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Tequesta:

The Development of the Major Commercial Airlines in Dade County, Florida: 1945-1970

By AURORA E. DAVIS*

The prosperity of Dade County is built in a large measure around tourism. In fact, tourism is Greater Miami's largest single source of income, as it contributed, by 1970, over 2.1 billion dollars a year to the area's economy. As one of the delivery and departure vehicles for tourists, air transportation, and particularly the commercial aviation industry, assumes a position of paramount importance carrying an estimated 60 to 65 per cent of tourists to South Florida. In addition, air transportation has become since World War II a dominant stimulant to the area's economic expansion. The industry's development and growth have helped provide the stable base for sharp rises in tourism, aviation-oriented enterprises, and other institutional growth.

This study of the development and consequent effect of air transportation on the economy of Dade County and the South Florida area, because of the enormous extent of the subject, is limited to the commercial aviation industry. In particular, it will focus upon the four major airlines serving Miami: Pan American World Airways; Eastern Airlines; National Airlines; and Delta Air Lines. There are other large domestic and international carriers serving Miami, but none have had the local impact of what this author calls "Miami's big four."¹

The aviation history of Dade County can be said to have begun in 1911 when Howard Gill brought a Wright brothers aircraft to Miami. The appearance of this aircraft in July and subsequent favorable reaction on the part of local officials, augured a most beneficial relationship between

*This paper is based upon a Master of Arts thesis in history written in 1972 at the University of Miami.

¹This designation of "Miami's big four" is not to be confused with the four largest domestic trunk carriers (American, Eastern, TWA, and United) the so-called "big four."

aviation and Miami. Aviation development was temporarily interrupted by the outbreak of World War I. The end of the war marked the beginning of commercial airline development throughout the world. As the commercial aviation industry began to grow in the United States, a number of attempts at commercial operation of scheduled lines were made in the South Florida area.

Initial operations met with limited success, however, and effective service had to wait for Congressional action to establish a solid foundation for the commercial aviation industry. The passage of the Air Mail Act of 1925 and the Air Commerce Act of 1926 marked the beginning of the present aviation system.² With the authority to award contracts under competitive bidding in late 1927 the Post Office Department established an air route between Atlanta and Miami via Jacksonville. This route opened the way for Miami to become a great aviation center, for it connected Miami with the population centers of the north and other routes, at the same time linking Latin America with the United States by air.

In 1927 an airline was founded which was to become one of the largest and most influential airlines in the world—Pan American Airways. In the summer of that year, the airline bid on and was soon awarded a contract for the carriage of mail from Key West, Florida to Havana, Cuba—the first contract awarded to any United States air transport company for the carriage of mail to a foreign country. With the hope of further contracts, the airline moved its terminal to Miami to gain better rail connections and subsequently it undertook the carrying of passengers.

Pan American continued to expand its routes. As it was necessary to use flying boat equipment, because of the lack of airfields and practical long-range, land-based aircraft, the growing company established a seaplane base in Coconut Grove, a suburb of Miami. The base (Dinner Key) soon became a popular local tourist attraction and in 1938, Dinner Key's peak year, it was often necessary to have over twenty policemen on hand to take care of the 25,000 visitors a month. That year over 50,000 passengers flowed through the airport, which made Miami one of the leading American cities as a port of entry for foreign air travelers.³

This pioneering spirit of Pan American was not an isolated experience. From the early days of aviation in southern Florida, Eastern Airlines has been a leading force in the industry. Miami's initial air link to cities in other states was forged on December 1, 1928, when Eastern, then known

²43 Stat. 805 (1925), 39 U.S.C. sec. 461 (1940); 44 Stat. 568 (1926), 49 U.S.C. sec. 171 (1940).

³The *Miami Herald*, June 27, 1939; The *Miami News*, October 17, 1937; Grover Theis, ed., *Miami Port and Airport Book*, July, 1939.

as Pitcairn Aviation, inaugurated the first air service between Miami and the north.⁴ During the initial years of operations Eastern concentrated almost exclusively on mail service. Air passenger service developed later and more slowly.

Eastern began passenger service in 1930; however, service advanced slowly during the depression years. Then, starting in 1935, air passenger service entered a period of rapid expansion enhanced by the introduction of improved equipment. Eastern continued to grow, acquiring new routes and facilities. The Miami base expanded, relocating (from Atlanta) the communications and purchasing departments, as well as a number of executive offices. By 1940 the airline had 1,000 employees, 447 of whom were in Miami. Routes totalled 5,300 miles.⁵

National Airlines, while small compared with Eastern or Pan American, has held key routes since its inception in 1934. In July, 1937, National obtained authorization to operate scheduled flights over a route extension from St. Petersburg to Miami, via Sarasota and Fort Myers. By 1938 National had extended its routes, connecting Florida with Gulf Coast cities. Increased competition (especially from Eastern) gave the impetus for the addition in 1940 of the fourteen-passenger Lockheed Lodestars, sacrificing seating capacity for speed and performance reliability.⁶ Therefore, by World War II, despite fierce competition, National continued to grow into a viable regional carrier.

Although the company operated flights outside Florida, Delta Air Lines started in Florida in 1934 with crop dusting operations for the citrus industry. Delta's commercial operations did not actively participate in Miami's aviation growth until World War II when, under government contract, it ferried cargo to the Miami terminal from other parts of the country.

The 1930s were a time of rapid expansion for the airlines, especially in the southeastern part of Florida. Expansion of air facilities and routes and the added factor of shortening flying time between the population centers and southern Florida resulted in the beginnings and foundation of commercial aviation as an integral part of Dade County's economy. With the advent of World War II and the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, peacetime activities were curtailed and the airline employees in the Greater Miami area joined in the defense effort of the United States.

⁴The *Miami Herald*, December 1-3, 1928.

⁵Eastern Airlines, "Statistics for Miami, Florida" (Mimeographed.); Eastern Airlines, "Eastern's Miami-based Employees." (Mimeographed.)

⁶Leonard Brigman, ed., *Jane's All the World's Aircraft*, 1941 (New York: Macmillan, 1942), pp. 186c-187c; for DC-3 statistical comparison see, *Ibid.*, pp. 161c-162c.

Although the tourist industry practically ceased to exist because of governmental restrictions during the war, thousands of servicemen were trained in, or passed through, Miami and other parts of Florida. The Greater Miami area emerged from the war known to many who would otherwise never have visited south Florida. More and more, the airplane connected Miami with the rest of the country, and with advancements in equipment, travel time was shortened and comforts increased. It was thereafter in a strategic position as not only a major tourist resort, but also as the gateway to Latin America and the world.

I. AN ERA OF DEVELOPMENT: 1946-1962

The commercial aviation industry played a significant role in the conduct of the Allied powers in World War II. The airlines demonstrated for the first time what an invaluable aid a peacetime air fleet can be to national defense. With the end of the war, the airlines returned to increasing civilian traffic, both passenger and cargo. Since the war, airlines have expanded routes and added ground facilities to serve an increasingly air-minded public. Within a few years airlines established new records in the volume of traffic handled both in the domestic and international areas. In a relatively brief period the airlines became an essential part of the transportation system and continue to represent a substantial addition to the industrial community of the United States.

Pan American Airways, more deeply involved in the war effort, especially in Miami, than any other airline, nonetheless quickly converted back to peaceful pursuits. Among the many "firsts" of Pan American was a program of low-cost tourist-class air travel. Pan American, the first to provide such regularly scheduled service, brought air travel within the reach of the "average" person. This service, initially offered between New York and San Juan in 1948, proved so successful that it was soon extended over the system throughout the Caribbean and South America.⁷

The airline's immediate post-war flight equipment program was an important factor in the reconversion of the nation's aircraft manufacturing industry. First to use the DC-4 aircraft, the airline soon added Lockheed Constellations and the eighty passenger Boeing Stratocruisers to speed its service. As the decade of the 1950s advanced, larger four-engine craft, such as the DC-6B and DC-7C, were purchased.

The year 1955 was Pan American's best to that date. Total operating revenues reached \$238,100,000 up from \$218,900,000 the year before. Reflecting system-wide growth, Pan American's Latin American Division

⁷Pan American World Airways, Annual Report, 1950; see also Annual Report, 1951.

carried 1,045,131 passengers in 1955—the first time the Division had reached the million mark. Moreover, passenger miles flown by the Division totalled 963,065,000 compared with 837,692,000 in 1954.⁸

Steadily outgrowing its facilities, Pan American had been forced to scatter its operations all over the Miami airport complex. Finally, in 1960, the airline had to make a decision whether to centralize its operations in New York, or work out an integrated overhaul base in Miami. In time, the company decided to keep a portion of its operations in Miami. With this decision, Pan American inaugurated improvements which amounted to a 6.2 million dollar expansion program.

Meanwhile, Eastern Airlines returned to civilian activities in a big way when in 1947 it more than tripled the size of its Miami facilities. A new 40,000 square foot hangar was completed as well as a five million dollar line maintenance building. Among the principal route awards were Tampa and Miami in 1944 and the lucrative Miami to San Juan segment in 1946. Eastern was also able to extend its routes by the operation of interchange services with Braniff Airways. After the war Eastern also rapidly expanded its fleet. In addition to DC-4 and Lockheed Constellation equipment, to accommodate the ever increasing traffic demands of the early 1950s, additional Super Constellations and Martin 404s were purchased—nearly doubling Eastern's fleet.

Post-war traffic increases are clearly shown by the activities of the largest airline in Florida. From 1944 through 1954 Eastern carried over seven million passengers to and from Florida. Significantly, between 1951 and 1954 the airline nearly doubled the number of passengers over the same routes. Moreover, in 1954 alone, almost two million passengers were served through Eastern's Miami terminal.⁹ Although the largest airline in Florida and the State's largest industrial employer by 1955, and on its way to its zenith, Eastern was at the same time plagued by poor service, mediocre management, and equipment problems.

For the first time since the uncertain days of the early 1930s, Eastern failed to make a profit in 1960. The deficit was even greater in 1961. This situation was complicated by personnel problems and attitude which affected customer relations. A contributing factor was the lack of personnel, particularly in the vital customer-oriented services, vis-a-vis the extent of operations, aircraft, and passenger volume. Moreover, "big gamble" decisions on the part of management, particularly concerning equipment

⁸Pan American World Airways, Annual Report, 1955.

⁹Eastern Airlines, (pam) "Eastern Airlines: 1954 Another Year of Progress for Florida and Eastern Airlines"; Eastern Airlines, (pam) "1955: Year of Accomplishment for Florida and Eastern Airlines."

purchase, seemingly worked out to the detriment of Eastern. Although a series of strikes by flight engineers confused the problem, the biggest factor in the sagging fortunes of the airline reflected fundamental equipment problems.

The equipment problem resulted from difficulties with the turbo-prop Lockheed Electra, as well as the vexing problem of insufficient pure jet capacity. Tragic crashes, speed problems, and subsequent adverse passenger reaction compounded the difficulties. Eastern's competitive position grew worse with the delay of jet equipment and the strong reliance on the Electras. Eastern experienced another heavy loss in 1962 which was, in part, due to a strike during the summer of that year.¹⁰ The company's downturn was not reversed until there was a complete shakeup in the management structure in 1963.

National Airlines was transferred from a regional carrier to a major trunkline in February 1944 when the Civil Aeronautics Board awarded it the highly-coveted route from Jacksonville to New York. This award put National in the lucrative New York-Miami market, one of the most heavily traveled routes in the United States and up to that time serviced by only one carrier. After the war, National moved its general offices and maintenance base from Jacksonville to Miami. Its administrative office was located in the Aviation Building on N.W. 27th Avenue, and its maintenance base was located across LeJeune Road from the airport complex.¹¹

National's existence, however, was threatened in the late 1940s. After a long and costly pilots' strike the Civil Aeronautics Board instituted an investigation in September 1948, to determine if the company's routes should be parcelled out to other carriers.¹² In particular, in 1948, National was in a precarious financial position as a result of a decline in revenue passenger mileage and consequent decline in load factor. During the two years following the institution of the proceedings the airline witnessed a reversal in fortunes, recapturing much lost traffic. The so-called "dismemberment" proceedings were finally dropped in 1951 and National thereupon, in a major display of aggressiveness, launched a vigorous sales and promotional program.

Another dimension of service was the interchange operation. In time National became America's largest interchange operator. For example,

¹⁰The importance of the airlines to the economic health of Greater Miami was dramatized in 1962 when Eastern closed down because of a strike of flight engineers. Begun in the summer of that year, the conflict was finally settled in the fall; however, only stage-by-stage restoration of service was put into effect. Not until December were operations restored to a normal schedule.

¹¹The *Miami Herald*, March 24, 1946.

¹²U.S., Civil Aeronautics Board, National Airlines, Inc., Route Investigation, Docket No. 3500 et al, *Decisions of the Civil Aeronautics Board* (subsequently *C.A.B. Reports*), March 16, 1951, Vol. XII, pp. 798-808.

an interchange agreement between National, Delta, and American brought same-plane service from Miami to California via New Orleans, Dallas, Ft. Worth, Los Angeles, and San Francisco. The early years of the decade also witnessed a massive expansion program to enlarge and modernize the fleet of aircraft and to construct maintenance, sales, and administration facilities. The program called for the purchase of a fleet of turbo-prop and jet aircraft as well as additional propeller types. The ground expansion program included the construction of a new office building and larger maintenance facilities in Miami.¹³

Arriving late on the Greater Miami aviation scene, Delta Air Lines, nevertheless, has continued to hold an important place in the economy of Dade County. The Miami station started out modestly with a complement of thirty-six employees, including pilots. The Atlanta-headquartered airline inaugurated its Miami service on December 1, 1945, flying twenty-one passenger DC-3 equipment on two round trips daily between Chicago and Miami via Jacksonville with numerous intermediate points.¹⁴ Five months after the Miami service opened, the company brought down 175 employees to establish a new maintenance base. Flight crews, along with mechanics, were among the personnel to be sent to Miami.

Miami has figured in a number of Delta's route extensions thereby linking the southeastern part of the state with the industrial center of the nation. For example, soon after the war, routes expanded to Knoxville and Cincinnati. The 1950s were good years and Delta gradually expanded in all directions to form a system serving more than seventy cities in the United States as well as points in Central and South America. Among Delta's most important route additions during this time was inclusion of Indianapolis, Louisville, and several additional Florida cities on the company's Chicago to Miami route.

Like National, Delta had a strong interchange network. In 1960, a Delta-American jet interchange flight began between Atlanta and Los Angeles thus providing another link to the west coast for southeast Florida. However, all these agreements ended when Delta inaugurated direct west coast service in 1961. By the provisions of the Transcontinental Case, the Civil Aeronautics Board awarded the airline the right to fly from Dallas/Ft. Worth to Los Angeles and San Francisco. Despite certain restrictions regarding schedules, the Board estimated that full implementation of these extensions could add approximately thirty million dollars in annual revenue.¹⁵

¹³National Airlines, Annual Report, 1955.

¹⁴The *Miami Herald*, December 1, 2, 1945.

¹⁵C.A.B. Reports, Southern Transcontinental Service Case, Docket No. 7984 et al, Vol. XXXIII, March 13, 1961, pp. 701-964; *Ibid.*, Southern Transcontinental Service Case, Docket No. 7984, et al, Vol. XXXIV, pp. 487-499.

Thus, the growth of air travel between the end of World War II and the advent of the jet age was, despite temporary recessions, spectacular. Consequently, Miami grew to a place of dominance in the aviation industry and the commercial industry became the backbone of southern Florida's tourist industry as the vehicle of delivery and departure. By the end of the 1950s tourists made up 75 per cent of the total passengers through Miami International Airport. Moreover, between 1955 and 1960 Miami's aviation industry activity grew approximately 60 per cent.

During this period the airlines serving Miami increased their work force considerably. As the jet age started, Miami's big four employed over 15,000 workers in Dade County, which accounted for an annual payroll of approximately 75 million dollars, and made the four airlines the largest single-type industrial employer in the area.¹⁶ Eastern Airlines, which employed over 7,000 in Miami by 1960, was the largest single employer in the county.

Passenger and employment increase was accompanied by a sharp rise in equipment purchases. The decade of the 1950s was a period of uncertainty for domestic as well as international carriers regarding the purchase of jet equipment. The advent of United States-made jet equipment ushered in another era of equipment expansion. As of 1961 more than 250 pure-jet aircraft were in service costing approximately five million dollars each. In addition to financing purchase of the aircraft themselves, the industry had to invest large sums in new service equipment.

Airline officials looked to a rise in passenger traffic to offset the cost of the jet expansion program. However, this increase in passenger traffic did not materialize as the initial years of jet operation brought a sharp reversal in the nearly ten per cent rise in traffic in the ten year period, 1946-1956. Domestic traffic in 1960, for example, barely rose above the 1959 level. This development, coupled with heavy investment in jet equipment, produced declining profits and in some cases, deficits.

Airline officials blamed a large part of the financial troubles on the introduction of jet aircraft; however, in reality by the 1960s the airlines had little choice but to invest in prop-jet and pure-jet equipment. With the experimental stage complete and the reliability of the jet demonstrated, it was obvious that this equipment would capture the bulk of the air passenger market. Any airline not keeping pace with new technological advances thereafter would soon face an economic crisis.

¹⁶Dade County Port Authority, Annual Report, 1960.

II. AN ERA OF EXPANSION AND CHALLENGE: 1963-1970

The proven ability of the jet equipment, the implementation of new promotional fares, and the resulting increase in passenger traffic, all combined to lift the airline industry to profitable years in the middle and late 1960s. The pioneer and still predominant airlines serving Greater Miami participated in the expansion and the consequent profits of the 1960s.

For the most part, the 1960s were good years for Pan American World Airways. Its Latin American service continued to expand. However, uncertainty arose concerning further base expansion in Miami. In the early years of the decade airline officials agreed on centralization of the vast company's operations in New York. Accordingly, area divisions such as San Francisco and Miami were gradually cut back, in functions as well as employees, although Miami retained part of the airframe and overhaul base.

The Miami base was not so fortunate in 1968. In the first month of that year the company bypassed Miami in favor of Los Angeles for the biggest construction program in its history—a sixty million dollar maintenance base that eventually would employ 10,000 workers.¹⁷ Airline officials singled out those who had temporarily blocked an expansion bond issue to expand airport facilities for National Airlines as one of the reasons for choosing the relative stability of Los Angeles over an uncertain Miami. In the fall of 1968, a similar situation arose concerning a proposed training complex. In addition, in 1969, Pan American decided to take its Boeing 747 training program to New Mexico instead of Miami, in part due to economic concessions made by the city of Roswell, as well as the factor of uncertainty over the future of the Dade-Collier jetport.

Although considered one of the most profitable airlines throughout the decade of the 1960s, Pan American has entered upon a critical era. Faced with increasing competition both from domestic and foreign rivals, and from the dearth of domestic routes, Pan American suffered its first loss (25.8 million dollars net) in 1969. This loss, plus an uncertain future, has affected all aspects of Pan American's operations. For example, the Los Angeles overhaul base, as of 1970, had not been built.

More than 1,000 Miami-based employees have been laid off since the beginning of 1970 and further cuts are expected. President Najeeb Halaby (President 1968-1971; succeeded by William T. Seawell) cited higher labor costs and simply "too many airlines" as the main reasons

¹⁷The *Miami Herald*, January 18, 1968.

for the sagging financial posture. Halaby concluded that the long-range profit position can be enhanced by government action that would permit the airline to have "fair and equal access to the American market by means of route awards or acquisition or merger with other carriers."¹⁸

Eastern Airlines, one of the airlines most affected by the 1962 recession, combined with plaguing strike troubles, rebounded sharply in 1964. In late 1963, a new President, Floyd Hall, was appointed and with a new line-up of executives succeeded in turning the airline around. For example, 1965 reported the first profitable year since 1959. In an attempt to correct the out-of-balance employee-operation ratio, total personnel systemwide increased from 19,848 to 22,314. In like manner, Miami-based totals increased from 5,945 in 1962 to 8,180 in 1965.¹⁹

Eastern recovered from the "meager" early years of the 1960s with ground as well as aircraft and personnel expansion. In 1963 Eastern completed a twenty-one million dollar jet maintenance complex at the 26th Street site. More activity has been evident in recent years with the construction of an executive building and an accompanying data service building and reservations center. In 1968 a building for the training of flight crews, maintenance, and customer service personnel was completed. Anticipating the era of the jumbo jet, Eastern has plans for a ten-story hangar complex designed to provide room for overhauling the fifty Lockheed L-1011 Tristar jetliners ordered.

The L-1011, powered by Rolls-Royce engines, is the wide-bodied trijet Eastern has planned as its major aircraft for the long-range, higher-density routes in the 1970s. However, by the end of 1970, delays in the L-1011 program affected the introduction of the aircraft, originally scheduled for late 1972. The ultimate decision regarding this equipment situation will not only affect Eastern's competitive position but also the proposed trijet complex in Miami.

