

# Tequesta

THE JOURNAL OF THE HISTORICAL  
ASSOCIATION OF SOUTHERN FLORIDA

Editor: Charlton W. Tebeau

---

NUMBER XXXI

1971

---

## CONTENTS

	PAGE
The Coconut Grove School <i>By Gertrude M. Kent</i>	3
The Wreck of <i>The Three Sisters</i> <i>By Arva M. Parks</i>	19
Marco, Florida, in 1925 <i>By Mary S. Lundstrom</i>	29
Glimpses of Antebellum Florida: Tampa Bay, Key West, North Florida <i>By Bartlett C. Jones</i>	39
Sailing in South Florida Waters in the Early 1880s, Part I <i>Edited by John F. Reiger</i>	43
List of Members	67
Officers and Directors	74

COPYRIGHT 1971 BY THE HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION OF SOUTHERN FLORIDA

---

*Tequesta*: is published annually by the Historical Association of Southern Florida. Communications should be addressed to the Corresponding Secretary of the Society, 2010 North Bayshore Drive, Miami, Florida 33137. The Association does not assume responsibility for statements of fact or opinion made by contributors.

This Page Blank in Original  
Source Document

# Tequesta:

---

## The Coconut Grove School

By GERTRUDE M. KENT\*

1887

What was Coconut Grove, Dade County, Florida like back in 1887? At that time it was just a small bay settlement of a half-dozen homes hidden in a wilderness of dense tropical growth. Although in the same state as St. Augustine, the oldest city in the United States (1565), it had remained undeveloped while the original thirteen colonies had grown into a nation of thirty-eight states with Grover Cleveland, the 22nd President, in office. Soon there would be added the western states following the expansion of the railroad, while Dade County still remained inaccessible except by boat!

Now Dade County in 1887 included all the land from the northern tip of Lake Okeechobee south to the Monroe County line. If that description doesn't get through to you, would it help to know that in subsequent years four counties were formed from Dade: Martin, Palm Beach, Broward and Dade.

The earliest record of any organized effort to establish a Dade County School system is in the minutes of the Board of Education dated at Miami, Florida on June 27, 1885. Present at this first meeting were C. H. Lumm, Superintendent, and Messrs. W. H. Benest, Joseph F. Frow and Adam C. Richards, members of the Board. The business discussed concerned the dividing of Dade County into four districts. Lake Worth was to be District #1; Miami, District #2; Coconut Grove, District #3, and Elliott's Key and all other islands or keys, District #4. The superintendent was instructed "to ascertain the number of children in each district and report to the Board at the earliest possible time on the most eligible sites for erecting the school buildings." He was instructed to "purchase a book to keep a record of the transactions of the Board." (We are quoting from this book!)

The next year on April 3, 1886, the Board "excepted [sic] a site

---

\*Gertrude (Mrs. F. A.) Kent, a resident of Coconut Grove since 1926, wrote this article as part of a projected history of Plymouth Congregational Church.

for a school in District #1," and Lake Worth had the honor of the first school building in what was then Dade County.

At the above meeting a site for a school in District #2 at Miami was also accepted. After the school was built the board refused to pay the contractor until "the roof be put on according to custom." The minutes further complained:

That there is not sufficient paint  
That there is no shelf for books  
That there is not sufficient bracing  
to resist a common hurricane.

Evidently the contractor was a fast worker, because just four days later they met and agreed to pay him seventy dollars for his labor (Nov. 6, 1886). This was the last official meeting of the first board. They had established one school at Lake Worth which was being taught by Miss Susie Brown. No teacher was hired for the Miami School. For some unknown reason they just stopped functioning!

While the Board is not functioning, let's find out what "Cocoanut" Grove and its environment was like in 1887. The spelling was "corrected" to Coconut in 1919 when it was incorporated. Here is the description by Commodore Ralph M. Munroe, renowned sailboat designer, as he describes it in *The Commodore's Story*:

"It is instructive to note the points of interest considered worth picturing in 1887. They were almost entirely natural features, the works of man being represented only by a few primitive houses and small sail boats. The Everglades were still an unexplored wilderness . . .

"The 'Hunting Grounds' of Cutler were still the haunt of deer, bear and panther. Indian Creek was a desolate lagoon, haunt of the wild duck and crocodile . . .

"The Miami River was a mangrove bordered stream, with four or five small buildings on its whole length. There was no Coral Gables, no Miami Beach, no race track, no golf course, not a single orange or grapefruit grove, nor even the suggestion of a truck farm. There was not a mile of road anywhere, the water of the Bay being the only highway."

The life of the Grove revolved around the comings and goings at Bay View House, the only hotel in the Bay area. It was built about four years earlier by an Englishman, Charles John Peacock, his wife Isabella, and their three sons as their home. In those first years Commodore Ralph Munroe became their star boarder every winter. His enthusiasm for their

green turtle soup and warm hospitality combined with his wide acquaintance of boating enthusiasts caused their home to evolve into Peacock Inn. The year 1887 was their first important tourist season. Besides the Commodore and five of his relatives, there were Count Jean deHedouville of Belgium; his friend, Count James L. Nugent of France; the botanist, Isaac Holden; Rev. Charles E. Stowe, son of Harriet Beecher Stowe; Mrs. Abbey Goodell Sheppard, granddaughter of Dr. Goodell of missionary fame; writer Kirk Munroe and his wife; and Miss Flora McFarlane.

Coconut Grove would never be the same again. Commodore Munroe decided to make his permanent home here; the two counts became extensive land owners and developers; while Mr. and Mrs. Kirk Munroe (he was a writer of adventure stories for boys) moved into their new winter cottage on the Bay—which they dubbed “The Scrubbubs.” Mrs. Kirk Munroe and Miss Flora McFarlane became life-long friends who thereafter determinedly directed the life in the Grove with firm hands. They could always count on the generosity of Isabella Peacock to help them in spite of her many duties as proprietress of Peacock Inn.

Isabella Peacock, affectionately called “Aunt Bella,” not only “mothered” the whole village, but she went to great lengths to accomplish her personal goal—which was to see to it that in spite of the fact there was no church the children should have Sunday School lessons.

When the Peacocks first came from England they lived at Fort Dallas in Miami, where she came to know the William Brickells and J. W. Ewan, known as the “Duke of Dade,” and his mother. After the Peacocks built in the Grove, Aunt Bella and Mrs. Ewan organized Sunday School picnics which were held in Miami on the ground where now the duPont Plaza Hotel is built. In this situation can you imagine the amount of effort and time it would consume just to go to Sunday School! First, weather permitting, everyone would have to sail up to Miami. The meeting would open with spirited gospel singing led by one of the Brickell girls, followed by the lesson prepared by Isabella Peacock. Then the moment the men had been waiting for would arrive: the picnic baskets would be opened and all hands would enthusiastically devour everything in sight.

After Mrs. Ewan’s death the Sunday School picnics at Brickell’s Point were discontinued. Also, by the year 1887 the Peacocks were having their first important tourist season. Now Aunt Bella was to accomplish her goal: she collected donations from her guests toward a Sunday School fund. She even sent members of her family out to collect from boats anchored off shore! Before the year was ended she had persuaded the men folk to build a Sunday School room on her property. Legend has it that it

was built of lumber from a shipwreck. At last she had a permanent place where the children could go to Sunday School and the grownups could be corralled for services by visiting ministers. Thus, our little one-room school building was born.

Two new families settled in the Grove that year. Mr. and Mrs. Caleb Trapp and their son, Harlan, came from Iowa to join her uncle, Samuel Rhodes, who lived on the ridge opposite Dinner Key. They were the first to build their home of native rock cut from the bluff. The George Roberts family came a little later. He was a fisherman, who married Kitty, the daughter of Simon L. Frow, who had come as lighthouse tender for "Uncle Sam" at Cape Florida on Key Biscayne in 1859. This is her description of Coconut Grove in 1887.

In the year of July 4, 1887 our little family moved to Coconut Grove and our first home was a log cabin situated on what is now Bayshore Drive near the present site of the Pan American Airways building [now known as Miami City Hall]. Little time elapsed before litigation over the homestead caused us to move a short distance away where another home was built.

Our little settlement at the time 1887 consisted of about a half-dozen wooden structured homes on the ridge spaced about ½ mile apart and the population totaled roughly thirty souls, including the children.

At this time the district was no more than a vast wilderness of palmetto and pine trees and the inevitable wild life creatures of the frontier days. Wild cats, coons, possums, the red panther, and a variety of snakes, mostly harmless, but also numbering among them the deadly cottonmouth and rattler as well as the coral snake . . . the Grove's only store, or semblance of one was operated by and at the Bay [View] House.

Now let us return to the history of the School Board. When the winter had passed without anything having been done, orders were sent down from Tallahassee in May appointing a new five-man Board, of which Samuel Rhodes of Coconut Grove was a member. They were advised to meet at some point between the extremes of Miami and Lake Worth so as to make it more convenient and less expensive to have the meetings.

The first meeting of the new board was held in July in Lake Worth. That was why Joseph Frow had to walk the seventy grueling miles of sandy beach to Lake Worth to register the ten pupils necessary for a school in the Coconut Grove district. There were really only nine children of school age: The two children of "Jolly Jack" Peacock, Annie and Harry;

the four Pent children, John, James, Trinnie and Mary; and his own three children, Lillian, Grace and Charlie. To qualify for ten pupils he included his youngest son, "Little Joe," who was not yet six years old!

I must tell you about Little Joe. When he was a baby his mother discovered one day that he had a high fever accompanied by convulsions. There being no doctor, she had to rely on her own home remedies to cure him. After a few days the convulsions and fever left. Little Joe was well again except for one thing—his right foot was twisted. At the time the mother thought he had caught his foot in the crib. But it never straightened out. The family later decided that he must have had polio.

At the next board meeting in September, 1887:

School District No. 3 was taken up and Joseph Frow, Samuel Rhodes and R. A. S. Peacock unanimously appointed Trustees. A request that Mrs. C. L. Trapp be if possible employed as teacher in the district and signed by most of the parents having children of school age therein was submitted. Also the application of Mrs. C. L. Trapp (Samuel Rhodes' sister) for the position. Whereupon, it was ordered that the trustees be hereby authorized to employ her to teach school for the term of five months for \$175.00.

School District No. 2 was taken up. A similar request that Harlan A. Trapp, [Mrs. Caleb L. Trapp's son] be employed to teach this school together with the application of Harlan A. Trapp . . . whereupon it was ordered that he be employed for said district for the term of five months."

On December 8, 1887, the new Superintendent, Allen E. Heyser, visited School No. 3 (he was paid \$2.50 for the trip) and reported:

Twelve on roll. Temporarily taught in house belonging to Samuel Rhodes. Place central, but not suitable. *Prospect of soon being removed to Sunday School building at Cocanut Grove.* [Italics by author] Progress of children remarkable. Some text books are needed.

In these school minutes we have the earliest documentation we can find of the existence of our Sunday School building. The Samuel Rhodes house which was being used was a log building erected in 1876 when he filed for his homestead. Joe Frow told me it had a palmetto-thatched roof.

1888 - 1889

The Superintendent's recommendation to move the school was not carried out at that time. Mrs. Caleb Trapp was hired again. On August

26, 1889 the School Board met at Juno, Florida, which had now become the county seat of Dade. It was voted that 3½ mill tax be levied for school purposes. It was also voted that "in District No. 3 in Cocanut Grove, J. F. Frow be appointed Supervisor."

At the October 7th meeting "a bill of \$12.00 for rent of house for school purposes in District No. 3 was approved and ordered paid." So Samuel Rhodes received \$12.00 for the use of his house for one school year.

The School Board met at Lake Worth on November 29, 1889. It was voted that: "Miss (written with old style script Mifs) Flora McFarlane be employed as the teacher for District No. 3 at \$40.00 per month." 'Miss Flora', who had voluntarily taught several pupils at the Peacock Inn, was now the official school teacher of District No. 3. From now on, she would gently assume the leadership of her adopted community. Her English background was a great help. Her father, Henry, was an English sea captain who had sailed the Atlantic many times, often accompanied by his wife. After the birth of their seventh child, the family left England and settled in Rocky Hill, New Jersey. Their eighth child, Flora, was born in the United States. Now the McFarlanes and the Munroes, who had known each other back in England, resumed their friendship.

Years later it was only natural that when Flora's mother died in November, 1886, that Commodore Ralph Munroe offered to bring Flora to Florida as a companion for his mother. That year they lived in a little frame house that had been renovated for their quarters. Beginning in 1888 they lived on the upper floor of his boat-house, and had their meals at the Inn. This arrangement proved so satisfactory that Flora came with them each winter.

1889 - 1890

So this official school year opened with Miss Flora teaching in Aunt Bella's Sunday School building. Our little room suddenly found itself in a whirl of daily activity. On Sunday the organ and chairs would be carried over from Peacock Inn. Services would be conducted by various itinerant preachers. Most important, Aunt Bella would make sure that the young had a Sunday School lesson. From Monday through Friday the children would come trooping in to be taught the "3 R's." Miss Flora also insisted that the boys sweep the school yard every day. They accomplished this task by brushing the ground with large palmetto fronds which they also used to whack each other with spirited fervor when not chasing the girls squealing with feigned fright! At noon while the children were having lunch she taught a young mother who still wanted an education.

I asked a former pupil, Mrs. Maude Black, (néé Maude Richards) what she took for her lunch, and she answered matter-of-factly, "Oh, I didn't carry a lunch—I always went over to Mrs. Peacock's!"

To round out our story for this winter, we are fortunate to have an eye witness account from the diary of Mrs. John R. Gilpin, who took the boat trip with the tax collector in his calls down the East Coast of Florida. In the days of the homesteaders a tax collector actually collected the taxes *personally*—it was up to him to seek out the taxpayer to extract the money.

Saturday, April 12, 1890.

Sail down further to Cocomanut Grove to anchor for Sunday. Mr. Ralph Munroe comes out to speak to us; he is Commodore of the Biscayne Bay Yacht Club stationed here. He has a small boat "Egret" and a large boat "Presto." Mr. Thomas Hine has his boat "Nethla." Mr. Kirk Munroe has his boat "Allapattah" [accent on last syllable as it is the Indian name for alligator], and there are several other members. They have leased the old lighthouse on Cape Florida, now abandoned, for the B.B.Y.C. headquarters. The Commodore invites us to come ashore this evening. He comes over for us, and we are taken to the rooms over his boat house, where his mother, and a friend, Miss Flora McFarlane, have their quarters. The latter take meals at the Peacock Inn, and the Commodore and Mr. Dick Carney of Red Bank, New Jersey, live aboard the yacht. The sitting room was very snug and homey, and we had a delightful evening there.

Sunday, April 13, 1890.

Beautiful day, strong wind, cool. Walk through Commodore's grove, an old plantation of large trees; is clearing out some and planting new things — bamboo and royal palms. Go to Mrs. Peacock's house, and meet a cheery, motherly Englishwoman. *Go to the little school house, built in the pine woods*, [author's italics] where divine service is held by a young Methodist minister, Mr. W. W. Rife. Mrs. Thomas Hine plays the organ for them, and all sing with vim. They have a houseful of hearers, and many young men among them. On the way back stop to see Mrs. Peacock's new baby, a grandchild born on Easter Sunday—a week old today. What a life of isolation and self dependence—no doctor to call upon short of Key West!

Friday, April 18. . . . Miss McFarlane teaches the District school here, which will be over in three weeks, when she and Mrs. M. will go north also. The evening wind dies down, and we anchor for the night.

Saturday, April 19. . . . get our bread off Mr. Peacock, and prepare to go over to Florida Cape for a picnic with the ladies and the school children; wind ahead for our up-coast trip. Half an hour later we start, and sail nearly over, when the wind changes to S.E. ahead for the Cape. The men are anxious to avoid a rough blow, and a norther is still predicted by the weatherwise so the Heron changes her flight and steers for Bear's Cut, on we sail, and out, and our Biscayne cruise is over. I feel much disappointed at not landing at Cape Florida and the old light-house.

She was not the only one who was disappointed because she missed the school picnic. The former pupil, Mrs. Maude Black, now in her nineties called it one of the greatest disappointments in her life. The event had been discussed and planned weeks ahead. But when the gala day arrived, her mother was suddenly called to take care of a neighbor who was "expecting" (no doctor yet in the Grove). So Maude had to stay home to take care of her younger brother. She brooded over her bad luck for weeks. The lady who was the cause of it all tried to assuage her grief by giving her a present—a vase! But how could a vase compensate for the excitement of a picnic?

There was not only the well-filled picnic baskets to set the mouth watering, but just imagine the thrill of the whole class shoving off and shouting to each other as the boats raced across the Bay to the Key. The men of the Grove gladly took the day off to sail everyone over and help Miss Flora keep everything under control. There would be games on the hard, sandy beach, swimming in the clear water climaxed by exploration of the Old Cape Florida Lighthouse. One of the games enjoyed the most was a contest to see who was the fastest runner. This was determined by one of the men acting as timekeeper. He clocked each perspiring pupil on the time it took to race up and down the winding stairwell of the old lighthouse tower.

1890 - 1891

The minutes of the School Board on October 8, noted that "the application of 'Mifs' Flora McFarlane was accepted at Coconut Grove."

In *The Commodore's Story*, Ralph Munroe wrote that, ". . . in November, 1890 my mother and Miss McFarlane sailed with me from New York to Key West. Dick Carney met us there in "Presto" and we were soon settled in Coconut Grove. Mother had come early from the North on the advice of her physician, in the hope that the Southern climate

would better matters. She did not improve however, and within a few weeks passed away at Peacock Inn."

In the death of the Commodore's mother, Miss Flora not only lost a friend, but it also meant that she would have to find added means to support herself if she were to be able to stay in her beloved 'Cocoanut Grove'. Could her loyal friends have whispered to the School Board of her plight or was it luck that at the next meeting on the sixth of December the members voted to increase her salary to forty-five dollars per month. ". . . being a proportionate salary according to attendance."

Miss Flora didn't waste any time worrying about her future. She devoted herself to the task at hand. In spite of unruly boys it is to her credit that "no one ever saw her out of temper or rude. She seldom criticized anyone or anything, and yet she was a woman of strong character and opinions. The things she worked for she believed in."

Now it was the Christmas season again. The children's spirits leaped at the thought of all the excitement Miss Flora had planned. She taught them ingenious ways to decorate with what was available. A program was put on mostly by the girls who vied with each other for the honor of reciting while the boys waited impatiently for the climax—a special gift of a sack of hard candy to each one which Miss Flora had thoughtfully brought with her from the North. To some it was the only Christmas token they would receive.

When the New Year began, Miss Flora found that she had free time after school hours, so she decided to do something for the ladies of the village. Accordingly, on Feb. 19, 1891 she invited six women to come after school to discuss organizing a woman's club. Let the minutes speak for themselves:

"The first meeting of the Club was held in the Sunday School building February 19th, 1891 with a membership of six as follows: Miss McFarlane, Mrs. Charles Peacock, Mrs. Charles John Peacock, Mrs. Joseph Frow, Mrs. Benjamin Nuble and Mrs. Kirk Munroe. All but Mrs. Charles Peacock were present. Miss McFarlane, the originator of the Club, was chosen President; Mrs. Kirk Munroe, Secretary; Mrs. Joseph Frow, Treasurer. It was decided that it would be best to make a small fee necessary for membership, and the sum was fixed at 10¢ a quarter or 40 cents a year, the first quarter beginning March 5th.

That Housekeepers either here or elsewhere may become members at any time by paying the necessary dues to the Club Treas-

urer Mrs. [Joseph] Frow and by sending their name to the Club Secretary (Mrs. Kirk Munroe) to be entered on the Club books. That the Club meet every Thursday from three to five during the entire year.

That only members be allowed to vote on club matters.

That the Club will always welcome visitors and be glad of suggestions and gifts from anyone interested.

As the object of the Club is:

First to bring together the mothers and housekeepers of our little settlement, and by spending two hours a week in companionship and study, learn to know each other and thereby help each other, and

Second: To add to the *new* Sunday School Building fund. Therefore it was voted that the members make several articles of clothing with the club's money to be sold at a fair, and the money obtained from such sales be given, as before stated, to the New Sunday School Building fund. That all articles should be sold cheaper to members.

It was also voted that some member should read aloud household articles at each meeting while the others were busy with needle and thread.

It was also voted that some motto should be chosen each week, something that would help us in our daily life and remind us of each other. [The first one chosen was "Lend A Hand."]

