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# Christmas Day in Florida, 1837

J. Floyd Monk\*

Most people with an interest in Florida history are familiar (at least by name) with John T. Sprague's *The Origin, Progress, and Conclusion of the Florida War*, published in 1848. Before John Mahon's *History of the Second Seminole War*, (1967), Sprague's was the only comprehensive study of that long and costly struggle: an invaluable compilation of letters, reports, orders, and the like, its connecting narrative written by an officer with first-hand knowledge of the country and the conditions under which the war was fought.

If you have a copy handy, turn to page 203, where will be found Colonel Zachary Taylor's official report of the Battle of Okeechobee. The narrative runs on for some ten and a half pages, complete enough, as such things go. It might be of interest to compare it with the pages to follow.

This report, and particularly the first two paragraphs, has been the principal – and often the only – source of information for historians writing about this fascinating fragment of our past. Rarely is the battle given more than a single paragraph of its own; and rarely has any writer gone beyond Sprague in his search for “primary sources.”

This seems reasonable. The battle was simply not important enough for a lot of time to be spent on it – only another in a long list of assaults and defenses, skirmishes, ambushes, and near-battles. It *was* the only pitched battle of the war; it *did* furnish evidence that white soldiers could meet the Indians on their own ground with some hope of success; it *did* introduce many Americans – prospective settlers – to the new Territory of Florida; and it *was* one of Zachary Taylor's first steps up the ladder to the presidency of the United States.

But, in the overall sweep of history, it was hardly of great significance: it was a dubious sort of victory, at best; certainly it did not end the war. And Sprague was always considered a primary source, close enough to the contemporary scene to be relied upon. He served in

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Florida, and understood military matters. His book, in itself, clearly shows that he had full access to all of the records.

Historians could, therefore, hurry through such a minor incident, confident that they were on solid ground since their whole argument was based (they thought) on the official record. Taylor was *there*, in command; he wrote his report within a few days following the battle, while memories were still fresh; he *must* have known the facts. And it was all set out there in black and white, in the pages of Sprague's respected book.

But much of what those historians have written is wrong – due in part to Taylor's imprecise writing, partly perhaps to the carelessness of Sprague or his printer, and partly perhaps to insufficient research. For much of the report (as given in Sprague) is erroneous or incomplete.

The Report begins, "On the 18th ultimo. . . ." This is the only solid date in the entire document. Elsewhere, Taylor says only such things as "on the following day," or "the next afternoon," or something of that sort – never pinning anything down to any particular day.

It would hardly seem necessary that he should have done so, however desirable it might be, for we can read the report with care and come up with the effective dates. Or can we?

Sure we can. Very carefully, follow each "next morning," or whatever it may be, and you will come up with the answer that Joshua R. Giddings reached (by perhaps the same line of reasoning) when he was writing his *The Exiles of Florida*, (1858). Inexorably, the count of days leads to December 24, 1837 – precisely the date of battle published in Giddings' book.

But it is wrong. Every historian *knows* that the Battle of Okeechobee took place on Christmas Day, but few – if any – have ever questioned Giddings' finding, or bothered to inquire into the curious reason for it.

But – what happened to the lost day? That was one of many discrepancies that led to the present study.

The Professor would say, at this point, "In case of doubt, go back to the original records." A reasonable suggestion, except that Taylor's original report is missing from its place in the National Archives in Washington. On the roll of microfilm covering the relevant documents for this month there is a typed notice to the effect that the report cannot be located. Letters written to the Archives in the hope that something might have come to light since that microfilm record was made have produced the same result. Taylor's report is *still* missing. Can it be (as

some have suggested) that Captain Sprague “borrowed” the document while compiling his book, and never returned it?

It is easy to convince ourselves that the loss of this original is unimportant, since we have the published version. And perhaps it is, in that “grand overview” of the historian who deals in sweeping themes rather than niggling little details. But in the interest of accuracy, the search for truth, the possibility of correcting – and even augmenting – the existing record, let us now examine more closely that published version.

By good fortune, a diary kept by Lieutenant Robert Christie Buchanan has survived (*FHQ*, Vol. XXIX, No. 2, October 1950). Covering the entire Okeechobee campaign in careful detail, perhaps it can be correlated with Taylor’s report. Immediately, however, we notice that the Diary dates are not the same as those inferred from the Report as published.

So the search expands. Surely there must be some record of that lost original, somewhere. And there is. For the Report, in its entirety, was submitted to the Congress by Secretary of War Joel R. Poinsett, as Senate Document No. 227, on February 21, 1838. And at once (as we compare the two) we are struck by the fact that the third word in the Report, as published, differs from that in Senate Document No. 227. In the latter, the narrative begins, “On the *19th* ultimo.” Not the *18th*, as quoted earlier. That one day shift in time squares Taylor’s report with Buchanan’s diary, the battle comes on the right day, and we are on our way to other problems.

One of them relates closely to that correlation already mentioned. If Lieutenant Buchanan was present with Taylor’s forces from late in November, 1837, until the return to Fort Brooke (Tampa Bay) in January, 1838, why is his name not mentioned in the Report? It is obvious that Taylor tried to cite every officer there, for even the slightest action, knowing as he did that such notice was essential in furthering their military advancement. But, somehow, he overlooked Buchanan. And this despite the fact that during the battle, due to heavy casualties among the officers, Lieutenant Buchanan was actually in command of two companies in combat. This was far removed from his customary duties as Adjutant—usually a deskbound job. Surely, such action was worthy of note in Taylor’s list of *kudos*. . . .

For a while there grew a suspicion that the whole diary was nothing more than a fabrication. It was not until a photocopy of his manuscript was acquired that things fell into shape. For, from the same file at the

Maryland Historical Society, a copy of a letter was obtained – from Buchanan to Lieutenant-Colonel William S. Foster, his regimental commander. In that letter he complained bitterly about the omission; and Foster immediately fired off a full written report to Taylor pointing it all out in considerable detail. Too late, of course, to do Buchanan's career much good, for the record could not be altered. But at least his presence was solidly confirmed.

In the second paragraph of his report Taylor enumerates the various units making up his command as he started out from Fort Gardiner. If we add all of his numbers, we arrive at a total of 1,067 men. As Taylor put it, "making a force, exclusive of officers, of 1,032 men." Could anything be more clear, more lucid? If there was a total of 1,067 men, and "1,032 men exclusive of officers," it *must* follow that there were thirty-five officers. Too obvious to be questioned. But all wrong.

Let us examine those numbers in their order.

That total force of 1,067 men has been quoted in many history books and articles. And most of them say – or at least imply – that this was the force *engaged in the battle*. This is demonstrably wrong.

Taylor's report (SD-227) lists only 803 men engaged; and the inscription on the monument placed near the scene of battle a hundred years later says "about 800 men." These figures are much closer to reality: when we study the rosters, the additions and departures, the numbers left behind at Fort Bassinger, those out of action due to illness or other causes, we come up with just about Taylor's reported total. But, again, writers have been too willing to accept Sprague uncritically: it is so much easier that way. *And Sprague omits the section of the report that gives this figure!* (Sprague also omits the detailed casualty lists – a serious omission for any historian.)

Many writers, too, have fallen into the trap of that second part about "1,032 men exclusive of officers," and have come right out and said that thirty-five officers were present at the battle. Wrong again. For a careful reading of extant documents has produced the names (so far) of at least forty-two officers who saw duty on that day. And without the slightest doubt there were many more, as yet unnamed – for very few junior grade officers are listed, and we may be sure there were more of *them* than there were majors and captains. For example, in the records so far discovered, there are *no* second lieutenants listed in the Fourth Infantry regiment; and in the First Infantry no officer is listed below the rank of major! A peculiar situation, indeed. But with the omission of Lieutenant Buchanan fresh in mind we are prepared to believe that officers junior even to him were not considered worth the waste of paper and ink.

Problems assailed us from all sides, but since this paper is intended to deal (in the main) with the battle itself we shall, with regret, put them aside. Much background and biographical material has been deleted, too, to conserve space. Some problems remain unsolved, despite concentrated effort, due to conflicting reports or to an utter lack of supporting documents.

There is one point, however, of such importance that it deserves more than casual mention. This is Taylor's brusque dismissal of the First Regiment of Missouri Volunteers. In his report he says, "They mostly broke. . . nor could they be again brought into action as a body."

