

Tequesta: THE JOURNAL OF THE HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION OF SOUTHERN FLORIDA

Editor: Charlton W. Tebeau

NUMBER XXIV

1964

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Miami Beach Reaches the Half Century Mark <i>By Ruby Leach Carson</i>	3
St. Andrew's Episcopal Church, Built and Forgotten <i>By Laura Conrad Patton</i>	21
The Florida Excursion of President Chester A. Arthur <i>By Joe M. Richardson</i>	41
The Florida Seminoles in 1847 <i>Edited by James W. Covington</i>	49
North to South Through the Everglades in 1883 <i>Edited by Mary K. Wintringham</i>	PART II 59
Contributors	94
List of Members	95

COPYRIGHT 1964 BY THE HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION OF SOUTHERN FLORIDA

Tequesta: is published annually by the Historical Association of Southern Florida and the University of Miami. Communications should be addressed to the Corresponding Secretary of the Society, 2010 North Bayshore Drive, Miami 37, Florida. Neither the Association nor the University assumes responsibility for statements of fact or opinion made by contributors.

This Page Blank in Original
Source Document

Tequesta:

Miami Beach Reaches the Half Century Mark

By RUBY LEACH CARSON

As the City of Miami Beach on March 26, 1965, celebrates the fiftieth anniversary of its incorporation, its 38,023 registered voters, (living south of the 87th Terrace boundary line), make an interesting contrast in numbers to the 33 voters who founded the city in 1915.

The city's present estimated population of 65,000 makes it the third most populous city in Dade County and the eighth most populous in the State of Florida. State census figures place the city of Miami Beach one step ahead of Pensacola, which celebrated in 1959 the quadricentennial of the first Europeans to settle there. And in population Miami Beach is far ahead of America's oldest city, St. Augustine, where 1965 is its quadricentennial year. Miami Beach, in surveying the years which have led to her Golden Jubilee, is obliged to measure progress in terms of decades — not centuries, as do Pensacola and St. Augustine.

As this "playground of the world" enters the Golden Jubilee year, what has been its progress in the last ten years? A visitor returning to Florida for the first time since 1955 is struck with amazement as he proceeds across Biscayne Bay toward the city of Miami Beach. Three changes are visible, whether his approach is made by air, boat or motor vehicle. They are: the new Julia Tuttle causeway connecting Miami's Northeast 36th street with 41st Street at Miami Beach; the 35-foot-high bridge spans at each end of the MacArthur causeway, and the unexpected view of high-rise apartment buildings along the skyline of Miami Beach.

If the visitor is enlightened briefly on these improvements, he will learn

that the 14-million dollar Julia Tuttle causeway, which links Miami and Miami Beach, was opened to the public for travel in December, 1959. From the western end, the causeway is a continuation of the expressway system of Greater Miami and when built it was estimated that 35,000 vehicles daily would take advantage of the six-lane, high-span, 55-mile-an-hour scoot across Biscayne Bay. Thanks to the Miami Women's Club, the causeway was named for Julia Tuttle, "the mother of Miami", whose memory had not been honored previously, except by a historical marker in Miami.

The improvements on the MacArthur causeway make it possible for many boats to pass under without the lifting of bridges. In 1957, two years after Miami Beach had celebrated its fortieth birthday, the east span on the causeway was rebuilt to clear the water by 35 feet. The span replacement at the west end, with similar clearance, was finished in 1960.

As for the new skyline on Miami Beach, the dominant trait in construction during the 1955-65 decade was the building of high-rise apartments. Sixty-five per cent of the construction was of this type. By this time the visitor has crossed the bay and is driven through the picturesque city for a close-up view of this type of construction. He is suddenly enthralled by another innovation—the Lincoln Road Mall. What was formerly Lincoln Road, a bustling, unimaginative avenue of commerce, had become a landscaped parkway of tropical splendor—Lincoln Road Mall. Traffic is eliminated on Lincoln Road for the eight blocks of the promenade which extends from Alton Road at the west end, to Washington Avenue, near the Atlantic Ocean, on the east. Parking lots are available on the north and south, back of stores which now display their world-famous merchandise to the delighted pedestrians along the Mall.

Sparkling fountains, lily pads in artistic pools, flower beds which provide blooms for each season, and landscaped garden spots with inviting garden seats are irresistible attractions on the Mall. Tourists and citizens find loafing there a wonderful pastime. The Mall was designed by two Miami Beach men of great talent—Morris Lapidus, the noted architect who lives in Miami Beach; and John Poulos, director of Miami Beach city parks.

The Mall was opened in 1960 and was financed by funds provided by a municipal bond issue for \$600,000 which was approved by the Miami Beach taxpayers. The 200 stores facing it claim the distinction of carrying the most desirable merchandise to be found in the U.S.A. For the tired

visitors, little trams are provided for a slow ride along the parkway. The price for such a ride is one dime. "The Lincoln Road Mall is a new development for Miami Beach," reported the Beach Chamber of Commerce, "but it still retains Miami Beach's original and oldest aim — to make the visitor's stay here more comfortable and more delightful than ever before."

If the visitor who's been away for ten years thinks that now he has seen all the changes — he has more surprises coming. Northward from Lincoln Road — at 1700 Washington Avenue, is the Miami Beach Convention Bureau with its Convention Hall which seats over 16,000 persons. It was opened in 1958. Its size and the available hotel facilities make Miami Beach one of a half-dozen American cities capable of accommodating enormous meetings, such as the Shriners, Rotary and American Legion conventions. These groups are among those that have met in Miami Beach during the last decade. Close by the Convention Hall is the Miami Beach Auditorium, which seats about 3,500 persons — and which Jackie Gleason has made world-famous. Here is the Jackie Gleason story:

Hank Meyer, the Beach public relations consultant described by this author in "Forty Years of Miami Beach", read in Earl Wilson's column early in 1964 that "Jackie Gleason loves golf so much he'd like to play 365 days a year . . ." Meyer got busy and persuaded Gleason and his manager, Jack Philbin, to bring their cast to the Miami Beach Auditorium to produce thirty shows. Through Meyer's efforts, Miami Beach had already been on TV through stars like Arthur Godfrey and Ed Sullivan, and he had been responsible for bringing the Miss Universe show to Miami Beach. The Gleason contract resulted in thirty Saturday night TV shows from Miami Beach within a year. It was estimated there would be 32 million TV viewers each week of the series.

How did the press react to this? Hy Gardner's column in the Miami Herald on October 12, 1964, included these comments: "The origination of a top-rated weekly TV-network program makes Gleason a daring and forward-looking pioneer in a field troubled with tradition.

"His presence and sincerity is contributing immeasurably to the reputation, the morale, the public image and the economy of a resort once notorious as the sun-kissed corral for Cadillacs, minks, gin rummy, horse players . . . and a long line of luxury hotels . . . Gleason's studio audience, all 1600 lucky ones who can attend each taping and ten times that number who must await

their turn, react to Jackie's jokes, pantomimic perambulations and farcial facial expressions with the ardor of a paid Met Opera claue. We haven't seen or heard so enthusiastic an audience since the heydey of the Brooklyn Dodger rooters."

The Gleason ovation was mentioned by Ralph Renick on his WTVJ Channel 4 newscast on September 2, 1964.

"When Jackie Gleason decided he'd move his television show to Miami Beach from New York," said Renick, "the reaction of the network, the cast, the advertising and talent agencies and sponsors was to say the least, not enthusiastic.

"But Gleason was not to be turned aside. He not only desired Florida's climate and golf courses but the idea of pioneering something appealed to him. He's been used to succeeding where others have yet to even try. This week the second of his one-hour Gleason shows was videotaped at the Miami Beach Auditorium. The city spent 262 thousand dollars to convert the auditorium into what Gleason terms 'the finest TV studio in the country'. Gleason received a standing ovation from the Miami Beach audience — something which has never occurred in New York. The ovation was deserved.

"The Gleason origination could well be the beginning of Miami Beach's reputation as a TV capital.

"Perry Como, Johnny Carson and Ed Sullivan have shown interest in doing shows here this winter. We have had one-time specials and now-and-then originations in the past. These have all been immensely valuable, but the continuing series of top-rated shows originating from Miami Beach can do more than anything else to promote this area.

"On his first show Gleason mentioned Miami Beach twelve times, Miami twice and the American Scene Magazine title features a palm tree background. When Arthur Godfrey brought his radio show here in 1952 four boom tourist years followed. Gleason and others to come are bound to have a most beneficial effect. All this in addition to the permanent payroll this *new* industry has created.

"So consider this a salute to a visionary pioneer — a man we're glad to have in our town — Mr. Herbert John Gleason. He's glad to have you call him Jackie."

September 24, 1964, marked Hank Meyer's fifteenth year of service to the City of Miami Beach and 542 admiring friends honored him with a luncheon at the Fontainebleau Hotel. Sponsors were business and civic leaders, the Presidents Council of Miami Beach and the Miami Beach Chamber of Commerce. Meyer is a native of New York City, but had moved to Florida when he received his bachelor of business administration degree at the University of Miami of which he is now a member of the Board of Trustees. During World War II he served in the Navy as a chief petty officer, and in 1949 he was named Public Relations Director for the city of Miami Beach. In 1953 he was made director of the city's Publicity-News Bureau, and in 1956 he was retained by the city for the position he now holds — that of Public Relations Consultant.

Newscaster Gabriel Heater, one of Miami Beach's celebrity residents, was toastmaster at the luncheon for Meyer; and the Miami Beach Daily Sun gave the event special notice with a headline that declared: "IT HAPPENED AT HANK MEYER BEACH".

Other publicity experts have given valuable assistance in the development of Miami Beach. Among them are S. W. (Bill) Matthews, director of the city publicity staff; W. Bill Glick, who is Special Events Director; and Allan Cass, who retired in 1963 after serving in the publicity department of Miami Beach for 13 years. Previously he had been Sunday editor of the Miami News. Margaret Nedeau also is a talented member of the staff.

The Golden Jubilee year finds a few changes in the newspaper field. George B. Storer of the Storer Broadcasting Company sold the *Miami Beach Sun*, (now the *Miami Beach Daily Sun*), to the *Miami Herald* on May 31, 1963; and on the following day Rolfe Neill replaced Parks Rusk as its editor and publisher. From a column in the *Sun* come these biographical comments: "Mr. Neill attended public schools in North Carolina, Georgia and Mississippi, is a graduate of University of North Carolina with an A.B. degree in history. He has been in the newspaper business almost all his life. He . . . is married and the father of five children." Neill's managing editor is Edgar F. Seney, Jr., an experienced Florida journalist, winner of a Nieman Fellowship, and author of a recently published book, *The Gregarian Invasion*. Among the Sun's columnists is the popular radio commentator, Larry King, heard nightly on WIOD.

The *Miami Beach Times*, the oldest newspaper in Miami Beach, is still owned and edited by James Wendler. His wife, Mrs. Alice Wendler, is secretary and treasurer. This weekly paper is mailed to subscribers.

The president of the McAskill Publishing Company is Leon C. McAskill, a former publisher of the Miami Beach Sun. Although McAskill's *This Week in Miami and Miami Beach* first appeared as a weekly in 1924, it did not become a continuous publication until 1953, and now appears separately as *This Week in Miami*, and *This Week in Miami Beach*. To these weekly information-type publications, McAskill has added *This Week in Fort Lauderdale* and *This Week in Hollywood*. Their purpose is to inform visitors where to find entertainment and points of interest. McAskill also publishes *The Southern Innkeeper*, a monthly trade publication for the hotel, motel and restaurant interests.

The *Miami Beach Reporter* was started December 1, 1961, by Paul Bruun, who had been with *The Sun* for twenty-five years. *The Reporter* is a weekly newspaper with hotel and door-to-door circulation. Its managing editor is Mrs. Rae Gilder.

Although the semi-monthly *Miami Beach Visitor* had been started in 1932 by Frederick Findeisen, its companion magazine, *Beach and Town*, a monthly, did not appear until 1963. The Visitor Publishing Company still publishes *Guest Book*, a magazine for hotels. It was first published in 1932. Mrs. Helen Findeison is secretary and treasurer of the Company, and Mrs. Lois Cowart Tanner is a vice-president and general manager.

The visitor who likes to do his reading in a public library and who seeks the one he used to go to before 1962 — is in for a really terrific surprise. Miami Beach's new Public Library, located at 2100 Collins Avenue, was dedicated in November, 1962. It is east of the old library building and faces a beautifully-landscaped ocean-front park. The building is a one-story, dark red granite structure covering 28,000 square feet. The glass wall on the east side of the large public reading room gives a full view of the park and ocean, and the chairs in the reading room are comfortable.

Oscar C. Everhart, chief librarian, came to Miami Beach in 1958 from Indianapolis. Five years ago a North Shore branch of the Library was opened on 71st Street, just off Dickens Avenue; and in March, 1964, a

South Shore branch was opened at 225 S. Washington Avenue. These were city designed and city financed. "New at the South Shore branch this year," stated Everhart, "is an extensive collection of books in the Yiddish language." Counting the five thousand volumes at the South Shore branch and the four thousand at the North Shore branch, the Miami Beach Public Library has a total of 104,000 volumes. "We need more," said Everhart. He produced the following figures to show the Library's progress in the last ten years: Circulation — 169,792 in 1955-56 compared to 351,081 in 1964-65; budget—\$83,659 in 1954-55 compared to \$248,000 in 1964-65.

The Library runs a bookmobile which carries 4,500 volumes and which makes nine stops. One of the most popular features of the Library is the connecting auditorium which seats one hundred and which is used by community groups. The outside of the round structure is decorative.

But what about the old Miami Beach Public Library building? This is the most overwhelming surprise of all to the visitor who has not visited the Beach for several years. The old building has become the Bass Museum of Art and is one of the few places in Florida where paintings by the Old Masters can be seen. It opened April 7, 1964 and by the following September 24, a total of 14,915 visitors had registered.

Thanks to Mr. and Mrs. John Bass of New York and Miami Beach, this gift of 63 paintings gives the City of Miami Beach a collection that includes works of such artists as Botticelli (1440-1510), Rubens (1577-1640), Frans Hals (1580-1666), Van Gogh (1835-1890), El Greco (1541-1614), Modigliani (1884-1920), and modern French Impressionists. The gift includes also numerous examples of wooden sculpture, (some of it dating back as far as the fourteenth century); and two of the largest and most unique tapestries in the world. They are forty by sixteen feet in size and were made in Malines, Belgium. These tapestries, "The Start of the Hunt" and "The Return From the Hunt", occupy two walls in the Tapestry room which was built for them. This room is lighted by a valuable Venetian chandelier which was a part of the Bass collection.

This city-operated museum is housed in the old Public Library building which was reconstructed for the purpose, by the city, at a cost of \$160,000. The multi-million dollar Bass collection occupies the first floor of the building, while the second floor is reserved for travelling exhibits. Admission for

adults and children is reasonable, even free for those who call between 10 and 11:30 a.m. Tuesdays through Saturdays. Entrance fees are charged between 1 and 9 p.m. Tuesdays through Fridays, and 1 to 5 p.m. Saturdays and Sundays. Student groups, accompanied by teachers, are admitted free of charge. The place is closed on Mondays.

Those in charge report that the public has shown its appreciation of this magnificent gift to the city—for attendance by visitors and residents has been steady. The city librarian, Mr. Everhart, administers the Museum and its staff of five. In November, 1964, seven paintings by Georges Roualt and Armand Guillaumin were added to the collection by Mr. and Mrs. Bass.

The work of local artists and musicians was exhibited at the Roney Plaza Gardens November 7 and 8, 1964, by the Miami Beach Board of Music and Fine Arts. Assisting Reyna Youngerman, chairman, were board members Mrs. Max Dobrin, Monsignor Barry, Joseph Goodman, David Hochberg, John Howard and Mortimer Wien.

The Golden Jubilee finds Miami Beach with new parks and with old parks enlarged and improved. Jack Woody, director of recreation, has them listed in three categories—recreation parks, ocean front parks and adult recreation sites.

The recreation parks are: Crespie Park, on Crespie Boulevard at 76th Street; Flamingo Park, from 11th to 14th Streets on Meridian Avenue; Fisher Park, on 51st Street and Alton Road; Normandy Isle Park, on Rue Granville and 71st Street; Fairway Park, South Shore Drive; North Shore Park, Dickens Avenue between 72nd and 73rd Streets; Polo Park, 43rd Street and North Meridian Avenue; Stillwater Park, 85th Street and Stillwater Drive; Washington Park, Washington Avenue and 2nd Street; South Shore Park, Alton Road and Biscayne Street; Tatum Waterway Park, Tatum Waterway Drive and 81st Street, and Sunset Island No. 4, on West 21st Street at the bridge. City swimming pools are in Flamingo and Normandy Isle Parks.

The ocean front parks follow: Collins Park, between 21st and 22nd Streets; Eightieth Street Park, from 79th to 81st Streets; Lummus Park, from 6th to 15th Streets; Sixty-Fourth Street Park, between 64th and 65th Streets; North Shore Park, from 72nd to 73rd Streets; Ocean Terrace Park (name not official), 74th to 76th Streets; Tier Park, Ocean Drive at 1st

Street; South Beach Park, Ocean Drive at 3rd Street; Forty-Six Street Park, on Collins Avenue; Government Cut Park at Inlet Boulevard, *an exclusively Boy Scout Camp*, Thirty-Fourth Street Beach, Collins Avenue; and street ends on beach areas which are open to the public.

Adult recreation sites: Twenty-First Street Community Center, Washington Avenue; Seventy-Third Street Community Center, Collins Avenue; Tenth Street Auditorium, where an active Serviceman's Center also is located, Ocean Drive; Pier Park Bandshell, Ocean Drive at First Street, and the Municipal Fishing Pier on First Street and Ocean Drive.

The Miami Beach Girl Scout Camp is located opposite the North side of the Convention Hall Parking Lot.

Miami Beach Golf Courses have not been neglected. Besides its two municipal 18 hole courses — the Normandy Isle and Bayshore, the city now has one par-3 golf course.

In two of the city parks are tennis clubs: The Flamingo Park group and the North Shore Park group.

The Miami Beach Garden Center & Conservatory, located behind the Convention Hall at 2000 Garden Drive, is considered by garden experts to be one of the outstanding attractions of Miami Beach. It is city financed but in its incipency Miami Beach Garden Club members took part in promoting the project. There are four active Garden Clubs in the city now: The Miami Beach Garden Club, the Tropical Garden Club, the Palm-Hibiscus Islands Garden Club and the Mt. Sinai Garden Club. All are proud of the Conservatory, where plants have been brought from all the known jungle areas in the world. And the accent, they say, is on air plants. It is open to the public seven days a week — from 10 a.m. to 4:30 p.m.

Also new, since Miami Beach celebrated its fortieth birthday, is the development of 41st street as a business and shopping center, and its getting a new name, in 1958, by an act of the city council. The new name is Arthur Godfrey Road, given in appreciation of the nationwide publicity the TV star gave the city each year when his show was telecast from Miami Beach. Early in 1964 the Miami Beach Chamber of Commerce moved its headquarters into this district, at 3921 Alton Road; and two years ago the Chris-

tian Science Church moved into its beautiful new edifice near 40th Street on Pinetree Drive.

While there was a general feeling of regret over the old Flamingo Hotel getting demolished, these emotions changed to admiration early in 1960 as Emil Morton began construction of the 612-unit, fourteen-story apartment building on the 13-acre site. Morton Towers is now one of the show places when viewed not only from the bay but from Bay Road. Another hotel which replaced a much-loved landmark was the Seville Hotel & Cabana Club, referred to as the "Hotel of the Year 1956", as it opened in December of 1955. It was built on the site of the former Grossinger-Pancoast Hotel by Irving Kipnis, Ted Kipnis, Arthur M. Lowell and Morris Becker, according to the February 10, 1955, issue of the Miami Beach Sun. Building permits that year totaled \$23,536,000. The highest peak for building permits in the last decade was for the year 1957, when they totaled \$32,868,000. The next highest was the sum of \$28,990,000 for 1962. A year later, in 1963, the total had dropped to \$13,169,000.

E. M. Hancock was the city's building inspector until he retired in 1958 after twenty-eight years in office. At one time he served as assistant city manager.

In the matter of education, Miami Beach is keeping up with its growth. Besides its private schools, it had in September, 1964, five elementary schools, two junior high schools and one senior high school. The enrollment at these totaled 6,349. Enrollment in September, 1954, was 6,640.

Citizens of Miami Beach are noted, too, for their humanitarianism. No welfare drive is neglected there, nor are their three great hospitals — Mount Sinai, St. Francis and the Miami Heart Institute neglected. The city donated land for the public health center which Dade County opened at 615 Collins Avenue on October 26, 1964. The building costs of \$172,000 were paid by the county. Sydney Ansin was general chairman for the 1964 United Fund Drive at Miami Beach and Paul Seiderman was named business development chairman of the Miami Beach division of the Fund.

Sam Gertner, the chief administrative executive at Mount Sinai Hospital at Miami Beach since 1949, was installed on November 6, 1964, as president of the Florida Hospital Association. "Under his professional direction," said

the Miami Beach Daily Sun, "the hospital has become an outstanding institution for the sick and an excellent working facility for the doctors and surgeons. It is many times remarked, by our own citizens as well as visitors, how blessed Miami Beach is with first-rate medical facilities. (Give a cheer, too, for Miami Heart and St. Francis). Now, Sam Gertner's been elected president of Florida Hospital Association, the statewide group of administrators. He was installed Friday at the annual meeting in Clearwater. Thus, a jury of his peers has measured him and found him an outstanding man . . ."

Through his efforts, a teaching program at Mount Sinai includes residences and internships for forty young doctors. He was one of the originators and founders of the South Florida Hospital Council which works on accreditation standards for public hospitals, and he was the Council's president in 1955. As a national consultant, he helped in the organization of Four Freedoms, a high-rise retirement home built by the AFL-CIO on Miami Beach. His home is at 2325 Magnolia Road, Keystone Point.

A top project of the sixteen groups in the Miami Beach Hadassah Chapter is aid to the Hadassah Hospital in Israel. These groups are concerned also with the task of saving Jewish children who are behind the Iron Curtain and in Moslem countries. Another project for Israel which is receiving help from Miami Beach supporters is the expanding educational program of Hebrew University, which now has five campuses in Israel.

A number of Miami Beach citizens have given distinguished service to their own community during the last decade. One group is the Civic League of Miami Beach which has played an important part in the growth of Miami Beach since its inception in 1935. Its president is Al Nason, civic leader and business man. Another group is the Washington Avenue—South Shore Association, which has spearheaded the modernization of the South Shore area. Its officers are: Nathan S. Gumenick, owner of Southgate Towers, president; Ray Redman, executive vice-president; Samuel J. Halperin (the first president), Max Boderman, Carl T. Hoffman, Joseph M. Rose, Jack Stein and Newton H. Bollinger, vice-presidents; Marcus O. Sarokin, treasurer; Hyman P. Galbut, secretary, and a fifty-member board of governors.

The first board of trustees of Mount Sinai Hospital reads like a list of Miami Beach V.I.P.'s. On the list were: Sam Blank, Baron de Hirsch Meyer, Mrs. Max Dobrin, Samuel Friedland, Moses Ginsberg, Abraham Goodman

and Dr. Morris Goodman. Also: J. Gerald Lewis, Stanley Myers, Max Orovitz, Monte Selig, William D. Singer, Alex Van Straaten, Carl Weinkle, Henry D. Williams, Mitchell Wolfson and Arthur A. Unger.

Important city officials during the last ten years have been: Mayors Kenneth Oka, D. Lee Powell and Melvin J. Richard; City Managers Claude A. Renshaw (who served thirty-five years in this office), Morris N. Lipp (who resigned in 1962 to become chief engineer of Interama), and O. M. Pushkin.

Distinguished Miami Beach residents, not already mentioned, whose influence extends beyond the city limits include the following: Attorney Harry Simonoff, author of five books, the latest being "The Chosen One"; Metro Mayor Chuck Hall, also Metro Commissioner; Elliott Roosevelt, elected as Florida's National Democratic Committeeman; Robert Z. Greene, a trustee and founder of Mount Sinai Hospital; Jack Gordon, banker and Dade County School Board member who was appointed to assist Senator Hubert Humphrey stage his successful campaign for the vice-presidency; and Shepard Broad, president of the Miami Beach Chamber of Commerce.

While the years rolled along after Miami Beach passed its fortieth birthday, area developments marched ahead with a minimum of friction as opposing groups revealed a capacity for civic, economic and political agglutination. An exception to this came with the aggressive efforts of a group of civic officials, business men and hotel men to have the State Legislature separate Miami Beach from Dade County for the creation of a Miami Beach County.

The promoters failed to get a bill passed by the 1961 Legislature although a \$50,000 legal fee was paid to the Millard Caldwell's Tallahassee law firm; and William Gibb, the present administrative assistant to Senator Frank Smathers, was employed as lobbyist. Although the entire Dade County delegation was opposed to the move, it was the county's only State senator, W. C. (Cliff) Herrell whose voice was heard. "He took the Senate floor on a point of personal privilege," stated the Miami News on April 21, 1961, "and said: 'I am confident that the real force behind this move is by those who desire to create a Miami Beach Las Vegas. It is true that state laws *should* be sufficient to protect against this . . .'"

Backers of the move denied the claim that gambling interests were behind their desire to create a Miami Beach County. The April 27, 1961,

issue of the Miami News quoted Miami Beach Councilman Kenneth Oka as saying that the creation of a separate Miami Beach County would provide 100 million dollars in ten years to improve the resort city. "In 1960-1961 Miami Beach paid 24 million dollars in taxes," he said, "eight million to the city and sixteen million to Metro . . . and of the sixteen million, the Beach got back less than three million in services."

Two days previously Councilman Mitchell Wolfson, former mayor of Miami Beach, was quoted in the press as saying he did not believe the formation of a Miami Beach County would lower taxes for the average homeowner of Miami Beach. "Nor will it inure to the benefit of the people of Dade County . . . If Miami Beach should separate itself from Dade County, what about Palm Beach from Palm Beach County, Fort Lauderdale Beach from Broward County, Daytona Beach from Volusia County, and Jacksonville Beach from Duval?" He said that the making of a new county out of Miami Beach would be "starting a precedent to which there would be no end."