In 1970, an Eastern aircraft either lands or takes off from Miami International Airport on an average of every seven minutes. While forty-three of over 200 flights serve the Miami-New York market, Eastern also connects the southern Florida market with practically every major city in Florida, the United States, Caribbean, and the Bahamas with non-stop jet service. Of the ten million people who visited the Miami area in 1969, the domestic and international airlines carried more than one-half, or 5.3

¹⁸Pan American World Airways, Annual Report, 1970.

¹⁹Eastern Airlines, Annual Reports, 1964, 1965; Eastern Airlines, "Number of Eastern's Employees." (Mimeographed.)

million. Of these, Eastern carried nearly half of all the domestic airline traffic to Miami, or over 1.8 million people.²⁰

National Airlines became a cross-country in 1961 with the award of the southern transcontinental route between Florida and California. The early years of the decade also saw a change in the management structure. At the annual meeting in November, 1961, George Baker, founder of the airline, resigned as president. Subsequently, L. B. Maytag, Jr., who resigned as president of Frontier Airlines, purchased Baker's interest in National and in 1962 was elected president and chief executive officer.

Maytag and his management team instituted changes similar in nature to those taking place at Eastern, with particular emphasis on fleet expansion. The first jet powered airline, the carrier doubled its jet fleet by fiscal year 1967-1968. By the end of the decade National ordered nine McDonnell Douglas wide-bodied DC-10s and optioned eight more for a total price of approximately 280 million dollars. Delivery of the three-engine jets began in November 1971, and will continue through December 1973.

National began planning for the introduction of the jumbo jets with a thirty-four million dollar expansion program in 1967.²¹ The facilities to be constructed consist of a new aircraft maintenance apron, a new aircraft hangar, and administrative buildings. However, a Dade County Port Authority bond issue to finance the base was fought by critics all the way to the Florida Supreme Court. The opposition claimed such public financing of private facilities was not in the public interest. The Supreme Court of Florida upheld the bond issue.²²

Miami's first direct service to Europe via a United States carrier was authorized by the Civil Aeronautics Board in its decision in 1969 when it approved a request by National for direct service between Miami and London.²³ Many airline officials predicted the award would mean a "bonanza" for Miami. The inaugural flight had to be delayed because of a strike by ticket agents and clerical personnel. This strike, lasting over four months, put over 4,000 Miami-based employees out of work, complicating the already worsening economic picture in 1970. The strike was finally settled in May, 1970, and Miami-London service began shortly thereafter.

Throughout the remainder of the year emphasis was placed on being

²⁰Eastern Airlines, "Miami Community Report: 1970" (Mimeographed.)

²¹The *Miami Herald*, August 16, 1968, May 29, 1969, October 15, 1969; The *Miami News*, August 15, 1968, June 12, 1969.

²²For a more detailed discussion see Aurora Davis, "The Economic Development of the Major Commercial Airlines and Ancillary Industries in Dade County, Florida: 1945-1970," (unpublished M.A. thesis, University of Miami, 1972), pp. 90-94.

²³National Airlines, Annual Report, 1969.

first in the New York-Miami market and improvement of service generally. With the resumption of flight schedules came the difficult task of rebuilding traffic to normal levels, a task made difficult by the already trouble-ridden calendar year in which traffic growth for the industry in general slowed drastically.

The late 1960s saw the extension of Delta's already strong route system culminating with service in 1969 between San Francisco and Miami, and Houston and Miami. In response to the increasing flight schedules, the number of Miami-based pilots increased to 203. In addition, thirty-two more reservation employees were added to accommodate the introduction of Boeing 747 service in December 1970. As of the end of the calendar year, Delta's employee contingent numbered 1,331, and the station's annual payroll was in excess of fifteen million dollars. Facility improvements announced in 1970 include a fifty-four million dollar, eight-year project at Miami International Airport, a move to accommodate the new jumbo jet transports.²⁴

In addition to the extensions in cross-country service, Delta was the recipient in the North Carolina Points Service Case, of authorization to provide new service between Charlotte and intermediate stops in North Carolina and Miami. The softening in traffic growth among the airlines in general did not substantially affect Delta until late in the calendar year 1970. This situation was in part due to the extended strike against National. However, with a strong route network, Delta, nevertheless, improved its market share throughout the year. Net earnings for the year were 44.5 million dollars, approximately 14 per cent above fiscal 1969.²⁵

As indicated, the 1960s were years of expansion for the major airlines serving the Greater Miami area. Strengthening of route networks, aircraft expansion, and facility improvements were all characteristic of this growth. Moreover, the ninety-five air carriers serving Miami employed more than 25,000 south Florida people by the end of 1970. In addition to the people directly employed by the airlines, an additional 60,000 jobs are dependent on or closely related to the airline industry.²⁶

By the end of the decade, however, widespread concern was expressed over the economic crisis facing the airline industry. Underlying the economic troubles was the spread of inflation and the general business decline. While the nation's economic slowdown reduced passenger growth, inflation

²⁴The *Miami News*, April 22, 1969, December 16, 1969, April 23, 1970, July 1, 1970, November 12, 1970; The *Miami Herald*, November 13, 1970.

²⁵Delta Air Lines, Annual Report, 1970.

²⁶In short, approximately one of every four jobs in the Greater Miami area is related to the airline industry.

increased the cost of airline operation. In 1969, Pan American, for example, reported total operating expenses per available ton-mile increased from 17.3¢ in 1968 to 19.1¢ in 1969, and cash operating expenses went from 15.4¢ to 17.2¢.²⁷

In addition, deliveries of new aircraft during 1970 eliminated or at least lowered profit margins for the airline industry. Like the previous "crisis" in the early 1960s, concern is widespread over the prospects of recovery. Many industry observers feel that the situation is forcing airlines into mergers. Most serious discussions among the major trunk lines include Northwest, Northeast, National, and Pan American World Airways.

Mergers may not solve the problem completely. Soon the airlines will again face another aircraft expansion and purchase—the supersonic transport. Despite the advantage of lower operating expenses, the equipment represents a large investment. Unless the precarious financial position of many airlines improves by the time of the introduction of the supersonic aircraft, another "crisis" may appear. Like the early 1960s situation, however, the airline which does not acquire the improved equipment may face an even more uncertain future.

* * * * *

The years 1945 to 1970 witnessed the developing and maturing of the commercial aviation industry in Dade County. Much of the development of South Florida and the Greater Miami area has been due to constant changes and improvements in the air transportation methods over the past quarter century. Initial expansion of commercial air facilities, routes, passenger comfort and improved aeronautical technology during the early years of the century placed aviation within the economic structure of Dade County. The activities of two of the four major airlines established the foundation of the commercial aviation industry in the area.

During World War II over half the commercial aircraft were engaged in contractual work for the United States government and Miami was transformed into a training base and departure point for the war zones. Consequently, thousands of military personnel and government officials came in contact with the attractions of the south Florida area. Direct exposure, with the improvement of air travel, accelerated the growth and development of aviation.

The increased popularity of air travel and the emergence of Dade County as a year-round resort area paralleled the expansion of the Miami airport complex. In addition, air transportation has become since World

²⁷Pan American World Airways, Annual Report, 1969.

War II a dominant stimulant to the area's economic expansion. In and around Miami International Airport flows a stream of passengers and cargo traffic supplemented by a large auxiliary industry and aviation oriented employment has increased accordingly, from a few thousand Miamians in 1946 to over 70,000 persons by 1970.

With the heavy emphasis on commercial aviation, therefore, it is a fact that when airlines and aviation are in trouble, southern Florida is in trouble and the Miami airlines have been hard hit in two major recessions within ten years of each other. Despite temporary setbacks, commercial aviation has been the dominant delivery and departure vehicle for Dade County's single largest source of income—tourism. Traditionally the gateway to Latin America, Miami has broadened its horizon across both the Atlantic and the Pacific. With its strategic geographical location, the southeastern part of Florida emerged over the last quarter century as the popular "jumping off" point to any part of the United States, Latin America, and the world.

Federal And State Relations With The Florida Seminoles 1875-1901

By JAMES W. COVINGTON*

This account concerns the Seminole Indians of Florida who fought the United States Army and Florida militia to a virtual standstill during the Third Seminole War (1855-1858) and, after part of the tribe had agreed to the favorable terms which were offered and migrated to Oklahoma, the remaining Indians were allowed to stay in Florida. The terms of a very favorable treaty plus the payment of considerable sums of money had induced the band led by Billy Bowlegs to surrender but efforts to contact the other bands were of no avail. Finally, the Federal authorities decided to ignore the Indians, allowing them to stay in Florida without the benefit of a treaty which would safeguard a reservation area. The granting of asylum for the Seminoles in Southern Florida was not an extremely generous offer on the part of the White authorities, but it was just too much an effort to capture all of the more or less one hundred Seminoles roaming throughout the Everglades and Big Cypress Swamp. The presence of the few Seminoles in Southern Florida did not disturb the settlers for they believed the unexplored Everglades to be fit only for alligators, reptiles and the Indians.¹ When railroads were extended near the area and some of the land was drained, the value of the land increased and real estate speculators and railroad companies began to purchase or claim much of the area. Such actions posed a threat to the Indians for they did not have any land they could call legally their own.

At the close of the Third Seminole War (1855-1858) the Seminoles had been so scattered throughout Southern Florida that it took some time for the bands to regroup and establish themselves within definite territorial bounds. The band led by Chipco did a considerable amount of moving about the Florida wilderness during this period. Chipco's band lived in the cypress swamps north and east of Lake Okeechobee until 1866 when it moved to the Kissimmee River Valley. The band moved again in 1872-1873 to Catfish Lake (Lake Pierce) located northeast of Lake Wales in Polk County, but migrated from there in 1885 to Lake Rosalie.²

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¹*Fort Myers Weekly Press*, September 25, 1890.

²See article by Albert DeVane in "Pioneer Florida," *Tampa Tribune*, July 15, 1956, and *Tampa Tribune*, April 2, 1950. Chipco died in 1884, but his nephew Tallahassee had assumed his place as leader in 1877-1880 period.

During the post-war period of consolidation and migration some contacts were made with the neighboring settlements of Kissimmee, Bartow, Fort Ogden, Fort Meade, Tampa and Fort Myers to trade and to sell skins and feathers.³ One example of such traffic took place in 1889 when three male Seminoles carried a load of alligator skins by canoe from the shores of Lake Okeechobee along the Caloosahatchee River to Fort Myers where Charley Tommy sold 84 skins, Billy Motley 75 skins and Tommy 88 skins at Blount and Company.⁴

In 1879 Lieutenant Robert H. Pratt was requested by the Acting Commissioner of Indian Affairs to make an investigation concerning the state of the Seminole Indians in Florida and to see if they could be persuaded to move to Oklahoma.⁵ During June and July, 1879, Pratt visited Fort Meade, Chipco's village and Fort Myers but, with the exception of Chipco and his people, was unable to make satisfactory contacts with the other Indians. A break-down of the several bands included the following estimated figures:

Chipco (near Fort Clinch)	26
Tustenuggee (near Fort Center)	90
Old Tiger Tail (near Fort Shackelford)	80
Young Tiger Tail (near Miami)	20
Possible oversight	20
	292 ⁶

Pratt believed that removal to Oklahoma would be best for the Indians but since they could not be induced to make such a move, it would be best to establish a boarding school for the Seminoles and to encourage them to follow agricultural and stock raising pursuits.⁷

Pratt has been called the "Moses of Indian education" for it was he who realized that there was a great desire on the part of young Indians to adjust to the White man's way of life. From 1875-1879 seventy-two Cheyenne, Arapaho, Kiowa, Comanche and Caddo warriors were placed in captivity at Fort Marion, Saint Augustine, Florida. The man who was in charge of the prisoners lodged in the old Spanish fort was Lieutenant Pratt who hoped to transform the savage warriors into young men who

³Mr. D. B. McKay, the pioneer historian, mayor and newspaper editor, recalled the visits of Tallahassee to Tampa.

⁴*Fort Myers Weekly Press*, November 14, 1889.

⁵Commissioner E. J. Brooks to Pratt, June 9, 1879, in William C. Sturtevant presented and annotated, "R. H. Pratt's Report on the Seminole in 1879," *Florida Anthropologist* IX (March, 1956), 3-4.

⁶*Ibid.*, 13.

⁷*Ibid.*, 14.

could enter the White man's world. In line with his philosophy, teachers were hired to teach English and the prisoners were encouraged to develop any usable skills.⁸ Within a short time some substantial progress had been achieved — so much that Pratt was encouraged to establish at a later date Carlisle Institute — a boarding school for Indians located in Pennsylvania.

The transformation of the Western tribesmen from nomadic savages to civilized persons caused some Florida people who had contact with the Saint Augustine experiment or who were interested in Indian education to think that the Seminoles might benefit from such an experience. L. B. Darrell who operated the Cookman Institute at Jacksonville suggested to the Indian Bureau that some Seminoles could engage in learning mechanical arts or agriculture at his institution.⁹ The suggestion received serious consideration at Washington until it was ascertained that the Eastern Seminoles had no rights as specified in treaties and, in addition, Cookman Institute was neither an agriculture nor industrial school.¹⁰ Henry Caruthers, M.D., had observed the work of Pratt at Saint Augustine and had been so impressed that one Kiowa was invited to stay at his home and he followed the progress of the young man with great interest when he returned to Oklahoma. Mrs. Caruthers had taught a class for two years at the fort and was certain that such a school would be very beneficial to the Seminoles.¹¹ When nothing tangible developed from his letter, Caruthers offered to take ten or twelve Seminoles to his summer home on the Hudson River at no expense to the Government and educate them. Once again no action at all was taken regarding Caruther's suggestion.¹²

In order to base a Federal decision concerning the Seminoles upon reliable evidence, Clay MacCauley was requested to visit Florida in 1881 and as a result was able to determine enough facts to write what could become a classic account of Seminole life. MacCauley ascertained that the Florida Seminoles were composed of thirty-seven extended families living in twenty-two camps grouped roughly in five distinct areas — The Big Cypress Swamp, Miami River, Fish-eating Creek, Cow Creek and Catfish Lake.¹³ He discovered, as so many Federal investigators were to do, that the Indians did not want to leave Florida or have anything to do with the

⁸E. Adamson Hoebel and Karen Daniels Petersen, commentary *A Cheyenne Sketchbook* by Cohoe (Norman, 1964), 7.

⁹L. D. Darrell to Commissioner Hiram Price, September 16, 1882, 16908-82, Letters Received, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Bureau of Indian Affairs, Record Group 75, National Archives, Washington, D.C., hereafter cited as BIA.

¹⁰Secretary of Interior Teller to Commissioner of Indian Affairs, September 16, 1882, 16908-82 BIA.

¹¹Caruthers to Commissioner of Indian Affairs, October 24, 1882, 6764-82 BIA.

¹²Caruthers to Commissioner of Indian Affairs, March 10, 1883, 5011-83 BIA.

¹³Clay MacCauley "The Seminole Indians of Florida," *Fifth Annual Report of the Bureau of Ethnology* (Washington, 1887), 447-78. MacCauley's figures are considered more reliable than those estimated by Pratt.

White man. As a consequence of MacCauley's report, any talk of moving the Seminoles to Oklahoma was forgotten and Congress began appropriating the annual sum of \$6,000 to purchase homestead tracts of land for the Indians.¹⁴

In December, 1884, Special Agent Cyrus Beede was ordered by the Commissioner of Indian Affairs to determine the number of Seminoles who would be willing to take a homestead tract and become "farmers." Beede was able to interview a few of the Indians representing Seminoles living at Big Cypress, the Miami River and Lake Rosalie, but found a great reluctance on their part to have anything at all to do with the White man.¹⁵ In addition, he discovered that it was difficult to secure suitable vacant land for the agents of the State of Florida were continually making selections under provisions of the Swamp and Overflowed Land Act.¹⁶ Tallahassee, who had succeeded Chipco as leader of one band, had consented to take homestead land and three Seminoles went with Beede to file a claim for land. When Beede was able to reach a telegraph office he found that the desired land had been taken by other parties. Beede recommended to the Commissioner that the United States Government purchase for Tallahassee and his band of twenty persons the land on which they had resided for some time.

At this time the majority of the Seminoles were certainly not interested in settling on a homestead and becoming farmers in an unproductive area which needed drainage, considerable fertilization, and excellent know how of Florida agriculture. One visitor to a village near the Caloosahatchee River described what he saw:

"The form of this camp was in a semi-circle fronting on a "slue" as they call it, (we could call it a canal). This camp consisted of three huts, built square and roofed in with palmetto fans, four upright pineposts, planked in roughly—and the home was complete. The other two shanties were simply covered with canvas stretched over four straight oak poles.

When we arrived they were fixing their camp. One swarthy looking Indian was busily engaged cutting a young pine in the requisite size for a tent pole, another was digging the hole for the post with a large butcher knife . . . all the women go bare-headed and bare-footed and wear their hair down their backs. Usually it grows thick and silky and long. They raise magnificent hogs and their flesh is rich and good. Their houses are about ten feet long by eight wide and have a platform running the length and breadth, about three feet from the

¹⁴Alfred Jackson Hanna and Kathryn Abbey Hanna, *Lake Okeechobee: Wellspring of the Everglades* (Indianapolis, 1948), 332; 23 United States Statutes at Large, 95.

¹⁵Beede to Commissioner of Indian Affairs, April 6, 1885, 7652-85 BIA.

¹⁶*Ibid.*

ground, where the families eat, sleep and live . . . they live chiefly by hunting and fishing both of which they excell in. The chief trade with them is in March and April when the plume birds are in fine condition. They travel from place to place in canoes about fifteen feet long and three feet deep and one foot wide, made of solid tree and propelled by paddles.

The staple food of the Indians is corn but they eat homing and pork to a large extent as well as turkey and venison. Sugar cane is consumed by them very largely in the camp and it is rarely that you see the squaws without a piece between their teeth."¹⁷

The plume or feather trade was proving to be most profitable to the Seminoles. In fashion with the times, women's hats decorated with the white plumes or feathers of the American egret and snowy egret became very popular throughout the United States and the egret rookeries in Florida were a major source of supply.¹⁸ With the settlement of areas to the north, the Seminoles were pushed away from the Atlantic coast and Polk County into more undesirable tracts further south or to the west. Accordingly, their visits to Tampa and Bartow became less frequent and enterprising businessmen established posts in the south where transactions could be made. Such outposts included the store of George W. Storter, at Everglades, Ted Smallwood's store at Chokoloskee, Bill Brown's store at present day Immokalee and later at Boat Landing, Frank Stranahan at Fort Lauderdale and the Girtman Brothers and William Brickell at Miami. In addition to the plumes which sold for thirty-five cents and the alligator skins which sold for fifty cents, the Seminoles traded sweet potatoes, melons, chicken, deer hams, bananas and starch made from the koonti root.¹⁹

The traders had developed a system which worked out very well to the benefit of both themselves and the Indians. A sum from ten to twenty-five dollars was advanced to each Indian so that he could purchase enough supplies for a hunt. When he returned from the field, he was paid in cash for the hides he had obtained and the Seminole hunter settled all or part of the amount of money which was owed. The Indians knew the price of hides and when they felt they were being taken advantage of, they went to another store. They refused to accept shoddy merchandise and, as a result, the Seminoles purchased only the best products which were available. When hunting was poor, some traders advanced credit from \$350 to \$800 to each Indian with his personal honor as security. Should an

¹⁷Fort Myers Press, March 31, 1889.

¹⁸Marjory Stoneman Douglas, *The Everglades: River of Grass* (New York, 1947), 278.

¹⁹*Ibid.*, 267-277.

Indian who had substantial debts die, the trader marked the account closed and made no effort to collect the money from his family.²⁰

The visits to the towns and trading posts were not entirely beneficial to the Seminoles. Often they obtained a sufficient supply of liquor to keep them entirely drunk for some time and when they recovered, they worked hard to get enough money for another visit and period of alcoholic dissipation. Of course, in accordance with their usual custom, one Seminole stayed sober in order to protect the others. M. C. Osborn, a White who owned a plantation at Kissimmee, was concerned about the liquor problem and together with Chief Tallahassee was able to stop the sale of liquor to Indians at Kissimmee. Consequently the Indians from this band by-passed Kissimmee and traded at Bartow and Titusville where they were able to obtain all of the liquor that they desired.²¹

In January, 1887, Mrs. Lily Pierpont of Winter Haven wrote to the wife of President Grover Cleveland telling about the problems of the Seminoles and, in consequence, she was appointed to a position which might be called "Honorary Seminole Agent." In her letter to Mrs. Cleveland, Mrs. Pierpont told about the visits of the Seminoles to Winter Haven and a consequence of the settlement of the country would be the driving of the Indians into the Atlantic Ocean or Gulf of Mexico.²² She related the account of how a band of desperadoes was killing hogs and cattle belonging to the Indians, but instead of resorting to warfare the Indians protested these acts to the Mayor of Titusville. Mrs. Pierpont served for one year, but little has been known concerning any lasting contributions or whether she received any Federal funds at all.²³

Although since 1884 the United States Government had appropriated the annual sum of \$6,000 for the purpose of placing the Seminoles on homestead tracts, little interest was expressed either by Federal representatives or the Seminoles in making use of that money and it reverted to the Treasury. In 1887, E. M. Wilson, Special Agent appointed by the Commissioner of Indian Affairs made two trips to Florida to determine the readiness of the Seminoles to accept a homestead arrangement. Although Wilson made a great effort to meet the leading Florida Indians in his May and October visits, he encountered a great reluctance on the part of the Indians to have anything to do with the White man. Wilson concluded his report with the following observations:

²⁰Lorenzo D. Creel, Special Agent to Commissioner of Indian Affairs, March 20, 1911, 24816-1911 BIA.