Knowing of Taylor's dislike for militia or "irregular" troops of any description, we felt that this was perhaps not the full story. In studying contemporary newspapers and letters and several State and County histories of Missouri, as well as through correspondence with authorities in that State, we learned that the Volunteers did not remember it quite as Taylor told it. Upon publication and wide circulation of the report, feeling reached such a pitch in Missouri that a special commission was appointed by the State Legislature to look into the matter. Testimony was heard from all surviving officers, as well as many enlisted men, and the consensus was unanimous: Taylor had maligned Missouri manhood beyond acceptance. In statement after statement, the commission heard that the Volunteers fought bravely; that Taylor was a liar and a poltroon; that he slandered citizen soldiers as a class; and that his report was "not founded on facts as they occurred." The ultimate result was a group of resolutions, later passed at a full meeting of the legislature, one of which stated plainly: "A commanding officer who has *wantonly* misrepresented the conduct of men who gallantly sustained him in battle, is *unworthy of a commission* in the Army of the United States." The Governor of Missouri was directed to submit the whole series of resolutions to the President of the United States, with a *demand* that prompt disciplinary action be taken.

But nothing ever came of it.

It is interesting to contemplate what the results might have been if President Van Buren had acted in the matter. Surely, Taylor would have been unlikely to reach the White House with such a blot on his record.

Earlier it was noted that the Battle of Okeechobee rarely gets more than a paragraph in the history books. Curiously enough, even Colonel Taylor himself devoted barely a page of his report to the actual fight! Sufficient, perhaps, for the record. But *not* enough to assuage our thirst for knowledge about what really happened there.

What really happened *where*? That was an early question. Maps drawn by military men in the mid-1800's locate the battle site rather well, on the north shore of the Lake, a few miles east of Taylor Creek. The late Albert Devane (*FHQ*, Vol. XXXIX, No. 3, January 1961) places the location precisely in "Section 31, Township 37 South, Range 36 East; Section 36, Township 37 South, Range 35 East; and Section 6, Township 38 South, Range 36 East." Comparison with modern large-scale maps tends to confirm his reckoning; though most of the sawgrass is now gone and the hammock greatly changed, we can still find terrain that fits the contemporary descriptions closely enough to be convincing.

With Taylor's report and Buchanan's diary as foundation, we have added bits of information from dozens of sources in our effort to synthesize a coherent picture of the battle. Taylor's single page is multiplied by many times its length. Every effort has been made to pull together every scrap of detail found during several years of diligent searching.

While the present paper has been much reduced from the original manuscript, to fit the space requirements of *Tequesta*, the reader may still agree with the specialist who once examined the full study. His verdict was, "There may be more about this battle than anybody wants or needs to know." Perhaps he was right, but it seems that the only way to reconstruct a historical incident is to do it as thoroughly as possible, from every viewpoint. There cannot be *too much*, provided the material is properly presented — there seems to be an irreducible minimum beyond which we cannot go without losing the spirit of the event.

With this premise in mind we have, in the pages to follow, re-created the picture of Christmas Day in Florida, 1837. The word "picture" is used advisedly, for the material has been presented in as *visual* a manner as possible. One student of history who has read it reported that "it would make a great movie." We hope this is the case — that the scenes "come to life."

Though the story has been told somewhat informally, every statement of fact has been based upon careful documentation. Footnotes have been deliberately omitted in order to maintain the uninterrupted flow of the narrative.

## THE BATTLE

Christmas Day, that traditional day of "peace on earth and good will toward men," dawned clear and cold, with a cutting wind from the northeast. The heavy rains of the preceding day had worn themselves out, leaving their marks in many shallow puddles and much fresh mud.

By full daylight the brigade was on the trail – a clearly defined trail, now, pounded through the grass and mud by many moccasin-shod feet. Indian sign was more plentiful than it had ever been before in the two years of campaigning – numerous camps had been discovered, the hides and bones of many slaughtered cattle, and multitudes of tracks going hither and thither.

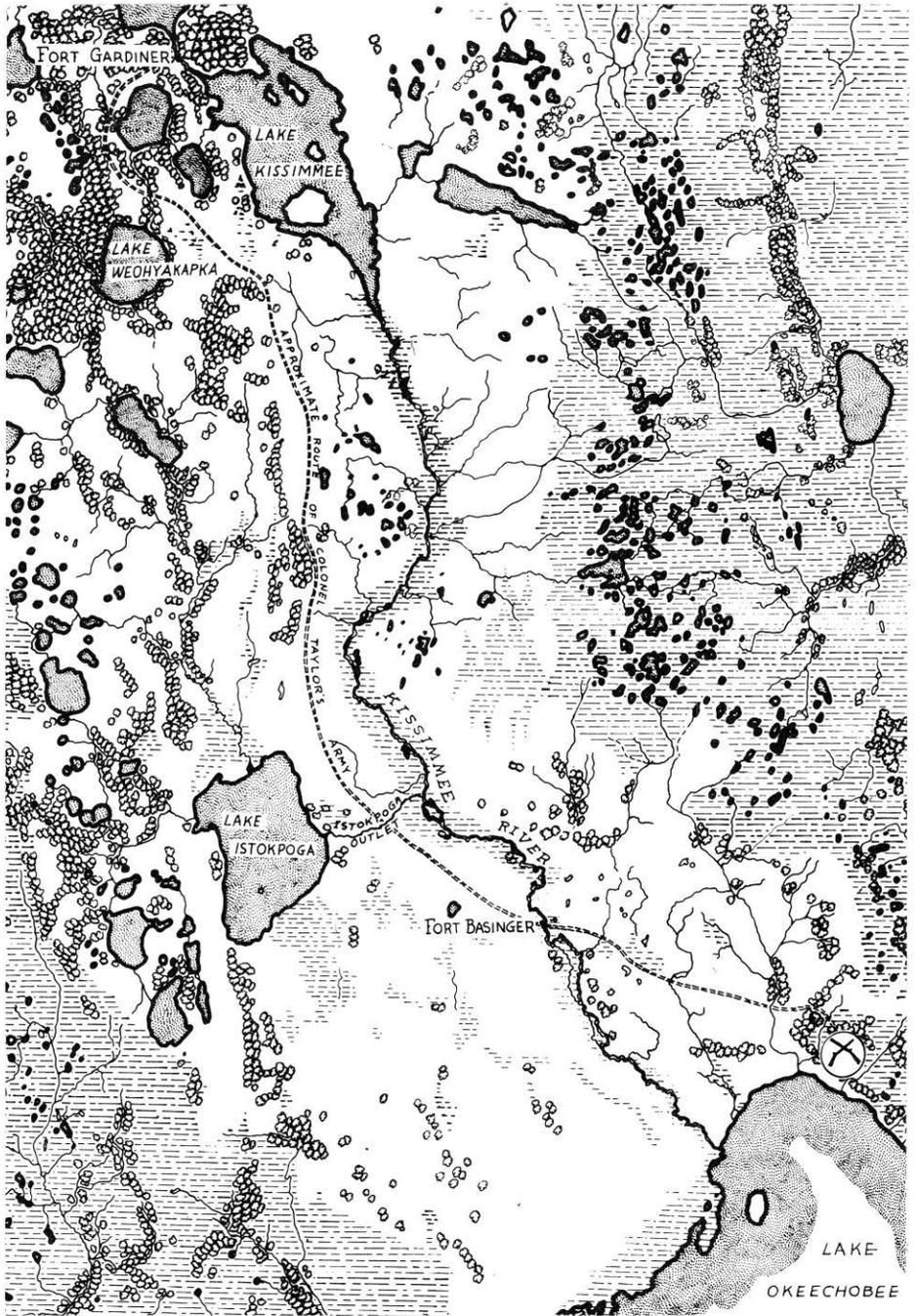
For a long time there had been rumors that the big Lake Okeechobee region was a prime place for hunting Seminoles – but nobody had been quite certain just where it was. As recently as this very year of 1837 John Lee Williams did not enter the lake on the map which accompanied his new book, *The Territory of Florida*. He commented that “when I visited Charlotte Bay in 1828 the Indians could not confirm anything about such a lake. . . . Not one of the writers has been able to obtain any certain intelligence relating to this part of the peninsula.”

But Lake Okeechobee was there, the soldiers now knew for sure: there has been too much talk from scouts and captives for them to doubt it any longer.

After some three miles of marching, mostly through scattered pine woods, they approached a dense stand of trees, seemingly a branch of a swamp they had recently left. Expecting attack in a place so favorable for the Indians, the Sixth Infantry moved forward slowly on the right, while the Missourians led the advance of the left wing, composed of the First and Fourth Infantry regiments.

The crossing was completed without incident by about eleven o'clock, when they entered into another large open prairie, fairly dry, on which three or four hundred cattle grazed, along with a large number of Indian ponies. It was perhaps at about this point that one of the scouts picked up a palmetto leaf on which two rifles had been drawn, muzzle to muzzle – left there deliberately as a sign of Mickasuki defiance. Earlier, the Negro Abraham had seen strange signs marked in the sand, supposed to have been left by Alligator, which he interpreted to mean that the Indians intended fighting to the death.