It was also proposed that the secretary, Mrs. Kirk Munroe, should collect from the members cooking 'receipts' for a Housekeepers' Cook Book which the club will publish and have ready for sale as soon as possible." [They finally got around to it in 1906.]

The second meeting was on February 26, 1891, ". . . but only the President and Secretary were present as the Biscayne Bay Yacht Club Regatta day, February 23rd, and other entertainment coming as they did, interfered with attendance."

The third meeting, March 5th, 1891, there were twelve women present. Rules were suggested and accepted. The Club was now a reality. Every Thursday for the rest of the year in spite of bad weather and mosquitoes the women would tramp over the rough and rocky ground to our little Sunday School building to enjoy the fellowship while working to improve the life in the community.

It was in this month that Flora made the most important decision of her life. She decided to homestead some public land. No other single woman in the village had ever attempted to brave such a hardship, but she was determined to leave no stone unturned so she could stay here. To homestead, one had to reside upon and cultivate a portion of the land in the homestead entry for a period of five years. After settling on the land for a period of six months it could be purchased for cash. On the other hand, the homestead would be forfeited if the settler was absent for more than six months.

Of course, Miss Flora would not have been so brave if she had not had the help of the Peacock family. Alfred Peacock built her shack, referred to later as the "Bandbox," on land that is now the southwest site of Day Avenue and Douglas Road. The homestead of Alfred's brother, Charles, joined Flora's on the north, so she could always count on her neighbor if she needed help. Richard Carney's homestead joined her on the south, and both of their claims extended to what is now known as Poinciana Avenue.

When Miss Flora filed her homestead papers she stated that she took up residence there on March 16, 1891. Just think what a walk it would be for her every day to get to and from school over the rocky ground! After the school term was over she would still have to walk to the club meetings every week.

In the first quarterly report of the club it was stated that there had been thirteen meetings held in the Sunday School room. It also mentioned that ". . . on April 15th, the members bound fourteen fans with braid for the Sunday School use (gratis)."

Now on June 4th the Club held the first "Tea" in the Sunday School building. "The children: Charlie Frow, Leonard Newbold, Mary Pent and little Albert Victor Peacock [the baby who was born on Easter] were sent out to gather palmetto leaves, field ferns and wild flowers to decorate the room. President Flora McFarlane and Mrs. Charles Peacock received. Guests were served Tea, sandwiches and cake. Only the club members present—each member being allowed to invite her husband only, except the President, who was allowed to invite the Bachelors of the Bay on the tickets of absent members. There were twenty-three people present. The Tea was the social success of the season."

The Club met the entire summer in the school building. Mrs. C. L. Trapp was dropped from the Club roll for non-payment of dues (. . . "perhaps she has dropped us as she has taken no notice of our invitation to tea for nearly a month now.")

There were three items of interest in the School Board minutes for 1891. On June 1st, a motion was carried that all schools commence on the first Monday in October which meant that the school term would now be for a period of seven months instead of five. The application of 'Mifs' Flora was accepted for the coming year. On December 17th rent for school-house in District No. 3 of \$12.00 was paid to Charles Peacock.

1892 - 1893

Miss Flora was paid \$45.00 per month this school year. Mrs. Emma Swanson was paid \$20.00 for substituting.

On March 12 the Housekeepers Club held a Bazaar in Kirk Munroe's boathouse. After expenses were paid they gave \$86.70 toward the *new* Sunday School Building Fund.

Our little Sunday School building received national coverage in 1892 when an article appeared in Harper's Bazaar about the Housekeepers Club. The first paragraph describes Cocoanut Grove and the beauty of Biscayne Bay. The last line of the second paragraph states:

"Of course there is a hotel, post office, store and *Sunday School Building . . .*"

In the same article there is another reference to "the faithful band of women who gather every Thursday afternoon in the little Sunday School building and join heart and hand in helping each other to enjoy and improve the two hours a week rescued from their household cares. The originator of the club is its President, Miss Flora McFarlane, of New Jersey, who has proved herself in every way capable for the life she intends leading, having homesteaded a hundred and fifty [sic] acres of government land, which she has gone bravely to work to clear and improve." The closing paragraph explains ". . . that resident members are elected by means of a vote cast with black and white beans!" (Mrs. J. W. Carey was the first member to be elected by black and white beans. Mrs. Carey received no black beans!)

On June 9, 1892, there was no meeting of the Housekeeper's Club because the President was "proving up" on her homestead. To do this she had to appear before the U.S. Commissioner with her two witnesses, Alfred Peacock and Richard Carney, to file her final papers. She had decided to exercise her option to pay cash for her land instead of working on it for five years. It cost her \$1.25 per acre for the 160 acres. She was forced to make this decision because of her health. Miss Flora had been working too hard. There was still no doctor in the Grove so she went back to New Jersey to see her family doctor.

While Miss Flora was up north Isabella took over the club meetings. During the long, hot, mosquito-plagued summer, only five or six brave souls came each week. But this had no effect on Aunt Bella. On August 16, 1892, she called for a special meeting. There were seven members present. The significant motto chosen for the day was:

“Do noble things, not dream them all day.” What noble things were they doing? The minutes state: “The Housekeepers met on this day instead of the 18th for the purpose of providing dinner and tea for 18 men who came to work on the new church land. The dinner was given by Mrs. C. Peacock, Mrs. [George] Roberts, Mrs. [Benjamin] Nuble, Mrs. Lillie Pinder and Mrs. [John] Pent.”

Aunt Bella had gotten permission to build the new chapel on land owned by Commodore Munroe. The grave of his first wife was on the front corner of the lot. She had the \$86.70 from the Bazaar. The 18 men donated their labor. How could they refuse when all her life Aunt Bella had cheerfully befriended one and all with no thought of the cost in time or strength? So now Isabella had once again provided a Sunday School building. This one was larger to take care of the growing village. From then on it would be called Union Chapel, because it was open to all denominations. The Housekeepers' Club would have to work two more years to pay off the debt. It is Union Chapel which became the Union Congregational Church in 1897 . . . now known as Plymouth Congregational Church.

When Fall came and Miss Flora was still under doctor's care up north, the School Board approved the application of Emma Swanson to teach in her place. Emma was Mrs. John H. Swanson, the daughter of Mrs. C. L. Trapp. She taught the entire school year at a salary of \$45.00 per month.

On January 5, 1893, there was a tea held in the Sunday School room for the benefit of Union Chapel. At their regular meeting on January 19 four members of the Housekeepers' Club sewed on curtains for Union Chapel.

At their annual meeting on March 30, Emma Swanson was elected to succeed Miss Flora as President of the club. In the absence of Miss McFarlane, the annual report of the Housekeepers' Club was read by the secretary. It stated:

With this meeting the Housekeepers Club of Cocanut Grove enters upon its third year. It was said by some that the Club would not last, that gossip would soon take the place of reading and sewing and that the Club would fail. Those who said this are today ready to take off their hats to us.

We have accomplished no great work this year for there has been no call for it, but we have done what some few said we would not do and that is we have *stood together*. Not a meeting was missed during the entire summer although twice there were but 2 members present. On the 18th of Aug. the Club gave a dinner to the 18 men who were clearing the land for the Union Chapel Building.

On May 11, 1893 the certificate for the Homestead of 160 acres to Miss Flora McFarlane was signed by Grover Cleveland. She was especially proud of the President's signature because he was a friend of the family—her brother Will and the President having gone on many hunting trips together. He had even visited Peacock Inn.

Miss Flora's health improved that summer so she was able to return in October and resume her teaching.

1894

The last meeting of the Housekeepers' Club in our little schoolhouse was held on January 4, 1894. There were 14 present. Miss Flora was appointed general manager of a fair to be held in February at the time of the Biscayne Bay Yacht Club Regatta. (If you can't lick 'em, join 'em!)

So, on January 11th, the Club held their first meeting in Union Chapel to work for the Fair. They actually cleared \$120.00 at this affair, which was given to help pay off the debt on Union Chapel.

The move from the school building to Union Chapel was certainly well timed, for at the School Board meeting on February 7 at Juno, Florida, Supt. E. R. Bradley was “. . . directed to issue circular letters to all Supervisors restricting the use of school buildings to School, Religious or Literary purposes and meetings.” The chairman, W. H. Parkin, was authorized to order twenty single desks from Cleveland, Ohio for Coconut Grove, which clearly indicates the number of pupils. At this meeting Miss Flora McFarlane was voted a ten dollar increase in salary.

But time was running out for our little Sunday School building. The Club no longer met there and the larger Union Chapel was used by the itinerant ministers for religious services. The growth of the Bay area now made it imperative that a larger school be built. Samuel Rhodes offered to donate the land for a new school. Richard Carney, Supervisor of 'Coconut' Grove District No. 3 was informed that the Board voted an appropriation of \$200.00 to build a school. It was later changed to \$250.00—“. . . said amount to be used for purchase of material only, the inhabitants of said district to erect the building.”

At the August 7th meeting a warrant was drawn payable to E. L. White for \$250.00 for erecting a suitable schoolhouse at 'Cocoanut' Grove. And so that fall, school opened in the new building which was located off Tigertail Road on Lincoln Avenue. Miss Flora did not teach in the new school. From then on she gave private lessons.

#### EPILOGUE

We can find no record of events in our Sunday School Building until the year 1902. At that time it became a residence, when Charles Peacock sold the property for \$400.00 to George Richardson. One of Richardson's daughters, Katie Perkins, worked at the Coconut Grove Library, an equally famous early institution, which had been built just around the corner in 1901.

The Richardson family and their heirs kept the property until 1944. Then it passed through the hands of several investors until 1969, when it was purchased by Ryder Systems for \$75,000.

Only the land now had any commercial value. The building was obsolete and abandoned. But it had great historical value. The Rev. Dr. David J. Davis, who at the time was pastor of Plymouth Congregational Church, was anxious to save it because of its early association with the religious life of the homesteaders. James Ryder, head of Ryder Systems, was a member of the congregation, and he gladly turned the structure over to the church. It was moved to the nearby church grounds and restored.

This Page Blank in Original  
Source Document

# The Wreck of *The Three Sisters*

By: ARVA MOORE PARKS\*

The wind finally began to wane. The squalls that had buffeted the coast for five days and had turned the sea into an angry adversary had finally passed over the area leaving a trail of fallen trees and floating debris. It was not the destruction brought about by the storm on October 21, 1870 that made the startling change in the scene but the addition of a large brig<sup>1</sup> stuck hard on the sand bar in Bear Cut just off Virginia Key. Bilged and abandoned and listing heavily to one side, *The Three Sisters*, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, had become another victim of the treacherous reef surrounding the South Florida coast.

Across Biscayne Bay on the mainland, the few inhabitants<sup>2</sup> of what would later become Miami, Florida began to emerge from their palmetto thatched homes. Learning to live with the unpredictable weather, common in the tropics, especially in the fall, was just one of the many problems one had to overcome if he was to survive on Biscayne Bay in 1870. Although a week of bad weather was no happy experience for the people, the calm after the storm usually meant more than just sunshine and happy dispositions. The return of good weather signaled the beginning of the inevitable trip to Key Biscayne to see what had been deposited on the beach by the fickle sea. Because of its location, Key Biscayne acted somewhat like a giant net to snag goods that floated free from the frequent wrecks on the reef a short distance away. It was not uncommon for settlers to find useful items strewn along this seaside supermarket for beachcombers. But a whole ship, stranded on a close in sand bar in full view of the mainland and abandoned by her crew, happened only once or maybe twice in a lifetime. The scene was set for a drama without parallel in the early history of Miami.

It was no surprise that Dr. J. V. Harris, latest in the series of owners of the Old Fort Dallas property, was the first one on the mainland to sight the *Three Sisters*. From the porch of his two story home<sup>3</sup>

---

\*Mrs. Robert L. Parks is a native Miamian residing in Coral Gables who began the study of Coconut Grove while a graduate student at the University of Miami.

<sup>1</sup>A brig is a two masted sailing vessel square rigged on both masts.

<sup>2</sup>The census of 1870 was taken in August of that year. At that time there were eighty-five inhabitants recorded in all of Dade County which at that time included twice as much area as it does today. Of this number there were 32 adult males.

<sup>3</sup>His home had been completed by the soldiers stationed at Ft. Dallas during the Second Seminole War for use as officers quarters. It had been started by Richard Fitzpatrick in the 1830's, but left unfinished when the Indian threat began. Its most famous inhabitant was Julia Tuttle, who made it her home in 1891.

near the mouth of the Miami River, was an unobstructed view of Virginia Key. The islands in the bay that block the present view are the work of men many decades later. Harris, joined by Harrison Drew and Luke Nicholson, was anxious to be first aboard. Although he had only lived in South Florida for a year he had learned the efficacy of "first come first served" in the determination of who was to be the "wreckmaster." Because of this, Harris was unwilling to leave the area to return to the mainland for supplies. Discovering that the hold was filled with lumber, he could not risk allowing someone else to get first chance at such a prize. Drew and Nicholson therefore returned to the mainland alone to bring supplies and left Harris onboard the *Three Sisters* to protect their claim.

Shortly after the two men returned to the Miami River and had collected the necessary supplies, they realized to their horror that the weather was changing rapidly. A new squall was blowing in from the northeast causing the bay to become too choppy and the wind too brisk to hazard returning to the grounded brig and the now threatened Harris.

It was not until four days later that the weather had moderated enough to allow the men to return to the unfortunate Harris. Not knowing what to expect, they were relieved to discover Harris alive but in a state of semiconsciousness, mumbling incoherently about the imaginary captain and his ship. But, being young and healthy, Harris survived this rather unusual experience and remained undaunted in his determination to get his share of the spoils.

During the four days that Dr. Harris was stranded, the word of his predicament began to spread from one end of the bay to the other. Soon almost everyone knew that a ship was aground in Bear Cut. With the coming of clear weather the residents, singularly and in parties, climbed aboard the nearest thing afloat that would get them to the scene. In the days of no sawmill, there was no greater prize, save gold, than lumber. And there was enough lumber aboard the *Three Sisters* to double the number of dwellings in the vicinity!<sup>4</sup>

After arriving at the sand bar the men lashed enough boards together to make several rafts and then loaded the rafts with as much lumber as possible short of sinking. It was then relatively simple to float or tow the rafts home, planning all the time the amount needed to build such and such a house, if all went well. Before the brig was stripped, no less than twenty-one residents floated their prize home.

From the "Hunting Grounds" near Cutler and Richmond Road,

---

<sup>4</sup>According to the census there were twenty-one dwellings in the entire county.

came forty-one year old John Addison, former scout in the Second Seminole War, and resident since 1865. Addison, his wife Mary and his two dogs, Rock and Butler, lived on one of the finest homesteads on the bay; Addison being one of the few homesteaders to raise livestock.<sup>5</sup> He had recently been elected a County Commissioner in the newly reorganized county.<sup>6</sup>

Joining Addison was his closest "neighbor," forty-two year old Isiah Hall, who lived with his wife and six children at "Hall's Creek" just south of the wading beach at Matheson Hammock. Hall had settled there in 1858 and had become, by this time, a well known pilot and guide. He had been elected Representative to the State Legislature in 1868. While uneducated, he was respected by his peers for his strong sense of right and wrong.

Francis "Jake" Infinger, current Sheriff and Tax Collector of Dade County and former County Commissioner, arrived on the scene from his home near the present Cocoplum area. Infinger and his wife and stepchildren<sup>7</sup> along with the Halls and Addison made up the entire white population of South Dade. A few years later, Addison met his death from a rattlesnake bite, another hazard of early pioneer life.

Just north of Infinger was the area later to be known as Coconut Grove. Edmund Besly had homesteaded in the Grove in 1868 and had lived in the area since the 1830's. "Alligator Besly" had lived through and had been a part of many events in the history of the young settlement. But this time he would have to remain behind because of infirmities brought about by his advanced age. Besley's neighbor, Edward Pent, who along with his brother John Pent was squatting on the land they would later homestead,<sup>8</sup> was the Grove's representative at the "rafting party." Ned Pent was one of the most delightful "characters" living on the bay. He was one of a few who at this point in time boasted of having "grown up" in the area. His father, the late Temple Pent, had been in the vicinity since the 1820's.<sup>9</sup> Ned Pent was as expert a pilot as his father before him

---

<sup>5</sup>Even though it is not named on present charts, a dangerous shoal in the bay off of Addison's property is known locally as Addison's Shoal.

<sup>6</sup>The county had been reorganized in 1868 for the first time since 1859. This meant that an election had been held for county officials and representatives in the legislature.

<sup>7</sup>His stepdaughter Martha Snipes later married John Thomas Peacock, early settler in Coconut Grove, and another early sheriff of Dade County.

<sup>8</sup>In 1883 John Pent homesteaded 160 acres north of Grand Avenue in Coconut Grove. He failed to "prove it up" or complete the time, so his brother Edward applied for the same quarter-section and the patent in 1894.

<sup>9</sup>"Old Squire" Pent, as he was known, had tried to claim a Spanish land grant in 1821 between the Polly and Johnathan Lewis donations. He served as a representative in the Territorial Legislature and was keeper of the Cape Florida lighthouse between 1852 and 1853 and again from 1866 until his death in 1868.

had been, as well as one of the most well known carpenters and "barefoot mailmen" on the bay.

From his vantage point atop the Cape Florida lighthouse it was easy for John Frow, lighthouse keeper, to see the many boats arriving in the vicinity. The lay of the keys undoubtedly blocked the actual wreck from his view or Frow instead of Harris would most likely have been the first on the scene. Like Pent, Frow was a life-long resident of Biscayne Bay. He followed his father Simeon Frow's<sup>10</sup> footsteps in the lighthouse service. Besides his job as lighthouse keeper, he was also a county commissioner. A few years later he purchased the Besly homestead and joined the Pent family in the Grove.

Frow's assistant, Sam Jenkins, and Jenkins' brothers, Washington and Joseph, followed Frow to the scene of ever increasing activity around the *Three Sisters*. A few years later Washington Jenkins became Sheriff of Dade County and moved to Fort Lauderdale where he was appointed House of Refuge keeper. Sam joined the ranks of County Commissioners and Joe, who at this time was still a teenager, was appointed Inspector of Elections.

Charles E. Barnes, thirty-three, lived on the south bank of the river directly across from Harris' dock. He was undoubtedly one of the first on the scene because of his proximity to Harris. Like Harris he had been on the bay only a short time. Barnes had the distinction of owning and operating the only store on the bay. He also ran a schooner to Key West and was Postmaster of the small settlement.<sup>11</sup>

From up the Miami River at Wagner's Creek near N.W. 12th Avenue and the River, came William Wagner and his son William, Jr. Wagner, Sr. was a former soldier who first saw Dade County while stationed at Fort Dallas during the Second Seminole War. He had been a resident for almost fifteen years and built the first church in the area at his home.

On Musa Isle, near Wagner, lived sixty year old John Holman. He was another of the more colorful characters in the area. He was a native of Hanover, Germany, and like Wagner a veteran of the Second Seminole War. "Long John," as he was known, was one of the earliest "barefoot mailmen" in the area.

---

<sup>10</sup>Simeon Frow, a native of Majorca, was keeper at Cape Florida from 1859 until it was darkened during the Civil War.

<sup>11</sup>The post office in the Miami area changed about as often as the weather. The name had been changed from Miami to Biscayne in June, 1870 so at this time Barnes was actually postmaster of Biscayne, Florida. Barnes served as postmaster for only four months because Lt. Governor Gleason had it moved to his home in the Miami Shores area where it remained until 1874 when it was returned to the Ft. Dallas area and rechristened "Maama"!

There were also several homesteaders north of the Miami River in 1870. Most were also involved in the salvage of the *Three Sister's* cargo. In the vicinity of what would later become Buena Vista, (N.E. 36th Street), lived County Commissioner Dan Clark. Clark had come to the bay from England before the Civil War. He had one of the earliest homesteads in the whole county. He was affectionately called the "pig man" because of the pigs he raised.<sup>12</sup> Living with him at this time was fellow Englishman William H. Benest, another of Dade's early Sheriffs and State Representatives.<sup>13</sup> Living in a shack near them was "Aunt Lizzie" Freeman, a seventy year old former slave who cooked for the bachelor Clark.

