

# *Tequesta:* THE JOURNAL OF THE HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION OF SOUTHERN FLORIDA

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# Tequesta:

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## MIAMI on the Eve of the Boom: 1923

By FRANK B. SESSA

The year 1923 was an important one for Miami. The slight setback of 1922 was soon forgotten as bank deposits increased and building permits became more numerous and larger in amount, as real estate ventures became more extensive and buyers more responsive. Florida might be the last great "American Frontier," as one writer suggested, but Miami looked upon itself as the coming American Riviera. The spirit of optimism became contagious; few who remained long in greater Miami entertained the least doubt as to the magnificence of the region's ultimate destiny. Physical growth, it is true, remained haphazard except in special development areas, but had not Miami's population shown an increase of 440 per cent in the last decennial census? If law enforcement left something to be desired, there was plenty of crime elsewhere as the featured crime stories on the front pages of the Miami newspapers would testify. Whatever shortcomings might have gone unrelieved, the year brought satisfaction to Miamians: a banner season and a vital upward surge in real estate activity.

Miami was primarily a resort area. Its thinking, its business, its improvements were all geared to the tourist season which began almost imperceptibly in December, rose to its height in February and early March, and lingered briefly past April first. In April and May, citizens took stock of the past season, contemplated a chimerical summer season for June, July, and August, and then began talking of preparations for next season. There was, nevertheless, an element in the city that envisioned a Miami grown strong through trade and industry with an economy virtually independent of the whims of a growing winter colony. To them, catering to the visitor emphasized the ephemeral, or worse, the parasitic nature of the area and unconsciously implied that the harvest should be reaped while there were still crops to gather. Essentially, their problem lay in the fact that until trade and industry grew, the resort business was all too necessary. Those who frankly preferred the tourist trade enjoyed their neighbors' discomfiture.

Such was the dilemma of the Miami newspapers, particularly the *Miami Herald* which extolled the beauties of the area, the evenness of the climate, and the salutary effect of constant blue skies with their magnificent banks of lazily drifting white clouds. But the *Herald* lost no opportunity to publish any item, however brief or unimportant, that seemed to indicate the city was developing on its own, independent of the visitor, who, in 1923 as later, really pointed out the direction Miami must travel for some time to come. Miami was growing. It mattered little that the visitor caused the growth. Service to him brought increasing numbers to the city and those in turn needed services.

Perhaps the two pages of "Happy New Year" advertisements for "Miami's Progressive Real Estate Dealers" were a prophecy of a major interest soon to claim almost full attention of the newspapers. "Land at Retail—But at Wholesale Prices," claimed the Montray Corporation, "A NEW YEAR'S PROMISE." But at the moment one editorial masthead carried this platform for Miami:

1. Secure pure water with municipal ownership of plant.
2. Provide for sewage disposal and necessary sewer extension.
3. Deepen the ship canal.
4. Build a railroad to the West Coast.
5. Complete the Tamiami Trail.
6. Inaugurate Greater Miami.
7. Abolish all grade crossings.
8. Early completion and beautification of the bayfront property.

Miami had much to do if the above program were to be realized. The city budget, passed for 1923, contained little appropriation for the attainment of those ideals. Its amount was \$1,337,995.11 and estimates submitted to the City Commission by City Manager Wharton a little more than seven months later, approximated only \$1,525,000 in expenditures for the next year. As finally approved by the commissioners the amount was \$1,574,354.62.

Improvements were planned for Miami. Early in January, the City of Miami published in a legal notice City Resolution 605, signifying intent to seek authorization from the state legislature to extend the city area to about double its size. It would include the communities known as Silver Bluff, Coconut Grove, and a part of Larkins (later South Miami) on the south, Allapattah on the west, and Buena Vista, Lemon City, and Little River on the north. The boundary would run on the north from the bay to a point westward about four miles, thence southward about five miles, and turn

east to the bay. The increased population would number 75,000 or more. Presented to the voters at the same time would be a \$2,730,000 improvement bond issue. It was not planned to "railroad" other districts into the city and no outstanding indebtedness of areas taken in would be added to the city's indebtedness. Nor would any previous city debts be placed upon the newcomers whose tax money would be exempted from servicing already existing Miami debts. The election was planned for March 20.

As in so many similar attempts to include suburbs within city limits elsewhere, Miami's efforts met with a storm of protest from the communities so affected. On January 23, representatives of Coconut Grove and of Allapattah appeared before the City Commissioners to protest annexation. The Coconut Grove committee agreed that eventually their community would become a part of Miami, but felt that the present was not the time. They were also interested in knowing what improvements the city intended to make in Coconut Grove, a subject the commissioners were not prepared to discuss at the moment. The arguments of the Allapattah delegation were in the same vein. The *Miami Daily Metropolis*, while reporting some of the protest meetings, observed that there was "no general agreement about annexation," but the *Miami Herald* recorded the controversy in detail. On January 18, a mass meeting was held in Allapattah to protest annexation. Representatives from Coconut Grove, Larkins, and Silver Bluff were present to state that their people were also opposed. The Federated Improvement Association met Monday evening, January 30, to map a program to combat annexation effectively. Twenty-nine delegates, representing Lemon City, Allapattah, Everglades Avenue (Seventy-ninth Street), Little River, Old Forty-second Street, and Rockmoor, proposed such devices as sending delegates to the state legislature, employing legal talent, providing public speakers to voice opposition, and on election day hiring autos to get voters to the polls. Multigraphed letters also might be of assistance. As a matter of protection in the event of annexation, however, the association went on record as favoring an amendment to the city charter to divide the city into five districts with one commissioner elected by each district. Coconut Grove proposed through its council to canvass its citizens by sending each one a printed return post card with the questions: Do you favor annexation to Miami? Do you want the Council to request the state legislature to amend the town charter so that the consent of a majority of town voters would be necessary before annexation?

Favoring annexation was a formal resolution of the Miami Realty Board which unanimously supported the actions of the city commissioners in the

proposed boundary extensions: "Whereas the wonderful city of Miami, the fastest growing city in the United States, occupying as it does approximately 15 square miles, is unjustly handicapped by lack of proper territorial possession" and since it furnished pleasure, accommodations, life and growth to outlying districts, Miami should have a territorial extent of about sixty square miles, like other cities of its size. The resolution also stated that public benefits to be derived from a greater Miami were more extensive than those to be obtained from individual communities. A spirit of full cooperation was needed to push Miami ahead. According to the *Miami Herald* opposition came "almost entirely from the outside," engineered by a few persons "whose interests in the matter are not at all considerable."

In the middle of the debate the city decided to withdraw its call for an election to extend city limits; it also withheld submission for approval of the public improvement bond issue. The decision seems to have been influenced by legal complications in the city charter and the advice of a New York bond attorney, Chester B. Masselich, who advised that sale of the bonds would be difficult if a part of the city were exempted from servicing the bonded indebtedness. The city attorney also submitted his opinion to the commissioners. His advice was to submit only the bond issue to the voters for approval. The matter would not then create confusion when annexation came up. Accordingly, on March 15, the city commissioners, in a two-page newspaper spread, proposed a \$2,730,000 bond issue. One million dollars were to be spent for acquiring and improving lands for public park purposes. The city had bought two years before at a cost of \$1,000,000 the bay waterfront from Sixth Street north to Second Street south. The plan was to fill in the bayfront one thousand feet from the shore line. A part of the money would also go to improve, beautify, and buy parks elsewhere. Seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars would be devoted to securing an adequate, wholesome water supply, \$400,000 to an extension of the street railway system and new equipment, \$100,000 to the city hospital and its equipment, and the balance to projects for comfort stations, sewers (sanitary and storm), an incinerator, widening the turning basin at the city docks, a fire alarm system and hydrants, and to acquire property for street widening and extension. The issue was submitted to the voters on Tuesday, March 20 and was carried. A total of 560 property owners voted.

Since 1921, Miami had had a commission form of city government and the five commissioners were the city's leading bankers. In May, nine aspirants qualified for the run-off primary to be held on June 9, and the *Miami*

*Herald* complained that less than half of the qualified voters went to vote, a total of 1118. In June, the commission, James H. Gilman, Charles D. Leffler, J. E. Lummus, James I. Wilson, and Edward C. Romfh, were returned to office. While Mr. Romfh was out of the city, the question of choosing the mayor came up. The position was largely honorary since executive functions were carried out by a city manager, reappointed or newly chosen by the commissioners after each biennial election. Charles Leffler had been mayor, but Mr. Lummus decided to oppose him. As a result the vote was split evenly. On the return of Mr. Romfh "harmony again reigned among the commissioners," for they elected Edward Romfh unanimously. The commissioners also reappointed City Manager Frank H. Wharton and made Frank B. Stoneman, current managing editor and former owner of the *Miami Herald*, municipal judge.

In an advertisement of the Winfield Investment Company, greater Miami's population for 1923 was set at 50,000. The source of the estimate was not given. The same company hazarded the prediction that by 1925, it would be 100,000; in 1927, 150,000; and in 1930, 250,000. More authoritative figures from a local survey, taken to determine whether the Eleventh Judicial District (Dade, Broward, and Monroe counties) warranted an additional circuit judge, showed a population of 72,481 for Dade County and 47,021 for Miami, respective gains since 1920 of 69.6 and 55 per cent. At the close of the year the *Miami Herald* announced that based on statistics from local sources, Miami would enter 1924 with a population of 50,271.

There were evidences to support these estimates of growth. A. B. Greene, telephone engineer for the State Railroad Commission, who had conducted a survey from July 8 to October 18, 1922, predicted that the South Atlantic Telephone and Telegraph Company would have to spend about a half million dollars a year to keep up with Miami's expansion.

As a result of population growth the company was operating at a loss, set at 8 per cent in 1922. The Rotary Club, Civitan, Advertising Club, Realty Board of Miami, and forty subscribers, all but one of whom had written favorable letters, advocated an increase in rates. The *Metropolis*, opposed to an increase, quoted figures to show that if rates were changed as desired, Miami would have the highest ones in the State of Florida. Company figures indicated an increase of 1,500 subscribers in six months, an average of 55,000 calls daily, some 18,000 more than at the same time the previous year. The increase was granted as requested. In August, the company announced it would spend \$500,000 on expansion. By December, the

Commission had further granted permission to extend lines to Coral Gables and to set up a separate exchange, an improvement calling for an expenditure of \$140,000 to \$150,000.

The Miami Electric and Power Company, anticipating heavier demands, doubled its capacity by adding a new \$200,000 generator unit of 6,000 kilowatts, a steam driven turbine.

Transportation to and from Miami was supplied by the single-tracked Florida East Coast Railway or by steamship. There was some talk that the Seaboard Air Line Railway in its extension to the east coast of Florida would run its lines on to Miami. While company officials would neither admit nor deny, an Interstate Commerce Commission report indicated that the southern terminus would be West Palm Beach. The Commission, however, did give the Florida East Coast Railway, "F.E.C.," as it was known to Miamians, permission to construct a line from Okeechobee, seventy-five miles northwest, to Miami at an estimated cost of \$4,839,500. The road, to be completed January 1, 1928, would tap some 1,671,000 acres of land and produce an anticipated revenue for the company of \$1,956,000 annually. Much of the area was suitable for sugar cane and would add to the sugar refining business anticipated for the city.

Steamship traffic for Miami promised to increase, too. The *Miami Herald* noted on January 11, that the Baltimore and Carolina Steamship Company would equip two of its ships, the *Esther Weems* and the *Mary Weems* for passenger service to Miami. The Peninsular and Occidental Steamship Company early in February announced that there would be three sailings weekly instead of two for the trip to Nassau. The new schedule would be operative February 19 through February 26, when the regular schedule would be resumed. The last trip would sail on April 5. An addition to the Nassau route was the *Nassauvian*, presently undergoing reconditioning in Key West. The former two-masted schooner, owned by W. C. B. Albury would be in year round service. The vessel had been caught in a hurricane in September, 1921, and everyone aboard was lost. The ship was salvaged by the Coast Guard in the Gulf of Mexico and had subsequently been purchased by Albury. Freight as well as passenger business came into the Miami port. The S.S. *Santurce* brought 2,300 tons of building materials into Miami in early May as did the four masted schooner *Azua* which brought 1,007 tons of cement, the first of many such loads scheduled. The *Miami Herald* editorially complained that up to the present prevailing opinion seemed to be that the waters of Biscayne Bay must be preserved to create beauty spots.

Could the city afford to devote harbor facilities to beauty alone, it asked. That the city would not entirely ignore water borne freight was shown by the announcement that work would soon begin on additional warehouses at a cost of \$75,000 to accommodate new steamship lines. In August, the *Miami Herald* included an "Ocean Transportation Section" in honor of the arrival of the S.S. *Esther Weems*, entering the Miami to Baltimore service. In October, the journal passed on a waterfront rumor that the Clyde Line might come from Jacksonville to Miami or perhaps directly from New York to Miami.

Miami began to look skywards, too, in transportation. An additional seaplane was added to the Miami-Nassau flight of the Aeromarine Airway planes; the "Buckeye" joined the "Cordeaux" and the "Waldorf" and all three were available for charter flights. The Ta-Miami Air Line was granted a charter by the state (capital \$100,000) and planned to begin carrying passengers from Miami to Tampa in its four planes about March 1.

Although the *Miami Herald* recorded faithfully each item indicative of Miami's progress, it gave considerable support to its contentions of newspaper leadership by publishing daily its advertising records and rather frequently its circulation statistics. By comparisons with statistics of previous years, the expansion of metropolitan Miami was manifest in yet another way.

"Want ads" in the year 1922 totaled 187,504, a gain over the previous year of 52,289. In March, 21,993 advertisements were printed as opposed to the March, 1922, figure of 15,722. In April the figure was 18,561 (April, 1922, 13,847) and in June, 17,030 (June, 1922, 12,592). During the summer months, the monthly average figures remained slightly higher than 13,000 advertisements, indicative that the season was still a major factor in Miami's economy. In October, the figure climbed sharply to 21,253 and in November to 27,033. In the first eleven months of 1923, the previous year's total had been passed by 19,166. Indicating its growth in circulation, the paper pointed out that its increase in daily circulation in January, 1923, over that of January, 1920, was 105 per cent (16,831 over 8,205, average daily circulation). Corresponding figures for Sunday editions for the same periods were a 110 per cent increase or 19,178 over 9,495 average Sunday circulation. Certainly, it added, those figures would justify a twenty per cent increase in advertising rates, the first in three years.

One complaint about Miami's planning or lack of planning was its narrow streets and lack of sidewalks in areas immediately removed from the center. Although the newspapers duly recorded new paving contracts

for asphalt streets and concrete sidewalks from time to time, they belabored the narrow roadways, "the inadequacy of which its founders could not have foreseen." A *Miami Herald* editorial, on May 26, pointed out that the time to prepare for later population increases was then, not when the situation had gotten out of hand. Proper zoning should be instituted, too. During the season of 1923-24, the *Miami Herald* again stressed the need for wider streets. Some public-spirited citizens, it indicated, were donating a few feet of property to help. Such was Fred Rand, developer of Northeast Second Avenue, who not only gave property but built a large apartment house in such a way as to give an added ten feet.

Two days later the journal again hit upon the same theme and observed that the main reason for such slender width was the selfish desire for a few extra lots. Blocks should be longer, too. Thus stirred to action, the Miami Realty Board decided to take up the fight to relieve congestion. As an improvement on street lighting Miami began to plan for "White Ways." The plan called for a complete loop along Flagler Street, Northeast Second Avenue, Southeast Second Street, and Miami Avenue. It was estimated that the cost would run one dollar a front foot to property owners along the loop. To make the city more attractive to the visitor and to the citizen the city commissioners decided to take advantage of the presence of Warren H. Manning, landscape architect brought to Miami to consult on Bayfront Park planning. Perhaps Manning's pronouncement that he believed Miami was destined to become the "big city of the south," was an influence, but he was commissioned to survey the city's parks, streets, harbors, and street planning, and submit a report with recommendations. The *Miami Herald* was delighted with the move. Everyone knows something should be done, said the editorial writer, but what? "The city is outgrowing its clothes."

Not all civic improvements were initiated by the newspapers or the City Commissioners. Frequently prominent citizens or the Chamber of Commerce made suggestions and began movements. The Chamber, for instance, moved to secure waterfront property for the city. It began agitating at Tallahassee, the state capital, for giving Miami title to all submerged bay bottom land in Biscayne Bay south of the county causeway and within the city limits. The bill was defeated in the Senate. Marjory Stoneman Douglas spoke on city planning to the Ad Club, but the first city planning conference had already been held on May 8 in the First Presbyterian Church. The conference, described as "packed," was sponsored by the Miami Woman's Club. It recommended the city charter be amended to include a planning commis-

sion. Other ambitions for civic betterment turned toward establishing a university. The *Miami Herald* suggested editorially that a Pan American University be located in South Florida (with no suggestion as to how it could be secured) and the long-time resident, merchant, and real estate operator, Isidor Cohen, raised the question at a regular weekly luncheon of the realtors. Mr. Cohen felt that a college or university for Miami would give wealthy Cubans an opportunity of sending their children to Miami, a bit closer home, rather than to the North.

Statistics indicative of steady economic growth for Miami were amassing. Burdine's Sons Store, a leading department store, released figures through its manager, George E. Whitten, that showed February, 1923, sales to be 34 per cent higher than those of the previous February; comparable figures for March indicated a sales increase of 32.5 per cent. Miami hotels reported a 50 per cent increase in summer business over the summer of 1922. The inbound freight of the Baltimore and Carolina Steamship Company jumped from 20,000 to 35,000 tons, a 75 per cent gain in one year. The telephone company found that the continuous growth of Miami and Miami Beach forced the adding of between \$500,000 and \$600,000 worth of equipment to provide needed facilities; a like amount was estimated for 1924, and the company planned to spend that sum. The total investment was in the neighborhood of \$2,000,000 with about 8,700 telephones in operation in Miami in December 1923, and with an added 1,500 scheduled for installation in the next sixty days. Fruit and vegetable markets had their best year to date in 1923, 20-25 per cent above 1922 business levels. City payroll figures were averaging \$65,000 a month; the income of organized workers in Miami was set at \$6,000,000. The city tax roll for 1923 showed a total valuation of taxable real estate and personal property to be \$69,911,303, an increase of \$4,943,579 over the previous year's figures.

Miami's rapid growth was most evident in requests for building and alteration permits and in the increase of banking resources. For the first four months of 1923, \$1,763,200 in permits was issued, distributed as follows:

|          | <i>Permits</i> | <i>Value</i> |
|----------|----------------|--------------|
| January  | 195            | 295,200      |
| February | 136            | 209,100      |
| March    | 233            | 422,600      |
| April    | 230            | 836,300      |
|          | —              | —            |
| Totals   | 794            | 1,763,200    |

By the end of six months the total had reached \$2,913,400 or more than one million dollars greater than the entire previous year and a little more than \$175,000 in advance of the same period of the best year, 1921, when permits issued totaled \$2,735,500. Permits in July were \$1,229,900, the highest for a single month in the city's history. In percentage terms the gain in one year from July, 1922, to July, 1923, was 234.8, according to the figures of the Federal Reserve Bank of Atlanta. By November 1, a total of \$5,758,596 exceeded by \$342,796, the banner year of 1921, which totalled \$5,415,800. On December 1, the figure for the eleven months was \$6,232,034 and the entire year equalled \$7,201,267.

In January, construction was mostly residential, but as the year progressed larger buildings were more common which raised the aggregate value of permits issued. In May, two arcades, the Loraine and the Halcyon were planned, both on Flagler Street. Three new churches were erected, The Holy Name Church, locally known as Gesu, the Reformed Jewish Temple Israel, the Riverside Calvary Baptist Church. Several large hotels were projected, too. R. Earle Smith, manager of the Smith Battery and Electric Company, planned a year around, \$200,000 hotel on the southeast corner of Northeast First Avenue and Tenth Street, then somewhat removed from the center of activities. A half million dollar hotel, the nine-story Ponce de Leon was to be built on the site of 227-235 East Flagler Street; it would have, when completed, 126 apartments. S. W. Straus and Company, of New York and Atlanta, offered a \$500,000, 6½ per cent, bond issue on the Ponce de Leon Hotel. The bonds would constitute a closed first mortgage on the land and on the building to be erected; they would also constitute a first lien on annual earnings. The president and controlling stockholder was E. C. McAllister, who erected during the summer a third wing to the McAllister Hotel at the corner of East Flagler Street and North Bayshore Drive. The hotel would then have 350 guest rooms and represent an investment of \$1,500,000. Work began on June 8 on the new building of the Bank of Bay Biscayne, then Miami's largest and oldest bank. Although plans called for fourteen floors only five were to be constructed then. The Miami Woman's Club had plans for a \$250,000 club house and library to be located on the bayfront at Seventeenth Street; and Tatum Brothers were preparing to erect a ten story building on the southeast corner of East Flagler and Second Avenue, the site sold by the Womans' Club for \$345,000. The lot had a frontage of 152 feet on Flagler Street and was sixty-two feet deep. Even gasoline filling stations underwent transformation, like the Bayshore Station

at the end of the causeway which appeared so "unusual and picturesque" that "if it had been intended for a private residence or a bungalow tea-room there would not have been so much to wonder at." The architectural design was Spanish mission style. Large buildings, however, were still enough of a novelty to have the formal opening of the eight-story, \$200,000 Professional Building become an event of some consequence. The owners, the Realty firm of Davenport and Rich, held open house from two to five o'clock in the afternoon and supplied refreshments, souvenirs, and music.

#### THE SEASON, 1922-23

Whereas a member of our class, Mr. J. C. Williams, having reported certain bootleggers to the county authorities for a certain violation of the law, was assaulted on the streets of Miami by said violators and his life seriously endangered, we desire

First, to commend and approve the action of Mr. Williams as being that of a good citizen and worthy of emulation

Second, to commend the officers for their prompt action in binding over said violators of the law to the criminal court.

Nor, said Reverend J. L. White in support of the resolution of the Fellowship Class of the First Baptist Church Sabbath School of Miami, was Mr. Williams, as charged, a "stool pigeon." If the Fellowship Class and its pastor took a dark view of Miami's lawlessness, there was plenty of justification for it. The *Chicago Daily News* described Miami as a

city where, if you feel the need of a drink and don't happen to have your own flask with you, all you need to do is wait in the shade of a palm tree until a resident comes along, ask him where you can find a bootlegger, and if he is not one himself, he will tell you where to go. You can buy all the whiskey you want in Miami at \$5 a quart.