The right company of the Fourth was hardly across the swamp when a young Indian, apparently guarding the cattle and horses, was seen on horseback, running along “like a good fellow.” As soon as he realized that he had been discovered he raised his hands and moved at a quick trot toward the head of the column. Without hesitation, he came forward and surrendered himself – he was well-armed and well-equipped, like others captured earlier. Upon being questioned, he pointed to a large hammock, not very far away, where he said Sam Jones had his camp.



Taylor's route from Fort Gardiner to Battle.

The prisoner identified himself as a brother-in-law of John Cavallo, that notorious half-breed who had recently escaped (along with Wildcat and others) from the ancient Spanish fort at St. Augustine. He said that there were more than two thousand Indians – men, women and children – and a number of Negro slaves in that big hammock. Among them, he said, were well over two hundred of the best warriors in the Mickasuki nation, all of them well armed, with good rifles and equipment, at least as good as the excellent weapon he himself carried – and all of them were expert in the use of such weapons. Other Seminoles were reported to have joined with the Mickasukies, with an equal or greater number of braves. It became certain now, too, that Alligator was there to lead the Seminoles in person: he had been one of the chief architects of the Dade ambush, a man of many plans, a shrewd field commander and an excellent organizer.

The captive warned that this big force would be found in a very bad place, where the army would have a hard time getting at them. He talked freely, taking a certain delight in embroidering the facts to make the white man's case seen as hopeless as possible. (It should be noted here, perhaps, that tradition among Seminoles of a later generation told that this young man *allowed* himself to be captured, as part of a master plan. Thus he might direct the troops toward a cleared approach through the sawgrass, to reach the hammock at the point where the welcoming committee waited.)

The Missouri Volunteers and Spies worked their way ahead, to try to confirm this new information; and as soon as they returned to report and the rear guard had cleared the swamp at the edge of the cypresses, Colonel Taylor called all of the officers together for a council of war. If we can believe the available records, it was not much of a council, for Taylor seems already to have made up his mind what he planned to do. Buchanan states plainly that "Taylor called the officers together and informed them of the plan of attack;" and Captain Thomas Noel says that at this meeting "the order of battle was made known to the officers."

But it appears likely that the Colonel, a stickler for form, would have outlined the situation, furnishing such information as was available, and asked for suggestions. Perhaps several ideas were sketchily outlined, though details in the records are vague; but it seems in fact that the others were merely waiting for Taylor to get on with it.

Then Colonel Richard Gentry of Missouri, as the senior officer present, proposed a flanking attack to the north or south, for in some unknown manner he had reached the belief that the ground would be passable for horses in either direction. It was observed that the hammock

in which the Indians were said to be hidden was only three or four hundred yards long, and Gentry believed the brigade—cavalry as well as foot—could cross the swamp at either extremity and drive the enemy easily from one end to the other. Carefully, heeding the military maxim “never attack a position which you can gain by turning,” he pointed out that a direct attack across the open swamp would offer too good a target for the Indians; and that the men, already worn out with their struggle through the deep mud, would not have enough energy left to fight, once the hammock was reached.

The question of whether or not such a maneuver was practical was never really considered, nor were the flanking approaches seriously reconnoitered. Gentry’s proposal seems a sound one, with the benefit of hindsight— at least deserving of a quick scout around the ends of the enemy position. But the plan had one fatal flaw: it had been offered by a volunteer. (William Gentry, the Colonel’s grandson, even suggests bitterly that Taylor might have reached the same conclusion as the Missourian: “Had the suggestion been made by the youngest, greenest Second Lieutenant of the Regulars, it would have been praised and adopted, but coming from a Volunteer, it was ridiculed.”) There seems to be no doubt that Taylor, along with General Jesup and most other Regular officers, still retained a hearty dislike for volunteers as a class, and refused to listen to any suggestion from such a source. He was not the kind of man to resort to devious methods, anyway, when straightforward ones had a chance to work.

Colonel Taylor waited for Gentry to complete the outline of his plan. Then he responded in a manner true to his usual form in dealing with militia. In a superior and perhaps insulting tone, he brusquely asked, “Colonel Gentry, are you *afraid* to attack the center through the swamp?”

At the words Gentry stiffened as though a blow had been struck. Though highly incensed at the churlish reception of his proposal, he did not press the matter. He became at once the taut, rigid military man, the soldier who follows orders without question. “No, sir,” he replied, “if that is your order, it will be done that way.”

As no better proposal was forthcoming, the troops were again put in motion under the guidance of the new captive; and after a circuitous route of about a mile more their guide motioned for them to halt. Pointing ahead, he indicated that in the cypress hammock just before them was the big camp of Sam Jones and all his party.

Cautiously, the brigade spread out to encircle the cypress head. This did not look like the “bad place” that the captive had described, but it

would do no harm to be careful – they might even catch old Sam napping! The advance party moved swiftly into the cypresses, and on high ground just within their borders came upon a large encampment – quite deserted. There must have been several hundred Indians there, within the few minutes just passed, for campfires were still burning, and large quantities of beef and other provisions lay scattered about the fires – some still cooking in the big black pots – along with other evidence of a hasty departure. They were really getting close, now!

This was, in fact, the camp of old Sam Jones the Fisherman himself, even as the captive had said – the most dreaded of them all. Sam Jones had been preparing to cook some beef when the near approach of the Federal troops was first discovered by his outposts. He had dropped the beef, and retreated with his people to the Sand Ridge that runs near the north shore of Lake Okeechobee. It was hardly a “retreat,” really, for he was simply performing an orderly withdrawal to a strongly prepared position, all according to plan.

The troops, disposed in battle order, swept through the camp and the hammock, finding not a living soul to oppose them. This was not a time for hesitation, no matter how much they would have liked to poke around in things to see what they could find. Instead, the call soon came to re-form, outside the hammock.

As they left the camp of Sam Jones most of them “drew their charges” by firing at random at nearby trees. This was to make sure their weapons were in good order, undamaged by the dampness. A wise precaution, indeed, considering the nature of their arms. It is a curious fact that, although such things as rifling and percussion caps and even breech-loading were not unknown, most of the men in the brigade carried muzzle-loading flint-lock muskets, with smooth-bore barrels of caliber .69. A ball that size could knock a man from a horse, *if* its aim could be directed – but without rifling the weapons were highly inaccurate, good only for close combat. To paraphrase novelist C. S. Forester, “With a musket you might miss a house at fifty yards, but with a rifle you could hit a man at two hundred.” Though their merits were well recognized, here not one man in twenty possessed a rifle. On the other hand, almost every Indian brave had a rifle, of a superior sort, thought to be of Spanish-Cuban manufacture. Smaller of bore, they were less deadly at close range; but their accuracy could be far superior.

The brief “fire-works” over and their weapons freshly loaded and primed, the soldiers could see just before them the hammock where (so their guide said) the enemy awaited their onslaught. It was a dismal prospect, for the position chosen by the Indians was perhaps the most

difficult of access in the whole history of the long war. The hammock sat alone, its right end moored to the swamp through which the brigade had passed with so much effort that morning – a swamp with a deep creek running through it. The other end hung free, shielded by more mud, impassable mud, as far as the eye could reach; and, according to the guide, the Indians' rear ran along the sand ridge of the Lake's north shore. The Lake itself was perhaps less than a mile farther on – its open beaches furnishing regular highways for retreat, should Indian retreat become necessary.

But it was the front of the position that demonstrated their careful planning. A swamp about three-quarters of a mile wide and several miles long separated their position from the nearest solid ground, over which the troops were now passing. Wide open as it was, there could be no chance of surprise across that expanse, for the mud and water were knee-deep and more, with rank sawgrass growing five or six feet high. Some sources mention a sluggish stream running across the middle of the swamp, but this does not appear to be confirmed by eye-witness accounts from those who actually crossed. If it existed, such a stream would certainly have added to the difficulties.

The swamp was quite impassable for horses, and nearly so for men on foot, which meant that the advance would be devilishly slow – giving the enemy plenty of time for careful and accurate fire. And, to make that fire even more deadly (though these details were unknown at the moment), the Indians had cleared away all of the low palmettoes and much of the tall sawgrass within rifle range of their center, leaving a clear field of fire, removing the last chance of cover; and the big trees along the fringe of the hammock had been notched to furnish solid support for the rifles of the best marksmen Sam Jones could find. (The Prophet – Otolke-Thlocko – was just behind the Mickasuki lines, preparing his magic, singing and dancing to inspire the combatants. His power was purported to be even greater than that of Sam Jones: gifted in healing, knowing the uses of herbs and potions, his magic and ritual dancing infused the Indians and Negroes with a confidence beyond their usual character. If he followed the pattern of other such medicine-men, he had convinced them all that his charms made them invulnerable to the white man's bullets.)

