There was a large shell mound behind the store. (It is gone now.) Along the North shore of the spring were moored the dozen, green-painted fishing boats that were for rent. There was a small boat house and a fish cleaning dock downstream on the East side and a larger boat mooring dock across the run on the West side, down from the Well Spring. There were picnic tables and a shelter there.

There is a 1940s photo made on the edge of the run near the picnic tables

showing the three little sisters and a deer. It is surreal. There also is a photo of me fishing for bream on the cleaning dock and a photo of several of us on the swimming dock which also shows the boat dock in the background and the trees at the well spring. Those trees were cut down several years later when the Well spring was made a swimming area for a while. This is shown in an old photograph which was with those other Glen memorabilia and artifacts in the ranger station ( All those items are gone now - probably archived in a drawer somewhere - July 2005).

Farther south of the boat dock the run makes a turn eastward toward the lake. In this hard bend is where the water enters from the "Sandboil Creek" to the South. This creek is about sixty yards long and mostly wide and shallow with reeds and other aquatic plants until it narrows as it enters the wooded area where the several large "boils" are. Such sand "boils" are sometimes called "laughing" or "dancing" springs. These were immortalized as "Jody's Spring" by Rawlings in her famous novel, "The Yearling". There is now an elevated walkway from the old picnic area to the "boils". I do not know if anyone ever got up nerve to walk the length of the creek or not. I started a couple times, but did not venture very far. It got a bit mushy and spooky. On the other side (the inside) of the bend and filling most of the more shallow part of the run was an extensive growth of reeds. Many of them were covered with pink snail eggs near the water. This was an unofficial fish nursery and sanctuary that we never went into. The yuppy boaters took care of that in a hurry. (See the same Bulletin 66, photo online) On the south side of the run, opposite the reeds is an open area on a hill where we found some native indian artifacts. They were mostly pottery shards which had been stirred and broken by the farming activities of the White Devils. There may be one good arrowhead in our little collection.

That first year the "Marine Ranger" took us for a nighttime hike to spot deer. We saw plenty. We also came upon part of the movie set for "The Yearling" where the house had been. The "flutter-wheel scene" had been filmed at Sandboil Creek (Jody's Spring) and the bear chase scene was filmed somewhere on Juniper Prarie. On that night hike I was told about palmetto cabbage which I tried. You pull out the center chute and the tip is white and soft. You can do the same with a full size cabbage palm, but you use an ax and cook the fairly large heart. I never saw anybody do that. I pulled and ate about a half dozen palmetto shoots and before we got back to the Glen that night I had the "squirts". Thanks, a lot, cabbage man, wherever you are.

The M.R. also took us for a mullet netting one moonless night in the Lake. He had a seine about fifty yards long and five feet deep. It was about an inch and a half gill net. You do it at night so the mullet do not see it and jump over the floats. He had the net in a box on the back of the boat and someone would get out and hold the pole on one end while he rowed or polled the boat in a large semi-circle, leaving the net in the path. Some of us got out at the beginning and spread out as drivers, beating the water to scare the fish toward the net. The net was then

closed onto a circle and the caught fish could be found where the floats on the net jiggled. We caught a bunch of mullet and a few very nice bass which he, being also Game Warden threw back. We encountered no gators, but he said it had occurred before and was not much fun. You can imagine that

Mullet are good smoked and pickled , but usually not very good fried. But we ate them anyway - fisherman's pride and because we were not all that good at catching bass. Mullet are rarely found in restaurants because they are a temperamental fish to cook. I have only seen them on one menu and that was as a "one-day special" at Apalacheicola. They were batter fried and they were very good - tasting similar to sea trout which is now also difficult to find on a menu. The chef said that mullet , to be restaurant quality, have to be from the open ocean ( or Gulf) and not from brackish water. You must cook them fresh the same day as caught. This would limit them to only a few restaurants directly accessible to the fishermen. ( I have since eaten fried mullet we speared in the shallows of the Gulf at Homosassa. They were fair.)