The article went on to point out that at one time a revenue cutter and a rum-runner were tied up at the same pier, nose-to-nose; the rum-runner reputedly had 40,000 cases of whiskey aboard. "Tommy-rot," said the *Miami Herald*. There are no boats of that capacity plying between Nassau and Miami; as a matter of fact it was extremely difficult to obtain liquor because of the vigilance of the officers. Kenneth L. Roberts, the novelist, who spent considerable time in the area before the boom and during it, observed: "Any prohibition enforcement agent that didn't have lead in his shoes and a daub of mud in both eyes, however, could easily get the goods on twenty or thirty Miami bootleggers in a day." Miami jewel thieves were also accomplished. On February 1, David Joyce, "Chicago millionaire lumberman," reported \$250,000 worth of jewels stolen from his home on Brickell

Avenue. For several days the robbery was a sensation. Almost immediately the police picked up four suspects and then had to let them go for want of sufficient evidence. The police remained "baffled by the disappearance of the Diamonds and Pearls from the Mansion." The paper finally felt constrained to observe editorially that Miami was no worse than any other city of its size and that its most "startling" crimes occurred in the winter when bad elements came to the city from elsewhere to prey on winter visitors. The paper even inveighed against evangelists who preached on religion and health and exhibited neither. They came merely for short periods in the winter, condemned the inhabitants without knowing them, and then left. The *Metropolis* was more outspoken in its condemnation of Miami's failings:

Oh, this Miami! It's getting so much advertising—of one kind and another—bright crooks can come and make a perfectly good clean-up. Sneak thieves and pick-pockets and big gentleman robbers can do a quarter of a million dollars worth of stealing. How they must enjoy a season here!

Activities of the John B. Gordon Klan No. 24 (Ku Klux Klan) went unnoticed except for straight, factual news reporting. Due publicity was given to preparations for the initiation of 150 candidates on Palm Island where a twenty-foot, fiery cross would be burned. The general public was invited to witness the ceremonies and the parade from Flagler Street along North Bay Shore Drive to the county causeway and along the causeway to Palm Island. Hundreds witnessed the parade and thousands the ceremonies on the island. It was estimated that 2,500 automobiles were parked along the causeway. *The Miami Daily Metropolis* carried a picture of the ceremonies, "witnessed by 12,000 people." The season was in full swing.

The *Miami Herald* had, on January 1, looked about with evident satisfaction, for 1923 promised "to be one of the most brilliant in the industrial history of Miami." Business conditions were better, there had been an early influx of winter visitors, a welcome portent of a successful season, and Miami-made products (auto parts, mattresses, baked goods, paints, drugs, hats, perfumes, to name a few) were enjoying a constantly increasing demand.

Despite the promising business outlook the season's social activities dominated the news. Pictures of prominent visitors began to appear on the front pages of the newspapers. William H. Luden who manufactured cough drops in tremendous quantities had arrived to spend some time at his home at 1430 South Bayshore Drive, in Millionaires' Row. William K. Vanderbilt had arrived aboard his three million dollar yacht, *Ara*; General T. Coleman DuPont, United States Senator from Delaware, was staying at the Royal Palm

Hotel, Harvey S. Firestone came to stay at the James H. Snowden estate on Miami Beach, which he bought ultimately at a reputed price of \$350,000. Others to follow were Secretary of Labor James J. Davis, J. C. Penny, "Merchant Prince," Elbert H. Baker, President and General Manager of the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, William H. Durant, automobile manufacturer, and James M. Cox, unsuccessful candidate in the last presidential election. Cox purchased the *Metropolis* and assumed control of the publication with the issues of April 18, 1923.

Many of the visitors were prevailed upon to comment on Miami and its future. Mercer P. Mosely, Vice President of the American Exchange Bank of New York, observed that he had "no doubt at all about Miami's continued progress . . . because this country's gifts are God-created and not man created." Frank Hedges Butler of London, near the end of an 18,000 mile trip, told reporters that Miami's climate was superior to all, and "in addition to having the natural facilities for the most beautiful city in the world, Miami's development is marked especially by the efforts of the citizens to use every possible means for adding to the natural gifts." Clarence Darrow observed simply, "Chicago was never like this."

The high point in the round of visitors was the arrival of President and Mrs. Harding. Joseph Kealing of Indiana, David Mulvane of Kansas, national committeeman, and Attorney General Daugherty, recuperating from a recent serious illness, were awaiting the president's arrival while his houseboat *Pioneer* fought "another day's battle" with "the Florida East Coast canal sandbars." Although Harvey S. Firestone had reserved the Snowden estate for the President's use, the President preferred to stay at Cottage 4 of the Flamingo Hotel.

For recreation other than golf, polo, and the beach, the visitor might listen to Arthur Pryor's band which played daily in Royal Palm Park or during the season he might hear visiting artists such as Rachmaninoff, Madame Schumann-Heink, Jascha Heifetz, or Geraldine Farrar. As there was no civic auditorium large enough to hold a sizeable gathering, the artists appeared at the White Temple, a Methodist Church. Miami also had a philharmonic orchestra that was then in its fifth concert season. Celebrities other than musicians also visited Miami. Edward Markham, the poet, spoke to the Monday Club that held its meeting on the lawn of Villa Serena, the home of William Jennings Bryan, and later he addressed the Miami League of Pen Women. Mrs. Bryan spoke before the Housekeepers' Club of Coconut Grove, her talk "scintillating with brilliance and humor." The

target of her wit was Albert Einstein "whose theory of relativity haunted one's mental horizon." He had, she said, "succeeded in getting Euclid, Newton, and Galileo on the run—I am not sure which way they are running—but I am sure he is in hot pursuit." Mrs. Bryan also gave some "clever descriptions" to topics under "serious discussion" such as how to lose weight and how to look at one's back hair.

William Jennings Bryan began his annual tourist Bible Class, meeting in Royal Palm Park, at 9:15 A. M. Sunday morning, with the text: "The Prodigal Son." He also spoke to the Woman's Christian Temperance Union at its "chowder party and general jollification."

The season of 1922-23 was a distinct success. As early as mid-February the Chamber of Commerce was predicting that it would be the biggest Miami had yet enjoyed. More than 30,000 visitors were already in the city, it was estimated, and more would certainly come. To help tourists find rooms the Chamber opened a bureau which served more than 100 persons the day it began operations. Miamians who had rooms to rent were asked to list them with the bureau.

One reason for the increasingly satisfactory seasons, in the eyes of many, was the practice of advertising the city and its resort attractions in selected northern newspapers and magazines. A practice that had been started in 1916, it had been expanded yearly. In 1923, the task of handling the advertising was in the hands of the Chamber and there it remained for years to come. Under the plan the Chamber made the contracts and then the bills were audited and paid by the city. This advertising practice was the reason, said the *Miami Herald* editor, why visitors were turned away last season and why, even though 2,000 additional rooms were available this year, visitors were again being turned away.

#### NEIGHBORING COMMUNITIES IN 1923

Clustered about the City of Miami were the development areas of Miami Beach, Coral Gables, Hialeah, and Fulford. As Miami grew these communities grew also. Their economic activity paralleled that of the larger city and their real estate business and building were as active if not more so. Of the four, Miami Beach, the oldest, showed the most advance. It was the only one that was an incorporated city; the others were real estate developments that had expanded rapidly but had not yet achieved autonomy.

Development for Miami Beach was of two kinds: that undertaken by the city government and that of those interested in the improvement and sale of real estate. Although each was pursuing its own interest, improvements

made within subdivisions with a view to increasing profits redounded to the city's benefit; and each step forward by municipal authorities tended to increase the value of the subdivider's investment.

Early in February, the Miami Beach Chamber of Commerce held a meeting at which President Thomas J. Pancoast outlined for the 200 persons present a proposed program of civic improvement for the coming year. He advocated wider streets, a widening of the causeway viaducts, more hotels and apartment houses, and an increase in the advertising of the city. A little less than a month later the city council members announced that shortly there would be a bond election for city improvements and, on April 8, published the legal public notice required:

\$100,000 for water mains  
 20,000 for street lights  
 7,000 for a bridge to Belle Isle  
 65,000 for sanitary sewers  
 18,000 for storm sewers  
 10,000 for street paving.

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\$220,000

The property holders approved the issue as advertised and the city subsequently voted an additional \$200,000 in bonds. By December, further expansion, with projects totaling \$600,000, was planned, and a \$300,000 bond issue election set for January 21, 1924. Included were additional street paving, bridges, and installation of bulkheads along the canals.

While the city engaged in its program, private developers, notably Carl G. Fisher, pushed their programs. In April, it was reported that 100 men were working on a development north of Dade Boulevard. In a matter of a few weeks four or five miles of roadway and sidewalks had been laid, mostly along the new Sunset Lake subdivision. A roadway had been built around two new polo fields and pile drivers were hammering in steel bulkheads to form a new seawall. In the same subdivision a new \$500,000 golf course was under construction. As summer drew to a close developers were filling in the northern part of the city. Tractors cut trees and pushed them into piles to be burned; the area was then filled in and changed from "Mangrove Swamp to a City Beautiful." Always alert for the unusual, Fisher brought in two elephants, Rosie and Nero, who ploughed, hauled, and picked up heavy material. Late in November, Fisher interests were reported as planning to have in their developments fifteen miles of concrete bulkhead,

twenty-seven miles of sidewalk, twenty-one miles of independent water mains, forty miles of electric service extension, and two miles of telephone extension. Of the above they had already built four miles of bulkhead, eighteen of sidewalk and sixteen of watermains. The installations already boasted of 28,000 trees and 6,000 flowering shrubs. An additional 2,500 acres of land would be created, too.

Miami Beach was exhibiting many other evidences of expansion. In 1921, for instance, water consumption was 95,000 gallons; by 1922, it had increased 237 per cent, or 255,600 gallons. When installed in 1921, the 800 kilowatt hour electric plant was thought to be sufficient for three years; in 1922, capacity had to be increased to 1,500 kilowatt hours, and before the 1922-1923 season ended, to 4,000 kilowatt hours. Other utilities also found expansion of services essential. The street railway system went into an extension program entailing expenditures of from \$150,000 to \$160,000. The telephone company planned additional amounts for expansion totaling \$75,000. The coming winter, it estimated, would call for an increase of from 900 to 1,600 new telephone installations. Growth was also evidenced by the increase in the city's real estate valuation which rose from \$224,000, in 1915, to \$6,235,539, in 1922. By years the valuations were:

|      |            |
|------|------------|
| 1915 | \$ 224,000 |
| 1916 | 335,120    |
| 1917 | 647,500    |
| 1918 | 832,745    |
| 1919 | 2,579,600  |
| 1920 | 3,933,700  |
| 1921 | 5,540,112  |
| 1922 | 6,235,549  |

For 1923, the valuation was set at \$8,222,485. Pointing to the above figures, four leading real estate firms observed in a joint advertisement: "Nothing can stop the increase of property values at Miami Beach." Early in the year the state approved the charter of a second bank for Miami Beach, the Miami Beach Bank and Trust Company. In the early summer, the Miami Beach First National Bank advised that deposits were now over the million dollar mark, \$750,000 greater than they had been the previous summer.

One of the indices most frequently used to indicate progress, building permits issued monthly, was continually emphasized. In February, the *Miami Herald* indicated that more building had been started in January at Miami Beach than at four much larger southern cities:

|             |           |
|-------------|-----------|
| Charleston  | \$ 14,138 |
| Savannah    | 86,370    |
| Miami       | 315,600   |
| Tampa       | 338,115   |
| Miami Beach | 341,950   |

And Miami Beach had yet to complete its eighth year of corporate existence. By mid-year the total was \$2,798,267. At the close of its fiscal year, October 31, Miami Beach showed the greatest percentage of building increase of some twenty-three Florida cities; it had issued permits in the amount of \$3,869,950. In terms of types of buildings, the first eleven months of 1923 had permits issued for 125 dwellings at an average cost of \$12,000, seventeen apartment houses at an average cost of \$17,000, and sixteen hotels at an average cost of \$94,800. Two houses costing in excess of \$100,000 were built on Star Island by Locke T. Highleyman and by W. P. Adams at 120 Bay Road. Outstanding among the hotels constructed were the Nautilus, so named by John Oliver LaGorce, and the Pancoast. The Nautilus Hotel was listed as a \$1,500,000 project involving a hotel and adjacent cottages. The site would include two islands, one of six and one-half acres, the other of one and one-half acres with bridges connecting the islands. The Pancoast Hotel, first announced as a \$750,000, 125 room hotel, was later estimated to cost \$375,000. It was to be located on the ocean front at Twenty-ninth Street. To build it, a Pancoast Hotel Company applied for a state charter; its \$500,000 capital would be made up of \$250,000 in preferred stock and a like amount in common stock. Subsequently, a fifty-eight room lodge was planned at a cost of \$150,000 to care for the overflow from the main building.

Although considerable building was in evidence, Miami Beach realtors were anxious to attract additional capital to provide further expansions. Four realty companies issued a call for:

Ten more hotels . . . guests are sleeping on emergency cots in the four large hotels at Miami Beach. Reservations sufficient to fill many hotels are being turned away daily . . . Miami Beach needs five more hotels the size of the Flamingo and five more the size of the Lincoln, Wofford, or Marlborough. We will cooperate with responsible builders in erecting such needed accommodations.

The above statements were at variance with an early seasonal advertisement of the Chamber of Commerce which boasted that Miami Beach had ample accommodations for tourists and "the best hotels in the South; twenty-five apartment houses, \$350 to \$1,200 for the season." Houses and cottages might be obtained at prices ranging upwards from \$700.

To protect investors and insure an attractive community, building restrictions, based upon the cost of the house, were established; the following were examples:

| <i>Subdivision</i>                 | <i>Minimum Cost</i> |
|------------------------------------|---------------------|
| Mid Golf                           | \$ 7,500            |
| First Addition                     | 7,500               |
| Ocean Front                        | 15,000              |
| Ocean Front (north of city limits) | 7,500               |
| First Pine Tree Drive              | 15,000              |
| Miami Ocean View                   | 6,000               |
| Sunset Lake                        | 5,000               |
| Nautilus                           | 10,000              |

The above restrictions were set by the real estate companies, but in 1923 the state legislature had authorized the city council to pass ordinances zoning Miami Beach. Some of the realtors sharply attacked this legislation and formed the Miami Beach Anti-Zoning Association; John J. Hayes, an active, large-scale operator served as its president. The act was illegal, asserted the association, because it had not been advertised sixty days before passage. If permitted to stand it would take property without compensation and permit the government to control, use and dispose of private property. It would, moreover, demoralize the real estate market by deterring non-resident buyers from investing. A few individuals in office could thereby inflict damage on private property at a whim. The restrictions stood.

Like Miami, Miami Beach enjoyed a social season. In fact, its business other than real estate was caring for the needs of the visitor. Golf, polo, the beach, and fishing were its chief attractions, but others were offered. An art show of 113 paintings of 27 artists at the Chamber of Commerce building attracted 600 visitors on the first day, and the Carl G. Fishers gave a Sunday musical at thier home, the Shadows. Among the more than 100 guests who came to hear Reinald Werrenrath sing was Jascha Heifetz who was to play later in the week in Miami. Like Miami's, too, the 1922-23 season on the Beach was a thriving one. The Chamber of Commerce president, Charles W. Chase, Sr. estimated that hotels and apartment houses had four times as many people as last season. That indicated, he said, a need for moderate-priced hotels for persons who wished to spend merely a few days. The Flamingo Hotel had already spent more than \$500 in sending messages to say no space was available.

Miami Beach continued to develop as the year wore on. If there were those business men and city fathers who looked on with satisfaction, there were others who let their enthusiasm gain momentum. Two couples had

returned from a vacation trip to Asheville, North Carolina, and reported that they had advertised the community well. "In fiery red letters on several of the biggest boulders at the base of Chimney Rock" they had written: "Come to Miami Beach, Fla.," "Oh, you Miami Beach, we're waiting for you," and "Miami Beach, the playground of the world."

Across the bay and to the southwest of Miami lay Coral Gables. It was, in 1923, purely a real estate development subject to the political jurisdiction of Dade County, yet it continued to get from its founder and developer, George E. Merrick, more vital improvements than many autonomous communities.

George Edgar Merrick, who came to Miami as a boy in 1895, was the son of a Congregational minister who held a charge on Cape Cod. After the blizzard of 1895, the Reverend Merrick moved his family to the 160 acres that later became the center of the development. The name Coral Gables seems to have come from a combination of the material used in constructing the house, Coral Rock, (not a true coral, but rather a limestone resembling coral) and the father's admiration for Grover Cleveland, whose home was named Gray Gables. Merrick and his brothers worked together on the farm until he went to Stetson University and subsequently to New York to fulfill his father's wish that he become a lawyer. He seems to have studied law but "practiced poetry," always a major interest with him. On his father's death Merrick returned to Miami to run the farm. When Fisher began to expand his real estate operations on the beach, Merrick's thoughts turned toward having a development of his own, a suburb of Miami that would be a model city "wherein nothing would be unlovely." He added to his holdings as he could and, by 1921, he had 3,000 acres. In November, the first sale was held with E. E. Dammers as auctioneer. Initial success was followed by subsequent sales. As the development prospered, he called in architects and landscape artists. The buildings were all to be of similar style, a style Merrick called "Mediterranean," part Spanish and part Italian, "a combination of what seemed best in each, with an added touch of gaiety to suit Florida mood."

In 1923, sales were in the hands of the realty firm, Dammers and Gillette and Harry A. Burnes, who advertised that they kept "constantly at your command 40 private automobiles to take you to Coral Gables at any time you desire to go." Large, comfortable busses left Miami daily except Sunday at 9:30 A. M. and 2:30 P. M.

Merrick was not content to permit his projects to grow slowly or perhaps to grow stagnant because interest shifted elsewhere. The money he received from sales in a large measure went back into the development in the form of improvements. In January, 1923, a full page of the Sunday *Miami Herald* was devoted to an advertisement announcing the opening of the Coral Gables business section. It lay between Douglas and LeJeune Roads with Coral Way the southern boundary. The main boulevard, parallel to Coral Way, was named Alhambra Plaza, a 140 foot thoroughfare. Merrick had already erected the Coral Gables Garage and the electric plant, "two fine structures in the best Spanish design." A cement block plant, a tea room, a restaurant, an eight-store structure, two filling stations, and a water tower were also under construction. A little more than two months later the developer announced a \$5,000,000 development program for the year. Three million dollars would be expended for homes (300 of them), \$1,000,000 for business, industrial and educational construction, and the balance for parks, plazas, golf courses, club houses, streets, sidewalks, an electric lighting system, a water system, and other improvements. As a news item the *Miami Herald* carried the story that four new sections of the "big Suburb" would soon be opened and that the move would involve the building of twenty miles of streets and of sidewalks, and the extension of utilities. Later in the year a Venetian Lake (the Venetian Pool) was announced. The plans included a twenty foot diving rock with carved steps leading up to it, two waterfalls cascading five feet into the lake, a pergola pavilion, and locker rooms for men and women. As a sort of climax there would be a colorful float to cruise around the lake.

In September, Merrick added a 180 acre tract on the east that included the old John Douglas home and grove. This addition with 300 acres previously acquired on the northwest gave the development almost two miles of frontage along the Tamiami Trail and made the suburb a rough square running about four miles to a side. The main entrance from Miami would be at the corner of Douglas Road and the "Trail," or Southwest Eighth Street. Toward the end of the month, as preparation for the coming season, the Granada tract of 450 acres was opened for sale, and thirty modest-priced homes were planned for it.

As an example of the way in which Merrick provided facilities for his investors, there was the Coral Gables Utilities Corporation of Miami, chartered by the state, with a capitalization of \$500,000. Its stated purpose was "owning, operating and maintaining factories, plants, and necessary machin-

ery and equipment for the manufacture and distribution of electricity which is to be used for power and lights." Merrick was president of the corporation, Harry A. Burnes, vice-president, and Edwin G. Bishop, secretary-treasurer. In less than eight months of operation the \$100,000 equipment was outgrown; it had been considered adequate for a three to five year period. Additional equipment in the amount of \$50,000 was being added.

Nor did Merrick forget the social and recreational needs of those he would attract to "Miami's Master Suburb." In January, he opened a nine hole golf course, for use of which a one dollar daily green fee was charged, but a season membership might be obtained at a cost of twenty-five dollars. Soon he erected an outdoor cement and tile tea room and dancing pavilion between the club house and the professional's house. The club house "scarcely completed" was deemed so inadequate that an additional \$60,000 was to be spent erecting a second floor.

The *Miami Herald* accorded full recognition to the development's growth. In the late summer it began a three column section devoted to Coral Gables news items—on Mondays. The *Miami Daily Metropolis* had been carrying a Coral Gables section at intervals since January.

Several miles north of Coral Gables lay Hialeah, in greater Miami's northwest. In 1922, it, too, was just two years old and expanding rapidly. The original development was cut out of the Curtiss-Bright Ranch Company holdings. Hialeah was not only a subdivision it was also the catch-all for most of the sporting events around Miami. The dog track was located there as were eventually the major race track of the area and the Jai Alai fronton. It was also the location of the movie studios which were the Florida hope of a new and bigger Hollywood (California). It was also the home of a famous prohibition drink in Miami, "Hialeah Rye."

In 1923, Hialeah was being pushed as a real estate development. With \$503,803.65 spent on building in Hialeah in 1922, advertisements were pointing to the \$100,000 worth of building being launched in the first ten days of January of 1923. To demonstrate just how active the community was, a man was stationed at the post office building on New Year's Day to count traffic. He found that 1,257 vehicles had passed his post in one hour! With building operations reaching a total over \$200,000 in the month of January real estate sales began to pick up. In Hialeah was located the motion picture organization known as Miami Studios, Inc., capitalized at \$300,000 and founded in 1921. The studios with more land than needed

decided to offer for sale 84 lots "immediately east of the huge studio buildings at Hialeah."

In February, D. W. Griffith came to Miami to begin work on the motion picture the "White Rose." The event called forth a full page ad on the back page of the Sunday *Miami Herald*. There was just a small card in the center of an otherwise blank page:

DAVID WARK GRIFFITH  
 the eminent motion  
 picture director  
 has started production in  
 THE MIAMI STUDIOS  
 at Hialeah.

N. B. T. Roney, active in large scale operations in Miami Beach real estate, bought heavily into Hialeah real estate. The result was a small flurry in sales. It was reported that Agnes McGrath of Little River had bought a lot at 6:00 P. M. Saturday evening for \$1,000. On Monday she was offered but refused \$2,600. In the meantime notices of new construction continued to appear in the newspapers along with the interesting note that Hialeah found Seminole Indians "to be ideal golf caddies," for their "marvelous eyesight trained for years in the impenetrable fastnesses of the Everglades" enabled them to follow the ball.

North of Miami was the Florida Cities Finance Company's development, Fulford-by-the-Sea, which offered lots on easy terms at prices ranging from \$700 to \$1,500. They also advertised a stupendous improvement program promised to be completed in three years, "a scientific program of progressive development." Of all of the developments of major consequence in greater Miami, Fulford-by-the-Sea ran into the most difficulty. Its programs were always just a little more ambitious than those of its competitors. When Coral Gables announced a \$15,000,000 university, Fulford planned one to cost \$30,000,000. Of the developments also it was Fulford that fell before the charge of fraud.