All of the men were dismounted now, for horses would have been worse than useless in that muddy swampland – bogged to their bellies after a few steps. Disposition of the troops was made in quick order, while they were yet on firm ground, and the lines organized and orders issued. The men were directed to divest themselves of every unneeded

thing – the going would be tough enough without carrying a lot of extra weight. The horses and all of the baggage were left under a small guard in some dry pine woods at the rear, out of Indian range. Captain George W. Allen and a small contingent of seventy-one men were the only ones retaining their mounts – with two companies, Allen was sent to reconnoiter off to the right. He was to search for hostiles in that direction, and try to drive them off if found. If he encountered no opposition, he was to return to the baggage dump – to join Taylor, if he heard heavy firing.

Instead of the flanking action proposed by Colonel Gentry, Taylor ordered a direct frontal assault, although he could not have failed to recognize its dangers. But there was no hesitation, even though attack was precisely what the Indians had invited. The decision to send in raw troops to bear the first brunt of battle, almost as a sacrifice to open the way for the Regulars, was just one of those difficult choices that often face a field commander.

For the first time in the war – perhaps the only time – the commander knew almost exactly what he was up against. It would be like storming a medieval fortress, across a moat, and it would be brutal. But Taylor's plan was basically simple. The Volunteers and Spies would form the first line, with the second to consist of the Fourth and Sixth Infantry regiments. The First Infantry would be held in reserve. They would attack across the swamp, assault the hammock head-on, and capture the Indians or kill them or drive them out. There was nothing complicated about it. The units had their orders: all they had to do was to follow them.

It was now simply a matter of waiting for the command, and then going ahead. The muddy swamp was not encouraging, but it could be crossed. It would be difficult – but it *could* be crossed. And now, at least, the waiting was about over.

With the battle lines thus forming according to orders, the army paused there in the pleasant sunshine, ordering itself for its move into desperate action – a thin wave of armed might, washing forward against the uncharted reef before it. The sky was washed clean of clouds, and in a temperature of about sixty-five degrees those kersey uniforms were beginning to feel uncomfortably warm. The wave was not a powerful one, by modern standards, but never before in all his twenty-eight years of service had Zachary Taylor commanded so many soldiers.

The Missourians who were to make up the first assault line had been directed to cross the swamp, enter the hammock, and engage the enemy by inviting attack. If they were hard pressed, they were to try to

hold their ground; but if that proved impossible, they were to fall back behind the second line and re-form, out of reach of enemy fire, and there await further orders. Following those orders, Colonel Gentry began to move his men into position.

First, Acting-Major John Sconce led his forty-three Spies off in column across the swamp, their feet bogging at once deep in the dense and tenacious muck. Behind them, at a slight interval, came the First Battalion of Missouri Volunteers under Lieutenant-Colonel John W. Price, consisting of companies led by Captains James Chiles, Congreve Jackson and William C. Pollard – Pollard's company, by this time, had withered away to only sixteen men, from an original muster roll of fifty. Before them went the flag-bearer, proudly bearing aloft the regiment's fine silk banner, and buglers to sound the orders. Following immediately came the Second Battalion commanded by Major Harrison H. Hughes, comprised of companies under Captains John H. Curd and William Henry Russell. A total of 153 Volunteers had reached the scene of battle, but only 132 were actually engaged, for one man out of every eight had been told off to hold the horses and guard the baggage.

Somewhat less than a quarter of a mile they advanced into the swamp, still in column, and there they paused briefly. After a few minutes rest they advanced a few more yards, watching behind them for the next line to get in motion – but the Regulars had not yet made a start. Soon they halted again, laboring for breath, legs sore and muscles twitching – this time, they saw the Sixth Infantry begin its move behind them.

As soon as all of the Spies and Volunteers had resumed their progress, they broke the column and formed neatly into an extended skirmish line, spreading to right and left, almost as expertly as Regulars might have done it.

Colonel Gentry was now in the center, a little ahead of the line with the flag-bearer. On his right was Colonel Price with the First Battalion; on his left, Major Hughes with the Second. Still farther to the right were the forty-three Spies, made up of Captain Sconce's company and Captain Cornelius Gilliam's small detachment. The extreme right was composed of some thirty Delaware Indians, who had crossed the bog in their own fashion, led by Captain Joseph Parks.

As this line – thin, stretched out with almost two yards between men and covering a front of almost three hundred yards – got into position, the Sixth Infantry formed in close order, in two ranks, and moved into place some fifty yards or so behind them, 175 strong. About the same distance farther back, 160 men of the Fourth Infantry got into

their assigned spot and began moving off toward the left of the Sixth, eventually coming up almost even with them. A hundred yards or more behind the Fourth rested the First Infantry regiment – Taylor’s own, with 173 men engaged – held as reserve just on the edge of the swamp. (Only six companies of the Fourth were to play a part in the main battle, the others having been detached as part of the horse-and-baggage guard or assigned to Captain Allen’s reconnaissance party.)

Looking up and down the long line of Spies and Volunteers, Gentry took the salutes of Price and Hughes, at last giving the signal to advance at about half-past twelve. They had left firm ground just after noon: it had taken a few minutes to get into place.

Sword held high, Gentry suddenly swept the bright steel forward, its point toward the dark hammock, and stepped off bravely. (While drumming up enlistments back home in Boone County he had insisted, “I’ll never say ‘go ahead’; I will say ‘come on!’” He was living up to that promise, to the letter.) Bugles rang out sharp and clear in the cool, still air, sounding the advance. The raw soldiers followed their flag and their Colonel, maintaining extended order, keeping the skirmish line as straight and orderly as the difficult terrain would permit. There were perhaps some bitter glances back toward the stubborn Regular commander who was thus sparing his own troops at their expense, but there was no faltering.

There was an uncanny stillness as the men floundered ahead in the pleasant sunshine, half walking and wading, half crawling, their muskets and powder containers held high above their heads to keep them out of the wet. No matter how hard they peered into the shadows of the hammock before them, they could see no living creature – high overhead, like dark omens of disaster, a few buzzards circled slowly in the still air: but there was no life, no movement, among the bearded cypresses. The army itself was strangely silent, as though listening for some sign – any sign – of Indian activity: only the sloshing of water about their hips and the sucking of mud on their boots gave sound to the scene. Save for their opening blasts, even the bugles were mute.

Taking advantage, where they could, of the remaining clumps of sawgrass roots, the Missourians pulled themselves ahead. Long before they reached the half-way point there were traces of red in the clear water – the red of blood from arms, hands, and legs cut and torn by the sharp-edged sawgrass. Frequently more than waist deep in the slimy black ooze, they fought their way, a step at a time. . . . There was nothing like this in Missouri – absolutely nothing!

Three quarters of a mile is not much of a distance. Under normal

conditions it might be covered in ten minutes without strain. But when every step required superhuman strength, with sucking mud holding fast like the very devils of the deep, even so short a way can become a horror. The thick trees did not seem much closer, although they had struggled well over half way across the evil swamp. They paused again briefly, just past the half-way mark, to try once more to catch their breath, recovering strength for the remaining and even more treacherous part of the crossing. They paused, but not for long – for Gentry kept urging them forward, waving his sword and shouting encouragement. Reluctantly they moved ahead once more, slowly, slowly. . . .

The eerie silence remained unbroken. Exhausted and fighting for breath and footing, they wallowed on, interminably on – straight toward the dark line of shadowy cypresses, where gently swaying Spanish moss was the only moving thing. Closer and closer they came, almost to the edge of the hammock, and still the tense silence remained inviolate. Some began to wonder if perhaps it were not all a bad dream, if perhaps the Indians had not already vanished. . . . Only a hundred yards left now to the edge of the timber. . . . Seventy-five yards. . . . on . . . on . . . step by slithering step. . . . Only fifty yards more to go now. . . .

Then, almost before they could comprehend what was happening, a withering fire burst from the shadows, a thunder-clap of sudden noise, from almost point-blank range – little spurts of red-orange and yellow marking where the Indians lay behind their trees and fallen logs. High in the tree-tops, too, they saw cottony puffs of smoke, from snipers concealed in the branches. The sharp, ringing reports of the enemy rifles – so different from the sound of American guns – rattled from the trees. (Indian spies, as well as marksmen, had climbed to the very tops of those tall trees, carefully concealed, watching every move of the white army, relaying information to their comrades below.) The sudden hail of lead seemed to burst simultaneously from everywhere.