Immediately west of Clark lived Octavius Aimer (Symor), a black man from South Carolina, and his large family. He homesteaded in 1870 and was probably the first black man to do so.<sup>14</sup>

Further up the bay near Little River lived Michael Sayers (Zahr) and his son George. They had come to the area from France prior to the Civil War. "French Mike" had become a popular figure in the settlement after he had run the blockade during the Civil War to bring supplies to the few remaining families. His large home, amidst a grove of coconut trees, became a voting precinct for the southern end of the county. Both Sayers later served as County Commissioners. Living with them at the time was William Rigby, a seaman from the Bahamas who joined in the trip south to Virginia Key to aid in the salvage.

After several days, the brig *Three Sisters* lay empty with all the lumber removed. Mysteriously she was set ablaze and burned to the waterline. No one knew for sure who set the fire but many believed it to be the work of Doctor Harris, who not only was the first to board her but the last to leave her. Thus nothing remained of the brig *Three Sisters*, late of Nova Scotia, except her priceless cargo, a part of which was stored in about every dwelling in the county.

Those involved in the great lumber haul were obviously aware of the strict rules set down by the Federal Government regarding shipwrecks. "Wrecking" was a licensed and well regulated profession. The fact that someone burned the ship indicates that there was an understand-

---

<sup>12</sup>Clark homesteaded in 1867. A legend is told that Clark, not able to read or write, often signed documents with the footprint of his trusty dog Genevieve. His signature became the best known in South Florida!

<sup>13</sup>Many years later, Benest as an old man was found dead in Brickell Hammock. Many believed that he became confused and was unable to find his way out. This anecdote gives some idea of the density of the Brickell Hammock. A little of the hammock remains at Simpson Park and Vizcaya, with scattered patches between.

<sup>14</sup>His homestead was west of Clark's between 20th and 36th Street. On the census he is listed as a mulatto but counted as one of the thirteen "colored" in the county in 1870.

ing of the need to destroy all evidence of her existence in the area. The participants obviously believed that for once their isolation would be to their advantage. Surely no one in far away Key West would know or care about the incident. At least this is what they believed until early December when William Allen, Assistant U.S. Marshal, armed with a court order made his appearance.

On November 28th, John Jay Philbrick, acting consul for the Port of Key West, had filed a libel for restitution in the District Court of the United States, Southern District of Florida. In it he named J. V. Harris, William Wagner, Charles E. Barnes, Daniel Clark, William Benest, Samuel Jenkins, Washington H. Jenkins, Joseph Jenkins, Francis Infinger, John A. Addison, William Rigby, Michael Sayers, George Sayers, Isiah Hall, William Wagner, Jr. and John Holman as parties to what he alleged was illegal seizure of the cargo. The court had ordered the lumber attached and the alleged participants in the salvage were required to show cause why they should not be held liable for restitution.

Allen searched the area and attached all the lumber he could find. Some buildings had already been constructed out of the lumber and some of the lumber was hidden too well to be found. Allen recovered ninety-five thousand feet out of an alleged one hundred twenty-five thousand feet listed on the manifest. While this was a sizable amount, it left thirty-five thousand feet unaccounted for. There is no way to know how much remained on the bay, but obviously it was a great deal. To the original list of sixteen cited by the court, he added Octavius Aimer, Luke Nicholson, John Frow, Edward Pent, Harrison Drew and William Wagner, Sr.

On February 23, 1871, the twenty-one men named, through their attorney, filed their answer to the Libel.

While admitting that they did take out the lumber "with much time, exposure and arduous labor" they agreed that "they knew that their labor and exposure in resqueing (sic) this lumber from impending total loss gave them a greater vested interest in it than other parties possessed and they desired to appeal to an admiralty tribunal to award them salvage; but no such tribunal existed in this district and they felt under no obligation to charter vessels to freight the lumber to Key West, a course that would only accumulate needless expense. That they did not and do not possess boats or vessels to bring the lumber to Key West, but they did preserve it and kept it safely except a small quantity used by some of the respondents and of which a strict account will be given. They ask the court to dismiss the said Libel and to decree to them a certain portion. . ."

The laws regulating salvage were quite explicit. The most basic regulation was that all salvage came under the direct jurisdiction of the Court, and the Court alone could decide the amount of compensation to be awarded for recovery of the goods. This regulation included ordinary citizens such as the men from Biscayne Bay who discovered derelict or abandoned property at sea, as well as professional "wreckers" who made a living from the wrecking trade. All persons had to make a formal claim and come to the court with "clean hands" or with full disclosure of the circumstances and goods involved. It looked like the boys from the bay were in trouble!

The hearing was set for the Spring Term of May 1871, but many of those summoned either out of ignorance, believing once the lumber was attached it was all settled, or fear, did not come to Court. The residents had led a *laissez faire* existence for so long it was difficult to understand or to believe that the great bastion of civilization, the U.S. District Court, meeting in Key West, would really insist that the maverick inhabitants of Dade County come to Key West for trial. To further complicate proceedings and delay the trial, the presiding judge died. It was not until the spring of 1872 that the trial was finally held. By this time it is safe to assume that many of the twenty-one had left the area permanently.

But in the spring of 1872 William Allen again made his appearance on the bay and "rounded up" the libelees and persuaded them, many against their will, to come with him to Key West. He provided free transportation as added incentive to assure the delivery of the recalcitrant defendants to Key West.

Unfortunately the transcript of the testimony at the trial was not recorded in the court records. But from the final decision, rendered January 3, 1873, one is able to piece together the final disposition of the case.

All of the petitioners except one had their claims for salvage dismissed because of "fraud and misconduct . . . alleged and proved by testimony." Only Charles E. Barnes was granted salvage in the case.<sup>15</sup> One can only guess why he was singled out from the others. Perhaps he was the "informer," a position that not only would give him "clean hands" but also most likely a bounty. He did own a schooner and could have transported the lumber. Unfortunately, Barnes would have little oppor-

---

<sup>15</sup>Three other men, Samuel Baker, Henry Baker and John R. Sawyer, were awarded salvage totaling \$37.53. None were mentioned in the Libel or were listed in the Dade County Census of 1870.

tunity to spend the \$57.42 he was awarded because within six months he died of yellow fever.

The biggest winner in the case was the U.S. Government which received over a thousand dollars in duty because the *Three Sisters* was a foreign vessel. William Allen, Marshal, was awarded \$630.88 for expenses. Obviously, this was a very large sum of money for 1870 and indicates the difficulty Allen had in carrying out the court orders in far off Miami. The owners of the brig were awarded the residue of \$351.71 after all claims were paid.

An eye witness told that three of the men, William Wagner, Sr., Isiah Hall and Sam Jenkins, spent two months in the Munroe County jail and were fined one hundred fifty dollars. No record of this can be found and because the trial was a civil matter and not a criminal one it seems that if this were true, the most likely offense would have been contempt of court. Regardless of the reason for incarceration, William Wagner was known to have said that two months of grits, black strap called syrup and dirty water called coffee were enough for him. He would never again, after that time, trouble himself with any more wrecks.

The wreck of the *Three Sisters* and the subsequent trial involving as it did most of the residents, county officials, and assorted "passers-through," was probably the biggest event of the decade. The story was told to visitors with a sense of pride and braggadocio because even though the citizens lost in Key West, the *Three Sisters House* had survived as a monument to their labor. Something had been salvaged after all.

The first clue to the "House of the Three Sisters" is found in the *Commodore's Story* by Ralph Middleton Munroe. Munroe first visited the area in 1877 and found "Old Johnny Frow" living in a house built from lumber taken from the *Three Sisters*. The house was typical of the small dwellings built by the pioneers. It had one room that was about fifteen by twenty. It was of board and batten construction and originally most likely had a palmetto thatched roof. It had no fireplace, making it necessary to do cooking outside over an open fire. The site of this house was on the former Besly homestead in Coconut Grove. Frow had just purchased the entire 160 acres from the widow Besly for one hundred dollars. This included most of the business district of Coconut Grove and a mile and a half of waterfront. Although Frow had been involved in the salvage operation, it is unlikely that he actually built the house for himself but moved into the already existing dwelling, built probably

in 1870 of lumber from the wreck.<sup>16</sup> Frow did not remain owner of the house for long because he almost immediately began selling portions of his property to others — becoming the first sub-divider in the Grove.

Around 1882, Charles and Isabella Peacock, who arrived from England in 1875, purchased thirty-one acres of land from John Frow. This included the area from immediately south of the Coconut Grove Park to Mary Street and Grand Avenue. They lived in the then unoccupied House of the Three Sisters while their own home, "Bay View House," was being built. The Bay View House, later known as the Peacock Inn, became the first hotel and tourist center in the Miami area. The hotel was so successful that by 1886 the House of the Three Sisters was renovated and a porch and rough stone fireplace added to it so the overflow crowd from the inn could be accommodated.

The same year Ralph Munroe purchased forty-two acres from Frow immediately south of the Peacock property. Somehow the House of the Three Sisters ended up on his land where it remained from that time on. This was probably the original site of the house because there was also a coral rock well dug there.

At first Munroe used the House of the Three Sisters as a guest cottage for numerous visitors who came to "The Barnacle," the home Munroe built in 1891. In 1903 a "co-operative kitchen" was organized to fulfill the void left by the closing of the Peacock Inn the year before. A kitchen was added to the original one room and the many winter visitors who had previously taken their meals at the inn were served at the House of the Three Sisters. From this enterprise came the idea of Camp Biscayne, a rustic camp opened by Munroe the following year across from Charles Avenue on the bay front. For the next decade and a half the Grove again had a drawing card for sophisticated northern visitors.

From the story of the *Three Sisters* it is possible to see a little of what life was like on the frontier of South Florida before the railroad came. The wreck was the focal point of the first community endeavor on the bay of which we have a record. The House of the Three Sisters witnessed the beginning of Coconut Grove, the most influential pre-railroad settlement on the bay, and housed its most important early settlers and visitors. It was one of the oldest dwellings in the area to survive until modern times. In its last days it was being used as a store house

---

<sup>16</sup>The Besly home was built sometime between 1870 and 1872. Dr. Harris was the agent in charge. Harris also put Dr. Horace P. Porter in it as a tenant in late 1872. A post office was opened in Coconut Grove in January of 1873 with Porter as postmaster. It could therefore be said with some certainty that the Three Sisters House was probably the Grove's first post office.

by Ralph Munroe's son Wirth, who lived at "The Barnacle." It was not until the late 1950's that dry rot, resurrection ferns, and termites wrote the final chapter and ending to the story of the *Three Sisters*.

#### BIBLIOGRAPHY

##### BOOKS

Munroe, Ralph Middleton and Vincent Gilpin.

*The Commodore's Story*. Reprinted from 1930 ed., *Historical Association of Southern Florida*, Norberth, Penn; Livingston Co., 1966.

Pierce, Charles W.

*Pioneer Life in Southeast Florida*. Edited by Donald Walter Curl, Coral Gables, Florida, University of Miami Press, 1970.

Shepard, Birse

*Lore of the Wreckers*, Boston, Beacon Press, 1961.

##### OTHERS

Hudson, F. M.

"Beginnings in Dade County," *Tequesta* I (1943), 1-35.

"Lemon City, Miami's Predecessor," *Miami Daily News*, September 19, 1948.

Richards, Mrs. A. C.

"Reminiscences of Early Days of Miami," 1903.

Tract Book, Florida—Township 54, 53, Dade County, Florida.

U.S. Census Dade County, Florida, 1870.

U.S. District Court, *Admiralty Docket*, 1867-1899, Docket No. 72, p. 460.

##### INTERVIEWS

Mr. and Mrs. William R. Catlow, Jr.

Mrs. Wirth M. Munroe

Mrs. Maud Black

# Marco, Florida in 1925

By MARY S. LUNDSTROM\*

The village of Marco on Marco Island, Florida was a small settlement of some three dozen families when I arrived from my home in Indiana for my first year of teaching. My parents had planned to spend that winter of 1925-26 in St. Petersburg and hoped that I too could be there. But the reply to my application stated that, "We place our Pinellas County residents first and, as we have more than two hundred on our waiting list, there would be no use to file your application at this time."

I then wrote to every county superintendent in Florida but the reply was common, "Please apply again after you have had a year's experience." Miami, however, was positive and encouraging with the message, "As we do not employ teachers without experience please let us hear from you when you have taught a half year. We will then return a contract for your signature for the 1926-27 school year." Although as a college graduate I held a Graduate State Certificate, it meant nothing without that year's experience.

It was only a month before school was to open when the letter from Mrs. Tommie Barfield of Collier County came from Everglades City. She offered the position of Principal of the three-room, seven months school at Marco. She included an enthusiastic description of: one of the finest bathing beaches in Florida; unexcelled fishing and hunting grounds; the fine climate; and the hotel, near the school, where New Yorkers, and other Northerners coming down to fish, spent their winters.

The three-day train trip ended in Ft. Myers, a bustling town reminiscent of stories of the gold rush towns of the West. But in this case the gold was land, for this was the time of the Great Boom and the Bust had not yet cast a visible shadow. The sidewalks along the main business street were crowded with jostling men and women spilling over onto the street, and my taxi driver had to creep along to avoid them. I was lucky to get him for my train was late and it was almost dark. There were no rooms to be had at either of the two hotels or lodging houses, but he knew an elderly couple who housed a few roomers and they took me in for the night.

The driver came for me in the morning, bringing my trunk which

---

\*Mrs. C. W. Lundstrom, whose name was Mary Samuel when she taught at Marco, now lives on Key Biscayne, Florida.

he had picked up at the station. He then took me to the bus station where Mr. Bryan, a member of the Collier County School Board, was waiting to accompany me on the trip to Marco. He had intended to meet the train the night before, but when it was late, he had left to attend a meeting. The message he had left for me had not reached me, but such was the friendliness of the small community that it occasioned no serious problems, and the taxi driver had the message to meet Mr. Bryan.

It did not take us long to drive out of Ft. Myers. In fact I find it impossible to connect my recollection of it that morning with the city it is today, although a few of the white frame houses are still standing, on side streets. The palmettos and pines that dominated the landscape all the way to the Marco ferry were a continuation of what I had seen from the train windows, crossing the state from Jacksonville. But there were many more birds, of species I had seen only in pictures. The lovely white egrets with their graceful plumage and the wild turkeys were spectacular.

The sand shell roadway, worn to a washboard surface, was not bad for that time, but the many "bridges" over swampland and inlets were unbelievable. They were constructed of planks simply nailed to pilings with the cross planks laid loose. At one so-called bridge two men were working, for there was a hole large enough for a wheel of the bus to fall through. We waited until the men threw a pair of planks across the opening.

At Bonita Springs the other passengers left the bus and a group of rough looking men boarded. The driver explained that they were a gang sent to work on the road farther south. At the junction past Naples we overtook a mail truck and stopped for conversation. My "escort" decided to leave the bus here where he could ride to Everglades City with the mail. If he went to Marco, he explained, he then would have to take the longer way home, by boat. He said that I would be in good hands with the bus driver, and I could tell that I would be when he asked me to take the seat beside him and then quietly took his gun from its holster and laid it on the seat between us. But he had no need for it and, when we reached their road camp, each man told us goodbye politely as he left the bus.

We soon reached the end of the road, and here we saw the lighter, tied to the pilings at the water's edge. A man was busy with the cables and a boy of about fourteen was napping on the deck by the wheel. When we were loaded the man wakened the boy, who did not get up but simply put his bare feet up on the wheel and guided the boat across the channel from his reclining position.

We introduced ourselves and Mr. Tomlinson, the captain, pointed out the school house to me. It was a low white frame building with a belfry

to our left, the hotel was straight ahead, and the store was to our right. Through the trees in the background I could see a weather beaten cabin here and there. The hotel grounds were spacious and I was soon to learn that this was very valuable property. It was staked off with new wooden stakes into small lots and I was told that the price ran a hundred dollars per front foot. Yet, even with this hint of commercialism to come, it could not then have been presaged that this quiet little fishing village and its environs would, in less than fifty years, be obliterated by bulldozers.

Miss Mary Lou Lee, from Georgia, was the other teacher and she had already arrived at the hotel. She had learned that, although there were three rooms in the school building, there would be only two teachers unless the enrollment of fifty pupils increased. The sportsmen did not bring their children of school age, so there was no tourist influx. We inspected the school house that afternoon and found the large center room and the smaller one on the north, or channel, side clean and in order. The smallest room, on the south, was cluttered and dusty, attesting to its disuse.

The dining room at the hotel was not open in the off season, but the wife of the clerk gave us supper. We then went to our room to unpack but our trunks had not been delivered, so we decided to take a walk around the village, hoping to make some casual contact with children or parents. It was now almost sundown and, as we set off toward the store, I began to feel needle-sharp stabs on my arms and legs. I could see nothing to cause this annoyance, there were no mosquitoes in evidence, but Miss Lee was in pain now too, therefore our walk ended at its beginning. This was my first massive encounter with the minute specks they called no-see-ums, or sand-flies—both appropriate names for, on this island, they were surely as numerous as the grains of sand.

The next morning a Mr. Williams, a school board official, came to move us to Mrs. Kirk's boarding house, a cottage on the lane back of the hotel. He explained that we could not afford to stay at the hotel because the rates went up from \$30.00 a month to \$30.00 a day during the winter season. With our combined salaries of \$210.00 per month we could not protest. We each paid Mrs. Kirk \$7.00 a week!

Our room, off the dining end of the kitchen, had been hastily prepared for us. It had the only door and lock within the house, the other rooms having only curtains. Mrs. Kirk explained that she had insisted on this special privacy for us when Mr. Williams asked her, the day before our arrival, to put us up for the duration of the school year. Our trunks were in place, crowding the little room with its double bed and straight chair and dresser with oil lamp, and the wash stand with bowl and pitcher,

and waste bucket underneath. There were no ceilings to the rooms, the partitions extending only to the rafter joists, thus giving a spacious area above our heads and making for better ventilation.

Beside the back door, on a shelf, was the communal water bucket, with dipper hanging on a nail above. It was a rule of the house never to leave the bucket empty, thus the duty fell upon the drinker of the last drop to go across the lane to the cistern for a refill. Everyone depended on these rainwater cisterns, spaced at fairly convenient intervals, for all water used for drinking, cooking, and washing.

Mr. Williams told me that most of our pupils would be under age fourteen, because at that age they could drop out of school and the majority then worked in the Doxsee Clam Factory, as did many of the mothers. Most of the fathers were commercial fishermen and they too sometimes worked for the clam factory. When at times the factory shut down some of the boys and girls would have nothing else to do but to attend school, and we should accept them. Also, although he said this would not be likely, if any pupil who had finished the eighth grade wanted to continue I would be required to teach the necessary secondary subjects. This occurred only twice, and was of short duration.

Miss Lee and I went back to the school that afternoon to map out a course of procedure at least for the next day. We worked everything out together and I was glad to have the benefit of her two previous years teaching. I had the greatest respect for experience, now realizing its value. It was good to have some of the mothers and children come in during that afternoon and we gathered much useful information from them. Others came to Mrs. Kirk's and we met others at the store when we went for our mail so that, by the opening of school the next morning, we actually felt at home on Marco Island.

The first few days were taken up mainly with oral and simple written tests to determine which classes would be combined, with assignments, and with physical examinations. It was not surprising that, with no medical or dental services on the island, almost every child showed some need. But, on the whole, they were a healthy group of youngsters so, if their parents were unconcerned about unfilled baby teeth or hookworm infestation through bare feet, we concluded that it was not for us to do more than record and report. However, I was extremely concerned about the fact that not one of the children had been vaccinated. I sent notes home asking the parents about their own immunizations, and when almost all answers came back in the negative I wrote to Mrs. Barfield, asking if a doctor or nurse could be sent in to rectify this serious oversight. I remembered ten

years before when an epidemic of smallpox struck our small town, the resulting deaths and loss of eyesight and disfigurements.

During the hot September weather the young people enjoyed night swimming off nearby small beaches on the Gulf, where the prevailing winds kept the insect pests away. This was actually the only outdoor recreation one could engage in after sundown away from the smudge buckets. One evening a group of us was swimming off the westernmost island when one of the girls was bitten above her ankle. By the appearance of the many punctures in her flesh the attacker was identified as a barracuda, rightly called the Tiger of the Sea. Fortunately the fish only set its teeth and then let go, instead of ripping off the flesh as these dangerous fish more often do. As it was, the wound was bleeding so profusely by the time the girl was up on the beach that we feared she might bleed to death before we could get her home. But someone's shirt was quickly torn into strips for a tourniquet and the heavy bleeding was stopped. She was out and about the next day, such is the magic of sea water.