²¹M. C. Osborn to Daniel La Mont, December 24, 1886, BIA.

²²Lily Pierpont to Mrs. Grover Cleveland, January 1, 1887, 1858-87, BIA.

²³Hanna, *Lake Okeechobee*, 332.

This was the most tedious, laborous and disagreeable trip that has ever been my lot to make and I fear has not been very fruitful of results. I talked with many Indians upon the subject of homesteads; most of whom expressed a willingness to locate *provided always* that other and older ones would do so themselves . . . I met two Miami Indians who stated that if their people would secure the lands upon which they live, they thought then there would be no trouble about locating them. And I think according to the maps, their lands are embraced in an unsurveyed territory in which case I presume there would be no trouble because of the present proprietorship of the land.²⁴

In 1891, the Missionary Committee of the Women's National Indian Association under the leadership of Mrs. Amelia S. Quinton from Philadelphia, Penn., purchased four hundred acres located some forty-five miles southeast of Fort Myers for two thousand dollars with the objective of dividing the land into small tracts: each with a home for one Indian family. In March of 1891 Mrs. Quinton and two other women accompanied by Francis A. Hendry visited one Indian village and several prospective sites for the enterprise and selected one which was part of the William Allen settlement.²⁵ The Women's National Indian Association, composed mostly of Eastern women, had the policy of erecting chapels and missionary stations at the various reservation areas and presenting the going establishments to one of the several denominations that carried on missionary work among the Indians. The United States Government purchased eighty acres of the tract and assigned Special Agent Chapin to a project which involved the erection of necessary office and storage buildings, a school building and living quarters. Although the site was situated twenty-five miles from the nearest Indian camp and most supplies had to be hauled forty-five miles from Fort Myers, the general location seemed to be suitable for the purpose.

During May of 1891 Doctor Jacob E. Brecht of Saint Louis, Missouri, was appointed Seminole Agent by the Women's National Indian Association (WNIA) and he entered into a situation where conditions were indeed most primitive and the Indians were friendly but untrusting. A rough two room pine log house was erected to house the Women's National Indian Association workers and Doctor Brecht and his wife, but life in it was described as being "in greatest discomfort."²⁶ Six men were hired to erect fences and buildings and to do farming which would

²⁴Wilson to Commissioner of Indian Affairs, November 3, 1887, 30447-87 BIA.

²⁵*Annual Report of Women's National Indian Association, 1891*, 15. Although the Women's National Indian Association had auxiliaries scattered throughout the Eastern part of the United States, the Winter Park, Florida, Kentucky and Philadelphia auxiliaries made special contributions to the Seminole mission.

²⁶Mrs. Quinton to Commissioner of Indian Affairs, March 21, 1892, 10792-92 BIA.

hopefully provide vegetables for the group but disaster struck when the sawmill caught fire and suffered a complete loss. After this disaster, the following buildings were erected: sawmill, granary, stable and living quarters. In addition, enough lumber was cut to provide for a school building and fencing about the place was provided. In the initial stage of contacts with the Seminoles the missionaries found the Indians to be very reluctant to hold any meetings with the Whites. The Seminoles would not accept gifts of nails or shingles made at the sawmill or accept a fee for hauling sawed wood to settlers. Although Mrs. Brecht opened a school for the Indian children, the only ones who attended classes were the children of nearby settlers.²⁷ After the departure of the Special Agent, Brecht left the employ of the missionary group and became Industrial Teacher for the Office of Indian Affairs.²⁸

Brecht realized that in order to win friends among the Seminoles he had to provide some services which would be available at the agency. Accordingly, a store was established in which groceries deemed useful for the Indian diet were sold to the Indians at cost and dressed deer skins were accepted as payment for the supplies. Some Whites, resentful of Brecht's attempts to reduce the traffic in rum, spread stories that he was encouraging the Indians to kill deer. Still, Brecht's efforts to attract Seminoles to the agency bore fruit, for by Christmas Day, 1894, a large number of Indians came there to hear the agent tell about the origin and meaning of Christmas and to receive presents consisting of combs, mirrors, soap, knives, saws and assorted items of wearing apparel.²⁹

In 1894, a joint program for the education and conversion of the Seminoles had been negotiated between the WNIA and the Episcopal church. In the partnership the WNIA representatives would teach the Indian women the elements of sewing and the Episcopal Church missionaries would convert the Seminoles to the Christian way of life.³⁰ Within a short time the Women's National Indian Association decided to withdraw from the Florida program and give the property and project to the Missionary Jurisdiction of Southern Florida Episcopal Church.³¹ Upon accepting the three hundred and twenty acres and one frame building, Bishop William C. Gray named the place Immokalee (his home).³² Christ Church was

²⁷Charlton W. Tebeau, *Florida's Last Frontier: The History of Collier County* (Coral Gables, 1957), 197.

²⁸John E. Brecht, "Report," *Sixty-Second Annual Report of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs to Secretary of Interior* (Washington, 1893), 356.

²⁹*Fort Myers Press*, January 17, 1896.

³⁰Brecht, "Report" in *Sixty-Third Annual Report of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs to Secretary of the Interior*, (Washington, 1894), 378.

³¹*Annual Report of Women's National Indian Association*, 1896, 32.

³²Tebeau, *Florida's Last Frontier*, 72.

opened for services in July, 1896, at Immokalee, but it was a failure as a mission, for few of the Indians attended the services held there.

Industrial teacher Brecht experienced similar difficulties in attracting the Indians to his agency. The children would not attend his school and without gifts being attached, the adults would not make use of any agency services. Finally Brecht was forced to visit the Indians in their camp. He found that the death rate due to the "eating of trash and exposure to the elements" was the greatest among children below the age of six, but once past that age the Seminole had a good chance of living until seventy years of age.³³ Liquor traders did their best to discourage the visits of Brecht to the Indian camps by telling the Seminoles that the steam engine of the saw mill would be used as a signal to call the soldiers to capture the Indians. By 1896, Brecht was making some limited progress by employing Indians to work in the sawmill and plant pineapples. During the visits of the Seminoles to the Federal outpost, Mrs. Brecht attempted to instruct them in the art of reading and writing English.³⁴

Although the efforts of Brecht and the Women's National Indian Association were doomed to failure, the foundation for successful religious and governmental activities at a later date was laid at this time. In January, 1894, Congress authorized that one half of the annual six thousand dollars appropriations should be spent for the purchase of land for the Seminole homesteads. Although due to the reduced funds Brecht was forced to release several employees, he was in favor of the measure. He realized that much of the Everglades had been purchased by the land companies or acquired by the railroads and a stream of settlers was moving southward along either coast to seize quickly any overlooked land. Unless some lands were reserved for the Seminoles, they were in danger of being driven from their homes in Florida. In fact, settlers were already moving on the camp and cultivated grounds of the Indians and warning them not to return to the area. Accordingly, much of Brecht's efforts were shifted to the purchase of land for the Indians. In selecting the land Brecht chose tracts which were occupied by the Indians at the time or for which they had expressed a preference. As a beginning he purchased 644 acres from Hamilton Disston for \$418; 1920 acres from Frank Brown for \$1,344; 640 acres from Brown for \$448 and in the following years other tracts were purchased from the Florida Southern Railroad and the Plant Investment Company at prices which averaged less than a dollar an acre.

³³Brecht, "Report" in *Sixty-Fourth Annual Report of the Commission of Indian Affairs to the Secretary of the Interior* (Washington, 1895) 369.

³⁴Brecht, "Report" in *Sixty-Fifth Annual Report of the Commission of Indian Affairs to the Secretary of the Interior* (Washington, 1896), 66.

By 1909, land purchased by Brecht and others at a cost of \$15,265.75 amounted to 23,040 acres which was situated about seventy-five miles to the south and east of Fort Myers and extending to the Everglades. This land would be developed later into the Big Cypress Indian Reservation.

For eight and one half years Brecht served the Seminoles as well as he could, but on January 1, 1898, he resigned his position, moved to Fort Myers and the outpost was closed. The physician claimed that he could have made four times as much in another position but he wanted to help the Indians. The saw mill was sold to Wilt Tolles and he transferred the equipment to another site where it became a profitable venture. By 1900 all of the improvements had been sold and moved elsewhere and the eighty acres owned by the Federal Government was sold in 1904.

At the same time that White friends of the Seminoles were obtaining some future gains for the Indians by putting pressure on the national administration, some Florida citizens realized certain gains which proved to be rather delusive. The Florida legislature on June 8, 1891, authorized the trustees of the Board of Internal Improvements to set aside a tract of land no larger than five thousand acres for the use of the Seminoles.³⁵ Trustees for the proposed State Indian Reservation included the following appointments: James E. Ingraham, Francis A. Hendry and Garibaldi Niles. They were ready to make a selection of the site, but since no money had been appropriated and the need for a reservation for the widely scattered Indians was not apparent, no action was taken.³⁶

In 1898, an organization known as "The Friends of the Seminole Indians" was organized at Kissimmee and commenced some measures to assist the Indians. A tract of eighty acres was purchased for forty dollars for use of the Cow Creek band in Saint Lucie County, but the Indians would not use the site. When they tried to purchase the actual camping sites of the Indians, the organization found the price asked by land companies to be prohibitive. Acting under pressure from the Friends of the Seminoles, the Florida legislature on May 29, 1899, set aside a large tract of land for the use of the Indians, but since practically all of the land had already been deeded to corporations and individual citizens, the action was fruitless.³⁷ Several days later, on June 1, 1899, the state appropriated \$500 to establish an industrial school for the Seminoles at Cow

³⁵*Acts and Resolutions adopted by Legislature of Florida at its Third Regular Session under Constitution AD 1885* (Tallahassee, 1891), 216.

³⁶Report of James A. Ingraham, Chairman, to Governor W. O. Bloxham as copied in letter of Special Agent Lorenzo Creel to Commissioner of Indian Affairs, March 29, 1911, 27957-1911 BIA.

³⁷C. F. Nesler, U.S. Indian Inspector, to Ethan A. Hitchcock, Secretary of the Interior, February 23, 1904. With File 176F2-1909 BIA.

Creek in Brevard County, but since only a total sum of \$1,000 was appropriated, the school never progressed beyond the planning stage.³⁸ The passage of these two measures was intended to satisfy persons interested in the Seminoles that the State of Florida was doing something for the Indians, but such measures really were of no benefit to the Indians. In a third action the Friends of the Seminoles assisted Tom Tiger in his attempt to get his horse back from a White trader but when the evidence was destroyed, Tiger lost his chance to get his horse.³⁹

Over a short span of years the combined effort of the private and governmental agencies to aid the Seminoles was doomed to failure, for the Indians did not want to learn English, practice the Christian faith or farm extensively when they were free to roam throughout Southern Florida. It would be only when the land developers had taken over most of the available land and the drainage experts had changed the water levels that the Seminoles would realize that changes were necessary in their way of life. This moment of truth could not take place during the Nineteenth Century.

³⁸*Acts and Resolutions Adopted by the Legislature of Florida at its Seventh Regular Session under Constitution A.D. 1885* (Tallahassee, 1899), 148.

³⁹Minnie Moore Wilson, *The Seminoles of Florida* (New York, 1910), 148.

Labor Problems Of The Florida East Coast Railway Extension From Homestead To Key West: 1905-1907

By HENRY S. MARKS*

Henry M. Flagler began his interest in Florida railroading in 1885. By the middle of 1896 his Florida East Coast Railway extended as far as Miami, 366 miles south of its northern terminus at Jacksonville. For several years Miami remained the southern terminus of the road, but the idea of continuing the line to Key West always was present.¹ In the meantime, the railroad was extended to Homestead, this extension being completed by 1904.

The extension to Key West was provided for in Florida law by the passage of the Key West Railroad Extension Bill, commonly known as the Crill bill. This act gave sweeping powers to Flagler, for it provided "for a fair and equitable assessment of taxes of the corporation constructing it, and to grant right of way over the submerged and other lands belonging to the State, and over the waters, of the State, and to authorize filling of the submerged lands and to construct buildings, docks and depots thereon."

Actual construction began on the extension in April, 1905. As the work progressed during the first few weeks it became evident that a large number of workers would have to be recruited outside the confines of the state. But good laborers were evidently in demand across the country. The sources of labor supply relied on for digging the Panama Canal were closed to the railway project and labor was not legally to be obtained from outside the United States.² As a result labor was not to be imported from the Caribbean, the area adjacent to the construction (such areas as the Bahamas, Cuba or Jamaica). Also Negro domestic labor was regarded by some contemporary sources as largely unavailable.³ Thus the logical center for labor recruitment seemed to be New York, where poverty-

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¹John W. Martin, *Henry M. Flagler (1830-1913) Florida's East Coast is his Monument!* address before the Newcomen Society at St. Augustine, Florida (New York, 1958) and *A Brief History of the Florida East Coast Railway* (St. Augustine, n.d.), p. 30.

²"Over The Florida Keys by Rail," Ralph D. Paine, *Everybody's Magazine*, February, 1908, p. 153 and Sidney Walter Martin, *Florida's Flagler* (Athens, Ga., 1949), p. 210.

³*Ibid.*

stricken immigrants from Europe could be easily swayed by promising job offerings in the "sunny South."

The headquarters of the recruiters in New York City, during the first year, seemed to be the German-Italian Exchange, located at 49-51 Prince Street. Their advertising was flamboyant; attractive wages were offered. They continually advertised "Wanted—1,000 laborers of any Nationality" and offered the following wage scale:⁴

- \$1.25 per day for common laborers
- \$60.00 per month for interpreters
- \$90.00 per month for experienced foremen.

The ad also stated that whoever could get fifty men or more to work on the extension would be preferred as interpreter or foreman. In addition, transportation costs up to the sum of \$10.00 were to be provided by the company.

However, actual working conditions were not as rosy as pictured by the Exchange. Many of those sent to the working area south of Homestead either refused to work or came back to Miami. Typically, the story of these dissenters is as follows:⁵

Many of the men were assured that they were to get employment at their various trades. Reaching there (the working area) every man, regardless of whether he had experience or not, was set to work with an axe or grubbing hoe, to clear away the trees and roots preparatory to grading work. Instead of receiving board free, as they had been promised, they were each charged \$2.50 per week; the food was scarce and hardly fit to eat; their sleeping accommodations merely a board sheltered by a tent. Under these conditions the men could not work, and were brought back to Miami, where they were told they would receive their pay. Here the party said, they were informed that their pay would be retained to apply on their transportation south. They would not be sent back to New York until after they had worked six months.

In direct refutation of the dissenters' tales of woe, the railroad maintained that the workers were being given the best of living conditions. In an article in the *Miami Evening Record* for December 22, 1905, an account of the working and living conditions is given as found by an executive party headed by Mr. Flagler himself:

The laborers, consisting of Italians, Greeks, Germans, and Negroes, are in separate camps . . . The men are comfortably housed in tents all floored and sleep on comfortable double cots, or bunks, one ar-

⁴*Miami Evening Record*, November 16, 1905, p. 1.

⁵*Ibid.*

ranged above the other. They are given good, nourishing food and well cooked. All of the food, as well as all of the water used in these camps is towed from Miami in barges or steamers and for this purpose alone a fleet of vessels is always kept busy. The rough work of clearing is being done entirely by Negroes, they being accustomed to the use of the axe. The white labor then follows with the grading.

In respect to both factions, the truer picture of actual conditions in the camps probably lies somewhere between. Later camps were established on several of the keys and numerous house-boats or floating dormitories were constructed for the workers.⁶

By the end of the first year probably about 15,000 of these workers had been imported from New York, although another source stated that 20,000 men were carried to the area in three years.⁷ It had been announced in two of Miami's papers that 30,000 laborers, "a large number of these . . . Italians, Slavs, and other hardy foreigners," would be brought in by Flagler's special agent from Jacksonville and that the agent "is in New York and it is said that he had been commissioned to bring 30,000 laborers to Florida." Also stated was that "A large number of these laborers have been Italians, Slavs and other hardy foreigners, but it was discovered a few days ago that among them was a number of the Typical East Side denizens."⁸ However, two other sources indicate that the actual number of laborers constantly working on the extension never numbered more than four thousand.⁹

Now another problem began to manifest itself. These workers eventually created a sentiment against themselves along the entire east coast of Florida. At first this sentiment was not evident in Miami's three newspapers. In fact the *Daily Miami Metropolis*, on May 18, 1905, had stated that the *Nashville* (Tennessee) *American* was the only newspaper South of the Mason-Dixon line that opposed the immigration of "Italians and Polish and Russian Jews." But with the influx of these workers into Florida the attitude of people and the newspapers changed. Articles began appearing in the *Miami Evening Record* concerning activities of the "Mafia" and the "Black Hand" in this country. The *Daily Metropolis* stated:¹⁰

Quite a number of Italians from the camps on the extension in the neighborhood of Homestead are in the City today on a shopping tour. They came up on hand cars belonging to the railroad and will return this afternoon by hand power.

⁶*The Week*, May 4, 1907, pp. 11-12.

⁷Everybody's Magazine, *op. cit.*

⁸Evening Record, *op. cit.*

⁹"Construction," A. Hale, *Scientific American*, May 18, 1907, pp. 412-3.

¹⁰*Miami Daily Metropolis*, March 24, 1906, p. 8.

Then on April 7, 1906, the newspaper offered the following disparaging comment: "Imported railroad extension laborers come to town to drink and commit other disorders." The workers had to leave the construction areas in order to imbibe. The company did not permit the sale of alcoholic beverages on its properties. Later, when construction reached the lower keys, boats offering liquid refreshment would attempt to service the workers' needs (shades of the prohibition to come). Sometimes the company employees drove off these boats by rifle fire or "a stick of dynamite."¹¹

Miami was the area most affected by this sudden influx of immigrants. Miami was not only the dispersion point for all laborers on the extension, but also the supply point for all the necessities of living in a wilderness (for instance, all water used for drinking purposes had to be shipped in) and a major supply point for all construction materials used on the extension. When any of the laborers refused to work they were brought to Miami. On November 30, 1905, the *Evening Record* made the following comments on this situation:

Just why the railroad, having imported incompetent men to work on the extension, should be permitted to bring them back from the keys, and unload them on to this city does not appear clear to the average mind.

These less hardy souls who had refused to work on the extension of the railroad began to arouse the people of this area. Some of this agitation was both racial and religious. The railroad found itself forced to provide work for these men in the Miami area, the work consisting of building and enlarging the railroad's dockage facilities in the downtown section. Although at no time were there more than 300 of these workers employed, this problem of what to do with the "foreigners" was not to be completely solved until the completion of the extension in 1912.

March, 1906, presented a new problem to the officials of the railroad. By this time spring had arrived in the North. Also arriving in the North (principally New York City) were most of the laborers that had been working on the Key West extension. Officials of the railroad soon began to realize that many of these laborers had come to Florida to escape the frigid winters of the northern United States. That many of these laborers left Florida with little improvement in their financial status can be seen in the following comments from the *Daily Miami Metropolis* on March 31, 1906:

Another large crowd of extension workers came in on the steamers arriving from the railroad camps last night and are wandering around

¹¹Everybody's Magazine, *op. cit.*

the city today, many of them in search of employment. But few of the men are better off, financially, than when they went to work four and five months ago, as the expense of living was so high and the wages so low, \$1.50 per day, that few of them are able to pay car fare back to their homes.

This exodus continued throughout March and well into April of 1906. As late as April 24, the *Daily Miami Metropolis* states that one hundred or more laborers came up to Miami and that those that were not put into jail due to disorderly conduct left for the North.

The officials of the railroad also began to realize at this time that it was much more difficult to procure a sufficient working force during the summer months than during the winter months. Accordingly wages were increased to \$1.25 and \$1.50 per day.¹² However, these wages were not enough. During May the officials were forced to post circulars throughout Florida and in New York City offering carpenters \$2.50 per day and board, and ordinary laborers \$1.50 per day and board—board was to include “comfortably screened quarters.”¹³

The officials seemed to have much better luck with the last mentioned advertisement because during July and August, 1906, the railroad replaced many of its Negro section hands with Italian labor. This was duly noted in the *Daily Miami Metropolis* for July 23, 1906, in a reprint from the *Fort Pierce News*:

The F.E.C. Railway is about to dispense with nearly, or all of its colored section hands having made arrangements to get 800 Italians along the line in the near future. Fifty are enroute now for Eden and other points. The Sycilians they formerly tried proved too dull, but they have secured a more intelligent set of men now. The colored man seems rather too independent for that class of work which requires a man to be constantly on the job, that he will not do: but the Dago can be counted on the day after pay day as certainly as at any other time; though it is admitted he will not do as much work in a given time as the black man, but will achieve more in time, owing to his presence at all times.