Miami, in 1923, was on the threshold of its first great period of expansion, its boom. In a large measure the stage was set and the characters moved into place. The pattern of the boom was set, too, for Miami was a curious combination of the serious, the artistic, and the bizarre. For every conservative, well planned development offering attractive home-sites and improvements to its investors, like Coral Gables, for instance, there were

many which traded upon barbecues, jazz bands, and car raffles to attract buyers to lands of dubious value. Just so was the community with its established businesses, its lectures and concerts, and its Seminole golf caddies, beach honky-tonks, and fiery letters painted on North Carolina rocks.

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# The Pennsuco Sugar Experiment

By WILLIAM A. GRAHAM

*Getting this company of sugar manufacturers [the Pennsylvania Sugar Company] interested in the Everglades to the extent of buying the necessary land and developing it has been characterized by one of the shrewdest dealers in big realty in Florida as the 'best day's work ever done for the state.'*

Immediately following World War I the world and the nation were faced with a sugar shortage which drove the price of sugar up and focused attention upon the possibilities of sugar production in new undeveloped areas of the world. One such area was the Florida Everglades.

A number of persons toured the Everglades in that period and gave glowing accounts of what they saw. For example, C. A. Burguieres, prominent Louisiana sugar cane planter and sugar distributor, made an extensive trip into the Everglades in 1920 and was enthusiastically optimistic about Florida's opportunities. According to a story in the *Florida Times-Union*, "[Burguieres] . . . stated that the sugar producing possibilities in Florida were truly wonderful and that he had seen cane there yielding over thirty tons to the acre and testing from sixteen to eighteen per cent sucrose as a usual thing. He had gone over that country a year or more ago and, where at that time one would find only a few acres, he would now see seven or eight thousand acres of the finest sugar cane to be seen anywhere on the American continent."

Reports such as this gave increased impetus to the already growing awareness of the potentialities of the Florida Everglades as a sugar producing area. These predictions were not totally without practical basis; for results of previous experiments, such as the St. Cloud Sugar Plantation as early as 1884, and the efforts of the Southern States Land and Timber Company in the Lake Okeechobee area beginning in 1915 offered hope for the future of sugar cane cultivation in the Everglades.

Florida newspapers and leaders eagerly advanced the theory that the Florida Everglades could and should become the sugar bowl of the nation, even of the world. The *Florida Times-Union* (Jacksonville) undertook an

active campaign in 1920 to promote the production of sugar in Florida, and the *Miami Metropolis* asked, in regard to an editorial of the *Times-Union* predicting that Florida would soon be supplying a million tons of sugar a year, "But isn't it exasperating to think that Florida could be acting as the nation's sugar bowl right now if her people had not been so everlastingly slow?"

It seemed that Florida could hardly wait to accept her position as a leading sugar cane producer. There was little doubt concerning the success of sugar production. The only uncertain factor was the matter of time involved in getting large scale cultivation under way. In 1919 there were a dozen sugar plantation projects scattered throughout the state.

This enthusiasm for the development of the Florida Everglades as a major sugar cane producing area, coupled with the desire of South Florida residents for the establishment of some stable type of industry and/or agriculture to bolster that area's economy, assured the hearty approval of the development of the adjacent Everglades land by the Pennsylvania Sugar Company.

Prior to 1919, B. B. Tatum, large Everglades landowner, devoted considerable time in efforts to interest a substantial company in the Everglades as a location for sugar cane production and refining. Finally, in the fall of 1919, after several trips to Philadelphia, he was successful in making an agreement with the Pennsylvania Sugar Company whereby it was to have the use of a large acreage of Everglades muck land northwest of Miami. For this land the Pennsylvania Sugar Company was to pay rent, \$1.85 an acre for the larger portion and \$3.50 an acre for the rest. The Tatum Brothers Company, owner of the land, gave the sugar company the privilege of purchasing the land for \$12 an acre, with the rental to apply on the purchase price, if the experiments in cane cultivation proved successful. The Tatum Brothers Company was under bond to refund the rent if the experiments failed.

About 70,000 acres of muck land were involved in this agreement. This was the first Everglades land which the Tatum Brothers Company had been able to sell or lease at any price. It was hoped that the Pennsylvania Sugar Company project would raise the value of the other lands in the vicinity which were owned by the Tatum Brothers Company, by other private interests and by the state.

In the spring of 1919, while negotiations were under way, General José Miguel Gomez, experienced sugar producer with financial interests in Cuban

sugar mills, inspected the land involved in the proposed development. Upon completion of his tour of the area, Gomez stated that the soil was not sufficiently fertile for the growth of sugar cane. He suggested that land experts, after careful study, might be able to adapt the land to the requirements of sugar cane cultivation. Unless such adjustments were made, he said, the enterprise would be a failure.

Perhaps as a result of this opinion, work was postponed for a time, but later it was resumed despite the warning because it was believed that Gomez might have been prejudiced by his own sugar interests and his possible fear of competition between Cuban and Florida sugar. Certainly Cuban interests did not look with favor upon the development of Florida as a major sugar producing area.

The Pennsylvania Sugar Company, with headquarters in Philadelphia, was well established in the sugar refining industry before it embarked upon its Florida venture. It handled the sugars of E. Atkins & Company, which controlled the largest mills in Cuba, as well as the sugars of the Caledonia Sugar Company, a cooperative association of independent Cuban mill owners. Its refinery in Philadelphia, one of the largest in the country, had a daily output of 7,000 barrels, with a yearly business exceeding \$50,000,000.

While this was the company's first entry into the field of actual sugar cane production, the economic stability and financial strength of the firm gave confidence to persons interested in the development of the Everglades as a sugar producing region. The company offered no stock or bonds for sale. The entire project was self-financed. The importance attached to this fact was indicated by the *Tampa Tribune*. Having learned of the early progress made by the sugar company, the *Tribune* commented, "This story is inspiring and encouraging for two reasons, one being that the Pennsylvania Sugar Company is self-financed and abundantly capitalized and has not a dollar of stock to sell. The second reason is, it has gone about this sugar making business methodically, scientifically, and commonsense-like, from the start . . ." Furthermore, it was considered highly significant that the company asked no concessions from the county, the state or the city.

The company's directorate was composed of wealthy men who were influential in various businesses in Philadelphia and other cities of Pennsylvania. George H. Earle, Jr., was president of the company, and William H. Hoodless was general manager.

Van Alen Harris had been instrumental, along with B. B. Tatum, in securing the company's favorable attention toward the Everglades. Harris was a graduate of Princeton and was an experienced cane grower and sugar manufacturer in the tropics. He had been constructing civil engineer for the Guanica Central Sugar Company of Guanica, Puerto Rico in 1901; superintendent of El Ejemplo Sugar Factory at Humacao, Puerto Rico; general manager of the Central Romana Sugar Company at La Roma, Santo Domingo; and vice-president and general manager of the Haytian-American Sugar Company of Port Au-Prince, Haiti. Harris became the first resident manager of the Pennsylvania Sugar Company in Florida.

Shortly after land arrangements had been made with the Tatum Brothers Company, the Pennsylvania Sugar Company began clearing the land in preparation for actual cane planting. The company was registered to do business in Broward County on November 12, 1919. By May, 1920, approximately 360 acres of Everglades muck land had been plowed and was ready for cane. Between 200 and 300 acres of cane were planted that spring and summer. The labor force of the plantation in 1920 consisted of about 100 men. These men were housed in temporary buildings and were served their meals on a houseboat. Holt, Indiana and Cletrac tractors were used to provide power for preparing the land and cultivating the cane. Also in use on the plantation were twenty mules which were equipped with special muck shoes.

Thus it was that in December of 1920, with almost 300 acres of cane standing high in the fields and all Miami looking forward to the first harvest of sugar, a killing frost struck the area, and the entire planting was lost. The first misfortune had befallen the Pennsylvania Sugar Company's enterprise in the Florida Everglades.

The frost of December, 1920, aroused some doubt in the minds of the management of the Pennsylvania Sugar Company as to the feasibility of growing sugar cane in Florida. It had been the understanding of the company's officials that the weather in South Florida would not become cold enough to damage the cane plantings. The killing frost was completely unexpected and dealt a severe blow to their confidence in the success of the South Florida project.

Consequently, W. H. Hoodless, general manager, sent Ernest R. Graham to Florida to assume the resident managerial duties and to investigate the advisability of continuing cane cultivation. Should he find it unwise to

continue the growth of sugar cane, he was instructed to explore the possibilities of an alternative use for the land held by the company in the Florida Everglades. Graham was a graduate of the Michigan School of Mines. He had had experience as a mining and civil engineer prior to the World War, had served as a captain in the army engineers during the war, had been active in agriculture in Michigan since the war, and had been associated with Hoodless in the beet sugar mill in his home town of Croswell, Michigan.

Immediately upon arrival in Florida, Graham conferred with the weather bureau regarding the possibilities of future frosts in South Florida. R. A. Gray, Miami weatherman, told Graham that frosts would occur everywhere in the state except on the islands in Lake Okeechobee. However, he assured Graham that it would be possible to eliminate the frost danger on the sugar company's land by the use of pumps. Gray said that by pumping water over the fields in time of frost danger, thus blanketing the tender cane, the crops would be afforded ample protection as the periods of frost danger would be brief.

Graham took over as resident manager on March 1, 1921. At that time there were only fourteen employees on the plantation, and all work had come to a halt. The sugar company owned approximately 89,000 acres of land at this time since additional purchases had been made after the original land purchase from the Tatum Brothers Company. This figure included land owned by the company itself and land owned by the executives of the company. The company also possessed a one third interest in about 120,000 acres which extended north to Lake Okeechobee. This interest was later sold.

Of this land between 200 and 300 acres had been plowed and planted in cane. As mentioned previously, virtually all of the original planting had been killed by frost. There were also two experimental plots on which several varieties of cane were being tested for their adaptation to Everglades soil and climate.

It would be well to point out that throughout the entire period of operations it was necessary for the Pennsylvania Sugar Company to conduct continuous and extensive research of a pioneering type. There were few or no textbooks or other authentic printed data concerning the soil and cultivation potentialities of Everglades land. Thus, it was necessary for the inception of the project to employ competent chemists, agriculturists, engineers and soil analysts. Because conditions were unlike any known to sugar production, the methods, processes and tools had to be specifically adapted

to meet the requirements of the unique situation. To conduct this research a tremendous expenditure in both time and money was necessary. The company's tenacity and thoroughness in executing these experiments aroused the interest and admiration of the community. On March 22, 1925, in his feature article on the sugar company, Gerald Brandon, staff writer of the *Miami Daily News*, concluded that, "Pioneering work such as is being done by this corporation entails much vision, faith, patience and expenditure of capital."

Several hundred varieties of cane were experimented with on the plantation. The variations in tonnage per acre and sucrose content were great. An Otahiti variety produced the greatest amount of success of all the types tested. This cane had not been successful in the Hawaiian Islands because of the scarcity of organic matter in the soil. The Everglades soil, with its high organic content, did not suffer from this deficiency. A Japanese cane which thrived in the area also offered possibilities.

Along with the problem of discovering varieties of cane which produced the greatest yields under Everglades climatic and soil conditions was that of combatting diseases and insects. In particular, the sugar company was plagued by mosaic disease and cane borers. An expert, who had had much experience with similar problems in Java, was brought to the plantation. This man devoted his entire time to an attempt to develop varieties of cane which were resistant to the mosaic disease. This is a virus disease of plants characterized by a mottling of the foliage.

The preparation of Everglades soil for the growth of sugar cane was a problem with many facets. In the first place, experience in the cultivation of Everglades muck land had proved that it needed to stand clear of surface water for a period of time if best results were to be obtained. Bacteriological action necessary for the sustenance of plant life is checked by an excess of water. Thus, there was the problem of drainage.

In the second place, there are several recognized stages of development in which Everglades land is found. They are colloquially called the saw grass period, the careless weed period, the elderberry period and the custard apple period because of the type of vegetation found growing. Cane will grow best on the custard apple land which is the highest stage of development. Since most of the land belonging to the sugar company was of the saw grass stage, the operators of the plantation sought ways to develop it.

In the third place, although the soil was rich in nitrogen, it was found to be lacking in phosphoric acid and potash. This problem was easily solved by A. E. Maier, agriculturist in charge of that phase of work. He used a mixture of twelve parts of phosphoric acid and eight parts of potash to fertilize the sugar cane fields. From 500 to 2,000 pounds of fertilizer were used on an acre of land. All of these soil problems had to be met if the company's operations in Florida were to be a success.

The mechanical problems presented by the necessity of plowing, planting cane, and harvesting cane on muck land that was frequently wet and soft called forth a good deal of ingenuity and inventiveness on the part of the operators. Ordinary equipment could not operate in these conditions which meant that specially adapted farm machinery and equipment had to be designed.

C. Clinton Page, in the *Miami Herald* on January 1, 1925, describes some of the new machines and methods used, "Among the special tools used has been an immense gasoline motor propelled plow equipped with three bottoms, each turning a furrow twenty-two inches wide and from twelve to fourteen inches deep. This machine was used for the first plowing of the virgin saw grass land after it had been cleared of the grass, weeds, and minor brush and small trees by burning and dragging. Tractor-drawn disc harrows, drags, and floats were subsequently used to work up and smooth the soil for planting. Tractors by the dozen; in the neighborhood of twenty Fordsons, besides fifteen or more of various other types, including the caterpillars; and dozens of Ford cars and trucks, are a part of the Pennsylvania Sugar Plantation. In order to get over the vast fields quickly when necessary and where there are no hard surfaced roads, Ford cars and trucks have been equipped with special rims and flat steel-faced tires, ten to twelve inches wide, making it possible to traverse, when emergency requires, any part of the plantation, even when the soil is wet and otherwise impassable."

These Fords were stripped down to the chassis and were characterized in another newspaper story as "rough-riding artificial donkeys" which, their comfort notwithstanding, "covered the ground quickly."

Caterpillar tractors were practically necessities because wheel tractors bogged down too easily and became stuck in the moist muck land. Mules and work horses were largely unsatisfactory because the footing was too soft for them to be of much value as a source of power.

Because of higher labor costs per man hour in Florida as contrasted with Cuba and the West Indies, it was necessary for the Pennsylvania Sugar Company to mechanize as much of the planting and harvesting as was possible to compete economically with sugar produced in those areas with cheap labor.

Cutting cane at harvest time entailed much hard work. To eliminate as much hand labor as possible, the company expended large sums of money in an effort to perfect a mechanical cane cutter. To this end engineers who were experienced in the invention of large farm machinery specially designed to meet unusual problems were brought to the plantation. Unfortunately, these efforts were never entirely successful, and it was necessary to continue to cut all of the cane by hand. Negro laborers performed this operation using large cane knives. However, from this point on, getting the cane from the fields to the sugar mill was completely mechanized.

After the cane had been cut, it was loaded on carts or wagons which were drawn by tractors to the railroad which ran through the cane fields. This railroad started at the mill and ran five miles into the cane fields. The company utilized eighty cane cars which were pulled along the rails by Fordson tractor engines mounted on railroad wheels and axles. Mechanical loaders transferred the cane from the field wagons to the railroad cars. These loaders were steel towers about thirty feet high and wide enough to span both the railroad cars and the field wagons. Hoists powered by gasoline engines lifted the cane from the wagons into the railroad cars. Trains of cars were then pulled to the mill where they were unloaded by a mechanical device which tipped them so as to deposit the cane in an automatic feeding trough which carried the cane into the mill.

Despite all attempts to mechanize the production of sugar, the cultivation and harvesting processes, by the very nature of the crop, made a large labor force necessary.

The number of workers employed varied from 100 to 1,000 depending upon the season, the maximum naturally being during the harvest season when all cane was cut by hand. The wage scale for white workers varied from \$100 to \$200 per month plus living quarters. Negro laborers were paid by the hour. According to T. N. Toms, former bookkeeper for the Pennsylvania Sugar Company, the hourly rate increased from 20c in 1923 to 40c in 1925. The employees normally worked a ten hour day, six days a week, or a total of sixty hours a week.

The gross payroll figures for three years were made available to the writer. They are as follows:

|           |              |
|-----------|--------------|
| 1924..... | \$206,000.00 |
| 1925..... | 173,000.00   |
| 1926..... | 134,000.00   |

About one third of each of these figures represented wages paid to Negro labor.

These figures are significant. The downward trend of the payroll indicates the reduction of operations which accompanied the transition from the cultivation of sugar cane to truck farming which will be discussed later. In 1924, sugar cane was the principal crop. The flood in the summer of 1925 killed the cane and led to the cultivation of truck crops. By 1926, the change to truck crops had been completed.

The employees of the plantation and their families comprised a self-sufficient community. Equipped with a store, a church, a dance hall, a post office and a doctor, the community was known as Pennsuco.

The employees were housed in frame buildings constructed on stilts as a protection against high water. Separate units housed the Negroes and the whites. Single men lived in bunk houses and were fed in the company mess hall, while the families were housed in individual units. The living quarters and other buildings were divided among three separate camps.

There were two problems involved in the maintenance of an adequate labor force. First, there was the difficulty of finding and hiring laborers. The Miami area, undergoing boom time development, did not contain persons looking for the type of work to be found at the sugar company's plantation. Therefore, it was necessary to recruit workers from such areas as North Florida and Georgia. The company paid recruiters at a stipulated price per worker.

It was the second problem, however, which created the most headaches for the sugar company officials. The workers from southern rural areas were extremely susceptible to the lure of the high wages and glamour which typified boom time Miami. According to T. N. Toms, "Much recruited labor was brought in one day and left immediately for Miami."

Thus, the maintenance of an adequate labor force constituted an ever-present irritant in the operation of the sugar plantation.

In the spring of 1921, after Ernest R. Graham took charge as resident manager, cane planting was begun again. The officials of the company had decided that the continued cultivation of sugar cane offered the best opportunity for the utilization of their Everglades land. With some 200 men who were brought in from Jacksonville the planting of about 1,000 acres of cane was started.

The first job was that of preparing the land for the planting of the cane. As the land was covered with saw grass, brush and small trees, it was necessary to burn off the native vegetation before attempting to plow the land. At times the saw grass was mowed first to allow it to dry thoroughly before burning. Once the wild plant growth had been removed, the actual plowing of the virgin muck soil could begin.

For this purpose plows such as the three bottom self-propelled plow, described earlier in this paper, and other large plows drawn by large Holt caterpillar type tractors were used. The fields were then disced, harrowed and dragged so as to smooth and level them for planting.

A big, stocky Florida Green cane was the main variety planted. The first cane stands lacked uniformity. There were spots where the cane grew vigorously and rapidly, but in the same fields were spots where the cane was small and stunted. In an effort to determine the reason for the irregular growth, A. E. Maier, soil analyst, sampled the soils of the Everglades from the sugar plantation north to Lake Okeechobee. He discovered that the humus or vegetable matter in the soil was decomposed to a depth of only about six inches in most places. As an experiment Maier dug holes down to the limestone, which was about five or six feet beneath the muck and filled these holes with layers of decomposed top soil and fertilizer. The growth of cane which resulted from a planting in these holes was truly remarkable. An attempt was then made to determine a practical method by which this could be done universally. A plan was devised whereby holes would be dug at eight foot intervals. The topsoil between the holes would be combined with fertilizer and used as filler. The holes were dug by Negro workers who were paid by the hole. As the only requirement was that the holes must be dug to the rock base, the diggers soon developed a fine technique whereby they could skillfully and quickly dig a very narrow hole no bigger than the shovel itself. These, of course, were completed in a very short space of time, but they were worthless insofar as the purpose for which they were designed was concerned. Needless to say, the operators quickly stipulated that the holes be large enough to allow a barrel hoop to

pass down them. The land which was prepared in this way produced large yields of cane.

Some of the land had to be aerated before it could be planted. This was particularly true of land on which little shells were found. These were low forms of sea life which it was necessary to destroy. Muck containing these shells had to be turned up continuously. Fertilizer consisting of twelve parts phosphoric acid and eight parts potash was applied at a rate of about 1,000 pounds to the acre. This fertilizer was used on all the land, and in some sections as much as 2,000 pounds to the acre was spread.

In 1922 Ernest Graham went to St. Louis where he purchased about 200 Angus, Hereford and Durham steers and heifers and two carloads of western broncs. The theory behind the purchase of this stock was that the manure from livestock would benefit the soil. However, rains in 1922 flooded the fields, and it was necessary to dispose of the cattle and horses before their value could be determined.

Still another attempt was made to improve the soil by the planting of leguminous truck crops between the rows of cane. It was hoped that this would both enrich the fields and return a profit. About 100 acres of land were leased to farmers for the growth of truck crops on a 50-50 basis. The company realized a profit of something over \$100 per acre. Thus, it might be called a successful venture in truck farming.

By 1922, about 1500 acres had been planted, but a flood that year prevented the harvesting of the crop. The high water also damaged and destroyed much of the cane. As soon as the high water receded, rehabilitation of the cane fields was begun, with the result that about 1500 acres of cane were available for cutting that winter. During this period the company attained a yield of twenty tons per acre with a ten per cent sugar content.

In the summer of 1925, a flood completely covered the fields of the plantation and killed all of the cane. With this new disaster the Pennsylvania Sugar Company brought to an end its attempts to cultivate sugar cane and turned to the full scale production of truck crops.

Early in 1922, after three years of experience in the Everglades and the expenditure of nearly \$300,000, the officials of the company had been fully convinced of the potentialities of the Florida Everglades as a sugar producing area. Thus, they were willing and determined to construct a sugar mill costing another million and a half dollars. Despite the doubt expressed by some lay critics, construction of the mill was inaugurated in May 1922. By fall, excavations had been completed and most of the concrete foundation

had been laid. At this point heavy rains flooded the area and made continuation of the work difficult. In spite of the handicap, work was pushed on, and the mill was completed in May of 1923.

Prospects of growing sugar cane had not been the sole factor in the decision to construct the mill in the Florida Everglades. In the first place, the site was near enough to Cuba to suggest the possibility of transporting Cuban raw sugar by boat to Miami and by barge up the Miami Canal to the mill to be refined, thus enabling the company to operate the mill throughout most of the year. Cuban sugar laws later prevented this from being attempted. In the second place, Mr. Earle, president of the company, foresaw the future growth of the southeast Florida coast and visualized that area as a large market for refined sugar. A third important factor was the availability of large quantities of limestone which could be used in the manufacture of lime and carbon dioxide which were needed in the refining process.

The mill was constructed of corrugated steel. It was 352 feet long, 192 feet wide and 90 feet high, with a maximum daily capacity of 1500 tons of cane. Reported to have been the finest plant of its kind in the United States and one of the most thoroughly equipped in the world, it included a lime kiln, a refinery, and experimental paper plant.