Blue crabs would come into the run out of the lake, especially after it rained. It seems the rain diluted the salt content in the lake and the crabs did not like it. So goes the theory. The crabs aren't talking. According to the USGS at Gainesville, Silver Glen has about a third the salt content of Salt Springs and the salt content there has diminished by about 30% the past fifty years. (1) The River and lake are (still) slightly brackish even 100 miles from the mouth of the river. The effect of tides can even be seen in the Welaka area. There are some salt water intrusion into the river much farther south where it begins in the low lying St. Johns Marshes, West of Melbourn. The St Johns River Keeper manual states there are salt water springs along there. Anyway, we would go crabbing at night in the Silver Glen run with a kerosene lamp tied to the bow of the row boat. They were easier to see that way than during the day. One person would row and the other would use a spring-loaded grab-type "gig" that was mounted on a long pole. No bait would be used. A dozen or so crabs would be grabbed in an evening and usually cooked that night.

We boys waded the grass beds bass fishing in the Lake. We did not fish in the run because the water was too clear. But, then occasionally someone else would catch a large bass in the run using a live shiner. We mostly used plugs, spoons and sometimes minnows. Gators were not a concern at that time, even when we were wading. They were sparse and I never saw one there. Today they are easily seen in the Lake. (2) We did see big ones on the banks of Black Creek , north of Green Cove Springs on the St Johns, when it was still a wilderness. When my Dad and I were on fishing trips near Georgetown , on the north end of the Lake we also saw the resident couple who frequented the middle of the River behind Drayton Island in the very early mornings. I do believe that the Burbridge boys probably saw some there around the Glen because they went out looking for them. I know they saw at least one small gator somewhere a few years later because he made his social debut in their swimming pool in

Jacksonville one afternoon during a pool party by one of the sisters. The boys tossed him in and then hid in the bushes, gleefully watching the squealing exodus.

Episode # 47 of "Why Mothers Get Grey".

Mr. Burbridge was a strict father, and he was also a generous father who, for some unknown reason, undoubtedly trusted his two boys. When they had the speed boat at the Glen one summer, Nick and Ben had gone out on the lake to fish or to ski. Anyway, they could not get the motor started and were late coming back. Of course Sunny, their Mom was frantic. Someone went out in a fishing boat (probably with that five horsepower outboard motor) and towed them in just about dark, but you could still see. So here is everybody nervously pacing back and forth on the dock, with Momma all worried, and here they come around the bend. The boys were really all right, but just for fun they decided to pull a prank. Ben was sprawled across the motor housing and Nick was giving him "artificial respiration".

This is how we boys caught live bait for bass fishing. There were some sand flats less than a foot deep along the edge of the run where Sandboil Creek came in and the water was always clear. We would go out at night with a flashlight, a bucket and a 18 inch long piece of stovepipe. We would spot the bullhead minnow on the flat, hold the light on him so he would not move. He could not see us because of the light. Then we lowered the stovepipe with the light shining straight down thru it and suddenly push it down into the sand around him. Then reach down into the pipe and pick him up. We called it "stove piping for minnows". We had as much fun doing that as we did fishing. It certainly is more fun to tell. Nick recalls that one time he reached down in the pipe intending pick up a minnow, but instead it was a small eel.

We saw a few very large crayfish ( langouste ?) in the spring and one afternoon a fellow from Gainesville was there who was interested in them. He gave the Burbridge boys permission to go into the Well Spring to search for them. I remember one being seen in the run near the big spring. There is a photo by Mama of Papa (Dr. Raymond King) holding one. I recently gave a copy of the photo to an interested person in the USGS at Gainesville, Steven J. Walsh, PhD. ( Ref.). He may publish it within his Creepie Crawlies of Florida database. He sent me everything I will ever want to know about these creatures plus some references to other Florida naturalists having interests in the Glen.

#### Dog Story

We had a small brendell bull dog named, "Ralph Poochie Butch King of West Boone Park". He was obviously named by a committee and I think the long name gave him a complex when he was with his friends Spot and Mike. But Poochie, it turns out, was an avid fisherman. He would stand about chest-deep in the clear shallow water of Silver Glen Springs, next to that turtle-shaped island and the bank and when the little fish would swim up to him, he would try to grab them with his mouth. Perhaps little Poochie was fantasizing that he was a mighty bear standing in a salmon stream as little dogs are sometimes wont to fantasize.