In that first fierce volley almost twenty percent of the Missourians fell, wounded or dead. The remainder threw themselves headlong in the stinking mud. . . wavered. . . stopped. Then, miraculously, still following orders in reasonably good military fashion, they sought cover and tried slowly to continue their advance. But cover was scarce, almost non-existent. They were practically crawling now, crouched as low as the water would allow; exposed at every move to a galling fire, some were slithering along on their bellies, in spite of the water. But even the screen of sparse sawgrass between them and the hammock could not hide them from the view of those marksmen in the tree-tops, and bullets rained down upon them. Their ragged line thin and broken, they inched forward

like big worms, not daring to raise a head above the sharp grass which was being mowed down all about them by clipping lead.

They had seen their gallant commander, Colonel Gentry, fall with that first fire. The Missouri Colonel had been struck in the chest in that sudden volley, and had gone down for a few moments. Quickly he rallied, regained his feet, and swung over toward the embattled left. "Come on, boys," he shouted, "we're almost there! Charge on into the hammock!" He remained on his feet for nearly an hour more, and was just about to set foot on the firm ground of the hammock when another burst of fire broke from the shadows directly before him. A second bullet passed through his abdomen. He fell — and did not rise again. Captain Chiles later recalled hearing his voice, faint and far away, even after he fell, saying, "Fight on . . . till the foe retreats!" Gentry's sergeant-major sorr, still in his teens, had fallen at almost the same instant, with a musket ball through his arm.

The Missourians could not know, for sure, whether their Colonel was now dead or only wounded; but like a snake that has lost its head they slithered around in the mud uncertainly. A few of them rushed ahead bravely, in spite of the thick-flying lead, to prevent the Indians from scalping the fallen Colonel — for a number of red warriors (the first "hostiles" they had really seen!) had clustered at the edge of the trees, knives in hand, and were rushing toward the spot where Gentry lay. After a brief hand-to-hand struggle, the Indians withdrew, back into the shadows, and the Volunteers gathered protectively about the Colonel.

Gentry was found to be still alive, still fully conscious, still urging his men to charge. Badly wounded as he was, he refused their efforts to carry him back out of the line of fire. "Charge! Charge!" he repeated weakly. "Charge the hammock!" Only when his strength had waned until further protest was impossible was he taken at last from the field by a party of loyal men, with Major William McDaniel supervising the grim and dangerous task. (Gentry still hung on to life, back there in the medical tent: it is just possible that he might have survived. But the doctors decided that his wound must be "cleansed." This was done by pushing a silk scarf through his body with a ram-rod! . . . Without anesthetics, it was too much. Just before midnight Gentry died.)

At Gentry's removal, and because of other casualties, the command of the Volunteers devolved upon Captain Chiles. He at once sent an urgent message back to Taylor's reserve unit, still waiting over half a mile behind, appealing for prompt support. The only encouragement he got from that quarter was a terse reply that "You must sustain yourselves."

For a few minutes more the Missourians tried to return the enemy fire – blindly, for even yet they could see no targets. They could hear the fiendish yelling of the Mickasukies amid the roar of the guns, and the shrilling of their turkey-bone whistles; they could see the flashes from their rifles and muskets, and smell the acrid smoke from burning gunpowder; they could hear bullets whining and sizzling about their heads – but not an enemy was visible. Each man for himself, they rose at random just high enough for their weapons to clear the sawgrass, firing their muskets and large-bore “yagers” quickly in the direction ahead – not aiming, simply trying to keep up a steady fire and keep the enemy occupied. Their bullets for the most part *chunked* solidly but harmlessly into the massive tree trunks. Only once in a long while did they see the sprawling of a dark form, struck by chance, dropping into the thick underbrush.

But they could not take such punishment for long. Captain Chiles fell, wounded. as did Lieutenants Charles Rogers and Flanagan and Hugh Vanlandingham. And Acting-Major Sconce and Lieutenants John T. Hase and William Gordon, of the Spies, were down. These were all old friends, from Boone and the neighboring counties of Missouri – and more familiar figures on every hand were dropping into the mud, not to rise again. In addition to the seven officers out of action, close to thirty men had fallen, dead or wounded. And the rest were pinned to the ground there, helpless, unable to advance another foot under so wicked a fire. And still the reserve stood motionless. There was to be no help.

At about that moment, when it seemed that things could not get any worse, things *did* get worse: the advancing Sixth Infantry began shooting through the broken line of Volunteers, who, caught between two fires, became totally demoralized. Some tried to continue. They flopped down in the water and muck to reload, rising only to fire, then flopping down again. Few things can be more disconcerting in battle than being fired on by one’s own supporting troops. The shock was beyond bearing for many of those green Missourians.

For only a few minutes they tried to return the enemy’s fire. But almost untrained militia could hardly be expected long to endure such a punishing position. Virtually leaderless, many of the raw troops broke under the pressure. They turned their backs to the enemy, in utter disorder, crawling and running back toward the high ground that they had left a seeming lifetime ago. Back through the advancing line of Regulars they ran, according to orders – but then it appears that orders and all discipline were forgotten. Rather than re-grouping behind the second line, as directed, those nerve-shattered Volunteers continued

their precipitate flight, out of the swamp, beyond the waiting First Infantry, all the way back to where the horses and baggage had been left. Some were shot in the back during that flight, before they could get out of range. (One, a private Elihu Stanley, survived, but his name has come down ingloriously as “shot in the back from a tree.” Perhaps he was shot in place, for those down-ranging bullets could catch a man in the back if he were lying face down in the mud. Perhaps it would be unjust to accuse Stanley of being one of those who ran, without further evidence.) Some, wounded, fell face down in the mud and water, at the risk of drowning: it is reported that a few *did* drown, bubbling their lives away, unable to rise. Men reeled and toppled, unnoted, their comrades powerless to see or help them in that tall sawgrass and suffocating slime.

This was more than flight. It was a rout. Panic. Sheer panic. Those untried troops, with but the sketchiest of military training, had been thrown into one of the most difficult spots in the annals of military history. And they had broken. Taylor’s report says they could not be rallied. They cowered there with the baggage and horses, many flat on their bellies with faces pressed to the good solid earth, quivering hands clawing at the blessed dirt – their weapons and glory lost somewhere out there in the deathly mud.

Not all of the Volunteers had run. Some of them, perhaps even a majority (if we can rely at all on the testimony of the survivors), held their ground, pinned down in the muck as they were, waiting for the second line to come up to them. There was not much else they *could* do at this point *but* wait – but they lay or crouched firm, still facing the enemy, still firing an occasional round whenever they could sense a fair opening.

The various Missouri histories, as well as the later testimony of Colonel Price and others – perhaps with more local pride than historical accuracy – insist that the fall of Colonel Gentry did not dismay or dispirit the Missourians: they pressed right on and soon entered the hammock and drove out the savages; they did not relax their exertions, but continued to fight for several hours longer, until the Indians were entirely vanquished. It was perhaps not exactly that way: almost certainly not. But it is true that a few of those who fled shortly recovered enough to re-enter the battle, perhaps shamed by their rout. Captain Gilliam had kept together a handful of men, and Lieutenant John C. Blakey found a few more still ready for action. Partly due to the nature of the terrain, they had gradually drifted toward the left, to join there with the right wing of the Regulars, fighting at their side until the battle was over.

But, as a unit, the Missouri Volunteers were through.

Though survivors were to protest for years the many aspersions cast against their courage, the record stands just as Taylor wrote it.

In spite of the heavy losses the Volunteers had suffered before their very eyes, the second line advanced in close order, the men in two ranks, apparently as cool as though parading on a drill field. But no drill field was ever like this! They could not really march forward in close order, as Taylor's report says they did. They could crawl. They could struggle ahead in the deep mud, already churned to a thick gumbo by the men ahead. They could advance in a fashion by putting a foot precariously upon a clump of sawgrass roots and feeling ahead for another such clump. It would have been virtually impossible for them to maintain their ranks for long.

But advance they did, in reasonably good order, without hesitation. Even when the demoralized Missourians came barreling back through their lines there was no panic: they let the frantic Volunteers pass, and then closed the gaps in their lines as best they could, to continue the prescribed maneuver. Past dead men and past men dying, in water reddened by Missouri blood, the Regulars followed a steady course. Shoulder almost touching shoulder, they covered a front of only about a hundred yards, somewhat to left of center of the front line. (From the rear, Zachary Taylor watched with grim satisfaction. The Volunteers had broken and run away, as expected; but his Regulars were performing like a well-adjusted machine. . . .)