It was located ten miles west of Hialeah on the southwest bank of the Miami Canal.

Gerald Brandon, staff writer of the *Miami Daily News*, gave the following vivid description of the processing of cane in the mill: "The cane goes through a crusher, thence through the shredder and between three sets of rollers that extract the juice. The fiber or 'bagasse' is then carried to the western end of the mill where it is fed to the furnaces as fuel. This bagasse will be the basis of the paper industry that is planned as a by-product.

"From the rollers, the cane juice passes to storage tanks in the basement and is pumped through filter presses to remove the mud and other foreign solids. It is then treated with lime in a carbonation process that replaces the 'defacation' process commonly used in other mills. From the carbonation tanks it again goes through filter presses and thence to the vacuum pans where it is boiled until crystalization has occurred to a sufficient degree. It is then dropped into the crystalizer where it is kept in motion until the crystals have grown to the desired size. From the crystalizer the sugar, which by this time is in a pasty form, goes to the battery of centrifugals, where the molasses is extracted by the gravity process. After washing and drying, the sugar is sacked. It is then what is now called a high grade raw

sugar. The refining process is practically a repetition of the previous process, the raw sugar being melted in water and the carbonation, boiling, filtering, crystalization and other steps being gone through again. In addition, there is the granulating machine that is used after refining."

A plant crew of one hundred skilled sugar factory men was brought to the plantation in December, 1923, to prepare for the operation of the mill. On January 17, 1924, the engines were started, and the mill was in operation. Because of the limited amount of cane available, the mill operated at a reduced rate for only thirty days. The total production for the season was 2,500 bags of refined sugar and 1,500 bags of raw sugar. President Earle, Secretary-Treasurer J. A. McCarthy and General Manager Hoodless of the Pennsylvania Sugar Company were all present to observe the mill in operation as the first refined sugar manufactured in Florida was produced. That year's operation of the mill was considered by the company's officials as a "tune-up", so they were not overly concerned with the amount of sugar manufactured.

Heavy rains throughout the summer and fall of 1924 meant that little cane was available for grinding during the 1924-25 season of the mill. However, it was reported in the *Miami Daily News* of March 22, 1925, that "despite the fact that the mill is being run at a small percentage of capacity and that the cane had had its sugar content considerably reduced by standing in water over a period of several weeks, the output had paid for the mill operation this season." One of the primary purposes in the operation of the mill was to try out improved machinery which had been installed in the plant, including a number of features which had been designed by the company's own experts.

The mill which represented a mammoth investment in capital and labor operated only two years. May of 1925 brought deluging rains to the Everglades. The resulting high water killed the cane and silenced the engines of the mill.

Prior to the flood of 1925, the main interest and purpose of the Pennsylvania Sugar Company had been the cultivation of sugar cane. However, even before that catastrophe there had been some experimentation with and actual cultivation of other crops. It has already been mentioned that certain truck crops were grown between the rows of cane by independent farmers on a share basis. In addition, from the very beginning of the project, individual employees and the company itself planted and tended vegetable gardens. The produce from these gardens supplied the families' tables and

the company's mess hall. By the winter of 1924-25—the last season of cane production—almost 1,000 acres were devoted to crops other than sugar cane.

While going through the files of the Pennsylvania Sugar Company, it was interesting to note the number of articles and news reports referring to the potentialities of orchids, mangos, mushrooms, pineapples, avocados, tomatoes and other plants which could be grown in South Florida. Apparently the company's officers were considering the possibilities of crops other than sugar as early as 1922. Thus, the change-over from the cultivation of sugar cane to the cultivation of truck crops was more a gradual and premeditated transition to crops which had been successfully grown than a sudden change to the growing of untried crops.

There were two main reasons for the change. In the first place, truck crops require a much shorter growing season than cane. Thus, it was possible to plant the vegetables in the fall, after the flood dangers had passed, and to harvest during the winter and early spring, before the heavy summer rains had begun. The problem of high water which had so hindered the growth of cane was, for this reason, substantially reduced. Secondly, vegetables do not require as fertile soil as sugar cane. It was much less difficult to grow vegetables on the saw grass land than it had been to grow cane.

Other reasons, of course, played a part in the plans which were made for the future of the plantation. To have replaced the cane plantings would have meant the expenditure of a great deal of money without any assurance of a profitable return. By contrast, vegetable crops would cost less to plant and would bring in at least some revenue within a relatively short period of time.

During the winter of 1925-26, approximately 2300 acres of potatoes were grown. From this acreage 14,000 barrels were shipped north in addition to the large amount which was sold on the Miami market. These potatoes brought a higher price than did northern grown potatoes. Between 1925 and 1931, the area devoted to truck crops varied from 500 to 2,000 acres. The variety of vegetables grown was increased in order that the season's success should not hinge upon the fate of a single crop. In 1927, the *Miami Daily News* published the following estimate of crops to be harvested weekly throughout the season:

|                |                |
|----------------|----------------|
| Potatoes ..... | 12,000 crates  |
| Beans .....    | 500 hampers    |
| Carrots .....  | 20,000 bunches |
| Spinach .....  | 500 hampers    |
| Turnips .....  | 6,000 bunches  |

|                |                |
|----------------|----------------|
| Beets -----    | 12,000 bunches |
| Celery -----   | 4,000 bunches  |
| Onions -----   | 10,000 bunches |
| Eggplant ----- | 100 crates     |
| Radishes ----- | 25,000 bunches |
| Squash -----   | 100 hampers    |
| Peppers -----  | 250 hampers    |
| Tomatoes ----- | 400 crates     |
| Cabbage -----  | 200 crates     |

The harvest season was expected to last from about January 1 to May 1, 1928. Many of these vegetables were sold in the Miami area, but large amounts were also shipped to northern markets.

To handle local sales, a warehouse was located in Miami. Benjamin Hunter, experienced wholesale groceryman, was put in charge of this phase of the business. He handled distribution to retail outlets, restaurants and hotels. Every effort was made to assure delivery of high quality, fresh vegetables to these buyers.

The marketing of vegetables shipped north was handled by a northern division of the company. These vegetables were transported by barge down the Miami Canal to refrigerated steamships which carried them to northern ports. Some potatoes were also shipped by rail in carload lots from Miami.

The greatest hazard to the production of these crops was the danger of damage from frost. In order to protect the plants from this natural danger, three large pumps, each with a capacity of 66,000 gallons of water a minute were installed on the plantation. These pumps were used to pump water from the Miami Canal back into the drainage canals and ditches of the plantation until the fields of growing vegetables were covered with water. This blanket of water protected the green plants from the extreme cold. When the frost danger had passed, the pumps were reversed, and the water was drawn back into the Miami Canal. These pumps were also used to help control the water level so that possibilities of floods were somewhat reduced.

From 1928 to 1931, the plantation was operated as the Pennsuco Farming Company. The losses of this company were guaranteed by the Pennsylvania Sugar Company, and Ernest R. Graham remained as manger.

In 1930 a canning factory was put into operation for the purpose of canning surplus potatoes and beans. The canned goods were sold under the trade name of the Pennsuco Farming Company. In 1931, when the low

prices caused by the general farm depression of the late 1920's and early 1930's made it impossible to operate the plantation profitably, the Pennsylvania Sugar Company withdrew from the Everglades.

The real estate boom of the early 1920's in the Miami area caused land values in Dade County to rise so rapidly that 33 of 96 dairies operating in the county in 1924 were forced to go out of business. The resultant decrease in the fresh milk supply alarmed J. S. Rainey, county agent, and others interested in the dairy industry. As a consequence, these individuals sought the provision of additional land for dairy purposes.

With this in mind, the Dade County Dairy Association, at their meeting on May 16, 1925, invited Ernest R. Graham to discuss the possibility of utilizing Everglades land for pasturing dairy cows. In his discussion, Graham said that the Everglades could become a dairy section if roads were provided and if some system of drainage were worked out. Graham further stated, "The Pennsylvania Sugar Company is going to dike off a 425-acre tract and use pumps to drain it during the wet season. If this works out satisfactorily, there is no reason why this method cannot be applied to the drainage of pasture land."

From this meeting came a plan whereby the Pennsylvania Sugar Company would sell five sections of Everglades land, at a price below the market value, to a syndicate, composed of Dade County residents and headed by Marcus Milam, with the understanding that the land was to be used for the establishment of dairy farms. The county was to implement the plan by constructing roads into the proposed area.

This project was received with great enthusiasm. The *Miami Herald* reported that "to Mr. Rainey [county agent], that the portion of the Everglades extending north and south and on westward from Hialeah, by adopting the Hollander's method of keeping back the water, will be a most beautiful section of Florida. He pictures beautiful farm houses surrounded by tropical fruit trees which he declares will grow rapidly with profitable results. The diking system with roads and grass plots would be a most picturesque scene to travellers and sightseers and would prove to be Miami's wonderful back country attraction." An editorial in the *Miami Daily News* commended both the sugar company and the leaders of the project for their initiative and community spirit.

Heavy rains in the late summer of 1925 plus the sudden "bust" of the real estate boom prevented this project from advancing beyond the planning

stage. All the money which the sugar company had received from the land buyers was refunded.

The foregoing discussion of the unfulfilled dairy plan is included here to indicate the way in which the sugar company, through its representatives, entered into the community projects for the development of South Florida.

Throughout the entire period of its operation in the Florida Everglades the Pennsylvania Sugar Company was harassed by the problem of adequate drainage. From the beginning, crops were damaged—and often destroyed—and work was hindered by the heavy summer and fall rains which are so common in that section of the state. Thus, the success of the Pennsylvania Sugar Company's plantation was, to a great extent, dependent upon a satisfactory solution of the drainage problem. As the company's land was a part of the Everglades, so their drainage problem was a part of Everglades drainage.

The Everglades is a broad, flat plain—lying south of Lake Okeechobee for the most part—which covers an area of approximately 4,000 square miles. In this area the average mean rainfall ranges from approximately 60 inches at Miami to 50 inches at Lake Okeechobee. The yearly distribution is uneven so that most of this rain comes in the summer and early fall.

Therefore, the problem of Everglades drainage was to devise a system which would provide for the removal of the great amount of excess water caused by the heavy seasonal rains. As the topography of the Everglades is so flat, with the highest elevation reaching only a few feet above sea level, there was not a great deal of natural drainage. Furthermore, on both sides of the Everglades are ridges which, except for a few natural outlets, did not allow the drainage of flood waters to either the east or west. Most of the natural drainage, consequently, had been southward along the middle of the peninsula emptying into the Gulf of Mexico. Many men dreamed of draining this vast area of land so as to make its fertile soil available for productive purposes.

Since the interests of the Pennsylvania Sugar Company were vitally concerned with the drainage of the Everglades, the executives of the company took an active and vociferous part in all actions undertaken by state and local agencies which affected drainage.

State action toward the reclamation of the Everglades was instigated by Governor N. B. Broward during his administration (1905-9). In 1905 the Everglades Drainage Board was created. In 1913 a graduated system of acreage taxes was provided for the district. Also in 1913, the Florida Ever-

glades Engineering Commission made an investigation culminating in the Randolph report which became the basis of Everglades drainage. The Randolph Plan, which was in effect when the Pennsylvania Sugar Company came to Florida, incorporated a system of diagonal drainage canals from Lake Okeechobee to the Eastern Atlantic seacoast. The Miami Canal, near which the sugar plantation was located, was one of the main canals in the drainage plan.

The officials of the sugar company had been convinced that the completion of these canals would provide adequate drainage for their land. Their first disappointment came when President Earle and General Manager Hoodless visited the plantation in June, 1920. They found that the dredge which was constructing the Miami Canal was not operating. They were also concerned over the water level of the canal and the possible danger of flooding the cane fields. Consequently, they instructed Van Alen Harris, resident manager, to investigate the possibility of damming the canal behind the dredge so that the completed portion of the canal could effectively lower the water level of the area through which it ran.

On June 29, 1920, F. C. Elliot, Chief Drainage Engineer, telegraphed Harris authority to construct the dam in the Miami Canal. This dam was placed near the Dade-Broward county line and aided in protecting the cane fields from floods in the fall of 1920.

In an effort to make more of their land available for use, on January 5, 1921, the company applied to the Chief Drainage Engineer for permission to dig a canal which was to extend from the Miami Canal through their lands to a point approximately six miles west of the Miami Canal. This lateral canal was dug in 1921 and 1922.

Under the authority of F. C. Elliot, a secondary dam was placed in the Miami Canal by the sugar company in early 1923. As a result of rains in October, 1924, a section of land owned by F. M. Brown located on the South New River Canal in Broward County and a second half section, also in Broward County and owned by Brown, were covered by high water. Brown claimed that this flood was caused by the construction and maintenance of the dam in the Miami Canal. Brown brought suit for \$200,000 damages against the Pennsylvania Sugar Company and Ernest Graham. He also brought suit against the Board of Commissioners of the Everglades Drainage District, the Dade Drainage District, the Everglades Construction Company and F. C. Elliot. The suit against the sugar company which was in litigation for several years, was finally settled in favor of the sugar com-

pany on the grounds that the dam had been placed in the canal by the authority of the Everglades Drainage District and that the dam had had little or no effect upon the water on Brown's land.

Despite the favorable verdict, this suit greatly affected the policies of the Pennsylvania Sugar Company. In a letter to F. C. Eliot, H. Edgar Barnes, attorney for the sugar company, stated that the Brown suits, because of their "vast possibilities of hampering vital enterprises by the terrors that they may inspire," should be disposed of so as to permanently determine the authority of the Everglades Drainage District.

The sugar company's officials believed that their difficulties were largely the result of a reluctance on the part of the Drainage Board to assume responsibility for their actions and promises. They hoped that this suit would permanently establish the fact that the Everglades Drainage District had supreme authority in all drainage matters. This hope was not realized.

Because of the Brown suit, the sugar company's plantation henceforth was operated as The Pennsuco Farming Company. This new corporation was formed because of the executives' fear that they might endanger all of the assets of the Pennsylvania Sugar Company by their activities in the Everglades. The officials felt that the actions of the Drainage Board were characterized by indecisiveness and that the responsibility for drainage activities was too vague for any development to be made with assurance and confidence.

Another matter which concerned the Pennsylvania Sugar Company during this period was the construction of the Tamiami Trail. During 1923 and 1924 the construction of the Trail was being pushed westward from Miami. On June 23, 1923, Chief Engineer Elliot stated in a letter to Ernest Graham that the "road acts as a continuous dam across the Everglades preventing the natural flow of water and jeopardizing the lands to the East and Northwest along the Tamiami Trail and Miami Canal." With this observation Graham was in complete agreement.

The tortuous struggle which ensued over the construction of adequate openings in the Tamiami Trail caused the executives of the Pennsylvania Sugar Company to believe that the Everglades Drainage District did not have the necessary authority with regard to drainage matters. They could not understand how any person or governmental unit could be allowed to construct a road which was considered to be an obstruction to natural drainage by the Board of Directors of the Everglades Drainage District.

On the other hand, many persons in Miami believed that the sugar company was attempting to stifle progress in the county. One important fact, however, becomes evident to one who peruses the advertisements and editorials of that period. This is that, regardless of the disagreement about the Tamiami Trail, almost everybody continued to look upon the Pennsylvania Sugar Company as an asset to the community and hoped for its success.

In 1923 the legislature passed a law creating the Dade Drainage District. This new district was formed to provide better drainage of the lands belonging to the Pennsylvania Sugar Company. The flood of 1922 had discouraged the company and had brought about the realization that the drainage was far from adequate. The district included 317 sections or 202,880 acres in Dade and Broward Counties. The Pennsylvania Sugar Company owned approximately 87,640 acres in this drainage district.

For the purposes of taxation the district was zoned according to the benefits received. In 1924 a \$2,756,042.71 project of canals and dikes was undertaken. In 1927 the Dayton Morgan Company made a study of the project and approved the plans as adequate for successful drainage. However the survey report pointed out that the Everglades Drainage laws were so defective that reclamation work would be impossible. The report stated, "They are about the most primitive, unfair and inadequate of all the reclamation laws now in use in America."

Eventually much of the Dade Drainage District project was carried out. The Biscayne and Little River Canals were dug, thus providing two additional outlets. Lateral canals and ditches were dug and levees were constructed.

Obviously, the Pennsylvania Sugar Company carried a large part of the tax burden because of the extent of their holdings in the Dade Drainage District.

Because of the difficulties and obstructions it had encountered, the Pennsylvania Sugar Company, in 1925, inaugurated its own system of dikes and pumps in hope of protecting at least a small portion of its holdings from future flood damage. Dikes were built around 4500 acres, and pumps were installed to control the water level within that area. The larger portion of the company's holdings was temporarily abandoned in an effort to adequately protect a small area.

By this action the sugar company hoped to demonstrate the effectiveness of dikes and pumps and thus prove the economic value of the land.

In 1927 the Pennsylvania Sugar Company sold its sugar mill to the Southern Sugar Company which moved the mill to Clewiston where it is now part of the United States Sugar Company's mill. This was the beginning of the end of the company's operation in South Florida.

By 1927 the Pennsylvania Sugar Company had come to the conclusion that the production of sugar cane was not practical under the existing conditions. There were two main reasons for this decision—inadequate drainage and soil deficiency.

Unquestionably the most important of these was inadequate drainage. From the very beginning, high water had damaged and destroyed the cane crops. The problem of drainage had involved the operators as defendants in a \$200,000 damage suit; it had forced them into the struggle with the county government resulting in litigation over a bond issue; and it had caused them to lose faith in the state officials in charge of Everglades drainage.

Thus it was that on October 21, 1926, President Earle, in a letter to Governor Martin, asked, "Who in the Everglades knows what his rights are? Who knows how to conduct himself to avoid vexatious suits?" He urged, "What you need above all things is a clear definition of rights, that will let us go ahead without fear of consequences. Enterprise cannot exist under a system of gruelling uncertainty." President Earle pointed out the inadequacy of placing the control of drainage matters under an ex-officio board composed of the governor and four cabinet members. As he stated, the public had not merely given these men to the great drainage problem to cope with ". . . it has burdened these five gentlemen with more duties, and difficult duties, than any human beings can perform."

Later, in a letter to Governor Martin and the members of the Board of Commissioners of the Everglades Drainage District on November 15, 1926, President Earle complained of the promises which had been made to the company. He stated that ". . . when we were told that you not only could but were promised that you would give us a sufficient depth of drainage for agriculture, and upon this promise were induced to abandon our plan to leave the Everglades and spent these enormous sums of money, we were told what, if I understand the matter, was an impossibility."

In 1925 the Everglades Drainage District taxes of the Pennsylvania Sugar Company were raised from about \$30,000 a year to about \$120,000 a year in spite of a promise that they would not be raised. This tax load plus the Dade Drainage taxes was too much for the plantation to carry.

With the passage of Governor Martin's Everglades Drainage District Bill in the 1927 legislature most hope for a change of policy was lost. The sugar company believed that the future drainage outlook was dim.

The second cause for the abandonment of the growth of sugar cane was the deficiency of the soil. It took a great deal of effort and expense to prepare the land, and once the land was in cultivation there was considerable shrinkage. This deficiency of the soil, together with inadequate drainage, compelled the officials of the company to abandon sugar cane cultivation.

Actually, the truck farming done by the Pennsylvania Sugar Company was fairly successful. The company, however, was not particularly interested in operating a truck farm since sugar was its main business. Furthermore, the executives did not consider the truck farming project to be large enough to be worthy of the time and energy which would have had to have been devoted to it. Also, the prices received for vegetables in the early 1930's was so low that the vast overhead of the plantation could not be carried.

In 1931 the Pennsylvania Sugar Company withdrew completely from the Florida Everglades.

Graham negotiated with the company for a portion of their land and buildings. He remained to develop a dairy and beef cattle farm on the original Miami Canal site. Many of the sugar company's housing units, the office and the commissary are still used. The old warehouse for the sugar mill is now used to store feed and farm machinery. The frames of the cane cars are hay racks. The lime kiln and pump house are still standing but are not used.

Despite the apparent lack of success of the Pennsylvania Sugar Company in Florida, it was a pioneer in the large scale cultivation of sugar cane in the Everglades. Their experiences contributed to the future successes of sugar cane production in the Florida Everglades.

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# Random Records of Tropical Florida

By HENRY PERRINE

\* Reprinted from the *Magazine of Horticulture*, edited by C. M. Hovey, September, 1840. Dr. Perrine identifies himself as "Superintendent of the Tropical Plant Company, Indian Key, Fla." Dr. Mark F. Boyd of Tallahassee called this item to our attention and supplied the copy from his collection.

1840—JULY 4. Thermometer 83°. Ye northerners, who have not ever resided in tropical climates, cannot realize the delightful reality of the delicious temperature of the summer season. You readily conceive the comforts of exemption from cold, during the months equivalent to your winter season, but you cannot readily conceive the comforts of exemption from heat, during the months equivalent to your summer season. I am now writing in the cupola of my dwelling, which is erected over the sea. The constant trade wind is blowing its ever grateful sea breeze; and the temperature of 83° will show you what a cooling luxury the constant wind must be. In Boston, the thermometer may likely indicate ten degrees more of scorching heat, at this very hour. By the bye, I have selected from Mr. Howe's tables the temperature of several notable days in December and January last. Thus;—1839; December 22, 71°, 72°:—December 25, 71°, 76°.—1840; January 1, 70°, 72°:—January 8, 64°, 52°. You perceive that these are the dates of the landing of the pilgrims at Plymouth; of Christmas; of New Year; and of the victory over the British, at New Orleans. Recollect the weather, at the same dates, in Boston, or refer to your own meteorological registers, and you will then more fully *feel* the delightful difference of the weather of South Florida. To assist your conceptions of our climate, I subjoin an abstract of our weather, for four years, from January 1, 1836, to January 4, 1940.

|   |   |
|---|---|
| Annual Clear days, 289 to 314.  | Widest annual extremes of Fahrenheit's thermom. 50° to 90°. |
| Annual cloudy days, 15 to 36.   | Greatest monthly changes, 31° to 34°.                       |
| Annual rainy days, 36 to 60.  | Least monthly changes, 6° to 8°.                            |
| Rainy days in rainy season, from June 1, to October 1; 14 in 1837, and 26 in 1839—the least and greatest numbers. | Least daily changes, 0° to 1°.                              |
|   | Greatest daily changes, 11° to 14°.                         |

With an average of three hundred sunny days every year, and only 40° of annual range of the thermometer; with a greatest monthly change of 34°, and a greatest daily change of 14°, you will readily conceive the superlative superiority of the tropical climate of South Florida.