Dade Representative Carey Matthews, who opposed the plan to split Dade County, withdrew his urban renewal bill for Miami Beach in the 1961 session of the Legislature, claiming he did so at the request of Miami Beach officials who said that after paying heavy taxes to Metro, Miami Beach "did not have anything left for rejuvenation." Although the issue was dead for the 1961 session, two amendments were added to the bill "to make it easier" when it would be introduced in the 1963 Legislature. Although the bill was not introduced in the next legislature, the two suggested amendments are of interest. One was for a local referendum for the creation of a new county from another county. The other amendment would permit a city to annex new territory by a majority vote of those to be taken in. The land would not have to be contiguous, as at present, but would have to be adjacent. "This would let Miami Beach take in the keys below it and then go on over and annex areas in South Dade, if those people voted to come in," said Representative Matthews. "This would enable the Beach to answer the arguments re 'no cemeteries, no water supply, no diversification of economy'."

No bill for the new county was introduced in the 1963 legislature. A Miami News poll on November 22 of that year showed that fourteen of Dade County's sixteen-man legislative delegation "was strongly against a separate Miami Beach County." While Senator Herrell declined to give support

because he had been elected by the county-at-large, which opposed the plan, he was the only member of the delegation to a meeting called at the Beach on November 20, 1963, to discuss the matter. To the gathering of about 150 Miami Beach civic leaders, Mayor Melvin J. Richard "unveiled his plans" to make Miami Beach a separate county." He proposed paying the State ten million dollars for publicity over a ten-year period if the separation takes place. Senator Herrell protested, saying Mayor Richard's plan "is not the answer."

In a signed letter to the editor of the Miami News, Mayor Richard on November 21, 1963, summed up his views as follows:

"Editor Bill Baggs in the Miami News decries my desire to see Miami Beach a separate county. Metro has proved itself to be ineffective, inefficient, vacillating, confused and expensive. Miami Beach, separated from the rest of the county by a natural barrier of four miles of water, strives to exist on a tourist economy not incompatible with the economy of the rest of the county. Yet Miami Beach is forced to pay 20 percent of the county taxes, little of which is spent in Miami Beach.

"An independent survey by the University of Miami demonstrated that Miami Beach could more effectively provide all of the services now provided the Beach by Metro for \$4 million a year, while the Beach is contributing to the county annually more than \$16 million.

"If Miami Beach had control of those funds a considerable portion would be spent on publicity, advertising and promotion which is the life-blood of the economy of the community. But those who run Metro have not been able to see or hear our pleas for help on those areas. How much of that 16 million is spent for tourist promotion and how much for capital improvements at Miami Beach, which the city needs so badly to attract tourists?

"Mr. Baggs and others whose financial destiny lies on the West side of Biscayne Bay, fail to appreciate that this financial drain of Miami Beach by Dade County will eventually destroy the goose that lays the golden eggs, that the success of Miami Beach lies in its being able to run its own show and that when Miami Beach thrives, the rest of the county will likewise thrive. MELVIN J. RICHARD, Mayor, City of Miami Beach."

If Miami Beach were to become a county, there would be a much bigger payroll for employes than there is at Miami Beach City Hall at present. For the year ending June 30, 1964, the number of persons on the payroll at City Hall was 1,369. The number has been practically the same since 1960. Beachites are looking to Interama, the 500 million dollar Inter-American Trade and Cultural Center, as a prospective economic shot-in-the-arm. While it will be north of the city limits, it will, according to Congressman Claude Pepper, create 50,000 jobs and attract a minimum of fifteen million tourists a year. It was Pepper who, as U.S. Senator in 1939, first introduced a bill in Congress for Interama. Its present chairman, Dr. Irving Muskat, has been aided not only by Representative Claude Pepper, but by Senators Spessard Holland and George Smathers, Governor Bryant and Governor Elect Haydon Burns in the promotion of an 18.5 million dollar federal loan for the project.

According to the Miami Beach publicity bureau, the city now has lodgings for 140,000 visitors in 370 hotels and 2,800 apartment buildings. Its guests number over 1,500,000 annually, coming from every part of the United States, Canada, Latin America and many European nations.

A real tourist attraction is the now famous "Surfside Six" which has become known throughout the country as the base of operations for a TV serial. It is located just in front of the Fontainebleau Hotel on Indian Creek.

A forecast of events which will precede a centennial celebration by Miami Beach cannot be made by estimating the city's potential according to past performances. Although dreamers about the future will undoubtedly be inspired by achievements of their predecessors, the innovations of the space age can cause them to foresee a fantastic continuation. Permission has been given this writer by the *Miami Beach Daily Sun* to quote Hank Meyer's dramatic forecast describing Miami Beach after another half-century. The article appeared in Ted Crail's column on September 21, 1964, under Hank Meyer's name. It follows:

"What will Miami Beach be like 50 years from now? It would be fun to be around in the year 2014 AD when Miami Beach celebrates its 100th anniversary . . .

"At that time Miami Beach will probably have fewer hotels, but more rooms. Something close to 100 hotels, individually averaging from between

1,300 to 5,000 rooms . . . each with its own rocket landing pad . . . located on multi-acred Convention-Recreation Hall roofs.

“The trip to Miami Beach from New York will take ten minutes. The City will be twenty minutes from London and twenty-five minutes from Bali. Travelers will be flying by rocket and the only noise they will make will be a soft ‘swoosh’. Each rocket will be powered by anti-gravity mechanisms and will require landing area of only 250 square feet. They will be landing at a rate of one a minute, which should bring in enough tourists to keep the City fully occupied every day of the year.

“Because of the short travel time from New York, Miami Beach will become the favorite ‘suburb’ for commuters from that city, and our towering apartments will house the families of the men who run the giant industries, banks and financial houses.

“New hotels will be shining glass towers reaching sky-ward . . . where guests could get their tan before getting out of bed. Buildings will soar thirty or forty stories high, because technology and science have enabled man to conquer hurricanes and substitute constant cool breezes from the Caribbean.

“Miami Beach will be the TV center of the world (thanks to the pioneering of the goodwill ambassador Jackie Gleason), beaming the story of our world back to the moon and the planets . . . and the winner of the Miss Universe Contest that year will, of course, be Miss Venus, who most folks will agree will be out of this world.

“Miami Beach will have a School of Tourism (Branch of the University of Miami) giving undergraduate and graduate degrees in every phase of resort operation. It will boast over 10,000 students from all over the Universe who will be trained in the modern Hotel University Center on the techniques of every phase of resort management. Our entire educational program will be a model of excellence for the entire nation.

“Electricity will be transmitted by Laser Light. Miami Beach will be the first city in the world to be so electrified. The folks will be campaigning to get the underground wires (wot?) removed. There will be underwater nightclubs, restaurants, and recreation areas off-shore which will be reached by scenic submarines. Even local kennel clubs will shift to that scene of

activity, featuring racing porpoises. . . . Miami Beach buildings will be huge, stretching high into the sky, with immense ground space devoted to beautiful flowers, trees and spacious recreation areas.

“On the south shore area of Miami Beach there will be a mammoth Olympic Stadium, all-weather, with reversible top, which will be used for major international sporting events and large conventions . . . adjacent to the Miami Beach Convention Hall there will be an international championship tennis stadium which will feature the world’s professional and amateur tennis greats.

“Surrounding the tennis stadium will be an International Botanical Garden and that will lead directly to the ‘International Plaza’ where buildings will headquarter major companies from all over the world for the purpose of using the Miami Beach environs as a testing ground for everything from food products to pillow cases. Based upon the company’s test tube screening here, product improvements and merchandising campaigning will be born.

“Yes, in 2014 AD Miami Beach will celebrate 100 years . . . not its past 100 years . . . but its future . . . unlimited in its horizons . . . with the best of Mother Nature combined with the best of man’s ingenuity. Miami Beach will be discovered and re-discovered as not only the vacation capital of the world but a community with great depth, purpose and meaning!

“There will be a great Inter-American Medical Center here . . . meaningful research on tropical life . . . an Inter American Communication Center where people throughout the world will study and improve means of communicating with each other to benefit the entire world. Aside from the economic and cultural, Miami Beach will have a spiritual re-awakening giving greater meaning and depth to its existence as a resort community that serves the world. People will always love Miami Beach because Miami Beach will always love people.

“What better way to start celebrating Miami Beach’s 50th Anniversary than planning for Miami Beach’s 100th Anniversary and getting started with all of the dreams, plans, ideas and innovations that someday will become a reality if we all start working toward that goal now!”

The foregoing prophecy entitles Hank Meyer to have the last word. And so, with a “*Happy Golden Jubilee, Miami Beach!*”, this brief history of the city during the last decade comes to an end.

This Page Blank in Original
Source Document

St. Andrew's Episcopal Church, Built and Forgotten

By LAURA CONRAD PATTON

St. Andrew's Episcopal Church in Little River had only a brief history, little of which is recorded. Yet it was one of Miami's first churches, and the first of three early Episcopal missions to have a church building of its own.

There were no churches of that denomination in Dade or Broward Counties when Bishop William Crane Gray undertook the establishing of the Episcopal churches in this new area in 1893. The same clergymen ministered to the spiritual needs of people in the three Episcopal missions, Trinity in Miami, St. Laurence's in Coconut Grove (then spelled Coccoanut), and St. Andrew's in Lemon City, later designated Little River. In fact, the church was called Lemon City, and then Little River, before it was finally named St. Andrew's. Obviously any account of one of these must also include reference to the sister congregations.

Father Edgar Legare Pennington wrote in, "The Beginnings of the Episcopal Church in the Miami Area": "That long Atlantic seaboard — a stretch of 225 miles — was thinly settled, difficult of access, and of little promise. The first official mention of a prospect of development along that part of the Florida east coast is found in the Journal of the Second Annual Convocation of the Missionary Jurisdiction (1894) where Coccoanut Grove, Miami, and Lemon City are listed among the mission stations. . . ."

Early Florida citizens first settled in two small communities along Biscayne Bay. One south of the present Miami known as Coccoanut Grove, and thirteen miles to the north was Lemon City. When Miami was beginning to be a town, Lemon City was already a town and the only sizable one in Dade County. All Dade County in 1880 contained only 257 people.

The oldest church in continuous service was built at Lemon City. The Methodist built it in 1893 where an Indian Trail (Northeast 61st Street) crossed Military Trail (Northeast 5th Avenue) south of Little River in Lemon

City. The church was named Lemon City Methodist and the first service was held on the second Sunday in April 1893. Sometimes the Episcopalians held their worship service in this Lemon City Methodist Church.

Often these first religious services were held in the homes of the residents. Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Curry frequently opened their home located near Biscayne Bay and 62nd Street to the Episcopal prayer meeting group.

Into this sparsely populated new territory came a man of great faith: Bishop William Crane Gray, the first Bishop of the new Missionary Jurisdiction who had several characteristics of an ancient prophet: a saintly bearing, a long flowing beard, white hair, tall erect carriage and a good command of the English language. He had been elected by the General Convocation in the city of Baltimore, as Missionary Bishop. At 57 years of age he was consecrated on December 29, 1892 in the Church of the Advent, Nashville, Tennessee (where he was rector). In 1893 on January 3rd, leaving his parish and the city of Nashville, he attended The Southern Convocation at Orlando, Florida. Arriving on January 5th, he was there for a week and then went to Key West to begin a long period of visitation of the counties in his district.

Bishop Gray wrote, "No Bishop had ever been and only once a clergyman of the church made a brief sojourn there." On April 29, 1893, he became the guest of Mrs. Julia Tuttle at Miami. Mrs. Tuttle lived in the remodeled officers quarters of old Fort Dallas on the north bank of the Miami River near Southeast 2nd Avenue. This she rebuilt using the walls, and renovated the first floor by laying the floor with Spanish tile obtained from a sunken ship. A kitchen was added and other buildings as a work-shop, a windmill, a stable, a boathouse, and a wharf.

Bishop Gray thanked Mrs. Tuttle in his convocation address for the careful and painstaking way in which she had prepared for his visit, making it known far and wide, and arranging for the different services he was to hold, and placing her private launch, *Neloa*, at his disposal.

In the first meeting at Lemon City, April 30, 1893, Bishop Gray held services in a school house, (a box-like building twenty by forty feet). It was located just south of the present Northeast 60th Street beside the railroad track near Northeast 4th Avenue. The school board had given D. W. Bloodworth the contract for the building in August 1885. At this service the Bishop had a baptism, and a confirmation and celebrated Holy Communion.

Attending this first Episcopal service were families of some of the men who ran a business, farmed, were retired people, or were tourists. One of the farmers in the area was T. A. Winfield who was known as a "grower." D. R. Knight had a sawmill and general store. W. A. Filer had a grocery store and was an agent for the General Land Office through whom homestead applications might be made. William Mattair ran a blacksmith shop. J. W. Spivey and Jordan ran a grocery store and dealt in acreage. Willie Pent had a barbershop and Roy M. Marvin had a bakery. Frederick Matthaus operated a starch mill making edible coontie starch. Mrs. Carey ran a boarding house, and the D. M. Connelly's operated a hotel.

Bishop Gray writes of this visit: "I ascertained that in a large portion of this region the number of church people, or those who have been more or less under the influence of the church, is greater than that of any other religious body, and they are very anxious to see the church established in their midst."

He spent a week here visiting the people, "by land and by water, visiting them in their homes, talking to them, instructing them, preparing them for Baptism and Confirmation, and in every way possible endeavoring to improve the opportunity before (him)."

Arriving by stagecoach from Lantana along the Everglades on November 28, 1893 in the Biscayne area he says: "The most trying and expensive journey I have to make in all my jurisdiction."

Helen Muir in *Miami U.S.A.* gives us some details of this coach line: "A mule stage line between Lantana on Lake Worth and Lemon City on the bay was opened, making it possible for the first time for men to reach the isolated region by land. Uncle John Clemenson was the first driver and he sauntered ahead of the mule team playing his fiddle. The stage went over uncomfortable rough roads at the rate of three miles an hour, the journey of sixty-six miles took two days and fare was ten dollars. The stage coach was a threat to the seaman's paradise that Biscayne Bay had been until now."

In a personal letter of Will Norton to Mattie Peters dated February 12, 1896 he mentioned the stage and mail deliveries:

"When we first came down here (Lemon City) there was a stage line from here to Lantana but since the canal is finished they do not run it any

now. We have the mail four times a week now, it comes by steamer from Palm Beach the steamer runs from there to Miami."

On December 4, 1893 on his return the Bishop found the children and parents awaiting him in the Biscayne Post Office. He secured two men to act with the parents as sponsors. "I put on my robes in the one room," he said, "and had a brief service and baptized six children."

Bishop Gray did not work alone in this wilderness. The Archdeacon of Monroe, Lee, and Dade Counties, the Reverend Doctor Gilbert Higgs of Key West also came to promote the work. The Journal of the Third Annual Convocation gives an account of Doctor Higgs' follow-up of the Bishop's visit. He reported:

"On the 25th of January, 1894, I took passage in a sailing vessel from Key West to Cocomanut Grove in Dade County, and arrived there on the evening of the 27th. Met with a cordial reception and was entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Kirk Monroe. Made three visits that evening.

"On Sunday, January 28th, I read Morning and Evening Prayer and preached twice in a Union Meeting House, made four visits, attended the Sunday School and addressed the scholars.

"January 29. In company with Miss McFarland, a most energetic and faithful Communicant, made four visits in the morning. In the afternoon I made eleven visits. Was called out twice that night to read prayers with a sick woman.

"January 30. Made two visits. Mr. Kirk Monroe kindly took me in his yacht to Miami, where I met with every attention from Mrs. J. D. Tuttle and her family and was most hospitably entertained by them.

"January 31. Accompanied by Miss Tuttle, made fourteen visits, and arrived at Lemon City late in the evening.

"February 1. Accompanied by Mr. Garry Niles an earnest member of the church, made ten visits. Visited the public school and addressed the children.

"February 2. Returned to Miami to Mrs. Tuttle's who very kindly took me in her naphtha launch the next day to the head waters of the Miami River. I baptized in the evening two adults.

“February 4. Went in the launch to Lemon City. Read Morning and Evening prayer and preached twice. Returned in the evening to Miami.

“February 5. Left Miami at 9 A.M. for Key West. Detained all day, our sloop on the rocks; got off at 9 P.M.

“February 6. Landed at Elliot’s Key and made one visit.

“Arrived at Key West February 7 in time for Litany.”

Miss Ada Merritt was the teacher in this first grammar school mentioned by Doctor Higgs and it was to her students that Bishop Gray spoke during his visit. Miss Merritt was the sister of Mr. Z. T. Merritt. Two of the first members of Holy Cross Episcopal (which followed St. Andrew’s) were Mr. and Mrs. Z. T. Merritt. Ada Merritt school was named in honor of Miss Merritt. Not only was the school house used for church services, but Miss Merritt carried on some of the work of the clergymen. While teaching in Lemon City she organized and conducted, with the help of Mrs. William Fulford, the first Sunday school there, and trained a choir. On one occasion when a nearby family had lost a little child and there was no minister available to act in that city, Miss Ada comforted the stricken parents by conducting the funeral service her self.

Two years after his first visit Bishop Gray came again in March 6, 1895 to this area. He “took sailing vessel (from Key West) for Biscayne Bay at 9 A.M. The wind was ‘dead ahead’ and the sea very rough. At night we had by tacking gone 60 miles distance, to make 20 miles towards our destination.

“Friday, (March) 8th. Entered Bay Biscayne at 10 A.M., and reached Miami at about noon Sunday 10th. Morning service and sermon at Coconut Grove. Took a launch to Lemon City, where I read service and preached. I baptized two children, and confirmed one person.

“Tuesday, 12. Preached and administered Holy Communion at 10:30 A.M. Nine persons received. They had had no opportunity since I was here a year ago.

“Wednesday, 13th. Left Lemon City on hack at 10 A.M. for two days’ trip through the desert region. Reached Camp LaFayette a little after dark. On the way was called on to stop and baptize a child.

“Thursday 14th. Left Camp LaFayette at 7 A.M., and it was after 8 P.M., when we arrived at Lantana. Then went ten miles in a row-boat to W. Palm Beach, where I spent the night.”

Bishop Gray came again to the Biscayne Bay area in February 1896. He arrived after a very rough and irksome trip from Key West, on the *Dellie* (one of the boats owned and operated by Mr. Lewis W. Pierce. The others were the *Ardell* and *Clara*, all three named for his adopted daughter whose name was Clara Ardell and whom everyone called Dellie.) On board there was “a motley crowd” including a party whom the mayor of Key West had surprised in a gambling den.

“Thursday, February 13. Running slowly along the keys. Still very rough. At 3 P.M. only eight-five miles from Key West.

“Friday, February 14th, 9 A.M. — Off Cocconut Grove. At 2 P.M., last night ran aground. ‘Dead’ low tide and no wind. The sun pouring down upon us makes it very warm and close. At dark the Captain came in to say that we must remain all night, and in the meantime everything has been drenched by a pouring rain. Truly, a trying day.

“Saturday, February 15th, Lemon City. More rain, and again low tide, so we could not reach the dock, but were sent ashore in a boat. Got baggage just in time to perform a marriage ceremony at Hotel Connolly, for Eugene Lee and Mrs. Marion MacDonald. Drove to Miami in the afternoon to arrange for services, and returned to Lemon City.” This was the first recorded marriage performed by an Episcopal clergyman in the Miami area.

On the next day, Sunday, Quinquagesima, Bishop Gray started at eight by way of Miami, for Coconut Grove (13 miles south on the bay) for morning service. After services he drove back to Miami Hotel located on Avenue D (Miami Avenue) and south of the spur railroad track leading to Royal Palm Hotel. Returning that night to Lemon City, he wrote,

“Went over to the Methodist Church, (Northeast 5th Avenue and 61st Street) where services were appointed. Found it all dark. I went in and lighted up and some one came and rang the bell. Had service and preached to a good congregation, mostly men. After service two gentlemen came to speak to me and I found, to my great relief, that they could take me the next

day to Lake Worth in their steamer, in time for my appointment there on Ash Wednesday.

“Monday, February 17th. Took steamer at 9:30, thankful to get aboard, and so escape the tedious two days staging through the sand — in risk, too, of being late for my next appointment.”

Bishop Gray felt the need of a resident clergyman in the Miami area. The Reverend Henry Dunlop was placed in charge of the Biscayne Bay area. He has the distinction of being the first resident clergyman. Having been ordained Deacon in 1867, and was ordained to the Priesthood in St. Matthew’s Church (later St. Paul’s) in Savannah in May, 1874. Bishop Gray made arrangements in May, 1895 to take Reverend Dunlop with him to Biscayne Bay. In June Mr. Dunlop joined the Bishop at Jacksonville and the next day — an early feast of St. Barnabas — a celebration was held at Mrs. Julia Tuttle’s house in Miami.

Mr. Dunlop’s ministry lasted only a short seven months. He died on December 5, 1895 at his missionary post of duty. The Bishop paid a touching tribute to him as the first resident clergyman,

“The Reverend Henry Dunlop was stationed at one of our outposts, almost on the very frontier of our civilization. He was at Miami (sic) with charge of the work in the whole Biscayne region. He was living in a small cottage alone, and ‘endured hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ’.”

A few months after Reverend Dunlop’s death the railroad was completed to Miami. Bishop Gray’s travels were then made much easier. No longer dependent upon the sailing vessel or the stage line, he could travel to or from Jacksonville in a day.

Another missionary laborer, the Reverend James Otis Sargent Huntington arrived in 1897. He was forty-three years old, six feet tall, and weighed about one hundred and ninety pounds, a man well-remembered by a few of the members of Holy Cross Church to this day. Father Pennington wrote: “In 1897 the Order of the Holy Cross was beginning missionary labours in the Miami area. The headquarters for the Order was then located at Westminster, Maryland, and the members were doing effective service in some of the out-of-the-way places of the country. The planting which was effected in the region around Miami is now a cherished tradition.”

So in late September of 1897 the Father Superior was expected in Southern Florida. His stay was to be three or four months. The Father Superior, the Reverend James Huntington, was born at Boston, July 23, 1854. He received a Bachelor of Arts at Harvard in 1875, and was a student of St. Andrew's Divinity School. He joined the Order of the Holy Cross in 1884, and later became the Superior of the Order.

In an October 12, 1897 letter, Father Huntington wrote regarding Miami:

"It is hard for us to realize you are already having frosty nights and crisp mornings and even perhaps a flurry of snow. Frost never touches this sunny land; the lowest temperature in the two years was 47°F. The mornings are pretty warm but there is almost always a breeze from the sea by afternoon. Our house-boat is really the coolest place in town. We are anchored close to the shore, at the end of a little pier, about five minutes' walk from the (Trinity) church. The *boulevard* runs all along the shore and makes the walk to town easy and pleasant. Looking seaward from the rear of our boat we have first, the broad waters of the bay, its surface ruffled with waves that roll up and break out at our feet, then the sky-line, accentuated by low-lying 'keys,' green in the sunshine or darkened by a passing shadow, and lastly, above it is the wide reach of sky, with clouds constantly changing and shifting and flushing with brilliant colours in the brief sunrise and sunset. To the south-east we can see the 'inlet' where the bay gives place to the ocean and the rippling of these lesser waves is lost in 'the everlasting thunder of the long Atlantic swell.'

"That is the scene before us night and day, (the moonlight has been superbly, I never appreciated the force of Macaulay's 'ivory moonlight' before,) and, in face of it, under an awning that runs all around the boat, we say our Offices with no human presence to distract us save an old coloured man who rows patiently up and down all night, carrying barrels of water for the engine where they are building a dock some way north of us.

"Miami is a recent growth. Two years ago there were only two houses here; now there are about four thousand people and various smaller settlements up and down the coast. The town is well laid out, the main street, really a noble avenue. There is a great hotel, the Royal Palm, with accommodations for nearly a thousand guests.

"The church here is a plain little wooden structure and needs almost everything in the way of appointment and adornment. Even the windows are

not in yet but that is a slight deficiency in this climate. We hope to leave the church more like a house of God than we found it but that depends on what our friends enable us to do. I have had some generous gifts in answer to my letters. There is a splendid field for the church here, the people seem very ready to listen and learn. We have begun to visit them, and hope to build up many souls into the mystical Body of our Blessed Lord. There are a good many negroes from the West Indies, brought up in the English Church here, and these, too, we hope to reach.”

While in Miami, Father Huntington was accompanied by Brother Bernard, a novice who later became a priest. Father Huntington gives us the November 3, 1897 account of another arrival, that of Reverend Colin S. Bassett. He says,

“Two weeks ago today, Fr. Bassett came sailing in at the back door of our houseboat. He arrived in Key West three weeks ago, but tarried over Sunday as the guest of Archdeacon Higgs, and came up here in the *Magnolia*, a sailing-ship, which anchored out in the Bay. We went out on the ‘back piazza’ after service, and suddenly Brother Bernard pointed to a black-coated figure poling towards us in a small row-boat, and a few minutes later Fr. Bassett came aboard. He seems very well, and has taken hold of the work to the south of Cocconut Grove, traveling to and fro, sometimes by a sail-boat, sometimes by gasoline launch, sometimes on land by wheel kindly lent him by a gentleman here. Fr. Bassett goes to Buena Vista and Lemon City, north of here; he has several candidates preparing for Baptism and Confirmation.”

The year 1897 was a most significant one in the life and development of the Episcopal churches. A fourth mission, that of St. Agnes, was created. Father Huntington tells of his work among the Negroes,

“I wrote you last month that there were some negroes here who have been brought up in the English Church in the West Indies. We soon found access to them, and discovered they are not from the West Indies, but from the Bahama Islands, most of them from Nassau. We have the names of over thirty who have been confirmed and there are sixteen or seventeen desiring Confirmation. These Bahamians were rejoiced to have us come to them; they have had no opportunity of attending Church or making their Communion since they came. Most of them are young men and women; there are few families. They are intelligent and thoroughly at home in the Church. We found a rough ‘hall’ in the coloured settlement and hired it for some months;

the men took hold and white-washed it and put in benches, with room for over a hundred people, and now they have built out a neat sacristy, with convenient arrangements for hearing confessions. We ordered an altar from Deland — where we had one made last year — and the people are looking eagerly for its arrival and are preparing themselves to come with clean hearts to the Feast next Sunday morning. Sunday evenings we gather in a good many of the outsiders, and have had congregations of seventy and eighty, two-thirds of the number men.”