With this acquisition of additional Italian labor there would be no further problem of an adequate labor force for work on the first segment of the extension. In addition there apparently were no further problems developed between the Italian labor force and the resident populace of South Florida. By May of 1907, despite the destruction wrought by the severe hurricane of October, 1906, the completed roadway reached Key

¹²*Daily Metropolis, op. cit.*

¹³*Ibid.*

Largo. This marks the end of the first phase of the Key West extension construction, for the mainland of Florida was now to be left. Now the construction camps and the men were increasingly farther and farther away from Miami. They are rarely mentioned in the newspapers or the magazines and journals of the time. Evidently the labor problems involved with the development of the railroad extension had largely been mastered. More likely, they had moved away from Miami as the center of construction activity moved away toward Key West.

Mystery Of The New Atlantis

By BRUCE W. BALL*

The door to the office opened softly, and a bearded, stockily built man of a little less than middle age and wearing dungarees and sneakers stood before us. His bright blue eyes scanned our faces.

"My name is Mott; I am a citizen of Atlantis," he said gravely.

My father smiled. "The Lost Atlantis, I presume."

The man retained his dignified gravity. "A principality which a group of scientists have founded on fourteen small, unclaimed and hitherto uninhabited islands in the Caribbean, near the site of what we believe to have been that of the Lost Atlantis." His English was perfect, with only a suggestion of accent.

At the time, in the summer of 1937, I was a teen-ager helping my father operate his stamp business in Miami, Florida. Although my duties in the office were minimal, I enjoyed the work (as I still do), and despite my youth, my father never neglected to introduce me to the various customers who came to visit us and look over our stock. Our customers then, as now, were drawn from many paths of life. One customer was a United States Senator; another, having equal interest in the hobby and making equally good purchases was a brick layer. Doctors, lawyers, truck drivers, clergymen, and business men made their way to our offices in search of elusive items, so it was with no great surprise that we looked back into the blue eyes of the roughly dressed stranger.

"And these islands are located . . ." my father began.

"Not too far from Nassau." I have a small chart, and we noted the following statement printed below it: "The 1000 year search for the sunken empire started by the Vikings about 930 A.D. and terminated 1933 in the establishment of the Principality of Atlantis with the then 79 year old descendant of Leif Eriksen (a Norse Jarl, leader of the first white expedition to the American continent) as Christian I, Prince Regent of Atlantis."

"What do you want of us?" my father asked.

"It is about our mail service that I am calling on you," said Mr. Mott.

*Mr. Ball is a philatelist with offices in Miami.

"Our mail is routed through Miami. Would you be interested in some letters carried on our first flight from Odin, Atlantis to Miami?"

"Your principality . . . has issued postage stamps?"

"Certainly." The man took from his wallet five stamps — blue, buff, yellow, red and purple, bearing the portrait of an old lady under which was the name "Marie." They were in 5, 10, 25, and 50 "skaloj" denominations. The purple stamp bore the same picture and was for 1 "dalo" (100 skaloj, or 32¢ U.S.). We ordered the covers, paying Mr. Mott a few cents for the postage to carry them, and he departed.

Was he a crackpot? Was this all some sort of joke? Surely we didn't expect to receive the mail, but in a few days the letters were delivered, bearing the postmark, "Odin, Atlantis," also the postmark, "Miami Fla." The letters were handled by U.S. mail and delivered by postman to our office in downtown Miami. On the face of one envelope was printed the following: "Atlantis . . . The World's Richest Country in History and submerged (salvageable) interests. Radium Baths Made by Nature. Truly a Garden of Eden, with the Fountain of Youth." Another bore this message: "ATLANTIS SPEAKS! The Sunken Empire is Rising! The New Atlantis Talking Exploring Camera Sees All, Hears All, Finds All, Tells All, With Precision. From Dizzy Heights in the Air to Unlimited Depths in the Sea, It Records All. Its Evidence is Absolute, and in Natural Colors!" We were amused by this extravagant advertising, but primarily we were astounded that the mail was actually delivered. We awaited with interest the next visit of our friend Mr. Mott.

He came in one day soon after, bringing with him a copy of the *CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR* for November 18, 1935. An article in it was headed, "Search for the Lost Atlantis Widens."

"I supplied the information for this," said Mr. Mott proudly.

The article began: "Group of Danish explorers and natural scientists at Miami hunting for the elusive continent of tradition centers work in Caribbean Sea, issues stamps and money, and designs flag for the Principality of Atlantis." The fact that Plato (who first wrote of the Lost Continent of Atlantis submerged by earthquake and flood) located the mythical continent near the Strait of Gibraltar, apparently bothered Mr. Mott not at all.

It was on this visit that he showed us what purported to be his Atlantis passport which had been visaed by several near-by governments as well as by the Immigration Inspector at Miami. Later he gave us a photograph of himself taken as he stood by his automobile in a New Bruns-

wick, New Jersey street. The car bears an Atlantis license plate! Mr. Mott assured us that with this plate he had no difficulty in travelling through the United States.

Mr. Mott's visits became more frequent, and we looked forward to talking with him, for though he always appeared at the office roughly dressed, (I've just come off my ship, he would say), he was a cultured and interesting gentleman. While at first it was difficult to listen to him with a straight face, as time went on the bizzare nature of his statements was overlooked because of his apparent sincerity.

In December of 1937 he came up to see us, bursting with enthusiasm.

"We have rented an office on N.E. Second Avenue (Miami) where we are booking passengers for tours to Atlantis on the cruiser ABEL. As you know, I am a Danish sea captain. Tourists will visit our Hot Springs, inspect the remains of an ancient civilization, and enjoy excellent fishing. Why don't you take this cruise? It will be most enjoyable." He handed us small circulars advertising the trip.

In looking back, I often wonder why we didn't take the cruise. What would we have found, if anything? What would have happened?

Some of our friends, having met Mr. Mott in our offices, became so curious about this gentleman, they decided to invite him to be their guest at a meeting of the Miami Stamp Club, a social organization (still in existence), where member-collectors gather to discuss their hobby and trade stamps. While the invitation was apparently sincere, we had the suspicion the club members anticipated an hilarious evening. Mr. Mott accepted the invitation with enthusiasm, appearing at the meeting in a tuxedo and groomed to the standards of a diplomat. All he lacked was a red ribbon across his chest.

We took our friend to the club with more or less trepidation, feeling we were leading a very nice and very vulnerable lamb to the slaughter, for we knew that he would be grilled about his "principality," especially by an old gentleman member who had the reputation for getting at the heart of a subject by the shortest and most ruthless route. We had no need to fear. Mr. Mott never lost control of the situation. He gave a short talk on Atlantis, and at its conclusion answered all questions politely and at length. No one could trip him up; he had a plausible answer to every query. After firing a barrage of questions at Mr. Mott, and apparently accepting his answers as satisfactory, the old gentleman mentioned finally sat down, mopping his brow. Mr. Mott told us that he had had a wonderful evening.

In April of 1938 we received a letter from our Atlantis friend telling us of the death of their "revered emperor," and saying that they were continuing with plans for a *world's fair* to be held in 1941. Other letters and notes followed from time to time, the last being from San Francisco shortly before the attack on Pearl Harbor. We never saw Mr. Mott again.

Who was Mr. Mott? An out-and-out fraud? But apparently he had nothing to gain from his hoax, if he were a fraud. He was selling nothing of value, asking no favors, seeking no loans. Was Atlantis the brainchild of one man who used it to intrigue and puzzle his friends? Or was it perhaps of a more serious significance? Recalling that Mr. Mott and his associates were working in the Caribbean area between 1934 and 1940, friends have suggested that this would have been excellent camouflage for agents of an unfriendly power interested in our Caribbean defenses. However, we prefer to remember Mr. Mott as an entertaining visitor even though his stories were so fantastic that sometimes I need the tangible evidence of letters, covers, stamps, maps, newspaper clippings, circulars and other mementos which I hold to assure myself that all this actually happened.

Life On The Loxahatchee

By DORA DOSTER UTZ*

*Dora Doster Utz was born Dora Annie Doster in Atlanta, Georgia November 7, 1892 and passed away in Shreveport, Louisiana January 8, 1959.

Her father, Ben Hill Doster, moved his family to Jupiter, Florida about 1894 to help his recently widowed sister, Mrs. Gus Miller, on her homestead there. The Dosters lived first in Jupiter, then in West Palm Beach until about 1908, when they moved to Shreveport, Louisiana.

Dora remembered her Florida childhood with so much joy that she finally began to write down her recollections of those days and various articles of hers were published in Florida papers. She possessed some old pictures of Jupiter and West Palm Beach which have been either copied or sketched from by interested persons in that area. The now familiar picture of the old Celestial Railroad engine No. 1 with little Dora standing on the cowcatcher is displayed at the Flagler Museum in West Palm Beach from time to time and has been used in several articles published by various writers. Her recollections follow.

The first Sunday afternoon following our arrival at the Florida homestead on the Loxahatchee to rejoin Papa, he thought it would be enjoyable to row us up the river to Hunt's Mill and back. The outing had indeed been pleasant, and novel to a city bred mother and two city bred little sisters, until we turned to come back. Suddenly the warm scented breezes became quite chilly, so that we drew our skirts up over our shoulders, and Papa rowed a little faster. More and more the air cooled, as if someone had left open an icebox door. The temperature dropped until we were shivering. Mama put us children in the bottom of the boat and drew her full skirts around us. Papa rowed like mad, not only to get us home, but to keep himself warm. This was *most* unusual! By the time we reached the cabin we were blue with cold, half frozen, and all made a wild dash for the house to start a big wood fire in the kitchen stove.

Throughout the night the temperature continued to drop, freezing pineapple patches, citrus groves and everything it touched. Startled homesteaders heard the boles of their orange trees burst in the night with the

Introductory note supplied by Mrs. Margaree N. Pleasant, a daughter, living in Shreveport, Louisiana.

report of a rifle. Next morning everyone woke to a sad sight. Fruit orchards, pineapple patches, vegetable gardens, the work of many years, were frozen and dead. On the river, the fish were frozen and lying on the surface of the water, some feebly waving a fin; the water birds and vultures were having a feast. Enterprising fishermen, at some points, were gathering up the frozen fish, packing them in ice and hurrying them north. Some homesteaders took one look at their ruined hopes and summarily left their cabins and acres to the encroachment of the jungle, the wildcats and the panthers.

That was the winter of 1894-1895, and was to go down in Florida history as the "winter of the big freeze."

It was our introduction to the homestead. We were to have many more unique experiences; some enchanting, some frightening, but all part of the bewitching fascination that is Florida.

Just a short while before the big freeze, Papa had taken temporary leave of his desk in the office of an Atlanta newspaper to come to Florida and assist a recently bereaved sister whose husband had died, leaving her with a small daughter to raise, a store to be managed, and the homestead which, in order to be proved upon, had to be occupied another year.

After Papa saw and sized up the situation, he decided to stay on in Florida. He sent for his family. He agreed to live on the homestead for a year. He took hold in the store and soon had it running smoothly again. With the help of some Negroes, he cleared a mile long trail through the swamp to town, raising the path a few inches above the water line. Undaunted by the freeze, the sixteen acre pineapple patch was replanted. Men were sent out from town to work it.

The Loxahatchee and the Indian rivers merged their waters at the town of Jupiter, about two miles away, and together flowed out to sea through a wide inlet. Up and down the rivers were other settlers and homesteaders like ourselves, many of whom were people of culture and education, who enjoyed the challenge of a new environment. There were "cracker" hunters and trappers, and fishermen, making their living from the woods and streams. There were Seminole Indians who found their way into town from the Everglades, paddling their dugout cypress canoes through devious and mysterious channels unknown to most white men. They brought their squaws and children with them and pitched camp along the trail. They traded their hides, plumes, venison, for whatever they needed in the stores, and often got soggly drunk at "blind tigers" operated by designing white men, whose pasts no one thought of inquiring

into, who existed by trickery, thievery, and who often got the Indians drunk in order to cheat them. Once the Indians became thoroughly convinced of this deception, they began to come into Papa's store, who always treated them fairly and gave them full measure of goods for goods. Papa said the finest compliment he ever received was one day when the Indian chief, Tommy Tiger, put his hand on Papa's shoulder and said: "You good man."

The solid heart of the town held small merchants, a frame hotel, citrus grove and pineapple planters, the lighthouse keeper and his assistants, the life saving station boys, most of whom had families, the weather bureau station keeper, and the telegraph and cable office. By way of contrast, in the winter wealthy, fashionable tourists came down the Indian River by steamer or in their own sumptuous yachts. Some of these spent the night at the two story frame hotel near the dock at Jupiter, and proceeded on their way in the morning. Others stopped for a meal at the hotel and departed. Most were on their way farther south to Palm Beach and Miami, which were rapidly becoming the mecca for fun and frolic among the rich and leisure class of "The Gay Nineties." The tourists who preferred the inside water route rather than the coastal steamers necessarily had to quit the river steamer at Jupiter, because there was no water route wide enough to take the big steamers farther south. They boarded the Celestial Railroad cars at Jupiter and rode to Juno, eight miles south, to the head waters of Lake Worth, where they again took boat, by way of large napptha launches, for their destination.

The little Celestial Railroad, so named because of the galaxy of stations along its way—Neptune, Venus, Mars, Juno—was unique in that, on the return trip from Juno, which was at one time the county seat of Dade County, it had to back up the eight miles since it had no turntable. The useful life of the little railroad was doomed, however, for Henry M. Flagler, the Standard Oil magnate, had already pushed his new railroad—which he called the Florida East Coast Railway—as far south as West Palm Beach and was now contemplating a further extension to Miami. Miami had been spared the "big freeze" and its citizens persuaded Mr. Flagler that, by all means, his railroad should extend to that favored and bustling town. The advent of the Florida East Coast Railroad created a new town of West Jupiter, which faced the tracks, the Loxahatchee having been spanned by a high trestle and drawbridge. The heyday of the town of Jupiter itself was waning, but, for the moment, and for a few more years, it still waxed important and lively.

THE HOMESTEAD

The homestead was a 160 acre plot hewn from the scrub oak, pine and palmetto flats of that area. Besides the pineapple patch, a strip about 200 feet long and 100 feet wide had been cleared to the river, and the cabin put down in the middle of it.

The cabin was one large room, a small bedroom, and a kitchen. A pump in the back yard supplied water.

On three sides of the clearing, the woods and swamps hemmed us in, but on the north the lovely, dark, mysterious river flowed by. The Loxahatchee was one of those fresh water rivers of Florida which had its source in that little known, vast swamp area called The Everglades.

We sat in front of the cabin late in the afternoons and enjoyed the living picture of the river. Mangroves and large-boled cypress trees lined its shores and marched out into the water. Spanish moss and beautiful airplants hung from their limbs; graceful reeds swayed in the sweet-scented evening breezes, and a profusion of varied colored water lilies spread their artists' palettes to the sunset. In the shallows graceful white herons stood like statues, and water birds of many varieties dove for fish, rose and circled, and dove again. Sometimes one espied an eagle beating his way up from the fishing flats in the river.

When this view was bathed in a gorgeous sunset, it was breathtakingly beautiful. I remember most vividly the red ones, when the woods to our west seemed on fire; the river reflecting the flames, the house and grounds taking on a scarlet tint, and one's very face flushed with a feverish glow.

We saw all kinds of pictures in the billowing cumulus clouds, some beautifully tinted by the last rays of the setting sun.

We listened to the birds settling down for the night; the deep-throated bellows of an alligator; the orchestra of tiny insects and frogs beginning their nightly serenade. The tiniest frogs crying, "Tea Table, Tea Table"; the medium sized ones: "Fry Bacon, Fry Bacon"; and the big bull frogs: "Jug o'rum, Jug o'rum." Somewhere back in the darkening woods we heard the hoot of an owl, the thrilling call of the Whip-Poor-Will and the distant echoing answer of his mate. Sometimes at night in those woods a blood-chilling scream as of a woman in distress froze the whole orchestration into silence, and we shivered in our beds. The first time Mama heard that scream, she had bolted upright out of her chair, but Papa had laid a gently restraining hand on her arm and remarked to her incredulous ears that it was a panther prowling around and that she must never go

outside to seek a poor woman in distress at night, for their screams were alarmingly similar. Besides, he said, there were also wildcats, poisonous snakes, and further away in the densest undergrowth, bears and deer.

Mama was to have a very frightening encounter with a panther during our stay at the homestead. She was raising chickens to add to our larder of fish and wild game. One day she was feeding the chickens when she heard a squawking commotion back of her, and whirling around, she saw a huge panther leaping over the bushes towards the woods with a chicken in its mouth. He must have been lying in wait for his prey as she passed by just a moment before. She went cold with terror but, realizing that something had to be done, for once having tasted chicken meat, the animal would return again and again on his forays, she started for the house and the shotgun. Just then she heard the put-put of a motor boat on the river and ran down on the dock and signaled to the boat to put in. When our fellow-homesteader and good friend, Mr. Ziegler, came along side the dock, she asked, since he was headed for town, that he tell the lighthouse boys to come and bring their dogs. The men came with their hunting dogs and took up the feathery trail at the clearing where the huge tracks led off into the dense woods. They followed it all day through the jungles and the swamps, and at dusk we saw them coming back with the dead panther strung up on poles across their shoulders. It was the largest animal anyone had seen around there. One of the dogs had been so badly mauled he had to be shot.

A disturbance among the chickens could mean other marauders besides a panther, and we came to know them all. Hawks and snakes were the worst offenders. One never knew, when reaching for eggs, whether or not one would touch the scaly back of a snake. Of course, we learned to look before reaching. The only consolation about coming into contact with one of these snakes, however, was that most of them were non-poisonous: black snakes, coachwhips and chicken snakes.

One brilliant moonlight night when we were rowing home from a dance in town, we heard a big furor in the chicken yard while we were still some distance from the landing. Hastening up from the dock, we found the whole yard strewn with feathers and dead chickens. The brooding coops for the hens and baby chicks had been overturned and their occupants destroyed. The small tracks leading everywhere about told us unmistakably that this time it was the small animals who had launched this foray: 'coons and 'possums.

We played contentedly about the cabin, but were not allowed to go down to the water or into the woods alone.

Mama, on the other hand, must often have gotten very homesick and lonely at the cabin. From our kitchen door the new Florida East Coast Railroad trains could be seen through the trees off in the distance, and when the mournful wail of the locomotive sounded the approach to West Jupiter and points north, she must often have stood and watched the cars in the far distance, snaking their way along, now hidden by palmettos and cabbage palms, now out in the open again. A nostalgic yearning to be on them and headed for her Georgia home must have filled her eyes and put a lump in her throat. She had been born and raised in Atlanta, and this was her first experience with pioneering.

NEIGHBORS

Although the Government had passed the Homestead Act many years before, it was not until 1885 that this sparsely settled region of lower Florida began to be opened up to homesteaders. Since that time, many fine people as well as adventurers of all sorts had decided to cast their lots in this temperate climate whose exotic growth showed such promise. One of our neighbors, who lived across and some miles up the river, was a physician. That must have been a reassuring thought to the parents of two small children! Dr. Jackson was a highly educated and cultured gentleman, whose health had been impaired by the rigors of northern winters while making his medical rounds, so he had brought his family to a milder climate. He was a source of merciful healing not only to the body, as he continued his profession, but to the soul as well, for there was no church in Jupiter at that time and Dr. Jackson read the Episcopal service to whoever felt inclined to come on the Sabbath to the little octagon-shaped frame schoolhouse at Jupiter. A small frame church was built not many years later and a regular minister made his rounds of the area.

Another gentleman and his family living on a Loxahatchee homestead was a Princeton graduate. He was a man of remarkable talents and ability who loved this area and homesteading and didn't care who knew it. He had a keen sense of humor; was somewhat of a mimic and ventriloquist. A visit to his home was a tonic and sure to be amusing.

There was an Englishman, suave, poised and affable, who lived on the river. It was rumored that he had but to return to his native land to claim an honored title.

Flowing into the Loxahatchee, and extending practically one hundred and fifty miles along the east coast of Florida, was the Indian River. It was a tidal river. Between it and the Atlantic Ocean were many islands

occupied by old residents who grew fine oranges, limes, tomatoes, guavas and bananas. One of these gentlemen was internationally known as a manufacturer of fine tomato catsup, which he made from the plants grown on his acres.

When Mama's loneliness became an urge for company, she took us children and rowed up the river to spend the day with our neighbors on other homesteads. Sometimes a group of neighbors met at one home and spent the day pleasantly sewing together, or putting up jelly. Never will I forget the heavenly aroma of guava jelly cooking, or orange marmalade in the making.