Mr. Howe and myself have experienced the great pleasure, to-day, of making another remittance of valuable plants and seeds to the native Bahamians at Key Vacas. The poor people of that rocky island do not appear to appreciate the importance of propagating the Manilla mulberry trees, and Sea Island cotton shrubs: and as their civil magistrates, Temple Rut and William Whitehead, Esqrs., have commenced the culture of both, we indulge the hope that their example will be imitated by their fellow citizens. Indeed, my intimate acquaintance with the native Bahamians has dispelled the prejudices naturally created among strangers, by the speculating monopolists of Key West, who commonly designate these amiable people by the insulting nickname of "lazy conks." But, by personal observations, I am now fully satisfied that our agricultural statesmen would promptly pronounce that the humblest grower of sweet potatoes at Key Vacas is an infinitely more useful citizen of South Florida, than the haughtiest office-holder of Key West.

The first settlers at Key Vacas in 1831-2, located under the leases from Mr. Howe, who, with his brother, then held the title to the group of islands called Cayos Vacas, or the Key of Cows. Having subsequently disposed of all the islands, (save Duck Key,) to a Mr. Edmonston, in Charleston, S. C., and the distant proprietor having been disinclined to encourage any permanent settlement, the actual inhabitants are merely tenants at will, and are hence without adequate excitements to make permanent improvements. Nevertheless, the commencement of the savage war induced the later emigrants from the Bahamas to cluster round their countrymen at Key Vacas, until the population now amounts to about two hundred persons. As soon, however, as hostilities shall cease, or as soon as Government shall guarantee only forty acres of public lands to each settler during the war, they will occupy the unsurveyed islands along the reef, and especially the preferable soils and sites of the chain called Key Largo. These temporary tenants of Key Vacas, nevertheless, have erected about fifty dwellings, half of them the very humble habitations of palmetto thatch alone, while others are comfortable frame buildings, of which some have neat palmetto roofs. After ineffectual endeavors to obtain a public school from the territorial government, they have recently established themselves a private school; and a few philanthropists are now endeavoring to encourage their progress in the

means of literary and religious instruction. They now perceive that the production of raw silk and of Sea Island cotton can be easily accomplished by the feeblest hands of their women and children alone; and that these two precious staples will afford ample funds for schools and churches. The multiplication of these valuable plants which can be effected this very summer, will supply them sufficient stock in the fall or winter, to transfer with them to their permanent settlements on the unsurveyed public islands.

JULY 8.—By my first communication, you were apprized of the facts of the only mail packet facilities from Charleston, S. C., viz. that the only monthly mail was suspended during the first six months of 1839; and that the mail packet itself was wrecked on the third trip, in September. A new vessel was subsequently employed in the service, and continued to make monthly trips until last April. During the month of May, the contractor failed to send any mail. They however had a new schooner constructed, which commenced its first monthly voyage last June. She is called the "Hayne..." extended her last trip beyond Key West to Havana, in Cuba, the 15th of every month. Should this arrangement continue, the people of Indian Key can procure fruit monthly from Havana, and thus far become partially independent of the inimical population of Key West.\*

JULY 9,—I observe that you consider the subjects of my communications are more important to the agricultural than to the horticultural portion of the community. In writing, however, for your journal, I do not consider it to be merely a horticultural periodical. On the contrary, it embraces more important topics on the culture of plants in green-houses, hothouses, and family apartments. It therefore contains more notices of tropical plants than of extra-tropical plants: it should therefore be christened with the comprehensive title of Magazine of *Vegeculture*. During many years, I have been obliged to use the terms of *vegeculture* and *vegecultural*, to indicate the objects of my own pursuits. Any care of any plant is a culture of that plant. The human labor employed in the propagation of all vegetables constitutes the human culture of those vegetables. The culture of vegetables is naturally expressed by the combination of words—*vegeculture*. *Vegeculture* is therefore the most comprehensive classifying term: agriculture, horticulture, arboriculture, floriculture, &c. are subdivisions of *vegeculture*. Look, then, at your articles which contain notices of the exhibitions of the Horticultural Societies of the United States. They are mostly plants in pots, from green-houses and hot-houses; they are mostly tropical plants.

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\* Nevertheless, her shortened stay in Charleston, S. C. will seldom leave time for northern answers to letters by the return mail.

I see, with regret, your notice of the death of the Hon. John Lowell. In August, 1838, I passed an hour with him, in his hot-house, at Roxbury. As he had recently returned from Cuba, he was entirely competent to appreciate the importance of accumulating tropical plants in tropical Florida. He was aware of the fact, that the poorest propagator of perennial plants, on the Florida Keys, can easily surround his humble habitation with a much more magnificent collection of tropical plants, than the proudest possessor of millions of dollars, in wintry Massachusetts, can ever accumulate in the costly hot-houses of monied ostentation.

I also observe, that seeds from the Southern Exploring Expedition were presented to the Horticultural Society of Pennsylvania, by John McArran, of Philadelphia, to whom they were sent by the Secretary of the Navy. In July, 1838, I was indebted to the politeness of Mr. McArran for my visits to some collections of tropical plants; and I therefore, in repayment, now suggest to him the profitable propriety of abandoning his endeavors to have his own collections transferred to the city of Washington, and of turning his energies to the accumulation of valuable plants in a supply nursery on the Florida Keys. Among the collections of tropical plants seen by me in Philadelphia, in July, 1838, I was most pleased with the splendid specimens of Mr. John B. Smith. With his taste and talents, one tenth of the capital in South Florida would create tenfold supplies of similar plants for the green-houses and hot-houses of the northern states. Indeed, I cannot conceive a more profitable employment of capital than could be made in South Florida, by raising plants to supply the green-houses and hot-houses of the northern states, at one half the usual prices. What a great pity it is, however, that all the philo-vegiculturists of tropical plants, in the hot-houses of the United States, are almost utterly ignorant of the delightful district of tropical Florida!

JULY 10.—Notwithstanding your readers have not transmitted a single seed of the tropics through the patent office for the preparatory nursery at West Maticumba, I shall continue my endeavors to supply the northern hot-houses through that only channel, the agricultural department of the enlightened commissioner, H. L. Ellsworth, in Washington. By the copy of one letter from him, in reply to one remittance from me, you will perceive that he is duly sensible for the national importance of my individual services. I have now well founded hopes that the poor people of Key Vacas will collect the tropical seeds of the indigenous plants of those rocky Keys. I have found it, however, extremely difficult to make them conceive that I

prefer a handful of wild seeds to a bushel of cultivated beans—one wild fruit of custard apple, for its seeds, to ten cultivated fruits of water-melons for their flesh—or one wild root of the indigenous coontee (*Zámia inegri-fólia*,) to one hundred cultivated shoots of the sweet potato (*Convolvulus batatas*.) They are very grateful for my gratuitous services in curing diseases and encouraging education among them, but they cannot readily conceive that the greatest manifestations of their gratitude, in my estimation, will consist in the simple collection of spontaneous seeds and products of the Florida Keys. I wrote to you the failure of my attempts to induce them last summer to propagate the sixty-three varieties of cultivable seeds, gratuitously presented to them by me. Nevertheless, as I have excited their civil magistrates to commence the propagation of the Manilla silk mulberry trees, and the Sea Island cotton shrubs, I am again confiding to other inhabitants superior varieties, especially of their favorite curbitaceous productions. Squashes, pumpkins, musk-melons, water-melons, &c, are all products of patches in their common field of perennial sweet potatoes. Now I wish you and your readers to understand distinctly, that I do not want a single seed or plant exclusively for my own use, or for the exclusive use of any tropical plant company which Mr. Howe and myself may be compelled to organize, to overcome the obstacles to individual industry, interposed by the exclusive monopoly of Key West.

I have shown you that Mr. Howe and Capt. Houseman are the only old residents who have the taste and means to propagate and preserve precious plants. But I do not want any person in the northern states to transmit any seeds or plants to any person or place in South Florida, unless he be a philanthropic philo-vegeculturist, who makes the transmission for the public benefit of South Florida, and for the general advantage of the whole United States. The transmitter should consider it a great honor to be the first introducer of any valuable plant into South Florida. One plant of a hot-house in Massachusetts, transmitted by the proprietor to South Florida, would entitle him to greater honor than his whole collection in his own possession. The first person who transmits a single Manilla hemp banana to South Florida will enjoy as enviable a celebrity as the first introducer of the Manilla silk mulberry into the United States. Mons. Perrotet introduced both the *Mórus Multicaúlis* and the *Músa abáca* from the Phillipine Islands to the Garden of Plants in Paris, and to the French colonies in the East and West Indies, to Guadaloupe and Cayenne. Mrs. Parmentier, of Brooklyn, L. I., transmitted to Cape Florida the first *Mórus multicaúlis* introduced by me, on the

20th of May, 1833, for which my profound gratitude was manifested in the *Farmer's Register*. Madame Parmentier also transmitted, at the same period, the first New Zealand flax lily, or *Phormium tenax*, which however, perished by neglect. Indeed, all plants transmitted by me, or for me, to Cape Florida, necessarily perished from gross neglect, except those plants which propagate themselves, and which hence have continued to spread themselves, in spite of the inundations of the ocean and the incursions of the Indians. Indeed, the great difficulties of obtaining the indigenous plants which are propagated by their suckers alone, are the great motives for the powerful interposition of governmental assistance. The indigenous plant, called rice, is easily obtained and introduced and propagated, because it is propagated by prolific seeds. The indigenous plants called sugar cane, are also obtained, introduced and propagated with comparative ease, because they are propagated by prolific cuttings. The exogenous plants, called grape vine and silk mulberries, are also introduced and extended with comparative facilities, because they are also propagated by prolific cuttings. But the Manilla hemp bananas, the New Zealand flax lilies, and the Sisal hemp agaves, cannot be easily obtained in their native countries, cannot be easily imported into South Florida, and cannot be prolifically propagated in South, because they are propagated by bulky unprolific suckers. Yet, when once introduced, they are superior to all other profitable plants in the admirable fact, that they continue to propagate themselves.

In Mexico, in the Phillipines, and in New Zealand, governmental vessels are requisite to obtain the plants, on account of the opposition of the barbarous natives. If the species of *Musa Phormium*, *Agave*, *Bromelia*, and other fibrous leaved plants, were as easily obtainable and propagable, as are the species of *Morus*, *Gossypium*, and other fibrous barked plants, the commercial cupidity of native Americans would have sufficed to introduce and diffuse them many years ago. Nevertheless, so highly do I appreciate the importance of associating my name with the introduction of a single plant of the Manilla hemp banana into South Florida, that I have tempted our plant traders (the Thorburns, &c) by proffering two hundred per cent. net profits on the first *Musa abaca* that shall arrive in safety at Indian Key. As it is said that the *Phormium tenax* has matured its seeds in the south of France, it is to be hoped that some seeds may be thence obtained for South Florida through the patent office at Washington. I naturally wish to retain life long enough to see the most precious plants of the tropics actually spreading in South Florida, but I am not anxious to be the first introducer

of all precious plants. The Sisal hemp agaves, the Yucatan cotton shrubs, and the Manilla silk mulberries, are sufficient monuments of my ambitious perseverance.

By the last of March I obtained the first tea plant from Charleston, S. C., for the special care of my younger daughter; and by the next mail I shall endeavor to obtain the first olive tree for my elder daughter; and a New Zealand flax lily for my only son. My children are destined to be residents for life of South Florida, and I therefore fix their permanent affections in its slandered soils by the deep tap-roots of valuable perennial plants, to be grown by their own hands, in their own lands.

At pages 29 to 31 of the *Farmer's Register* for January 31, 1840, under the heading of "Governmental Obstacles to the Propagation of Tropical Plants in South Florida," you will see a sketch of the origin and objects of the two acts of incorporation of the Tropical Plant Company. During my first visit to Key West, from the 17th of June to the 17th of July, 1837, I ascertained that James Webb, then Judge of the District, was the only reputable resident, whose character and condition combined the circumstances essential for a co-trustee of any tropical plant company. Judge Webb also corroborated my own opinion, that Charles Howe, Esq., inspector of the customs at Indian Key, was the only other person, on the Florida Keys, entirely suitable to be our official associate; and therefore volunteered to draft the new charter of incorporation, and obtain its passage by the legislative council of the territory, during the next ensuing session.

The new act, then, approved the 8th of February, 1838, was the voluntary work of James Webb, at Tallahassee, while I was pursuing my own labors at Washington, to obtain a congressional grant of a township of land. To fulfil the objects of that congressional act, my principal plans embraced the primary gift of a sufficient quantity of land to the Tropical Plant Company, for the purpose of establishing a nursery of supply, and a model of cultivation of tropical plants. Judge Webb well knew the indispensable necessity of the intermediate measure of an additional port of entry, for the requisite removal of governmental obstacles to individual industry; and therefore, unknown to Mr. Howe or myself, he addressed an official letter to the Hon. Secretary of the Treasury, warmly recommending that Mr. Howe should be appointed first collector of the new port of entry. The long session of Congress closed the 7th July, 1838, with the usual neglect of necessary bills; and, under these circumstances, at New York, Oct. 15, 1838, I addressed a circular "To the Friends of the Enterprise," announcing that "the trustees will de-

lay the organization of the company; and will apply their personal resources to the formation of a preparatory nursery at Indian Key, and the adjacent islets."

On the 8th January, 1839, the preparatory nursery for tropical plants was established by Mr. Howe and myself on West Matacumba, one mile west of Indian Key; but the insuperable obstacles to introducing into it the tropical plants of the Bahama Islands, &c., induced me, on the 22d October, 1839, to address to you the communication of that date which appeared in the Dec. number of your Magazine. Unfortunately for the company, the emigration of James Webb to Texas, (where he became secretary of state,) has deprived the remaining trustees of their only legal associate; and there has not yet arrived in South Florida any suitable personage to supply the vacancy of presiding trustee. The Hon. A. W. Snyder, M. C. of Illinois, was confidently expected at Indian Key, during the last autumn, to become a citizen for life of South Florida; but up to the present July we have not any news of him, and fear that he is dead. Our next hopes were directed towards E. A. Williams, Esq., of your city of Boston, but months have elapsed without a line from him to Mr. Howe. But, under all events, Mr. Howe and myself are absolutely determined to remain without another associate trustee, until some person shall arrive much more suitable than any actual resident of the Florida Keys, including the sine qua non circumstance of citizenship for life of South Florida. Nevertheless, if Congress shall adjourn without opening an additional port of entry this session, we shall be compelled to endeavor to organize the Company prior to the next session of Congress, for the special purpose of enlisting the influence requisite to excite congressional action towards the bare restoration of desert freedom to individual industry in the desert district of South Florida. If Congress merely grant the humble prayers of the numerous memorials of the poor people of the Florida Keys, during the months of February, March and April, the actual residents alone will suffice to expel the murderous savages from the delightful everglades, and thus soon terminate the nominal warfare in South Florida.

JULY 12—The mail schooner Hayne has arrived with your June number of the Magazine. I had hoped to see in it some extracts from my manuscript\* in your hands, especially under the headings of "Tropical Products of South Florida," where everything is tropical: not merely its botany, but its zoology, is exclusively tropical phytology. Conchology, ichthyology, ornithology are tropical subdivisions of its tropical zoology. I renew and extend my proffers of gratuitous collections at Indian Key, as long as I remain there.

\* This has never been received.—Ed.

Mr. Howe writes to his nephew at Lowell, Mass., that he will supply barrels of products to his order, in Charleston or New York. He will also send to you by the present packet, on her return, some ripe fruit of the Manilla mulberries, of the second crop this year.\*\* You have already some berries of the first crop, in February, and you will soon have some berries of the second crop in June or July. The fig trees do bear two full crops on this coral rock; but the present crop of Manilla mulberries is our first evidence that they may also bear two annual crops. You will perceive that the sum and substance of his desires, and of my desires, embrace the speedy emigration of agricultural settlers of virtuous habits. We mutually wish to exhibit solely the facts, which should excite immediate emigration of sober cultivators of profitable plants. The preemption laws of the United States have sufficed for the settlement of all our other new territories, and would have sufficed for the settlement of South Florida, had it not been subjected to the exclusive monopoly at Key West, ever since the exchange of national flags in 1822. Nevertheless, the first emigrants next autumn from October to December, can profitably employ themselves in the propagation of the Manilla silk mulberries and the Sea Island cotton shrubs, because the cuttings of the former and the seeds of the latter can be obtained cheaply and abundantly. I have obtained, expressly for gratuitous distribution, six bushels of select seeds, of the finest Sea Island cotton, and they will be planted at intervals this summer, to create an ample supply for all emigrants in the autumn or winter ensuing. I have to use the words of the north, called autumn and winter, although we have not the seasons of the north.

To illustrate how little our national senators are acquainted with the climate and soil of South Florida, I refer you to the opposition of Hon. C. Clay, of Alabama, to the congressional act for the introduction and propagation of tropical plants:—"For aught he knew, the grantees might select a township valuable enough for the cultivation of Sea Island cotton." Indeed! He was not aware that every acre of the calcareous earth of South Florida is the most valuable in the world, both in soil and climate, for the cultivation of Sea Island cotton. He was not aware that the grantees could *not* select a single acre which was NOT valuable enough for the cultivation of Sea Island cotton. He did not know that Sea Island cotton was introduced into the southern states from the neighboring Bahama Islands. He does not know that on the Florida Keys it is a perennial plant of many years' duration—that Mr. Howe has plants at Duck Key from seed sown eight or nine

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\*\* These were received.

years ago—that at Key Vacas there is a shrub of Sea Island cotton in bearing ever since 1823. He does not know, and cannot conceive, that, for this very reason, it cannot be profitably cultivated by large planters with numerous slaves; and that, vice versa, it can be most profitably propagated by small cultivators with feeble families. Indeed, it will be a more profitable business for family occupation than even the silk mulberry, in South Florida. The principal recommendation for the production of silk in South Florida is the fact, that it can be produced at any hour when the person or his family has not any thing better to do. But silly must he be who shall pluck leaves, to feed silk-worms, during the same days that he can pluck pods of Sea Island cotton.

I observe that a Mr. Beath, of Boston, has invented an improvement of the Sea Island cotton machine, (gin,) more important to poor propagators of Sea Island cotton shrubs in the Florida Keys, than any modifications of raw silk reels are to the propagators of *Morus multicaulis* trees. The advantages, however, of the propagation of both the cotton shrubs and silk trees, on the Florida Keys, will extend to the poorest people of the remotest northern states. The dry season of South Florida extends from November to May, and silk can be spun and cotton can be plucked every intervening day. Invalids, if poor, have hitherto been debarred of the benefits of spending the wintry seasons of the northern states amid the delightful weather of tropical climates. But, hereafter, consumptive invalids may sail from New England to South Florida in October, and maintain themselves by light healthy labor on the Florida Keys, until the ensuing June. Even the Yankee girls, who annually visit our southern cities for winter employment, may hereafter spend the same months in South Florida, in the more profitable and pleasant pursuits afforded by the cotton shrubs and silk trees of the Florida Keys. Very few, however, will ever think of returning to settle for life again in the northern states, after six months' stay in South Florida, including either the wintry or summer seasons of their native countries.

JULY 16.—Mr. Howe has sent you some naked seed of the *Morus multicaulis*, because the ripe fruit, plucked the earlier days of this month, being left in an open glass, the fleshy portions have been eaten by cockroaches. Dr. Stebbins, of Northampton, Mass., has raised seedling plants of those sent him in the spring of last year, 1839, and will probably grow the seeds of the two crops sent him this year. It seems to me that your interest and duty, as editor of your peculiar journal, should combine to excite you to promulgate every fact connected with tropical Florida. Your journal can

be absolutely filled, every month, for many years, with the materials of these Florida Keys alone. If Prof. Rafinesque, of Philadelphia, or Prof. Torrey, of New York, should spend a single day on a single Key of South Florida, they would find materials for your pages during several months. Dr. Torrey must send his colleague, Dr. Gray, to the Florida Keys, if they really desire to make their great work a complete Flora of North America, or even the United States. My time is necessarily devoted to the immediate means of expelling the savage Seminoles, and other objects connected with the Company.

You should know that, in Europe, the countries of the fig, grape and olive, are calcareous countries; and you should also know, that, both in climate and soil, South Florida is superlatively superior to southern Europe for the propagation of olive and fig trees and grape vines. As, however, these are not exclusively tropical fruits, I have not excited any attention towards their production in South Florida, by public communications in the agricultural periodicals. To personal acquaintances, however, I have suggested that the great profit of the speedy propagation of these celebrated plants, by the first cultivators on the Florida Keys. The New Englanders, however, who have already commenced their improvements in West Matcumba, are not well adapted to form a nursery of select grape vines or fig trees. They have received seven varieties of grape vines for summer trial; but the best period to import such plants from the northern states is in the autumn. Messrs. Goodyear & Co. report, that they have planted two patches, each of five thousand trees, of the Manilla mulberries imported by them from the northern states, by the previous monthly mail, and they declare they shall make large importations of valuable plants, next autumn, to be brought by their colleagues, who have gone for their families. But none of them have the practical knowledge of an experienced nurseryman or old gardener, and I wish to impress on your mind, that the first cultivators of nurseries of supply of all useful plants will be the most profitably employed for their own peculiar gain, and for the good of the public in general.

Respectfully, &c,

Indian Key, Fla

H. PERRINE.

*The above desultory remarks by Dr. Perrine, upon the climate of South Florida, and the establishment of the Tropical Plant Company, will, we believe, be read with considerable interest. The preparatory nursery for tropical plants has already been commenced by Dr. Perrine, in connection with his co-trustee, Mr. Howe, and the Morus multicaulis, with some tropical*

*plants, has already been extensively planted. We hope Dr. Perrine's efforts to establish an additional port of entry at Indian Key may prove successful, and that Congress, another session, will grant what the inhabitants of the Key so much require. When that shall be effected, we may look to the speedy formation of the Company for all the objects which Dr. Perrine has in view. In the mean time, we would urge cultivators and possessors of tropical fruits to forward to Dr. Perrine any seeds which they may think useful. We have, ourselves, a few seeds of the Phormium tenax, which we shall take the first opportunity to send to Indian Key. The only object of Dr. Perrine is, to introduce every useful plant into South Florida, with the sole hope of rendering the establishment of the Company a benefit to the whole country.—Ed.*

# Across South Central Florida in 1882;\*

THE ACCOUNT OF THE FIRST NEW ORLEANS *TIMES-DEMOCRAT*  
EXPLORING EXPEDITION

*Edited by*

MORGAN DEWEY PEOPLES

*and*

EDWIN ADAMS DAVIS

On Lake Okeechobee, Fla.

Dec. 1882

The sun had almost entirely disappeared beneath the waters of Lake Okeechobee as the *Crescent*, with its weary and tired crew, row alongside our boat. Tired as all are, everybody is in good spirits, nevertheless, and excited over their arrival. We have no time for talking, for the night is fast approaching, a dark cloud rising in the south tells the approach of a storm, and as yet there is no dry land on which to pitch our tents. A small clump of trees separated from the main shore attracts our attention, so heading our boats for it, we soon pass over the intervening half mile, and to our delight and satisfaction, we find that we have struck quite a bonanza in the shape of an island above water.