St. Agnes celebrated the laying of its cornerstone three years later on February 14, 1900. The Venerable John Edwin Culmer, Bachelor of Music, Bachelor of Divinity, and Doctor of Laws; present rector of St. Agnes, has written a historical sketch of how this church was born,

“Not in a castle nor in a cabin, but in a washtub.”

“The year was 1898, The Rev. James O. S. Huntington, late Father Superior of the Order of the Holy Cross, was vacationing in Miami, the house guest of Mr. John Sewell, pioneer resident of Miami. Mrs. Louise Newbold, a Bahamian by birth, was Mr. Sewell’s washerwoman. It happened on a day when Mrs. Newbold, while washing the Sewell’s family clothes and trying to lighten her arduous task, was inspired to sing the old familiar hymn, “The Church’s One Foundation.” The lusty singing of this hymn attracted the attention of Father Huntington and approaching Mrs. Newbold, he asked, “What church are you a member of, Louise?” “The Anglican Communion,” was Louise’s proud reply. Father Huntington, with increasing interest, further inquired if there was an Episcopal church in Miami where colored immigrant Anglicans could worship. Louise told the Reverend Father there was not; but hastened to add that there were scores of Anglicans in Miami from the Bahamas who were most desirous of worshipping God after the pattern of worship they were used to in the Anglican church.

“Thereupon, Father Huntington asked Mrs. Newbold if it would be possible for her to invite some of her Anglican Church friends for a meeting on the following Sunday. Mrs. Newbold complied with Father Huntington’s request and on the following Sunday, thirty persons met in a private home on N. W. Third Avenue near Flagler Street where an idea, born in a washtub, was given the name of St. Agnes’ Church.

Regular services were the big change introduced in the Lemon City mission. Father Huntington in December 1897 began these every Sunday evening services in an old school house. He writes,

“I am going to Lemon City every Sunday evening now. It is about five miles north. We have taken an old school-house there. It is being white-washed this week. I had about fifty people (white) there last Sunday evening and they joined heartily in the service. The principal interest in that neighborhood is tomatoes for the northern market. . . . We are putting an Altar in St. Laurence’s Mission Room at Coconut Grove.”

Father Huntington and others who held services in the Lemon City school-house were no doubt gratified at being able to fill the building to capacity with worshippers. But it was totally inadequate for school or Church purposes. A room twenty by forty feet, it was old and in bad repair, and poorly adapted for the fifty-seven pupils there.

A new building and a new location were both in order. The coming of the railroad radically changed the center of interest, and brought about the change of name to Little River, the name given the new railroad station.

Father Pennington writes of 1898:

“Bishop Gray reached Miami on the evening of January 30th, 1898; he was eager to see the results of Father Huntington’s labours. The next morning, assisted by Father Huntington and the Reverend Mr. Bassett, he celebrated the Holy Eucharist in Trinity Church. After breakfast, Father Huntington took the Bishop as far as Lemon City, visiting candidates for confirmation on the way. At 3 P.M., that day, the Bishop confirmed nine persons, Mrs. Julia Tuttle, who had done so much for the church in Miami, being one of the number.”

In 1897 also steps were taken to build churches for the Episcopal missions in Little River and Miami.

Much of St. Andrew’s Church history was shaped by the energetic and continuous efforts of Mr. and Mrs. Turner Ashley Winfield. It was through her influence that William I. Peters and Iona Peters gave two lots for the church. These were located on Northeast Second Avenue and 80th Street where Little River Bank now stands.

Bishop Gray wrote of the property: “Having had two good lots donated at Lemon City for a church, on November 29th, appointed a committee to raise subscriptions, ‘towards the first Episcopal Church to be built on Biscayne Bay’.”

Mr. Winfield financed the construction of this first building and was later repaid by the congregation and friends of the church.

For five months after Reverend Henry Dunlop's death in 1896 there was not a regular clergyman in this area. Bishop Gray appointed Mr. C. Wilbur, an elderly English carpenter, a lay reader to assist in the work of the church. Doctor Higgs, pastor of St. Paul's in Key West came as on May 5, 1897 to work a few days at a time here. On this visit, he drafted plans for a Mission Church under the directions of Mr. Brown, architect, which became Trinity in Miami.

The deed for the Trinity Church property was secured from Mrs. Julia Tuttle — "Lots eight (8), nine (9), and ten (10) of block one hundred and three N. (103 N.), as shown on the map of the City of Miami, Dade County." This transaction took place on February 15, 1898 while Dr. Higgs was spending three days here, celebrating the Holy Communion and making twenty-three visits.

Bishop Gray writes on May 25, 1898 of settling in full the debts on Trinity Mission:

"Dr. Higgs (from Key West) and I went at once to work in the matter of getting all accounts here squared up, and all to be in black and white. Thursday, May 26. We were up till 2 o'clock in the morning. Solution of all in sight by my assuming additional responsibility, which I did."

Mrs. Winfield tells some of the circumstances connected with the building of the Little River Church. On Bishop Gray's visit to Miami, she says:

"A messenger was sent out to me who stated that the Bishop was charmed to know that a church was in progress of construction; and he wondered whether the building was in sufficient readiness for service." Mrs. Winfield replied with an invitation.

"Come right along! We'll be ready." She promptly called her husband, and he secured a carpenter.

Mr. Winfield, Mr. Edward De Vere Burr, and a carpenter went to the church that afternoon and built seats with little back rests on them. Under these conditions, the Bishop conducted his first services in the church.

Lights were secured from private individuals. Mrs. Burr (Lucy) provided an altar by lending a small table for that purpose. The table came from Virginia in 1893 to Bartow, Florida, brought along by the young Lucy Crouch who later became Mrs. Burr in 1896 in Miami. The table is still in use by Margaret Burr Claussen, the daughter of Lucy.

Reverend Robert M. W. Black and his wife came next from Flat Rock, North Carolina. They left a well established and beautiful church to do frontier pioneering here. Mrs. Black gives us an account of their stay in Florida and how difficult it was to travel. Mrs. Black looks back with a great deal of amazement at the changes taking place here in the last sixty years.

“What do you remember of Little River?” I asked Mrs. Black.

“I never was there,” was the reply, and she continued, “my husband went by rowboat with a Negro to do the rowing. It was too dangerous for me to go. I never was allowed to go to Little River or Coconut Grove. There were dense mangrove thickets, all the paths were grown over and snakes were often seen in those places.”

“Where did you live while here?” I questioned.

“On the mud banks of the Miami River in a two room house. The upstairs was reached by a ladder through a square hole cut out of the ceiling. Planks were placed over the mud bank and led to the sandy soil further from the water. Cutting the mangrove trees from the banks of the river in clearing the land for the Royal Palm Hotel caused deep mud flats all around our house. The sticky, suction-like earth was never dry,” recalls Mrs. Black.

Speaking of the hardships Mrs. Black says: “Perhaps the mosquitoes were the worst hazard of all. There were hoards of them and no adequate way of keeping them out of the house, too, our water supply came from a pitcher pump outside the house in the muddy yard.”

“Then you knew Bishop Gray?” I prodded.

“I knew Bishop Gray very well and admired him greatly. He slept on a cot in our upstairs room when visiting here.”

“You did not stay long in Miami,” I stated.

“We could not because of illness, both of us had malaria fever very badly. One day Mr. Black would have a chill and the next day I would have a chill.”

We have the newspaper’s account of a reception given for the Blacks when they were leaving Miami in 1899:

“The members of the Episcopal Church and their friends tendered the Rev. and Mrs. R. M. W. Black a reception in the parlors of the Hotel Biscayne last night.

“The following persons were present: Rev. and Mrs. W. W. Faris, Rev. and Mrs. W. C. Barnes, Collector and Mrs. Featherly, Mrs. Graham, Mr. and Mrs. Forrest Lake, Mr. and Mrs. Bradley, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick, Mr. and Mrs. Carpenter, Mr. and Mrs. Hand, Mr. and Mrs. Bailey, Rev. E. V. Blackman, Mrs. Kolb, Mrs. Dixon, Mr. Lolce, Mr. and Mrs. S. Graham.

“After spending the first part of the evening in pleasant conversation, the dining room doors were thrown open.

“Mr. Black has been pastor of the Episcopal Church here for the past few months, and during that time has accomplished much for the church and the community.

“During the winter he collected nearly a thousand dollars, which has been expended in building a pretty and comfortable rectory, and in improving the church building.

“Mr. and Mrs. Black leave in a few days for their old summer charge at Flat Rock, N. C.

“The best wishes, not only of the members of the Episcopal Church, but all that have been fortunate enough to make their acquaintance go with them.”

Bishop Gray wrote of his visit in Miami, February 3, 1899, and noted that Mr. and Mrs. Black gave him, “a warm welcome to the new Rectory;” and he expressed pleasure at what he learned concerning the work there and in the surrounding places.

On February 5, 1899, the Bishop and Mr. Black held services at Trinity Church. That afternoon, they were at Coconut Grove where the Reverend Mr.

Black baptized one person, and where Bishop Gray preached in the Methodist Church and confirmed two. At 7:30 P.M. that day—Septaugesima—assisted by Mr. Black, the Bishop held services in the new church at Little River. There he preached.

The first Lemon City—Little River—St. Andrew's Church required six long years of work to complete. People living in the surrounding areas attended services there whether or not they were of the Episcopal faith. This church was sometimes referred to as the "Chapel." In building churches in this community regardless of church affiliation, activities were shared by all. Mrs. Winfield, like others on a frontier, shared in all community and religious activities. She wrote and directed a play for the Baptist Church. Mrs. Garrod B. Stephens was the popular soloist of that day. She was a Presbyterian who sang in both the Methodist and Episcopal churches.

A number of gifts in addition to the land were made to the Little River Church. The altar came from Union Episcopal in Coconut Grove. It was a big, heavy wooden unpainted piece. In fact, it was too large for the church building! In order to use it some of the men sawed off part of the original and fitted it into the smaller altar space of the church.

Hymn books and prayer books were given to Little River also by the Union congregation who had a generous supply. A New York church had gathered up the more used books and sent them to the needy mission. They were gladly accepted by the frontier church. Some of these prayer books were so old and so much used that the ladies of the church bought inconspicuous cool green light-weight cotton material and covered the marred backs. Some of the covered cloth prayer books are still preserved sixty years later.

One of the largest gifts which came some years later was an organ. James Whitcomb Riley from Indiana, the world-renowned poet who wintered in South Florida, worshipped here in Little River. After his visit the church received a small church organ from Mr. Riley as an expression of his missionary interest. Mrs. Winfield played the organ with one key sticking. Gertrude Westgaard would often sing in the choir when visiting her sister who lived here. On a number of occasions she would aid the organist by placing a finger under the sticking key on the organ and hold it up while singing. Everyone soon knew the key stuck because Mrs. Winfield would chat about the key, song after song, and Sunday after Sunday.

Still another source of church monies were bazaars. As is still the custom in many Episcopal churches, a bazaar is held once a year to raise money for the church. These were usually held in the home of Mrs. Winfield on an afternoon and evening. Items for sale were collected by the women for the sale over a period of time. Mrs. A. C. Swain and Mrs. Winfield did crocheting for the bazaars. Collars, yokes for gowns, edging for camisoles, and table doilies were made by these women.

Silver companies would give "one of a kind" sample pieces to the bazaar sale which was one way of advertising in a new community. Any item not sold was packed away and displayed the next year. A very pretty Reed and Barton silver tea pot with its handle insulated with bone with an alcohol burner for warming, swinging on its own stand, was priced too high to sell.

This tea pot was packed away but not forgotten by Mrs. Winfield. In late 1904 when Mamie Douthit was married, she was given some money for a wedding present by her Aunt Alice Ecle, "to buy a present for yourself". Mrs. Winfield, being a close friend of Mamie's, knew of the money and immediately suggested the tea pot. Being in the hands of such a good sales-lady, the tea pot was bought.

Next upon this scene was a devout man with religious training, the Reverend Nathaniel Bornwell Fuller. Miss Bessie Fuller, his daughter, has given the following description and account of Trinity Church at the time of her Father's arrival:

"When my Father came to Miami in July, 1899, to take charge of Trinity Church, the church building, which was then situated on the corner of old Avenue B and 10th Street (now Northeast 2nd Avenue and 2nd Street) was very small.

"The altar was a wooden frame covered with red cheesecloth, as were the other hangings; and the windows were covered with the same material and of the same colour. The young men would ask each other where they were going to church; and they would reply, 'We are going to the church of the Holy Cheesecloth.' The cheesecloth altar was soon replaced by a very pretty altar given by Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Garthside; and the wooden shutters replaced by windows with glass panes."

Phenomenal growth was experienced by Miami so that Trinity became the best-known Episcopal Church. Neither Coconut Grove nor Little River were ever again to progress with the same rapidity as Trinity.

In 1902 Chancellor Louis C. Massey reported to the Convocation the conveyance of the Church property at Little River Mission to the Missionary Jurisdiction of Southern Florida. The committee on Finance and Assessments at the time recommended that the Coconut Grove Mission be assessed \$2.40, Trinity, Miami, \$12.00, and Little River, \$3.60, a measure of the relative importance of the three.

Aiding Reverend Fuller to carry the additional church duties was the Reverend Dwight Frederic Cameron who was placed in charge of the missions around Miami. He arrived in 1903, coming from Geneva, Switzerland. He had received his education at Cornell University and at the University of the South. Being only 28 years old, Reverend Cameron has the distinction of "youngest" minister to ever work in this church. Usually the "near-retirement-age" men were sent to South Florida.

The one and only picture of this church was made while Reverend Cameron labored here. He is pictured outside the church building in a black suit wearing a rather large black felt hat. With the Reverend Cameron is a group of women who are: Mrs. Turner Ashley Winfield, Mrs. Edward De Vere Burr with her two children Richard and Margaret, Mrs. B. C. Du Pont, Miss Mamie Douthit, Mrs. Amos Cutler, and Mrs. L. C. Littlefield.

In the year 1904 Messrs. Fuller and Cameron drove to Little River with the Bishop and held services for the St. Andrew's Congregation. The Bishop wrote of this visit, "The church there had been destroyed by a recent hurricane, and we held the services in a hotel. I preached. Gave the offering towards the new church."

The hotel referred to is the McDonald Hotel in Little River, which was owned and run by my mother, Mary Douthit Conrad. It was a two-storied wooden building with twelve rooms. Often Bishop Gray was a visitor at the McDonald Hotel, the largest in the area at that time.

The little handful of communicants at Little River determined not to give up. The frame structure had been destroyed by a storm, but the resolution to conquer was admirable. On the 15th of August, Bishop Gray arrived in the village, and was the guest of Misses Mamie and Senie Douthit at the hotel. Visiting the site of the new church, he found the lumber already on the ground to rebuild the church.

A wedding hastened the completion of the second St. Andrew's church building. Senie Douthit wanted to be married in the Episcopal Church. The walls were up and the roof on, but no floor laid. Mr. Jim Hubel, a family friend, led the movement on flooring the building. Some twenty members and friends banded together and worked diligently at getting the floor finished.

At some later date glass was put in the windows. For the wedding, coconut fronds were tacked across the windows in lieu of glass. Another decorating feature was white sheets used as a covering on the rostrum and down the aisles. Wild ferns and yellow Marechal Niel roses were used in profusion along the sides and back of the altar. Small kneeling pillows were outlined in yellow roses.

Father Fuller, who had known the couple, performed the 8 o'clock ceremony on October 25, 1904.

Besides the storm damage to the church building there were other setbacks in the evangelical work, such as difficulty in securing personnel to do the preaching. The Reverend Cameron moved to West Palm Beach and in 1905 the Reverend George Bernard Clarke was put in charge of the missions around Miami. But he was handicapped by bad health. Under Reverend Clarke the name of Little River Mission was changed to St. Andrew's, thus this church had its third name.

In 1906 another hurricane blew into Little River and again damaged the structure when it was blown from its foundation.

In spite of growing sentiment in favor of moving the church to a new location, the Bishop decided to put the building back on its foundations "as means for securing another lot and moving the church are not in sight."

Reverend Clarke was also instrumental in the founding of Holy Cross at Buena Vista. He saw the need for a church in a growing center of population. It was not designed to supersede the mission at Little River, but it was fated to do so. But he told Mrs. Winfield that he would never consent to the removal of St. Andrew's as long as she lived. And, for a time, the communicants at the original site refused to move to Buena Vista but St. Andrew's survived five years only after the opening of Holy Cross.

Even as late as 1908 the Convocation Journal lists St. Andrew's in Little River and the Buena Vista Church is not mentioned. One of the last services held in St. Andrew's was on March 12, 1910, which Bishop Gray preached.

On March 23, 1912 Bishop Gray definitely decided to make this move. He wrote:

“Saturday, March 23. Went up to Little River. I fear we can do nothing more at this point, and may have to let the building go before it rots down.”

A bit of the history of St. Andrew’s Church is preserved on a plaque at Holy Cross. It reads:

1897

1912

IN MEMORY OF THE CONGREGATION OF ST. ANDREW’S CHURCH, LITTLE RIVER, WHO PRIOR TO THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY CROSS, BUENA VISTA, BORE WITNESS TO CHRIST IN THE NORTHERN PART OF THE MIAMI AREA WITH CONSTANCY, DEVOTION, AND PERSEVERANCE.

ERECTED BY THE YOUNG PEOPLE’S SERVICE LEAGUE,
HOLY CROSS EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

Even the record of the St. Andrew’s Church is mostly lost. The plaque cited above, a picture of the second church building, and one entry in an old record book, (the marriage of Mary Camilla James to W. Sanford Perry) are the only remains. From other accounts and from diocesan records, it has been possible to learn the names of the ministers. Establishing a list of members is far more difficult, in fact, impossible. However, it seems likely that the following persons were members of St. Andrew’s:

Miss Grace Andrews, Mr. Thomas J. Albury, Mrs. Charlotte Albury, Edward Barnott, Annie Barnott, William Barnott, Jack (John Herbert) Barnott, Alice E. Barnott, Oliver D. Barnott, Albert Sidney Barnott, Thomas Allan Barnott, Mrs. Edward De Vere Burr, Miss Margaret Burr, Mr. W. A. Chandler, Mr. Amos Cutler, Mrs. Annie Cutler, Miss Mamie Douthit, Miss Senie Douthit, Mrs. B. C. DuPont, Miss Annie Fickle, Olive Fickle, Kathleen Dell Hubel, Mr. L. C. Littlefield, Mrs. L. C. Littlefield, Margaret Elizabeth Matthews, Robert Warner Matthews, Agnes Ann Belle Matthews, Mr. Duncan Moffet Niles, Mr. Garry Niles, Helen Agnes Peden, Mrs. Dee Pent, Annie Laura Pent, Annie Geneva Pent, Marie Pent, James Pent, William Harvey Pent, Mr. A. C. Swain, Mrs. A. C. Swain, Martha Swain, Marion Swain.

Nor is it surprising that St. Andrew's should be all but forgotten. It appeared on a rapidly growing and changing frontier. The coming of the railroad shifted the center of population away from the location. The change of name from Lemon City to Little River to St. Andrew's added a note of confusion. But the plaque at Holy Cross always serves as a reminder that a congregation existed earlier at St. Andrew's.

The Florida Excursion of President Chester A. Arthur

By JOE M. RICHARDSON

President Chester A. Arthur, who partook as freely of the pleasures as of the labors of Washington, was beginning to feel the strain of his rapid pace by early 1883. Observant friends noticed that his face was lined and his eyes dull. He was gaining weight, but losing energy, and by March, it seemed obvious that steps had to be taken to avoid serious illness. A combination "personal health-seeking" and a political pulse-taking trip to Florida was planned for April.¹

Florida, by 1880, was becoming fashionable as a winter and early spring resort for wealthy Northerners. The "balmy" Florida winters had captivated the "Northern Sybarites," who, as regularly as October returned, fled by the thousand "from the rigors of their native frosts and snow-storms." Every winter the number of tourists was larger and they lingered longer. An estimated 150,000 excursionists visited Florida in the winter of 1884-1885.² "It is surprising," the Cincinnati *Commercial-Gazette*, reported in March, 1883, "when inquiring for the businessmen of New York, to ascertain that so many of them have sought the softer clime of Florida." A visit to Florida in the winter was almost as fashionable as a trip to Europe in the summer for wealthy New Yorkers whose bank accounts were in better condition than their health.³

Joseph Medill, editor of the Chicago *Tribune*, remarked upon his return from Florida in April, 1883, that the State was swarming with Northerners and to a casual observer appeared to be a Northern community. Natives were amicable toward Northern visitors and claimed to be "thoroughly recon-

¹ George F. Howe, *Chester A. Arthur: A Quarter-Century of Machine Politics* (New York, 1935), 243-44; Bess Furman, *White House Profile: A Social History of the White House, its occupants and its festivities* (New York, 1951), 237.

² "Florida: The State of Orange-Groves," *Blackwood's Magazine*, CXXXVIII (September, 1885), 319; Tallahassee *Weekly Floridian*, April 17, 1883.

³ Cincinnati *Commercial-Gazette*, March 11, 1883.

structed," Medill said.⁴ Preparing for a southern tour in 1884 a New Yorker shook off the snow, went into a shop, and asked for four yards of silk tissue. Not in the least astonished the saleslady filled his request and said: "Yes, sir; veils. For Florida? We sell this veiling every day in winter . . . No mosquito can get through it. Dreadful weather sir."⁵ In addition to its salubrious climate⁶ the State was noted for its abundance of wildlife; a region where the deer fed with a "shocking tameness," wild turkey seemed domesticated, and fish could be caught without "trouble or skill."⁷ Since Arthur was an ardent angler, the Florida climate was salutary, and a Southern tour might be efficacious politically, the "Sunshine State" seemed a logical selection for a recuperative trip.

On April 5 the Arthur entourage, which included Secretary of the Navy, William E. Chandler, Arthur's private Secretary, F. J. Phillips, Arthur's chef, and Aleck Powell, a Negro messenger, left Washington by a fast mail train.⁸ Reporters accompanying the President were impressed by the change in architecture as they went further into Florida; a change they attributed to the "Yankee element" which had been drawn to Florida in a "spirit of enterprise."⁹ After a delay caused by a broken coupling, Arthur arrived in Jacksonville on the evening of April 6, where he was greeted with the most enthusiastic demonstrations of the entire trip. A welcoming committee headed by Jacksonville Mayor, W. McL. Dancy, and Horatio Bisbee, Jr., a Republican United States Congressman from Florida, met Arthur at Callahan to escort him into Jacksonville. The streets were filled with well-wishers, and the Jacksonville Light Infantry, the Florida Light Artillery, and the Negro Infantry were waiting in formation. "As the train neared the depot deafening cheers from the throng which had gathered there rent the air," and a salute of twenty-one guns was fired. In a brief reply to a welcoming speech Arthur expressed his "most cordial thanks" for the flattering attention, which he said, he recognized as a demonstration of Florida's respect for the Chief Magistrate of the nation and loyalty to the Federal

⁴ An interview with Medill reported in the *New York Tribune*, April 12, 1883.

⁵ "The Cruise of the 'Wallowy,'" *Harper's Magazine*, LXX (January, 1885), 216.

⁶ George E. Walton, "Remedial Value of the Climate of Florida," *Popular Science Monthly* XXII (March, 1883), 642-50; XXIII (May, 1883), 114-15.

⁷ "The Drainage of the Everglades," *Harper's Magazine*, LXVIII (March, 1884), 602.

⁸ *New York Tribune*, April 6, 1883.

⁹ *New York Times*, April 13, 1883.

authority he represented. A representative of the Negroes greeted him not only as the Chief Magistrate, but as a "life long friend."¹⁰

Originally the President had intended to spend the night in Jacksonville but decided to continue to Sanford, perhaps because smallpox had broken out before he arrived. At least twenty-five cases had occurred among the Negroes and within a few weeks twenty-four deaths were reported.¹¹ The Presidential party boarded a steamer on the St. Johns River and arrived in Sanford in the early afternoon of the 7th after a "beautiful river trip" which was "generally enjoyed" by all. The "fairy-like scene," Chandler declared, "surpassed anything he had ever imagined about Florida."¹² The President expressed surprise at finding a "place so beautiful" and "accommodations so admirable" at Sanford.¹²

After dining the Presidential party was driven to the Belaire orange plantation of Henry S. Sanford, founder of the town, professional diplomatist, and former minister to Belgium. Much to the delight of the visitors some of the over-ripe fruit was still on the trees. After several unprofitable efforts to secure fruit from the ground, Secretary Chandler "shucked" his coat, gaily climbed a tree and picked some.¹³ That night at Sanfords the visitors enjoyed what they considered a rare treat. A few Negro boys gathered around an "ebony hued" comrade who was "tum-tuning" a banjo and singing in a tenor voice:

Oh! Where is my beauty gone?

Meet me by the moonlight alone.

The others soon joined the chorus "accompanied by pattering feet and occasionally the clicking bones." Two "frightfully unkempt and ragged" boys began to dance in unison. Arthur and friends heard the music and soon became attentive listeners. Song followed song until near midnight much to the gratification of the visitors.¹⁴

¹⁰ *Ibid*; Jacksonville *Florida Times-Union*, April 7, 1883; New York *Tribune*, April 7, 1883; Rowland H. Rerick, *Memoirs of Florida* (2 vols.; Atlanta, 1902), I, 355.

¹¹ New York *Times*, April 7, 1883; T. Frederick Davis, *History of Jacksonville, Florida and Vicinity 1513 to 1924* (St. Augustine, 1925), 165.

¹² Jacksonville *Florida Times-Union*, April 11, 1883; New York *Times*, April 8, 13, 1883; New York *Tribune*, April 8, 1883; William E. Chandler Diary April 6, 1883, New Hampshire Historical Society Library, Concord, New Hampshire.

¹³ Jacksonville *Florida Times-Union*, April 11, 1883; New York *Times*, April 8, 1883; Leon B. Richardson, *William E. Chandler: Republican* (New York, 1940), 356; William E. Chandler Diary, April 8, 1883.

¹⁴ New York *Times*, April 13, 1883; Jacksonville *Florida Times-Union*, April 11, 1883.