Sometimes we started out along the trail Papa had cut through the swamp to town to be among people, to see and hear and talk, and accompany Papa home. Mama always carried an umbrella, for she had that lovely Georgia "peaches and cream" complexion which she was trying hard to preserve against intense tropical sunshine, and the umbrella was handy in case of a sudden Florida downpour or snakes in the path.

It was sort of an adventure to go down the trail towards town. There was always the scurrying of small life in the underbrush: the little swamp rabbit and squirrels; the masked face of a raccoon peering from the palmetto scrub, a 'possum in a tree. Lovely, graceful butterflies flitted about; frogs croaked and small turtles, or "gophers," as we called them, clung to logs and crawled across the path. Scrub oaks or cabbage palms dripped with moss, or were entwined with wild grapevine. On tree trunks grew exotic air plants which, we were told, are related to the pineapple.

One day when we were on the trail to West Jupiter, there came a crashing through the brush, and half a dozen frightened cattle charged down upon us from around a bend in the path. Mama hastily opened her umbrella and shook it at them, and they scattered to either side of the road and we continued on, thinking we had had a narrow escape thanks to Mama's quick thinking and her habit of carrying an umbrella.

To walk the trail to town was sometimes a hazardous experience, as we were to find out one dark and stormy night.

We had rowed to town to attend a soiree of some kind at Jupiter. During the evening the winds commenced to rise and thunderheads boiled up, portending a tropical storm. The party broke up, and people living along the rivers hastily gathered up their children in order to make it home before the water became too rough. We started out in our small boat for the homestead. In midstream the Loxahatchee became so rough and the wind so high that Papa thought it best to land and continue on

by foot. There was no trail through the swamp on the south bank of the river, so we had to cross to the north side and walk along the trail until we came to the railroad trestle; then cross back on it to West Jupiter, and so on up our own trail to the cabin. Papa pulled the boat well up on shore and, while we crouched in the lee of a tree, he scaled a fifteen foot embankment to the trail above and scouted it for a way. Then he came back for us. Each parent took a child and struggled along the way to the trestle. The wind had grown so strong that, having gained the bridge, it was all each could do to keep his balance, and from plunging into the waters below. Mama's skirts were whipping about her so wildly, time and time again she almost tripped and fell, and sometimes it was necessary to crawl along, buffeted by the full force of the wind, and peppered by the flying spray from the river. The trail home through the swamp still had to be negotiated, but, with Papa going ahead with the lantern, we were able to slosh along, keeping a sharp eye out for water moccasins and to keep from slipping off the trail into the muck of logs and undergrowth along the sides. Finally, half-drowned, we stumbled into the cozy shelter of the cabin kitchen. That was a night to remember!

THE SEMINOLES

Seminole Indians were a common sight in Jupiter at that time, much more so than Negroes. Unlike most southern towns, we had almost no Negroes. The Indians, on the other hand, appeared and disappeared quietly through those secret channels and waterways known only to themselves which bore them into the inner fastness of the Everglades. The few hundred who lived now in the 'Glades were the descendants of those fierce warriors who defied and held the might of the United States Army at bay for the seven years duration of the dreadful and bloody Seminole Wars back in the 1830's, which Wars, fought from the borders to the Keys, ended in bafflement for the Army, who tried in vain to smoke them out of the bewildering maze of channels, sawgrass and palmetto hammocks into which they had fled, and finally concluded in leaving the remnants of the tribes alone, after having sent thousands of this recalcitrant branch of the mighty Creek Nation with their Negro runaway slaves and allies, to whom they had given sanctuary, to western lands. The exile of those who had gone west from their loved homes in Florida had been brought about mostly by deceit and treachery on the white man's part, and it must have rankled even yet in the hearts of the comparatively few who still cherished their independence and who were prepared, no doubt, to fiercely defend it even yet, if need be. Two of the present chiefs, Billy Bowlegs and Tommy Tiger, were descendants of two of the fiercest of those Seminole War chiefs.

Much fighting had been done at Jupiter during the Seminole Wars not only at Fort Jupiter, where the tall, red lighthouse now stood, but on the very sand dunes of the beaches up and down the Indian River, and crossings of the Loxahatchee; the Indians striking suddenly and then eluding pursuit by completely vanishing into those watercourses and intricate passageways which led into the fastness of the Great Swamp.

No wonder, then, that we were frightened the first time we laid eyes on a Seminole. We had heard of them, of course, and many of the tales we had heard were spine-chilling ones told us by our French grandmother, whose Huguenot ancestors had owned a plantation outside of Tallahassee, which region had been a well fought over battleground of the Wars.

So, the afternoon we were sitting quietly in front of the cabin taking the breeze from the river, Mama's attention was caught by a movement over the rise of the hill towards the river. It looked like a plume stuck in the turban of an Indian. It was! Then she saw another, and another, and soon the whole file of them were coming up the trail from where they had beached their canoes. She was terrified, and grabbing us children, she raced into the house and bolted the doors. They filed silently by and headed for the trail to town. Then, to her consternation, she saw they were preparing to camp along the trail for the night on our ground, practically cutting us off from town. To increase her further fears, she saw them come up to the back yard pump with their pails and buckets for water. She remained indoors. When Papa came home along the trail that night from the store, he saw the Indians at their evening meal. The men were sitting about a large pot in the center of the circle while the women remained at one side, cooking and occasionally replenishing the pot with meat. Papa paused to address them, but they paid him little attention until the Chief spoke. Nodding his head in the direction of the cabin, he said: "Humph, white squaw scared."

There was another instance in which Mama really showed her courage. One hot afternoon she and we two children were taking afternoon naps. There came a terrific pounding at the kitchen door. Mama raised up and peeked through the edge of the shade. She saw the red-elbowed sleeve of an Indian's shirt. Her heart turned over. She hastily robed and got the gun down off its peg. She closed the bedroom door firmly on us, put the gun handy, and went into the kitchen. She said she knew if she ignored the knocking the Indian would probably break down the door, so she summoned all her courage and opened it. She said a young brave staggered into the room and took a seat at the kitchen table, cradling his head in his hands. He said not a word and neither did Mama. Finally he looked up and said:

"Me drunk. Me very drunk."

Mama immediately busied herself with the coffee pot. When the steaming mixture was ready, she poured a cupful and handed it to the Indian. She said he gulped it down as if his mouth were lined with asbestos. Then, extending the cup in both hands, he asked for more. She poured him a second cup which he gulped down as before. After a little he got up and strode out into the yard to the pump. Putting his head under the pump, he doused himself copiously, came back, and went through the procedure again. Mama said not a word. Finally, satisfied and feeling better, he started off down the path towards the river. Mama stood in the kitchen door and watched him. He reached the edge of the bluff overlooking the river and looked up and down for a long while. She said he was a magnificent statue of a man as he stood there silhouetted against the dark background of the river. Being aware that she was watching him, he turned, raised his arm high above his head in a gesture of thanks and farewell, and called "Hi-ee-pus," which, she understood, was the Seminole word for goodbye and I go.

Many years after, remembering all these experiences on the homestead when we went to visit our kinfolks in Georgia from our home in West Palm Beach, as the train neared Jupiter and the mournful whistle of the locomotive sounded the approach, Mama would say, perhaps rather smugly:

"Now, children, if you will look way off there in the distance, among those scrub palms and palmettos, you will see the little homestead where we used to live."

JUPITER

We were still to enjoy the life at Jupiter for a few years before we finally moved down to West Palm Beach.

Our year's tenancy at the homestead being accomplished, we moved down into town. That was a happy move, for now we were among people; had near neighbors; started to school; had parties, sewing bees, and many other interesting experiences.

We moved into a little house on a hill; that is, the hill was said to be a shell mound which had been thrown up by the Indians many years ago. Straight in front of us about a mile away was the magnificent Atlantic, which was an ever moving picture. On our left the Loxahatchee and Indian Rivers merged at the base of a high bluff, upon which stood the weather bureau and signal station, the lighthouse, and the residences

of the men who tended them. At the base of our hill lay the right-of-way for the Celestial Railroad, which ran out onto the pier upon which Papa had his store, built on pilings over the river. The tourists coming down the river by steamer always found their way into his store, and he became a sort of first official greeter for the community. He met many wealthy and distinguished people. At one time President Cleveland and his party, en route to Palm Beach, stopped briefly and had dinner at the little hotel before continuing on. (Mrs. Hebert has a picture of Pres. Cleveland and party. It was her father's hotel).

To the south a hot, sandy, sandspur-infested road led off along the right-of-way to the little stations of Neptune, Mars, Venus, and finally to Juno and the head waters of Lake Worth. These stations or stops along the Celestial, except Juno, were nothing more or less than a few shacks and pineapple patches, soon to be deserted when the Celestial ceased functioning.

At the foot of our hill and facing the tracks on the east was the post office, and along the river road east was the telegraph and cable office, more homes, and, winding on around, one finally came to the life saving station on the beach, later to be known as the coast guard. Adjacent to the tracks on our left, built on pilings out over the swamp, was the little two-story hotel and other one-story frame buildings, one a saloon. The stairway of the hotel was on the outside of the building. Its kitchen was around a boardwalk in the back, and its outhouses further out on pilings over the swamp. One had to practically "walk a plank" to get to them. Once, when a tiny girl, I fell into the swamp from the outside stairway of the hotel and had to be fished out from the morass of underbrush and logs, snakes, and perhaps an alligator or two from the precarious footing of rolling logs. Perhaps the only thing that kept me from drowning was the fact there was not enough open water in which to sink. The hotel dining room was large and ran down one side of the structure, commanding a lovely view of the rivers. Dances and entertainments of various kinds were held in this large room. For instance, one Christmas a community celebration was held in this room. A large pine tree which touched the ceiling was erected and beautifully decorated with candles, strings of popcorn and other decorations, besides Chinese firecrackers. Quite a combination!

Back of our house, we still had the familiar pattern of dense cypress thickets in which wildcats lurked, and swamps infested with snakes. It seemed we were never to be rid of the snakes and once a wildcat was bold enough to come up on the back porch to steal the housecat's food. And another time our pet dog was so lacerated from an encounter with a "cat" that he had to be shot.

THE PASSING OF THE CELESTIAL

After we had lived in Jupiter proper for a year, it became plain that the heyday of the river steamers and the little *Celestial* was past. Mr. Flagler's Florida East Coast Railway had sealed their doom. It was so much more convenient for tourists to pursue an uninterrupted journey to the paradise that was Palm Beach, and its world-famous and luxurious hotels, The Royal Poinciana and The Breakers. In fact, Mr. Flagler had built a railroad bridge across Lake Worth which connected the towns of West Palm Beach and Palm Beach so that tourists rode on the cars right up to the north entrance of The Royal Poinciana with no inconvenience at all. Those winter visitors who still preferred inland water routes went out through the inlet at Jupiter and back through the inlet at Lake Worth and Palm Beach.

So, the *Celestial* fell into disuse, and Papa was commissioned to dismantle it. Some of the river steamers, such as the *St. Sebastian* and the *St. Lucie*, were beached along the river and eventually rotted away there. For a time the Captain and his family lived on one, and its grand salon was used for entertainments of various kinds. Often itinerant theatrical groups came down the river and put on performances on these boats for us.

The little mail boat "*Dixie*" was tied up in the canal and disintegrated there. The big railroad carried the mail now, supplanting the primitive years of boat, stagecoach, and even barefoot mailmen walking their routes along the beach.

The hotel was abandoned and the nearby saloon vacated, becoming the meeting place for more respectable pursuits like dances, for instance.

There was something sad about how quickly the little stops along the *Celestial* right-of-way were abandoned, but it was natural that they should be because transportation for their produce was no longer available. So shacks were left with doors ajar, and the odoriferous pineapple patches ripened and perfumed the air with their golden fruit unpicked.

The jungle and underbrush were fast claiming the right-of-way, and the sorrowful call of the Mourning Dove seemed to be sounding a requiem to its passing.

Papa continued for a time to operate his store at the end of the dock in Jupiter. He owned it now, having bought out the interest of his sister, who had married the young weather bureau man and moved across the river to his station. Papa also built a second store along the tracks of the Florida East Coast Railway at West Jupiter. A half interest in this store was sold to a young partner, who operated it; Papa going over only oc-

casionally. A new two-story frame hotel had been built at West Jupiter and other stores and buildings.

To carry his freight from the tracks at West Jupiter to his store at Jupiter, Papa had a large freight boat rigged with sails which he called "The Bacon Box." I remember how on Sunday afternoons he used to take us sailing up the Indian River to Hobe Sound to visit friends. Often he included friends in these jaunts and we had a picnic, returning home by moonlight; everybody singing the old songs en route home. I loved these trips, and, laying my sleepy head in Mama's lap, would look up at the big sails and ask her to sing "White Wings";

"White Wings, you never grow weary,
You carry me safely over the sea."

Sometimes, though, our boat rides met with minor disasters. The rivers were full of shoals and oyster beds, and we had to keep a sharp watch out so as not to run aground. In fact, quite often in the old days the river steamers had gotten stuck on these sandbars and been delayed for hours. Dredges were constantly in use to try to keep the channels deep, but not always with success. On Indian River pyramids of logs were embedded upon which were depth gauges to prevent boats from grounding. Sometimes we were on the sandbars before we saw them; other times we saw the yellow water in time to pull up the centerboard and tack the sails around to draw the boat into deeper water. If we got stuck, however, Papa had to roll up his trouser legs and get out and push, while Mama maneuvered the big sails and awkward boat to shift it off the bar. These times were always distressing to me, for we never knew how long we would be stuck, and Mama and Papa worked so hard at getting us off, and the wet sail ropes had a penchant for dripping on me and dragging across my tiny frame, entangling me.

Papa now secured a colored man-of-all-work who had been employed on the *Celestial*. Old Milton was kind and gentle to us children, and very helpful to Papa in the store and hauling freight in the boat. He was also a very creditable cook, and was our cook at home for some time.

Nearly every afternoon Milton rowed a group of us children out to the sandbar in the river, threw the anchor out and sat in the boat and watched as we swam and cavorted about in the shallow water. The water was crystal clear at this point, for it was not far from the inlet. Sharks had been known to come into the river through the inlet—we knew of one man who had his leg bitten off—but this danger was very remote, especially on the sandbar; nevertheless, Milton was there to watch us. Milton also rowed Papa back and forth to his West Jupiter store.

A BATTLESHIP COMES TO CALL

The Spanish-American War, which had been festering for some time, was now come to a head. War had been declared by our Government against Spain. One of the main bones of contention was the Isle of Cuba just a few miles south of us. Our new uncle was a busy man now, keeping passing ships informed on war conditions. In those days he signaled them by day with flags, and at night, by flares. The declaration of war had caught many ships en route into the war zone. One night there must have been some twenty-odd ships anchored off shore in the Gulf Stream, awaiting important messages from him. It was essential that they get orders from their headquarters as to whether or not to proceed or turn back to their home ports. In order to "speak" to these ships clearly and distinctly, our uncle took his flares to the beach. The whole town followed him to watch proceedings. We children were left at home, and when we saw the fires flaring up along the beach we were terrified and thought our Mama and Papa would be killed, but old Milton was there to comfort us and to assure us it was only our uncle signaling the ships.

Another night to be remembered, which was to go down in the history of the war, was the visit to Jupiter of a mysterious battleship.

At the time of the declaration of the Spanish-American War, one of our mightiest battleships had mysteriously disappeared and nothing had been heard from her by the world at large for months. She was then the greatest floating fortress the world had ever seen, and she was on her way to the harbor of Santiago, Cuba, to join the fleet of Captain W. T. Sampson.

Starting out in March, 1898, from a harbor on the Pacific Coast before the days of the Panama Canal, she was forced to sail entirely around South America. However, even allowing for the 14,000 mile journey and the lack of radio and wireless communications in those days, she was considered to have mysteriously disappeared, as this lapse of time was not required to make such a journey. With war excitement at fever pitch, every one was asking what had become of "the pride of the American Navy."

Jupiter was an important town at that time because of its Government stations: the tall, red lighthouse, which guarded the treacherous coast; the cable to the West Indies terminated there; the weather bureau and signal stations which gave messages to passing ships.

These services were essential to the progress of the war, as Florida was the funnel through which troops and supplies poured into Cuba. Scarcely a day went by without its long troop trains on the Florida East

Coast Railway. Jupiter always gave the boys a warm welcome. Their youthful smiling faces jammed the windows. Their blue uniforms were natty and new. They waved their large campaign hats enthusiastically in their hands, and many of them hastily wrote their names and addresses on "hardtack" and threw it out the windows to any pretty girl who happened to be standing near. Seaward the Gulf Stream came in so close to shore that the citizens of Jupiter had a grandstand seat for the passing of battleships and supplies to Cuba. These formidable battleships, steaming so determinedly towards the battle zones with flags flying, never failed to thrill us to the core, especially my sister and me, who at such times waved our beautiful big flags enthusiastically, hoping that the men on board would descry on shore two patriotic little girls who had a fierce pride in them and were wishing them Godspeed.

One day my sister and I went to spend the day at our aunt's house and play with our cousin of the same age. The morning passed pleasantly and as the afternoon advanced our uncle told us he was expecting a certain ship and had been up on the tower watching for her. His observation tower and signal platform were located on a high hill back of his residence, which gave him an unobstructed view of the surrounding country, the ocean, and ships passing outside. While he ate a hurried dinner, he sent us to the tower to keep a keen watch out and report if we saw any ships coming. We took turns climbing the tower to watch. Finally near sunset my sister's sharp eyes discerned a wisp of smoke on the horizon and she called my cousin to come and look too. When they were sure it was a ship, we ran to the house to report. The ship was approaching very slowly from the north. Our uncle told us to tell him as soon as she was within signaling distance. It was about a half hour before sundown when he began signaling. No answer was returned to the usual question: "What is your name?" and "Where are you from?" He thought she might not be able to see the flags very plainly so he decided to wait until dark and use flares. She had now dropped anchor and was lying rather close inshore, a bit to the northeast. She carried no flags or identification and our binoculars and powerful field glasses could not determine her identity. She looked like an American battleship but we could not be sure, so our uncle telegraphed the news across the river to the cable office that a strange ship was offshore so to be on guard. As soon as the quick tropical darkness came, he began signaling with flares. Still the formidable shape lay quiescent and gave no sign. Our uncle now became most apprehensive. There had been numerous rumors that the Spanish fleet was somewhere about and might shell towns along the Florida east coast, and Jupiter seemed a most likely place in view of its importance. This ship might be a Spanish warship awaiting darkness to launch an attack. Our uncle telegraphed the cable office again.

The news went like a hurricane over the town that a mysterious ship was lying offshore and would not answer Mr. Cronk's signals. The excitement was terrific. We learned next day that one old lady had become so frightened that she had spent the night in a deserted pineapple patch where, I am sure, the imminent danger from panthers, wildcats and snakes was much greater than danger from the Spaniards.

The men got down their firearms of whatever nature and all agreed that the telegraph and cable station on the south bank of the Loxahatchee was the logical place to meet. Stores and other places of business were closed; women and children at home were given their instructions to sit tight for further news, and the men all met at the rendezvous and waited. Our uncle, like a modern Paul Revere, continued to watch from the tower until he saw swinging lights of lanterns and what appeared to be a boat being lowered and armed men getting into it. Then he telegraphed the cable station again. The excitement grew to fever pitch. The men held themselves ready. The landing boat approached the coast. The tension and suspense on shore were nerve shattering. The boat came on in through the inlet and headed for the telegraph station. The men went down to the shore to await them, determined to give them a fight to the finish if they had to. Imagine the scene when the boat got near enough for the townsmen to recognize United States sailors!! The uniforms were now unmistakable. A tremendous shout of welcome went up in which the sailors themselves joined. They were just as glad to see us as we were to see them. They soon made it known that it was the *Oregon* lying offshore, and that this was the first time they had stepped ashore in many long weeks. They had come around the Horn; coaled at Barbados; given Cuba a wide berth to avoid the rumored Spanish fleet lying in wait for them, and they had used further precautions by not answering our signals, for fear of being drawn into a net through some Spanish ruse. To say they were relieved at receiving such a welcome was enormous, and to say we felt the same way, was putting it mildly. This was May 24, 1898. The following telegram was immediately dispatched to the Secretary of the Navy:

“OREGON arrived. Have coal enough to reach Dry Tortugas in 33 hours. Hampton Roads in 52 hours. Boat landed through surf awaits answer.”

Again word went out all over the town. The ladies of Jupiter now gathered at the station and got their heads together, the outcome of which was a banquet and dance which did our little town credit. Nothing was too good for United States sailors, and especially from our noble battleship *Oregon*. The jollification kept up all night, and at dawn, when the sailors

boarded their boat to return to the ship, they declared that they would never forget Jupiter, Florida, and its citizens, and the wonderful reception they had received there. The news given the *Oregon's* men that night sent them full steam ahead towards the battle zone where they arrived in time to go into action against Admiral Cervera's Spanish fleet as he sought to escape the blockade effected by the Americans to keep his ships in Santiago harbor. The cables brought word of the *Oregon's* great part in the naval engagement; in fact she was given most of the credit for either sinking the Spanish boats, or sending them to the beaches where they burned.