Anyway, Kay and I would lay on our stomachs with a snorkel and face mask and watch him underwater. It was hilarious. There were those four quivering doggie legs and a swarm, school, tizzy (pick one) of small bream. Then a bewhiskered maw would plunge down out of what appeared to be the silvery "heaven" above and the fish would scatter. I was watching when Poochie actually caught one about four inches long. I think it surprised him as much as it did that little fish. The other fish must have thought it was an alien abduction. Well, it really was. Poochie took it out onto the bank and played around with it a little bit and then went back in for more fishing.

I see that all the time now in the Florida Fishing Report on TV. They catch a fish, play around with it a little bit and then start fishing again. They even show some underwater views. I wonder if they learned that from watching Pooch - - naw, it couldn't be.

A year or so later the new owners saw Poochie standing in the water and sent the life guard over to tell Mama (Eleanor King) that, "They do not allow dogs to swim in the spring". Well, Mama then explained to him how that Poochie was not really swimming. " Look, see there ? He is just fishing. He has been doing it for years and he is actually pretty good at it, too." The fellow was not impressed and went back to the store. He returned shortly to inform her that, "They do not allow dogs to fish in the spring, either ". Mama thinks that they should have posted a warning sign, "Attention - No Fishing By Dogs Allowed".

Well now, I think I can see their rationale for the restriction.

"Mam, if we allow your dog to fish in the spring after a while the word (or nose) will get around, ( you know how dogs are) and sooner or later the Glen will be overrun with all kinds of canine anglers, even from out of state and all of them without a Spots Fishing License. They would be everyplace in the shallow water just a-snap-snappin' away at all the little fish and we just couldn't have that now, could we. Just picture the dreadful scene. (Please) And beside that, how would we collect fishing fees from a pack of dogs ? And even if we could collect the fees, what bank would cash the bones ? "

So Mama explained all that to Poochie and he, being a very understanding little dog with an IQ of around 5 accepted it very well. Now if Poochie had been a pig with an IQ of 9, he would have taken it up with the ASPCA , hired an ACLU attorney from Miami, and sued them for "dogscrimination"..

After I moved to Tennessee I did not see the Glen again until Grayce and I brought our several children over during a family visit to Ocala in the 1970's. They were about the same ages the King and Burbridge children were when we were introduced to it. At that time the underwater was still in pretty good condition and the fish population was about as I remembered it. Several years ago every one of the dock and building structures were taken down. A new entrance with parking on the hill north of the Glen has been added by the Park Service. The

cabins had been on the face of this hill toward the Glen. There is now a small admission fee. Beside the platform walkway to the sand boils, there are one or two foot/bike trails to the Lake. There is a "No Admittance" sign right at the sand boils, however there is an assumed "grandfather clause " sometimes exercised by "certain older sneaky little boys " and also an assumed "grandmother clause" which is occasionally exercised by former three-year-olds.

Several years ago some Florida cave divers from Gainesville and Ocala got special permission to explore the Silver Glen Springs. The water velocity and narrowness of the main spring vent made entrance there impossible so they entered the underwater system by way of the Well Spring. They mapped the surprisingly extensive and convoluted caves and found a magnificent room which was photographed using multiple exposures. One exposure included a SCUBA diver. This picture was mounted in the Park Service Station at the entrance to the Glen when I saw it a few years ago. The owner of the Ocala Dive Shop, Bill Foote had it on the wall too. He was the brave underwater photographer who took it. They mapped the system and I understood that they also found some native indian artifacts in the underground system and I believe that those were given to the Appleton Museum near Ocala or else to the Univ. of Fla.. I have not yet inquired there. A copy of one of the maps can be seen on the internet, but it is not a good quality scan so the details and notations are blurred. The Dive Shop owner told me that he did not want to go back in there; it is far too dangerous. He did not seem interested in pursuing the matter nor making copies of that photograph. I spoke to one of the other divers from Gainesville and then I provided mutual introduction between him and Dr. Emmet Ferguson, (dec.) of Jacksonville, an author of one of the few Florida springs books. (Ref.) To my knowledge there has been no subsequent collaboration between them to publish. However, there is a description by Florida naturalist Bill Belleville of diving this spring/cave with Eric Hutcheson. It is in Bill's book about the St. Johns River titled "River of Lakes" (Ref.) . I have been told of some discussion of that cave on an internet divers forum which discussion I have been unable to find.