On Monday, April 9, Arthur left Sanford for Kissimmee City in an irritable mood. He had been in good humor up to the close of the minstrel show Saturday night, one reporter said, but Sunday he "began to look bored and Monday morning found him savage and dangerous." Secretary Chandler soon joined the ranks of the indisposed. The party stopped at Maitland, a few miles from Sanford, and then went by buckboard to Winter Park, which reporters said was the prettiest town of all. Chandler was in the back seat of the buckboard with a lady when the seat gave way in a dip in the road throwing them both out backwards. The lady was unhurt. Chandler was momentarily stunned, but soon discovered that he had suffered no injury beyond "a violent wrench" of his back. He laughed about the mishap quipping that as he had no backbone to spare it was unfortunate that it should be injured.¹⁵

At Winter Park the party again boarded the train. Arrangements had been made to entertain the President at Orlando, but the irritable Arthur refused to stop. He did, at the urging of companions, go out on the platform where he "bowed and smiled." However when the train stopped rather than merely slowing as he had ordered, he fled inside the car with a look of "intense" anger and disgust. The President boarded the steamer, *Okeechobee*, at Kissimmee and went out on Lake Tohopekaliga. Accompanying reporters believed themselves to be at the end of civilization since telegraphic communication went no further south. However observers were ecstatic about the surrounding scenery. The land region was described as "a sea of maiden cane embroidered with bay and cypress" and other vegetation which was "everywhere magnificent in its richness and variety of color and tones."¹⁶

His art as an angler was soon demonstrated by Arthur. He caught five ten pound bass in Reedy Creek and was reported "well and in good spirits."¹⁷ His friends spoke of his fishing as though they honored him more as the "First Angler than as the First Magistrate of the Republic."¹⁸ He was a record salmon fisher having taken fifty pounders, and his casts with a "mere trout fly" had been measured at seventy-eight feet. He was called the "finest

¹⁵ Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, April 10, 1883; New York *Tribune*, April 10, 1883; Jacksonville *Florida Times-Union*, April 15, 1883; New York *Times*, April 11, 1883; Howe, *op. cit.*, 245; Alfred Jackson Hanna, *Fort Maitland: Its Origin and History* (Maitland, 1936), 19-20.

¹⁶ Jacksonville *Florida Times-Union*, April 17, 1883; New York *Times*, April 11, 1883; "The Drainage of the Everglades," *Harper's Magazine*, LXVIII (March, 1884), 601.

¹⁷ Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, April 11, 1883.

¹⁸ St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, April 12, 1883.

amateur caster in the world." The fishing proved to be excellent. On Tuesday morning the President caught a ten pound bass the first time he cast a fly. All present agreed that the insects were not annoying and the weather was superb, though Arthur did blister his face "till he scarce could touch it. . . ." The rest of the party spent more time shooting alligators than fishing.¹⁹

Later in the day Arthur went to Fort Gardiner, on the Kissimmee River, where he met Tom Tigertail a sub-chief of the Seminoles. Tigertail was accompanied by his mother, two wives and a child. Tigertail was, according to observers, "extremely dignified" despite his costume of a gray bandana tied around his head with feathers in its fold, another handkerchief around his neck, a calico shirt which he wore outside his trousers under a waistcoat, and moccasins. After solemnly shaking hands the Indian chief eagerly accepted a cigar from the White Chief which he lighted with a cigar he snatched from the President's mouth. Arthur gave the child, who was strapped to the back of its mother in a "gaily decorated case," a quarter, and Chandler gave Tigertail his pocket knife.²⁰ The Seminoles promised Arthur a special tribal dance if he would journey as far South as Lake Okeechobee, but Arthur was content to stop sooner. He had penetrated the wilderness to a point within sixty miles of the Lake and the public was told "he had reached the end of civilization." "White civilization" ended there, a reporter wrote, "the lower part of the State being in possession of a cow-boy race known as Crackers, who herd cattle exclusively over the prairie lands, and of a remnant of a race of Seminole Indians who hunt, fish and raise crops in the Everglades." After leaving Tigertail, Arthur continued to fish, catching 16 weighing 100 pounds.²¹

Soon Arthur had enough fishing and on Wednesday, April 11, returned to Sanford badly sunburned but in good health. There was to be an informal reception for the President Thursday evening but he abandoned his intentions because of rivalry arising between leading citizens as to who should make the introductions.²² Though he was not eager to leave Sanford, Arthur embarked

¹⁹ Jacksonville *Florida Times-Union*, April 17, 1883; Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, April 12, 1883; New York *Times*, April 12, 1883.

²⁰ *Ibid.*, Jacksonville *Florida Times-Union*, April 14, 1883; William E. Chandler Diary, April 10, 1883.

²¹ Alfred Jackson Hanna and Kathryn Abbey Hanna, *Lake Okeechobee: Wellspring of the Everglades* (New York, 1948), 173-74; New York *Tribune*, April 10, 1883; New York *Times*, April 12, 1883.

²² New York *Times*, April 14, 1883.

April 13, for the "quaint old town" of St. Augustine by way of Jacksonville where he was greeted by a reception committee headed by General Fred Dent, brother-in-law of ex-President Ulysses S. Grant.²³ The next morning the President was welcomed in St. Augustine by a wind and rain storm, but by noon the weather was fine and he amused himself by wandering alone on foot about town. Sunday evening Arthur, in company with Secretary Chandler and three ladies, attended a Negro Methodist Church where the choir and congregation sang for more than an hour for him.²⁴

Monday and Tuesday the Chief Magistrate entertained himself fishing and roaming around town, and early Wednesday, declining an invitation of Governor William D. Bloxham to visit the Capital at Tallahassee, boarded the *Tallapossa* for Savannah.²⁵

President Arthur arrived in Washington April 22 reportedly more ill than when the recuperative trip began. While in Savannah he had been seized by "a congestive chill." However, upon arrival in Washington, Arthur asserted that he had never felt better in his life, and to observers he appeared tanned and healthy.²⁶ The President's biographer stated that Arthur never recovered from this illness which has led many to assume that he contracted an illness on the trip which led eventually to his death November 18, 1886.²⁷ In reality Arthur already had the beginnings of Bright's disease, which caused him to have the shortest life span, fifty-six years, of any president to that time, except James K. Polk who died at fifty-three.²⁸ Chandler claimed the illness was caused by a long ride in the sun and believed the President had been "greatly benefited by his excursion," and had "visibly gained in health and vigor."²⁹

Arthur and Chandler both returned from Florida with fond remembrances of the State and faith in her future. Chandler found the land higher and vastly more fertile than he expected and thought there would be

²³ *Ibid.*, April 15, 1883.

²⁴ *Ibid.*, April 17, 1883; *Nation*, XXXVI (April 19, 1883), 332; William E. Chandler Diary, April 15, 1883.

²⁵ William E. Chandler Diary, April 18, 1883; *New York Tribune*, April 19, 1883; *New York Times*, April 17, 1883; *Philadelphia Public Ledger*, April 19, 1883.

²⁶ *Nation*, XXXVI (April 26, 1883), 354; *New York Tribune*, April 20, 1883; *Philadelphia Public Ledger*, April 21, 1883; Howe, *op. cit.*, 246.

²⁷ Howe, *op. cit.*, 246, 286.

²⁸ Furman, *op. cit.*, 237.

²⁹ *New York Tribune*, April 23, 1883.

profit in excessive sugar growing. The forests and orange-grove lands were of great value, he said, while the winter visitors swarmed at every available resort. Towns were springing up where a few years ago there had been none, and he thought much of the land could be redeemed by draining the swamps.³⁰ Generally Floridians returned Arthur and Chandler's friendly sentiments though some of the Democratic newspapers were bitter. Chandler, of unsavory fame as a lobbyist, but who had come to be considered the ablest man in Arthur's cabinet was subjected to the most severe attacks.³¹ Florida Democrats were not unified during this period. They were held together only by white supremacy, and some Democrats saw the Arthur-Chandler trip as an attempt to coalesce Democratic "bolters" with Republicans.³² The Tallahassee *Weekly Floridian* shrilly warned Democratic bolters against falling for any plans proposed by Chandler. "Patriotism is represented by the organized Democratic Party of today," the editor wrote, "and who is traitorous to that is treasonable to his country, for on the maintenance of its principle depends the perpetuity of Republican institutions."³³ Furthermore, Democrats remembered that Chandler had come to Florida when the election had been disputed in 1876 and suggested that he was in Florida in 1883 because he thought that in 1884 "the vote may again be so close that his arch manipulation will enable a repetition of the grand larceny of 1876."³⁴

Apparently neither Chandler nor Arthur was much concerned with politics while in Florida. Arthur was ill, decided to vacation in Florida, and despite minor outbursts of irritability the trip was a huge success. As the *New York Times* said when discussing the "state of great excitement" of the "excessively virtuous small fry of the Democratic press" over Arthur's trip, the President was "entitled to a reasonable amount of relaxation and to judge for himself when and how to take it."³⁵ Arthur, because of its reputation for climate, healthiness, and fishing, selected Florida. Politics were incidental.

³⁰ *Ibid.*, Jacksonville *Florida Times-Union*, April 17, 1883.

³¹ Ward Thoron, ed., *The Letters of Mrs. Henry Adams 1865-1883* (Boston, 1937), 436.

³² Kathryn Abbey Hanna, *Florida Land of Change* (2nd ed. rev., Chapel Hill, 1948), 325.

³³ Tallahassee *Weekly Floridian*, April 10, 1883.

³⁴ *Ibid.*, April 10, 17, 24, 1883.

³⁵ *New York Times*, April 6, 1883.

This Page Blank in Original
Source Document

The Florida Seminoles in 1847

Edited by JAMES W. COVINGTON

By 1847 the Seminole Indians had recovered to some extent from the effects of the long and bloody Second Seminole War (1835-1842). During the course of this conflict, nearly three thousand Indians had been taken from the lowlands and forests of Florida and carried to the Ozark foothills of distant Indian Territory. When officials of the United States Government discovered that it was virtually impossible to remove all of the Indians from the peninsula, President John Tyler declared the war at an end on May 10, 1842, and the Seminoles were assigned to what might be called a temporary reservation.

Most of the Indians were within the bounds of the reserve when the fighting ceased but some others travelled as much as two hundred miles southward to the two and one half million acre reserve situated west and south of Lake Istokpoga, and west of a line running from the mouth of the Kissimmee River through the Everglades to the Shark River and thence along the Gulf Coast to the Peace River. In order to prevent contacts between the Cuban fishermen and the Indians, the numerous coastal islands were not included as part of the reserve.

In theory, a long and unbroken period of peace should have come to Florida but there were several factors which made such a possibility most difficult to attain: first, the Pact of 1842 was recognized by the national and territorial governments as being temporary in nature; second, the land hungry frontier residents regarded the Seminoles as endangering their chances of gaining prosperity and third, the Indians, having been hoodwinked so many times in the past, would not consent to any serious negotiations regarding removal or other matters.

Several administrators hoped to establish a friendly relationship with certain Indian leaders which might develop and lead to the removal of the tribe but, the Seminoles regarded any overtures as attempts to "entrap them without their consent" and ship them to the West. Communication between the races became entirely difficult and, try as they would, the Whites could not penetrate the protective shell of distrust maintained by the Red people. Despite such deep seated tensions, various units of the United States Army were transferred to other parts of the country where they could be of better

use and, by 1846, only Fort Brooke (Tampa) and Fort Marion (St. Augustine) were occupied.

In order to preserve the temporary reserve from encroachment by settlers, President James Polk on May 19, 1845, set aside a strip of land twenty miles wide situated above the Indian tract which would be closed to settlement. Nevertheless, part of this land near Charlotte Harbor was surveyed by John Jackson and John Irvin and some forty families moved within its limits. Although the Commissioner-General of the Land Office declared that such occupation of land was illegal and that his former employee in charge of the Florida Land Office was incompetent, the United States Marshal was not requested to remove the trespassers.

By 1847, Captain John T. Sprague United States Army was serving as the Federal Officer in charge of Indian Affairs in Florida. He was a capable person who understood the Indian character perhaps as well as any of the military men who had seen duty along the frontier. Sprague's duties at this time were concerned with the luring of the Seminoles from Florida and arranging transport for them to Indian Territory. Captain Sprague served in Florida during the Second Seminole War and, as a result of his experiences, published in 1848, *The Origin, Progress and Conclusion of the Florida War*: a volume which is regarded as the best account of the conflict.

On January 8, 1847, Captain Sprague conferred with several Seminole leaders at Charlotte Harbor regarding a possible Indian raid upon a farm and his account concerning the Indians and their way of life at that time is an interesting document. In this dispatch which was sent to the military authorities at Washington and the Florida governor the good captain tells about the caution and suspicion of the Indians, population, leadership and habits. Other interesting facts including a tale of possible intrigue with the Seminoles by the English are found in the narrative. In all, it is a worthwhile account of Seminole life.

Kennedy's Trading House¹
Charlotte Harbour (sic), Indian Nation
Head of Pine Key, Main land, Fla.
January 11, 1847

I have the honor to report that I met the Indians as anticipated at this place on the 8th instant. The chiefs Holatter Micco (Billy Bowlegs) and

Assinwar,² Echo-emathlar-Chopco,³ Chitto Hadjo,⁴ Nub-cup-Hadjo, Subchiefs together with thirty four young warriors, well armed without women and children were present. I was disappointed in not meeting Arpeika or Sam Jones who sent a messenger stating that from age, indisposition and the extreme cold weather, he was unable to travel. My insisting upon seeing him tended to dispare the position and power of Holatter Micco who, in all respects, is qualified for supreme command which he exercises with skill and judgement.⁵ He is about thirty five years of age, speaks English fluently, active, intelligent and brave.⁶ Arpeika is ninety two years of age; without warriors, authority or influence.⁷ These chiefs and their followers express the strongest friendship and have adopted vigorous laws to punish those who violate the relation existing between the whites and red men but the young men, long accustomed to hunt the whites as they now do deer and turkeys, are ruthless, vicious and vengeful. To counteract this, I have enjoined the necessity of prompt and severe punishment and shall see that they are executed. The Indians are timid and cautious. They came into my camp prepared to receive kindness and extend it, evidently determined to avenge on the spot any manifestation of a contrary feeling. Ten days elapsed before I succeeded in obtaining an interview with the chiefs who were deterred by the young warriors who, less credulous than the older ones, induced them to procrastinate until they reconnoitred the country as well as the coast. First a boy came, then a man departed, both to hear what I had to say. I demanded the promise of all or I should at once leave the country and they must be prepared for the consequences. This had the desired effect. Their scouts were extended ten miles around to announce the approach of soldiers,

¹ Thomas Pugh Kennedy had operated a sutler's store at Fort Brooke and at the conclusion of the war, made trips to Central and South America in a schooner. It is difficult to determine when the Charlotte Harbor trading house was erected, but some time between 1842 and 1847 would be a fair estimate. The building was burned by 1848 and today the site is known as Burnt Store. In 1848 Kennedy and John Darling established a store on the banks of Payne's Creek. The site is located south of present day Bowling Green and some distance from the first site but it suffered the same fate as the other one in 1849.

² Assinwar was a father-in-law of Billy Bowlegs and a leading figure in his band.

³ Chipco was principal leader of the Tallahassee Band.

⁴ Chitto Hadjo was a nephew of Ismahtee, leader of the boat party Indians.

⁵ This statement illustrates the method by which the Whites attempted to control Indian leadership.

⁶ For an account of this leader see Carolyn T. Foreman, "Billy Bowlegs," *Chronicles of Oklahoma* XXXIII (Winter, 1955), 512-522.

⁷ In 1853, it was reported that twenty-six warriors were included within the band led by Sam Jones, *The Florida News* (Jacksonville), August 27, 1853. This newspaper article is the best account available of the male Seminole population and gives in detail family background facts concerning each male and band affiliation.

believing it to be my determination to surround them as they had been informed, vessels were on the coast for that purpose with troops.

However friendly disposed, the difficulties can at once be perceived of in enforcing upon such minds the necessity or policy of immediate emigration. To satisfy them of the integrity and sincerity of the Government in improving their condition and the necessity on their part of acting in good faith and cherishing a proper spirit towards the whites, was all important. The chiefs being treated with distinction and others with kindness and forbearance has this tendency lulling their fears when at the proper time, emigration may be effected with promptness without renewal of hostilities.

The Indians increase in number as well as improve in condition owing to partial intercourse with civilization. Their scattered condition, isolated camps and limited number, constitute their strength. One hundred and twenty men are capable of taking the field viz:

⁸ Seminoles	70
⁹ Mickasukies	30
¹⁰ Creeks	12
¹¹ Uchees	4
¹² Choctaws	4

Total 120 warriors

From observation and inquiry, I find seventy of this number grown from boyhood to manhood since December 1835, the commencement of the

-
- ⁸ According to Sprague's classification, the Seminoles were the Mikasuki (Hitchiti) speaking persons found within Billy Bowlegs' band.
- ⁹ The Mickasukies were the Mikasuki (Hitchiti) speaking persons in the bands within the jurisdiction of Sam Jones.
- ¹⁰ The Creeks were members of Chipco's band and spoke Muskogee. "Of course, the Muskogee and Mikasuki dialects were related but not mutually intelligible." John M. Goggin "Source Materials for the Study of the Florida Seminole Indians," Laboratory Notes: 3. Gainesville, Florida. Since it was the practice for the married Seminole male to live at the camp of his in-laws, there was some mixture of the Mikasuki and Muskogee groups.
- ¹¹ The Yuchi had joined the Seminole at various periods during the Eighteenth and Nineteen Centuries. One town of Yuchi was situated at Spring Garden in Volusia County. John R. Swanton, *The Indian Tribes of North America* Smithsonian Institute Bureau of American Ethnology, Bulletin 145 (Washington, 1952), 119.
- ¹² It is difficult to believe that the Choctaws were living in Southern Florida at this time but other persons had indicated that the Choctaws were in Florida. A Florida Choctaw has written an account of this tribe: Horace Ridaught, *Hell's Branch Office*, (Citra, Florida, 1957).

Florida War. The remainder excepting Sam Jones and Assinwar, the former, ninety-two and latter, sixty, are not over forty years of age. The women and children average about two to a man making two hundred and fifty, of this number, one hundred and fifty are children, thus making the total of Indians in Florida.

Men	120
Women	100
Children	140
Total 360	

The game of the country, climate and natural productions places them above sympathy or charity, every necessary want is supplied. Deer skins are the principal articles of clothing and trade for which powder and lead are obtained.¹³ Corn, pumpkins, potatoes, beans and peas are raised fresh and dried. Venison, turkeys and sea fowl, fish and oysters in abundance assure an independence the year round.

It being desirable from many cogent reasons that these remnants of tribes should join their respective bands in Arkansas. The first step to effect it is to obtain their most unqualified and unlimited confidence. This is not easily done after a sanguinary contest of six years. Success in this gives a security to citizens at the same time disowning and refuting the infamous falsehoods insidiously circulated — keeping alive a most *pernicious* and vengeful spirit of retaliation. Prudence, vigilance, a knowledge of their wants and habits, a solicitude in their welfare and *vindication* of their rights, will go far to attain this and maintain the present amicable relations. As credulous as these Indians are, these measures are easily thwarted. Under the most sacred injunctions of seentcy (sic) the chiefs will talk of emigration, some of the younger class will listen to them. Publicity would cause instant punishment in accordance with the resolve *in council* so long entertained, that those who listened to a promoted emigration should suffer death. Secret influences will find their way among the most resolute who will yield to the advice and opinion of chiefs and sub-chiefs.

Two years ago emigration could not be alluded to privately or publicly without general dissatisfaction. Now, it becomes a subject of conversation.

¹³ In 1846, the Indians made frequent trips to Tampa and were given a barracks room at Fort Brooke to serve as headquarters for their stay. George Ballentine *Autobiography of an English soldier in the United States Army* (New York, 1853) 105.

One hostile act or that which remotely has the appearance of it, destroys all confidence, peace or the hope of emigration, bidding fair to renew a Florida War more obstinate and enduring than the contest already terminated. To prevent entirely the enroads of whites on so extended a frontier by land and by water is impossible. To expel and punish intruders at the same time adopting judicious means to counteract the efforts of the profligate, the timid and alarmists, gives confidence and disarms the Indians of causes of complaint, acrimony and revenge.

The Seminoles are treacherous from instinct and habits. The fulfilment of promises and talks depends very much upon the benefits which are to result. Their cupidity is insatiable, self governs all their acts and that sentiment which redeems the savage—rationality is absorbed in avarice, individual comfort and gain. This now insures peace and rewards at the proper time will effect emigration.

I have not met so depraved, so cunning a race of Indians, so cruel, distrustful and superstitious. Human life even among themselves is disregarded and they roam through their country untamed, obeying their chiefs as instinct or intuition dictates. This must be met with firmness. A few punishments through the means of councils and chiefs will have the desired effect. The long absence of the wholesome restraint and the community of feeling arising from the influence of peace and association have caused an abandoned, wayward, and independent course of life.

Peace is the first consideration, emigration the second, to affect the latter the first must be second. This can be done by authority over the chiefs requiring them to make and execute severely all laws with justice and promptness. The borderers must at the same time be reminded by vigilance and attention that encroachments will be punished whether in crossing the boundary or in fabricating malicious and idle tales.

The Indians in future will not visit Tampa Bay but when sent for on business; this arrangement will be adhered to. The distance to Tampa, from ninety to one hundred and twenty miles, the liability to annoyance in going to and from renders the established trading house the most convenient place to sell their skins. The chiefs readily consent to visit Tampa, St. Augustine or any other appointed place on business alone and will assemble their bands at any desirable point at a favorable season of the year provided

I can come with but six soldiers and three tents. This precaution is to avoid the possibility of surprise and capture.

I have proposed to the chiefs to visit Washington City and Arkansas. The policy of this can be well understood without explanation here. They desire time to answer as the subject is submitted to a general council. When a messenger is to be sent that I may meet the chiefs in the nation they should acquiesce. I desire authority to take them to the places named and by such means practicable impress the advantages of annuities and presents distributed periodically to their various bands in Arkansas; at the same time made known the number and power of the white men. At the present moment this is questionable. Spaniards, fishing upon the coast, have informed them that our troops in Texas have been whipped and driven home by the Mexicans and Indians.¹⁴ From this I proceed to St. Augustine taking on the route the settlements. My recent interview with the Indians will have a tendency to allay an excitement and apprehension so necessary in all respects to the Government, to the citizens of the State and to the Indians. I have communicated freely and fully with Captain Winder,¹⁵ commanding Fort Brooke asking for the Indians, should any visit his Post, kindness and attention. At the same time representing the necessity of vigilance to thwart the designs of those loungers upon the border too lazy to work or steal but abandoned enough to thrive upon the honest gains of others whom they hope to defraud by *tracks*, *signs* and hostilities; thus securing to themselves the plunder and probable good luck of being mustered into service at a few dollars per month.

In continuation of this report and pertinent to the subject, I would remark briefly that at the present time I consider the peninsula of Florida of interest and importance. Its extended Coast, its numerous inlets, harbour, and Keys, its Swamps and Hammocks, its bordering slave holding states, the character of the Indians inhabiting it (few but sufficient) the sparceness of white population. Its proximity to the Colonies of a Nation with a force congenial in habits and colour to the Seminoles, renders it of vital interest. Where may [be] scattered the seeds of insurrection, which by slight cultivation will extend with renewed vigour and growth into surrounding states.

¹⁴ For an account of the Cuban fishing activities see James W. Covington, "Trade Relations between Southwestern Florida and Cuba, 1600-1840," *Florida Historical Quarterly* XXXVIII (October, 1959), 114-128.

¹⁵ During the Civil War John A. Winder served as commander of Andersonville Prison.

It is two hundred and sixty miles from Key Biscayne to Nassau, N. P. where is stationed two regiments of black troops. The harbour at this key admits of a draft of water from eight to nine feet, from thence the interior is gained with facility by land or in boats. The negroes at large in the state (common report makes the number thirty) subsist upon the spontaneous productions of the soil. The Indians are inclined to harbor and protect them.¹⁶ I have denounced this in every way and at all times, offering the Indians rewards if they would bring the vagrants to any post or town and threatened severe punishments to those who gave them subsistence or protection.

Holatter Micco (Billy Bowlegs) informs me that at Charlotte Harbor, in November last he met two white men who landed from a small boat accompanied by four sailors to row. They had in their hands paper and pencil and a compass. Their vessel, they said, was outside at sea. These men informed him that two officers of the United States Army had joined the English who were participating with the Mexicans and Indians in driving the American soldiers out of Mexico. This he told me that I might explain it as the statement was crude and unsatisfactory to him as his narration and particulars were to me. What he states, I am convinced is true, which to my mind in common with many trifling circumstances coming to my knowledge in association with fishermen, Spaniards, Indians and Americans on the coast keys, is shadowing forth of coming events.

This chief has been since the commencement of the Florida War a bold, resolute and unyielding leader. [He is] ambitious, and cunning, remarkably intelligent, speaking English with facility. His excessive vanity excites these qualities, priding himself upon his power as a chief and to maintenance (sic) of that supremacy belonging to and descended to his ancestors. His mother was the sister of King Payne and old Bowlegs (Seminoles), who, up to the year 1815, commanded the Indians in Florida well known to all whites for intelligence and bravery.¹⁷ With these peculiar qualifications and undisputed authority exercised in Florida with an auxiliary force or alone, this Indian would be a most formidable foe. As a friend cherished by that which

¹⁶ In the editor's research concerning the Billy Bowlegs or Third Seminole War (1885-1858), he was unable to find evidence of runaway slaves among the Seminoles at that time. Perhaps one or two were seen by the soldiers but no more than that number.

¹⁷ The Seminole "royal family blood line" has been traced in Kenneth W. Porter's "The Cowkeeper Dynasty of the Seminole Nation," *Florida Historical Quarterly* XXX (April, 1952), 341-349.

would contribute to his vanity, power, and independence, he could be relied upon to expel the intruders of whatever nation and become a faithful ally to those who secure his confidence and regard. I have endeavored to obtain this so far as in my power, proper measures can cherish and perfect it and this chief who, with sufficient inducement, be an active enemy no matter from whose hands received, can be made a friend and faithful friend of the Government.

With this view of the subject matured by personal observation, enquiry and acquaintance with the remnant of Indians inhabiting the State, as well with the country and coast. I am persuaded timely measures will effect much in counteracting influences and evils calculated to result in most serious and perplexing difficulties.

The first step in my judgment is to obtain beyond the influence and friendship of Holatter Micco. He should see our numbers and the power of the country, visit Arkansas with the hope he might with his band emigrate to avoid collusions, then add to his authority and position, by making him independent in means, thus securing control over the Seminole Nation, should he emigrate; if not the subjection and organization of the number in Florida would aid very materially in the defense of the frontiers of the State by land and by water. These considerations have induced me to invite him and his sub-chiefs to visit Washington City and Arkansas, understanding that I must first obtain authority.