A little sequel to our story is this: The official hostess to the sailors that evening was the charming young wife of the telegraph operator. During the festivities she had asked the sailor sitting next to her at dinner for a souvenir capband with the magic words on it and told the young man which was printed the words, "U.S.S. Oregon." Several years later, she was visiting her mother in Brooklyn, N.Y., when she learned that the *Oregon* was in drydock there. She told her mother they must go down to see her. When they reached the gates, the sailor guard told them no visitors were allowed on board. Then the lady triumphantly brought forth her souvenir capband, with the magic words on it, and told the young man she was from Jupiter, Florida. The words and the band worked like a charm. The sailor's face creased into a broad grin. He escorted the two ladies to his superior officer, and they were received most cordially and gallantly escorted over the ship. The men and officers remembered well the evening at Jupiter and had proved that they were as good as their word.

STORMS

Grandma was with us the night we experienced one of our worst storms, and we were glad, for Papa was in New York on a buying trip.

In those days we were not given much warning about an approaching hurricane. Our present day elaborate storm mapping systems were not in existence then. "Old Timers" simply took notice of the appearance of the clouds, the movement of the water, the closeness of the atmosphere, the little "storm birds" which came inland uttering their plaintive cries; but when the red flag with black center went up on the weather bureau station, we commenced to prepare.

Our house in its exposed position on the hill commanded an uninterrupted view of the anger of the ocean at such times. It seemed like a vicious monster, curling its jaws, showing its teeth, lashing its tail and sending the spume flying a hundred feet high.

We had stout shutters at our windows, so we did not board up as

people do today. Mama laid in certain provisions. Before nightfall, Papa closed the store and came up the hill. We had early supper, and put out all fires and lamps. We stayed dressed throughout the night. Mama put mops and old rags handy to soak up the water which was bound to seep in around window and door frames. We sat in the dark and listened to the screech of the wind, like thousands of high keening demons trying to get at you; the roar of the surf, which could be heard for miles; the crash of trees, or the blam of unidentifiable objects striking the house as they flew through the air. The strain was terrific. We never knew when a wall might buckle, or the roof be blown off; but Papa reassured us. He said the little house had been built by inexperienced carpenters who used so many nails and such pitch-filled lumber that the house was as heavy as lead and that it might roll over like a box but would never break up.

But the night of the big storm, Papa was in New York, and Grandma, Mama and we two children sat in the dark and listened to the tumult going on outside. It must have been nearly midnight, when there came pounding on the door and men shouting Papa's name. We made out "Your store has been blown down." Mama opened the door and braced herself against the fury of the wind. Fishermen in oil cloth stood on the porch and told her the store was down and half awash, but so lodged on its pilings that they did not think it would be blown out to sea. They said they had already taken out as much as they could through the windows and put in the vacant hotel across the dock. When they learned that Papa was absent, they assured Mama that they would not hear to her coming out in the storm, but if she would give them the key, they would try to get other merchandise out; that they would keep an eye on the store and when morning came, if it was still lodged securely, they would salvage what else they could. They were as good as their word, and next morning when the storm abated, they were able to carry more goods into the hotel. The store was later raised again on its pilings.

After such a storm everybody went around next day, especially to the beach, to see what had been washed ashore. I remember one large freighter aground on a reef and breaking up fast in the pounding waves, and the sailors working like fiends to get its cargo ashore before it did. They had rigged a line to shore and were swinging as much of the cargo over the water on that, as they could. Some of the crew were coming ashore in breeches buoys. The whole town had turned out to watch this feverish activity and, of course, to lend a hand if possible.

TURTLE HUNT

We took storms more or less in our stride. But moonlight nights

simply did something to us. The moon in the tropics is fuller, more effulgent, and more brilliant, it seems to me, than anywhere else. We made full use of the waxing of the moon and planned soirees accordingly. Sometimes these evening entertainments were dances, which were now held in the vacant saloon next to the abandoned hotel. Or, the life saving crew would roll their big boats out on the sand and hold a dance in their station. Sometimes they came around in their large boats and picked everybody up and brought them to the dance, beaching the boats in a cove and everybody walking the mile along a narrow, palmetto-bordered path, to the station, keeping a wary eye out for snakes.

Then, by way of further amusement, there were the sailboat races in which the lighthouse boys vied with the life saving crew for honors. They called them "Cake Races" for a handsome cake, baked by one of the ladies, was presented the winning crew by the prettiest girl in town. These races, held in the late afternoons, were colorful and everybody gathered to do them full justice.

Sometime several congenial parties got together for a turtle hunt. These were always at the full of the moon and at a time when the big "loggerheads" came up out of the sea to lay their eggs. Some of these turtles weighed six or seven hundred pounds and were six or seven feet in length. It took several men to handle them.

We packed picnic baskets in the late afternoon and went over to the beach. We swam and played in the surf during the late afternoon and evening, then had our picnic dinner and put out the camp fire. As the evening grew late we were quiet as possible, and some of the men would scout the beach for a sight of the big turtle. Her trail was as wide as a wagon trace as she scraped her way along with her big flippers to lay her eggs high up in the sand dunes. If there was but one trail, we knew she was still on the nest and had not returned to the water and the men watched to intercept her before she regained the sea. It took the combined strength of several men to turn the turtle on its back where it was helpless. They returned next day to butcher it and pass around the delicious steaks. While we were not particularly fond of turtle eggs, it was fun to hunt out the nest. The "loggerhead" often made false nests to fool bears and panthers who were particularly fond of the eggs, so we often dug into several turtle wallows before we found the real nest with its hundreds of soft-shelled eggs. Once the turtle had laid her eggs, she left the hatching of them to the sun and the sand. When the baby turtles emerged from their shells, they were fully equipped to fend for themselves. Often we took some of the eggs home and re-covered them in a damp place near the river bank, where in time they hatched and became our playthings; but usually we

turned the little turtles loose to find their way back to their natural habitat, the warm waters of the Gulf Stream.

Turtle meat and the eggs as well were considered a great delicacy in many northern markets, and the shells had many industrial uses. So, once Papa conceived the idea of going over to the Bahamas for a boatload of turtles to be shipped north. There would be a nice profit in this. He secured the services of Will Bostick, a colored man, who had been a section hand on the *Celestial* until it was dismantled and who professed to be a seasoned sailor and thoroughly familiar with the route to the Bahamas since his wife lived there. They set sail, but after many days they were still not out of sight of the Florida coast, although Will kept declaring:

“I’se goin’ to kiss my wife in Bimini’s Land in the mawnin’.”

They finally made it to the Bahamas and returned with a boat load of fine turtles, but Papa never tried it again.

Sailing In South Florida Waters In The Early 1880s

PART II

Edited by JOHN F. REIGER*

The usual route to . . . [Cape Sable] from Key West is to take the East Channel and proceed to Bahia Honda, and thence across to Cape Sable; but not wishing to retrace that portion of our route to Bahia Honda, I resolved to add variety to our voyage by going to the westward and northward of the keys, or on the Gulf side, then sailing eastward to Key Vaccas, thence due north, thirty miles to East Cape Sable. Accordingly, we left Key West by the Northwest Channel, leaving all the keys to starboard, and anchored before sundown at N.W. Boca Chica, a small key with a beautiful sandy beach, some ten miles northwest from Key West.

The Florida Keys, like the southern portion of the peninsula, are of recent formation, and underlaid by oolitic [*sic*] and coral limestones. These coral lime rocks are formed by the action of the waves and weather upon the calcareous secretions of coral polyps. those beautiful "Flowers of the Sea," which are still building . . . on the outlying submerged reefs. . . . The fishes about the keys are very handsome, both in form and coloration: silvery, rosy, scarlet, brown and golden bodies, with sky-blue, bright yellow, rosy or black stripes and bands, or spotted, stellated and mottled with all the hues of the rainbow, and with jeweled eyes of scarlet, blue, yellow or black; fins of all colors and shapes, and lips of scarlet, yellow, blue or silver. Some of the larger keys, [such] as Sugar-loaf, . . . Pine and Largo, contain a few deer, and some of the oldest settled ones harbor a few beavies of quail, but most of the keys of the Florida Straits are barren of game.

The next morning, with a splendid breeze from the southwest, we left N.W. Boca Chica, and under the lee of the keys we made good time, arriving at Key Vaccas in the afternoon. The spongers and fishing smacks were lying at anchor under the different keys as we bowled merrily along, the wind being too high for them to pursue their vocations. At Key Vaccas we found several brothers, named Watkins, with their families, all "conchs," who had quite a large clearing, or "cultivation," as they called it, and who were raising tomatoes and other vegetables for Key West and the Northern

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markets. The soil is thin and very rocky, but rich, and produces well. There is a fine spring of excellent water pouring out of the sharp and jagged rocks of this key, east of the Watkins settlement, where we filled our water casks. We collected a number of beautiful land shells . . . and a rich variety of botanical specimens, for we stayed here the following day, the wind having backed up to the north, blowing hard. The next day thereafter, however, it hauled to the eastward, when we again set sail, due north, for East Cape Sable. We were out of sight of land for two hours until we sighted Sandy Key, and made the cape in six hours sailing from Key Vaccas. Had we not gone to Key West we should have crossed to the cape from Long Key or Channel Key. Very small boats can cross from these points, and . . . be in sight of . . . keys . . . all the way, but the water is shallow, with numerous banks and shoals of sand.

We sailed eastward of East Cape Sable to the mainland, where there is abundance of deer, turkey and other game. We here saw for the first time that magnificent bird, the flamingo,¹ with great numbers of egrets, rosy spoonbills, and herons. The next day we passed East Cape Sable and proceeded to the Middle Cape, or Palm Point, where there was a house. We landed to call on the occupant, who was very desirous for us to stop a day or two to kill some deer, which were plentiful, but being pressed for time we kept on to the N.W. Cape, and a few miles further on entered Cape Sable Creek, where we anchored. This creek is an admirable harbor for small boats, and the only one near Cape Sable. With a narrow entrance, some twenty feet in width, it soon expands into a roomy basin, quite deep, where a vessel can be safely moored alongside a sand spit running out from the shore; a hurricane blowing outside would not ripple the water of this quiet basin. Sharks and other large fish may be harpooned or grained from the deck of the vessel, or with line and hook the angler can get a surfeit of fishing. The stream heads in a large lagoon back of the cape, the resort of innumerable waterfowl and aquatic birds. The region about Cape Sable is the best south of Charlotte Harbor for camping, hunting and fishing, there being a broad, smooth, sandy beach all around the cape, abounding in beautiful shells and other marine curiosities, with good dry ground for camping, and an abundance of game on the savannas and in the pine woods and hamaks.

From Cape Sable Creek to Pavilion Key there is a succession of mangrove keys and islands, and but very little beach or hard ground. Between these points lie Shark, Lostman's, Harney's and other rivers, and Whitewater and Chatham bays, which are studded with the "Thousand

¹Though once quite abundant in southern Florida, the flamingo was never known to nest here. Today, the bird appears in the state only as a rare straggler.

Islands"; had they been called "Ten Thousand Islands" it would have been a more appropriate name.² This whole region lies in Bahia Ponce de Leon. It is from ten to twenty miles from the Gulf to the mainland, which latter can only be reached by following the intricate channels between these numberless so-called islands, many of which have not a particle of soil, being merely clumps or thickets of mangroves. It would take a month or more to get an idea of Whitewater and Chatham bays by penetrating to the mainland and to the Everglades, and as we were already behind time we did not attempt it, leaving that unexplored region for a more convenient season.

Mangroves here grow to be tall trees, as tall as water oaks or even pines. There are small bunches of them, and great forests of them—nothing but mangroves, mangroves. It is wonderful how these mangroves grow, and, when once started, how rapidly they increase. The seeds are about as long and of the shape and appearance of the old-fashioned "long nine" cigar. These fall into the mud or shallow water and soon take root, the upper end giving off shoots, which, growing upward, send down other shoots or roots parallel with the main stems, and these taking root, again grow upward, and the parent stem as it continues to grow continues to send down other branches or roots to the water. I have seen these pendent branches descending twenty feet to the water, as straight and smooth as an arrow, and an inch thick. I have walked a quarter of a mile through a mangrove thicket on the lower arching roots, two or three feet above the water, where there was not a particle of soil. But in time, drift, sea weeds and shells accumulate about the roots, and floating seeds lodge and germinate, so that at last an island is formed and lifted up above the surface of the water.

Another reason for our not tarrying long in this section was the scarcity of water. Our supply was getting short, and there had been no rain on the southwest coast for four months. We attempted to go up one of the creeks to the mainland or to fresh water, but the ebb tide left us aground and we were forced to return on the next tide. The water in these bays is quite shallow, so with an offing of several miles in the Gulf we sailed for Chuckaluskee³ . . . where we expected to get a supply of water from cisterns at that settlement, the first north of Cape Sable. Stopping at Pavilion Key we found a boat with two men who told us the cisterns at Chuckaluskee were dry, so we went on to Panther Key and anchored for the night.

²The area just north of Pavilion Key has in fact become known as the "Ten Thousand Islands."

³Henshall spells the hamlet's name the way it's pronounced, but the more usual spelling is "Chokoloskee."

We went ashore at Panther Key the next morning, where we found a hut and a bright-eyed old Spaniard and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. John Gomez. Old man Gomez is a noted character on the southwest coast, having lived there for thirty years or more. He is reputed to be a hundred years old.⁴ He told me that he went from Spain to St. Augustine when a young man, ten years before Florida was ceded to the United States, which would make him about that age. He is held in wholesome dread by the settlers, who throw out dark hints of his having been a slaver, and even a pirate in his younger days; but "He was the mildest mannered man that ever scuttled ship or cut a throat." He had a plantation up the creek, near Panther Key, but [with] his well going dry, he had come down to his place on the key, where there was a shallow well with about six inches of brackish water. But he informed me that there was a good well on Cape Romano, some five miles to the westward. Gomez was under contract to furnish provisions to a Government surveying party, who were then some six miles up the creek on the mainland. His schooner had gone to Key West for provisions, and he was daily expecting her . . .

We departed for Cape Romano, where, on the southerly shore, a quarter of a mile from the extreme point, we found a well of excellent water, from which we replenished our water casks. We took a ramble on the beach, where we found great quantities of shells, sea-urchins, starfishes, seafans, sponges, etc. We then sailed for Coconut Key, five miles E.N.E. from Cape Romano where there is a pass leading to Marco and Horr's Islands. We anchored off Goodland Point on Marco, near the house of Capt. Roberts,⁵ who has a fine plantation of tomatoes, bananas, etc. These islands are high, with good soil, and are very productive; but the long drought had told on the plants. Capt. Roberts owns a fine schooner, in which he carries his fruits and vegetables to Key West in their season, and at other times engages in fishing, turtling and sponging. On Horr's Island I found Capt. Horr,⁶ formerly of Ohio, who was well located for raising sub-tropical fruits and early vegetables, for these islands possessed the best soil I saw on the west coast. At the west end of Marco, near Caximbas Pass, a brother of Capt. Roberts has also a large and excellent plantation, and on its northerly side is the location of Capt. Collier,⁷ who also owns a good weatherly schooner, transporting his produce to Key

⁴It is unlikely that Gomez was a century old in 1882, for he lived until 1900, which would have him almost 120.

⁵The "Roberts" referred to here is probably one of the brothers who came into the region in 1870, settling first on Fakahatchee Island.

⁶Although he gave his name to the island, John F. Horr used his home there mainly as a vacation retreat; he spent most of his time in Jacksonville and Key West.

⁷W. T. Collier founded the town of Marco, having arrived on the island in 1870. The Collier spoken of here is either W. T. or, more likely, his son: W. D. ("Captain Bill") Collier.

West. This is a fine settlement, very pleasantly situated, the waters teeming with fish and turtles, green and loggerhead, and the flats with clams and oysters. Immense tarpum and jewfish are speared under the mangroves with "grains," a stout, two-pronged fish spear, in the use of which these people are very expert.

The boat being poled quietly along the fringe of mangrove bushes at the edge of the channels, the man standing in the bow with the grains ready at length spies a great tarpum some six feet long, like a giant fish of burnished silver poised motionless in the shade. When within striking distance he hurls the grains by its long handle with a skillful and dexterous thrust and an unerring aim, born of long experience, which strikes home with an ominous thud, when the monster tears away, with a tremendous spurt, leaps clear of the surface, and, falling back, makes the water fairly boil and seethe in his desperate efforts to escape. But the barbed grains hold fast and the long, stout line is as tense as a bowstring. The great fish tows the boat around like a cockle-shell, until his fierce struggles and grand leaps begin to tell on him, and at length he is towed ashore completely exhausted. Sometimes the boat is capsized or swamped by an unusually large and powerful fish, but, as I have mentioned before, these "Conchs" are almost amphibious, and seldom lose their fish, even under the most adverse circumstances. . . .

The mud flats about Caximbas Pass at low tide swarm with . . . snipe and shore birds, and at flood tide the channels under the mangroves teem with redfish, groupers, and snappers, while near the beds of . . . oysters are schools of sheepshead and drum. In fact, all of these passes and inlets of the west coast are fairly alive with fishes, from the mullet to sharks and sawfish. While lying in his bunk, one can hear all night long the voices of the deep, under and around him. The hollow, muffled boom of the drumfish seems to be just under one's pillow; schools of sparoid fishes feeding on shellfish on the bottom sound like the snapping of dry twigs on a hot fire; while a hundred tiny hammers in the hands of ocean sprites are tapping on the keel. Then is heard the powerful rush of the tarpum, the blowing of porpoises, and the snapping jaws of the sea-trout among the swarms of mullet, which, leaping from the surface by thousands, awake the watery echoes like showers of silver fishes falling in fitful gusts and squalls.

On the islands about Caximbas Pass are many shell mounds, bearing witness to the many "oyster suppers" enjoyed by the aboriginal inhabitants. From the proximity of wild lime and lemon trees, it may be presumed that they took them "on the half shell," and also in the form of "box stews,"

if we may judge from the fragments of pottery and fire-coals scattered through the heaps. . . .

We left Caximbas Pass in the middle of the forenoon, with a northwest wind, sailing close-hauled all day until an hour before sundown, when we put into Estro [*sic*] Pass for the night.⁸ We had just made everything snug; the kingfish was sputtering in the frying pan, the venison broiling over the coals, and the aroma of old Government Java was ascending toward the mastheads, when a small schooner also put in and dropped anchor on a shoal within fifty yards of us. The sails were lowered away and furled by the crew, which consisted of a solitary one-armed man. In a short time the receding tide left the little schooner aground, when I went over in the Daisy to see if we could be of any service.

"Oh no," said the combined skipper and crew, "she'll lay all the easier aground, and she'll be afloat time enough for me in the mornin'. . . ."

Then making a fire in his little stove he began preparing his supper. He had a cargo of bananas for Cedar Keys. This man, from the habit of hunting alligators in the summer, had obtained the sobriquet of "Alligator Ferguson," and was a character of some note on the west coast. After supper he came over to the Rambler and assisted the boys in shark fishing, regaling them, between bites, with accounts of his prowess in hunting the huge saurians, which with him had become an all-absorbing passion.

"What I don't know 'bout 'gators, gentlemen," said he, "the 'gator don't know himself. If I can ketch his ugly eye, I can tell jist what he's thinkin' 'bout. If he sees me a comin' with old 'Sure Death,' my big Springfield rifle, . . . sez he, 'Thar's Alligator Ferguson; my hide's good as off; my teeth's good as gone; . . . far'well to Florida!'"

. . . We left Esters [*sic*] Pass⁹ with a northwest wind and put out into the Gulf about a mile. Squire and Jack were trolling and caught several kingfish and bonitos, both of the mackerel family. . . . We caught them from ten to fifteen pounds in weight. In trolling for these fishes a stout braided line is best, though the coasters generally use . . . cotton codfish lines. A well-tempered codfish hook, with a long shank and a foot of stout copper or brass wire is necessary to withstand their sharp and numerous teeth. The usual bait is a strip of white bacon rind, six or eight inches long, cut in the semblance of a fish, with a slit cut in the upper end and one in the middle, through which it is impaled or strung on the hook, the upper end being firmly secured by small wire. A block tin squid or a very heavy spinner is, however, a better lure. . . .

⁸Presumably Henshall is speaking of Estero Bay.

⁹See footnote No. 8.

We saw many of the beautiful little flying fishes, but failed to secure a specimen. When within eight miles of Punta Rassa, and off Sanibel Island, we encountered a school of devil-fishes . . . , twenty or more.¹⁰ These monsters were from six to fifteen feet from tip to tip of their wing-like pectorals. We sailed close enough to have harpooned some of them, but we lacked the harpoon or lily iron; and as Skipper looked at them he said he was glad we forgot to procure one in Key West as intended.