Recent underwater photos in the Glen by a generous tourist, Frank Starmer are available online. They show some of the current population of salt and fresh water fish with turtles. There are no Bass nor bream in the picture set. The photos show some of the brown flocculant (not flatulent) algae ( if that is what that evil fuzzy- looking brown crap is) and also a little of the remaining eelgrass. Present day snorkelers have no idea of how fascinatingly beautiful it used to be fifty years ago. Too bad. However, some of this can still be seen at Silver Springs and at Rainbow Springs. (Snorkelers need to get to Rainbow Springs nearby Dunnellon, pretty soon before it is ruined.)

Salt Springs is in good shape at the vents, but the wide lake-like part of the run is full of weeds and green fuzzy wuzzy stuff that fouls your outboard ( Mr. Belleville has a typically unpronounceable scientific name for it ) and there are lots of gators at Salt, especially in the cool mornings. There is considerable social



awareness activity there by the gators in the Springtime.

On my latest trip (summer 2006) to the Glen with two grand daughters, I noticed that the vent of the big spring is now much wider and a bit longer. Either the bottom has dropped or the shell bottom has been dug-out. Now a person could enter the cave system from that locale, but only with extreme difficulty against the current. There is posted a "No SCUBA" notice. I would not be surprised if a barricade is installed across the opening soon because of the extreme hazard of the caves.

(1) FGS Bulletin 66 shows water analysis for about 700 Florida springs. They show Salt Springs to be quite unusual with a current Cl - content of 1800 . In 1946 it was 2800. Silver Glen is 470 and was 610. Silver Springs is and was 8-9. Alexander is 230, was 192. The units for the Chloride (Cl) measurement were not shown in the table. Might be ppm. There is no accompanying analysis of the lake water.

(2) As much as I was on and around the water ( even having lived on and explored the Arlington River in Jacksonville ) I never realized there were manatee in the State until I moved to Tennessee and saw an article about them in National Geographic.

I do not recall them being mentioned at Silver Glen nor at Salt nor in the Lake nor River. However they do frequent Blue Springs off of the River South of the Lake and I found out from high school friends in Jacksonville that they were in Doctor's Inlet off of the River just south of Jacksonville and in the Ortega River.

(3) For years as a feature of the Glass Bottom Boat rides at Silver Springs, there was the " Catfish Hotel ". The driver would toss over a hunk of wadded-up bread and the denizens would play "Catfish Football " as we watched from above. About twenty years ago the catfish all left. Now that spring is called by its real name, the "Blue Grotto" and the driver tells some fairy tale story. The population of other fish at Silver Springs and at Rainbow Springs ( at Dunnellon ) has diminished considerably.

## REFERENCES

Florida Springs Database - by Greg Johnson - comprehensive reference, photos

[www.thiswaytothe.net/springs/index.shtml](http://www.thiswaytothe.net/springs/index.shtml)

Springs Fever - by Joe Follman & Richard Bucannan - comprehensive reference and photos

[www.tfn.net/springs](http://www.tfn.net/springs)

Florida Geological Survey- Bulletin 66, USGS, Gainesville - comprehensive springs reference and tech. water data

[www.dep.state.fl.us/geology/geologictopics/springs/bulletin66.htm](http://www.dep.state.fl.us/geology/geologictopics/springs/bulletin66.htm)

Sliver Glen Cave Map - Pub. by Karst Environmental Services  
[www.floridacaves.com/silverglenmap.pfd](http://www.floridacaves.com/silverglenmap.pfd)