To Gen. Jones
Washington, D. C.

I have the honor to be very
respectfully your obt. servant
J. T. Sprague¹⁸
Capt., U. S. Army
In charge of Indian Affairs, Florida

¹⁸ Sprague to Adj.-General Jones, January 11, 1847, S26, Seminole Agency, 1846-1855, Records of Office of Indian Affairs, National Archives. In the original letter signed by Sprague, the date 1846 is given but someone in pencil has crossed through 1846 and written 1847. From evidence concerning the Mexican War given in the letter, 1847 should be the correct date when the letter was written.

This Page Blank in Original
Source Document

North to South Through the Everglades in 1883

PART II*

Edited by MARY K. WINTRINGHAM

Sunday, January 6, 1884 Editorial in *The Times-Democrat*

THE FLORIDA EVERGLADES

We publish elsewhere a full account of THE TIMES-DEMOCRAT'S expedition into the Florida Everglades. The story covers several columns, but is told in as brief and condensed a manner as possible, considering the many features of the trip, the innumerable incidents and the important problems investigated and solved.

The expedition was planned many months ago, and ample time given for its preparation. It may be said to have grown out of a former expedition sent out by THE TIMES-DEMOCRAT under the command of Major A. P. Williams, and which explored the Caloosahatchie and Kissimmee rivers, and attracted much attention toward Southern Florida — its picturesqueness, its climate and the possibilities of its soil. The articles in THE TIMES-DEMOCRAT interested the whole country in Florida, and a general desire was felt to know more about the country and particularly about the Everglades.

It was discovered that in this country, in a State which can boast of being the first colonized of any portion of the Union, there existed a region, of which less was actually known than of the interior of Africa.

The best authority on the subject of the Everglades has been considered to be the report made by a committee of the United States Senate in 1848. The question of the drainage of the Everglades being submitted to the Senate committee on public lands, an exploration of this region was attempted. This

*Part I appeared in *Tequesta* XXIII (1963).

exploration was a failure. Mr. George Mackay, United States surveyor, reported to the committee: "Very little can be known of the North Glades. They are uniformly saw-grass, and it is *impossible to penetrate them* with canoes in high water, and in low water they are so generally boggy that it is impossible to explore them on foot."

Lieut. Francis Marion, in company with Mr. Buckingham Smith, attempted to explore them in 1847. He says: "It was my desire to reach the northern end of the glades and the region of Lake Okeechobee on this expedition, and to examine the islands above New River, but I found I could not without great delay and trouble, and therefore *abandoned* it."

In no wise daunted by the many failures, THE TIMES-DEMOCRAT decided to make a full and thorough examination of this region, and solve the many important problems regarding the Everglades. The expedition was not one merely of adventure; it was designed for useful and practical purposes.

It was desired to find the character of the immense region of Southern Florida, known as the Everglades, covering millions of acres, to discover the quality of its soil, and to what crops and purposes it was best suited.

To test the possibility of draining this immense region, and thus giving millions of acres to cultivation.

To discover the condition and manner life of the Indians who have sought refuge there.

And finally, at the request of the Western Union Company, to test the practicability of constructing a telegraph line down the peninsula.

All the arrangements for the expedition were perfected, boats built for it, laborers secured and every preparation made; but as we have already described all these, we need not dwell on them further, nor need we follow up the preliminary movements of the party to Cedar Keys, Punta Rassa and up the Caloosahatchie River to Lake Okeechobee. All this has been told in former letters. This morning we give the eventful portion of the expedition, the story of its march from the Lake through the swamps, the saw-grass and the glades to the Gulf.

The present story commences with Nov. 4, when the expedition had reached the great central lake of Florida, Okeechobee. This lake was found to be shallow, but subject to very tempestuous and stormy weather, during which its waves became as threatening as those of the Gulf, and with its shores low and swampy and only here and there any dry spots. Game and fish were both very scarce, but alligators were superabundant.

It had been determined that the expedition should proceed due south. It made, therefore, for the extreme southern point of Lake Okeechobee. A gale in the lake, in which the small boats and canoes were of little use, detained the party for several days, but on Nov. 6 and 7 they continued their journey southward along the shores of Okeechobee, discovering a number of islands and several small rivers emptying in the lake. These were explored in the hope that they would take the party some distance into the Everglades, but after following their course a short distance this idea had to be abandoned. After several failures a stream, to which the name of T.-D., in honor of THE TIMES-DEMOCRAT, was given, was found somewhat larger than the others, and it was determined to ascent it as far as possible, and from its source to start into the swamp.

On the morning of Nov. 10 the party found itself on the borders of the Everglades, confronted by a barrier of boughs, bushes and vines intertwined, through which it was necessary to cut their way. All the arrangements were now made for the journey. Each boat was loaded with its own provisions, so that, should they by any chance become separated there would be no danger of starvation. The axes and machetes, or knives, were then brought into play and the work of cutting through the barrier of willows and brushwood began. It was slow, tedious work, and after a day of earnest labor it was found that the party had moved forward only a quarter of a mile.

When this thicket of willows was finally cut through, by much arduous work, the party were brought face to face with the saw-grass, which had frightened back the United States engineers and officers who tried to explore this region in 1847, and who declared that it could not be done either on foot or in boats. In all directions, as far as the eye could reach, was one unlimited expanse of tall, waving marsh-grass, with not a tree or bush rising above it. Marks were found that indicated that the water had been five feet deep here, but at that time it was only five inches. To haul a lot of canoes and batteaux in water from three to five inches through a grass like this

seemed an impossible task, and for a time failure stared the expedition in the face, but Major Williams soon hit upon the happy idea of burning away the saw-grass ahead of him. This fortunately was easy, for the grass was dry and burned like tinder to the water's edge. A party was sent ahead and fired the swamp. In a few minutes the whole region of saw-grass, for ten and tens of miles, was one mass of seething flames. This was the fire that so alarmed the friends of the expedition, and gave rise to the belief that it had perished in the flames.

Following the pillar of smoke before them, the party marched boldly into the saw-grass. It was slow work here. The fire left the roots of the grass behind, and the men had to desert their boats and slowly push them forward through the mud and grass. In one day, moving in this way, they proceeded barely a mile, with the men wearied and broken down by the arduous work. Their life was certainly rough and hard for the next few weeks. There was not sufficient water to float the boats, and they had to be pushed along by the men, who traveled slowly, sinking above their knees in the mud. At night they slept cuddled up in the boats the victims of millions of mosquitoes and other stinging insects. The fires which they cooked their meals had to be made in pots on the decks of their canoes. When rain came they were without protection from it, and morning, noon and night they were wet. They were doomed to disappointment in a serious matter. They had imagined that this saw-grass region was only ten miles wide, and that in a week, or at least ten days, they would be in deeper water. But at the end of ten days the character of the country was completely unchanged. It was the same desolate saw-grass desert. They found the country utterly devoid of game of any kind. A deathlike oppressive stillness prevailed everywhere. There were no fish in the water, no birds in the air; even the air itself seemed to be without life or motion.

The situation of the men grew worse day by day. They had to toil onward, waist deep, in the mud and water; with leeches clinging to their legs until the water around them was dyed a deep red; with thousands of bugs pestering and bothering them; with prickly plants to bruise and poison them, and with the water alive with moccasins. Rest at night, cuddled up in the canoes, was scarcely pleasant, for the moccasins had a way of crawling into the boats to get warm and comfortable. It was thought for a big day's journey to travel a mile and a half in twenty-four hours.

The grass was burnt up ahead of them, and in this way they were able to move somewhat faster. But as they moved onward they found the grass

too wet to burn, so that they were compelled to cut and break through it. As they proceeded further the water got deeper, until it was possible to float the boats. Still there was no sign as far as the eye could reach of anything but the same unbroken level plain of grass. When the grass was fired one day to clear it off, the party was surprised to see signals of smoke replying to it from all quarters. It was the work of the Indians, the remnant of the great tribe of the Seminoles, who sought refuge in the swamps of Southern Florida. Throughout the remainder of the journey the party found themselves, wherever they went, surrounded by scores of these signals. It was evident that they were well watched by the Indians. How near the latter came to them they never knew, for they met none of them, saw nothing but these Indian fires springing up around them whenever they camped out.

On Nov. 22 the water in the swamp became suddenly much deeper, the boats moved easily through it and it was found that the sails could be used with great advantage. It was now decidedly a new country. The broad expanse of saw-grass was broken by basins or little lakes, fifteen feet deep or more, covered with water lilies and connected with each other by innumerable streams. The ponds or basins were of water as clear as crystal, and filled with trout and alligators, the latter utterly fearless and impudently poking their noses into the boats.

On the 23d the provision batteau, Queen Anne, had to be abandoned in the swamp, as her bottom was completely worn out from dragging over the grass and she leaked badly. Next day the party found the first piece of dry land they had seen since they left Okeechobee, a very small plot of only a few feet, but the expedition, hungry for land, greeted it as warmly as Noah did the summit of Ararat as it raised itself out of the water. It was thought best that Capt. Hendry should be sent due west so as to reach the coast sooner, and make the needful preparations to send boats up Shark's River to meet the expedition. The character of the country now improved with every day's journey. The water was deeper and the boats moved more easily. In making soundings it was discovered that the bottom was no longer mud but rock, the first that had been met with. The party were evidently approaching the islands lying in the southern portion of the Everglades. The first island they found was about three acres in extent, well covered with wild fig and orchard apple, but only about twenty feet square of it was solid dry land. Here the party rested and recuperated, for they were completely fagged out, ragged, barefooted and broken down. This island upon which

they rested proved to be a bird roost, for at night the trees were filled with cranes, curlews, water turkeys, blackbirds and other varieties never seen before, which kept up such a noise all night that it was difficult to sleep. For several days the party moved through a region of islands. Islands there were innumerable, but all of them very small, not over three acres in extent, with very little high and dry land on them, and separated from each other by streams and saw-grass. On several of them traces of Indian camps were discovered, but the Indians never put in their appearance, although whenever the expedition made a fire it was answered in every direction.

They were now on the lookout for the smoke signal which was to direct them toward Shark's River. It had been arranged that Major Hendry, who had taken a short cut to the Gulf, was to send a party up Sharks River to meet Major Williams' party, the signal to be a column of smoke. So well had the movement of the explorers been calculated that when the smoke was finally discovered, they were but two miles from Sharks River.

The rest of the journey can be told in a very few words, because it was simple and easy—the descent of Sharks River into White Water Bay, and thence into the Gulf.

Such are the main features of this expedition. For a full and exhaustive account of the trip we refer our readers to Major Williams' letters given in another column. It will be seen that the task was an arduous and severe one, much harder than was imagined when it was inaugurated.

It has set at rest all questions about the Everglades, which have been found much different from what was imagined. The saw-grass extends 100 miles south of Lake Okeechobee, instead of ten. South of this is a region of islands, but islands so small as to be of little value for any practical purposes. The Indians who were supposed to live in the Everglades, do reside there, but they seem to be peaceful and well-disposed, and gave no evidence that they were unfriendly or inimical to the whites.

As to the question of building a telegraph line through this country—a matter which the Western Union has been anxious to solve—Major Williams reports that this is impossible and not to be thought of.

Finally, as to the soil and character of the Everglades and the possibility of draining them. In 1848, when the United States Senate investigated

this question, a committee reported that the swamp could be drained. Major Williams reports adversely. He can see no hope or possibility of redeeming the greater portion of this region, which must remain a swamp forever. The country is very low, in most cases below the level of the land fronting on the Atlantic and the Gulf, and a canal will not drain it, but will probably increase the depth of water in the glades. In the Southern glades many of the islands can be utilized and cultivated, but with this exception, the Florida Everglades are of no value agriculturally. We regret to learn this, but it is better that it should have been brought out now, instead of the world being encouraged into the mistaken belief that the Everglades could be redeemed.

Such is the story of our expedition. It has accomplished all it was organized to do. It was the first party of white men to go through the Everglades, and it has solved all the problems of that mysterious region.

(Sunday, January 6, 1884. Page 6 and 7 of The Times-Democrat)

THE EVERGLADES

Detailed Report of The Times-Democrat Exploring Party.

Seeking an Entrance Through the Willows Bordering Lake Okeechobee.

In the Saw-Grass Country—A Wilderness of Desolation.

Twenty Days' March Through the Swamp—Neither Land Nor Water.

In the Glades Proper, with Thousands of Streams and Innumerable Islands.

Indian Camp Fires Surrounding the Expedition on Every Side.

THE HEADWATERS OF SHARKS RIVER.

An Easy Voyage Down That Stream to the Gulf.

The Entire Region Uninhabitable and Irreclaimable.

The Times-Democrat gives below a detailed report of its expedition through the Florida Everglades from the time the exploring party left the southern shore of Lake Okeechobee and entered the saw-grass to its arrival, through Sharks River, on White Water Bay, at the southern point of Florida, after passing through the center of the hitherto unexplored and mysterious Everglades. Heretofore we have published a series of letters from our correspondent, Major A. P. Williams, who was in command of the expedition, describing the start from Cedar Keys, the arrival at Punta Rassa and at Fort Myers, the trip up the Caloosahatchie River and the voyage along the Western Shore of Lake Okeechobee.

I.

At 8 o'clock on the morning of Nov. 4 we take advantage of a lull in the wind to continue our course around the shores of Lake Okeechobee. Burke Island, so named by the captain of the steamer Bertha Lee a few weeks previous to our present voyage, lies about three or four miles to the eastward of us, and although it was our intention to visit this, the only island with any amount of highland in it in this lake, we know our boats cannot reach them in safety with the winds and waves against us. The Gulf of Mexico never presented an angrier appearance, or waves rolling higher, than what we have experienced and seen for the last three days upon the waters of Lake Okeechobee, an inland sea about fifty miles in length and breadth, with nothing to break the force of the wind or waves until the water-covered swamps of the Everglades, which form its shores, are reached.

The water is too shallow near the shore for the larger boats, so we are compelled to stand out from shore about half a mile, while the smaller boats and batteaux keep in the grassy waters, which extend for about an hundred yards into the lake around its whole margin. In an hour after our departure from camp we find ourselves sailing

ALONG THE SOUTHERN SHORE,

peering anxiously for a spot of dry land on which we can camp and dry the contents of our boats. After traveling about eight miles, we discern with our glasses a white sand beach backed by quite a forest of large trees, and immediately signal the other boats to follow, and sail for it. On reaching it we find a high strip of land about a mile long and fifty yards wide, a beautiful white sand beach, and in the rear a little land-locked harbor in which our boats can lay perfectly protected from the wind. It is, indeed, a perfect piece of good fortune to find such a resting place, and as each boat is borne by the waves through the channel to this little bay, which lies calm, still and quiet, quite a contrast to the war of the waves from the lake as they dash upon the shore but a few yards off, the men give a hearty cheer. Allen's canoe, the "Judson," capsizes in getting through the channel, losing all our knives, forks, cups, plates, and some of the cooking utensils. Mr. Harlander, our artist, suffers the same fate, so far as the capsizing is concerned, but loses nothing. Mr. Phillips, our commissary, ships a sea, and comes very near sharing the same fate. Both batteaux, half filled with water, and immediately all hands are at work unloading the provisions and drying them in the sun. As soon as the hurry and hustle of going into camp subsides, we get our rifles, and for half an hour there is a perfect fusilade in camp,

each man trying to see how many alligators he can kill in a given time. The whole surface of the water is

DOTTED WITH THESE MONSTERS

from three to ten feet and over, who perhaps for the first time have seen a human face, for unconscious of danger, they come swimming from all directions, never stopping until they get within a few feet of the guns. Those that are not killed or wounded do not seem the least alarmed at the crack of the rifles or the struggles of the wounded. Some of the dead ones the men pull on shore, measure, and cut the teeth out, to keep in remembrance of the occasion.

Mr. Marshall, the photographer, is quite busy all day taking photographs of the encampment (alligators included) from different points. Our artist, Mr. Harlander, is also occupied with his pencil in sketching the scenery. We name this beautiful little bay "Kitty Harbor," and in time, when Lake Okeechobee shall become one of the thoroughfares of commerce, many a vessel will find refuge from the angry waters of the lake, and here rest in perfect security until the storm is over, should they ever be caught as we have been.

In the evening, with a machete to cut a path through the dense undergrowth, we explore the woods growing upon this little peninsula. Here for the first time we see

THE INDIA RUBBER TREE OF FLORIDA

in large numbers and of large size. One in particular we notice, which is about six feet in circumference, reaching to a height of about forty feet. Each limb, as it reaches a certain length, bends down until it reaches the ground, when it takes root, forming an additional support to the parent stem. We cut a gash into the tree with a machete, and immediately a fluid resembling milk in appearance begins to pour out, and continues to do so as long as we remain, forming a pool at the bottom of the tree. This fluid, after being exposed to the air a short time, becomes thicker, and at the same time assumes a dark brown color. Many cabbage palm trees are also growing here. Button wood and a species of ash, quite new to me, also abounds. Small scrubby cypress line the shore, and their innumerable knees, which stick up in all directions in the water, make a landing among them in rough weather very dangerous.

We know it is impossible to move while this gale of wind lasts. Our camp is a pleasant one, so we make ourselves contented, spending the day fishing, and occasionally

SHOOTING AN ALLIGATOR.

We see no ducks or game of any kind, and fish are scarce. Only a few black bass, and numbers of cat-fish, are caught.

We are all able to sleep on dry land tonight, and enjoy our beds of green moss gathered from the trees. Nothing happened to disturb our rest that night. We go to bed tired and worn out, sleep soundly, and when the sun rises on the morning of the 5th of November it finds every man still rolled up in his blanket. The gale still continues, and after our experience of the last two days, we dare not expose the men and boats a second time to its fury, so decide to remain quietly where we are.

The men spend the day washing clothes, cleaning out boats, and drying the different contents of the boats. Climbing to the top of the highest tree we are enabled to get a view of that portion of the Everglades which we will first encounter. Beyond the line of swamps, which extends about two miles from the margin of the lake, a vast marsh of saw grass extends as far as the eye can reach, unrelieved by brush or tree. We are not yet in the extreme

SOUTHERN END OF LAKE OKEECHOBEE,

the point selected as our point of departure, and are in hopes that ere we reach that point we will discover some water-course flowing from the lake to the Everglades, which will relieve us from the arduous labor of cutting through the dense swamp of trees, the first obstacle we expect to encounter. There is no change in the weather to-day. The wind blows as hard as ever, and when we recall to mind the experience of an old hunter, as related by himself to us a few weeks previous, who was caught in just such a gale on the lake, and was compelled to remain three weeks on one little spot of dry ground he was lucky enough to find, waiting for the winds to subside, it does not add to the cheerfulness of the party.

At 3 o'clock on the morning of November 6, we awake to find the wind subsiding and the lake comparatively smooth. No time to be lost, so the camp is aroused and the work of cooking breakfast and packing boats is hurried up, as we do not know whether the lull in the wind is temporary or will continue during the day, and therefore wish to take advantage of present bright prospects. It is daylight ere the first boats shove off from shore, which are the two provision batteaux, which are followed soon after by the

others, we bringing up the rear to watch over the progress of the smaller craft. We have not gone a quarter of a mile, ere the wind is howling around us with redoubled force. We crowd on all sail on our little boat to overtake our provision boats, which we know cannot live in such a sea. The last we saw of them they were not more than a hundred yards from the shore, about a half a mile from our last night's camp. We find them both near where we had last seen them, pulled up on the shore, half filled with water, and everything they contained wringing wet. Calling to the men in charge to unload, dry everything and remain where they were, we hastened in the direction of the other canoes. The first canoe we encounter is the "Burke," in charge of J. R. Phillips, our commissary. We throw him a line and take him in tow. We do not come up with the other boats until 12 o'clock, and find them safely

WEDGED IN THE MARSH GRASS,

where they have gone to protect themselves from the fury of the gale. We all take lunch, and, after giving orders to return to our last night's camp, hoist sail and start back to look after the provision boats. We arrive at camp about 4 o'clock, and, after ordering Caesar to build fires and go to cooking, we walk down the shore about half a mile where the provision batteaux are laid up, see that our loss has been very little, and that everything is being dried, after which we return and wait for the other boats. The only two boats that do get in are the Susie B. and Page M. Baker, in command of Col. Hopkins and Mr. Harlander. We know the others are safe, as the Whitehall boat is with them, but it is not pleasant to be separated and scattered as we are on this night. On the morning of the 7th of November we find the lake calm, with hardly wind enough to fill our sails, so we take to our oars and row along the shore, looking for our lost hosts. We find the provision batteaux have already started, nor do we catch up with them until we come to the camp of the remaining boats, where we find the whole crowd waiting for us. The men tell of a rough time after we separated the day before. Nobody lost, boats unhurt, and nothing injured, so we are perfectly satisfied as our little fleet shoves off and, keeping all together, move slowly down the shore.

After having traveled for twelve or fifteen miles, we come in sight of an island lying about two miles from the main shore. Capt. Hendry, in the sailboat Queen Anne, accompanied by the Whitehall boat, sails for the northern end of island, while the remainder of the boats continue their course down the shore of the lake. When we are abreast of the island, we make an examination of the shore of the lake on the mainland, discover an

opening in the woods, which we row for, and soon find ourselves at the mouth of a river running in

THE DIRECTION OF THE EVERGLADES.

The river at its mouth is about 100 yards wide, the depth of water being about eight feet. To say that our little party were over-joyed would but poorly express it. We do not go an hundred yards before we hear exclamations from the members of the party in praise of the beautiful scenery which greets the eye on every side. There is no perceptible current so far as we can discern. The water is clear as crystal, the banks fringed with a dense tropical growth of trees, presenting to the view a solid green wall, impenetrable to the eye. This wall is formed by vines, which have twined around the trunks and branches of the trees, and have interlaced and wound themselves around each other until they form a screen which is almost sufficient to shut out the light of day. Looking behind us we find that we are followed by innumerable alligators, who are swimming along lazily in our wake. From all sides we see them plunging in the water, remain under a few seconds, rise after we pass, and join the crowd behind us. We do not go two miles before the river begins to get narrow, and we find ourselves in a little stream only a few yards in width, the sunlight completely shut out by the branches of trees and vines, which have interlocked and twined around each other until a perfect roof is formed. We can go no farther without unshipping our masts, so, taking one of the small canoes and one man, we leave the party to clear a camp-ground during our absence, and continue our explorations of the river, still hoping that we have discovered an outlet to the Everglades through this almost impenetrable swamp which surrounds us. After going half a mile, we find we are no longer in any stream, but winding around in dark, sluggish water, the roots and branches of the trees forming a barrier to our further progress.

DISHEARTENED, HUNGRY AND TIRED,

we return to camp to report the bad news. As we return we examine more closely the vines which grow so luxuriantly, and find they are a species of gourd, with innumerable gourds hanging from them, perfectly round, and about the size of a billiard ball. The vines run all over the trees, and on the ground form a mat two or three feet deep.

We reach camp, take a hasty dinner, get in our canoe and go in search of the remainder of our crowd, leaving the present crowd to arrange a comfortable camp ground. We meet Capt. Hendry after sailing about an hour, who reports having also discovered a river running in the direction of the

Everglades, on which the other boats have gone into camp. We take the captain on board of our boat and send his crew back, with instructions to his part of the men to come early next morning to where we have established camp. On our return we examine the shore thoroughly, and find two or more rivers similar to the one we have just left, which we will explore on the morrow.

Surely among all the rivers we have already found running south we hope to find one running into the Everglades, and so, consequently, we are in better spirits on our return to camp. The ground is too full of snakes for us to sleep on shore, so we wrap ourselves in our blankets, lie down in the bottom of the canoes, and fight mosquitos all night.

On the morning of the 8th of November the remainder of the boats having arrived, all are unloaded. Some of the men in charge of Col. Hopkins, who will explore more thoroughly the river on which we are encamped, are left, and the rest of the boats row out to the lake with the intention of making an examination of each stream or river running south. To the first river we come to we sent the canoe "E. A. Burke," in command of J. R. Phillips, to trace it to its source. The second is assigned to W. Harlander, in canoe "Baker"; the third to Capt. Hendry, in canoe "Judson." Before half the day is past we have found

THE MOUTHS OF EIGHT RIVERS,

all running in a southerly direction, from a hundred to two hundred yards in width where they empty in the lake. Six of them we assign boats to, with instructions to trace them as far as possible. We also note two small islands lying about one or two miles northeast of the last river we ascend.

When we all met at camp that night one man's report will answer for all, which is as follows: "Rivers run about two or three miles through swamp, and as suddenly as they began, just so suddenly do they cease to exist, the waters spreading out over and forming the swamp which lies in front of us."

The river on which we encamped last night we have named "Rita River," and the one on which we are now encamped and will use as a means of reaching the Everglades we name in honor of the journal we represent, "T.-D. River."

We have a heavy shower during the night; all getting wet. The mosquitos do their best to eat us up, and if we sit on the ground a second a

million worms of all kinds, shapes and sizes are crawling down our backs or up our legs, and to make a long story short, there is hardly a man in the party that is not sorry he's living, or, at least, life has no attractions for him at present, and would rather be dead than live on the banks of Okeechobee.

II.