Saturday mornings Mary Lou and I would go to Mrs. Robinson's. She taught in the school at Caxambas, the other fishing village five miles south, but lived on the lane north of us. We washed our clothes in the tubs in her back yard. Her husband would build the fire for the wash boiler, and we thoroughly cooked all the germs and dirt out of everything we had worn through the week. The heat made many changes necessary. My silk lingerie and other unsuitable clothing had been packaged and mailed home, and I was busy for several evenings making underclothes and simple dresses out of cotton prints from the local store, using Mrs. Kirk's treadle sewing machine. Not much material was needed for those were the days of flapper styles and skirts were slim and at our knees.

Most of the boarders at Mrs. Kirk's were transient—men working on the island or passing through on business. They might be at the table for only a meal or two, or they might room there for a week or longer. Their quarters were divided by screens and curtains, and the size of the living room was determined by the number of lodgers at the time. We might leave the cabin in the morning with the room in its normal state and come home to find half the furniture on the front porch, with cots lined up the length of the room. But there was always space for the Victrola at one side of the front door and the aged piano at the other, each with a kerosene lamp on its top.

Besides Miss Lee and I there were two other regular lodgers—Mr. Norcross and his ninety-year-old mother. She had been a brilliant doctor with her own hospital in New York, but she had become senile and was,

he said, more content here at Marco than anywhere he had taken her. They were alone in the world except for his son, who was in South America working on a research project for Harvard University, of which he was an alumnus.

Other people we came to know who were not natives of the island were Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Bronson and their small daughter. And there were the wives of men connected with the two factions which were working to develop the island—to their own interests. They lived at the Marco Lodge only temporarily and their names are long forgotten.

In October, after one all night squall, the weather changed abruptly to comfortable days and cool nights, and the sand flies and mosquitoes disappeared. The following Sunday the parents and other villagers had a picnic for their teachers. We went in boats to the beach side of the island west of the village. All the food served was grown on the islands or caught off their shores, and the cooking was done on the spot. There was turtle soup; fish, snapper and mullet, broiled over open fires; creamed hearts of palm; avocado salad; and a variety of fresh fruits.

Every family had a boat, varying from a light skiff to a fair sized fishing boat with a cabin, but there were few automobiles. Even if one had the money for it a car was a very unnecessary expense for the fishermen. Without crossing to the mainland, which cost \$1.00 one way on the ferry, there was no place to drive except over the five mile shell trail through the woods to Caxambas.

The deputy sheriff, T. S. Maupin, boarding at Mrs. Kirk's at the time gave Mary Lou and me our first ride to the south end of Marco Island. We passed several newly-built cabins in clearings near the road, each one surrounded by a barbed wire fence. They appeared to be vacant and I asked our new friend about them. He replied that they were built by the government for road workers who were to have cleared the jungle when they built the new road. But it seemed that the project had been abandoned, because of some controversy over land rights, and now nothing was being done by the government anywhere on the island.

It was almost dark when we left Caxambas, but we had seen the cannery and hotel, and the cottages so like those at Marco. About half way home, as we were going up a rise of ground, the car suddenly ran up onto an enormous snake crossing the trail. We could see the great flat head reared above the left front fender, with the tongue darting frantically. The air was filled with the dry hollow rattling of the tail that we could see to the right of the car. I asked Mr. Maupin why he didn't run over the snake and end its agony and he replied that it wouldn't finish him. If we

were on level ground or downhill he could drag the brakes and tear the huge thick body apart in the sharp shells. But that wouldn't work going uphill. At last he reached under the seat for the crank. It seemed too small and light a weapon for such a target, but he leaned far out and the instant he struck the rattle ceased. He drove the car up and back over the body several times before we continued on our way. He said the buzzards would have it picked clean the next morning. The law men and hunters were constantly trying to rid the island of poisonous reptiles.

Later we had a similar adventure, but much more dangerous, on a Saturday hunting excursion into the Everglades. The Tamiami Trail in 1925, from the bend north toward Naples, was a rough wagon-trail bordered with palmetto scrub and saw grass that led thirty miles east into the Everglades and stopped. At this point we left the flivver that brought us across the ferry from Marco and proceeded on foot with our guns. I had been given the only extra gun that could be found at the time — an old rusty 10-gauge double barreled shot gun. I was instructed to hold the stock tight against my shoulder when shooting to avoid getting a mighty kick.

We penetrated quite far into the wilderness, firing at various targets along the way, and I was having such good beginner's luck at hitting stumps and then smaller distant targets that I expressed the wish to find some live thing that should be killed, such as a rattlesnake. When we came to the more dense jungle we turned back and were near the wagon trail when suddenly the air vibrated with that dry, frantic buzzing that is like nothing else in the world but a rattlesnake. The air was so completely filled with the noise that the reverberation seemed to be coming from all directions, as though there were snakes all around us. I jumped up onto a stump. Someone pointed, speechless, to the spot I had just left and there, right beside my shoe print in the dust, under a palmetto shrub stood the tense coils of the second diamondback I had seen in Collier County. It was coiled like a strong spiral spring and we never did see the head. Everyone was now in the small clearing where wood cutters had trampled the grass flat and we could not get back on the path, for the snake could easily strike across it. No one now would step into that tall grass again. Because I was the one who had wished for a snake I must be the one to shoot it, they said. I was weak with fright and shaking so that the gun was wobbling in circles when I aimed. I couldn't have held it tight to my shoulder if I had thought of it. But with the gun's report the noise stopped, and I was knocked off the stump by the recoil. One of the men fired into the inert mass again to make certain of getting the head. Someone else asked if I wanted the rattles and buttons, but I couldn't get away from that place fast enough. I carried a souvenir for weeks—an arm black from

shoulder to elbow. After this experience I invested in a light 16-gauge one-shot gun from the Sears Roebuck catalog.

As I recall it was the Bronsons who were responsible for the hunting experiences. They enjoyed hunting snipes, long legged sea birds always in abundant supply along the beaches. After a Saturday morning of shooting we would go back to their place and dress and stuff the birds for roasting, and have a feast in the evening.

Occasionally an itinerant preacher would come to the village to hold services in one of the cottages, but there was no church and no Sunday School. So there were no festivities planned for the children for Christmas time. We had a week's vacation and my parents expected me at St. Petersburg. But Miss Lee was not going home and I decided to stay and help to organize a real Christmas program. Back then there was no worry about being arrested if we touched a religious theme in school. We had our tall pine tree set up in Miss Lee's big room and we held the beautiful celebration of Christmas there. Each child had a part in the program and each one received a gift, and it was touching to hear the parents join in singing the familiar carols.

Mary Lou and I had Christmas Day with my parents after all. We met at Charlotte Harbor, where we went by bus, and afterward they visited the island.

The first excitement in January was the oyster fishing. We went in rowboats, in and out among the mangrove islands, reaching down into the rust colored water to pull the rough shells loose from their moorings. First, we would eat our fill, opening the shells with strong knives. They were delectable, salted to perfection by the Gulf waters. Then we would fill the croker sacks and take them home to be shucked and made into stew, or fried, or scalloped, or just eaten in their natural state, seasoned to taste.

By the end of January "the season" was in full swing. The great Ringling and Rexall yachts were anchored in the deep pass by the school, to the distraction of teachers and pupils; the village men were completely booked up for guiding; every boy's spare time was busy with bait fishing; and the hotel was filled with northern sportsmen and their wives. Miss Lee and I were sometimes invited to their evening affairs, and one Sunday we were included on a yachting-swimming cruise around the islands with a New York group.

These friendly people in this remote spot were sometimes hard pressed for the means of making a living for their families. Fishing was

not always good or profitable, the clam factory was not always producing and therefore hiring the women and girls and boys, and the rich New Yorkers who paid well for guides and bait were there only in the short winter season. Thus the temptation of fabulous fees for illegal transport of contraband goods became irresistible to some. Mary Lou and I, accepted as we were by the native people because we lived as they lived (an advantage we would have missed had we stayed at the hotel), were taken across the channel one night to see eight hundred cases of smuggled liquor stacked up in a clearing in the woods. This was to be transferred, before daylight, to boats that would take it to Ft. Myers. There, we were told, it would be snapped up, for a price, by the many bootleggers operating in the area. The really big loads were sent to Chicago and to eastern cities for distribution.

Liquor was not the only contraband touching the shores and lives of this small remote island in the Gulf. More sinister and infinitely more dangerous was the smuggling of hard drugs, and of human beings, aliens—Orientals who came from the East via South America, who would pay a thousand dollars and risk their lives to get into this country. This traffic was not commonly engaged in by the fishermen, but it was known to them. We did not learn any details of the workings of these most deadly occupations but we did hear reports, probably third hand at least, of fatal encounters with the Coast Guard.

School had been in session over five months when we first met the woman who hired us, Mrs. Barfield. One of the Doxsee children brought the message his father had taken at the clam factory before school one morning in February. Miss Lee and I were to drive to Ft. Myers with Mrs. Tommie Barfield the following week to attend the three-day Educational Conference. The school was to be closed for that time.

We met Mrs. Barfield at the ferry landing at daylight on the morning she had stipulated, and then began a most interesting acquaintance with this dynamic and public-spirited pioneer. She told us that she often drove to Ft. Myers alone at night, in order to be there by the time offices were open in the morning. By traveling at night she could take care of business in Ft. Myers without being away from home for more than a day. She said she was not afraid because everyone knew she was handy with her gun.

On the final day of the conference Mrs. Barfield received a telephone call from Marco telling her that smallpox had broken out on the island. She was in touch immediately with the Lee County Board of Health, which had to serve the relatively new Collier County, and they promised to send a doctor and nurse at once. Mrs. Barfield recalled my letter con-

cerning the vaccinations and apologized for not replying. She explained that she knew of the situation and didn't consider it serious because it was common to the area. She had never known of an epidemic on the island in all her years there, and illnesses were almost always light. The people were not accustomed to having a doctor and would not have cooperated in having the inoculations. But now the circumstances were changed and we must get every man, woman, and child immunized.

We left at once and were much relieved when we reached Marco to find that there were yet only two cases. Mrs. Barfield went on to Caxambas that night and then on to Everglades City the next day to determine the extent of the disease. It had not spread and, although another case had developed by the time the doctor arrived, Mrs. Barfield was right, the cases were light.

The doctor, a young northerner, had just finished his internship and had taken the position with the Health Board as his first assignment. I was asked to assist him until the nurse would arrive. We set up operations in the office of the clam factory and this was convenient for the busy workers there. No one on the island refused the shot.

A month later, shortly before school closed, the promised nurse arrived, stopping on her way back to Ft. Myers from her home in Miami. She had received word from the Board of Health office to do this and, as there was nothing in the message to indicate urgency, had assumed that this stop was to be at the end of her vacation. She stayed over night at the Marco Lodge and gave each child in the school a check up. Mary Lou and I enjoyed her visit and I was to renew the acquaintance the following year, for my contract to teach in the Miami schools had come the end of February.

When I met my parents for the drive home to Indiana I told them that the term had been a priceless experience, never to be forgotten.

# Glimpses of Antebellum Florida: Tampa Bay, Key West, North Florida

By BARTLETT C. JONES\*

Certain picturesque and significant insights into antebellum Florida may be found in two unpublished diaries in the Winterthur Library.<sup>1</sup> Neither diarist wrote extensively about Florida nor became prominent in her affairs—one, indeed, remains unidentified. These facts partially explain why the diaries have not been used by students of Florida.

John M. S. Hoxie came to Florida sometime prior to 1820. He recorded his accounts and commodity prices, then began a diary which intermittently ran from September 30, 1824 to November 19, 1825. His early economic activity included cutting and shipping timber. (On September 30, 1824 he noted that a schooner carrying 800 feet of his timber was feared lost at sea.) By June of 1825 he had located on an island on "Hillsborough River," and had begun erecting a salt works in Symrnea.<sup>2</sup> That September, when salt production began, he was deeply involved in preparations for raising oranges and other fruit. Believing himself the first in Florida history to cultivate mangrove marsh, Hoxie wished to make his island a successful fruit farm ensuring wealth, pleasure and "as little communications with my fellow men as circumstances will permitt." [sic] Although he seems to have had no experience in raising citrus and knew of no "compilation" on orange trees, he had explored contemporary agricultural lore sufficiently to acquire the belief that caustic lime would counter the salt in the soil. The hurricane of October 1 and 2, which ruined his plantation including 150 small orange trees and 67 almonds in boxes, convinced Hoxie that his island could never become a profitable fruit farm. He considered moving to New River and raising tropical fruit.<sup>3</sup>

---

\*Dr. Jones is an Assistant Professor of History and Social Sciences, an American Studies specialist, at the University of Florida. The Winterthur Museum gave permission for the quotations from manuscripts in the institution's library.

<sup>1</sup>Winterthur, formerly the home of Henry F. DuPont near Wilmington, Delaware, houses the finest collection of American decorative arts ever assembled. The home became a museum, and an M.A. program in early American culture was established cooperatively with the University of Delaware in 1955. I am indebted to Winterthur for a fellowship to attend a summer institute in August, 1970.

<sup>2</sup>I surmise that this river flowed into Hillsborough Bay, near contemporary Tampa; but could not determine which stream, the North or South, was meant. I can find no reference to Smyrnea in early maps or histories of Florida.

<sup>3</sup>The New River, flowing through Liberty and Franklin Counties to the Gulf of Mexico, would today be considered too far north for tropical fruit. Disastrous freezes of the late 19th and early 20th centuries drove the Florida citrus industry further south.

Discouraged with his salt business, disgusted with his fellow Floridians, Hoxie decided in November to begin cane planting. The conclusion of the diary at this point leaves us a portrait of an ambitious, hard-working and ingenious individual who had yet to find a secure place in the primitive economy of Florida.

Two portions of the diary and sketchbook of an unidentified Boston artist depict a pleasant, simple Florida society. During a visit to Key West (March 3-17, 1851), the artist sketched the following scenes whose precise lines suggest training as an engraver: "Key West—Sandy Key—Sea View, boats, cook's house"; "Key West—Sandy Key—Sea View, boats, old mule in water"; "Key West—Sandy Key—House and cocoa-nut trees"; "Key West—Sandy Key—Gager's House"; and "Key West—View of part of town."<sup>4</sup> The Key West Art & Historical Society might also be interested in the visitor's random observations, quoted here in full.<sup>5</sup>

---

Monday 3d We saw the land at a distance last night, & (to)day are passing quite near it, & close to the celebrated reef where the wrecks occur—Saw the lighthouse buildings on Carysfoot reef which seems to stand in the open sea—The color of the water is constantly varying & often as green as emerald.—At six o'clock we stopped at Key West, & I was glad enough to shake hands with Mr. Lewis, who took me up & installed me in very nice quarters with Capt. & Mrs. Curtis—"so far, so good."

Tuesday 4th Walked with Lewis to an observatory to see the Island, & then across to see marks of the great hurricane in 1846, Oct. 11th. Saw on the way some large banana trees in a garden, some queer wild fig trees, also the gum-eleme, the cocoa-nut, the papaw, the tamarind & many others for the first time.—the weather is warm enough for thin clothes, though a Norther' has blown all day.

Wednesday 5th Found an old mule standing in the water before breakfast & sketched him vid. p. 27th & at nine o'clock took the boat & stood over to Sand Key, throwing my breakfast on the way. The island is the queerest place imaginable, without a vegetable of any kind, with a hole in the centre dug for the lighthouse, where the tide ebbs and flows.—Lewis has quite a nice house & fittings, & we lived well—The pelicans are abundant about there and one was shot for a youngster who went out with

---

<sup>4</sup>These sketches, like those in footnote 8, were either water color, pencil, or sepia-wash.

<sup>5</sup>Courtesy, Henry Francis du Pont Winterthur Museum, Joseph Downs Manuscript Collection, No. 69 x 206.1, pp. 27-29.

us as bird collector—Saw plenty of sardines caught, & examined the iron work.

Thursday 6th Fried the sardines & found them excellent & at noon saw Greupper & snappers & ate the latter—good—P.M. sketched vid. p. 26th Cook's house.

Friday 7th Came up & P.M. began the sketch of a curious wild pig.

Sunday 9th To Church & heard pastor Adams, a Puseyite;<sup>6</sup> the people looked very well, with an air of more style than our country congregations—some rather pretty. After church Lewis saw his schooner come in & was soon in a nice pucker.

Monday 10th Went after breakfast to see them land cattle from a little vessel, which brings them over from the main, & a queer sight enough it was; they are hauled out by the horns, & come up all spread out—I then sketched on a block of gum-elleme tree near the barracks, & P.M. commenced sketching vid. p. 28th the house & cocoa-nut trees.—Even<sup>g</sup> Capt. Howland & Mrs. Hackley here—supped on oysters.

Tuesday 11th Visited Hackley to make arrangements—Sketched in colours.

Wednesday 12th A wreck came in & prevented Hackley from going, and I was obliged to borrow a little sail-boat from Tift, & started with Williams at noon—we had a delightful sail among the Keys, and landed at five at Henry Gager's, & found his old negro Bob there—Walked out and examined the lagoons, found nothing to shoot, & supped on fried pork & cold sweet potatoes; turned in on an old stretcher, with a stool to keep my legs from going through — Waked up cold once or twice, but did well enough.

Thursday 13th Roused up Billy at daybreak, & found the nigger off, & after breakfast lost some time in searching for a piece of gold I dropped between the cracks of the floor; found it, made a sketch vid. p. 29th of Gager's house, & started. Passed through Bocca Chica with the North East trade, shot at a Comorant on the way & came in to Key West in two hours & a half—Lewis was here, & took me in the even<sup>g</sup> to a party given to Governir Brown by Mr. Wall, which ended by nearly all the men getting

---

<sup>6</sup>Rev. C. C. Adams had St. Paul's Protestant Episcopal Church, Key West, from 1846 to March, 1855. When he left, there were 102 communicants, 30-40 candidates for confirmation. See Walter C. Maloney, *A Sketch of the History of Key West, Florida: Facsimile Reproduction 1876 Edition* (Gainesville, 1968), p. 33. Edward B. Pusey (1800-82) was a central figure in the Catholic revival (Oxford Movement) within the Church of England. See James Hastings, ed., *Encyclopaedia of Religion and Ethics*, X (New York, 1955), 517-20.

fiddled in Champagne, singing a wrecking song, & toasting a wreck a week.<sup>7</sup> 2 o'clock.

Friday 14th Finished my wild fig-tree. Even<sup>s</sup> Mr. & Mrs. Campbell here.

Saturday 15th Hunted Billy Williams in conjunction with Capt. Curtis;—having run him down we took Clapp's boat & went to Sand Key; Mr. Lewis was actively engaged in superintending, & in the even<sup>s</sup> the new apparatus was up—come home in a brilliant moonlight, with just breeze enough to bring us in to the wharf.

Sunday 16th A good sermon from Mr. Adams. Even<sup>s</sup> to the Lancaster's with Lewis.

Monday 17th Finished the gum-elemi, & called at Wall's, where Miss Elisa told some queer stories. P.M. made a sketch, vid. 30th of a part of the town, Tufts look-out, & while waiting for the Isabel. The boat did not arrive till 12 o'clock & we had a boisterous passage. Mr. Mallory & Dr. Pinckney, Misses Brown, Ward, Tripplett on board.

The artist spent several weeks in Northeast Florida in April and early May of 1854 and made seven sketches: "Palatka—scrub palmetto, house, natives"; "Palatka—Country wagons, mules, buildings on Lake George"; "Palatka—Part of banks of Lake George"; "Palatka—Cattle range on prairie"; "Palatka—Tent at edge of lake 'Camp hunt'"; "St. Augustine—Old Spanish gate"; and "St. Augustine—Water side view, street, Old Spanish fort."<sup>8</sup> He spent much of the time on fishing trips but also was pleasantly entertained at the Lynch and Gillis Tavern in Palatka, observed a gun fight in Jacksonville, and enjoyed a comfortable room at the Florida Hotel, St. Augustine, before leaving for Savannah on the steamer St. John's. Both the diary and sketches evoke nostalgia for antebellum Florida. Slavery, misery and political discord scarcely appear. There is only beauty.

Bartlett C. Jones

Asst. Professor of History & Social Sciences  
University of Florida

<sup>7</sup>For accounts of the amoral Key West wrecking business, which involved more than 20 vessels with a gross of better than one-million dollars annually in the antebellum period, see: Louise V. White and Nora K. Smiley, *History of Key West* (St. Petersburg, 1959), pp. 33-36; anonymous, "Wrecks, Wrecking, Wreckers, and Wreckees on Florida Reef," *Hunt's Merchant's Magazine* (April 1842), pp. 349-54; and Kenneth Scott, "The City of Wreckers: Two Key West Letters of 1838," *Florida Historical Quarterly*, XXV (October 1946), 191-201.