Every man was exhausted, long before the swamp was crossed, by the simple task of extricating one foot after another from the deep, sucking mud; but on they went, coolly, efficiently, many of the more experienced among them holding their fire until it could do some good. Others, half maddened by the blood-lust of battle, fired ahead as fast as they could re-load their pieces – like the Missourians, they aimed at nothing in particular, simply keeping up a steady fusillade and a mind-deadening noise. Some tried to aim for the rare flashes of Indian guns, but long ago the Indians had learned that trick. Now they had tricks of their own: after each shot, a brave (if not fully protected behind tree or log) would screech forth his disconcerting “*ho-hoo-hoo-ooooeee!*,” cast himself prone and roll over on his left side, leaving his right arm free to re-load his weapon. And the seasoned soldiers learned to follow him – aiming, not at the flash itself, but a little below and to the right.

Ahead of the soldiers the hammock became again ominously still. As before, the Indians patiently held their fire – they knew better than to waste irreplaceable lead and powder.

There was not quite the same deathly stillness as before, for now an occasional shot splintered the silence as a sharp-shooter high in a tree-top took careful aim at one of the white leaders – and there was now the unnerving sound of wounded men, groaning, screaming, crying for help.

Near the center of the enemy line (though there could be no way for the soldiers to know it) Alligator himself waited, with his own band of 120 picked warriors. On his left, facing the army's right wing, was Wildcat with eighty more – bitter at what he regarded as the perfidy of General Jesup, desperate to avenge himself for that vile imprisonment in the white man's dungeon. The Mickasukies – near two hundred of them – formed the Indians' right. Figures obtained from the Indians some time after the battle placed the total at 380, though other sources add another hundred to that number. (And an uncounted number of black men were joined and intermixed under their respective chiefs.) Alligator later said that the great and fearsome Sam Jones – the most important and most dreaded name in all of the army's calculations – had fled at the first firing, taking his people with him in hurried retreat along the lake shore.

There is here one of those problems which the historian is hard put to solve, in the final analysis requiring a judgment based wholly on extraneous material: Sprague says that "Halleck-Tustenuggee rallied those who threatened to follow him," but we believe this is in error. Halleck-Tustenuggee was a chief of some importance, surely important enough to warrant mention in the narratives of Taylor or Buchanan or others – *if he were present*. A search of the literature seems to indicate that he was far away from Okeechobee on December 25th. It seems more likely that Sprague got two Indian names – of some similarity – confused: Alligator's tribal name was "Halpatter Tustenuggee," close enough to "Halleck-Tustenuggee" to justify such confusion. It is more probable that Alligator – not Halleck-Tustenuggee – whipped his line back into shape, forging the somewhat disheartened Seminoles again into a powerful force.

The Sixth Infantry's right wing followed the way which had been prepared for it: a broad, open trail, wide enough to accommodate a full company without crowding, leading directly to those concealed defenders. The going was a little easier there, for the brush and much of the taller sawgrass had been cleared away; and the Sixth advanced a little ahead of the Fourth, which was still slogging and slipping through the deeper mud on the left. Still in reasonably close order, the Sixth approached the hammock where the Indians waited, ready, hidden behind their logs and notched trees. With bayonets gleaming, the Regulars came

up to the thin line of Volunteers, still pinned down and crouched immobile in the water, and slowly worked their way ahead – their extreme right was about midway of Colonel Price's First Battalion, leaving part of that unit and all of the Spies and Delawares still unsupported. Those pinned-down Missourians were precisely in front of the enemy's strongest point: after an hour or more of impotence, frozen in place, a few of them readily joined with the Sixth in its advance.

A handful of Seminoles, themselves draped in Spanish moss, still watched invisible from their perches in the moss-shrouded trees, keeping a sharp look-out on every movement, reporting to runners on the ground for immediate relay to the chiefs. Their best marksmen (other than those in the trees) had their stations where the "trail" through the sawgrass met the hammock. Others lay still, to the right and left, behind fallen logs in the undergrowth at the hammock's edge. All were alert, rifles at the ready, waiting. Patiently waiting. Fingers tense on triggers. Eyes squinted into the bright sunshine. Waiting. . . . (And from the rear, the sound of The Prophet's drumming and his keening chant carried high above the slosh of water about the soldiers' knees and waists.)

Still the close-ranked infantry inched forward. That morning, a little before noon, Lieutenant-Colonel Alexander R. Thompson had called his regiment together for a short and pithy address, preparing them for what was to come. With his many months in the field in Florida he knew well what to expect – the effect of the sight of broken men, torn bodies; the sound of their moanings. And, so far, the facts were living up to his advance billing.

The Sixth had reached the zone where all of the brush and most of the sawgrass had been cleared away. Completely without cover, they moved to within easy rifle range of the hammock. With his usual firm, cool, and decided manner Thompson led them on, repeatedly cautioning his men not to throw away their fire. And yet the Indians waited, with incredible discipline. For what seemed like hours in that slow-moving pantomime, nothing happened.

But soon the temptation grew too strong for the Indians to resist. The Sixth Infantry (now considerably in advance of the Fourth) was within too easy reach: if the Indians could knock off one unit after another, without the whole brigade reaching them at one time, they had more than a fair chance of winning the fight. Aiming at the officers and non-coms (for even without distinctive uniforms they could be recognized, by position and bearing), at a signal the Indians squeezed their triggers. Another sudden volley exploded from the thickets – a stabbing fire so accurate and so deadly that many soldiers in the front rank were

literally mowed down, either dead, dying, or disabled. The weight of the fire was concentrated principally on five companies, which not only stood firm but continued slowly to advance. But the sudden carnage was appalling – great gaps appeared in the close-ordered line as men fell from sight.

That furious burst had caught the Sixth while it was yet in close formation, the men almost touching one another, shoulder to shoulder. Such a target would be hard to miss, and the Indians made the most of it. At once, however, those Regular troops – the ones of them still able to move – spread wide, in extended order, forgot their drill-field precision, and sought what cover they could find – but still they crawled forward through the mud. Rifle and musket balls whistled and screamed overhead. Men dropped by twos and threes. A wild screeching and howling poured from the bushes: commencing with a low growling noise, the Seminole battle-cry mounted to a fiendish yell that rang through the forest. Soldiers listened, some unnerved by the clamor. And men fell.

Colonel Thompson had already been struck twice, early in the assault – once through the abdomen to the left, and a second time in the right breast – but he seemed to brush off such wounds as of little importance. Either of those earlier wounds would have proved fatal (in the opinion of the doctors later that day) but he had continued to command, as efficiently as ever. But now a third ball struck him, just as he was about to reach the edge of the hammock. Ranging in at a downward slant from high in the tree-tops, it penetrated his chin and lodged in his neck just above the breast-bone. He was bowled over by the impact, to a sitting position. He struggled to rise, once more, still obsessed by duty, but it was beyond his strength. As he fell back he called out, in a voice already weakening, “Steady, men steady! . . . Charge the hammock! . . . Remember your regiment!” And so he died, at about two o’clock or a quarter past two. Lieutenant George H. Griffen was near him when he fell, and stood by his side until he was carried from the field on the shoulders of his devoted men.

But Ramsay Thompson did not go friendless to death. Captain Joseph Van Swearingen, a few steps ahead of his company and already thrice wounded, took a ball in the lower part of his neck. He spun about, staggering toward the rear. Clutching at the spouting fountain of blood, he wavered uncertainly. Suddenly, he raised both hands to his head – his knees buckled, and he pitched forward on his face. His world, too, had come to an end.

First Lieutenant John P. Center, adjutant of the Sixth, fell – shot through the head by one of those tree-top snipers. And First Lieutenant

Francis J. Brooke died instantly from a bullet through the heart – a contemporary newspaper reported, curiously, that “he died with a smile on his face.”

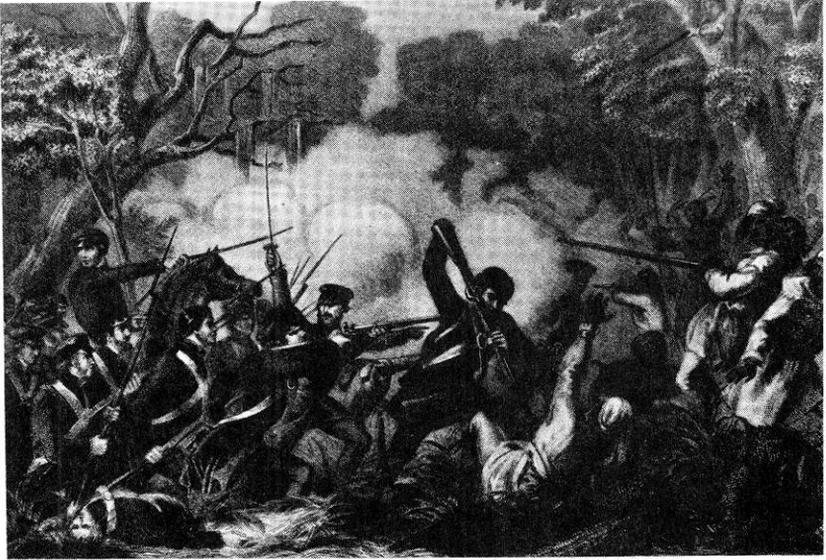
Taylor had sent Captain Noel off to the left, during the heat of battle, to urge the lagging companies there to maintain their line. As he was passing back down the line to rejoin his own company, Noel was hailed by Captain Andrews. George Andrews had been badly wounded, with a shattered wrist, but he had carried on for as long as he could. Now, loss of blood and the resulting weakness was forcing him to retire. And Lieutenant William H. T. Walker, not far away, though wounded in several places, had continued to direct his company until he, too, was cut down. Lacking any orders from Colonel Taylor, and with Thompson dead, Noel took charge of the men left leaderless by these losses, directing the three companies on the left to charge and enter the hammock. This was promptly attempted, under a heavy and destructive fire, and the enemy began to give way before them. Making contact with a part of Colonel Foster’s Fourth Infantry, Noel proposed that his men join with Foster’s right, acting under Foster’s orders for the rest of the fight.