It matters little to us that it is not more than 25 feet square, six inches above the level of the water, and composed of white sand. It is a place to pitch our tents, cook supper, and with room to move about and stretch our cramped limbs. Axes are soon busy clearing a spot for the tents, which in a twinkling are stretched, *Cæsar* has a roaring-fire, and every cooking utensil we have is in use, and our hungry, tired, but merry crowd sit around the fire, smoke pipes, and discuss the little incidents of the day. To be sure, we are far enough yet from our journey's end, but at the first stage, and as to what lies beyond we do not bother ourselves. The air is warm and sultry as an August night, with not a breath of wind to cool the atmosphere, and situated as we are on our little sandy island, only six inches above the level of the water, we feel a little uneasiness at the various signs which tell of an approaching storm, for we know that the least wind from the south,

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\* *Continued from the 1950 TEQUESTA in which there is an introduction written by the editors.*

east or west, will wash the waters of the lake over our temporary refuge, compelling us to take to our boats, make for the marsh, and remain until the storm is over. An hour passes, and at last comes the welcome summons to supper. Our cook has done his best and we certainly do ours. Supper finished, everybody arranges as comfortable a seat as circumstances will permit, seats himself, lights his pipe or cigar, and prepares for an evening's enjoyment. It is too warm and sultry to think of sleeping, and somehow or other the bellowing of the alligators all around us, and the sight of a black object every once and a while coming in range of our camp light, makes us feel less and less like sleeping. Everything has been repacked in the boats that we are not compelled to keep with us for fear of the water coming over us suddenly, and as we would have but little time to spare in such an event, we have made all needed arrangements for a hasty departure.

About 12 o'clock we lay down in our tents, the Colonel, the Captain, Professor and myself in one tent, and the men in the other. Previous to lying down the Professor mildly suggests an idea, that in case of the waters coming over us very suddenly, had we better not select a tree to climb, where we could remain until daylight, and thereby be able to see better where to turn for a harbor; so, adopting the idea, every man selects a tree. As we lay on our beds of green moss, the Colonel, who is a great comforter, goes to telling some of his experiences among the alligators while on his numerous surveying expeditions throughout the State, and finally closes by relating an incident which happened on the St. Lucie river, which was as follows: Camping one night on that river a few years ago, three men and himself were occupying a tent on its banks. After having slept for several hours they were all awakened by screams of agony from the man who slept next to the wall of the tent, (a groan from the Professor, who occupies that position in our tent). They rushed from the tent just in time to grasp their companion, who was half way in the water in the mouth of an alligator. After a desperate fight, they succeeded in making him lose his grip but not until the man had been terribly lacerated and maimed for life.

The Captain says something about his ability to tell a better alligator story, but he don't feel like lying, and etc. We all join in asking questions of the Colonel concerning the incident; even Cæsar wants to know "If dat man's blanket was torn by dat alligator." The Professor asks in a very serious tone if he (the Colonel) was positive and certain that the man occupied the *outside* place, which being answered in the affirmative, he (the Professor) cautions Cæsar not to go to sleep but to keep the campfire

burning all night. Cæsar promises, as he would promise anything else, and with about as much intention of fulfilling it as if he had never heard a word. We cease to pay attention to the bellowing of the alligators, the scream of a night bird in the marsh, or, in fact, anything else, for the gentle rippling of the water as it rolls in tiny waves to within a yard of our feet seems to have a soothing effect upon each occupant of the tent, and we are soon sound asleep. How long we had slept I know not, but what I do know, was that I was half awakened by the most unearthly yells from the Professor, followed by a terrific squall from Cæsar. I have made it one of the principles of my life never to spend precious moments in asking useless questions, and the Colonel and the Captain seem to agree with me, for three objects robed in spotless white skipped through the back of the tent, and before our eyes are well opened, we find ourselves in the top most branches of a tree gazing at the seven different flags of truce, which are fluttering to the early morning breeze from seven different trees. "What's the matter," we hear echoed from all sides. "Alligators," shouted the Professor from an adjacent tree. "Alligators, sartin' fore God, dey was after de outside man, what was me an' de Perfesser," comes from Cæsar, who has climbed as far as he can up a smooth palm tree, and is holding on for dear life. Our campfire has been allowed to go out, but by the overturning of pots, and the peculiar hissing noise we hear below us, we know that our little island is in the hands of an enemy.

"Shoot 'em Colonel, in de head, in de tail, on de wings; shoot 'em anywhar," yells Cæsar in an excited tone. "Shoot the devil, you infernal black imp; didn't you pack all the guns in the boats last night? Jump down out of that tree, and bring the Major and myself our rifles," explained the Colonel from his seat on a projecting limb. "Yes, Cæsar, hurry up and get those rifles. Alligators don't eat niggers," says the Captain. "Cæsar," says the Professor, "if you have ever read Professor \_\_\_\_\_ treatise on alligators habits, etc., you will know an alligator is cowardly by nature, and will always run from man if he only has a chance, so get down out of that tree, Cæsar, and give the alligators a chance to run, and then bring the firearms to the Colonel and the Major."

"Hurry up, Cæsar," "Get down, Cæsar," we hear on every side, but Cæsar remains stationary. "Gemmen," says Cæsar, "I know my duty, and I knows by rights I ought to git down and bring dem double breasted shot-guns from de boats for de Major and de Colonel, but dar are resins I can't. In de fust place, I'se a married man, and de last time I counted my children der

wus eben 16. In de second place, my right leg done got cotched aroun' de tree and it won't let lose."

In the meantime things were getting lively on the ground. A peculiar snarling, snapping and grunting is going on, together with a general overturning of everything. We have certainly, camping on the island, taken possession of a regular "alligator roost," and they in turn have routed us. As to how we are going to get possession of our guns, safely stowed away in the boats, we are busy in our minds conjecturing. We are willing to sacrifice Cæsar, but Cæsar won't be sacrificed. The breeze freshens while we are trying to solve the problem, and as it blows along the coals of our campfire an unconsumed piece of pine bursts into a brilliant blaze, illuminating the scene below.

The whole surface of the ground below us is one moving mass of reptiles hurrying and scurrying toward the water on each side, frightened by the blaze which had sprung up so suddenly among them. There is a terrific splashing as they plunge in the water on every side. The last alligator had hardly disappeared, ere we slid down from our lofty perches, and after getting possession of shotguns and rifles, putting on enough garments to make a decent appearance, we open a perfect fusilade upon the black objects, which just in line with our reflecting lamps which have been lighted, are swimming around our little island.

After about fifty rounds of ammunition have been exhausted, and seeing no further signs of the enemy, we go to work to examine the damage done, which we find but slight, consisting of the loss of a portion of a box of crackers overturned and demolished, or partly so, a bag of dried venison gone, and sundry small articles scattered around generally. Every man swears he didn't know all the row was about alligators, or he certainly would not have taken a tree, but would have run for the guns and stood his ground—thought it was the water coming over them, etc. The more we talk it over the more excited we become. We are not afraid of alligators. Oh, no. "Hand around the tin cups, you black imp," yells the Colonel looking at Cæsar, "and then stand up here and let us know what you mean by—by—by—causing this little excitement in camp?"

Cæsar hands around the cups and then taking his position on the outside of the crowd, he gives one glance in the direction of the position of the Professor, a broad grin overspreads his face, he closes one eye, and he gently rubs that one leg that "wouldn't let lose," he tells us his little tale: "Genmen 'cordin' to de orders from de Perfesser, I kep de fire burning 'til

I git sorter tired, an' laid down outside de tent, just next to de Perfesser, an' fore I knowed anything I didn't know nuthin' an' was fast asleep. De fust thing I knowed wus something movin' sorter promiscus like across dis nigger's feet in de direchum of de Perfesser's feet, which was stickin' outside de tent. De fire was done gone out an' I couldn' see nuthin', but befo' God I smelt that alligator. When I smelt alligator for de fust time de hind end of dat alligator was just gettin' over my feet and de front had about reached de Perfesser's, from de little 'citement dat was raised. I axed de perfesser if it wasn't jess so, so help me Bob."

"Gentlemen," replies the Professor, "so far as I am personally acquainted with the circumstances which have caused the little excitement in our camp tonight, I think Cæsar is correct. Whether it was 'hind end' of the alligator which reached me first, or as Cæsar says, the 'front end,' I am unable to state, but I was waked on 'one end' with a claw attached to it passing over my feet there is not a question of doubt. Thank you, Major, I believe I will: just a little sugar, if you please. Before closing, gentlemen, I will make one statement, and that is, when I started for my tree I did not ask anyone to follow me, and if you out of politeness, insisted on keeping me company, I am certainly not to blame."

While we are yet talking over the little incident light begins to dawn in the East. The contrast is great between the half dressed shivering men which were seated but a half an hour before in the top most branches of the trees, and the uproariously happy, laughing, merry crowd who watched the rising of the sun over the waters of Lake Okeechobee.

Coffee is made and drunk, and after refreshing ourselves by a bath in the lake, with sharpened appetites we gather around our campfire and watch Cæsar prepare breakfast. As we arise from our morning meal each one acknowledges that Cæsar has done credit to himself and his interesting family of 16 children in the preparation of the same. After breakfast the "Daisy" is unpacked and the Colonel, Professor, myself and two oarsmen get in her, and start on an exploring expedition on the northern shore of the lake. The waters of the lake are as smooth as glass today, with not a single ripple upon its surface. As we leave camp and head our boats toward the east we see far in front of us the dim outline of points of woods coming out of the lake, but the east, south and western shores are invisible, and nothing meets the eye but one vast sea of water shining in the sunlight. Nearing the shore, which is fringed by a thick growth of cypress trees, we find that there is a beach of white sand at the foot of the trees, but only a few yards in

width, and in many places not more than a foot above the level of the water. There is quite a thick undergrowth of scrub trees which are thickly covered from bottom to top with vines, and these vines in profusion are blooming with the loveliest flowers of the most brilliant hues we have yet seen on our journey. Even the leaves of these small scrub trees are colored yellow, brown or crimson. Landing at one point on the beach we force our way through the tangled underbrush and find that the belt of timber which marks the shores of the lake is not more than a hundred yards in width, and in many places not that much. Beyond we look over that vast marsh, through which we have been journeying for so many days. And in numerous places the marsh comes to the edge of the lake, but in almost every case that occurs where lagoons and bayous find an entrance. On every side we see hundreds of water fowl of every kind and description, either circling around or fearlessly swimming in the water ahead of us. After rowing about 10 miles our attention is attracted by the trees on a point of timber which comes out into the lake, which appears at a distance of a mile to be covered with white sheets, with not a vestige of foliage to be seen. On a nearer approach we discover that what resembled the white sheets is nothing more or less than white cranes, which have selected the spot as a rookery, and are quietly occupying every limb and branch seemingly watching our approach. When within a few hundred yards we discharged a gun, and then for the first time we realized their number. Like a white cloud they rise, and after flying a short distance light again, either on water or around our boats, or upon some tree nearby. Our ears are deafened by their screams, and we are not disappointed when we discover that the water is too shallow to approach nearer than two hundred yards, so we head our boats in the opposite direction and it is with a feeling of relief that we once more find ourselves out of the very unmusical sound. As our boat glides along the shore, from the marsh, through the reeds, and from among the trees on the beach is seen that everlasting alligator, from ten inches to ten feet, crawling toward the water preparatory to taking a plunge to the same to rise again as we pass, and float lazily on the surface as if in defiance. If he is a large one, we open fire upon him with our rifles, and it is always with satisfaction we see him struggling in and lashing the water into a foam with their tails, float for a second on their backs and sink without a struggle to the bottom.

It is the intention of the Drainage Company to lower the lake five feet by canals cut from the same to the Atlantic ocean and Gulf of Mexico, which will not only reclaim thousands of acres on the shores of Lake Okeechobee

but the Kissimmee Valley of this operation from Lake Tohopotaliga to this point where the thoroughly drained and millions of acres of the richest soil in the United States will be opened to the agriculturalists. No one who has not seen with his own eyes, can realize the magnitude of the work already done and still to be accomplished. Thousands of dollars have already been spent and millions of dollars are yet to be expended before the task is accomplished. The directors of the company allow five years of steady work to the lowering of Lake Okeechobee four or five feet. It is a herculean task, and many might feel inclined to doubt its accomplishment, but after viewing what has already been done in the Upper Kissimmee Valley, in the small space of eight months, I am ready to believe that with the millions of money lying in the treasury, the best engineering skill that the country can produce, and with the cool practical heads that are directing the work, that short as the time allowed themselves, still it is practicable, and its accomplishment I, in my humble opinion, have not the shadow of a doubt. Every inch of Lake Okeechobee is lowered, drains and renders fertile and susceptible of cultivation hundreds of acres lying in the Kissimmee Valley. As their dredge boat comes down from the Kissimmee Valley, the river will be straightened, shoal places deepened, and the great volume of water which this operation will pour into Lake Okeechobee, will for a while keep its waters at a stand, perhaps raise them higher than their present level, but that will be but for a short time, while the outlets which they will cut to the Gulf and ocean as fast as human skill and labor can do it, will soon take off this additional volume of water, and as the canals are deepened and widened, the lowering of this great body of water will commence.

At present it is the intention of the company to cut four canals, one from the eastern shore of Lake Okeechobee to the Atlantic ocean through the St. Lucie river; one from the southern shore to the Miami river, which also flows to the Atlantic; the third from the western shore, which will enter the Caloosahatchee river, which flows into the Gulf of Mexico, and the fourth has not yet been determined on. It is by way of the canal that enters the Caloosahatchee that we expect to make our way to the Gulf.

Having rowed about 15 miles along the shore, and seeing no change in the nature of the country, we start on our return trip to camp. The sun is scorching hot, and its reflection upon the water is almost blinding. We have left our awning in camp, so this bright December day, in our shirt sleeves, the perspiration oozing from every pore and noses being peeled, we sit in our boat and pray for a breeze fresh from the Rocky mountains. As

we row lazily along the shore, the Professor, pencil in hand, and sketch before him, not withstanding difficulties, takes a good sketch of the surrounding scenery. At 3 o'clock we arrive at camp, and instead of finding the Captain holding an inquest over the remains of Cæsar, we find that distinguished ebony-hued individual, the bough of a tree in his hand, keeping the flies off the Captain, who has succumbed to the weather, and is sleeping at the rate of about 10 miles an hour. The Captain has not allowed Cæsar to forget us in our absence for every available pot is on the fire, and from the savory smell which greets our nostrils, we rather guess we are going to have a good time.

It being against our will to allow anyone to sleep during the day time, we rouse the Captain, and insist on feeling his pulse. We find his pulse a little excited; in fact, he seems considerably excited all over from being so suddenly awakened, at least so we think from some remarks of his in a very emphatic style, about being kept awake half the night, listening to a lot of alligator stories (and he looks at the Colonel), and then sitting the balance of the night in a treetop (a look at the Professor), and now, when he is doing his best to catch up with his lost sleep, some fellow, to find out where he has hid the "keg of nails," disturbs his rest, and THE TIMES-DEMOCRAT man gets his share of looks. Nobody ever gets mad in our camp; and the man who is in the least danger of "falling from grace" is the Captain—the merriest, jolliest, that ever walked in shoe leather.

Cæsar has cooked dinner today under his special surveillance, and that meal is certainly going to be a success, from the significant smile which the Captain once in a while bestows upon Cæsar, and by the important manner in which Cæsar is rushing around, looking into the different pots and rattling the tinware. At last that important event is ready to take place. There are no snowy tableclothes or napkins to adorn the table; no cut-glass goblets or finger bowls at each man's plate; no silver forks and spoons with which to eat the dainty meal steaming before us, and no man finds it necessary to take a little absinthe as an appetizer. No, sir; none of that nonsense in this crowd. We intend putting on a little style today; so all hands haul out the "Crescent", turn it bottom side up, and before us we have a table twenty feet long and five feet wide; the tent fly is drawn over her, we have a table and cloth good enough for anybody; every place is supplied with a shiny tin cup and plate, and as for an appetizer we take "a shake" at that delapidated "keg of nails", after which we feel able to eat thirty quail in thirty minutes, and glad of the chance to do it. Our dinner is served in

course in the following style: Lifting pot No. 1 from the fire, Cæsar sets it in front of the Colonel, and in stentorian tones yells, "Soup a la Tohopoliga," which generally means bean soup or any other kind; it don't make any difference to him, or to us either, and the plates are passed. Pot No. 1 is removed and Pot No. 2 takes its place, and "Black bass a la Istopoga," next claims our attention, and it is followed in quick succession by "Ducks a la Kissimmee," "Venison of Hachinaka," etc. As we begin to observe that dinner is nearly over, this fact we are made aware of by observing that only one more pot remains on the fire, Cæsar approaches and announces that the "big dish" of the day is about to be placed before us. And simultaneously with this announcement, the last pot is lifted from the fire, and put gently down before the Captain. "Fish stew a la Okeechobee," yelled Cæsar we all thought it was the wrong time to begin on fish, but the Professor suggests an idea that we can start over again with the "stew," and go through the bill of fare once more, which happy thought we put to the company in the form of a motion, which was carried with only one dissenting voice (Cæsar's). As the Captain with a look of pride, lifts the lid from the pot, a savory odor reaches the nostrils of all, and each man is trying to pass his plate first. As soon as we are helped, and a spoonful has passed our lips, we realize the fact that none but an artist's hand could have directed the preparation or prepared that "dish," and Capt. Andrews blushingly acknowledges that his hand was the humble instrument that did the business, but that he claimed no honor or praise for his work, the recipe having been in his family for generations, our admiration is unbounded, and nothing is heard for a while, but "Cæsar pass my plate;" "A little more gravy;" "A small piece of that fish;" until our appetites are satisfied, and then in words do we shower our compliments on the Captain, who is just finishing the third plate. "Captain," says the Professor, "that dish was a 'poem' within itself; Cleopatra, when she dined with Mark Antony, never had such a seat when we hear the Professor whisper in his ear that he intends dedicating the Great Spirit who watches over the waters of the Okeechobee must have guided your hand in this mighty work." "Captain," says your correspondent, "Shake—bring us the 'keg of nails', Cæsar."

The Captain is the hero of the evening, and we all vie with each other in seeing who can pay him the most attention, but we have to take a back seat when we hear the Professor whisper in his ear that he intends dedicating his next poem to him. Pipes and cigars are lighted, and after arranging our seats comfortably for the evening's conversation, the Professor pulls out his

notebook, sharpens a pencil, arranges his spectacles on his nose, and in his softest tone of voice requests the Captain to dictate to him the "family recipe" for preparing "fish stew a la Okeechobee." "Certainly," answers the Captain, and immediately two other note-books are pulled out, and two additional pair of eyes are eagerly turned in the direction of our hero of the day. "Gentlemen," continues the Captain, "before giving you the *modus operandi*, I will state that it is imperatively necessary that your alligator should not be over four or five feet, as an old one—" "Alligator," we exclaim in one voice, "what has alligator got to do with your stew?" "Do with my *stew*," roared the Captain, "why everything; and I was about to remark, an alligator about the size of one of the ones you killed before leaving this morning, Colnoel, and which Cæsar fished out of the water immediately after being shot, is just the size, and—" "Stop, Captain," whispers the Professor; "Do you mean to say that your stew was made of alligator?" "I do," says the Captain, "out of the tail, and a more delicate morsel never was eaten by anybody, and—" "Surely you are joking," interrupts the Professor. "No joke," remarks the Captain as he lights a cigar, and orders Cæsar to bring the head and skin and show the Professor, which is done in the twinkling of an eye. I take a look at the Colonel, he looks at me, and we both look at the Professor, who with a pale and agitated face gazes at the remains of the alligator. "Gemmen," says Cæsar as we silently assist the Professor in gazing and feeling a peculiar sensation stealing over us, "dars lots mor uv de 'gator left, and if de Perfesser, de Colonel, or de Major wants a little more of de stew—" "Excuse me a second," comes in a low voice from the Professor, and he walks with quick steps toward the south shore of the island, about 20 feet from us. The Colonel about the same time starts for the eastern shore to see if the water is rising, and I start west to see if the water is falling. "Did you say it was a poem in itself?" calls out the Captain to the Professor. "Oh Lordy," sighs the Professor in the south. "What about the Great Spirit, Colonel?" "Go to thunder," gasps the Colonel. "Want the keg of nails, Major?" continues that evil genius of our once peaceful island, now a scene of turmoil. "Do you think our lives, Cæsar?" says the Professor, in a very weak voice, to that distinguished gentleman who is holding his head. "Nebber known a man to die yet, but I specs dat 'gator must have eat somethin' dat disagreed wid him to make you'll act dis away," grinned the imp of darkness. None of us died, but it took 30 minutes for us to feel perfectly satisfied that the alligator and ourselves had parted company, and if that parting had not

been a peaceful one, still our conscious was at rest, as with pale faces and a subdued look, one by one, we stole into the tent, and lay down upon our mossy beds. More than one look from three pairs of eyes are directed from that tent in the direction of the Captain, who sits calmly in front of us smoking his cigar, humming to himself [a parody on the theme-song of the New Orleans Mardi Gras, *If I Ever Cease to Love*]

“May black-eyed cats  
Go back on rats  
If ever I cease to love.”

We intend he should “cease to love” to make “fish stew a la Okeechobee” if ever ‘our’ turn comes.

Our campfire is kept burning brightly all night, and every available lantern is lighted and hung to the boughs of the trees. We have had enough of alligators, alive or dead, for one day at least, and so we have taken all necessary precautions to keep them at a distance.

On the morning of the 8th of December we are aroused from our slumbers by the whistling of the wind through the trees and the roaring of the waters in the distance. Hastily donning our clothes, we walked outside and found a stiff norther blowing, which makes us feel secure from an inundation; but as the wind is blowing the water from us, our island is increasing every minute in size and our boats are being left high and dry. Wishing to continue our voyage around the western shore that day, everything is hurriedly packed, tents are struck, and while we yet have enough water to get away from the island and reach deep water we shove off from shore, and the Daisy, with closed-reef sails, is soon riding the waves with her prow turned westward. Yesterday we were sweltering in the hot sun, today the air is cool enough for an overcoat, and as the wind whistles through the rigging of our little boat, every once in a while dashing the spray from some huge wave in our faces, it is a new sensation to us, and quite a contrast to the smooth rowing down the swift current of the Kissimmee.

During our leisure moments yesterday, with the combined assistance of the whole crew, we made a flag, on which the Professor in quite an artistic style wrote the words “NEW ORLEANS TIMES-DEMOCRAT, DECEMBER 7, 1882.” That flag, attached to a pole, was nailed to the top of the highest palm on our little island (which we christened “Hopkins Island” in honor of the Colonel), and is the one guide at present to the mouth of the Kissimmee river, of parties navigating Lake Okeechobee. As we take a last look at the island we see the flag fluttering in the breeze.