<sup>8</sup>All sketches labelled Palatka did not necessarily depict that community. The "Old Spanish fort" in St. Augustine was, of course, the *Castillo de San Marcos*.

# Sailing in South Florida Waters in the Early 1880s

## PART I

*Edited by* JOHN F. REIGER\*

Among the best sources for descriptions of South Florida in the 1870s and '80s is the weekly newspaper, *Forest and Stream*.<sup>1</sup> First printed in 1873 in New York City, the journal appealed to well-to-do sportsmen seeking hunting and fishing adventures in unspoiled regions. One such individual was James Alexander Henshall.

Originally from Maryland and a physician by profession, Henshall became well-known for his expertise as an angler. Among his works are the *Book of the Black Bass* (1881) and *Favorite Fish and Fishing* (1908). Journeying to South Florida in the late '70s, he discovered that the area's reputation for fantastic fishing—and hunting—was completely justified. In the fall of 1881 he decided to return to this outdoorsman's paradise, and it is this second trip that we are concerned with here.

Accompanied by several companions, he sailed a thirty-four foot schooner from Titusville on the east coast to Cedar Key on the west, taking three and a half months to complete the odyssey. Henshall later published an account of his various Florida travels in *Camping and Cruising in Florida* (1884), but the excerpts below are from the original *Forest and Stream* article.<sup>2</sup> Part I of this edited version covers the voyage from Titusville to Key West.

About the middle of December, 1881, my wife and I arrived in Jacksonville, Florida, on our way to Indian River. Proceeding to that model hotel, the Windsor, we were at once made comfortable. . . . The weather was warm and pleasant, and Jacksonville . . . looked . . . lovely. The grand old water oaks along the streets . . . looked . . . stately, while the gardens were . . . profuse of bloom. . . .

We left Jacksonville with regret, and embarked on the little steamer Volusia, on which I had made a trip to the head waters of the St. Johns

---

\*Dr. Reiger is an Assistant Professor of History at the University of Miami.

<sup>1</sup>The University of Miami Library has the journal on microfilm from 1873 to 1911.

<sup>2</sup>J. A. Henshall, "Around the Coast of Florida" (nine papers), January 25, 1883 to March 22, 1883.

three years before. Of course I was at once at home with her versatile and ubiquitous master, Capt. Lund, who never seems to sleep, and who seems to be in every part of the boat at one and the same time. . . .

Arriving at Salt Lake, two hundred and seventy-five miles south of Jacksonville, we found the old wooden tramway, connecting Salt Lake with Titusville, a thing of the past. Its pine rails were decayed, its rolling stock had vanished, but its motive power, 'the mules,' stood calmly and meditatively, harnessed to . . . wagons, wagging their ears and whisking their mop-like tails in the same old fashion. . . .

Eight miles of sandy road through the pine woods brought us to Titusville, where we were warmly welcomed by Col. Nichols, of the Titus Hotel. Titusville was but a shadow of its former self. . . . Its streets were deserted, several of its stores burnt down, its long pier dilapidated and its railroad crumbling away.

"What is the matter with Titusville?" I inquired of a boatman leaning against a fence whittling.

"Rockledge has got the bulge [jump] on us," answered he, without looking up.

The hotels, however, are still alive, and the stores of Messrs. Dixon, Moore, Weger and Smith still keep up a good show of business. But I missed the old-time bustle and excitement of 'Sandpoint.'<sup>3</sup> Mr. Weger and his son are doing all in their power to promote the welfare of the place; the former was erecting a new store building . . . , and the latter had founded a weekly paper, the *Florida Star*. . . .

I found Capt. Strobhar's schooner Rambler, in which we were to make our cruise around the peninsula of Florida, not quite finished in her cabin accommodations, but which were being rapidly pushed to completion by her energetic skipper and the available force at his command. However, with the pleasant company of . . . [the] guests of the hotel, the time passed pleasantly. . . .

There is a resident taxidermist at Titusville, Mr. Serimageour, who is a genius in his way. He had some really fine specimens of mounted birds and mammals. He had just returned from a hunt in the scrub, where he killed five deer and a panther. While I was in his shop a woman and a boy brought in a fresh panther's skin for sale; the boy had shot it. . . .

---

<sup>3</sup>The village was originally known as "Sand Point," but Colonel Henry T. Titus, postmaster and leading citizen of the hamlet, changed the name to Titusville. Despite this fact, the nickname "Sand Point" (one word or two) remained in common usage for some time.

The day before Christmas we went to Rockledge, twenty miles down the river, and were most hospitably entertained by Mr. Wilkinson, formerly of Richmond, Va. Mr. W. has purchased the orange grove and buildings formerly owned by Mr. Hatch, and has erected a fine roomy hotel, and though not entirely completed, we were nevertheless made quite comfortable. In the evening there was a Christmas tree for his pretty grandchildren, and a bonfire on the lawn. . . .

Rockledge had improved very much since my last visit. The orange groves were all now in full bearing—new houses, several stores, and a schoolhouse had been built, and a wooden tramway was being constructed to Lake Poinsett, the head of navigation on the St. Johns, and but three miles distant, to which point a steamer made three trips a week from Sanford, connecting at the latter place with the DeBary line for Savannah. The produce of the lower country was being shipped by this route, and supplies brought back—all of which explained why Rockledge had “got the bulge on Sandpoint.” Rockledge is remarkable as being one of the very few places in Florida where the people are not anxious to sell their homes. Her people are prospering and value their orange groves too highly to sell them even at extraordinary prices. . . .

We spent Christmas Day . . . very pleasantly at Rockledge with old friends, and on the next day sailed for Eau Gallie, where we arrived after nightfall and found a Christmas hop in progress. . . . There was a Christmas tree with a present for each guest. . . . My present was a half-dozen roasting ears of green corn. Think of it—Christmas and green corn!

The next day we set sail for San Sebastian River, passing Milbourne<sup>4</sup> on Crane Creek, and stopping a short time at Turkey Creek, where Charles Creech is still living in the cabin on the bluff, though he had taken unto himself a helpmeet since my last visit. We had a fair wind to Sebastian and sailed up to our old “Cabbage Camp,” just above the mouth of the North Prong, a short distance above Mr. Kane’s cabin on the main river. Here we jumped two deer within a hundred yards of camp. Jordan and I took the dingley and our shotguns, and knocked down several ducks.

We saw a large flock of coots, or mudhens, near the point of a small mangrove island, rounding which they rose at forty yards, when we discharged two barrels each and picked up twenty-four coots. The skipper carried a dozen to Mr. Kane’s family, while Jordan and I proceeded to dress the remainder. . . .

We spent two more weeks on Indian River and its tributaries, going

---

<sup>4</sup>This town is now called “Melbourne.”

down as far as Fort Capron and the inlet opposite, and had many delightful experiences, fishing, hunting, shooting and collecting curious . . . marine specimens, and feasting on fish, game, oysters, crabs, turtle, oranges, bananas, guavas, etc. . . . As this was but an experimental or trial trip of the Rambler, we returned to Titusville. [From there, Henshall's wife left for the north, while he made final preparations for his cruise around Florida.]

Many of the boatmen on the river did not believe we were serious in our intentions, as a voyage around the peninsula had never been undertaken by any boat from that section. They were quite confident that we would proceed no further than Jupiter, or Lake Worth. Strange to say, though, there was not one to offer his services to sail the boat on this "big voyage," while for a run down to Jupiter a dozen would have offered, whose knowledge of seamanship, from their own account, was adequate to the circumnavigation of the globe. The Lake Worth boatmen, however, who made occasional trips in the summer to Key Largo and Key West, were not so incredulous, but looked upon the enterprise with doubt and suspicion, and forebodings of evil and disaster. But our ardor was not to be dampened, nor our enthusiasm quenched by any amount of blue water; and if the Rambler held together, we had a crew that would not desert her.

The Rambler was a small schooner, thirty-four feet in length, ten feet [a]beam, and drawing two feet aft; the bottom was half round, with a good, clean bow, and stern cut away somewhat like the sharpie.<sup>5</sup> She was strongly built, a good sailor, . . . though rather slow with cruising rig, but a dryer boat never plowed salt water. The cabin was quite roomy, eight by fifteen feet, with four and a half feet head room. The crew consisted of the "Squire" and "Jack" of Connecticut, "Buck" of Texas, the "Skipper," myself, and "Cuff." Cuff was the Skipper's dog, a cross between setter and hound, and a good all 'round dog on deer, turkey and quail. The Skipper was to sail the Rambler as far as Jupiter, at the foot of Indian River, where I was to take command and sail her by chart, compass and dead reckoning down the Atlantic coast to Key West, thence up the Gulf coast to Cedar Keys. . . .

At length, on the morning of January 16, 1882, with a southeast wind and close-hauled, we departed from Titusville. . . .

We passed in succession Addison's Point, Pine Island, Jones's Point, Rocky Point, City Point, Oleander Point, and were soon abreast of Rock-

---

<sup>5</sup>A "sharpie" is a long, narrow, flat-bottomed boat with a centerboard and one or two masts rigged with triangular sails. Employed mainly for fishing, the vessel was once common in New England.

ledge. That night we made San Sebastian River. We sailed up to the forks, then poled up the South Prong three or four miles. . . .

Sailing out of San Sebastian River into Indian River, a break in the coast line opposite can be seen, which is the beginning of an attempt by the settlers in the vicinity to cut an inlet to the sea. Four or five miles below the mouth of San Sebastian we come to Pelican Island, an outlying isle of a group some eight miles in extent, forming Indian River Narrows. For two years the pelicans had ceased breeding on this island, owing to their being continually harassed and wantonly and mercilessly shot by Northern tourists. This year they were again nesting. . . .

Passing through the Narrows, we stopped awhile to visit old Capt. Estes, a noted hunter, who has lived alone on an island at the foot of the Narrows for nearly thirty years. We found him laid up with . . . rheumatism in his palmetto shanty; a fire blazing in a huge iron kettle sunk in the floor lit up the sombre interior, the smoke finding its exit through openings along the ridge-pole. . . . In the shanty were many trophies of his prowess. Among others, the skull and skin of a large manatee, also a huge rope net used in the capture of these curious animals. . . . Within a mile of Estes's shanty is United States Life Saving Station No. 1, on the sea beach. . . .

About ten miles below the Narrows, and nearly opposite Fort Capron, we entered Gardiner's Cut, at the entrance to which was the turtling camp of Arthur Park and Jim Russell, and a mile further on we anchored in Pinkham's Cove, near the sea beach, and just above Indian River Inlet. After a ramble on the ocean beach, where we saw half a dozen immense blackfish<sup>6</sup> stranded, we gathered several barrels of oysters, fished to our heart's content, and shot a number of curlew and bay snipe. Toward evening we were driven away by the sandflies. Making sail we crossed the inlet and entered the Fort Pierce Cut. Here we encountered a school of porpoises and a number of large tarpum<sup>7</sup> . . . , the latter being from six to eight feet in length. As they rolled out on the surface their bright armor of silver scales, as large as silver dollars, shone resplendent in the slanting rays of the setting sun. Jack was trolling and expressed a great desire to hook one, but it was well enough he didn't, for he might as well have been fast to a steam tug. We crossed over to Fort Pierce, on the mainland, four miles below Fort Capron, and dropped the anchor about dark. After supper a 'norther came on which blew big guns, but the Rambler rode it like a duck.

---

<sup>6</sup>"Blackfish" is another name for the pilot whale.

<sup>7</sup>Today, the accepted spelling for this fish is "tarpon."

We went ashore at Fort Pierce to chat with Ben Hogg, who keeps a store at that place. Ben has a monopoly of the Indian trade in Southeast Florida, and buys their deer hides, 'gator teeth and beeswax. A party of Indians from the Everglades were then hunting back in the flat woods, their canoes being drawn up on the shore in front of the store. Ben has a good seagoing sloop in which he makes occasional trips to Jacksonville, going out at the inlet opposite, leaving his . . . wife . . . to 'tend store in his absence.

A few miles below Fort Pierce we stopped at Hermann's Grove for a supply of sour oranges for culinary purposes, sour orange juice and soda being superior to baking powders in the construction of the . . . flapjack. . . . Below this, and about seven miles above the mouth of St. Lucie River, Mr. Richards has built a large house and has quite a clearing planted to oranges and pineapples. Nearly opposite, on the east shore, can be seen the hamak<sup>8</sup> once owned by "Old Cuba." Poor . . . Cuba! A year or two ago he was drowned by the capsizing of his boat, and when found his body was headless. Four miles below Cuba's is U.S. Life Saving Station No. 2, opposite the mouth of the St. Lucie. A few miles below Richard's we came to Waveland, a new post-office at the residence of Dr. Baker, who has a good hamak lying between Indian and St. Lucie rivers.

At the mouth of St. Lucie, as usual, were thousands of coots and many ducks; we got a good supply as we sailed along. The St. Lucie, from its mouth to the main fork, some eight miles, is a large river whose waters are entirely fresh; it divides into a north and south branch. We sailed up to the main fork, seeing several manatees on the way. As we passed Mt. Pisgah, a high ridge on the northeast shore, whose bare summit is crowned by an ancient mound, we saw at its foot the tent of a newly-arrived young man and his wife, from Philadelphia, who had bought a piece of land without seeing it, and found it to be located on the bald top of Mt. Pisgah.

The wind being favorable, we sailed up the south fork some four miles, being altogether about twelve miles from the mouth. Here we moored the schooner for a camp of several days, and had fine sport, there being an abundance of deer, turkey and quail. . . .

At night the favorite sport of the boys was shark fishing; and even at this remote camp, though fully twelve miles from brackish water, they caught many small sharks. On one occasion they hooked and landed an

---

<sup>8</sup>A tract of forested land elevated above the level of the adjacent marsh is now spelled "hammock" or "hummock."

immense soft-shelled turtle . . . , whose carapace was nearly three feet long; he made a good pot of soup, and furnished some palatable steaks.

With a favorable wind we left St. Lucie camp and proceeded down the river, seeing several more manatees or seacows in the main stream, with one of which we had an exciting race for a short distance as he swam a few yards ahead, but was forced to make for the grassy bottom as the bow of the schooner touched him. They swim very swiftly for so unwieldy an animal, but make much fuss about it, leaving a wake as large as a steamtug. Sailing down Indian River we soon came to Jupiter Narrows, near the head of which is a closed inlet, Gilbert's Bar; there was some talk of reopening this inlet. Passing through the Narrows, some ten miles, we emerged into Hobe's Sound, as the lower ten miles of Indian River is called. Here the boys had a surfeit of trolling for crevalle. At Conch Bar, midway between the Narrows and Jupiter, we sighted the tower of Jupiter light, which we reached in another hour.

At Jupiter we found several parties of tourists. . . . Mr. James Armour is still chief keeper of Jupiter light, his assistants being Messrs. Spencer and Carlisle. He was very courteous during our sojourn, and twice he and Mr. Carlisle hunted with us with their hounds, but the Indians had made the deer wild; turkeys, however, were plentiful enough. . . .

The boys had many a fierce contest with the large sharks and sawfish at Jupiter, catching many white and blue sharks from six to twelve feet long. Their shark fishing was always practiced at night, they being engaged in other sports and adventures during the day. . . .

One night the boys tackled a foe worthy of their steel in a huge jawfish. . . . It took all hands to land it, and, as in the case of the sharks, a rifle ball through the head to quiet it. The next morning Mr. Armour weighed it on his steelyard, which it balanced at three hundred and forty pounds. The shark tackle consisted of three hundred feet of half-inch manilla rope, and immense long-shanked shark hooks with chain and swivel attached. . . .

At Jupiter, Buck left us to our great regret, being compelled to return to Texas on business, for it was now the middle of February. He took passage with Capt. Hammon for Titusville. . . .

The next day we went out over Jupiter Bar at high water slack, and with a head wind; consequently we had to use the poles in getting out. There was a heavy swell but not much sea, and with a light easterly breeze we made Lake Worth Inlet, ten miles below, in a little less than three hours. We ran the inlet about half way, but there not being wind enough

to stem the strong ebb, we anchored until the turn of the tide. Lake Worth Inlet has increased in depth to about seven feet at low water, and withal is much straighter than at my former visit. With the young flood we entered the lake, and at once sailed down some six miles to the house of Squire Charley Moore, whom we found as kind and jolly as of old. Lake Worth had vastly improved, a post office was established, new settlers were coming in, and all seemed prosperous. Two schooners were running to Jacksonville, carrying tomatoes, bananas, pineapples, etc., which, with the boats running to Rockledge and Titusville, afforded good transportation.

The next day we sailed down the lake to the residence of E. M. and John Brelsford, formerly of Xenia, Ohio, who seemed to be well pleased with their new location, and were living comfortably in their tropical home, which was doubly blessed by the presence of their charming mother and lovely sister who were spending the winter with them. We took tea with them, and afterward we all repaired to Capt. Dimmick's, where we passed a most agreeable evening, one very enjoyable feature being an impromptu concert by the Brelsfords, with violin, guitar, violoncello and cabinet organ. Jack, Squire and the Skipper all lost their hearts on this occasion, and in order to keep peace among them, and to preserve a proper state of discipline aboard the Rambler, I deemed it imperative to take our leave the next morning.

On the day following we tightened up the shrouds and bobstay, looked to the strapping of blocks, and made everything snug and ship-shape, for the next day after, we were to make a sail of forty miles by sea to the next inlet below—Hillsboro River. The day broke clear and fine, and by nine o'clock a fresh wind was blowing from the north. Everything was propitious, so we made sail, hoisted anchor, and put to sea, keeping well inshore, just beyond the line of breakers, to avoid, so far as possible, the current of the Gulf Stream, which here flows northward at a two-knot rate.

As we passed the beach near the trails from the . . . settled portion of Lake Worth, we saw a lady busily engaged in picking up sea-shells. Jack seized the conch-horn and blew a shrill blast, at which she looked up and waved her handkerchief. . . . At the foot of Lake Worth we saw, on the beach ridge, the cabin formerly occupied by the Hubell family. . . . Five miles further on is U.S. Life Saving Station No. 3, and ten miles further we were abreast of the bold rocks of Boca Ratoue,<sup>9</sup> where there is a closed inlet to a branch of the Hillsboro. There is a great sameness in the appearance of the southeast coast of Florida, being mostly a narrow

---

<sup>9</sup>"Boca Ratoue" is a corruption of "Boca Raton."

white beach, backed by a low sandy ridge which is covered by saw-palmetto, oak scrub, sea-grape, and myrtle, with occasional clumps of cabbage palms and live oaks. At last, after a delightful sail, we sighted Hillsboro Inlet, with its group of cocoanut palms, which we reached at four o'clock, having made forty miles in seven hours—pretty good sailing against the current of the Gulf Stream. The tide was running out, with but a foot of water on the bar, so we were compelled to drop anchor and wait for the flood tide. Skipper took the canvas boat, the Daisy, and explored the channel, while Cuff jumped overboard and swam to chase 'possums,' coons, and hares. . . .

The wind hauled around to northeast, blowing fresh and kicking up quite a sea, causing the Rambler to jump and strain at her cable like a tethered mustang. Finally, through the contrary forces of wind and tide, she settled in the trough and began rolling fearfully among the breakers, when Skipper and I carried out a stern anchor in the Daisy and hauled her around into the wind, when she lay easier, but poor Jack was already the victim of *mal de mer* and had gone below, where he remained until eight o'clock, when there being a half fathom of water on the bar, we sailed into the river. . . .

After waiting a day or two in vain for a fair wind, we left Hillsboro River with a strong southeast wind and a heavy chop sea, and sailed closehauled, making long legs and short ones down the coast, bound for New River Inlet, twenty miles below. After a few miles Jack was compelled to go below and Skipper was anxious to put back, but I was desirous to know how the Rambler would behave in a heavy seaway. She worked to a charm, and after an exceedingly rough passage, the sea running very high, and in the teeth of half a gale, we made New River Inlet, where, though the tide was ebbing, there was plenty of water on the bar, and we at once made the run in, with Skipper at the masthead to look out [for] the channel. A large brig beating down the coast ahead of us and laboring hard in the heavy sea made it look worse to the boys than it really was, though it was, forsooth, lumpy . . . enough, and proved to be the roughest bit of sailing we encountered on the voyage. The wind had been squally for several days, hauling from northeast to southeast; consequently, old Atlantic was on a high and tried his best to carry our bowsprit away, but it was a stout stick and stood the racket bravely.