On the 10th day of November, ere the first streaks of dawn, every man in camp is astir. The changing of different articles from boat to boat, for part of our programme is, that so far as each boat is concerned, they shall be independent of each other in the matter of provisions, for although we expect to be together at night, still to a large extent we will be separated during the day. We find our meal and grits have been

SPOILED BY THE FREQUENT WETTINGS,

so, with feelings of sorrow, we have it all thrown to the alligators, who are gathered around our boats, waiting for their departure. Some of our coffee suffers the same fate. Everything is stored in as small a compass as possible. When we left our first camp on the Caloosahatchie we imagined everything was properly stored, but the experience of two weeks has taught us that there were many things yet to be learned in the manner of packing boats. All is ready as the sun rises and boats are pushed from shore, the first boat being the lightest batteau we have, in command of Murray, two of the best axmen we have in the crew, loaded with part of the meat, and our implements for clearing the way for the boats behind. Your correspondent follows in his canoe, the small canoes next, with the largest batteau loaded with camp equipage and provisions. Col. Hopkins brings up the rear in his canoe, and keeps everything moving behind. A few hundred yards are passed, and the order is given to stow away oars and take to the boat poles. When we give this order we are aware of the fact that many days will pass ere those oars are put in use again, and that poles will have to be used for many miles to come. The river has now narrowed down to a stream not more than five or six feet, a few feet of water in depth, dark, sluggish, and with a slight perceptible current running north. The boughs of the trees lap over the water, the vines form a perfect net-work to bar our progress, and to all appearances when we approach these barriers it seems as if the end of our water course has been reached, but with a few strokes of the machetes, axes and hatchets our way is cleared, and our journey is resumed for a few yards, until the next obstruction is reached, sometimes a sunken log, the roots of trees extending across the whole channel, or the branches of trees which reach the surface of the water. We have gone but a couple of miles when we

discover that the river no longer exists, but has lost itself in a dense swamp of custard apples. Our compass is now, and will be until the end of our voyage, our only guide. We are now penetrating a portion of the State which has never been done before by any white man, and never even by Indians, except when compelled to do so during the last Indian war as a means of escape from the soldiers who were in pursuit. Our course is due south, and our present object to cut our path through this, to all appearances, impenetrable thicket. The axes and machete are kept busy until 2 o'clock, cutting trees and slashing vines. The trees soon become thinner, and about 3 o'clock we find that our course has brought us to the borders of a marsh of yma grass, wampu or warmpea, and mixed with scrub willow. Now we begin to realize the difficulties which lie before us, many of which we had never taken into consideration. In the first place, by close examination we find that at this season, when the water is highest, that it is at present at its lowest. The water mark upon the trees indicate that it has been five feet above its present level; how long ago we are unable to state. The mark certainly is not very old, and portions of grass, which have lodged between the branches of the trees, still remain there, indicating that not many years have elapsed since the mark was made. Perhaps it would be better to say months, instead of years. We examine

THE DEPTH OF WATER

in our front, and find we have about five inches of water and fifteen feet, more or less, of mud. In other words we might say, "no bottom," and above the water level marsh grass and scrub trees, through which nothing but muscle will propel the boats. Climbing up a tree and examining our situation we find that a line of timber extending southeast about four miles, and southwest about the same distance, leaves us in the centre of what is commonly known as a "bite," and in our front or southward there extends before us one vast marsh, in which even with a field-glass we see no sign of water or trees of any description. We do not include in this description a thin line of custard apple trees lying about one-quarter of a mile from us in front.

There is no use in discussing the situation for a single minute, so orders are given for every man to get overboard, and overboard they all go, and the boats are propelled inch by inch, the men sometimes sinking almost out of sight. Our journey is pursued in this way for several hundred yards, when we find out that the men in charge of the batteaus are unable to push them through the tall grass, and are therefore compelled to send back the men from the foremost boats and bring them up. We are compelled to do this

during the whole day, and after a hard day's work we find we have traveled about two miles, but only one-quarter of a mile from where we left the swamp and came into the marsh. Orders are given to camp. Provisions for a few days ahead were cooked at our last night's camp, but there is the indispensable coffee to make, so the different pots and skillets are distributed among the boats, fires are built in them, and each man soon has his tin cup of boiling coffee. The bows of each boat touch, so communication is kept up with each other. Every one is kept busy for awhile passing down or up the line certain articles needed by his neighbor. Although our canoes are resting on the bottom firmly and do not tip over, still we are aware that it is soft and yielding mud, and unless a fellow wants to sink to his chin he has to stick to his boat. Supper is soon over, and the men are soon busy making down their beds for the purpose of getting under bars from

THE MOSQUITOES,

who, from the way they swarm around and attack us, could not have had a square meal for many a day. Even the bars are not a perfect protection, for our artist, Mr. Harlander, will certify under oath that at bed-time they began lighting on the top of his bar, and he quietly smiled to himself as he thought of his impregnable position. In one hour, after a short nap, he awoke and found, as he supposed, some kind friend had stretched an awning over him to protect him from both dew and moonlight. He thought nothing more of it until the top of his bar caved in, and to his horror he found that it had been caused by the weight of the mosquitoes on top, all of them having combined to attack him in that peculiar and original manner. It is even amusing (provided your mosquito bar is a strong one) to lie and watch them trying to scratch a hole, holding on with their hind legs and scratching with their forelegs and "sticker". An Everglade mosquito in rest, that is to say when he gets exhausted from some such fruitless attempt as to scratch through our "keg of nails," shows but four legs and one "sticker," but just let him get a good hold between your shoulders where you can't reach him, and there is no scratching-post near to rub him off, and he becomes all stickers, and no legs. Experience will prove all and more than I can possibly say on the subject. On the morning of Nov. 11 (Sunday) the men do not need any calling to awaken them. Long before we get up, and that is before day dawns, there is a hum of voices and smell of boiling coffee. This sleeping cramped up in boats is something new to the majority of the party, and they are glad to rise early. At day-dawn the men have all breakfasted, and soon every one is stripping off their dry clothes and donning the wet suit of yesterday. Before starting into the Everglades we knew our first diffi-

culty, and, as we supposed greatest, was cutting through the dense thicket bordering upon Lake Okeechobee, and our next

CUTTING THROUGH THE SAW GRASS.

The last we expected to overcome to a great extent by burning ahead of us. We did not anticipate that the strip of intervening marsh between swamp and saw-grass, was of any great size, or even if it was, that we would find plenty of water to float our boats, and be able to pole through without much difficulty. To our sorrow we find that we have a task before us which will entail such hard labor upon the men that if it continues for many days will completely break them down. Two men are dispatched at daylight, with a compass to guide them and machetes to cut their way through the tall grass. Their instructions are to go due south, walk until 12 o'clock, and if they find the edge of saw-grass marsh to fire it and return. In a few seconds the tall grass hides them from our view, though for many minutes we hear them floundering through the mud, and we resume our labors, tramping down the grass and pushing our boats over. Once in awhile one of the men misses his foothold upon the roots of the grass, and if he is not lucky enough to catch the side of the boat for a second, he disappears from view. We occasionally strike large ponds grown up thickly with wampee, or warm pea, and in a few seconds the men are suffering agony, caused by coming in contact with the roots, which produce a terrible burning and stinging sensation. We usually stand up in our canoe and pole it along, assisted by Caesar, who wades along in the rear and pushes. On this day we used a little more strength at one time than usual, or there was a weak place in our pole, as we find out by its snapping, and the T.-D. correspondent finding himself on his way to China, or some other place we won't mention, and worst of all, going there head foremost. Caesar nobly comes to the rescue and pulls us out by the legs, and after looking around and seeing that no one, except our artist, has seen the mishap, we beg for silence on his part, and conclude rather muddy and wet our boat, to assist Caesar in pushing. Caesar said afterward he wanted to laugh awful bad, "but de looks of de major's left eye wid about a pound of black mud ober it skeered him for de time." Slowly and sadly we wade on behind our canoe, pushing without spirit or animation for half an hour, when suddenly we are the liveliest and most animated man in the crowd, judging by the way we cavort around, and finally jump in our canoe, mud and all, and go for a dry suit of clothes. We had come in contact with

THE INFERNAL "WAMPEE,"

and it had conquered. One minute I felt as if the skin was rubbed off and

red pepper was being rubbed in, and the next I lacked about an hundred hands to do the proper amount of scratching which the occasion warranted. The peculiar pain was so great that I feel warranted in saying that if its intensity had lasted for an hour, it would have put me in the condition of a raving maniac. Still the men for two days have been working on it, and they say after the first sensation of pain subsides, which it does in a few minutes, leaving only a slight itching, which subsides as soon as clothing is changed, or contact is removed. Its appearance is similar to the water lily, the leaf being from six to twelve inches across, the root running to a depth of six inches, and resembles a shalot in appearance. We had the curiosity to taste it. We shall do so no more. We can almost imagine that the sharp needles, which seemed to be pricking every nerve in our face, is still at work.

Just before 12 o'clock we heard a roaring sound like an approaching wind, followed by a cracking and popping, reminding us of the distant firing of musketry in a battle. Looking ahead a column of smoke is seen rising, and next flames shoot up to a distance of twenty or thirty feet. It burns steadily for about an hour and then goes out. At 4 o'clock the two men return, wearied and hardly able to drag one foot after another, and report that they struck the borders of the saw-grass marsh, fired it, found about one foot water, and that the distance is about two and three-quarter miles from present camp. This is cheering news, and we put up our mosquito bars in a more contented frame of mind this night and are all soon fast asleep.

III.

On the 12th day of November, wishing to reach the saw-grass marsh, a distance of two and three-quarter miles from our camp of last night, we arouse the men early, and at daylight the whole party, cheered by the prospect of easier work in the future, begin their task of dragging the boats through the tall marsh grass. Not many yards are passed before we encounter a new impediment to our progress, which consists of a species of

SCRUB WILLOW,

growing thickly among the grass. In height it is not more than four or five feet, not much larger than an ordinary walking cane, with a root as large as a man's leg, reaching several yards in some instances, and lying a few inches below the surface of the water. Our canoes are not more than the fifth of an inch thick; consequently we have to be both careful and watchful, for snagging a hole in one, situated as we are, means its abandonment. The large batteaus are unable to pass over such obstructions when met; conse-

quently the men are compelled to go ahead with axes and clear them from our track, doing a few yards at a time, returning to the boats, pull them over, and then resume their task. It is hard work, and when the sun goes down and we find that we are only three-quarters of a mile from our camp of last night we feel almost discouraged and ready to try some other point of departure from the lake, but when we look around and see the men cheerful and if not contented, certainly looking so, we feel encouraged and ready to

FIGHT IT OUT ON THIS LINE.

Boats have to be farther lightened, so several articles and a portion of our stores are returned by a batteau which has accompanied us this far, and will meet the expedition on their arrival at the Gulf. We are advised by the other members of our party to abandon the largest batteau we have, or at least let it return; also a large portion of our supplies, but this we do not think proper to do as long as we can possibly get along, notwithstanding it impedes our progress, as we do not know what difficulties may lie in our path or how long we may be detained ere we reach the end of our journey. Another reason is that the hard usage our canoes are receiving by being dragged through the mud will more than likely wear them out, and we will then depend entirely for transportation upon the two batteaus which accompany us. As usual we have to camp in our boats, take our usual supper of bacon, hard bread and coffee, and at 9 o'clock there is not a sound in camp except the song of the festive mosquito as he lingers lovingly around some mosquito bar, seeking to find some unnoticed hole through which to make an entrance. He finds it in some cases, for occasionally we hear a muttered growl down the line, and the occupant's language is not exactly suited to a camp meeting. No one thinks of any other protection from the heavy dews except their mosquito bars, and even if we had tents we could not use them.

We are up early on the morning of Nov. 13, and before the start is made we climb the mast of the batteau, and examine carefully the country in our front. We see before us one unlimited expanse of

TALL, WAVING MARSH GRASS,

without a tree or even a bush rising above the level of the grass. Again and again we bring into use our field glass, but alas, the same unbroken level plain meets our view, the same brown color unrelieved by even a patch of green or a depression or rising of the surface. We are unable to distinguish where the marsh grass ends and the saw-grass begins, for it is all alike, all

the same color, the same height, and what is worse still, all the same difficulties and perhaps greater for the next ten miles in our front, on our left and on our right. Still, we are like all the rest of mankind—we would rather cope with difficulties we cannot see and know not of than to return and re-encounter those of which we know so well.

THROUGH WE MUST GO,

so the orders for “all overboard” is given and our snail-like progress begins, and is continued until 1 o’clock p. m., when we find ourselves upon the borders of the saw-grass. Even though our difficulty of getting through may be increased, still anything is preferable to the dull monotony of the last three days, and the men involuntarily give a cheer as they see what lies in front. The water has not increased in depth, and as for the mud our pole, which is over twelve feet in length, has failed to find bottom. Orders are given to put fire to the grass, and in a few seconds the flames are sweeping a clear path in our front, leaving only a thick stubble of four or six inches above the level of the water. The boats are pushed forward, and although they are more easily propelled through, yet the men’s foothold upon the roots of the saw-grass is more precarious, and almost every second some of them are slipping up to their necks in the soft mud, consequently our progress is unchanged. When night comes on we reckon up the distance traveled that day, and find that one long mile will tell the tale. We take another look through our field glass before sun-down, with the same result as in the morning—no open water or trees in front.

Before going farther, by reference to a map of the Everglades, it will be seen as already stated, in a previous letter, that our point of departure was from the extreme point south on Lake Okeechobee, our exit to be through Shark, or Harney’s River, into White Water Bay, or some of the numerous channels running into the Gulf to the Ten Thousand Islands,

OUR COURSE

to be south, diverging westward only a sufficient distance to bring us on our due south course to one or the other of those two designated points.

Our course, while cutting through the swamps surrounding Lake Okeechobee was a little east of south, so that now we are clear of the swamps, our course is southwest, which we expect to bring us out in the vicinity of Prophet or Cabbage Island, in the centre of the Everglades. Part of our expectations was to reach the open waters of the Glades, and cruise around among the islands until we reached the head of Shark or Harney’s River.

The saw-grass marsh we expected to be about ten miles in width. In this we were disappointed. The eyes see nothing ahead even at an elevation of ten feet, gained by climbing one of the boat masts, but the same level plain of dead grass. We know it is over ten miles, and at the rate we are going, and the obstacles to surmount, the prospects ahead are not encouraging.

We stop work before sundown to give the men an opportunity of cooking supper, which is done by building small fires in their iron pots in the boats, frying or broiling their bacon and boiling their coffee. Our boats are small, hardly of a sufficient size to carry the requisite amount of provisions, consequently we are unable to lay in a supply of fuel in the shape of wood, always trusting through the day to get enough of dead twigs to answer the purpose. To-night we realize one of our future troubles. The fires which cleared our path has also cleared it of everything else except the green stubble of grass left standing, and few of us have laid in even a small supply necessary for immediate use. By hook or crook, each boat has succeeded in borrowing from his neighbor or found an extra box, for the fires burn as usual, and hot coffee is the order of the night. We are supplied with canned meats for such emergencies, and the commissary distributes them.

The camp that night is illuminated by the flames of

THE BURNING GRASS.

We are encamped within a perfect circle of fire, and the eye never tires of watching the different fantastic shapes assumed by the flames, as they leap in the air to a height of thirty or forty feet, roaring and crackling as they envelop everything before them. Their course is sometimes stopped by meeting with ponds, but it is only for a minute ere they sweep around it, and their onward course of destruction is resumed. The fire is perhaps two miles from us, yet we can read by its light.

The 14th of November dawns upon us, and by the appearance of the sky we are satisfied that we are in for a hard rain. Everything in the boats is protected as well as the means at our command will allow, and our onward course is resumed. The front boat at present is the canoe "W. H. H. Judson," occupied by Capt. Hendry, pushed by two men, and followed by our smallest provision batteau. The canoe is the opening wedge, which breaks our path through the rank stubble of saw-grass left standing by the fire, and the others following, widen and deepen the channel, so that our large batteau is considerably assisted in getting through. Messrs. Harlander and Phillips in the two small canoes "E. A. Burke" and "Page M. Baker," disdain

assistance from any one, but stripped to their underclothing, they walk behind their canoes and propel them along. The two large canoes "Susie B." and "Daisy W." are able to get along with Caesar and Tiger to push. Col. Hopkins and your correspondent aiding with poles, except in extreme cases which occasionally arise, and then we too take to the mud and water.

This is now the fourth day since we left our camp on Lake Okeechobee, or at least the banks of The Times-Democrat River, yet a large cypress tree standing at our point of departure looms up as large as ever in our rear. Each night as we camp, we hear the wish on every side that when we camp again the old cypress will be out of view. There is nothing worthy of recounting that occurs on this day, except that we

HOISTED THE SAILS

on our boats for the purpose of drying them, they having been wet in the rain that morning, and found that they assisted so materially in propelling the boats, that soon every boat had every stitch of canvass spread to a stiff northeaster that was blowing, and consequently made over a mile. We are all in better spirits when night closes in and go to work getting our suppers with more vim than usual. We have had a barrel of bread emptied, and after breaking it up, distributed the barrel among the boats to cook with. Mr. Phillips, our commissary, whose canoe rests beside ours at night, and follows next to us during the day, is our only messmate, Caesar officiating as head waiter. The other boats have formed similar messes with their next neighbors and everything works harmoniously. We are compelled to do this while our present situation continues, as we are unable to move from canoe to canoe, although we are in line and touching without seriously inconveniencing each other. In fact none of us want visitors at this time, although we have no objection to sit in our canoes, talk, smoke, laugh over the events of the day, or discuss our next day's movements, and being so near each other, conversation is always general, and joined in by all the gentlemen of the party.

OUR COLORED CREW

occupy the batteaus, and hard as their labor is compelled to be during the day, they are cheerful at night, and we have heard no grumbling from any of them, which generally occurs where men are obliged to do so much extra work and of such a nature. Since our departure from the Caloosahatchie River we have neither killed nor seen any game of any description. Ducks we certainly expected to see, but so far have seen none. On Okeechobee, in all our wandering through the swamps, up and down the different streams,

we only saw one squirrel, an otter and about 10,000 alligators, more or less. All around us reigns

A DEATH-LIKE STILLNESS

unrelieved by any sound of animal life of any description. The croaking of a frog, the hoot of an owl, or the bellow of an alligator would be a relief. Neither sight nor sound to relieve this desert surrounding us on every side causes a feeling of depression we cannot avoid, and the men do all they can to keep everything lively by the sound of their own voices, until the time comes for them to roll up in their blankets and forget in slumber the labors of the day gone by, or that which the morrow will bring.

Our usual labor is resumed on the morning of the 15th of November, and the same hard work goes on. We hold a consultation with Col. Hopkins, our civil engineer of the expedition, and Capt. Hendry that night, and they, like myself, are inclined to look at our prospects of getting through as rather doubtful, and, personally, we are all inclined to turn westward, strike

THE INDIAN TRAIL,

running from Lake Hickpochee around the western shores of the Everglades, and thence to centre of Everglades after reaching the Big Cypress Swamp, but when we realize that to do so would not be carrying out the programme of the expedition, the idea is abandoned, and for weal or woe we determine to adhere to our present course. We have caught sight of a small bunch of green bushes about two miles to the southeast, which we hope is a good indication that the face of the country will soon change, and when the prospect is announced to the men no set of shipwrecked mariners ever scanned the horizon as eagerly as they did in the direction of that little clump of green bushes—to the eyes a perfect little oasis in the desert, which surrounds us on every side. Small as the encouragement is to persevere, it is surprising to see how quickly everybody's spirits are raised. Men are heard singing in the boats, jokes and laughter is heard on every side and we are certain if a man in the party had attempted to croak or dampen the spirits of the men, some kind hand would have been found ready to pitch him overboard in the mud.

No need to give the order "all overboard" on the morning of the 16th of November, for every man is eager to go forward, and daylight finds every man busy putting on his wet clothing and hurrying those who are lagging in making their morning toilet.

The water is a little deeper to-day, a strong wind is blowing from the northeast, consequently our sails are of great assistance, and our progress is a little better than the previous day, as we make one and a half miles, the greatest distance made since our departure from Lake Okeechobee.

There is no change in the prospects ahead, so far as we can see, and that haven of rest we expected to reach, or at least catch a glimpse of by sundown, is still hid from view. We do our best to cheer the men, and try to convince them of the almost certainty of a change for the better on the morrow, and to a certain extent succeed, but they are not quite as cheerful as on the night past. All are aware that as long as provisions hold out there can be no turn back, and ahead they must go. In fact, the dread of having to go back over the same route is, if anything, greater than that of facing the unknown difficulties ahead. Still, working in mud and water up to the waist, stung every minute by the numerous insects which infest the water, burnt by wampee, coming in contact with moccasins at almost every step by day, and sleeping cramped up in small boats at night, is not an enlivening life to lead.

IV.

It is blowing quite a gale from the northeast on the morning of the 17th of November, as we rise from our beds in the boats, don our wet clothing pulled off the night before, and all jump overboard to begin the usual work of pushing the boats through the saw-grass. It is not a very pleasant feeling to exchange comfortable dry clothing for that which is wringing wet, and jump overboard into mud and water which reaches to a fellow's waist, but by the time you have

LEECHES

sticking to every square inch of skin under water, but by a species of stinging bug every five minutes, and the enlivening sensation of feeling a moccasin wriggling between your legs, or hissing in your face at almost every step, you feel glad to know you are living, and care but little for water, mud, or anything else. Every half hour the men stop, get on the bow of the boats, and go to pulling off the leeches which cling to them. When ever a leech is pulled off the wound bleeds profusely for several minutes, and it is an hourly occurrence to see the water around the boats changed perfectly crimson with blood from the men. By 12 o'clock the wind is blowing quite a gale, the sails of the canoes are lowered, but before our large batteau, the "Queen Anne," can follow suit, a gust of wind strikes her, the masts snap

off, down comes her sails, and we realize something that has never to our knowledge before occurred, to wit: a shipwreck in water only four inches deep, and without a single wave. The whole party are sorry, for her sails have materially assisted us in getting along. No material change is found in the country through which we travel this day. It is the same through which we have traveled for seven days. Nothing but saw-grass, a little water, plenty of soft, black, slimy mud, and with not a single tree or bush in sight, except those which we left on the 10th of November. The old cypress which marks the point from which we left the swamp is still plainly in sight to the naked eye, to the great disgust and discouragement of everybody. The first thing the men do when they finish their day's work is to get on the bow of their boats and look in the direction of that tree, and then the sad news goes down the line, "It's dar yit." We have hardly time to cook supper and eat it, before we are warned of an approaching rain, and just have time to stow things away, don our oil-cloth coats and caps, when down it comes, and for two or three hours we sit on the deck of our canoes Turkish fashion, wondering if the bottom has not fallen out above, or trying to recall some instance of a man being drowned by rain beating on his face. The end comes at last, and after bailing out boats, wringing the water out of our blankets and neglecting to say our prayers, we tumble down in the bottom of the canoe and sleep until sunrise.

On the morning of the 18th of November, before giving orders to start, one of the men, acting as spokesman for the rest, inform us that they are

COMPLETELY BROKEN DOWN,

and, ask that we give them this day to rest in. They inform me also that it is Sunday, a fact which I had lost sight of. Their request is granted, so we lie in our boats all day and read over and over the only thing we have in the shape of reading matter in the camp, which is an old copy of a newspaper called the "*Bitter Sweet*," published at Kissimmee City by Col Will Wallace Harney. The darkies lay down in their boats completely worn out, and do not stir until dark, when they only stay up long enough to get their supper and then back to bed again.

Everything is ready for an early start on the morning of the 19th of November, so before sunrise we are on our journey. The grass is too wet to burn, so we are compelled to cut and break through it. The grass is much thicker and higher than heretofore, but the water is deeper and the bottom much firmer; consequently, we make a good day's journey, and by sundown

have accomplished a mile and a half. We have another shower during the night to enliven us. Everything is soaked with water, as we had made no preparations for such an occurrence. It is clear and bright on the morning of the 20th of November, and we spend several minutes looking from the mast-head of our boat, through a field-glass, at the country in our front, to the right and left, and nothing meets our eye but the same unbroken level plain of brown grass, reaching as far as the eye can see. There is water sufficient to float the boats, which is encouraging, and the men work cheerfully. About 11 o'clock the boats are crowded together in a small pond, and orders are given for the grass to be fired. In a few seconds the dense black smoke rises, the flames leap in the air to a height of twenty-five or thirty feet as they clear our path in front of us, the men pushing the canoes in the opening as soon as made, and following in the wake of the fire. The fire soon leaves us far behind, with nothing to remind us of its past or present existence except the dense, dark column of smoke in our front, and the black and burnt stubble of grass over which we wearily drag our boats. Suddenly all is excitement in our little crowd, boats are stopped, and the men crowd the decks looking eagerly to the west and southwest of our present course. The cause of this are two

COLUMNS OF SMOKE

about ten miles from us, which are lazily curling up from the ground. No need to conjecture whose hands have lighted those fires, as we are well aware that over an hundred miles lie between us and any white man, and that there are no human beings except Indians in this desert waste. Again and again during the day do we make smokes, which are quickly answered in front and to the westward of us by a similar smoke. We talk of nothing else that night when we go into camp except about the prospect of soon meeting Indians, the possibility of their being friendly, and of the different services they could render us in our present condition as guides, etc. The darkies one and all agree that they don't hanker after "Injin," and if it is all the same to us that they would prefer not meeting them, either in a friendly or warlike spirit.

We noticed on the evening before that the water was again getting shallow, and our boats dragged the bottom when we went into camp. So when we start on the morning of the 21st of November, it is in fear and trembling we begin our journey. For several hours we find the saw-grass larger and thicker than usual, about three inches of water, and ground firmer and harder. At 11 o'clock the water increases in depth, until at

12 o'clock we find to our surprise that our boats are floating in eighteen inches of water, that we are making good progress, the sails of the boats being sufficient to carry them along, the men being only required to clear a path and guide the boats. We make a smoke, which is answered almost immediately by similar smokes in our front and to our right. Another smoke springs up suddenly almost in our rear, to the northwest. We are satisfied now that we are being closely

WATCHED BY THE INDIANS,

whether with good or bad intentions we are unable to guess. About 3 o'clock p.m. our foremost boat finds itself floating in a little stream about ten feet wide and fifteen feet deep, the surface covered with water-lilies and flags, running southwest. We conclude to launch our boats on its surface and follow it so long as it runs in a southerly direction, hoping that it will carry us to the open waters of the Glades. It is a relief to the men to find themselves on the decks of their boats poling, instead of in the water and mud, pushing and pulling—the first time they have been able to do so since their departure from Lake Okeechobee.

After following the stream for a few hundred yards, we emerge into

A BEAUTIFUL LITTLE BASIN,

twenty or thirty yards wide, the water clear as crystal, fifteen feet deep, with hundreds of trout swimming in it, and an alligator to every square yard. They (the alligators) seem perfectly fearless of us, swim to within a few feet, and one old fellow actually rubbed his snout against the side of one of the canoes. We do not shoot them, but the men occasionally hit one of them over the head with an oar. We find a dozen little rivulets flowing out of this basin, in every direction. They are all similar to the one by which we entered it. Selecting the one running due south, we continue our journey for a few hundred yards, when our little stream ends as suddenly as it began, and our men returned to their weary work of pushing the boats through the saw grass. It is a bitter disappointment to all of us, but we are getting accustomed to such, and so don't even take the trouble to grumble. We go into camp early on this day, so as to give the men a little rest after their hard day's work; also to catch a few trout for supper.