We found the famous Punta Rassa to consist of but three or four buildings and a wharf. It is a low, flat point at the mouth of Caloosahatchee River . . . which, during the periodical overflow of the river, is many feet under water; consequently, the houses are mounted on posts. A large building is occupied as a telegraph office, the shore end of the Havana cable being at this point. The office of the United States Signal Bureau and the post-office is also in this building. Col. Summerlin¹¹ occupies the building at the wharf. Although a small place, Punta Rassa is important as a shipping point, as the cattle from the ranges of Southern Florida are all driven here and shipped to Key West and Havana. The cattle interest of Florida is quite extensive and yields a large amount of money annually. Key West and Cedar Key steamers touch here twice a week. A small steamer, the Spitfire, runs up the river as far as Fort Thompson,¹² and also makes trips to various places on Charlotte Harbor.

Sanibel Island, . . . opposite Punta Rassa, is renowned for its fine fishing. The angler can here fairly revel in piscatorial abandon and cover himself with piscine glory and fish scales. If ichthic [*sic*] variety is the spice of the angler's life, Sanibel and its sister keys are the Spice Islands. Sharks, rays and devil-fish, tarpum and jewfish, redfish, snappers and groupers, Spanish mackerel and kingfish, sea-trout, bonito and crevalle, lady-fish and sergeant fish,¹³ sheepshead and drum, [and] a host of smaller fry—spots, grunts and porgies, and the ever-present . . . catfish can here be jerked, and yanked, . . . and pulled, and hauled until the unfortunate angler will lament that he was ever born. . . .

The entrance to Caloosahatchee River . . . is beset with oyster reefs, but the channel is staked, and by keeping a sharp lookout the cruiser will have no trouble. The river from Punta Rassa to Fort Myers, twenty miles above, is a large one, as broad as the St. Johns below Palatka. Vast pine

¹⁰This area of the Gulf became well-known for its huge "devilfish" or manta rays. Among the fishermen who journeyed here to battle the behemoths was Theodore Roosevelt.

¹¹Jacob Summerlin was Florida's greatest cattleman.

¹²During the Second Seminole War, Fort Thompson was established at the head of the Caloosahatchee by the forces of General Persifor S. Smith.

¹³"Sergeant fish" is another name for the cobia.

forests lead up to the banks on either hand, rendering this portion of the stream somewhat monotonous.

Fort Myers is quite a neat and thrifty village, with a church or two, several stores, a telegraph office, and some comfortable dwellings with tastefully arranged grounds. Some of the wealthiest cattlemen of Southern Florida reside here, and their wholesome influence is everywhere apparent. We arrived at Fort Myers on Sunday, and at night all hands and the cook attended divine service. I was surprised to find so much conventional style in a place, seemingly, so distant and so isolated from all the world. I could not realize that I was in the wilds of Florida while gazing upward at the lofty Gothic ceiling, with its chamfered and oiled rafters, or at the new cabinet organ, the font and lecturn [*sic*], or at Jack flirting with a pretty girl in a . . . Gainsborough hat and bangs.

Two or three miles above Fort Myers there is a group of small islands, where the river narrows and becomes . . . the width of the average river of Southern Florida; the banks become diversified with a greater variety of foliage, while guarding them like fabled dragons are numerous and large alligators. We moored the Rambler some ten miles above Fort Myers, near a clump of palmetto trees, where there was a good landing of hard ground, for the shores of this portion of the river are low and wet. The banks of streams generally on the west coast are much lower than those of the Atlantic coast, and this is true also of the shoreline of the Gulf.¹⁴

We found deer and turkeys quite plentiful, and the hunting [was] excellent on the burns in the open pine woods. We enjoyed our tramps here greatly, for they were the first open woods we had found since leaving Cape Sable. The next day while dressing a deer and some turkeys at the landing, the little Spitfire went puffing by with a party of excursionists from Fort Denaud¹⁵ and Fort Thompson. . . .

One day as I was returning to the schooner I . . . heard . . . a rattlesnake, but as the place was thickly grown with tall grass I could not see it, and did not care to search for it in such a place. The boys [came] . . . along shortly afterward, [and] Cuff pointed two, they having crawled out into a more open space, when they were shot and brought in for Skipper's dinner, but he . . . preferred venison or turkey, or even black bass, to snake diet. These snakes were fully five feet long and three inches in diameter.

¹⁴The different appearances of the Gulf and Atlantic coastlines result from the fact that the western shore is sinking into the sea while the eastern shore is rising from it.

¹⁵On the south bank of the Caloosahatchee, Fort Denaud was established during the Second Seminole War by the forces of General Persifer S. Smith.

An episode of a serio-comic nature occurred to Jack at this place. He had gone hunting before breakfast, and losing his bearings, when but a quarter of a mile from the Rambler, he became himself a bewildered Rambler in the, to him, limitless pine woods of Southern Florida. Being lost under such circumstances is sometimes a serious matter, owing to the unvarying monotony of the surroundings. He did not return until after sundown, though during the afternoon we had searched for him in every direction, shouting and firing guns repeatedly, and had given him up for the night, after setting fire to the scrub to guide his wandering footsteps campward. Just before dark I perceived him, afar off, heading toward the schooner. As the boys fired a volley I sprang into the rigging and waved a white handkerchief, which he observed, and [he] made toward us on the double-quick, swinging his hat all the way. He arrived footsore, weary and hungry, for he had not ceased walking all day, except for a half hour, when he stopped at a deserted cowboy's hut in the afternoon. Here he had made up his mind to stay for the night; and finding a pile of new cypress shingles, he wrote out a full account of the party and its objects, and where his friends might be addressed should he perish in the lonely flat woods. He then placed the "shingular" record in a row in a conspicuous place in the hut, with the first shingle inscribed in large letters: "Read and Act." He took another shingle and made a map of his supposed whereabouts, the course of the river, and the location of the schooner. After studying this for sometime, the idea dawned upon him to strike out in the opposite direction to where he supposed the schooner to lay, and acting upon this impulse he came straight toward us until I observed him, as stated. And strange to say, though he had seen the smoke from the fire, and the head of the mainsail, which we had hoisted as a conspicuous object, he could not believe that it was the Rambler, so confused had his ideas of location become, until he heard the guns and saw me waving the handkerchief . . .

Just above our camp was Twelve Mile Creek, and twenty miles above Fort Myers is a telegraph office where the line crosses the river. Still further up the river are Fort Denaud and Fort Thompson. At the latter place is the falls or rapids. In the neighborhood of Fort Thompson the soil is rich and deep, but subject to annual overflow, as is all the Caloosahatchee country. It is claimed that the canal which was being dredged from the Caloosahatchee to Lake Okechobee, by way of the Flirt and Hickpochee lakes, will prevent this overflow and drain all that flat section of country; but how the overflow of the river during the rainy season is to be prevented by bringing the waters of Lake Okechobee into it by

a canal is hard to imagine, unless Okechobee can be drained to the bottom, which is not probable.¹⁶

We returned to Fort Myers and Punta Rassa, and with a half gale from the northeast sailed up [to] Charlotte Harbor with the little stern-wheeler Spitfire ahead of us, the latter keeping well under the lee of the islands and making but little headway. On Pine Island, a large one, which we left to starboard, will be found a few deer. On our port was Sanibel, at the northerly end of which is Boca Ceiga Pass,¹⁷ separating it from Captiva Island, and northward of this is Lacosta Island with Captiva Pass between them. On our starboard we passed a number of small keys and islands, Bird, Useppa, Mandingo, etc. On some of these keys were rookeries of egrets, herons, roseate spoonbills, cormorants, frigate birds, etc. We stopped awhile at a Spanish fishing ranche [*sic*] on Lacosta, just below Boca Grande, the pass separating it from Big Gasparilla. We found here a number of Spanish or Cuban families, but the season for fishing was over. There are a number of these fisheries on the west coast engaged in catching and curing mullet, finding a ready market at Key West and Havana.

Big Gasparilla and Little Gasparilla islands are separated by Big Gasparilla Pass. Both of these islands contain deer, and the fishing at the passes is excellent. On Big Gasparilla is another fish ranch, but the fishermen and their families had left for the season. Between two of the huts we killed two large rattlesnakes over five feet long. Squire discovered the first as he was in the act of stepping over it, as it lay stretched at full length; . . . needless to say, the step was a long one. He despatched it, and hunting around, we soon found its mate, which was also killed, and both reptiles skinned. . . .

At Little Gasparilla we took all the usual variety of fishes, many large sharks, and an immense jewfish, nearly as large as the one taken at Jupiter; it weighed fully three hundred pounds, being six and a half feet in length. Jack and I towed it ashore in the dingey, but even with a charge of buckshot through its skull, delivered at a distance of only two feet, we had a difficult job in beaching it, where, after dissecting it, we rolled it in again for the sharks. The mud flats at Little Gasparilla . . . at low tide fairly swarm with bay snipe and shore birds, while brown and

¹⁶The efforts made in the early 1880s to drain overflowed land from Kissimmee to the Caloosahatchee were not notably successful, for only about 50,000 acres were permanently drained. Nevertheless, steamers could now travel from Kissimmee to the Gulf, by way of Lakes Tohopekaliga, Cypress, Hatchineha, and Kissimmee, the Kissimmee River, Lake Okechobee, and the Caloosahatchee.

¹⁷Though in many cases, Henshall's spelling is now merely archaic, here it is incorrect. *Boca Ciega* is the correct Spanish spelling and literally means "blind mouth." This explains the origin of the present name for the cut: "Blind Pass."

white pelicans, gulls and gannets are fishing incessantly for mullet and other small fry. They strike down among the schools of small fishes with terrible force and a great splashing, completely demoralizing the little fellows, who are gobbled up before they have discovered the cause of the commotion. The piratical frigate birds, or man-o'-war hawks, sailing gracefully overhead, swoop down and rob the industrious gulls of their prey before they have time to swallow it.

The noble bald-headed eagle and the magnificent frigate-bird are both first-class sentimental frauds. We have watched the great American bird, time and again, perched atop a lofty pine up the inland streams, sitting motionless, in conscious pride as a king among birds and the emblem of a glorious nation, in the interests of which he is supposed to be meditating, with one eye upon the sun . . . and the other upon the maneuvers of an industrious osprey fishing for a breakfast for its nestlings. Having secured a fish, it starts off on joyous wing, when my noble eagle, casting to the winds his solar observations . . . , pursues with relentless fury the poor fish-hawk, compelling it to drop its well-earned prey, which is instantly seized by our noble bird . . . [and] conveyed to his lofty perch, where he ignominiously devours it. . . .

And the frigate bird or man o' war hawk, with its long forked tail, the magnificent sweep of its pointed wings, stretching fully six or eight feet from tip to tip, soaring aloft [*sic*] with a grace and grandeur approached by no other bird, commands our admiration and wonder until he reveals his true nature by swooping down upon a poor little defenseless gull who has just emerged from the water with a fish in its bill, and ere it can shake the water from its eyes, the morsel intended for its callow little brood is ruthlessly and remorselessly snatched away by this rapacious robber, who thus prostitutes his mighty pinions and powers to such base purposes. . . .¹⁸

The beaches of the Gasparilla islands are rich in stores of sea-shells, sea-fans, star-fishes, sea-urchins, shark's eggs, etc. While busily engaged in picking up the treasures one day, two deer came out of the scrub about fifty yards from us, and stood for several minutes gazing at the unusual sight. After satisfying their curiosity they scampered off with their white flags flying in the rear. We did not molest them, for we were already supplied with venison.

Charlotte Harbor is one of the best points on the Gulf coast for the sportsman. It is a fine body of water, with numerous keys and islands, and nowhere will game or fish be found more abundant, while there is

¹⁸Actually, the frigate bird has a preference for fish much larger than the prey of small gulls; the latter, therefore, are rarely molested.

plenty of oysters, clams, crabs and turtles. The mainland can be penetrated by several rivers: Alligator River in the west, Peace Creek in the northeast, and Myakka River in the northwest portion of the bay. By sailing or rowing up any of these streams, deer, turkeys and, if he wants them, alligators, will be found in numbers to satisfy the greediest hunter, while ducks, snipe, quail and shore birds are, to say the least, multitudinous. The passes between the islands abound in fishes of endless variety. . . . And if of an adventurous turn, . . . [a party] can sail up the Caloosahatchee to Fort Thompson, and then proceed in canoes to Lake Okechobee.

We went outside at Little Gasparilla Pass with a south wind, about noon, and at four o'clock entered Casey's Pass. Here I captured a large white shark . . . and removed his formidable jaws as a trophy and memento of the event. From Casey's Pass we sailed next morning with a southwest wind. In passing Little Sarasota Inlet we saw the U.S. Coast Survey schooner moored inside, and the men at work surveying the inlet. We continued northward until we reached Big Sarasota Pass, through which we entered Sarasota Bay. This is a fine body of water, though shallow, and the mainland is dotted with homes of settlers. The drought still continued and water was scarce. At the fisheries on Lacasta and Gasparilla there were good wells where we procured water, but we were now about out of that necessary article. We sailed across the bay to a house, but found no one at home, but as necessity knows no law, we filled our casks at the cistern and proceeded on our way, camping near the head of the bay. There is not much game in this vicinity, for being somewhat thickly settled, the deer keep well back from the bay, nor did we see much smaller game; consequently our stay was short. On one of the islands shutting in the harbor is another fishery, and likewise one on Palma Sola Point on the mainland at the head of the bay. There are many small keys and some larger islands. . . . All of these we left to port as we sailed up the harbor. Rounding Palma Sola Point we entered Tampa Bay, with the lighthouse on Egmont Key to the northwest.

As we sailed into Tampa Bay we saw the steamer from Key West sail in through the main pass, near the lighthouse on Egmont Key, and proceed across the lower end of the bay to a small village, near the mouth of Manatee River, and then continuing up the bay [it] met the steamer from Tampa, where we left them transferring passengers and cargo. We anchored at sundown near the mouth of Little Manatee River, and the next morning sailed up to the old town of Tampa, which we found rather a neat village, with some pretty residences surrounded by orange groves. The barracks consist of a number of well-arranged and commodious buildings, models of neatness and good order. The grounds are tastefully laid

out with well-kept parade ground, lawns and drives, and magnificent water oaks and other shade trees, rivaling our best parks in beauty and attractiveness. Several companies of artillery are stationed here. There is not much attraction for the sportsman about Tampa, on account of the scarcity of game; for the invalid and tourist, however, it is a pleasant place. Hillsboro River, the third of that name I have seen in Florida, empties into the bay at Tampa, a small and uninteresting stream.

Tampa Bay is a large body of water some forty miles long and ten miles wide, and is often rougher than the Gulf itself. We experienced several days of squally weather there, with the wind continually shifting, so that we were obliged to skip from one lee to another in quick succession. We lost our large anchor on the east side, but found it again the next day during a lull in the wind, but [with] a violent rain squall coming on we put across to Papy's Bayou, near the mouth of Old Tampa Bay, where we remained a day or two. The usual varieties of aquatic birds were here, and one day I grained a sting ray in shallow water while in the canvas boat, and had quite a tussle with it. We sailed down the bay to Point Pinellas, anchoring in Big Bayou. Here were plenty of fine oysters and fish. The peninsula lying between Old Tampa Bay and the Gulf and ending in Point Pinellas . . . is high and healthful, clothed with pine woods and a few hamaks. Quail are quite plentiful, and fine sport may be had with . . . dog and gun in the open pine woods. Mr. W. P. Neild has a fine orange grove near Big Bayou. The trees are eight years old, in bearing, and look remarkably healthy and vigorous. There are a number of mango and alligator-pear trees in the grove, with limes, lemons, guavas, shaddocks, etc. I judge Point Pinellas to be one of the most salubrious and healthful locations on the west coast. There are a number of ancient burial and domiciliary mounds on the peninsula, and it seems to have been a favorite resort or dwelling place for the prehistoric tribes. A lake near the point is famous for its large and numerous alligators. On some of the keys near Point Pinellas are deer and other game.

Rounding the point we left to port several large keys . . . and a number of smaller ones, and stopped at Boca Ceiga Pass¹⁹. . . There is a fine beach, thickly strewn with shells, sponges, sea fans, etc., and frequented by pelicans, herons, cormorants, etc. We also saw here a few flamingoes and roseate spoonbills.

Proceeding up Boca Ceiga Bay, we went out at John's Pass into the Gulf with a light breeze. When within a few miles of Little Clearwater Pass, we experienced a dead calm. The boundless Gulf became as smooth

¹⁹See footnote No. 17.

as a sea of molten glass, while the setting sun loomed up, a huge red disc, in the soft yellow haze. It was such a calm as is invariably the forerunner of a storm, and we resolved to reach Little Clearwater Pass if possible that night. Putting Jack ashore to walk up the beach to discover the inlet, we poled slowly along in two fathoms of water, not far from the shore. The sun then sank into the . . . sleeping sea like a great globe of fire, sending up . . . broad, fanlike rays of molten gold, diffusing tints of amber and saffron through the dense and heavy atmosphere, while a deathlike stillness pervaded the scene. The broad leaves of the palms fringing the shore were in quiet repose, and nowhere o'er land or sea could be seen the tremor of a wing or the ripple of a fin; not the slightest movement was discernible. Even the pelicans, gulls and gannets had ceased fishing and sat quiescent on the white beach. All nature had been seemingly struck motionless as though by an enchanter's wand. The swish of the poles as they were withdrawn, and the water dripping . . . from them . . . , were the only sounds to be heard. Finally the yellow twilight seemed to sink into the sea, the stars began to twinkle through the haze, and the murky night closed around us.

Jack, returning toward the schooner from an unsuccessful search for the inlet, set fire to the beach scrub as he walked along, causing a long line of flame to shoot straight up into the still night, casting a broad red glare far out upon the unruffled waters. After supper we put out a second anchor, lengthened the cables, took in a double reef all 'round, furled and stoppered the sails, made everything snug and turned in. About two o'clock I was awakened by the main boom lashing around furiously, and found the Rambler pitching, rolling and straining at the cables like an untamed steed. I turned out to secure the boom, and groping around in the darkness for the main halyard cleat, I caught hold of Skipper's hand intent on the same office; it was so dark I could not see him. We lowered the boom and furled sail to the deck and secured it, and then looked out at the night.

What a contrast to the calm, serene and beautiful sunset of a few hours before! Then all nature seemed asleep—now she was raging in a perfect frenzy. The waters were tossed tumultuously, seething and hissing before a gale from the southwest, drenching us to the skin with spray. The swell was tremendous. It whirled and tossed the Rambler like a cockle-shell, the cordage creaking, the shrouds shrieking and the halyards rattling madly against the masts. The sky was black, the waters black, and the shore line still blacker. Inky scuds flew across the sky, northward, at a furious rate. The sombre sea heaved and rolled as in agony, with a sickly pallor of phosphorescence that only rendered the darkness more

visible. The breakers roared and thundered on the beach but 200 yards away. Oh, how we longed for daylight! We were bound for an inlet the exact whereabouts of which we did not know, and were ignorant how to enter it, if found, in the darkness. Skipper was for scudding before the gale under the double-reefed foresail, but as the anchors were still holding I counseled waiting for daylight, or so long as the anchors continued to hold. After paying out more cable we waited and watched the eastern sky for the first glimmer of the dawn.

It seemed as though the night would never pass away, but grew even blacker, were that possible, while the gale increased in violence. Squire and Jack were sleeping peacefully and calmly, perhaps dreaming of loved ones at home. We did not wake them; we only marveled how they could sleep so soundly with the elements at war around them. . . . Skipper and I sat in the cockpit watching the east with eyes of faith; but . . . would the day never come! We could not see each other, but our pipes glowed fiercely red in the black night—sparks of comfort, indeed. At last I saw a suspicion of dim light paling the eastern heavens, causing the flying scuds to assume a shade less black. Then I heard a shore bird twitter.

“Skipper,” said I, “the day is coming!”

Soon the eastern sky showed a faint change, like the passing away of a dense mist, disclosing a heavy, dark curtain, against which could be indistinctly outlined the palmettoes on shore. Then a slight rosy tinge, like the delicate blush of a sea-shell, was perceived along the edge of the horizon—a narrow pink border to the dark gray curtain—and at last came the glorious day. We roused Squire and Jack, hoisted the reefed foresail, hauled up the anchors, and fairly flew before the fierce gale. It was but a few minutes ere we sighted the inlet, the breakers dashing furiously over the bar. As we neared it the day broke brighter. Then we rushed in between the lines of breakers, and over the narrow bar, and through the narrow inlet, and a hundred yards further [on] we reached a shelter and a harbor, with the water scarcely ruffled, under the lee of the beach ridge, while outside the storm demons still raged and howled.