We anchored in the river a hundred yards above the north point of the inlet, where there was plenty of water and good holding ground for the mud hook [anchor]. New River, for six miles above its mouth, is the straightest, deepest and finest river I have seen in Florida, although a narrow one. . . .

Rushing in and out with the tide, at New River, fishes can be seen by thousands, snapping at anything, even a bit of white rag tied to the hook and thrown to them by a strong hand line. We took crevalle from ten to thirty pounds, always large ones here, never less than ten pounds. By anchoring a boat in mid-stream they can be speared or grained as they swim rapidly by, often pursued by sharks and porpoises. . . . The largest alligator we killed was here. He had crawled out on the shore where the boys had left some sharks, when Jack shot him from the schooner. . . . He was twelve feet in length. Alligators seem to be as much at home in salt water as in fresh.

Six miles above the inlet is the 'haulover,' opposite the site of old Fort Lauderdale, and marked by a group of cocoanut trees. From here the river runs southerly, to its mouth, and parallel with the sea beach, the intervening strip of ridge being nowhere much over a hundred feet in width. At the haulover the river spreads out into a broad, shallow bay, into which empty its North and South branches and several creeks, and is diversified by several islands. Two miles above the haulover, on the east bank, is the wharf or landing of Life Saving Station No. 4, the latter a quarter of a mile away on the sea beach. We made fast to the wharf and went to the station to see my old friend, Wash. Jenkins, the keeper in charge. We found him alone, his family being away on a visit to Key West. He was very glad to see us, not having seen a human face since his family left three weeks before. His nearest neighbors are at Biscayne Bay, twenty miles below, and Steve Andrews at Station No. 3, twenty-four miles above.

We spent two or three days here shooting ducks, coots and snipe, and one day went out with Jenkins and his dogs for deer.

That night we planned an expedition up the South Branch to the Everglades, to visit an Indian village some twenty miles distant. Accordingly, next morning we moved the Rambler safely in [to] the bay, making everything snug and taut. Taking our guns, a rod or two, some trolling tackle, and grub enough for several days, we embarked in an Indian cypress canoe, belonging to Jenkins, some twenty feet in length and two feet [a]beam, with sprit-sail, poles and paddles. We started at nine o'clock, sailing across the bay to the South Branch, which, being very crooked, we furled the sail and each man took a paddle. This branch of New River is much like other rivers in Southeast Florida. About an average width of fifty yards, with perpendicular [*sic*] banks, green to the water's edge with a profusion of wild grasses and shrubs, and with a varying depth of from three to twenty feet. Many alligators were sunning themselves on the sand spits at the lower end of the stream. As we progressed the water became deeper and the current stronger. The banks were clothed,

usually with pines, with an occasional hamak of palmetto, water oak, swamp maple, bay, Spanish ash and other timber. Here and there were little coves or bights thickly grown with rushes, and aquatic plants bearing bright-colored flowers.

We soon reached the great cypress belt, through which the amber-colored stream poured silently and swiftly, though so clear that great masses of white, coralline rocks, seamed, fissured and lying in endless confusion, could be plainly seen at the bottom, through the crevices of which were growing the most beautiful and curious aquatic plants and grasses. The tall cypresses, with pale and grizzled trunks, stood in serried ranks like grim spectres, ornamented in a fantastic fashion with the scarlet plumes of air-plants, while their long arms meeting overhead were draped in heavy folds and festoons of gray Spanish moss. The solemn and impressive stillness was broken only by the wild cry of some startled egret, heron or osprey, which echoed through the weird forest with a peculiarly hollow emphasis, and at last died away in a low mournful cadence. Our own voices sounded unnatural and strangely sonorous, resounding as though beneath the dome of some vast cathedral.

Passing through the cypress belt we came to the "sloughs" where the stream divided into several smaller ones. The "sloughs" is a margin of tall grasses and shrubs of . . . luxuriant growth, intersected by numerous small streams, and lying between the cypresses and the Everglades proper. Getting through this we finally emerged into the Everglades, seemingly a sea of waving green grasses, with innumerable islands of all sizes. But these grasses are all growing in water, clear and limpid, with channels a few feet wide, diverging and crossing in every direction, through which a canoe can be sailed or poled; there was then two feet of water in the Everglades. A brisk breeze blowing, we unfurled the sail and went skimming along, greatly to our satisfaction and relief, for we were quite tired after paddling up stream some six hours. . . .

Seeing a smoke several miles away, we sailed in that direction through the intricate and narrow channels, often making short cuts by plowing through masses of lily-pads. . . . As we neared the smoke we saw several canoes shoot out from behind islands on our right and left, their white sails gleaming and darting along in the rays of the setting sun like seagulls, but all proceeding in the same direction, toward the smoke. Suddenly, one we had not seen came swooping down upon us like a huge bird of prey from the shelter of a small island; a tall young Indian, clad only in a light-colored shirt, a red belt and an enormous red turban, stood upon the pointed stern guiding the canoe with a pole, while an elderly Indian

sat amidships holding the sheet of the sail. They sailed through a converging channel into our course and waited until we were alongside.

"How d'ye!" said I.

"How!" answered the old man. "Me see'um canoe; me see'um white man; me wait; me glad see 'um. How!"

"We come to see you; have a good time; come to see your village," said I. "We got big canoe—schooner—at station—at Jenkins's."

"In-cah! (yes, or all right). Me glad see'um; in cah!" replied he. . . .

Then pointing toward the pines on the mainland, he said: "Me go village—you come—in-cah!"

Then, hauling aft the sheet, they shot away, our own heavily-laden canoe seeming to stand still in comparison. These Indians had been at work in their fields on the islands, but seeing us coming, they quit work earlier than usual so as to get to the village before our arrival.

We soon came in sight of the Indian village, a cluster of twenty-five or thirty huts on the ridge of the pine woods, where we . . . landed, and were immediately surrounded by the young bucks, who looked on with great interest and curiosity as we unpacked the canoe. Cuff was at once at home with the Indian dogs. Big Tiger then came down to the landing, and pointing to a group of two or three huts a little separated from the rest, said:

"You house—you eat—you sleep—in-cah!"

We carried our [gear] . . . to the huts indicated, followed by the young bucks, who were much interested in the guns, rifles, and especially in the fishing rods, the use of which had to be explained to them by signs.

This village is one of several, where dwell the four hundred Seminoles yet remaining in Florida; the largest village is in the "Big Cypress," some thirty miles distant. . . . This village was governed by Little Tommy and Big Tiger. . . . Besides [them] . . . there were Big Charley, Tommy Doctor, and several others with their squaws and families, half a dozen or more young bucks, several old women, a good many children and a host of dogs. The sun was setting in the Everglades as we got everything up to the huts and prepared supper.

These Indians lead a quiet, peaceable and semi-pastoral life, cultivating fields of corn, pumpkins, sweet potatoes, beans, bananas, etc., in the rich hamaks on the adjacent islands, their villages being in the pines

or the border. They also make starch from the "comptie,"<sup>10</sup> or wild arrowroot, which grows abundantly in the pine woods, and in the winter they hunt deer and bears. Such a life is not without its charms, shut out, as they are, from all the world by impenetrable cypress swamps, the only avenues to civilization being by way of the streams which drain the Everglades, the currents of which are so swift during high water that few attempt to ascend them to the Everglades, and still fewer succeed. In the spring and early summer the Everglades are comparatively dry; as Big Tiger said: "In two moons all water gone — cause no go more." During the autumn and winter the men go to the settlements, mostly to Miami on Biscayne Bay, by way of the Miami River, where they sell deerskins, . . . beeswax, comptie starch, vegetables, bird plumes, alligator teeth, etc., and buy cloth, calico, ammunition, tobacco, etc., and occasionally wy-ho-mee (whisky).

The men are tall, well-formed, straight and clean-limbed, and are quite neat in their dress, which consists of a calico shirt, a belt, breechcloth and a turban; the latter is a headdress quite remarkable in its construction and conspicuous and picturesque in appearance. It is some two feet in diameter and six inches thick or high, with a hole in the center to fit the head. It is formed of bright-colored shawls, the outside layer being sometimes a bright red cotton or bandana handkerchief; its shape is exactly that of a flat cheese, or a grindstone. It is quite heavy, and the body must be carried very erect to keep it balanced on the head; perhaps, the erect carriage of these Indians is to be accounted for, to a great extent, by the wearing of this singular headdress, for they are never seen without it, except sometimes when hunting.

The men's legs and feet are always bare, and look like columns of polished mahogany; sometimes, when hunting in the scrub, they wear buckskin leggins [*sic*] and moccasins. The women dress in short calico petticoats and a jacket . . . of gay colored cloth. Their necks are ornamented by many strands of beads, sometimes a hundred or more, and weighing many pounds. The young women and bucks have usually very good features and are very vain of their personal appearance. The hair of the men is shaved at the sides; that on the top and back of the head is formed into a long plait and coiled on top . . . The women dress their hair in a way perfectly incomprehensible to me, though plaits form a part of the arrangement. The old squaws are not blessed with good looks, and do the drudgery of the camp. The children are bright, active and full of fun; some of the boys go entirely naked, though during our stay they wore

---

<sup>10</sup>"Coontie" is the more common spelling for this evergreen. Although it yields a starch like arrowroot, it is not—as Henshall suggests—the same plant.

short calico shirts. The boys are never without their bows and arrows, in the use of which they are very expert, killing quail and other birds, hares, squirrels, etc. The older ones, with their dogs, hunt gophers (land tortoises), and spear aquatic turtles and fish . . . Big Tiger and Little Tommy . . . wore a kind of hunting shirt of blue plaid calico with a broad collar, the whole ornamented with bright-colored fringes, and strips of turkey-red calico along the seams. These Indians have agreeable, musical voices and talk in low, pleasant tones.

The houses are formed of upright posts set in the ground, [with] a thatched roof of palmetto leaves, and a floor about three feet from the ground, the sides being open. They sit on the floors during the day, and sleep on them at night, their beds being rolled up in the day-time. They all sleep under mosquito bars [nets], which are tucked up during the day. The store-houses are A-shaped and are closely thatched all around, with a door in one end. At one side of the village is a level, cleared space with a tall pole in the center, where they hold their dances at stated periods, the "green corn dance" being the most important. These are occasions of feasting, revelry and the wildest enjoyment, in which wy-ho-mee (whisky), as in more civilized assemblages, takes an active and prominent part.

As the twilight floated upward, and the darkness closed around, the night was filled with wonders. Small camp-fires were kindled in the open spaces between the huts, casting a ruddy glare around, lighting up the gay attire and swarthy features of the Indians as they silently moved about, gilding the trunks of the lofty pines and setting the shadows dancing and flitting through the open huts. The white smoke glided upward like tall ghosts and disappeared in the gloom above the tree tops. The young moon hung low in the west, . . . across the mysterious wastes of the Everglades. . . . Myriads of fire-flies flitted and flashed their tiny lanterns over the slender spires of reeds, rushes and rank grasses, their reflections gleaming and sparkling with the stars in the still reaches of the channels. The air was heavy with the redolence of balmy shrubs, honey-scented flowers and the spicy aroma of the pines. Strange night birds flew by on noiseless wing, great moths wheeled about in erratic flight, and fierce beetles went buzzing overhead. The chuck-will's widow was calling loudly, and the great horned owl woke the solemn echoes of the dense pine forest, while an incessant twittering and chattering of waterfowl, the piping of frogs, and the occasional bellow of an alligator came from the marshes. . . .

We repaired to the largest camp-fire, where the *elite* of the village were sitting and lounging about. The squaws, each with a babe in her lap . . . , were shelling beans, pounding hominy or pulling buckskin, the

men looking on, talking and smoking, and the children and dogs romping and playing. We were offered the best log at the fire and sat down. . . . There was a large garfish roasting on the coals. . . . A squaw . . . cracked it open with a stick, the horny covering parting in halves like a bivalve shell, the meat appearing white and savory, which was divided among the children, together with some sweet potatoes which she raked out of the ashes. . . .

We discovered that night why the Indians used mosquito bars; . . . my pen is inadequate to describe the miseries and torments we endured through neglecting to take ours with us. We slept, or rather tried to sleep, in the hut assigned to us, where by maintaining a circle of fires and smudges around the open hut we managed to pass the night.

. . . [We] spent two days at the village. . . . The Indians are good hunters and fair shots, but we beat them all at the target. . . . The Indians use modern breech-loading rifles of the best manufacturers, .38 and .44 calibre. Their canoes are made of huge cypress logs, . . . carefully and skillfully constructed. The boys learn to handle and sail them when quite young. They use the pole in preference to the paddle, owing to the shallow water, and always sail them when there is a fair wind. In the fall there is from four to six feet of water in the Everglades, caused by the heavy rains of summer, but in the spring "navigation closes."

We purchased some sweet potatoes and beans, repacked the canoe and prepared to leave, when [we discovered that] Cuff was missing. I had seen him not long before with a large Indian dog in the woods. Skipper was sorely troubled, fearing that the bucks had secreted [hidden] him; but I was satisfied he had gone hunting to show off his smartness to the Indian cur. Finally we left without him, Tiger agreeing to bring him down to the station next day, saying:

"When sun so," pointing in the west to where the sun would be at an hour high, "me—come—canoe—white man's dog—me bring um—in-cah!"

Three hours of sailing, paddling and the swift current of New River took us to the station landing, where we found the Rambler all right. The next day at the appointed hour Tiger was seen poling a small canoe across the bay, with Cuff seated in the bow.

The most favorable wind for sailing on the East coast of Florida is a westerly one, which, blowing off the land, renders the sea comparatively smooth. The day after I returned from the Everglades the wind was north-west, and had Cuff been aboard, we should have at once set sail for

Biscayne Bay, that being the most favorable wind we could have had. As a rule, the wind in Florida boxes the compass in the regular way, following the sun, so that by the time we were ready to sail it was easterly, but rather light, and though there was not much sea, there was a long and heavy swell from the northeast. We went out over the bar at ebb tide. New River Inlet is one of the best on the southeast coast of Florida, there being at low tide three or four feet of water on the bar. As the channels to these inlets are constantly changing, owing to the shifting of the sand, it would be useless to describe them in detail; but, as a rule the cruiser should sail below them until the stream opens well to view, and then sail in on the plane of the outflowing river which on this coast is generally in a northerly direction.

The shore line for ten miles below the New River Inlet is of a similar character to that already described, but it afterwards becomes more heavily timbered, owing to the proximity of streams about the head of Biscayne Bay. Twelve miles below New River we were abreast of Life Saving Station No. 5, the last one on the coast, under the charge of Ed. Barnott, and eight miles below it we entered Bay Biscayne through Narrow's Cut, between the mainland and Virginia Key. The lighthouse on Fowey's Rock (formerly on Cape Florida), and the first buoy marking the entrance to Hawk Channel from here to Key West, were in plain sight as we passed in. We at once sailed across Biscayne Bay, about eight miles, to Miami (old Fort Dallas), at the mouth of Miami River.

We sailed into the river a few hundred yards and anchored off the wharf of Mr. Ewan, who keeps a store and lives with Mr. Chas. Peacock in the old stone officers' quarters of Fort Dallas. Here I met my old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Peacock and family, Mr. Ewan and his mother, also Mr. and Mrs. Tuttle, of Cleveland, O., E. O. Gwynn, Esq., Mayor of Key West, and Mr. Curtis, of Jacksonville, Fla. Mr. Curtis was collecting specimens of woods for the Smithsonian Institution and other scientific museums, and had a valuable collection. We crossed the river to the store and post-office of Mr. Brickell, where we found an abundant supply of mail matter, this being the only post-office between Lake Worth and Key West, the mail being received via the latter place. We also met here Little Tommy, one of our Indian friends from the Everglades. There are many points of interest about Biscayne Bay, among others the "Punch Bowl," a large spring in the hamak of Mr. Brickell, and near the shore of the bay. In times gone by the buccaneers, pirates and wreckers of the Florida Keys and Spanish Main frequented this spring to fill their water casks from its great, rocky bowl. Of course the usual stories of buried treasures near the haunts of pirates obtain, and many and vain have been the searchings in the vicinity of the Punch Bowl. A few miles up the Miami there is quite

a rapids, called "The Falls," which will well repay a visit, being a lovely and most romantic spot. At the lower end of the bay the "Indian Hunting Grounds" begin, running to Cape Sable, where large game abounds. At the head of the bay, Snake and Arch creeks empty. Spanning the latter is a natural stone bridge or arch of coralline rock, under which boats may pass. . . .

In a beautiful grove of cocoa palms, at the mouth of the Miami, were encamped Mr. and Mrs. M., Mr. and Miss H., and Mrs. O., of Staten Island, New York.<sup>11</sup> The group of white tents added an additional charm to a spot as lovely and romantic as a scene in fairyland. Their camp and outfit were as complete and comfortable as possible, and they really enjoyed their open-air life. Mrs. M. and her sister, Miss H., were afflicted with pulmonary consumption, and had been drawn hither, as a last [resort] . . . , to try the healing virtues of the chlorinated breezes, balmy atmosphere and warm bright sun of this, the . . . most charming and . . . healthful location in Florida. . . .

We left Miami at eleven o'clock in the forenoon with a light easterly wind. Mr. E. O. Gwynn, Mayor of Key West, having concluded his business at Miami, and the mail schooner not leaving for several days, in fact had not yet arrived from Key West, we offered him a passage, as we intended going direct to that city. We greatly enjoyed his genial society on the trip, for being well informed, and a close observer, he possessed an abundant stock of information of that section of the country.

As we sailed out of Miami River, the line of keys shutting in the bay from the ocean were plainly visible toward the southeast, the most northerly being Virginia Key, then Key Biscayne, Soldier Key and Ragged Keys. The south point of Key Biscayne is Cape Florida, upon which stands the lighthouse tower, now abandoned as a light station. Eastward of Soldier Key, and five and a half miles S.E.  $\frac{1}{2}$  S. from Cape Florida, is Fowey Rocks Lighthouse, on the northern extremity of the Florida reefs. It is an iron framework, with the lantern one hundred and ten feet above the sea, showing a fixed white light, visible in clear weather some sixteen miles. This light is situated at the northern entrance to Hawk Channel, leading between the line of Florida Keys and the outlying reefs, along the Florida Straits to Key West. The channel is from three to five miles wide and is about one hundred and forty miles from Virginia Key to Key West.

---

<sup>11</sup>The people referred to are Ralph Middleton Munroe, his wife, Mrs. Munroe's sister and brother, and a friend. Ralph Munroe became a prominent figure in the early history of Coconut Grove.

Biscayne Bay is broadest abreast of Ragged Keys, and about here begin the Feather-bed Shoals, a series of parallel sand shoals stretching across the bay. They are easily discernible, showing quite white at a distance, and by following the shoal in either direction an opening will soon be found. Below Ragged Keys is a long one called Elliott's Key; near its southern extremity a group of small keys stretch across Biscayne Bay, separating it from Card's Sound. Small boats may proceed through Card's and Barne's sounds, and then keep under the lee of the line of keys to Key West; but it requires some previous knowledge or the employment of a competent pilot, to avoid the many mud flats, shoals and reefs of this route, for the water is shallow. . . . Owing to the many keys, mangrove islands and shoals, with the mainland to the north and the Florida Keys to the southward, the water is always comparatively smooth. There is an abundance of shore and wading birds, an endless variety of fishes, oysters, turtles, etc., while on the Indian hunting grounds on the mainland there is plenty of large game. . . .

Sailing down Biscayne Bay we took a number of tarpum, groupers, crevalle and barracudas on the trolling lines, and saw numerous loggerhead and green turtles. At the south end of Elliott's Key is a passage to the sea called Caesar's Creek, winding between that key and some smaller ones. We followed Caesar's Creek to the main channel inside the Florida reefs, . . . where we anchored at sundown, some thirty-five miles from Miami. The next morning broke clear and fine with a fresh E.N.E. breeze, and leaving the mouth of Caesar's Creek we went dashing along; leaving Old Rhodes Key to the starboard. We next came to the largest of the keys, Cayo<sup>12</sup> Largo, at the head of which we caught the last glimpse of the mainland that we would have until we sighted Cape Sable, after leaving Key West. . . .