During the whole of the 22d of November the men have a hard time pulling their boats through the grass, the water being only about three and a half inches in depth, and the bottom hard and firm. The grass is a little thinner, and occasionally we come across a tuft of weeds growing in it. At 12 o'clock we make a smoke, which is answered by similar ones in three different directions, somewhat nearer than they were the day before. We

come to numerous little basins similar to the one of yesterday, with sometimes a rivulet flowing from them in the direction we are travelling, which we take and follow to the end, which is never more than 200 or 300 yards. Our batteau,

THE QUEEN ANNE,

is leaking badly, and the provisions are getting damaged. We are unable to repair her, so determine to divide her load among the other boats and abandon her the next day.

On the 23d of November the sun for the first time in several days rises clear, and we are enabled to take a good observation of the surrounding country through a field glass. We sight for the first time the cypress timber which lines the western border of the Everglades, which is about fifteen miles from us. In our front and to the eastward, nothing meets our gaze but the same unbroken plain of saw grass. The load of the "Queen Anne" is divided among the other boats, which adds considerable to their weight, and after tying a couple of tin buckets to her masthead, we sorrowfully turn our backs and leave her solitary and alone in this vast saw grass marsh, her mast as a roosting place for birds, and her hull a house for alligators and snakes.

Numerous flocks of

DUCKS AND CURLEWS

fly over us on this day, consequently we are enabled to bag a few. The extra load we have put in our canoes compels every man to get overboard and put his shoulder to the boats and push them along. We still continue to find basins of water similar to those of the day before, and once in awhile a rivulet, which helps us on our way. The water still continues shallow, with hard bottom. We make our usual signal smoke, and get answers as on the previous day.

On the morning of Nov. 24 we start at day-dawn, hoping to make a good day's journey. We are very materially assisted on our way by several different creeks that we are lucky enough to strike. At 12 o'clock we enter a basin, and on its banks find about five feet square of

DRY GROUND,

the first we have seen since leaving Lake Okechobee. Several of the canoes are pulled up out of the water and examined. All are worn, some much worse than others. The canoe "Judson," which has had the hardest work to perform, being in front, has worn almost as thin as paper, and is leaking

badly. We are satisfied it can last but a few more days. If the remainder of the country between us and the Gulf continues the same as that we have already passed over, we will arrive without a single boat in condition to float. Knowing this, Capt. Hendry volunteers to take canoe "Judson," and, with the aid of one man, cut his way through to the western border, and from there go across the country to Fort Myers, from which place he will dispatch a larger boat to meet us at the head of Sharks River. The captain's offer is accepted, he being the only one of the party acquainted with the western shore and able to perform so difficult a task. We spend several hours on this night writing letters home for ourselves personally, and also for the colored men to their families.

All are up before daylight on Nov. 25, and preparations are made for an early start. Ten days' rations are placed in the canoe "Judson," and Madison Williams, one of our colored crew, is detailed to accompany Capt. Hendry. As the sun rises we all shake hands with the captain, wish him "bon voyage," and resume our course due south, while he goes west. It needs but the separation of a few yards to lose sight of each other in the tall grass surrounding us. Every hour or two we make a smoke, which is answered by the captain, as well as the Indians around us. We are thus enabled to see that the captain is making good progress. The men are almost entirely broken down, and the loss of our two companions seems to have a very dispiriting effect on the whole party. We go into camp early, having made a good day's journey of a mile and a half.

V.

We do not leave camp until very near 9 o'clock on the morning of Nov. 26. Men, boats and everything else are giving out. The clothing of the men are cut in shreds, their hands are lacerated by coming in contact with the saw-grass, and although each man started with two pairs of shoes, they are almost barefooted now. We are all about as

ROUGH AND RAGGED

a looking lot of men as ever were seen on the American continent, and if present hard work continues, and we should accidentally lose our blankets before we arrive on the sea coast, we will certainly present a very picturesque appearance in a "Georgia uniform," minus the shirt color and spurs, as we emerge from the wilderness. Our artist is the happy possessor of a pair of boots he can't wear, which boots we are now the owner of, having swapped our shoes for them, so we wear a contented smile, feeling satisfied that under

all circumstances, as chief of the expedition, we can always make quite a decent appearance with the aid of our india rubber coat and those boots. For some time after leaving camp, the water is shallow, hardly covering the men's feet, and at almost every step we expect to find what we have been dreading, dry ground over which we will be compelled to carry our boats, and at the same time break and cut our way through the saw-grass. At 10 o'clock we find a creek running south, which we follow for half a mile, and then resume our task of cutting through the saw-grass. The water is deeper, which is one consolation, and we are enabled to make two miles before dark. We kill several curlew and ducks as they fly over us in the evening, and consequently have broiled duck and curlew for supper. As we crawl into our canoes that evening we feel satisfied that our legs won't stand the work many more days, and that we will either have to trade off for a better pair, or mend the holes in the only thing in the shape of pants we have left, a pair of red flannel drawers.

We see every appearance of rain on the morning of Nov. 27, as we leave camp, but as we have water to float our boats we do not bother about the weather. Your correspondent's position in the expedition since the water has become so shallow as to prevent our riding in a canoe, has been walking in front of the boats, compass in hand, keeping our course and making the first opening in the grass. Our clothing has been cut in shreds, and to-day we are suffering so much from the cuts and scratches received that at 4 o'clock we are compelled to put another man in front and direct the course from our canoe, which is behind the lead boat, our provision batteau.

In sounding,

WE STRIKE ROCK

at a depth of seven feet from surface, which is the first we have struck since our journey began. This is a sure sign that we are approaching the Islands of the Everglades. We stop before sun-down, climb one of the masts of our boats, and with a field-glass discover an island lying about five miles southeast of our present course. We announce the fact to the men, who for almost three weeks have been watching, waiting and hoping for such good news, and when at last the glad tidings are told, no shipwrecked mariners coming for the first time in sight of land could have shown more joy than did the T.-D. expedition when the

FIRST ISLAND OF EVERGLADES

looms in sight. It is everything to us. It means rest for our broken-down crew, the opportunity of repairing and saving the boats, dry land to walk

We had intended remaining in camp during the whole of the 30th instant, but we all feel rested and have done all we can to repair our boats. The men are anxious to continue, so at 12 o'clock we bid farewell to T.-D. Island, shove off from shore, and for the first time in many days are able to use our oars. Many times during the day we come to the end of the water-course we are following, but by pulling the boats through the saw-grass a few yards we are able to go into another, the whole face of the country being a perfect network of such courses, the saw-grass between them being only a few yards through. We pass a number of islands, none over two acres in extent, and if any high land is upon them, not more than a few yards in the centre. Just before dark we reach a small island, on which we hope to find dry land and camp for the night. Find none, and so sleep in our canoes.

On Dec. 1 we have but little difficulty in getting along—water about three feet, with rocky bottom. Our course lies between numerous islands, all of which are under water. We see a number of ducks, but kill none. By sundown we reach Cabbage Island, on which we camp all night. We find the remains of several old camps on the island, it being a regular stopping place for the Indians on their journeys from their settlements in the Big Cyprus Swamp to Miami on the Atlantic coast. We find the island infested with snakes, so sleep in our canoes.

On Dec. 2 resume our journey. Find plenty of water for boats, so are enabled to row all day. At 11 o'clock we make a signal smoke and receive half a dozen answers from different directions, none nearer than about five miles. The Indians are all around us, and why some of them do not put in an appearance is a problem we are unable to solve, nor do we take time to make the attempt, as we are in a hurry to get out of that country, and in our hearts are perfectly willing to promise the Indians, or anybody else concerned, that if they will let us alone this time, like the little boy "we won't do so no more," so help us Bob. We reach an island that night, but we don't reach any dry land so camp in our boats.

On Dec. 3 start at day-dawn. The islands get thicker and timber on them larger. All are small, and every one we examine covered with water. By 12 o'clock we have made fifteen miles, burning the grass whenever we are able, hoping to get an answering smoke from the head of Sharks River, where we expect to find a boat and men awaiting us. We get answers from every direction except the right one. At 2 o'clock the rocks begin to crop out above the surface of the water, and we have to get out of the boats and

on, and wood to cook with. Tired as we are we sit up until a late hour that night, and for the first time in many days, we hear our crew singing their usual songs, and from canoe to canoe jokes are passed, anecdotes told, and all are merry and happy as a parcel of school boys.

No need to wake up the men on the morning of the 28th of November. Everybody gets up before daylight eager and anxious to get off. As soon as we are able to see the hands of our compass, we give the command "all overboard," and the men fairly lift the boats out of water in their anxiety to get to our haven of rest. We do not go more than half a mile before we find ourselves in a species of grassy waters, bounded on each side by a thick wall of saw grass. In other words a water course an hundred yards wide, with a thin species of marsh-grass covering it, the water about eighteen inches deep. It goes in the direction of our island, we have no trouble in propelling our boats so we get along rapidly, and soon are in plain sight of not only this particular island but many others beyond and on each side of it.

At 4 o'clock we find ourselves on the borders of the island which is about three acres in extent, covered with a growth of wild fig and custard-apple trees. The men soon cut away through the brush and trees until they reach the dry ground, which is about twenty feet square, covered with maiden cane. Temporary shelters are erected for the provisions, boats are unloaded, and each pulled out of the water. By dark the camp is pitched, supper is soon prepared, and shortly our tired party is getting such sleep as is possible under the circumstances.

On the morning of the 29th of November we have the canoes turned over and begin the work of cementing the cracks and putting on a coat of asphalt on their bottoms while the men sun the provisions. By 12 o'clock the main work is done, and all amuse themselves washing and mending their clothes, while others clean their guns and load cartridges for killing the game which in our imagination we are on the eve of finding in abundance. We climb to the top of the highest tree on the island, and get a good view of the surrounding country. We find that we are on the borders of the islands of the Glades, and the one on which we are now encamped is the most northern. To the east, west and south, as far as the eye can reach, we see hundreds of little islands, divided from each other by the grassy water already described, and saw-grass marsh.

lift them carefully a few feet at a time. Our canoes are thin, the rocks sharp and pointed, and the least carelessness on our part will put a hole through their bottom, without any means at our command of repairing damage. All the different water courses seem to have come together, or at least the saw-grass has disappeared to a great extent, and our course lies between innumerable islands as far as the eye can reach. We find dry land on one of the islands we reach at sundown, and camp all night.

On Dec. 4 we resume our journey. We still have to wade beside our boats, and all our strength is called for every ten or fifteen yards to lift the boats over the ledges of rock. At 11 o'clock we make a smoke and watch anxiously in our front for an answer. For awhile we look in vain, but suddenly to our joy

A THIN COLUMN OF SMOKE

shoots up above the tops of the intervening trees about six miles in our front, which from our maps and the course we have kept must be in the neighborhood of the mouth of Sharks River. Again and again it rises from the same place during the day, which convinces us plainer than words that it is our own men making signals to us. Dark comes on and against our will we are compelled to go into camp. We look for no island or dry ground, but where night overtakes us there we stop, and tired as we are, spend most of the night looking at our watch and wishing for daylight to resume our journey.

Before it is daylight on the morning of the 5th of December we are on our way. We have not more than four inches of water between our boats and the jagged rocks. Careful as we are, our boats are badly cut. At 11 o'clock we fire the grass, and immediately an answering smoke comes from the same spot in our front as on the previous day. This smoke we judge to be about five miles from us. All that men can do is done by our party on that day to reach our friends awaiting us, but at 4 o'clock we are still almost three miles from it. We are all worn out as the sun begins to go down, when we see approaching us through the marsh a man in a canoe, and in a second all fatigue is forgotten, as we hasten to meet him. When he gets near enough we recognize Mr. Christian, the one in whom we intrusted the task of going around the Gulf shore as far as

SHARKS RIVER,

to ascend that river to its source, and then encamp until our arrival, making signal smokes by day, and sending up rockets at night. When he gets in

speaking distance the first question we ask is, Where are we? He answers, "In two miles of the head-waters of Sharks River." All other things are of but minor importance to us then. Our programme has been carried out to the letter, and our task accomplished. Three cheers are given for Christian, who has so faithfully performed his part of the work, and never was a man's hand shaken with more fervor than was his, as all crowd around him answering and asking questions. We camped in our boats in the marsh that night.

We have killed all the snakes in sight, a good fire is burning, and, by the number of ducks and curlew which are roasting, broiling and frying, a person with a vivid imagination would not hesitate to say somebody intended having a good supper. We all unanimously agreed on landing to call this island T.-D., take possession of it in the name of the T.-D., and after taking a good look at our possessions, we are satisfied our right to ownership will never be questioned for at least a thousand years to come by any living being. Before it is dark the trees around us are covered with

THOUSANDS OF BIRDS,

consisting of curlews, cranes, water turkeys, buzzards, blackbirds and numerous others we never saw before. We shoot and shoot among them, killing hundreds, but they will return and punish us by keeping up a most terrible noise until daylight.

At daylight we are off; reach the head of Sharks River at 8 o'clock, descend that river for ten miles, take one of its numerous mouths and reach

WHITE WATER BAY

after dark, making thirty-five miles that day.

When we reached White Water Bay we had accomplished all we promised to do, and more than any man or men ever were able to do before. We are the first party of white men who ever penetrated the Northern Glades and the first who ever started from the southern shore of Lake Okeechobee and came out at the Gulf of Mexico without diverging a mile to the east or west from their due south course.

VI.

In conclusion I sum up my observations of the Everglades in a few words:

It is a vast marsh, interspersed with thousands of islands small in extent, and with few exceptions completely inundated, even at the time we explored

them, which was during a very dry season. On the islands that were out of water, there was but a few inches of soil covering the rocks. In my opinion their drainage is utterly impracticable, and even if it were practicable the reward for such an undertaking would be lands that could be utilized for no other purpose than as a grazing ground for stock. They are nothing more nor less than a vast and useless marsh, and such they will remain for all time to come, in all probability.

It would not be possible to build, or maintain if built, a telegraph line along the route traversed by us, which statement is made in reply to numerous inquiries as to the feasibility of such an enterprise.

A. P. Williams.

Contributors

MRS. RUBY LEACH CARSON, a founding member and director of the Association, contributed "Forty Years of Miami Beach" ten years ago. She is also a contributor of articles to *The Florida Historical Quarterly*, and author of *Fabulous Florida*.

DR. JAMES W. COVINGTON is a professor of history at the University of Tampa, and a frequent contributor of articles principally about Florida Indians, to the *Florida Anthropologist*, *The Florida Historical Quarterly*, and *Tequesta*. He has ready for publication a history of the Third Seminole War.

MRS. LAURA CONRAD PATTON (MRS. DAN O.) is a member of a pioneer Dade County family. Together with Dr. Thelma Peters, she assisted her mother Mrs. Mary Douthit Conrad, in the preparation of "Homesteading in Florida during the 1890's." *Tequesta* XVII (1957)

DR. JOE M. RICHARDSON is an assistant professor of history at Florida State University. His articles have appeared in the *Florida Historical Quarterly*, *The Journal of Negro Education*, *The Journal of Negro History*, and the *Tennessee Historical Quarterly*.

MRS. MARY K. WINTRINGHAM, now residing in California, was a graduate student at Louisiana State University when she prepared this item for publication. The work was directed by Dr. E. A. Davis, Chairman of the History Department at L.S.U., who also directed the editing of the account of the first *Times-Democrat* expedition published in *Tequesta* X (1950) and XI (1951).

LIST OF MEMBERS

EXPLANATORY NOTE: *The Association provides several classes of membership. "Sustaining" members who pay five dollars a year make up the basic membership. For those who wish to contribute more for the promotion of the Association's work the other classes of membership provide the opportunity, and the publication of their names in the proper category of membership is a means of recognition. "Patrons" pay ten dollars a year, "Donors" pay twenty-five dollars a year, "Contributors" pay fifty dollars a year, "Sponsors" pay one hundred dollars a year, and "Benefactors" pay two hundred and fifty or more dollars a year.*

*This printed roster is made up of the names of those persons and institutions that have paid dues in 1963, or in 1964 before September 30 when this material must go to the press. Those joining after this date in 1964 will have their names included in the 1965 roster. The symbol ** indicates founding member and the symbol * indicates charter member.*

Sustaining

- | | |
|---|--|
| Adams, Adam G., Coral Gables | Blackford, Frank, Miami |
| Agnew, Mrs. Margo, Miami | Blanton, Judge W. F., Miami |
| Albertson Public Library, Orlando | Blassingame, Wyatt, Anna Maria |
| Aldridge, Miss Daisy, Miami | Blauvelt, Mrs. Arthur M., Coral Gables |
| Alexander, David T., Miami | Bloomberg, Robert L., Miami |
| Alexander, John L., No. Miami Beach | Bose, John II, Miami |
| Allen, Charles E., Ft. Lauderdale | Bow, Mary M., Miami |
| Allen, Joe, Key West | Bowen, F. M., Miami |
| Allen, Stewart D., Miami | Bowman, Rt. Rev. Marion, O.S.B., St. Leo |
| Allison, Mrs. John D., Miami | Boyd, Dr. Mark F., Tallahassee* |
| Altland, Mrs. Patti, Big Pine Key | Bozeman, R. E., Washington, D.C. |
| American Museum of Natural History | Brisbine, Dawes, Miami |
| Anderson, Mrs. Nils E., Miami | Bromsen, Dr. Maury A., Boston, Mass. |
| Anderson, Robert H., Miami | Brook, John A., Jr., Miami |
| Ann, Sister Elizabeth, O.P., Miami | Brookfield, Charles M., Miami* |
| Ansbaugh, Mrs. Fay X., Ft. Lauderdale | Brooks, J. F., Key West |
| Arbogast, Keith, Miami | Brooks, J. R., Homestead |
| Archer, Marjorie Leach, Homestead | Brooks, Marvin J., Miami |
| Arnold, Mrs. Roger W., Miami | Brown, Clark, Jr., Arcadia |
| Ashbaucher, Lorin F., Miami | Brown, Daniel M., Jr., Miami |
| Atkins, C. Clyde, Miami | Brown, T. O., Frostproof |
| Avery, George N., Big Pine Key | Brown University Library, Providence, R.I. |
| Axelson, Ivar, Miami | Bryant, Mrs. Ruby, Miami |
| Barker, Mrs. Edwin J., Miami | Buchheister, Carl W., New York, N.Y. |
| Bartow Public Library | Bullen, Ripley P., Gainesville |
| Bassett, Rex, Jr., Ft. Lauderdale | Burgess, Harry W., Miami |
| Baxter, John M., Miami* | Burghard, August, Ft. Lauderdale |
| Beal, K. Malcolm, Miami* | Burkett, Mrs. C. W. Jr., Miami Beach |
| Belden, E. N. Jr., Coral Gables | Burns, Edward B., Orlando |
| Berry, Mrs. Richard S., Miami | Burton, Mrs. Robert A., Miami* |
| Bevis, William H., Ft. Meade | Bush, Mrs. F. C., Coral Gables* |
| Beyer, Dr. R. C., Miami | Bush, James D., Jr., Miami |
| Bills, Mrs. John T., Miami | Bush, Lewis M., So. Miami |
| Bingham, Mrs. Millicent T., Wash., D.C. | Busse, Raymond J., Miami |
| Bishop, Edwin G., Miami | Byrd, Mrs. J. Wade, Miami |

- Cahill, J. F., Wonder Lake, Ill.
 Caldwell, Thomas P., Coral Gables**
 Caldwell, Mrs. Thomas P., Coral Gables*
 Campbell, Park H., So. Miami*
 Capron, Louis, West Palm Beach
 Carnine, Miss Helen M., Coral Gables
 Carreras, Juan I., Miami
 Carson, Mrs. Ruby Leach, Miami**
 Cartee, Mrs. Horace L., Coral Gables
 Carter, Mrs. George deLain, Coral Gables
 Carter, Kenneth W., Grosse Point Woods,
 Michigan
 Catlow, Mrs. Wm. R., Jr., Plainfield, N.J.*
 Central Florida Museum, Orlando
 Chance, Michael, Naples
 Charlton, Mrs. Elva B., Coral Gables
 Clarke, Mary H., Coral Gables
 Close, Kenneth, Coral Gables
 Cole, R. B., Miami
 Collot, Harry A., Miami
 Comerford, Miss Nora A., Coral Gables
 Conesa, Miss Lillian, Miami
 Connolly, Wm. D., Jr., Miami
 Cook, John B., Miami
 Coral Gables High School
 Coral Gables Public Library*
 Corley, Miss Pauline, Miami**
 Coslow, George R., Miami
 Covington, Dr. James W., Tampa
 Craton, Michael, Hamilton, Canada
 Creel, Joe, Miami
 Criswell, Col. G. C., St. Petersburg Beach
 Culpepper, Mrs. Kay M., Miami
 Cummings, Rev. Geo. W., Venice
 Cummings, Sadie B., Miami Beach
 Cushman School, The, Miami*
 Darrow, Miss Dorothy, Coral Gables
 Davis, Bernard, Miami
 Davis, Sidney, Ft. Myers
 De Boe, Mrs. Mizpah O., Coral Gables
 Deedmeyer, Mrs. George J., Miami
 De Lamorton, Fred, Tampa
 Dewhurst, John F., Hialeah
 DiIullo, Mrs. Luedith, Downey, Calif.
 Dismukes, Dr. Wm. Paul, Coral Gables*
 Dodd, Miss Dorothy, Tallahassee*
 Dorothy, Mrs. Caroline, Coral Gables*
 Dressler, Philip, Ft. Lauderdale
 DuBois, Mrs. J. R., Jupiter
 Dunaway, Mrs. Carl E., Miami*
 Duncan, Marvin L., Miami
 DuPree, Mrs. Thomas O., Coral Gables
 Edmonds, W. R., Islamorada
 Elder, Dr. S. F., Miami*
 Emerson, William C., M.D., Rome, N.Y.
 Everglades Natural History Assoc.,
 Homestead
 Fenn, Abbott T., Fitchburg, Mass.
 Fite, Robert H., Miami
 Fitzgerald, Dr. Joseph H., Miami
 Fitzgerald, Willard L., Jr. Coral Gables
 Fitzpatrick, Monsignor John J., Miami
 Fix, John, Miami
 Fix, Mrs. Virginia H., Miami
 Flemming, Bryan, Miami
 Florida Southern College, Lakeland
 Florida State Library, Tallahassee
 Flynn, Stephen J., Coral Gables
 Forcier, M. J., Pompano Beach
 Fortner, Ed, Ocala
 Foss, George B., Jr., St. Petersburg
 Freeland, Mrs. Wm. L., Miami**
 Freeling, J. S., Miami
 Freeling, Mrs. J. S., Miami
 Freeman, Mrs. Ethel C., Morristown, N.J.
 Freeman, Harley L., Ormond Beach
 Fullerton, R. C., Coral Gables
 Fuzzard, Miss Jessie M., Miami*
 Gannaway, Mrs. K. C., Miami
 Gardner, Mrs. Rigby, Miami
 Geltner, Barry M., Miami
 Getz, Irving, Miami
 Gilbert, Mrs. Glen A., Hialeah
 Gocking, Anthony, Golden Beach
 Godfrey, Clyde, Miami
 Goza, William M., Clearwater
 Gramling, J. C., Jr., Miami
 Greenleaf, John W., Jr., Miami
 Griggs, Mrs. Nelson W., Miami Shores
 Griswold, Oliver, Miami
 Halgrim, Robert C., Ft. Myers
 Hall, Willis E., Coral Gables
 Halstead, W. L., Miami
 Hampton, Mrs. John, Sparks, Md.*
 Hancock, Mrs. J. T., Okeechobee
 Handler, Frances C., Miami Beach
 Handler, Cmdr. Frank S., Miami Beach
 Hansell, Paul, Miami
 Harding, Col. Read B., Ret., Arcadia
 Harlee, J. William, Miami
 Harlow, Mrs. Frank E., Coral Gables
 Harlow, Rev. Frank E., Coral Gables
 Harrington, Frederick H., Hialeah
 Hart, Mrs. Reginald, Coral Gables
 Hartnett, Fred B., Coral Gables*
 Harvey, C. B., Key West
 Havee, Justin P., Miami*
 Havee, Mrs. Kathryn, Miami
 Hendry, Judge Norman, Miami
 Herin, Thomas D., Miami
 Herin, Judge William A., Miami*
 Higbie, William S., Miami Shores
 Higgins, Mrs. Donald E., Cotuit, Mass.
 Hills, Lee, Miami
 Hillsborough Co. Historical Comm., Tampa
 Historical Society of Ft. Lauderdale