While the battle still raged, Andrews and Walker were carried from the field, back to the medical tents, where Walker was found to have been almost cut to pieces, with at least three rifle balls lodged in his body – wounded in the neck, left arm, chest, and knee, with a number of other bullet holes in his clothing. Just graduated from West Point in the preceding June, Walker’s baptism of fire there at Okeechobee was to earn him a brevet as First Lieutenant “for gallantry in action.”

And Sergeant-Major Henry Sleephack, of the Sixth, was shot through the abdomen – a terrible wound. There seemed to be little hope for his survival.

In sober fact, in those five companies of the Sixth Infantry, every officer – with one exception – was killed or wounded; and the non-commissioned officers suffered almost as heavily. Of the officers in the whole regiment, only Captains Noel and Dow and Second Lieutenant Samuel Woods remained untouched. And almost seventy enlisted men were down!

All of the companies making up that butchered right wing were so cut up and leaderless that they wavered, stopped. They had stuck to the fight for almost an hour, worked their way up to the line tenuously held by the Missourians, and a little beyond – but further advance seemed impossible. They were too disorganized, too exhausted, and – above all – too weakened in force by all that killing. Slowly, carefully, they were compelled to give way. They fell back for a considerable distance,



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Zachary Taylor at the Battle of Okeechobee, Florida, in 1837.

staggering back out of range of enemy fire, the Volunteers withdrawing with them – leaving the field of battle fully under Indian control.

Where, they all wondered, was the support they were supposed to rally behind? Where were the reserves? It was obvious that the First Infantry had not come up as expected, for none of them had encountered a fresh man during the withdrawal. It seemed peculiar, but fact, that the First was now placed far over on the left side of the line, far behind Foster's Fourth which, as yet, had been but little engaged. So far, the Missourians and the Sixth Infantry had borne the full weight of that terrible enemy fire. In later months, when the controversy boiled over, even the Missourians had nothing but praise for those hard-fighting Regulars. One of Taylor's most outspoken adversaries wrote, "The Sixth Infantry behaved gloriously – fought bravely; they were a moving battery of stout hearts, and strong hands; and none but brave men could march where they did."

But, unlike the Volunteers in their rout, the Sixth fell back only far enough to reform. Their retrograde movement slowed, halted; the men rallied. One company – Company "K" – in gathering itself together, found only four men untouched by enemy lead. Other companies, too, had taken heavy losses. A dozen or more men lay dead on the field; and almost three-score more, wounded, were writhing in agony in the morass or making their painful way toward the rear. Some of those badly

hit were carried, during that brief respite, back across the swamp to the baggage dump, where the doctors had set up tents and tables – they could not be left where they fell, for in such a spot they would have drowned, even if bullets did not finish them off first: no man, weakened by wounds, could long have held his head above the water and mud.

The able-bodied men, disposing of their burdens, returned promptly to the fight. Hardly taking time to catch their breath, the mangled remnants of the Sixth, with a few Volunteers, pulled themselves together, formed again in ragged line, and once more moved forward – to paraphrase that Missourian’s remark, none but brave men could willingly have reentered such a battle. . . .

But by that time the main battle had shifted.

The six companies of the Fourth Infantry making up the left of the line, consisting of 160 men, faced a somewhat less formidable foe. The Mickasukies there seemed (for the moment, at least) to have lost some of their will to fight – Sam Jones had deserted them, and all of The Prophet’s powerful medicine had not prevented some of them from dying. The enemy fire on that wing, though still strong and deadly, could not match the hail of lead that had nearly destroyed the Sixth.

As that battered right wing had slowly withdrawn, Colonel Foster’s Fourth Infantry came at last almost in reach of the hammock. Although the enemy now opened a heavy fire, the left advanced like a walking battery, firing, re-loading, methodically firing again, maintaining a heavy hail of musket-balls against the dark shadows ahead. Foster later declared that his regiment approached the cypresses virtually as the “front line,” regardless of Taylor’s plans, for there were no Volunteers before him at any stage of the action – neither at the beginning nor during the actual fighting. He seems to be borne out by statements from the Missourians themselves, who said that the right of the Sixth reached only to the center of Colonel Price’s line – which would have left Foster’s Fourth dangling far off to the left, far over-reaching the left end of the Volunteers.

They came on steadily – as steadily as men could through such an evil muck. They continued to feel losses. Lieutenant John L. Hooper took a musket ball through his arm but ignored the wound, continuing to command until the fighting ceased.

As they came closer to the hammock, almost within the shadow of the big cypress trees, Colonel Foster ordered a charge, on the double, and the gallant Fourth responded valiantly. They covered those last few yards on the run – as rapid as the sawgrass, mud, and water would

permit. They entered the hammock in a single thin rank, with the men about one pace apart.

The Mickasukies had again come to life under Alligator's exhortations, and their fire increased. As the far left wing entered the hammock, on the run to keep abreast of the remainder of the regiment, the Mickasukies drove forward with an unexpected flanking attack. Major William M. Graham and Lieutenant Richard B. Screven, whose companies "B" and "C" formed that extreme left, met the screeching and howling Indians head-on, breaking the force of the charge, driving them for a considerable distance until they had crossed a creek that ran transversely through the thick woods about half a mile on the left.

In spite of continual sniping on their front, the main body of the Fourth, consisting of four companies, managed to take its own first tentative steps to penetrate the screen of trees, climbing from the mud up a low slanting rise to dry ground. Their losses, though moderately heavy, were few when compared with the massive casualties of the Sixth, which was now re-forming and coming to join them. Several mighty discharges of concentrated musketry were poured into the trees, sending many an Indian howling for cover in the denser woods behind them. The Indian fire, still strong, seemed again to be dwindling a little. Shots were less frequent, less organized, poorly coordinated – but at such close range the aim was still too good for comfort. Men continued to fall. And the remaining Indians were still virtually invisible. . . . That right segment of the line moved on, and after its first tentative steps, its four companies progressing boldly into the dim-lit cypresses, began to drive the enemy (still for the most part unseen) before it.

It was gloomy dark within the hammock, but as their eyes became accustomed to the shadows the soldiers could see down long lanes of tree-trunks, fairly clear of underbrush – the thick screen of sun-loving bush along the hammock's edge seemed like a narrow wall. Beyond that screen, cattle had grazed away much of the greenery within their reach, leaving wide stretches of ground relatively open, save where fallen timbers blocked the view. Here and there a fleeting shadow ducked behind a tree as the white men surveyed the scene across the sights of ready muskets. Once in a while a dark form drifted into the line of those sights, to be picked off by sudden fire.

The two companies of the Sixth that remained fairly intact (Company "K" under Captain Noel, and "B" Company now commanded by Second Lieutenant Woods because all of the other officers were out of action), with remnants of the rest of the broken regiment, were shifting

toward the left. Finding their own front relatively quiet, they moved into position on Foster's right flank, together with Captain Gilliam and Lieutenant Blakey and fourteen of the remaining Volunteers. From the noise they could tell that Indian fire had picked up a little over to the left, where Major Graham's private little battle was going on, and where Alligator kept urging on the wild Mickasukies. But where the main body of the Fourth's right wing had entered the hammock only a random scatter of shots *ping*-ed through the air, the fire ragged and uncertain. This was not rifle country – this was a place for bayonets and knives.

Captain Graham's far left wing had by that time managed to push the Indians on across that little creek; and the other red warriors seemed to be giving ground, too, before the main part of the army's line. Once the soldiers had climbed up the gradually sloping ground into the midst of the thick trees, the double-time had slowed to a cautious walk. Foster urged his men on: they continued to press forward in line across the hammock, firing steadily, while the left wing began moving slowly to rejoin them.