The wind continued to freshen, bringing in a long-rolling sea between the outlying reefs, which caused Jack to seek the cabin and his bunk. . . .

We were now opposite Carysfort Reef Lighthouse, which is twenty-three miles S. by W. from Fowey Rocks Light. It shows a bright flash every half minute, visible some seventeen miles. Key Largo is some twenty miles long, has a number of settlers on it, and some large pineapple plantations, the largest being those of Mr. Baker. These keys are, most of them, thickly wooded with a variety of hard timber, buttonwood, crabwood, bay, palmetto, etc., with a fringe of mangroves. Several vessels were in sight, in the channel and outside the reefs. Those meeting us were beating northward under reefed canvas, but the Rambler, with the

---

<sup>12</sup>Here Henshall uses the Spanish "cayo" for cay or key.

wind abaft the beam, had just enough for her cruising rig, and went bowling along with every thread drawing in the spanking breeze. We passed in succession, leaving them all to starboard, Rodriquez and Tavernier keys—both small ones—and Plantation, Vermont, Upper and Lower Mattacombe and Umbrella keys. Indian Key, a small, but high and prominent one, came next, where there is good anchorage and a number of large cisterns, where water can be purchased by passing vessels. Southwest of Indian Key is Alligator Reef Lighthouse, thirty-one miles S.W.  $\frac{1}{2}$  S. from Carysfort Reef Light. It is an iron frame pyramid, showing a scintillating light flashing every five seconds, every sixth flash being red. These lighthouses, built on submerged reefs by iron screw piles, are completely isolated, their keepers being shut off from all communication with the keys except by boats, lead a very secluded and semi-hermit life, while exposed to the fury of fierce gales and the lashing of the angry seas.

The Florida keys are now nearly all inhabited, and new buildings were being erected on many of them, owing to the "cocoanut boom." These keys were all being taken up, preempted, leased or bought, principally by Key West parties, and set out to cocoanut trees. As these trees will grow wherever there is soil enough on these rocky keys, and require little or no care after being planted, and as each tree is said to pay at least a dollar and a half per annum after six years old, it will be seen that a few thousand trees would yield a small bonanza in a few years, if all accounts are true. On some of the keys are groups of cocoa palms now full grown and in bearing, and whether they pay or not financially, they certainly add very much to the beauty and tropical appearance of the islands, and viewed in this light the "cocoanut fever" will prove of lasting benefit to this section.

At Long Key we left the main channel and went inside the line of keys to Channel Key, where we anchored at five o'clock under the lee of Duck Key. The route usually taken, it being somewhat shorter, is to go "inside," or on the northerly side of the keys from Long Key to Bahia Honda, from whence the main channel is again followed to Key West. The choice of routes is, however, usually determined by the direction of the wind and the state of the sea. With a northerly or westerly wind, the main channel is the smoothest, being then under the lee of the keys, while with an easterly or southerly wind, the other route is taken for a similar reason. The next morning we set sail at seven o'clock, the wind blowing harder than on the day before, and from the same direction, or a few points nearer east. We passed Grassy, Bamboo, Vaccas, Knight and other keys in quick succession, leaving them to port, and with the strong breeze and smooth water, under the lee, we made ten miles an hour from Channel

Key to Bahia Honda. Coming outside here we found a heavy sea running, and catching us on the port quarter, but the Rambler, very buoyant in light ballast, and being under full sail, skimmed the rollers like a sea gull. We did not ship a sea on the whole voyage. The fishing smacks, turlers and spongers were all lying at anchor under the lee of various keys, waiting for better weather.

In plain sight was Sombrero Key Lighthouse, thirty miles S.W. by W.  $\frac{1}{4}$  W. from Alligator Reef Light. This is a conspicuous open frame iron work tower, one hundred and fifty feet high, showing a fixed light, visible twenty miles. We now left to starboard Pine, Saddle Bluff, Sugarloaf, Loggerhead and other keys. Southwest of Loggerhead Key is the new lighthouse on American Shoal. Passing Cargo Sambo, Boca Chica and other keys and islands, we were in sight of Key West Lighthouse, and off to the southwest, Sand Key Lighthouse; the latter is forty-three miles W. by S.  $\frac{3}{4}$  S. from Sombrero Light and seven and a third miles S.S.W.  $\frac{3}{4}$  W. from Key West light. Key West Lighthouse (harbor light) is in the city of Key West, southeast side, a brick tower, whitewashed, and shows a fixed light fourteen miles. Sand Key Light is a revolving flash light. Key West City now loomed up to view with its steeples, towers, and forts bristling with guns. Rounding Ft. Taylor we proceeded to the common anchorage of the coasters and fishing smacks, and dropped anchor at three o'clock, having made one hundred and fifty miles in twenty-four hours of sailing, an average of six and a quarter miles per hour. We made everything snug, got the anchor light ready, and put everything in ship-shape order for a stay of several days in port.

Key West, a thriving and prosperous city of some fifteen thousand inhabitants, is situated on the western portion of the island, the latter being five miles in length and about a mile wide. From its position as the "Key to the Gulf," with a deep and spacious harbor, and as a naval depot and coaling station it is a place of great commercial and maritime importance. It has a number of fine residences, buildings and churches, several hotels — the principal one, the Russell House — a marine hospital, a custom house, and U.S. naval depot. There is a neat and commodious barracks with well-kept grounds, though the troops are at present stationed at Tampa. There is also quite a large convent, surrounded by handsomely arranged grounds, just outside the city. The cemetery is tastefully laid out and charmingly adorned by tropical trees, shrubbery and flowering plants. The city is defended by several forts, the largest being Ft. Taylor, a brick and stone fortress mounting some two hundred guns. Steamers for Havana, Mexico, New Orleans, New York, Galveston and the Gulf coast touch here almost daily, besides a great number of

sailing vessels. . . .

Key West is a quaint and charming city, full of oddities and incongruities, a veritable town of eccentric "patchwork," wherein each edifice forms a "piece." Buildings of all sizes and of every conceivable style, or no style, of architecture, are promiscuously jumbled together, but are joined or seamed to each other by a wealth and profusion of tropical foliage, which surrounds, invests, surmounts and overshadows them, softening the asperities, toning down the harsh outlines, and uniting the separate pieces, which merge their individuality in a harmonious *tout ensemble*.

The modern stiff and flashy Gothic church glares superciliously through its cheap, Catherine-wheel window, as through an eye-glass, at the weather-stained but stout and solid old Spanish chapel, which looks up dreamily and good-naturedly at its prim rival, while the cocoa palm stretches its long arms over it protectingly, the date palm caresses it with slender, green fingers, and the almond tree looks on with conscious pride. The stilted, upstart frame residence, with scroll work hanging from barge-board and eaves, like cheap cotton lace ostentatiously displayed by a vulgarly-dressed woman, looks down haughtily on its little neighbor—a rambling one-story cottage of stone with broad projecting roof and cool verandas, almost hidden in a mass of vines, creepers and flowers, which cling to it in loving embrace. The iron-front store, with plate-glass windows, shoulders aside the dark and sombre Cuban café with its cages of singing birds and parrots hanging in the Pride of India trees, and its cool shadows embalmed and emblazoned by the bloom and fragrance of the oleanders.

And so, mansions, huts and hovels — balconies, canopies and porches — lattice windows, oriels and dormers — gables, hoods and pavilions — pillars, columns and pilasters — are mingled in endless confusion, but harmonized by arabesques of fruit and foliage, festoons of vines and creepers, wreaths and traceries of climbing shrubs and trailing flowers, and shady bowers of palm and palmetto, almond and tamarind, lime and lemon, orange and banana.

And its population is as diverse as its structures. Americans, Englishmen, Frenchmen, Germans, Spaniards, Cubans, Bahamians, Italians and negroes make up its numbers, the majority being Cubans and Bahamians, or "Conchs," as the English natives of the Bahamas are called. Here may be seen every shade of complexion, from white to yellow, brown and black, cosmopolitan all, though each class seems to live in its own quarter of the town — as "birds of a feather" mostly congregate in spe-

cialized groups — where, after nightfall, they enjoy themselves, each class after its own fashion, singing, dancing, and even drinking in its own language. Jack said he learned to drink beer in seven languages while there, which is a liqui-linguistic accomplishment that few attain, and fewer enjoy.

But there is a large and popular dance house at the west end of town, which we “took in” for Skipper’s benefit, where the harmonizing influences of the place are again exemplified, and where white, yellow, brown and black meet on a common level, male and female, and “chase the fleeting hours with flying feet” to the inspiring strains of a cracked violin and a piano which seems to possess a thousand wires and all loosely hung. And if the test of enjoyment is the energy displayed, they certainly enjoyed themselves to the top of their bent.

But we will take a long and upward step to a nobler and far more attractive scene, where the youth and beauty of the island city are assembled at the “Rink,” a large and brilliantly lighted hall in the heart of the town. Here were youths and maidens who had never seen a snowflake or an icicle, and who had never heard the merry jingle of a sleighbell; but all the same were gliding along gracefully and smoothly on roller-skates, or dashing around the outer edges on the swift-whirling bicycle to the fascinating strains of the “Beautiful Blue Danube”; while the mingled odors of the cape jessamine, the tuberose and the orange blossom floated in through the windows and doors. Oh, what a subtle and potent power in beauty, music and flowers. . . .

The chief industries of Key West are the manufacture of cigars, sponging, fishing, turtling and wrecking. There are, perhaps, a hundred cigar factories, from the one-story hut, scarcely bigger than its sign, to the large, airy and extensive buildings, each giving employment to hundreds of hands. The cigar makers are mostly Cuban refugees, and the tobacco is imported from Cuba, though for a time some Eastern dealers manufactured here a large quantity of domestic tobacco, which injured the trade and brought discredit on Key West cigars, so as to lessen the demand to a considerable extent; but, happily, the dishonest practice is discontinued, I believe, and only Cuban leaf is now used.

A large fleet of vessels are engaged in sponging, the crews being mostly “Conchs” and negroes. The sponges are taken in shallow waters, off the reefs and banks, where by means of the “sponge-glass,” a wooden pail with a glass bottom, the sponges can be plainly seen attached to the rocky bottom, and to shells, where they are torn loose by a strong iron hook affixed to a long pole. Each vessel tows six or eight small boats or

yawls, in which the men work. Some Eastern houses have sponge depots here; among others I noticed that of McKesson & Robbins of New York. The sponges are . . . washed, dried, bleached and assorted, and are of various grades and kinds.

Every morning may be seen many small fishing smacks, moored stern on along the fish wharf, with their wells filled with live pan fish, such as grunts, porgies, groupers, snappers, hogfish, yellow tails, spots, etc., which are killed and strung in bunches as fast as sold, selling for five or ten cents a bunch, and on account of their cheapness form the principal part of the diet of the working classes. These pan fish are some of them very beautiful, as well as excellent food fishes, and are caught in the channels near the city, being taken principally with the sea crawfish as bait, for they are all caught with hook and line. The larger smacks bring in kingfish, otherwise known as cero, or black-spotted Spanish mackerel,<sup>13</sup> a large and handsome fish weighing from five to fifteen pounds, almost equalling the real Spanish mackerel in flavor; they are usually taken by trolling off the keys. The fishermen are mostly "Conchs," who are by nature nearly amphibious, learning to fish, turtle, sponge and handle a boat almost as soon as they are able to walk, or at most, when old enough to wear pants. They are the descendants of the English settlers of the Bahama Islands, and have the cockney habit of changing the "w" to "v." Even a negro, born in the Bahamas, said to me one day:

"The veather ain't no good for fishin', an' the vater is too rough, and the vind too 'igh fur spongin'."

A number of large smacks regularly supply the Havana market with kingfish and red snappers. By leaving Key West about sundown they are in Havana by daylight the next morning. Had we not been pressed for time, or been in Key West a few weeks earlier, I should have made the run in one of these smacks.

The fruit and vegetables and products brought to Key West from the mainland and keys are always disposed of at auctions, which are held every morning, and are attended by the citizens as regularly as Northern people "go to market." If the supply of eatables is small, notions and other commodities are sold, for the average Key Wester is not happy without an auction.

We were shown every kindness, consideration and courtesy during our stay in Key West by Mr. and Mrs. Gwynn and their two charming

---

<sup>13</sup>While the king, cero, and Spanish mackerel resemble each other and are closely related, they are not—as Henshall implies—the same fish.

daughters. These young ladies possessed all the advantages of a good and thorough education, being well versed in belles-lettres, music and painting, and were as refined and graceful as our Northern ladies, though they had never been away from their little island home, having been educated entirely at the convent of Key West.

We left Key West on Sunday afternoon, March 12, with a light easterly breeze, bound for Cape Sable, some sixty miles northeast, across Florida Bay. . . .

## LIST OF MEMBERS

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

This printed roster is made up of the names of those persons and institutions that have paid dues since September 1, 1970. Those joining after September 30, 1971 will have their names in the 1972 roster. The symbol \*\* indicates founding member and the symbol \* indicates charter member.

### Sustaining

- Abbott, John F., Miami Shores  
 Adams, Adam G., Coral Gables\*  
 Adams, Eugene C., Miami  
 Adams, Franklin B., Miami  
 Adams, Mrs. Richard B., Miami  
 Allen, Mrs. Eugenia, Miami  
 Allen, Stewart D., Coral Gables  
 Altmayer, M. S., Jr., Miami  
 American Museum of Natural History  
 Arbogast, Keith L., Miami  
 Arnold, Mrs. Roger Williams, Miami  
 Ashe, Miss Barbara Rose, Coral Gables
- Bain, Mildred L., Miami  
 Baker, Mrs. John A., Miami  
 Baker, Mrs. Rita L., Miami  
 Balfe, Mrs. E. Hutchins, Miami  
 Barbee, Miss Sue, Hialeah  
 Barnes, Col. Francis H., Miami  
 Barry, Mrs. William, Miami  
 Bartow Public Library  
 Bates, Franklin W., Miami  
 Baxter, John M., Miami Beach\*  
 Baya, George J., Esq., Miami  
 Beare, Mrs. Richard, Miami  
 Bernecker, James F., Homestead  
 Biglin, Mrs. W. A., Ft. Lauderdale  
 Bills, Mrs. John T., Miami  
 Black, Leon D., Coral Gables  
 Black, Mrs. Margaret F., Coral Gables  
 Bloomberg, Robert L., Miami  
 Blount, Mrs. David N., Miami  
 Borton, F. W., Miami  
 Bower, Robert S., N. Miami Beach  
 Bozeman, R. E., Washington, D.C.  
 Brigham, Miss Florence S., Miami  
 Brookfield, Charles M., Miami\*  
 Brooks, J. R., Upper Key Largo  
 Broward, Mrs. Chas. S., Jr., Coral Gables  
 Brown, Daniel M., Jr., Miami  
 Brown University Library  
 Buhr, Dr. M. C., Miami  
 Bullen, Ripley P., Gainesville  
 Burghard, August, Ft. Lauderdale  
 Burns, Edward B., Las Cruces, N.M.
- Buswell, James O., III, Jamaica, N.Y.  
 Button, Mrs. Florence C., Miami
- Cables, June E., Homestead  
 Campbell, W. A., M.D., Ft. Lauderdale  
 Capron, Louis, West Palm Beach  
 Carlton, Mrs. Patricia P., Ft. Lauderdale  
 Carson, Mrs. Ruby Leach, Miami\*\*  
 Cartee, Mrs. Horace L., Coral Gables  
 Castillo, Robert, Miami  
 Catlow, Mrs. William R., Jr., Miami\*  
 Cayton, Mrs. Leona Peacock, Miami  
 Cherry, Mrs. Gwendolyn S., Miami  
 Chowning, John S., Coral Gables  
 Clark, Mrs. Marie, Coral Gables  
 Coconut Grove Library, Miami  
 Cole, Mrs. Kelley, Miami  
 Coleman, Mrs. Hannah P., Miami  
 Conklin, Dallas M., Long Beach, Calif.  
 Connolly, William D., Jr., Miami  
 Cook, Miss Mary C., Crownpoint, N.M.  
 Coral Gables Public Library\*  
 Cormack, Elroy C., Miami  
 Coslow, George R., Miami  
 Covington, James W., Tampa  
 Crail, Lee, Miami Beach  
 Crane, Mrs. Francis V., Marathon  
 Creel, Joe, Miami  
 Criswell, Col. Grover C., Citra  
 Culpepper, Kay M., Miami  
 Culpepper, Miss Lois, Miami  
 Curry, Miss Lamar Louise, Coral Gables  
 Cushman, The School, Miami\*
- Davis, Mrs. Carl H., Miami  
 Davis, Hal D., Coral Gables  
 Dees, Mrs. Elizabeth Gautier, Miami  
 Detroit (Mich.) Public Library  
 Dorn, H. Lewis, S. Miami  
 Dorothy, Mrs. Caroline, Coral Gables\*  
 Douglas, Marjory Stoneman, Miami\*\*  
 Dressler, Philip, Ft. Lauderdale  
 Dubnick, Charlotte S., N. Miami Beach  
 Duncan, Marvin L., Miami  
 Dunn, Hampton, Tampa  
 Dunwoody, Atwood, Miami

- Dusman, Gilbert H., Coral Gables  
 Dusman, Mrs. Florence R., Coral Gables
- Edelen, Ellen, Miami  
 Edwards, Robert V., M.D., Coral Gables  
 Elliott, Donald L., Miami  
 El Portal Women's Club, Miami
- Fite, Robert, Miami  
 Fitzgerald, Dr. Joseph H., Miami  
 Fleeman, David B., Miami  
 Flinn, Mrs. Gene, Miami  
 Fla. Dept. of Commerce, Tallahassee  
 Florida Historical Society, Tampa  
 Florida State University, Tallahassee  
 Ft. Lauderdale Historical Society  
 Fortner, Ed, Ocala  
 Foss, George B., Jr., Miami  
 Freeland, Mrs. William L., Miami\*\*  
 Freeman, Mrs. Ethel C., Morristown, N.J.  
 Fullerton, R. C., Coral Gables
- Gardner, H. A., Miami  
 Gardner, Mrs. Levi Conway, Miami  
 Garofalo, Charles, Atlanta, Ga.  
 Gauld, Charles A., Miami  
 Grey, Mr. & Mrs. Hugh M., Jr., Venice  
 Gross, Dr. Zade B., Largo
- Halstead, W. L., Miami  
 Hampton, Mrs. John, Baltimore, Md.\*  
 Harding, Col. Read B., Ret., Arcadia  
 Harrington, Frederick H., Hialeah  
 Harwood, Mrs. Manton E., Miami  
 Haydon Burns Library, Jacksonville  
 Hendricks, James C., Long Island, N.Y.  
 Hendry, Judge Norman, Miami  
 Herin, Thomas D., Miami  
 Herin, Judge William A., Miami\*  
 Hesslein, Frank, Miami  
 Hialeah City Library  
 Hiers, J. B., Jr., Miami  
 Hills, Lee, Miami  
 Hillsborough County Historical  
 Commission, Tampa  
 Hodsdon, Mrs. Harry E., Miami  
 Holcomb, Lyle D., Jr., Miami  
 Hoyt, Robert L., Miami  
 Hubbell, Willard, Miami  
 Hudson, James A., Miami  
 Hudson, Mrs. James A., Miami  
 Hume, David, Miami  
 Huntington Library, San Marino, Calif.  
 Hutchinson, Mrs. Robert J., Coral Gables
- Ingraham, William A., Jr., Miami Beach  
 Institute of Jamaica, Kingston
- James, Mary Crofts, Miami  
 Jasiacki, Dorothy F., Miami Lakes  
 Jenkins, David L., Sr., Miami Beach  
 Johnson, Mrs. Westerdahl, Miami  
 Jones, Mrs. Edgar, Coral Gables  
 Jones, Mark B., Venice  
 Jude, Mrs. James, Coral Gables
- Kanner, Mrs. Lewis M., Coral Gables  
 Keep, Oscar J., Coral Gables  
 Kincaid, Ben J., Jr., Coral Gables  
 Kirk, Cooper, Ft. Lauderdale  
 Kitchell, Bruce P., Jr.,  
 Webster Grove, Mo.  
 Knight, Telfair, Coral Gables  
 Knott, James R., West Palm Beach  
 Knotts, Tom, Yankeetown  
 Knowles, Mrs. Nellie P., Coral Gables
- LaCroix, Mrs. Aerial C., Miami  
 Lake Worth Public Library  
 Land, Mrs. Marorie, Miami  
 Larrabee, Charles, Jr., Miami  
 Laurie, Mrs. W. T., Miami  
 Laxson, Dan D., Hialeah  
 Law, Mrs. J. B., Jupiter  
 Leary, Lewis, Chapel Hill, N.C.  
 Leffler, Miss Cornelia, Miami\*\*  
 Leonardy, Mrs. Herberta, Miami\*  
 Lindsley, Mrs. A. R., Miami Beach  
 Lippert, Mrs. Anne A., Miami  
 Locke, R. R., Miami  
 Longshore, Frank, Miami  
 Lunnon, Mrs. James, Pago Pago,  
 American Samoa
- Malone, Randolph A., Coral Gables  
 Mangels, Dr. Celia C., Miami Shores  
 Manley, Miss Marion I., Miami  
 Marathon Public Library  
 Marchman, Watt P., Fremont, Ohio\*  
 Marks, Henry S., Huntsville, Ala.  
 Matheny, John W., Miami  
 Matheson, Bruce C., Goulds  
 Matheson, Finlay L., So. Miami  
 Matheson, R. Hardy, Coral Gables  
 Maxwell, Mrs. Arline, Miami  
 McDonald, Mrs. John M., Boca Raton  
 McElyea, Morris, Jr., Miami  
 McKay, John G., Jr., Coral Gables  
 McNaughton, M. D., Miami  
 Metcalf, Mrs. George W., Coral Gables  
 Miami Dade Junior College, South  
 Miami Public Library\*  
 Mickler, Mrs. Thomas, Chuluota  
 Miller, Irving E., Miami Beach  
 Miller, William Jay, Miami  
 Minear, Mrs. L. V., Jupiter  
 Monk, J. Floyd, Miami  
 Monroe County Public Library, Key West  
 Morningside Elementary P.T.A., Miami  
 Moulds, Mrs. Andrew J., Coral Gables  
 Moylan, E. B., Jr., Miami  
 Mudd, Dr. Richard D., Saginaw, Mich.  
 Mueller, Edward A., Tallahassee  
 Muir, Mrs. William W., Miami  
 Muller, David F., Miami  
 Muller, Dr. Leonard R., Miami\*  
 Murphy, John J. S., Coral Gables  
 Murray, Miss Mary Ruth, Coral Gables  
 Mustard, Alice Isabel, Miami  
 Mustard, Margaret Jean, Miami