Some personal underwater photos of Silver Glen 2004 - by Frank Starmer  
[frank.itlab.us/silverglen\\_2004/](http://frank.itlab.us/silverglen_2004/)

Cave divers link - forum - [www.cavediver.net/buddies/cavers.htm#Florida](http://www.cavediver.net/buddies/cavers.htm#Florida)

Guide to the Major and Minor Springs of Florida, Dr. Emmet Ferguson, Jr  
,Saratoga  
Publishing Group, first edition 1997, ISBN 1-879894-13-0  
( Silver Glen - Pg 127 )

Ray:

I would be very interested in examining the photo that you have, and perhaps talking with Ben (or Nick) if it would be helpful to recall the details of how your father came across this crayfish. Feel free to send a copy of the photo to my address below, along with any additional information that you may have. Also, please send me your phone number so that I can call you if necessary. It is possible that the person from UF may have been Horton Hobbs (a graduate student at the time, who went on to the Smithsonian to become the world's best regarded crayfish expert--he passed away about 6 years ago, but his son is carrying on with the academic tradition), or, possibly, Archie Carr, who most people in this area associate with when it comes to natural history.

Thanks for your interest,  
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From : Florida Heritage Collection "The Tourist' Guide of Florida" Published 1885, New York, Pg 288 "The manatee, or sea cow , though almost extinct (1) in this country still exists on the south-eastern coast of Florida, where an occasional specimen may be discovered."

However manatee are mentioned as being more than rare elsewhere in the State at that time. One spring off of the Suwanee was even named Manatee Springs.. This book describes the whole state before the turn of the (other) century including the hunting and fishing and the settlements all along the St.Johns. Those listed locales along Lake George which seem to be listed going southward are: Drayton Island ( in north entrance); Salt Springs; Benella ?; Seville (over there on Hy 17); Yellow Bluff ( on the Lake just south of Salt); Spring Garden ?; Spring Cove ( that might be Grove? ); Lake View (which might be on the south bank ?); Astor (down- river). Of these I would bet that one of them refers to Silver Glen by a previous name and the other to Juniper run. An old community not mentioned is Wynona, near Salr Springs.

Map of 1839 shows Juniper, Salt and Silver Springs. Ocala did not exist and the great spring near Ft. King (now the modern Silver Springs) was unnamed. Map of circa. 1893 show Spring Cove community just north of Juniper run entrance to the Lake and a community of Wyona near Salt Springs. Map of 1893 shows Silver Springs at Ocala.

(1) Because the manatee were seen as "endangered", Chief Opahumpka of the Great Singing Waters Environmental Protection Council invoked the many "no paddle zones" in the southeast waterways. It took a while, but now there are manatee underfoot everywhere. Thanks, Chief. I just wonder if his cousin to the north, Chief Humpingokra was the one who told that lady in Jacksonville to get those pretty little blue flowers for her fish pond

To: Pastor of a Baptist Church, Barberville, Florida

Some very old Florida maps and other late nineteenth century descriptions indicate a community named (variously) Spring Grove or Spring Cove. The location is shown to be on or near to the south west bank of Lake George in the vicinity between Juniper Creek and what is now Silver Glen Springs (then called "Silver Springs"). I am looking into the history of Silver Glen Springs out of curiosity . In checking on the internet I have been unable to find anything so far under Marion County. However, I find your reference to a Spring Grove Baptist Church, but this reference seems to indicate a location at or near Barberville, not in Marion County.

A Florida travel guide published in 1893 shows the following locations of interest along and near to Lake George. Drayton Island, Salt Springs, Benella, Seville, Wynona, Yellow Bluff, Spring Garden, Spring Cove, Lake View , Astor. Some are shown on old maps, but not on others. Some are recognized today by the same names, some are not. Some may no longer exist.

Do your histories show a location and descriptions for such a community or communities as Spring Garden, Spring Cove, Spring Grove ?

Ray King, Ocala

In Silver Glen Springs

edited 06/09/07 , 05/24/09