After breakfast a schooner came flying in [through] the pass under a small sail rigged on a juremast, her foremast having gone by the board. We sailed across to Dunedin and anchored. Clearwater Harbor has a number of settlers, their houses appearing to good advantage on the bluffs, surrounded by young orange groves. This is one of the few desirable points on the west coast. The banks are higher than any place we had seen. The bay is a fine body of water, shut out from the Gulf by several large

islands, . . . with passes between. Fish and small game are abundant. At Dunedin is a store and post-office. The next day we sailed for Anclote River, fifteen miles above. Near the mouth of this river are two stores and a post-office, and close by is an old Spanish well, where good water can be obtained. They were expecting a railroad at this place, and we found this same railroad expectancy and consequent "boom" at nearly every place on the Florida coast; though what benefit would accrue to the railroads was not apparent, for the transportation by sailboats seemed to be amply sufficient for the produce of the country.²⁰ A few miles up Anclote River is a large bayou, where good fishing may be had. Still further up the stream will be found Salt Lake and a salt spring, and near the source of the river a sulphur spring. Off the mouth of the river lie the Anclote Keys, behind which is a safe and deep anchorage, and where we found a fleet of fishing smacks driven in by the gale. On the fishing banks, some twenty miles off-shore, these smacks take red snappers for the Havana market.

From Anclote we proceeded ten miles northward to Pithlachesticosie River, called "Costie" for short, a small stream with its mouth completely blocked by oyster reefs; and ten miles further north we came to Bayport, at the mouth of Weckawachee River. The channels from the Gulf to the mouths of these rivers, and those above, are staked. Near the wharf at Bayport we ran on the broken mast of a sunken blockade runner, but got off without sustaining any damage. Bayport is an old place of some note, formerly quite important as a shipping point for cedar. It consists of a store, post-office, and a few pleasant residences. It is a pretty place, with some of the largest orange and lemon trees I saw in Florida. Mr. Parsons is proprietor of the store, and will be found an agreeable and intelligent gentleman.

We went up the river some two miles with the schooner, and then proceeded to the head of the stream, about ten miles further, in the small boats. The source of the river is a large spring, in a basin of an acre in extent, surrounded by a rim or ridge of considerable elevation. This "White Mountain Spring," as it is called, is a subterranean river bursting out at this point with great force, giving to the river below a very strong current until tide water is reached. The spring is fifty feet in depth and so clear that one's boat seems . . . suspended in mid-air²¹ Great numbers of sheeps-head and gars can be seen swimming near the bottom, but, as might be expected, refuse to take a bait in water so clear. The smallest object

²⁰Despite Henshall's feeling that a railroad was unnecessary, Henry B. Plant's South Florida line soon entered the region, extending as far as Tampa by January, 1884.

²¹A first magnitude spring (one that discharges at least a hundred cubic feet of water a second), Weekiwachee is now a famous tourist attraction.

can be clearly defined on the bottom of pure white sand. The water boils up through great rents in the coralline rocks at the bottom, the boil being plainly seen at the surface. It is said that with a heavy cannon-shot the largest rent has been sounded to a depth of ninety feet. At the bottom of the spring, and for a short distance down the stream, are growing curious water plants, whose small elliptic leaves exhibit tints of red, purple and blue, which are reflected through the crystal waters with a strange and pleasing effect. We were well repaid for our row up the river against the strong current, in viewing the wonders of this spring. There is a store and a dwelling on its banks, and a large schooner was resting on its bosom, which had been built, and was being rigged, at this place. In the pine woods near the spring deer are numerous, and turkeys are plentiful in the hamaks.

Our return down stream with the current was an easy task and very enjoyable, for most of the way is through dense, low and rich hamaks abounding in semi-tropical scenery. Tall cypresses and palmettoes, swamp maples and Spanish ash nod to each other across the narrow stream, while the great white blossoms of the sweet bay and magnolia gleam like stars amid the dark and glossy leaves and fill the air with delicious perfume. The osprey hovers, screaming, over its huge nest on some . . . cypress; the swallow-tailed kite soars gracefully overhead; the great blue heron starts suddenly, with hoarse cry, from a secluded nook by the water's side, and lazily flaps away, with its long legs sticking straight out behind; and the ungainly water turkey or snake bird sits awkwardly on a limb projecting over the stream, tilting back and forth in vain efforts to balance rises from a large spring. Some of the rivers of the interior suddenly [*sic*] undecided whether to drop to the water or take flight. Black bass, sunfish, sheepshead and gar . . . , with an occasional alligator, can be plainly seen swimming along in the clear . . . water.

Returning to the Rambler we put back to Bayport and up the coast, ten miles, to Chessowiskee River. This part of the coast abounds in masses of black rock, called "nigger heads," for which the cruiser must keep a sharp lookout or he may come to grief, as they crop up to within a few inches of the surface. This river, as do most of the streams in this section, rises from a large spring. Some of the rivers of the interior suddenly [*sic*] disappear under ground, and most probably . . . reappear at the surface through these springs. At the mouths of the rivers are numerous oyster banks where sheepshead and drum . . . congregate. Ten miles further north we come to Homosassa River, and following the tortuous channel at its mouth we anchored a mile from the Gulf. The Homosassa is a beautiful stream, unlike most others on the west coast. It rises from two large

springs, and seems to have forced its way suddenly and with great violence toward the Gulf, cutting its way through the rocky soil by numerous channels, leaving many islands of coralline [*sic*] rock crowned by cabbage palms for the last four miles of its course.

The next morning we sailed up to the charming resort of Capt. A. E. Jones, four miles from the mouth of the river. This is the most home-like hotel in Florida, and under the able management of Capt. and Mrs. Jones has become a favorite winter resort for many Northern sportsmen and their families. There are two long buildings with spacious and comfortable rooms, all on the first floor, shaded by verandas, and facing each other, with a beautiful lawn between adorned by orange, lemon and fig trees, with the beautiful river in front and orange groves in the rear. It was formerly the home of Mr. Yulee,²² but was abandoned and burnt during the war; the large sugar plantation adjoining, with its mills and machinery, being also deserted and destroyed and permitted to lapse into a state of tropical wildness. The fine fishing and hunting at this place is so well known, having often being described in *FOREST AND STREAM*, that I will not dwell upon it here; suffice it to say that we went out one day with Mr. Giles and Mr. Curtis, both of New York, and hunted a strip of hamak but a mile from the hotel, where I killed my last deer in Florida before a young deerhound belonging to Mr. Giles. We went to the springs at the head of the river in the schooner without difficulty under the pilotage of Mr. Curtis.²³ They are similar to the other river springs of this section, but the river itself, I think, is by far the most beautiful. To those wishing the comforts of a home while enjoying the fishing, shooting, boating, sub-tropical scenery and climate salubrity of the Gulf Coast, I would say, by all means go to Homosassa and put yourselves under the hospitable roof of Capt. and Mrs. A. E. Jones, whose efforts to secure the comfort and well-being of their guests are untiring and proverbial, and moreover, you will there meet with some of the best people of the North, to associate with whom will be one of your greatest pleasures.

One night while anchored off the wharf of Capt. Jones I was awakened by strains of melody floating over the water, and turning out I beheld several large lights floating down the stream above us. Soon I discovered it to be a long raft of cedar logs being poled along by negroes, whose dusky forms were brought out in strong relief by the blazing fires of pine-knots in hoop iron baskets, and whose clear and musical voices, singing

²²One of Florida's most important former citizens, David Levy Yulee is probably best known for his long service as a United States Senator. The plantation ruins Henshall visited are now a state historical memorial.

²³Another first magnitude spring, Homosassa is acclaimed for its fish concentrations.

their . . . refrains, had been softened by distance and borne along the surface of the water in the still night.

The next day we were anchored near the mouth of the river, laying in supplies. Skipper was in the dingey tonging oysters. Squire was standing on the cabin roof watching for ducks and shore birds. Jack had gone ashore in the canvas boat to shoot snipe, while I was catching sheepshead. A sudden flaw of wind sent the foresail sweeping over the cabin roof, the boom striking Squire amidships and sent him sprawling into the river. I seized the conch horn and blew a terrific blast to attract the attention of the boys, for the scene was too good to enjoy alone. Jack and Skipper looked over just as Squire emerged upright with the water up to his shoulders. . . .

As we passed out into the Gulf from the mouth of the Homosassa, the negro boatmen were mooring the raft of cedar logs under the lee of an island, to await the arrival of the little steamer that was to tow it up to Cedar Key. . . . We put out into the Gulf some five miles, beyond the group of Martin's Keys, and ten miles northward came to the Sweetwater Keys off the mouth of Crystal River. The mouth of this river is beset with oyster banks, but about it is a fine clear stream navigable to its source, some twelve miles, where it arises from several springs, near which is the village of Crystal River. Along this pure and beautiful stream the usual fishing, game and oysters are to be obtained.

Ten miles further northward we came to the sand banks off the mouth of Withlacoochee River—called "Coochee" for short. This is a narrow, deep river, more than a hundred miles long, arising in Polk county, to the eastward of Tampa, and [it] flows northward along the eastern border of Hernando county, and thence westward to the Gulf. It is navigable for some twenty-five miles. As this river penetrates so far into the mainland, and flows through so extensive and varied a range of country, where the finest hunting, shooting and black bass fishing can be enjoyed, it is a desirable stream for the sportsman with a small boat. An entire winter could be profitably spent on this river. Connected with it is Panasofkee Lake, a large body of water but twelve miles from Lake Harris at the head of Ocklawaha River. . . . To the canoeist a delightful and interesting trip would be from Jacksonville up the sluggish St. Johns and Ocklawaha rivers to Lake Harris, thence by a portage of twelve miles (by wagons) to Lake Panasofkee and the Withlacoochee. From the mouth of the latter river it is but twenty miles to Cedar Key, inside the Keys of Waccasassa Bay, where the water is shallow and smooth.

Along the Withlacoochee the sportsman will find forests of pines,

with deer and quail, broad savannas and cypress swamps, abounding in herons, cranes, egrets, water turkeys, ospreys, eagles, etc., and ponds, lakes and bayous, the resort of innumerable flocks of ducks, coots, plover, snipe and curlew, while in the swamps and low hamaks can be found panthers, bears, wild cattle and hogs, and in the high hamaks squirrels and turkeys. . . . On the coast, between the mouths of the Withlacoochee and Anclote rivers, are numerous keys and many harbors, the rivers and creeks being only from five to ten miles apart, while lying outside, parallel with the coast and some ten miles distant, is St. Martin's Reef, breaking off the force of the sea and rendering this portion of the coast as smooth as a mill pond, and in consequence, the shores are green to the water's edge.

The rivers emptying into the Gulf between the "Coochee" and the Anclote have their sources in beautiful and wonderful springs, which burst out from the base of a high sand ridge running parallel with the coast, and distant from it some twelve miles. This ridge is covered by open pine forests, and eastward of it lie extensive hamaks of tropical luxuriance. . . .

From the mouth of the Withlacoochee we took our course northwest, direct for Cedar Key, where we arrived in the afternoon on the first day of May [1882], and the "Cruise of the Rambler" was ended.

Cedar Key is now a thriving and flourishing city of several thousand inhabitants. . . . Its principal industries are cedar and pine saw-mills, fishing and turtling. It is the shipping point for the produce, and the commercial emporium, of the west coast, being the western terminus of the Florida Transit Railroad, running across the State from Fernandina, and connecting the Gulf with the Atlantic. Lines of steamers connect it with Tampa, . . . Key West and Havana, Mobile, New Orleans and Galveston. There are several hotels: the Suwannee, the Gulf and Bettelini's, and many good stores. The sportsman can be fitted out with everything needful for camping and cruising except fine fishing tackle, fixed ammunition and cartridge shells.

The visitor cannot fail to be interested in the cedar mills of the Faber and Eagle Pencil Companies. The logs are here run through saw after saw, until finally reduced to pencil stocks and pen-holders, when they are packed in boxes and shipped East to the pencil factories to be filled and polished. Even the cedar sawdust is utilized, being packed in casks and sent to New York. Some of the machinery is very ingenious and interesting and will well repay a visit. Cedar is becoming scarce, even in Florida, and what we will do for pencil stocks when it is exhausted is hard to tell, for

no other wood will answer, and Florida cedar is the best in the world for the purpose.²⁴

There are several fish houses where great quantities of fresh fish are packed in ice and shipped North in the winter. Thousands of green turtles are also shipped from this point. They are taken in gill-nets with a mesh of eighteen inches. These nets are not staked down as on Indian River on the east coast, but are anchored on the grassy banks and shoals, wherever the turtles are found, sometime [*sic*] many miles from shore. . . .

At length, on the morning of the tenth day of May, I stepped aboard the train of the Transit Railroad, and was soon rattling over the keys to the mainland, leaving behind the broad bay, the white sails, the skimming gulls and the mangroves. At last we were whirled into the pine woods and hamaks, and I caught the last, grand and glorious view of the boundless, blue Gulf, sleeping and shimmering in the bright morning sun. . . .

²⁴Part of Henshall's premonition proved correct. Although Americans never had to do without pencil stocks, the excessive exploitation of timber was a decided factor in Cedar Key's decline in the late 1880s. The impact of wasteful practices in commercial lumbering and fishing on the community's history is illustrated in several exhibits of the Cedar Key Historical Memorial.

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. Honorary Life Memberships are voted by the Board of Directors to recognize special services to the Association.

This printed roster is made up of the names of those persons and institutions that have paid dues since September 30, 1971. Those joining after September 30, 1972 will have their names in the 1973 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, Mrs. Richard B., Miami
 Allen, Stewart D., Coral Gables
 Altmayer, M. S., Jr., Miami
 American Museum of Natural History,
 New York, New York
 Anderson, Ms. Marie, Miami
 Ansbaugh, Mrs. Fay X., Ft. Lauderdale
 Arbogast, Keith L., Miami
 Ashe, Miss Barbara R., Coral Gables
- Baber, Adin, Kansas, Illinois*
 Baker, Mrs. Rita L., Miami
 Baldwin, C. Jackson, Miami
 Balfe, Mrs. E. Hutchins, Miami
 Barbee, India Sue, Miramar
 Barnes, Col. Francis H., Miami
 Bates, Franklin W., Miami
 Baxter, John M., Miami Beach*
 Baya, George J., Esq., Miami
 Belle Glade Municipal Library
 Bills, Mrs. John T., Miami
 Black, Leon D., Coral Gables
 Black, Mrs. Margaret F., Coral Gables
 Blount, Mrs. David N., Miami
 Bloomberg, Robert L., Miami
 Boldrick, Samuel J., Miami
 Borton, F. W., Miami
 Bower, Robert S., North Miami Beach
 Bresnahan, Rev. John F., O.S.A.
 Brevard Community College, Cocoa
 Brookfield, Charles M., Miami*
 Brooks, J. R., Upper Key Largo
 Broward, Mrs. Chas. S., Jr., Coral Gables
 Brown, Dr. James N., Coral Gables
 Brown, William J., Coral Gables
 Brown University Library, Providence, R.I.
 Brunstetter, Roscoe, Coral Gables
 Budenz, Mrs. Margaret R., Miami
 Bullen, Ripley P., Gainesville
- Burghard, August, Ft. Lauderdale
 Burns, Edward B., Las Cruces, N.M.
 Buswell, James O., III, Jamaica, N.Y.
- Cables, June E., Homestead
 Campbell, W. A., M.D., Ft. Lauderdale
 Capron, Mrs. Louis, West Palm Beach
 Carlton, Mrs. Patricia P., Ft. Lauderdale
 Cartee, Mrs. Horace L., Coral Gables
 Castillo, Robert, Miami
 Catlow, Mrs. William R., Jr., Miami*
 Cayton, Mrs. Leona Peacock, Miami
 Chapman, Arthur E., Miami
 Cherry, Hon. Gwendolyn S., Miami
 Chowning, John S., Coral Gables
 Clark, Mrs. Marie, Coral Gables
 Clearwater Public Library
 Coconut Grove Library, Miami
 Cole, R. B., Miami
 Coleman, Mrs. Florence B., Miami
 Conlon, Frank C., Hollywood
 Conlon, Lyndon C., Hollywood
 Connolly, William D., Jr., Miami
 Cook, Miss Mary C., Crownpoint, N.M.
 Coral Gables Public Library*
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 Cornell, George, Miami
 Coslow, George R., Miami
 Covington, Dr. James W., Tampa
 Crail, Lee, Miami Beach
 Crane, Mrs. Francis V., Marathon
 Creel, Earl M., Melbourne, Florida
 Creel, Joe, Miami
 Criswell, Col. Grover C., Citra
 Crowder, Mrs. Daniel B., Wheeling, W.Va.
 Culpepper, Mrs. Kay M., Miami
 Cummings, Mrs. J. F., Miami
 Curry, Miss Lamar Louise, Coral Gables
 Cushman School, The, Miami*
- Daryman, June N., Miami
 Davis, Mrs. Carl H., Miami

- Davis, Hal D., Coral Gables
 Detroit Public Library, Detroit, Mich.
 Dorothy, Mrs. Caroline, Coral Gables*
 Douglas, Marjory Stoneman, Miami**
 Dressler, Philip, Ft. Lauderdale
 Drew, Miss Claire, Miami
 Dubnick, Charlotte S., N. Miami Beach
 Duncan, Marvin L., Miami
 Dunn, Hampton, Tampa
 Dusman, Mrs. Florence R., Coral Gables
 Dusman, Gilbert H., Coral Gables
- Edelen, Ellen, Miami
 El Portal Womens' Club, Miami
 Everglades Nat. His. Ass'n., Homestead
- Finlay, James N., Miami
 Fite, Robert H., Miami
 Fleeman, David B., Miami
 Flinn, Mrs. Gene, Miami
 Florida Int'l. Univ. Library, Miami
 Florida Technological Univ., Orlando
 Ft. Lauderdale Historical Society, Inc.
 Fortner, Ed., Ocala
 Foss, George B., Jr., Esq., Miami
 Freeman, Mrs. Ethel Cutler,
 Morristown, N.J.
 Fullerton, R. C., Coral Gables
- Gardner, H. A., Miami
 Garfield, Harvey T., Hialeah
 Gatteri, Mrs. Kent M., Coral Gables
 Gauld, Dr. Charles A., Miami
 Giller, Norman M., Miami Beach
 Glover, Miss Faye L., Miami
 Godown, Mrs. Albert W., Ft. Myers
 Goza, William M., Clearwater
 Gramling, J. C., Miami
 Gratton, Mrs. Joseph S., Miami
 Green, Mrs. Lonsdale B., Miami Beach
 Gregory, H. L., Coral Gables
 Griley, Victor P., Miami
 Gross, Dr. Zade Bernard, Largo
- Halstead, W. L., Miami
 Hampton, Mrs. John, Baltimore, Md.*
 Hancock, Mrs. James T., Jacksonville
 Hanks, Bryan, Fort Worth, Texas*
 Hanks, J. P., Coral Gables
 Harding, Col. Read B., Arcadia
 Harrington, Frederick H., Hialeah
 Harwood, Mrs. Manton E., Miami
 Haydon Burns Library, Jacksonville
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 Hendry, Judge Norman, Miami
 Herin, Thomas D., Miami
 Herin, Judge William A., Miami*
 Hesslein, Frank, Miami
 Hialeah, City of, Library Division
 Hiers, J. B., Jr., Miami
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 Hilles, Mrs. Margaret P., Coral Gables
 Hills, Lee, Miami
 Hillsborough County Historical
 Commission, Tampa
- Hodson, Mrs. Harry E., Miami
 Holcomb, Lyle D., Jr., Coral Gables
 Holland, George Russell, Miami
 Hoyt, Robert L., Miami
 Hubbell, Willard, Miami
 Hudson, James A., Miami
 Hudson, Mrs. James A., Miami
 Hume, David, Miami
 Henry E. Huntington Library,
 San Marino, Calif.
 Hutchinson, Mrs. Robert J., Coral Gables
- Ingraham, William A., Jr., Miami Beach
 Institute of Jamaica, Kingston, B.W.I.
- James, Mary Crofts, Miami
 Jasiecki, Dorothy F., Miami Lakes
 Jones, Mrs. Edgar, Coral Gables
 Jones, Mark B., Venice, Florida
 Junkin, Mrs. Edson B., Lehigh Acres
- Kanner, Mrs. Lewis M., Coral Gables
 Kattel, G. Edward, Key Biscayne
 Keep, Oscar J., Coral Gables
 Kemper, Tim, Miami
 Kitchell, Bruce P., Jr., Webster Groves, Mo.
 Knight, Telfair, Coral Gables
 Knott, Judge James R., W. Palm Beach
 Knotts, Tom, Yankeetown
- LaCroix, Mrs. Aerial C., Miami
 Lake Worth Public Library
 Lancaster, Dr. James W., Miami
 Land, Mrs. Marjorie, Miami
 Larrabee, Charles, Jr., Miami
 Law, Mrs. J. B., Jupiter
 Laxson, Dan D., Hialeah
 Leary, Lewis, Chapel Hill, N.C.
 Lebrun, Donald E., Coral Gables
 Leffler, Miss Cornelia, Miami**
 Leist, Virginia R., Opa Locka
 Leon County Public Library, Tallahassee
 Leonardy, Dr. Herberta, Miami*
 Linch, Miss Frances L., Miami
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 Lippert, Mrs. Anne A., Miami
 Locke, R. R., Coral Gables
 Longshore, Frank, Miami
 Losner, William H., Homestead
 Loxahatchee Historical Society, Jupiter
 Lunnon, Mrs. James, Pago Pago, Samoa
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