On leaving the island we recommended Captain Andrews to reef his sail, as we were fearful that the "Crescent" could not stand up under the canvas she usually carries, in such a gale as was then blowing, but no sooner does the Captain see the "Daisy" outsailing him, than prudence is thrown to the winds, and as we look behind us, we see the Crescent with every reef shaken out and every stitch of canvas he has on board stretched to the breeze, plowing through the water, the huge waves that almost at every plunge sweeping into or over her. Fearing for the safety of those on board, we "lay to" and wait for her to come up, which she does in double quick time with the water foaming at her prow, and the Captain at the helm wet as a rat from the spray which is thrown over him. His crew, including the Professor, consists of three men, and as they pass within 10 feet of us a more bedraggled looking set of men I never saw, as, with buckets in hand, I see them bailing out water for their life, which is thrown back again almost as soon as thrown out. "Captain," we cry, "reef your sail or you all will sink or be capsized, certain." "Attend to your own old 'smoothing iron'." roars the Captain; "I command this craft, and by the eternal gods I am going to outsail you or drown every man on board!" "Oh, lordy," cries the Professor; "This is worse than eating alligator." "Bale, you lubbers," roars the Captain, "or I'll be hanged if every mother's son of you don't drown sure enough."

We know the Captain too well to expostulate, so the only thing we can do is to crowd more sail on our boat and follow in his wake, for the purpose of picking them up when their boat goes under or capsizes.

For hours that mad race goes on, we expecting every minute to see the Crescent keel over, but she does not do anything of the kind, and being satisfied she has a fine sailor at the helm that has forgotten more about sailing than we ever knew, we change our course and steer for the shore, about three miles from us, for the purpose of noting the topography of the country, and at the same time watch for a flag, which the officer in charge of the dredge boat working between the Caloosahatchee river and Lake Okeechobee, has been instructed to put up at the nearest point on the lake to which he is at work, that we may be enabled to guide ourselves in getting to him through the saw grass in case he is not in sight of the lake. These instructions were sent to Captain Menge, the officer in charge of the dredge-boat, over three weeks ago via Fort Myers, through the courtesy and kindness of the officers of the Drainage Company, who when they learned that THE TIMES-DEMOCRAT was organizing an expedition to visit the scenes

of their future labors, forwarded instructions immediately to all the officers in charge of their different works to render every assistance in their power to aid us in getting through to the Gulf.

As we near the land I notice that the banks of the lake are much higher, but the land, as that which we examined yesterday, is but a narrow strip a few yards in width. The aspect of the country remains unchanged, except that groves of palm trees become more frequent, and occasionally we come to small islands, which have originally been points of the mainland, running out into the lake, and cut off by the action of the water. This we know, as in many cases cypress trees are yet growing in the middle of the channel, between island and mainland. Beyond the fringe of woodland which marks the banks, nothing meets the eye but one vast marsh of saw grass, which has to this time guarded like a faithful sentinel the entrance of the Everglades of Florida. The soldiers of France, Spain and the United States have each in turn followed the dusky Indian warrior to the borders of this, his lair. Each in turn have seen their foe disappear from view in their light canoes, winding like snakes through the tall grass, and when they attempted to follow, have met naught but defeat and suffering. It was not, in the majority of cases the Indian that compelled them to retreat, but the utter inability to get through the saw grass marshes.

This grass grows to a height of from eight to ten feet, the roots firmly embedded in the earth. Grasp it in your hands and like a penknife it cuts through the flesh; attempt to push through it, and if one of the needle-like points, which tip the end of each blade, does not stop your course, you will soon find, that if nothing worse happens to you your clothing is slashed and cut into ribbons, as if you had just had an encounter with someone who used a razor as a weapon. There are certain seasons of the year when the Indians meet in and around Lake Okeechobee, and in their canoes sweep across the southern shore of the lake, disappear from sight in the tall grass, and are seen no more for months. As the woodsman knows each bridle path in the vast forest, and is never lost, so do these Indians know each lagoon and bayou which penetrates the Everglades, and where they take their canoes upon their backs, trudge to the next lagoon and launch them once more, until their journey is ended, and they find themselves safe from the prying eyes of the white man, in their palmetto huts, upon some of the beautiful islands, which the imagination of the outside world has vested the Everglades. Threats, promises, tortures, and offers of reward, with even the half-civilized remnant of the Indian tribe that still inhabit Florida, have failed to induce

them to act as guides through what is to the white man an unknown and unexplored country.

The waters are comparative smooth near to the shore, and our little boat glides swiftly on her way. Off to the left, in the distance, the white sails of the Crescent are glittering in the sunlight, as she pitches and tosses in her attempt to ride the waves, which seem to be rolling mountains high. The Colonel and myself have a hearty laugh as we picture to ourselves the condition of the Captain's crew, especially that of the poor Professor, as we recall our last sight of him, with spectacles high on his nose, wet to the skin, baling for dear life, looking as if the last trumpet was sounding, and he didn't want to go.

It being 12 o'clock, the Colonel proposes that we take our "latitude or longitude," I forget which, but I know we always took it in a tin cup with a lump of sugar, after which we take our lunch of cold venison and duck, and renew our gaze along the shore for the signal which is to tell us of our proximity to the canal, which we intend to attempt to reach.

At 2 o'clock, comes the glad announcement from Mac, who is on the lookout, that about ten miles on our front he sees the smoke of a steamer about half a mile from shore in the saw grass. It is welcome news, and every eye is strained to catch a glimpse. We crowd on all sail, as we wish to camp as near as possible to the dredge, and have time to select our camp. We soon find ourselves sailing along a shore destitute of trees, the saw grass marsh reaching to the waters edge, and the unpleasant feeling comes over us that, perhaps, we will see no more dry land on which to pitch our tents, and be compelled to sleep all night in our boats—but we do not let such unpleasant thoughts occupy our minds very long. The Captain has also seen the smoke of the dredge boat and the Crescent is headed for the same point as our boat, but the smooth water we are sailing over near the shore gives us little advantage, and when we arrive opposite the dredge, which lies a little over a quarter of a mile from the shore, we are ahead. Waiting for the Crescent to come up, we spend the time in scanning the adjacent country, hoping to get a sight of a piece of dry land large enough to camp on, but no such good luck seems to be in store for us, for nothing meets the eye but the tall marsh, except an island of trees about two miles farther. Signaling to the Crescent to follow, we sail by the flag which marks our course, and go toward the only spot which promises us a refuge for the night. When we arrive at the island we find it submerged with water at a depth of

from one to two feet, and although Mac wades into the woods in search of dry land he finds none, and we realize that we are in a quandary.

About that time the Crescent comes up and anchors alongside us. All hands are still baling, and we are informed by the Captain that "Give him six more sails for his boat, eight more men like the Professor to bale, and by the eternal gods he can beat the world." Every thing is dripping wet, and rice, beans, potatoes and other articles are mixed in hopeless ruins in the bottom of the boat. We furnish all hands with lunch, and give the Professor a dose of the only medicine we have on hand, which we hope will prevent him from catching cold. There is no use in sleeping in our boats where we are, so we conclude to return opposite the dredge and see how near we can get to her by forcing our boats through the marsh. We find on arriving there, that we have sufficient water to pull within about a thousand feet of the dredge, from which distance we are observed by Capt. Menge, who kindly sends one of his men, who hails us and invites the whole party to wade to the boat, where they have ample accommodations for all. The Colonel, the Captain and myself take a look at the tall grass marsh in front of us, and cramped as our accommodations are we prefer them, and decline the invitation with thanks and decide to sleep in the "Daisy". Not so the Professor, who, in "Georgia uniform," minus the shirt collar and spurs, gallantly places himself at the head of the men, and off they start in quest of a hot supper and hospitable bed. As usual misfortune follows in the steps of the Professor for he does not go ten yards before he tumbles in an alligator hole, and thereby loses his spectacles, his only article of attire on this auspicious occasion. Cæsar rescues him, and the last glimpse we catch of him he is leaning upon his rescuer's arm, gingerly pushing his way through the tall grass, as if he feared to tear his clothes, safe in a bundle on his back.

As the last man disappears from view we arrange our beds for the night. A lighted lantern is placed on both bow and stern and a red light run up to the masthead, a danger signal to any prowling alligator. Our boat is only  $4\frac{1}{2}$  feet wide at the stern, so our accommodations are rather narrow. The Colonel lies on one side, the Captain on the other, and I force my way into the middle place. We are packed like sardines, and during the night when a man wants to turn over the middle man has to get up and give him a chance; consequently I spent my night getting up, and getting back again. But whats the odds so we are happy?

[MARCH 15, 1833.] During the night of 8th December, that we spent in the saw-grass marsh opposite the dredge boat, we are aroused from our

uncomfortable bed by a shower of rain, the first since we began the voyage, but with plenty of India-rubber clothes we keep dry. The morning breaks beautiful and clear, and the first sight which greets our eyes as we gaze in the direction of the dredge boat is Cæsar, who is bravely struggling through saw-grass and mud, with a large pot of hot coffee in his hand, sent by Capt. Menge. Being unable to cook breakfast on board of our boat, we have to depend on crackers and canned meats for that meal, but which, nevertheless, we enjoy. Cæsar brings word from Capt. Menge that as soon as possible a sufficient force will be sent to drag our boats across the marsh to the canal and launched. About 9 o'clock our crew returned bringing with them several cables belonging to the dredge, which are passed around each boat, a rope is attached of about 200 yards in length, the end carried to the men, about 15 in number, who are waiting on the land, or at least where the water is not more than a few inches deep, and the work of hauling us over begins. Each boat is pulled and turned to within 300 yards of the dredge, a hawser is attached to us, connected to the powerful engine on the boat, and at a signal the rope tightens and the boats are quickly pulled across the intervening space. Stepping on board of the dredge, we are grasped warmly by the hand and given a cordial welcome by our fellow-Louisianian, Capt. Menge, who in the kindest manner tenders us the hospitality of his boat. We accept an invitation to dine with him, and the use of a stateroom on board, in which to take a few hours of rest and sleep, for our last night's experience in the "sleeping line" was not a success. A good sleep, a good bath, and feeling like new men, we leave our rooms, join our host, who introduces us to Capt. McIntyre, the chief engineer of the boat, and all hands sit down to a sumptuous repast prepared in honor of the occasion. We received a very pressing invitation from our host to remain several days and witness the working of his boat, but as we have learned that we have as yet to encounter difficulty of navigation before reaching the Caloosahatchee river, which will likely detain us several days, we decide, very much against our inclination, to resume our journey that evening.

After dinner we climb to the highest perch on the dredge and with the aid of a field-glass, get a splendid view of the surrounding country, including Lake Okeechobee. A vast level plain, unrelieved by woods, except on the borders of the lake, stretches for miles to the right and left of the canal. To us from our lofty perch, it resembles a vast plain, but we know in reality, that we are gazing across saw-grass marsh, and do not wonder that the attempt to penetrate from the Caloosahatchee river to this point has invariably been a failure. In front we gaze across the largest body of fresh water

in the South, and very properly named Okeechobee (Big water) by the Indians. But our island is in sight, and that we know by the experience of yesterday, is covered with water. In our rear or to the west, we see the canal, the work of months, with all appliances that money could obtain or skill devise, which, running straight as an arrow, is lost as it ends in the waters of Lake Hickpochee, at a distance of about three and one-half miles. Looking at the land lying immediately below us, we are informed by Capt. Menge that six months ago, when the canal was begun from Lake Hickpochee, from four to six feet of water covered the ground, which now in many places is perfectly dry; and in others not more than six inches of water can be seen, and yet the canal is not completed or the water draining out of Lake Okeechobee. On examining the soil through which the dredge is now cutting, we find it the same as around Lake Tohopotaliga, a decayed vegetable mould, resting upon a subsoil or pan of hard clay, reaching to a depth of from six to eight feet.

As 3 o'clock arrives, we get ready to resume our journey, accompanied by Capt. McIntyre in his steam launch, who will guide us as far as the entrance to the Caloosahatchee river. As I will have a better opportunity of examining the nature of the soil, and of seeing the surrounding country I accept the invitation of Capt. McIntyre to accompany him in the launch; and so after being joined by Capt. Andrews, we step on board; the "Daisy" and "Crescent," with their sails unfurled, push off from shore, and as our boat gives us our first "puff," the dredge boat and tender whistling in salute, which is answered by the launch, and our party is once more en route to the Gulf of Mexico.

As we leave the dredge we find but little current in the canal, but after going about a mile it becomes swifter. Half way the land becomes higher, and more is to be seen high and dry above the water, but the same rich soil remains unchanged, with no perceptible diminution in depth. Weeds from eighteen to twenty inches in circumference, reaching to a height of ten feet, have sprung up on the banks of the canal, where the earth has been thrown out in digging, and on every side the saw-grass is wilting and dying as its natural elements, the water, is being drained off. Take the water from the saw-grass, and when it becomes dead and dry, put fire to it, and the soil is rid of it, and the land is ready for the plow. The canal we are now floating down is just the beginning of the work of the drainage of thousands of acres in our immediate vicinity, for the company, as soon as the three or four great outlets are dug, which will take off the waters of Lake Okeechobee to the Gulf of Mexico and Atlantic ocean, will begin cutting a

series of small canals diagonally across the present one, which are to answer a threefold purpose to the planter, viz: First, an additional means of drainage during the rainy season; second, a means of transportation for their crops, which can be shipped from their very doors; and thirdly, a saving of fencing to keep out stock. From what I understood in conversation with members of the company, one canal to every thousand acres will about be the proportion. Peculiarly adapted to the cultivation of cane, rice and corn, I have no hesitation in saying, that from six to eight hogsheads of sugar can be made to the acre, with one-half the labor and teams it requires to cultivate an acre in any other Southern State in the Union. The soil neither cakes nor bakes when exposed to the sun, but crumbles and pulverizes easily, reminding one very much of an ash heap, and instead of from two to four mules to a plow as in Louisiana, to cultivate the ground, after the first year one mule will do the cultivation, which no where else can be done with less than two. Cane has been known to ratoon for 12 years, and yield well (about 30 miles from this point) even when cultivated in the most primitive manner. I believe that on such soil, and with the climate it possesses, that to replant every fifteen years will be amply sufficient. Cane in this country has been known to grow untouched and uncultivated after the first year, for seven years, was then cut, ground and yielded well. Frosts are almost unknown, and when they do come, they are so slight as not to injure the most delicate tropical plants.

Concerning the richness of the soil I make the broad assertion that its equal is not within the boundry of the United States, and its superior no where in the world in such a large body. Instead of having the rows seven or eight feet apart in planting, four or five is ample in this soil and climate. In Louisiana, in the beginning of October, whether the cane is ripe or green, the mills are started, the cane manufactured into syrup or sugar, and the chances are it is not ripe, thereby losing a large percentage of what otherwise would yield if thoroughly matured. Frost and freezes wait for no man, and so, nolens volens, when the last hour arrives which the prudence of the planter tells him he can wait, cane is cut, and the work of sugar-making begins. Break a piece of machinery, and while the slow work of repairing it is going on at some foundry, freezes come, and the labor of a year, the savings of years are swept away; while here how different will soon be the picture. If your cane is not ripe in 8, you will wait 18 months, or as long as you find it necessary for the perfect maturity of the same. Crops can be taken off in July or August as well as in October, and many small planters prefer this month, as they are able to put fresh syrup on the market when

it commands a high price. Mr. Hough, living on the Caloosahatchee, had his mill burned while grinding his cane, and was of course compelled to stop. His new mill being rebuilt and refinished in June, he resumed his work of taking off his crop, and found the yield greater than when he first began. Until cane is in full blossom, no one thinks of grinding, that event depending upon the month in which you plant, as regards "plant cane," and the month in which you cut, as regards ratoon or stubble. Almost all the cane seen so far (December) is in full bloom.

One of the greatest advantages of the large body of land lying on each side of the canal, between Lake Okeechobee and Lake Hickpochee, is the water protection which these lakes will afford in case of a heretofore unknown spell of cold weather. The question of transportation has already been solved, for, as I write, by telegraph comes the news that by the route we already traversed, and will pass over in the next few days, a large steamer has made the trip, and a line of boats have already been put on to ply between the Gulf and Kissimmee City.

Swifter and swifter flows the water through the canal, as we near Lake Hickpochee, and not many minutes elapse are we are riding the waves of one of the most beautiful sheets of water in Florida. This lake is from four and one-half to five miles wide, and six or seven miles long. The lands on the banks of this lake are low and covered with saw-grass; the woods on the western shore coming down almost to the water's edge, and when the drainage is perfected on the lands in the vicinity of Lake Okeechobee, high banks will take the place of the present low lands.

Our boat is headed for the northwest shore, at which point we once more find ourselves, after steaming for about five miles, at the entrance to the canal, which is a continuation of the drainage system which connects Lakes Hickpochee and Okeechobee with the Caloosahatchee river.

The Colonel, who is sailing the "Daisie", has completely outstripped us, and as we turn into the Canal the white sails of that craft are seen about three miles from us, sailing swiftly down the current, which at this point is running at the rate of about six miles an hour, showing plainly the great fall there is between Lake Okeechobee and the Caloosahatchee river. The swift current is widening and deepening the channel every day, and when the dredge returns to this point for the purpose of perfecting its work, the crew will find its work done for them. This canal is about five miles long, straight as an arrow, and hundreds of acres, which a few months ago were covered with water from two to four feet are now high and dry. As the

saw-grass has already been burned off from a great deal of this land, we have a better opportunity of seeing how perfectly the company are succeeding in this, the grandest undertaking of the present century in the United States. There is no change in the soil from that already described, except that in several places the clay sub-soil has been reached at a depth of about six feet from the surface. On seeing the traces of where dams had been built across the canal, we are informed by Capt. McIntyre that when the boat had dredged the canal about a mile from the river the water drained off so rapidly that in several places before reaching Lake Hickpochee they were compelled to build these dams in their rear to keep their boat afloat.

We indulge in alligator shooting this evening on a grand scale. On every side as we steam down the canal, we see effects of the Colonel's rifle, and a number of dead alligators lying on the bank. He has had the cream of the shooting, but we decide to knocking over a few. Our boat soon enters the Caloosahatchee river which at this point is no wider than the canal. We land here for the purpose of camping all night on a high hummock a few hundred yards from the river, but as the "Daisie" and steam launch draw too much water to approach near to the shore, we are compelled to anchor them in the river, and after getting as near as possible in the "Crescent" we wade ashore.

We are visited by a shower during the night, and everything gets wet in camp. Not liking our camp grounds, we pack up everything wet and resume our journey the next morning, intending to camp and dry everything at the first good camping ground. A run of seven or eight miles brings us to a beautiful grove of palm trees, situated on the banks of the river, with good landing for our boats, so boats are headed for the shore, and ere long tents are up and everything spread out in the hot sun to dry. Capt. McIntyre being unable to come any further in the steam-launch, on account of the river being choked up with wild lettuce, has left his boat about three miles above, and has accompanied us in a skiff to our present camp. We spend this day (Sunday) in washing out the boats, drying our wet baggage, and in repacking provisions, which, as our voyage is drawing to a close, are gradually growing less. The "keg of nails" gives an ominous rattle when shaken, and on close inspection we realize the fact that one more day will see the last of it.

After taking dinner with us Capt. McIntyre returns to the dredge, and we, by his advice make our preparations for a hard day's work ahead through Lake Lettuce, which lies about one-half a mile from us, and covered

with wild lettuce so thickly that it is almost impossible for a boat to get through.

Before daylight the next morning everybody is astir, boats are packed, and at the first streaks of dawn we push off from shore, and are soon floating down the river. Our progress is soon impeded by the thick lettuce, which stretches out before us for a mile like a green field, with not a foot of clear water in sight, although we know by measurement that there are some seven or eight feet of water beneath the green covering. We have been told by Capt. Menge that it would likely take us two days to go the mile and one-half through this lake, and after our first vain attempt to force our way through it we are inclined to believe him, and for the first time during our voyage, we realize that we may be compelled to abandon our boats and walk to the nearest settlement on the Caloosahatchee.

Written directions have been given us by Capt. Menge as to how we are to go by land, should we be compelled to abandon our boats. We find after an hour's hard work we have gone about ten yards, so we hold a consultation to devise some means of getting through. While we are consulting, Cæsar is busy on his own hook, pulling up the lettuce with his hands and throwing it aside, and by the time our consultation is ended, we find the way cleared for several feet in front. A new idea enters our heads; we all go to work pulling up lettuce, and as a space is cleared, the boats are pushed forward. Our progress is much faster, and although the hot sun is pouring down upon us, everybody works with a will, as we see a prospect of getting through. One little incident happens to enliven us. Cæsar, in putting his hand in the water to pull up the lettuce grasps hold of and brings to the surface a huge water moccasin, the first we have seen on our trip. Luckily for Cæsar, he has grasped the snake next to his head, a worse scared nigger never was seen before in Florida, and the snake is dropped much quicker than he was picked up, notwithstanding the entreaties of the Professor to get Cæsar to hold on to him until he could determine his species. Cæsar don't take the same interest in science that the Professor does, and is satisfied with his short inspection of his snake.

We see clear water ahead at 2 o'clock, and feel so much elated that we stop working and take a cold dinner sitting in our boats. A half-hour's labor and thoroughly exhausted, we take our seats and our boats are allowed to float down the current while everybody takes a rest, so much needed after our four hours' toil in the wild lettuce of Florida, the difficulty of getting through which can only be appreciated by experience.

An hour's row and we enter Lake Flirt, which is but an enlargement of the river, being about two miles wide, and so shallow that any deviation from the main chanel of the river finds us stuck fast in the mud. Here seems to be the home of the water fowl. The shores are white with cranes, among which we see numbers of pink curlew, and the waters are black with every species of duck. We enjoy the best days sport we have yet had on our voyage, we notice several flocks of wild turkeys feeding on the edge of the lake, but are unable to get in shooting distance, owing to the shallowness of the water. The huge hummucks surrounding this lake are noted throughout the State as being the finest wild turkey and deer ground there is in the South. Two or three weeks before our arrival a band of Indians camped on these grounds and went deliberately to work slaughtering the turkeys, leaving hundreds on the ground dead, not even picking them up. No other reason could be given for such wanton destruction, except to keep away the white hunters they wished to destroy the game.

The sun is but half an hour high as we leave the lake and find ourselves floating down the high banks of the Caloosahatchee river .

A few hundred yards from the point at which we enter, the banks are of solid rock, and almost before we know it our boats are shooting over what is known as the "rapids." The water being quite low we are able to see and avoid the rocks which jet out from the surface of the water, and soon find ourselves in safe harbor opposite Fort Thompson, our camp ground for the night. Fort Thompson takes its name from having been used by the United States troops during the Indian war, as a supply depot, but was abandoned at the close of the war, and today nothing remains to mark the spot.