Newberry Library, Chicago, Ill.  
North Miami High School Library

O'Kane, Robert, Miami  
Old Island Restoration Foundation,  
Key West  
Orlando Public Library

Pancoast, Alice A., Miami  
Pancoast, John Arthur, Pompano Beach  
Pancoast, Katherine French, Miami  
Pancoast, Mr. & Mrs. Lester C., Miami  
Pancoast, Peter Russell, Miami  
Pardo, Mrs. Ramiro V., Miami  
Parker, Alfred B., Miami  
Patton, Mrs. Dan O., Miami  
Pearce, Mrs. Frank H., Coral Gables  
Peirce, Gertrude C., Miami  
Pendleton, Robert S., Ft. Lauderdale  
Perry, Dr. Charles E., Miami  
Peters, Mrs. Thelma, Miami\*  
Peterson, Stuart J., Miami  
Piant, Mrs. R. L., Miami  
Pierce, Harvey F., Coral Gables  
Platt, T. Beach, Miami  
C&SFFCD Library, West Palm Beach  
Potter, Robert E., Hialeah  
Proby, Mrs. Lucien, Jr., Miami  
Proenza, Mrs. Morris G., Coral Gables

Rader, Paul C., Miami  
Rasmussen, Dr. Edwin L., Ft. Myers\*\*  
Rast, J. Lawton, Miami  
Read, Mrs. Albert C., Miami  
Reed, Miss Elizabeth Ann, Delray Beach  
Reiger, Dr. John F., Coral Gables  
Renick, Ralph, Miami  
Richards, Mrs. Bartlett, Jupiter  
Roberts, Bruce, Miami  
Rogers, Norman R., Coral Gables  
Rogers, Robert C., Coral Gables  
Rogers, Mrs. Walter S. C., Coral Gables  
Rollins College Library, Winter Park  
Rosborough, Dr. Melanie R.,  
Coral Gables  
Rose, Mrs. Herbert, Coral Gables  
Ross, Mrs. Harry E., Miami  
Ross, Miss Mary I., Coral Gables  
Ross, Richard F., Boca Raton  
Rovirosa, Rene, Miami  
Rubin, Mrs. Joseph, Miami  
Rumbaugh, Jay C., Miami

Sands, Harry B., Nassau, N.P., Bahamas  
Sanger, Marjory Bartlett, Winter Park  
Santa Fe Jr. College, Gainesville  
Sawyer, William G., Miami  
Scher, Mrs. Frederick, Miami  
Schooley, Harry, Ft. Myers  
Schuh, Robert P., Miami  
Schunicht, William A., Miami  
Scribner, Mrs. K. J., Daytona Beach  
Seley, Ray B., Jr., Miami  
Serkin, Manuel, Coral Gables  
Seymour, Mrs. George H., Jr., Miami

Shiver, Otis W., Miami  
Shiverick, Mrs. Thomas T., Miami  
Shubow, Mrs. David, Coral Gables  
Smathers, Frank, Jr., Miami  
Smith, McGregor, Jr., Miami  
Smith, Mrs. Robert Smith, Miami  
Smith, Mrs. Wm. Burford, Miami  
Sneider, Mrs. Stanley, Miami  
Snodgrass, Miss Dena, Jacksonville  
Snow, Seli David, M.D., Miami  
Snyder, Mrs. Frederick R., Sr., Miami  
Stamey, Ernest M., Hialeah  
Stanford University Libraries  
State Historical Society of Wisconsin  
Stedman, Carling H., Miami  
Stewart, Franz H., M.D., Miami  
Stewart, Dr. Harris B., Jr., Coral Gables  
Stillman, Chauncey, New York, N.Y.  
Storch, William V., W. Palm Beach  
Straight, Dr. William M., Miami  
Stripling Insurance Agency, Hialeah  
Sullivan, Catherine B., Bal Harbour  
Sutcliffe, William H., Coral Gables  
Sweeney, Mrs. Edward C., Miami

Tampa Public Library  
Tarboux, Miss Frances, Miami Shores  
Tardif, Robert Gerard, Miami  
Taylor, Mrs. F. A. S., Miami  
Teachers Professional Library, Miami  
Teasley, T. H., Coral Gables  
Tebeau, 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, Wayne, Tampa  
Thrift, Dr. Charles T., Jr., Lakeland  
Tottenhoff, Mrs. R. J., Coral Gables  
Tussey, Mrs. Ethel Wayt, Miami  
Twing, G. S., Coral Gables  
Twing, Paul F., Miami

University of Miami Library  
University of South Florida Library  
University of Tampa Library  
University of Tennessee Library

Van Beuren, Michael, Marathon  
Van Roy, Gretchen E., Coral Gables  
Virgin, Herbert W. Jr., M.D., Miami  
Vorel, Mildred, Miami  
Voss, Gilbert L., Miami

Waldhour, E. Ardelle, Coral Gables  
Wallace, Lew E., Jr., St. Petersburg  
Ware, Captain John D., Tampa  
Ware, Mrs. Willard M., Miami Beach  
Waters, Fred M., Jr., Coral Gables  
Weintraub, Albert, Miami  
Weiss, Mrs. Simon, Miami  
Wellman, Wayne E., Miami  
Wenck, James H., Miami  
West Palm Beach Public Library  
Whigman, Mrs. Florence R., Miami

Whitmer, Dr. Kenneth S., Miami  
 Wilkins, Woodrow Wilson, Miami  
 Will, Lawrence E., Belle Glade  
 Williams, H. Franklin, Coral Gables\*  
 Williams, John B., Miami  
 Williams, Mrs. Joseph F., Hollywood  
 Wilson, Gaines R., Miami\*\*  
 Wilson, Mrs. Gaines R., Miami\*\*

Wilson, Peyton L., Miami\*  
 Wirkus, Mrs. Leonard V., Miami  
 Withers, James G., Coral Gables  
 Withers, Wayne E., Coral Gables  
 Witkoff, Mrs. Fred J., Miami  
 Woolin, Martin, Perrine  
 Woore, Mrs. A. Meredith, Miami\*  
 Wrigley, Mrs. Fran, Miami

## Patrons

Adams, Wilton L., Miami  
 Archer, Ben, Homestead  
 Ayars, Erling E., Coral Gables  
 Baber, Adin, Kansas, Ill.\*  
 Baker, Charles H., Jr., Miami\*  
 Beal, K. Malcolm, Miami\*  
 Beardsley, Jim E., Clewiston  
 Beckham, W. H., Jr., Coral Gables  
 Bielawa, R. A., Miami  
 Blackburn, Elmer E., Miami  
 Bleier, Mrs. T. J., Miami  
 Blumberg, David, Coral Gables  
 Brown, William J., Miami  
 Brunstetter, Roscoe, Coral Gables  
 Bumstead, Evvalyn R., Miami  
 Bumstead, John R., Miami  
 Burk, Mrs. Morris, Coral Gables  
 Burkett, Mrs. Charles W., Jr.,  
 Miami Beach  
 Burton, Mrs. Robert A., Miami\*  
 Caldwell, Mrs. Thomas P.,  
 Coral Gables\*  
 Cameron, D. Pierre G., Miami  
 Campbell, Park H., So. Miami\*  
 Chaille, Joseph H., N. Miami  
 Chase, C. W., Jr., Miami Beach  
 Chase, Randall, II, Sanford  
 Clarke, Mrs. Frank D., So. Miami  
 Cole, R. B., Miami  
 Combs, Walter H., Jr., Miami\*  
 Cravens, Miss Jacqueline, Coral Gables  
 Deedmeyer, Mrs. George J.,  
 Coral Gables  
 Deen, James L., Miami  
 Deen, Mrs. James L., Miami  
 Dismukes, William Paul, Coral Gables\*  
 DuBois, Mrs. Bessie Wilson, Jupiter  
 Erickson, Douglas, Miami  
 Ewell, Mrs. A. Travers, So. Miami  
 Fascell, Dante B., Washington, D.C.  
 Ferendino, Andrew J., Coral Gables  
 Field, Dr. Henry, Miami  
 Fisher, E. H., Coral Gables  
 Florida Southern College, Lakeland  
 Florida State Library, Tallahassee  
 Franklin, Mitchell, St. Johns,  
 New Brunswick, Canada  
 Franklin, Mrs. Sandra, Miami

Freeman, Harley L., Ormond Beach  
 Frohock, Mrs. Jack, No. Miami  
 Fuchs, Richard W., Florida City  
 Fuller, Walter P., Clearwater  
 Gaby, Donald C., Miami  
 Gardner, Mrs. R. C., Miami\*  
 Gibson, Henry C., Jenkintown, Pa.  
 Gifford, Mrs. John C., Miami  
 Goldstein, Charles, Miami  
 Goldweber, S., Perrine  
 Hancock, Mrs. Eugene A., Miami  
 Hanks, Bryan, Ft. Worth, Texas\*  
 Harvard College Library  
 Head-Beckham Insurance Agency,  
 Miami  
 Hellier, Walter R., Ft. Pierce  
 Highleyman, Mrs. Katherine D., Miami  
 Holland, Hon. Spessard L., Bartow\*  
 Houser, Roosevelt C., Miami  
 Irwin, Frank N., Miami  
 Johnson, Mrs. Katherine I.,  
 Coral Gables  
 Johnston, Thomas McE., Miami  
 Kendall, Harold E., Goulds  
 Kent, Mrs. Frederick A., Coral Gables  
 Key West Art & Historical Society  
 Kistler, The C. W. Co., Miami  
 Krome, Mrs. William J., Homestead\*  
 Lewin, Robert, Miami  
 Lindgren, Mrs. M. E., Miami Shores  
 Lipp, Morris N., Miami Beach  
 Litowitz, Mrs. Robert, Miami Beach  
 MacNeill, Malcolm G., Miami  
 Martin, Mrs. Kirby A., New York  
 McKey, Mrs. R. M., Coral Gables  
 McNeill, Robert E., Jr., New York  
 Merrick, Mrs. Eunice P., Coral Gables\*  
 Miami Beach Public Library  
 Mitman, Earl T., Miami  
 Nabutovsky, Barbara, Miami  
 Nettleton, Danforth H., Miami  
 Nowland, Lucinda A., Alexandria, Va.  
 Otto, Mrs. Thomas Osgood,  
 Miami Beach

Padgett, Inman, Coral Gables  
 Palm Beach County Historical Society  
 Pancoast, Russell T., Miami  
 Pardue, Leonard, Miami  
 Pearce, Mrs. A. Dixon, Miami  
 Pendergast, Mrs. Eleanor, Miami\*  
 Pepper, Hon. Claude, Miami Beach  
 Peters, Gordon H., Miami Shores  
 Philbrick, W. L., Coral Gables  
 Phoenix, Mrs. Julius W., Jr., Miami  
 Pierce, J. E., Miami  
 Preston, J. E. Ted, Miami

Queensberry, William F., Coral Gables

Rader, Earle M., Miami  
 Rast, Mrs. G. Lawton, Miami\*  
 Rosenberg, Mrs. Anna M., Hawthorne  
 Russell, T. Trip, Miami

St. Augustine Historical Society  
 Shank, H. W., Coral Gables  
 Shaw, Miss Luelle, Coral Gables\*  
 Shaw, W. F., So. Miami  
 Shaw, William V., M.D., Miami  
 Shepherd, Mrs. William M.,  
 Flat Rock, N.C.  
 Simmonite, Col. Henry G.,  
 Coral Gables  
 Smith, Charles H., Miami  
 Smith, McGregor, Miami  
 Sottile, Mrs. James, Jr., Coral Gables

Spinks, Mrs. Elizabeth, J., Miami\*  
 Stanford, Dr. Henry King, Coral Gables  
 Steel, William C., Miami  
 Stiles, Wade, Palm City\*\*  
 Swenson, Edward F., Jr., Miami

Thatcher, John, Miami  
 Thomas, Arden H., So. Miami  
 Thompson, Edward H., Miami  
 Thorpe, Mrs. Frances H., Miami  
 Tibbetts, Alden M., Miami  
 Town, Miss Eleanor F., Coral Gables

Underwood, Edwin H., Jr., Miami  
 University of Pennsylvania Library

Van Orsdel, C. D., Coral Gables

Wakefield, Thomas H., Miami  
 Weintraub, Mrs. Sydney, Miami  
 White, Richard M., Miami  
 Whitten, George E., Miami Beach  
 Willcox, W. L., Miami  
 Wimbish, Paul C., Miami Beach  
 Wolfe, Miss Rosalie L., Miami  
 Wolfe, Thomas L., Miami  
 Woods, Frank M., M.D., Miami  
 Wooten, Mrs. Eudora Lyell, Miami  
 Wooten, James S., Miami  
 Wright, Ione S., Miami Shores  
 Wynne, Jefferson, Miami Beach  
 Yonge, P. K., Library, U. of Florida

## Donors

Admire, Jack G., Coral Gables  
 Admire, Mrs. Jack, Coral Gables  
 Angus, Mrs. Evalene K., Miami  
 Ashe, Mrs. Bowman F., Coral Gables

Bennett, Lt. Richard R.,  
 Newport Beach, Calif.  
 Blue, Mrs. R. L., Miami Shores  
 Brannen, H. S., Miami Springs  
 Buker, Charles E., Sr.  
 Burdine, William M., Miami

Cain, Hon. Harry P., Miami  
 Crow, Lon Worth, Jr., Coral Gables

Danielson, Mrs. R. E., Boston, Mass.  
 DeNies, Charles F., Hudson, Mich  
 Dickey, Dr. Robert F., Miami  
 Dohrman, Howard I., Miami  
 Dupuis, John G., Miami

Eber, Mrs. Victor I., Miami  
 Emerson, Hugh P., Miami  
 Everglades Natural History Assoc.

Gautier, Redmond Bunn, Miami

Hancock, Mrs. James T.,  
 Jacksonville Beach

Hardie, George B., Jr., So. Miami  
 Hardin, Henry C., Jr., M.D.  
 Coral Gables  
 Harrison, John C., Miami  
 Highleyman, Daly, Miami  
 Hildreth, Robert R., Coral Gables  
 Hill, Edwin H., Jr., Miami  
 Howe, Mrs. Elden L., Coral Gables  
 Huston, Mrs. Tom, Miami

Kislak, Jay I., Miami  
 Knight, John S., Miami

Lloyd, J. Harlan, Miami  
 Lummus, J. N., Jr., Miami

Magnusson Properties, Inc., Miami  
 McCabe, Mrs. Robert H., Coral Gables  
 McCrimmon, C. T., So. Miami  
 Mead, Mrs. D. Richard, Miami Beach  
 Mines, Dr. R. F., Miami  
 Nordt, Mrs. John C., Miami

Plumer, Richard B., Miami

Rosso, Daniel M., Miami  
 Ryan, Mrs. J. H., Miami Beach  
 Ross, Mrs. Stanley E., Coral Gables  
 Ryder, Mrs. Jane, Coral Gables

Shipe, Paul E., Coral Gables  
Smith, Wilson, Miami

Taylor, Henry H., Jr., Miami  
Timoner, Mrs. Joan, Woodstock, N.Y.

Wallace, George R., Miami Beach  
Watters, Mrs. Preston H., Miami

Weinkle, Julian I., Coral Gables  
Wessel, George H. V., M.D.  
White, Mrs. Louise V., Key West  
Wilson, D. Earl, Miami\*\*  
Wipprecht, Mrs. Marion H.,  
Coral Gables  
Wolfson, Col. Mitchell, Miami

### Contributors

Belcher, E. N., Jr., Coral Gables  
Clark, Mrs. Mae Knight, Coral Gables  
Hill, William H., Miami  
Grafton, Martha P., Coral Gables  
Irvine, Mrs. James, Miami  
Link, E. A., Ft. Pierce  
Matheson, Mrs. Finlay L., So. Miami  
McHale, William J., Coral Gables

Pappas, T. J., Miami  
Parks, Arva M., Coral Gables  
Peoples American National Bank,  
N. Miami  
Redford, Mrs. Polly, Miami  
Sellati, Kenneth N. G., Miami  
Simon, Edwin O., Miami  
Southern Bell Tel. & Tel. Co., Miami  
Withers Van Lines of Miami, Inc.

### Sponsors

Grafton, Edward G., Coral Gables  
Graham, R. Robert, Miami Lakes  
Graham, Mrs. Ernest R., Miami Lakes  
Hudson, F. M., Miami\*\*  
Matthews, Mrs. Flagler, Rye, N.Y.  
Mead, D. Richard, Miami

Peacock Foundation, Inc., Miami  
Shaw, Harry Overstreet, Miami  
Tio, Aurelio, Santurce, Puerto Rico  
Vance, Mrs. Herbert O., Coral Gables\*

### Benefactors

Florida Power & Light Co., Miami  
Miami Herald, Miami, Florida

TREASURER'S REPORT

The Historical Association of Southern Florida has regularly published the annual report of the Treasurer in *Tequesta*. Because the fiscal year has been changed to the calendar year, it has been decided that the financial report will be made in a newsletter early in the new year.

Charlton W. Tebeau, Editor

## HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION OF SOUTHERN FLORIDA, INC.

FOUNDED 1940—INCORPORATED 1941

John C. Harrison <i>President</i>	Mrs. Charles S. Broward, Jr. <i>Corresponding Secretary</i>
Mrs. Richard A. Beare <i>Vice-President</i>	Jack G. Admire <i>Treasurer</i>
Mrs. Edward G. Grafton <i>Executive Vice-President</i>	Miss Jacqueline Cravens <i>Librarian</i>
Leonard G. Pardue <i>Recording Secretary</i>	Charlton W. Tebeau <i>Editor</i>
David T. Alexander <i>Museum Director</i>	

## DIRECTORS

Adam G. Adams	Dr. Thelma P. Peters
Mrs. James Cherry	Mrs. Lucien C. Proby
James Deen	Ralph Renick
Marjory Stoneman Douglas	Mrs. Stanley E. Ross
Charles A. Gauld	Kenneth N. G. Sellati
George B. Hardie, Jr.	W. Fred Shaw
Dan D. Laxson	Edward H. Thompson
Mrs. Finlay L. Matheson	Mrs. Herbert O. Vance
Mrs. Robert McCabe	Gilbert L. Voss
William J. McHale	Wayne E. Withers