- Hodsden, Mrs. Harry, Miami
 Holcomb, Lyle D., Miami
 Holcomb, Lyle D., Jr., Miami
 Holland, Martin J., N. Miami Beach
 Holloway, Mrs. June, Miami
 Holmdale, Mrs. A. G., Miami
 Houck, Mrs. John W., Key West
 Hubbell, Willard, Miami
 Hudson, Mike Belk, Miami Beach
 Hughes, Russell V., Sarasota
 Huntington, Henry E., Library and
 Art Gallery, San Marino, Calif.
 Hurley, Lawrence J., Miami
 Irwin, Mrs. John P., Coral Gables
 Jacksonville Free Public Library
 Jacobstein, Mrs. Helen L., Coral Gables
 James, William, Miami
 Jenkins, Wesley E., Miami
 Jewell, Warren, Miami
 Jones, Mrs. L. A., Miami*
 Jones, Mrs. Mary A., Miami
 Jones, William M., Miami
 Judson, Charles B., Miami
 Kane, Robert O., Miami
 Kasper, Dr. A. F., Miami
 Kemper, G. K., Coral Gables
 Kent, Selden G., Miami
 Kenyon, Alfred, Ft. Lauderdale
 Kettle, C. Edward, Miami
 Kiem, Edgar C., Miami
 King, Dr. C. Harold, Miami
 King, Sidney, Surfside
 Kirk, C., Ft. Lauderdale
 Kitchen, Mrs. Karl K., Miami
 Kley, Marian T., Miami
 Knight, Telfair, Coral Gables
 Knott, Judge James R., W. Palm Beach
 Knowles, Mrs. J. H., Miami
 Kofoed, Jack, Miami
 Kohl, Mrs. Lavenia B., Montclair, N.J.
 Lafferty, R. S., Jr., Miami
 Lake Worth Public Library
 Lemon City Library and
 Improvement Assoc., Miami
 Lewallen, Alfred J., Miami
 Lewis, Miss Carlotta, Coral Gables
 Leyden, Mrs. Charles S., Coral Gables
 Limmiatis, Ernest, Miami
 Lindsley, A. R., Miami Beach
 Littlefield, Miss Helena, So. Miami
 Lyell, Dr. Robert O., Miami
 Lyell, Mrs. Robert O., Miami
 Lynch, Sylvester J., Sarasota*
 McClelland, Richard, Miami
 McDonald, Mrs. John M., Miami Beach
 McKay, John G., Jr., Coral Gables
 McLin, C. H., Coral Gables
 McNeill, Robert E., Jr., New York, N.Y.
 MacDonald, Miss Barbara, Miami
 MacDonald, Miss Betty, Miami
 MacDonald, Duncan, Miami*
 Mangels, Henry E., Jr., Miami
 Manley, Miss Marion I., Miami
 Manning, Mrs. W. S., Jacksonville
 Marchman, Watt P., Fremont, Ohio*
 Marks, Henry S., University, Ala.
 Martin, John M., Sr., Coral Gables
 Martin, Mrs. Kirby A., New York, N.Y.
 Martin, Melbourne L., Coral Gables
 Martin, Mrs. Paul C., Miami
 Martin County Historical Society, Stuart
 Mason, Mrs. Joe J., Miami
 Mason, Paul C., Hialeah
 Mason, Dr. Walter Scott Jr., So. Miami*
 Masterson, Wm. P., Coral Gables
 May, Bruce M., Miami Beach
 May, Philip S., Jacksonville
 Merrill, Ron, Hialeah
 Merritt, Robert M., Miami
 Miami Dade Junior College Library
 Miami Edison Senior Library
 Miami Public Library*
 Miami Senior High School Library
 Miami Springs Library
 Mickler, Mrs. Thomas, Chuluota
 Mileo Photo Supply, Inc., Coral Gables
 Miller, Raymond M., Miami*
 Mills, Charles A., Jr., Miami
 Minear, Mrs. L. V., Jupiter
 Minshew, Rev. A. P., Ft. Myers
 Mission of Nombre de Dios, St. Augustine
 Mitchell, Leeds, Jr., Coral Gables
 Monk, J. Floyd, Miami
 Monroe County Public Library, Key West
 Morgan, Stewart M., Jr., St. Thomas, V.I.
 Moseley, Guyon E., Miami Shores
 Moulds, Andrew J., Coral Gables
 Moulds, Mrs. Andrew J., Coral Gables
 Muir, William W., Miami
 Muller, Dr. Leonard R., Miami*
 Munroe, Wirth M., Miami*
 Nelson, Mrs. Erle B., Miami
 Newberry Library, Chicago, Ill.
 Nordt, Mrs. John C., Miami
 North Miami High School Library
 O'Brien, Mrs. Flora E., Miami
 Old Island Restoration Foundation, Inc.,
 Key West
 Pace, Mrs. Johnson H., Miami*
 Pace, Rev. Johnson H., Jr., Jacksonville
 Padgett, Inman, Coral Gables
 Page-Krofinger, M. Christy, Miami
 Palm Beach County Historical Society
 Pancoast, Lester C., Miami
 Pardo, Mrs. Ramiro V., Miami
 Parker, Alfred B., Miami

- Parker, Theo. R., Freeport, Grand Bahama
 Parmelee, Dean, Miami
 Patton, Mrs. Dan O., Miami
 Pedersen, George C., Perrine
 Peirce, Gertrude C., Miami
 Pendleton, Robert S., Ft. Lauderdale
 Perrine, William, Hialeah
 Peters, Mrs. Thelma, Miami*
 Platt, T. Beach, Miami
 Porter, Jack E., Mt. Prospect, Ill.
 Powell, Mrs. Robert A., Miami
 Prah, William, Miami
 Prevatt, Preston G., Miami
 Price, Gaylord Leland, Miami
 Prior, Leon O., Miami
 Proby, Mrs. Kathryn H., Miami
 Quigley, Ellen N., Miami Beach
 Rasmussen, Dr. Edwin L., Ft. Myers**
 Reed, Miss Elizabeth Ann, Delray Beach
 Reeder, James G., Miami Shores
 Reynolds, Mrs. Caroline P., Coral Gables
 Reynolds, Stan J., Miami
 Rhodes, Mrs. W. H., Miami
 Rigby, Ernest E., Miami
 Rivett, Lois C., Miami
 Riviera Beach Library
 Robb, Louis M., Miami Beach
 Rollins College Library, Winter Park
 Ross, Mrs. Richard F., Boca Raton
 Santanello, M. C., Kendall
 Sapp, Alfred E., Miami
 Saunders, Dr. Lewis M., Miami
 Sawyer, Clifton A., Warwick, R.I.
 Schilling, Louis C., Miami
 Schooley, Harry, Ft. Myers
 Schubert, Wenzel J., Miami
 Seley, Ray B., Jr., Miami
 Sellati, Kenneth N. G., Kendall
 Sessa, Dr. Frank B., Miami
 Sevelius, E. A., Miami
 Shappee, Dr. Nathan D., Miami
 Shaw, G. N., Miami
 Shaw, Miss Luella, Miami*
 Simmonite, Henry G., Coral Gables
 Simmons, Glen, Homestead
 Simonsen, J. B., Miami
 Sisters of St. Joseph, St. Augustine
 Skill, Pearl T., Homestead
 Slaught, Dr. Frank G., Jacksonville
 Smiley, Mrs. Nora K., Key West
 Smith, Gilbert B., Coral Gables
 Smith, McGregor, Jr., Miami
 Snodgrass, Miss Dena, Jacksonville
 Southern Illinois University Libraries,
 Carbondale
 South Miami Public Library
 Southwest Miami High Library
 Sparks, Mrs. Charles, Fortville, Ind.
 Spelman, Henry M., III, Boston, Mass.
 State Historical Soc. of Wisconsin
 State University of Iowa Libraries
 Steck, Jack, Miami
 Stedman, Carling H., Miami
 Stetson, John B. Univ. Library, Deland
 Stranahan, Mrs. Frank, Ft. Lauderdale*
 Stripling Insurance Agency, Hialeah
 Stuart, Mrs. Jack F., Miami
 Sumner, Ralph M., Wauchula
 Swanson, Ralph, Miami
 Talley, Howard J., Miami
 Tampa Public Library
 Teachers' Professional Library, Miami
 Tebeau, Dr. Charlton W., Coral Gables*
 Tebeau, Mrs. Violet H., Coral Gables
 Ten Eick, Mrs. M. Nunez, Tampa*
 Tennessee State Library and Archives
 Tharp, Dr. Charles Doren, So. Miami*
 Thomas, D. Vaughn, Miami
 Thompson, Fran, Miami
 Thompson, John W., Coral Gables
 Thompson, T. Roger, Miami
 Thornton, Mrs. Edmund A., Miami
 Thrift, Dr. Charles T., Jr., Lakeland
 Tibbetts, Alden M., Miami
 Tietze, Robert A., Coral Gables
 Tietze, Mrs. Robert A., Coral Gables
 Tio, Aurelio, Surtance, P.R.
 Tottenhoff, John P., Miami
 Turner, Vernon W., Homestead
 Tussey, Mrs. Ethel W., Miami
 Tuttle, Dorothy B., Miami
 Tuttle, Leonard M., Miami
 Tuttle, M. Glenn, Miami
 Ullman, John, Jr., Ft. Lauderdale
 University of Florida Library
 University of Miami Library
 University of South Florida Library
 University of Tampa Library
 University of Tennessee Library
 Vildostegui, Matias M., Coral Gables
 Wainwright, Mrs. Alice, Miami
 Wallace, Lew, Jr., Miami
 Walsh, Mrs. Charles H., Winter Haven
 Waranch, Joseph, Baltimore, Md.
 Warner, Miss Elmina, Miami
 Warner, William C., Miami
 Warner, Mrs. William C., Miami
 Warwick, G. E., Coral Gables
 Washington, James G., Miami
 Waters, Fred M., Jr., Coral Gables
 Watson, C. J., Miami
 Weintraub, Mrs. Sydney, Miami
 Wellman, Wayne E., Miami
 Wenner, Henry S., Jr., Miami

- Wentworth, T. T., Jr., Pensacola
West Indies Reference Library,
Kingston, Jamaica, B.W.I.
Wetterer, Miss Mary T., Bal Harbour
Wheeler, B. B., Lake Placid
White, Richard M., Miami
White, Robert R., Miami
Whitmer, Dr. Kenneth S., Miami
Whyte, A. N., Coral Gables
Wight, William S., Coral Gables
Williams, Dr. H. Franklin, Coral Gables*
Williams, John B., Miami
Wilson, Albert B., Miami
Wilson, Gaines R., Miami**
- Wilson, Mrs. Gaines R., Miami
Wilson, George M., Coral Gables
Wilson, Peyton L., Miami*
Wilson, Miss Virginia, Miami
Wimbish, Paul C., Miami Beach
Withers, James G., Coral Gables
Withers, Wayne E., Coral Gables
Witmer, Penn C., Miami
Wolf, Fred, Sr., Hallandale
Wolfe, Thomas L., Miami
Woodman, Jim, Key Biscayne
Woore, A. Meredith, Miami*
Wright, Mrs. Victor A., Miami Shores
Wylie, W. Gill, Jr., Palm Beach

Patron

- Adams, Wilton L., Coral Gables
Ansley, J. A., Ft. Myers
Anthony, Roscoe T., Palm Beach
Archer, Ben, Homestead
Atmus, Rudolph E., E. Longmeadow, Mass.
Ayars, Erling E., Miami
Baber, Adin, Kansas, Ill.*
Bailey, Mrs. Ernest H., Coral Gables
Baker, Charles H., Jr., Miami*
Barge, Dr. Hubert A., Miami
Barry, Msgr. William, P.A., Miami Beach
Barton, Alfred I., Surfside
Baskin, M. A., Coral Gables
Beardsley, Jim E., Clewiston
Beare, Mrs. Richard, Miami
Beckham, W. H., Jr., Coral Gables
Bellous, C. M., Sr., Opa-Locka
Bergstrom, William C., Miami
Bischoff, William D., Miami
Blackburn, Elmer E., Miami
Blumberg, David, Coral Gables
Bradfield, E. S., Miami Beach**
Brannen, H. S., Miami Springs
Brody, Mrs. Margaret E., Key Biscayne
Brunstetter, Roscoe, Coral Gables
Buhler, Mrs. J. E., Miami
Bush, R. S., Miami
Butts, Mrs. Halleck A., Miami
Cameron, D. Pierre G., Miami
Campbell, Terence G., Miami Beach
Chase, Randall, 2nd, Sanford
Clark, George T., Miami
Coconut Grove Library
Combs, Walter H., Jr., Miami*
Combs, Mrs. Walter H., Sr., Miami*
Corliss, C. J., Miami Shores
Cotton, E. L., Miami
Cowell, Edward H., M.D., Coral Gables
- Craighead, Dr. F. C., Homestead
Crane, Mrs. Francis V., Marathon
Crow, Mrs. Lon Worth, Miami*
Cumbie, Edward E., Homestead
Davis, Hal D., Coral Gables
Dee, William V., Miami*
De Nies, Charles F., Hudson, Mich.
DuPuis, John G., Jr., Miami
Dykes, Robert J., Miami
Embry, Tally H., Miami
Fascell, Dante B., Coral Gables
Feibelman, Herbert U., Miami
Ferendino, Andrew J., Miami
Field, Dr. Henry, Miami
Florence, Robert S., Miami
Freeman, Edison S., Miami
Frohock, Mrs. Jack, No. Miami
Fuchs, Richard W., Florida City
Fuller, Walter P., Clearwater
Gardner, Jack R., Miami
Gardner, Mrs. R. C., Miami*
Gates, Hiram W., Miami
Gibson, Henry C., Jenkintown, Pa.
Gibson, Mrs. Walter C., Miami*
Gifford, Mrs. John C., Miami*
Gingery, Mrs. C. Louis, Miami
Glorie, Rev. John W., Miami
Goldweber, S., Perrine
Graham, Ernest R., Hialeah
Graham, William A., Miami Lakes
Green, Herschel V., Coral Gables
Griffen, F. S., Miami
Guilmartin, James L., Miami
Haas, C. T., Miami Beach
Hancock, E. M., Miami Beach
Hanks, Bryan, Ft. Worth, Texas*
Harris, Miss Julia Fillmore, Stuart*
Harvard College Library

- Hawkins, Roy H., Miami
 Haycock, Ira C., Miami
 Head-Beckham Insurance Agency, Inc.,
 Miami
 Hellier, Walter R., Ft. Pierce
 Herren, Norman A., Everglades
 Hogan, Francis L., Miami
 Holland, Hon. Spessard L.*
 Hopkins, Dr. Oliver B., Miami
 Houser, Roosevelt C., Miami
 Hudson, Senator F. M., Miami**
 Hughes, Mrs. Edomon A., Coral Gables
 Humphreys, Mrs. D. M., Ft. Lauderdale
 Irwin, Frank, Jr., So. Miami
 Jamaica Inn, Key Biscayne
 Johnston, Thos. McE., Miami
 Jones, Archie L., Miami
 Joseph, Stanley C., Homestead
 Kendall, Harold E., Goulds
 Kent, Mrs. Frederick A., Miami
 Kerr, James B., Ft. Lauderdale*
 Key West Art & Historical Soc.
 Kistler, The C. W. Company, Miami
 Krome, Mrs. Wm. J., Homestead*
 Leon County Public Library, Tallahassee
 Lindgren, Mrs. M. E., Miami
 Lipp, Morris N., Miami Beach
 Longshore, Frank, Miami
 McCarthy, Don L., Nassau, Bahamas
 McKey, Robert M., Miami
 McKibben, Dr. William W., Coral Gables
 McSwain, Dr. Gordon H., Arcadia
 MacDonald, C. A., Surfside
 MacNeill, Malcolm G., Miami
 Mangels, Dr. Celia C., Miami Shores
 Mayes, Mrs. C. R., Jr., Pompano Beach
 Mead, D. Richard, Miami
 Meisel, Max, Miami Beach
 Melrose, Mary Jane, Miami
 Merrick, Mrs. Eunice P., Coral Gables*
 Mershon, M. L., Miami
 Miami Beach Public Library
 Modisette, Col. Welton M., Coral Gables
 Molt, Fawdrey, Key Biscayne
 Montague, Mrs. Margaret N., No. Miami
 Morison, Horace, Boston, Mass.
 Moseley, Albert B., Daytona Beach
 Mudd, Dr. Richard D., Saginaw, Mich.
 Nettleton, Danforth H., Miami
 Newman, Leonard R., Miami Beach
 Newton, Jessie Porter, Miami
 Norris, Hardgrove, Miami
 Oglesby, R. M., Bartow
 Otto, Mrs. Thomas O., Miami Beach
 Peck, C. C., Coral Gables
 Paget, Richard L., Miami
 Pancoast, Russell T., Miami
 Pearce, Mrs. Dixon, Miami
 Pendergast, Mrs. Eleanor L., Miami*
 Pepper, Senator Claude, Miami
 Pepper, Frank J., Jr., Miami
 Philbrick, W. L., Miami
 Philpitt, Marshall S., Jr., Coral Gables
 Pierce, C. L., Ft. Lauderdale
 Pitt, Gerard, Miami*
 Plowden, Gene, Miami
 Polk County Historical Library, Bartow
 Preston, J. E. Ted., Miami
 Raap, Dr. Gerard, Miami
 Rader, Earle M., Miami
 Reynolds, C. K., Jr., Miami Beach
 Richmond, Charles M., Miami
 Roberts, R. B., Jr., Miami
 Rosner, George W., Coral Gables*
 Saye, Roland A., Jr., Miami Beach
 Schultz, Donald A., Miami
 Shank, H. W., Coral Gables
 Shaw, Henry O., Miami
 Smith, Charles H., Miami
 Smith, McGregor, Miami
 Snyder, Dr. Clifford C., Coral Gables
 Sokola, Anton, Miami
 Spaulding, Mrs. E. E., Miami
 Spence, Sam, Miami
 Spinks, Mrs. Elizabeth J., Miami*
 Stanford, Dr. Henry King, Miami
 St. Augustine Historical Society
 Steel, William C., Miami
 Stiles, Wade, South Miami**
 Straight, Dr. William M., Miami
 Sumwalt, G. Robert, New York, N.Y.
 Sutton, Myron D., Alexandria, Va.
 Teboe, Ray M., Miami
 Thomas, Arden H., So. Miami
 Town, Miss Eleanor F., Coral Gables
 Towne, Robert R., Delray Beach
 Tritton, Mrs. James, Opa Locka
 Tuttle, Harry E., Miami
 University of Pennsylvania Library
 Vance, Mrs. Herbert O., Coral Gables*
 Vanderpool, Fred W., Miami*
 Van Orsdel, C. D., Coral Gables
 Walker, Mrs. Catharine C., Miami
 West Palm Beach Public Library
 White, Dorothy, Miami Beach
 Whitten, George E., Miami Beach
 Wilson, Irving A., No. Miami Beach
 Wipprecht, Mrs. Marion H., Coral Gables
 Wolfe, Miss Rosalie L., Miami
 Wooten, William H., No. Miami
 Zim, Mrs. Sonia Bleeker, Tavernier
 Zimmerman, Percy, Miami

Donor

Ashe, Mrs. Bowman F., Coral Gables
 Baggs, William C., Miami
 Bliss, Alonzo O., Miami
 Brown, William J., Miami
 Buker, Charles E., Sr., Coral Gables
 Burdine, William M., Miami
 Caster, George B., Coral Gables
 Clinch, Duncan L., Miami
 Coachman, Mrs. Minette K., Miami
 Coachman, Richard A., Miami
 Cooper, George H., Princeton
 Crain, Robert L., Miami
 Dickey, Dr. Robert F., Miami
 Dohrman, Howard I., Miami
 Emerson, Hugh P., Miami
 Evans, Dr. Raymond L., Coral Gables
 Gardner, Dick B., Miami
 Gearhart, Ernest G., Jr., Miami
 Gegenschatz, E. R., Miami
 Giffin, John S., Miami
 Goldstein, Charles, Miami
 Helliwell, Paul L. E., Miami
 Highleyman, Daly, Miami
 Hildreth, Robert R., Coral Gables
 Holland, Judge John W., Coral Gables*
 Holmer, Carl, Jr., Miami
 Howard, Lee, Miami Beach
 Jaudon, Mrs. James F., Miami*
 Kislak, Jay I., Miami
 Knight, John S., Miami
 Leffler, Miss Cornelia, Miami**
 Light, George H., Miami
 Lloyd, J. Harlan, Miami
 Leoning, Grover, Key Biscayne
 Lummus, J. N., Jr., Miami
 Mallory, Philip R., New York
 Martyn, Charles P., Jupiter
 Mosley, Zack, Stuart
 Nassau Daily Tribune, Nassau, Bahamas
 Parker Art Printing Assoc., Coral Gables
 Peairs, Mrs. Roberta, Coral Gables
 Poyer, Charles E., Miami Beach
 Read, Emerson B., Coral Gables
 Ross, Donald, Benton Harbor, Mich.
 Schilling, I. E., Miami
 Scott, Paul R., Miami
 Shipe, Paul E., Coral Gables
 Taylor, Henry H., Jr., Coral Gables
 Thomas, Wayne, Tampa
 Thord-Gray, General I., Coral Gables
 Underwood, Edwin H., Jr., Miami
 Wallace, George R., Miami Beach
 West, William M., Miami
 White, Mrs. Louise V., Key West
 Will, Lawrence E., Belle Glade
 Wilson, D. Earl, Miami**
 Wilson, J. I., Miami
 Wolfson, Col. Mitchell, Miami

Contributor

Fee, David M., Fort Pierce
 Keyes, Kenneth S., Miami*
 Richards, Lewis C., Hollywood
 John E. Withers Transfer & Storage Co.,
 Miami
 Withers Van Lines of Miami, Inc., Miami

Sponsor

Geiger, Mrs. August, Miami Beach*
 Gondas Corporation, Miami
 Link, Edwin A., Binghamton, N.Y.
 Mook, Mrs. Roger G., Rye, N.Y.
 Peninsular Armature Works, Miami
 Richards, Miami
 Southern Bell Tel. & Tel. Co., Miami

Benefactor

Crane, Mrs. Raymond E., Miami Beach
 Florida Power & Light Co., Miami
 Pan American World Airways, Miami
 The Baron deHirsch Meyer Foundation,
 Miami Beach
 University of Miami, Coral Gables

T E Q U E S T A

HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION OF SOUTHERN FLORIDA, INC.

FOUNDED 1940—INCORPORATED 1941

Roland A. Saye, Jr.
President

Charlton W. Tebeau
First Vice-President
Editor of Tequesta

E. R. Gegenschatz
Second Vice-President

Justin P. Havee
Executive Secretary

Miss Virginia Wilson
Recording and
Corresponding Secretary

W. Charles Becker, C.P.A.
Treasurer

David T. Alexander
Museum Director

DISTRICT VICE-PRESIDENTS

Karl A. Bickel
Sarasota

Dr. James W. Covington
Tampa

David M. Fee
Fort Pierce

Mrs. James T. Hancock
Okeechobee

Norman A. Herren
Naples

Judge James R. Knott
West Palm Beach

Dr. Charles T. Thrift, Jr.
Lakeland

Mrs. Louise V. White
Key West

DIRECTORS

Ben Archer
August Burghard
Mrs. Ruby Leach Carson
Carlton J. Corliss
Robert L. Crain
Robert J. Dykes
Mrs. William L. Freeland
William A. Graham
Lee Howard
John M. Martin
Miss Mary Jane Melrose

Wirth M. Munroe
Gene Plowden
Charles Edison Poyer
Gaylord L. Price
Henry King Stanford
Mrs. Frank Stranahan
Mrs. Harry E. Tuttle
Mrs. Herbert O. Vance
Gaines R. Wilson
Wayne E. Withers

ADVISORY BOARD

George H. Cooper
Hugh P. Emerson

Kenneth S. Keyes
Jay F. W. Pearson

T E Q U E S T A

103

STATEMENT OF CASH RECEIPTS AND DISBURSEMENTS
FOR THE FISCAL YEAR ENDED: AUGUST 31st, 1964

HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION OF SOUTHERN FLORIDA
MIAMI, FLORIDA

CASH ON HAND — SEPTEMBER 1, 1963 -----\$11,772.62

RECEIPTS

Dues -----	\$ 7,080.00
Contributions to Museum Fund -----	5,381.00
Interest on Savings Account -----	293.10
Dividend on Securities -----	123.39
Sale of Prior "Tequestas" -----	75.00
Sale of Other Publications -----	778.85
Marker Fund Income -----	175.00
Museum Admissions -----	77.50
Parry Railroad Collections -----	742.12
Other Income -----	<u>307.28</u>

TOTAL RECEIPTS -----15,033.24

TOTAL CASH AVAILABLE -----\$26,805.86

DISBURSEMENTS

Salaries -----	\$ 5,039.63
Office Supplies and Printing -----	457.60
"Tequestas" Publication Costs -----	395.50
Newsletter Publication Costs -----	755.96
Meetings Expense -----	361.36
Audio-Visual Expense -----	60.48
Library -----	80.93
Marker Fund Expense -----	193.41
Purchase of Books for Resale -----	425.23
Executive Secretary's Expense -----	37.50
Miscellaneous Expense -----	686.53
Buildings and Grounds — Expense and Maint. -----	3,564.17
Interest on Mortgage -----	1,223.32
Insurance -----	322.42
Payroll Taxes -----	169.10
Mortgage Principal -----	3,401.68
Furnishings and Fixtures -----	82.50
Building Improvements -----	<u>276.90</u>

TOTAL DISBURSEMENTS -----\$17,534.22

CASH ON HAND—AUGUST 31, 1964 -----\$ 9,271.64

PREPARED FROM BOOKS AND RECORDS WITHOUT AUDIT

T E Q U E S T A

COMPARATIVE STATEMENT OF ASSOCIATION EQUITY
AS OF AUGUST 31, 1964 AND 1963HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION OF SOUTHERN FLORIDA
MIAMI, FLORIDA

	<u>Aug. 31, 1964</u>	<u>Aug. 31, 1963</u>
CASH		
First National Bank of Miami:		
Checking Account -----	\$ 1,080.63	\$ 2,899.71
Savings Account -----	8,091.01	8,797.91
Petty Cash -----	100.00	75.00
TOTAL CASH -----	\$ 9,271.64	\$11,772.62
SECURITIES (At Market Value)		
Standard Oil of New Jersey — 8 shares -----	\$ 1,530.00	\$ 1,287.00
Continental Casualty Co. — 12 shares -----	924.00	942.00
Hooker Chemical Co. — 33 shares -----	1,435.50	1,287.00
Eastman Kodak Co. — 6 shares -----	769.50	660.00
TOTAL SECURITIES -----	\$ 4,659.00	\$ 4,176.00
OTHER ASSETS		
Tequestas on Hand (Estimated) -----	\$ 1,155.00	\$ 1,155.00
Non-Association Publications -----	367.38	446.93
Utility Deposits -----	50.00	50.00
TOTAL OTHER ASSETS -----	\$ 1,572.38	\$ 1,651.93
FIXED ASSETS (At Cost with no Provision for Depreciation)		
Museum:		
Land -----	\$15,000.00	\$15,000.00
Building -----	25,749.44	25,749.44
Building Improvements -----	8,956.00	8,679.10
Furnishings and Equipment -----	1,560.68	1,478.18
TOTAL -----	\$51,266.12	\$50,906.72
Less: Balance Due on Mortgage -----	18,138.03	21,539.71
Net Equity in Museum -----	\$33,128.09	\$29,367.01
Audio-Visual Equipment -----	1,240.61	1,240.61
TOTAL FIXED ASSETS -----	\$34,368.70	\$30,607.62
TOTAL ASSETS -----	\$49,871.72	\$48,208.17
LIABILITIES		
Employee Withholding Taxes -----	142.29	81.92
ASSOCIATION EQUITY -----	\$49,729.43	\$48,126.25

PREPARED FROM BOOKS AND RECORDS WITHOUT AUDIT