Our tents are pitched beneath a large oak tree, which furnishes an ample supply of moss for our beds, fires are lighted and every man is soon busy picking ducks and snipe or cleaning fish. Our appetites are sharpened by our day's work, certainly the hardest we have had since our voyage began, and the sumptuous repast that we sit down to at 9 o'clock puts everybody in good spirits. Pipes and cigars are lit, and tired as we are, it is 11 o'clock ere we hear the last story, hold an inquest over the last remains of the "keg of nails," (the verdict rendered being too much attention on the part of Cæsar) and all tumble into bed.

It is 9 o'clock next morning, and the sun is high in the heavens ere we are ready for our days journey. We feel rather sore from yesterday's work, and do not move quite as sprightly as usual. Capt. Andrews puts the Crescent in command of the Professor and joins the Colonel and myself in the

Daisy. Our awning is stretched over the boat to shield us from the hot sun, and after telling the men to take their time we light our pipes and prepare to enjoy the row down the Caloosahatchee. We were too completely "done up" to notice the beauties of this new country last evening, as our boats, almost before it, were born swiftly from the lake and into the river and then to our last night's camp, about a quarter of a mile from the lake; and now we quietly note and enjoy and feel for the first time since we landed in Florida that we are really and truly journeying through the "Land of Flowers."

High banks, a rich soil reaching to a depth of from three to four feet, a strata of shells embedded in limestone, commonly called "coquina," coming next, resting upon a solid foundation of rock, is what first meets our gaze on each side of the river, which at this point is not more than forty or fifty feet in width. Clear as crystal, sweet and delightful to the taste, are the waters of the river, and we spend hours of this days journey in looking over the gunwale of our boat at the numbers and the varieties of fish we see darting and swimming around us. Large wide spreading live oaks fringe the banks, throwing out their huge limbs half way across the river, and growing side by side is the palm tree reaching to a height of fifty or sixty feet. After rowing a few miles we land, climb up the steep bank, and it needs no imagination to convince us that we are in the tropics. The woods are densely thick, so thick that but a few straggling rays of sunlight seem to penetrate to relieve the intense shade which shade greets the eye on every side. Vines covered with flowers of the most brilliant hue, have twined themselves around the trunks of each and every tree, and growing upon the branches, instead of mistletoe is the "airplant" sometimes a brilliant green, and at others a dark purple color. Branches of different varieties of trees have met together overhead, or if they do not meet, the vines which encircle their body and limbs, have grown across to the intervening space, and have twined around each other. Over the carpet of green grass we tread, unimpeded by scrub or weed, as we walk through the woods gazing in wonder and admiration at the magnificent live oaks, magnolia and palm trees, which have grown to such extraordinary heights and size. Here for the first time we see the cork tree, which grows in profusion, and why some enterprising manufacturer has never attempted to utilize the wood, is an enigma to us. Even in its green state, it is but little heavier than cork, and when dried equally as light. We also see the india-rubber tree, at least it is so called here, but whether that species can be utilized or not, I am unable to state. Numerous other trees, which we have never seen before, meet our eyes at every turn. It is so cool

and pleasant under the dense shade of the trees, that it is with reluctance we retrace our steps to the boats, which on reaching, we step on board, shove off from shore, and our more than pleasant voyage is resumed.

At 10:30 we pass Fort Denaud, formerly used as a garrison by the United States troops during the Indian war. No vestige now remains of its former occupancy. We do not land and examine the spot for a hundred reasons. The first is that there are two cross-eared, bobtailed "yellar dorgs" standing on the bank, and when Cæsar attempts to jump on shore with a rope to tie the boat they each make a break for his legs, and as Cæsar assures us that "he ain't got no more clothes nearer dan Jacksonville," we do not insist on him making an attempt a second time. As one reason of the one hundred is sufficient we won't give the other 99 for shoving off from shore and continuing our voyage.

[MARCH 16, 1883.] On every side, as we proceed down the Caloosahatchee, we see the marks of the great flood of 1874, when the whole of the lands adjacent to the river were covered with water to a depth of from eight to nine feet. Previous to that year, within the memory of the oldest inhabitant or the oldest Indian living in Florida, the waters were never known to overflow the banks of that river, and no marks were to be seen upon trees over one hundred years old. For over thirty days storms raged on the Atlantic ocean and Gulf of Mexico, preventing the waters of the Everglades from flowing out, and Lake Okeechobee having no other outlet through which to drain off, the vast volume of water which the Kissimmee river, also higher than ever known before, swept down the Caloosahatchee covering the banks from its sources to its mouth and spreading destruction on every side. Luckily for the few settlers who then occupied this portion of the country the water rose slowly, and they had ample opportunity of moving back to the pine woods, which at some points are not more than a few hundred yards from the river and above any high water. Many who moved to the pine woods remained there, and although they cultivate the rich soil of the river bottom their residences are back among the pine trees.

When the drainage company having finished outlets of the waters of Lake Okeechobee, and it will no longer be compelled to depend upon the slow process of seeping through the Everglades, during the rainy season, pour into it, then all danger of the occurrence of such an overflow as that of 1874 will be prevented. Many trees have fallen into the water, and would to a certain extent obstruct the free navigation of it by any large craft, but a few thousand dollars judiciously expended would make it perfectly

navigable and to large steamers from Fort Myers to the canal. It has been estimated that five or six thousand dollars would be amply sufficient in proper hands.

At 1 o'clock we pass Fort Simmons, another old fort used by United States troops during the Indian war. As for the others (Forts Thompson and Denaud) no trace remains except the clearing, to denote its former occupancy. We begin to pass numerous places being cleared and buildings being erected, which tell us plainer than words that this, the garden spot of Florida, will in a few years show the balance of the State its superiority as regards climate and soil for producing everything that is now grown in Florida, and a hundred other tropical products that they cannot grow for want of soil or climate.

After an hour's rowing the familiar odor of a sugar mill during grinding season greets our nostrils. It is a familiar odor indeed, and two, at least, of our little party who begin to look anxiously for a first sight of a Florida sugar mill.

A flatboat loaded with sugar cane, tied to the bank, tells us the mill will be somewhere in the neighborhood, so we land, and as we step on shore we are met by the gentlemanly proprietor, Col. Jas. McKinley, and after introducing myself and party, we are cordially invited to walk over his Florida farm. As we reach the top of the bank we find ourselves in the midst of sugar making. The kettles are two in number, set in the open air, and the coolers consist of a large cypress log which has been hewn out, holding about ten or twelve barrels of syrup. The kettles are nearly the same size, but little larger than a large-sized wash-pot. The mill is run by one horse, and a boy of 10 or 12 years of age feeds the same with cane, which crushes one stalk at a time, and if that cane gets crooked as it is going through, the horse is backed, the cane is straightened, and everything is lovely once more. Col. McKinley is not making sugar, although the juice is cooked to a sugar point, but by adding pure lemon juice, it is prevented from granulating and when cooled is a clear and thick syrup equal to any Louisiana syrup in flavor or sweetness. We watch the process of boiling and are surprised at the short time it requires to cook, but are informed that it requires five gallons of juice to make one of syrup, cooked to a sugar point, the cane being thoroughly matured, and is therefore, perfectly sweet. I have, in describing the mill, neglected to state that the cane juice is caught in buckets as it comes from the mill and transferred by hand, in buckets, to the kettles. We visit the cane field, containing about eight or ten acres, and

are surprised at the size and thickness of the cane, which is fourth year's ratoon. It is so thick and matted; that no man can, without cutting his way, get through. In this case, where the cane was ten feet high, it was blown to the ground by the winds, where it took a fresh start and continued to grow until it reached a height of six feet, when it was again blown to the ground and compelled to start upward again. From this statement our readers can form an idea of the appearance that cane field presented to us. Cutting one of the stalks, we pulled it out with difficulty from among the others, for it is as crooked as a ram's horn, and we find that by actual measurement it will cut 18 feet for the mill, and this is neither the largest nor tallest we find in our examination. The rows are four and five feet apart. Colonel McKinley also exhibited to us cotton which had been growing in the open air for four years. We measure one of the stalks and find it eighteen inches in circumference six inches above the ground and nine feet in height. The plant, or perhaps I had better say tree is covered with green leaves, blossoms, forms, bolls, and open cotton. Colonel McKinley informs us that there is no day in the year that open cotton can not be found on the stalk, and that it has never been cultivated since the first year. The reader will recollect that on the 15th day of December when in Northern Florida frost and even ice are the order of the day. Leaving the field we accompany the Colonel to his residence, where we visit his garden and fruit orchard.

The following vegetables we find in full bearing, viz: Tomatoes, egg-plants, beans, peas, watermelons and both sweet and Irish potatoes. Of fruits we note the following varieties: Oranges, limes, lemons, cocoanuts, pine-apples, tamarinds, alligator pears, mangoes and mazapotas. The Colonel also points out his rice field (pinewood land), on which he gathered this year seventy-five bushels of rough rice to the acre. He is experimenting in raising tobacco, which will be equal to the Havana in quality.

How the cane is cultivated.

On returning to the mill our conversation on the cultivation of sugar is resumed, and in a few words I give the results. Cane is planted about four feet apart, plowed three times a year with a single horse, is cut and ground any time after it matures; his meanest cane which he is not grinding, although at least 30 per cent is left in bagasse from inability with his present mill to properly crush the same, has yielded 350 gallons of syrup to the acre, already sold at 50c a gallon; cost per acre to cultivate this crop is \$7. Cane will ratoon indefinitely if properly cultivated, and can be planted or ground any month in the year. Colonel McKinley showed us a very fair specimen of

sugar made for his own use, but considers syrup with his present means of manufacturing as the most paying crop. He expects to make a specialty of pineapples and will plant it largely. Colonel McKinley who was for years a mate on the Mississippi river, but has been living for six or seven years in Florida, is happy, contented and prosperous.

While we are indulging in a glass of sugar-house beer, Dr. James Kellum, accompanied by his charming lady and his nephew, Mr. Higby, of St. Louis, arrive in their boat from their place about two miles below. He has his little daughter Sallie with him—about five or six years of age—whose exquisitely beautiful face, charming and winning little ways, soon has three devoted admirers in the persons of Col H., Capt. A., and myself. Dr. Kellum was for years a surgeon in the United States Navy before the war, was Chief Medical Director on the staff of Gen. Walker in his Nicaraguan expedition, and during our civil war was chief medical purveyor and inspector on the staff of Gen. Longstreet. He needs no introduction to any of the old Confederates of the Virginia army. He is a Virginian by birth, and left a princely home and a large practice to come to Florida about nine years ago to settle (as he says, and we agree with him), in God's country, the Caloosahatchee Valley. We receive a warm invitation from the Dr. and his lady to accept the hospitality of his roof, but we are compelled to decline. We do accept an invitation to camp on his place, and bid adieu to Col. McKinley, after thanking him for his offer of hospitality and courtesies, we, in company with the Doctor, resume our voyage down the river, arriving at our camp-ground after dark. Tents are pitched and supper cooked, after which we turn in and sleep until sunrise next morning. After breakfast having attempted to make ourselves presentable, we all go out to the Doctor's residence, about half a mile from the river, to call upon him. His residence is built upon the edge of a pine woods, he having removed from the river bank after the flood of 1874. His house and outbuildings are built of pine are large and commodious. We do not find the Doctor at home on our arrival at the house, but are kindly received by Mrs. Kellum and Miss Sallie. Her variety of flowers and plants in the parterre are the most rare collection in the State of Florida. Previous to the flood of 1874, a large horticulturist from New York attempted to propagate and grow all the different varieties of tropical plants in the open air about half a mile from the place. His success was perfect, but unfortunately the water flooded him, and over \$5,000 worth of valuable plants were killed and swept away, just as he was beginning to realize from his venture. Previous to that time, Mrs. Kellum had obtained

roots and cuttings from him of his rarest shrubs and flowers, which she saved, and all of which have grown and flourished under her personal care. It would take too much space to attempt an enumeration of all the different species, or describe in words the loveliness of this perfect wilderness of flowers presented to our view, or the rare and exquisite perfumes which are wafted to our nostrils in this beautiful garden in South Florida.

After bidding farewell to Mrs. Kellum and the charming little Miss Sallie, who is perfectly willing to join our party, we wend our way to the cane field of the Doctor, and if we were surprised yesterday by size and luxuriant growth of Colonel McKinley's cane, we are doubly so today, when we view that of the Doctor's, which is growing on some of the richest low lands of the Caloosahatchee Valley, in full blossom, superior in size and height to any we have ever heard or dreamed of in our lives. We attempt to find a fair sample for the purpose of shipment to the office of THE TIMES-DEMOCRAT, but the largest is so crooked that it would be impossible to ship them, so we have to content ourselves with smaller sizes, which will give an idea of the size and type of cane in South Florida.

The Doctor having returned joins us and we soon engage in a conversation on the culture of cane. As in the case of Col. McKinley, I have a synopsis of the information furnished me upon the subject, which was as follows: Dr. Kellum has lived in Florida for nine years, and planted cane for four years. The land he has in cultivation is high hummock, with a top soil of decayed vegetable matter mixed with sand, reaching a depth of from two and a half to three feet; then comes a strata of marl about two feet, the subsoil being clay, reaching to an unknown depth. He has not devoted much attention to cane, but will plant 35 or 40 acres this year—not for the purpose of grinding, but for seed for those immigrating to that section—for the purpose of planting cane. Such cane as I see growing is worth for plant cane \$300 per acre, and even that price could not buy it now. One acre of such cane, by planting a single cane, which is amply sufficient, will plant 15 acres. It begins to yield its best and will ratoon indefinitely, increasing every year its yield, with proper cultivation. The Doctor plows his cane three times a year with a single plow, and plants and grinds any month in the year. He has never ground but one year, and his means of taking off his crop were so primitive (wooden rollers and boiling in kettles in the open air) that his crop yielded him \$100 an acre, net. He considers that cane will yield best after being allowed to tassel for four months.

In further conversation with the Doctor I learned that there is yet a large amount of government land open for entry to actual settlers, back from the river, although but little on the river bank remains unentered. He also shows me two mango trees, which will bear this year, which are about 12 or 15 feet in height, and resemble slightly the Japan plum in foliage and appearance. This is considered one of the most delicate tropical trees, and easily killed by cold. The Doctor seems perfectly in love with his Florida home, and says that money would not induce him either to sell or abandon it. He is anxious to see immigration set in the direction of the Caloosahatchee, provided it is of that class, which could be considered an addition to the society and intelligence of the community.

The inhabitants of Caloosahatchee are all from Southern States, notably Alabamians, Virginians, Mississippians, and Texans. I met no Louisianians, although I understood there were several.

We are introduced by the Doctor to Wm. E. Loper, his nearest neighbor. Mr. Loper is a highly educated and intelligent gentleman, a native of Mobile, but for several years after the war was occupying the position of bookkeeper in a large mercantile house in New Orleans. His failing health compelled him to seek Florida nine years ago and here he still remains and hopes to remain the balance of his days. He is the owner of one of the finest lemon groves on Charlotte harbor, which he has abandoned for the purpose of planting cane on the Caloosahatchee. He will have about 30 acres in this year. We cross the river and examine his field of cane, which, although very fine, is much younger and inferior in size to Dr. Kellum's, it being plant cane and the Doctor's fourth year ratoon.

The Doctor and Mr. Loper have made an engagement to meet us in three days at Fort Myers, and join our party in a cruise around the Gulf coast, we say *au revoir*, and our little boat, the Daisy is soon skimming over the water and our party is jubilant over the idea of reaching Fort Myers that night, it being only thirty-five miles from this point by water. The Crescent was sent ahead early in the morning, and has about five hours the start of us. The river at this point is quite wide, and continues to widen as our voyage progresses. After going about ten miles the high banks disappear and the marshes come down to the water's edge. Occasionally a high ridge of land comes down to the river, but that does not happen often. We pass innumerable small islands, but they are low and often covered with nothing but mangrove trees. But few settlers are seen below Dr. Kellum's, the land not

being considered of the best quality for cane but is the very best in the State for pine-apples and cocoanuts.

Dark finds us still rowing down the river, with Fort Myers not yet in sight, a strong headwind, and the river a mile in width. About 9 o'clock we begin to think we will be compelled to anchor and spend the night in our boat, when ahead we see a light flame up and are made happy, for we know it is a signal to guide us into port, made by the Professor and the crew of the Crescent, who have arrived at their destination. We taste the water which is flowing by the side of the boat, and find that we have reached salt water, and our journey of over five hundred miles has been accomplished. We are soon moored to the wharf at Fort Myers, which for the first time has the honor of holding the first boats that ever made the through trip from Lake Tohopotaliga to the Gulf of Mexico, via the Everglades, and at the masthead of those two little boats floats the flag of THE TIMES-DEMOCRAT.

## Contributors

EDWIN ADAMS DAVIS is Professor of History at Louisiana State University.

WILLIAM A. GRAHAM is associated with Ernest R. Graham in the beef and dairy cattle industry at Pennsuco, site of the sugar growing and making experiment described in the article. Parts of this paper were prepared when the author was a student at the University of Florida.

MORGAN DEWEY PEOPLES was a student in history at Louisiana State University when he worked with Professor Davis editing the *Times-Democrat* Expedition account.

HENRY PERRINE prepared the article here reprinted in 1840 at the very end of his life. The same number of the *Magazine of Horticulture* carried an account of the Indian Key Massacre in which Perrine lost his life and brought to an end whatever chance there was that his dreams might some day be realized.

FRANK B. SESSA, Director of Libraries for the City of Miami, was a member of the history faculty at the University of Miami when his account of Miami in 1923 was written as one chapter in a doctoral dissertation for his Ph. D. degree in history at the University of Pittsburgh.

HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION OF SOUTHERN FLORIDA

**TREASURER'S REPORT**

FISCAL YEAR ENDING AUGUST 31, 1951

|                                |       |           |            |
|--------------------------------|-------|-----------|------------|
| On hand Sept. 1, 1950          |       |           |            |
| Building Fund                  | ----- | \$ 73.27  |            |
| General Fund                   | ----- | 966.23    | \$1,039.50 |
| <hr/>                          |       |           |            |
| Dues collected                 | ----- | 1,977.00  |            |
| Contributions to Building Fund | ----- | 70.50     |            |
| Contributions to Marker Fund   | ----- | 200.00    |            |
| Miscellaneous Income           | ----- | 146.42    | 2,393.92   |
| <hr/>                          |       |           |            |
| Tequesta                       | ----- | \$ 793.10 |            |
| Program meetings               | ----- | 289.20    |            |
| Treasurer                      | ----- | 142.74    |            |
| Corresponding Secretary        | ----- | 126.65    |            |
| Erection of Marker             | ----- | 107.70    |            |
| Archives                       | ----- | 28.92     |            |
| Miscellaneous Expense          | ----- | 45.24     | 1,533.55   |
| <hr/>                          |       |           |            |
| On hand August 31, 1951        |       |           |            |
| Building Fund                  | ----- | \$ 143.77 |            |
| Marker Fund                    | ----- | 200.00    |            |
| General Fund                   | ----- | 1,556.10  | 1,899.87   |
| <hr/>                          |       |           |            |
|                                |       |           | \$3,433.42 |
|                                |       |           | \$3,433.42 |

| Number of Members for | Class of Membership |     |      |      | Total | Amount  |
|-----------------------|---------------------|-----|------|------|-------|---------|
|                       | \$2                 | \$5 | \$10 | \$25 |       |         |
| 1948                  | 433                 | 71  |      |      | 504   | \$1,221 |
| 1949                  | 432                 | 119 |      |      | 551   | 1,459   |
| 1950                  | 423                 | 134 |      |      | 557   | 1,516   |
| 1951                  | 344                 | 147 | 19   | 2    | 512   | 1,661   |

|   |       |        |
|---|-------|--------|
| Cost per member of:—Publishing Tequesta | ----- | \$1.42 |
| Meetings                                | ----- | .52    |
| Treasurer                               | ----- | .26    |
| Corresponding Secretary                 | ----- | .23    |
| Msc. activities, less msc. income       | ----- | .06    |
|   |       | <hr/>  |
|   |       | \$2.49 |

EDWIN G. BISHOP, *Treasurer.*

## LIST OF MEMBERS

EXPLANATORY NOTE: *The Society has recently provided for several new classes of membership. Regular members at two dollars a year dues make up the great majority of the active list. For those who wish to contribute more to the promotion of the Association's work the new classes of member provide the opportunity, and the publication of their names is a means of recognition. In addition to the existing "Sustaining" member with dues of five dollars a year there have been added "Patron" at ten dollars a year, "Donor" at twenty-five dollars a year, and "Benefactor" at two hundred and fifty or more dollars a year. The printed roster is made up of the names of those persons and institutions which have paid dues in 1950 or in 1951 before September first.*

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 Ayars, Mrs. Earling E., South Miami  
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 Bovard, Mrs. Walter, Ormond Beach  
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 Boyd, Mark F., Tallahassee\*  
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\*\* Indicates Founding Member.

\* Indicates Charter Member.

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 Elder, Mrs. Leola Adams, Miami\*  
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 English, Colin, Tallahassee  
 English, Mrs. Ruth, Tallahassee  
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 Etwiler, Mrs. Eidth M., Miami  
 Eustis High School Library  
 Fairchild, Mrs. David, Miami\*  
 Fisher, Mrs. Jane, Miami  
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 Florida State Library, Tallahassee  
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 Tallahassee  
 Foster, Athene S., Miami\*  
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 Francois, Miss Florence M., Miami  
 Free Public Library, Jacksonville, Fla.  
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 (Deceased)  
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 Jones, Mrs. Mary, Miami  
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 Lewis, Miss Mary D., Tallahassee  
 Leyden, Mrs. Louise, Coral Gables  
 Lipp, Morris N., Miami Beach  
 Littlefield, Miss Helena, Coral Gables  
 Loftin, Scott M., Jacksonville  
 Longshore, Frank, Miami  
 Lummus, J. N., Jr., Miami  
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 Lyell, Robert O., Miami  
 Lyman, Jack B., Miami  
 Lynch, Sylesvter John, Homestead\*  
 Lyons, James, Miami  
 MacArthur, W. E., Miami  
 MacArthur, Mrs. W. E., Miami  
 MacDonald, Miss Barbara, Miami  
 MacDonald, Miss Betty, Miami  
 MacDonald, Mrs. Duncan, Miami\*  
 MacVicar, I. D., Miami  
 Manly, Charles W., Miami  
 Manning, Mrs. Wm. S., Jacksonville  
 Marchman, Watt P., Fremont, Ohio\*  
 Marsh, Fred Dana, Ormond Beach  
 Marsh, Mrs. Fred Dana, Ormond Beach  
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 Mason, Walter Scott, Jr., So. Miami\*  
 Massey, Mis Ethelyn, Miami  
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