There were blood-curdling shouts and yells, from American throats now, as the men urged one another on in the face of still stubborn resistance – and those yells were answered and almost overpowered by the screeching battle-cries of the Indians. One man noted that “the Seminoles were screaming like insensate brutes, looking like gaunt wolves thirsting for blood and springing at their prey.”

For a short while the fighting became hot and close. Muskets were clubbed and swung; bayonets ran red with Indian blood drawn in that close contact. Dark, tawny forms, some clad only in breech-clouts and paint, others dressed fantastically and fearfully, still filtered from tree to tree. Their deep black eyes glared from their red-painted faces like the eyes of demons.

Despite the continued close opposition, the army – those in the hottest action amounting to only about one hundred and eighty-five – drove the Indians for a while, farther across the hammock. As the Fourth was thus advancing in a fairly orderly line, combing the bushes as it went, one of the men farthest to the front ran back to report to Foster that the great Lake Okeechobee was actually in sight. It was only a few more yards now.

But it was not to be so easy.

As the Fourth Infantry had almost completed its sweep across the hammock, still in rough line and forcing the Indians before it, all eyes had been strained ahead, along the deep shadowy aisles of the cypresses and on to the sparkling blue waters of the lake. Intent as they were upon

the exacting work at hand, the soldiers had almost forgotten the Seminoles who had cut the Sixth to ribbons. But those Seminoles, having succeeded in crippling the Sixth to such an extent that it had temporarily withdrawn, now had full opportunity to turn their attention to the Fourth.

Due to the severe shortage of officers, Lieutenant Buchanan had been ordered to take command of two companies of the regiment – Companies “G” and “I.” Usually a desk-bound officer, on that day he was in the thick of the fighting. By chance he turned, perhaps to urge on stragglers, and caught a frightening glimpse: a thin wave of Seminole warriors was pouring onto the rear and right flank! Buchanan yelled to Colonel Foster, waving his arm frantically toward the advancing horde. One glance was enough for the Colonel. He immediately ordered a change of front, by inversion to the right, bringing the main strength of his regiment face to face with the enemy. It is in maneuvers such as this that trained military men far outclass any militia: their experience and training made their response automatic, without hesitation or questioning. One flank now rested on the lake shore, the regiment now lying entirely across the narrow hammock, while the other flank was anchored to the sawgrass from which they had started. The two re-formed companies of the Sixth Infantry served as pivot for the line there on the sawgrass side. Muskets and rifles quickly re-loaded, bayonets ready, the soldiers ducked behind convenient trees or fell behind sheltering logs to await the charge.

The charge came, with more screeching and howling. Straight toward the now-ready soldiers. Straight into a heavy fire. Ignoring their falling comrades, the ragged line of nearly naked men came on, attempting futilely to drive the whites from the hammock. They came close enough for the soldiers to smell the sweet stink of greased and sweaty bodies, and to see the fantastic patterns of their “war medicine” – faces and bodies streaked with bizarre symbols in red and black paint. Naked savages crept close through the shadows, long knives in hand. Some, strangely clad in tattered white shirts and turbans and nothing else, moved from tree to tree. Closer they came. Closer. Now it was hand-to-hand. Here and there a gun-stock crashed into an Indian skull. Bayonets darted and pierced, drank deep, ran red with Seminole blood. . . For a while the Seminoles tried to sustain the assault, but the fire was too heavy, the opposition too disciplined, the welter of shouts and shots and sharp cold steel too demoralizing. The red wave broke, faltered, and receded. For a scant few moments the woods were almost quiet again.

Then another charge materialized out of the underbrush. And then

occured one of those strange happenings which can only be called the "misfortunes of war."

As the new line of Indians came within a few yards of the waiting soldiers, some of the men thought they recognized familiar faces among them. They called out, to inquire if they were Delawares – not wanting to fire on their own allies. Even Foster was uncertain: he hailed the Indians himself, asking if they were Delawares.

"Yes, Delaware! Delaware!" the answer came promptly back. But at the same time those tawny bodies continued to slip into position behind trees and stumps, vanishing from sight. . .

During that brief interval several men had their muskets at their shoulders, taking deliberate aim at the oncoming Indians. Lieutenant Buchanan recalled that at least six of them crossed the bead of his sights during those few moments. Like others, he brought his weapon down without firing, thinking that these were indeed the Delaware allies – all of the Indians seemed to look alike. At the same time, Buchanan motioned to a soldier nearby who was just about to pull his trigger, ordering him not to shoot. . .

Even as he spoke, a searing volley burst forth from that point-blank range, tearing through the trees like a scythe. For so few Indians, the fire was unbelievably heavy. Soldiers fell from sight on every hand, a few wounded, most simply diving for cover in purely reflex action. The Seminoles were well concealed, and that one heavy fusillade – so unexpected and so unnecessary – caused more Fourth Infantry casualties than any other action in the whole battle.

There was no time for orders. It was every man for himself now. But again, training and experience came to the fore: as soon as they could orient themselves to this new danger, almost as a body the embattled infantry rushed forward, straight into the firing, not allowing time for the enemy to re-load, to close with the Indians in hand-to-hand combat. Knives and bayonets were again put to their deadly work. The big horse-pistols of the Volunteers spat flame and heavy lead – with a six shooter in each hand, those few remaining Missourians poured metal into the thickets. The Seminoles cared little for such close attention, and again retired – disappearing so suddenly that they could not be effectively pursued. Some of the men, the heat of the battle upon them, rushed headlong into the undergrowth, but found not an Indian!

Captain Allen and his two mounted companies, sent out earlier to reconnoiter the right, had encountered no hostiles in that vicinity, and had found it impractical to try to cross the deep creek and heavy mud there. By the time of that deadly "accident" the detachment had returned

to the place where Colonel Taylor stood far out on the sawgrass prairie, in the mud, in full view of the army, directing operations in a cool and efficient manner.

Allen was at once ordered to advance, his men now dismounted, to the support of the army's right wing. He moved his men into position adjacent to Captain Noel's company of the Sixth Infantry, which still served as "anchor" on the sawgrass side of Foster's right flank.

As soon as those two companies were in motion, Taylor sent Colonel William Davenport and the fresh First Infantry – until then held in reserve far to the rear – hurrying off farther to the left, to complete the flanking and turning of the enemy's right wing.

As that veteran regiment got into position with its 173 fresh men, firmly pushing the Indians before it, that right flank began to crumple – but the Seminoles on the army's own right made one more charge. That third charge was but a weak and puny thing, when compared with their earlier fury. Their numbers were much reduced; their fire-power almost vanished. The third attack withered away, almost unnoticed. (Colonel Foster mentions a fourth charge – but it was so feeble that it has not found mention in any other account of the battle.)

The First Infantry came on from the left, along the length of the hammock, meeting with little opposition; and Captain Allen's unit moved in on the right. If they were expecting to have a hand in the fighting they were doomed to disappointment. For the fighting was almost over.

All of the soldiers still able to advance now massed together – the First, Fourth, and Sixth Infantry regiments, a fair number of Missouri Volunteers and Spies, and a few Delawares. They pressed forward as the fleeing Indians scattered in all directions. Out of the woods they forced them, across the sand ridge, and on to the open sandy beach beyond – abandoned Indian camps were strewn along the lake shore for more than a mile.

By that time, the army was too jaded for any serious thoughts of pursuit, although Colonel Foster kept a few of his fresher men at the attempt until almost sundown; and the First Infantry kept beating the bushes for stragglers. Most of the Sixth and the Volunteers rested where they could, not joining in any efforts at pursuit – having been engaged in the battle from its very beginnings, they had had enough. (Captain Pollard's company, which began the engagement already reduced to sixteen men, found its strength now cut in half – only eight men left fit for duty.)

It was after three o'clock in the afternoon when the actual fighting

ended, and many of the soldiers had been in that muddy swamp for almost three hours, much of that time spent in severe action. They were utterly exhausted. But the fresh First Infantry continued to move up and down the length of the hammock, searching, probing – but they made no real efforts to follow the Indians out onto the open beaches and beyond. Scattered as the Seminoles were, it would have been futile to try to round them up.

The Battle of Okeechobee was over. There remained now the difficult task of bringing out the rest of the wounded and giving them such attention as could be rendered there in the wilderness. The doctors would have their hands full. . .

And, too, there remained the melancholy task of burying the dead.

Shortly after the battle Zachary Taylor was breveted Brigadier General, and on May 15, 1838, succeeded General Jesup as commander of all the troops in Florida – all in recognition of his great victory. But was it indeed such a great victory?

An authentic victory, traditionally, would result either in severe enemy casualties, or in the attainment – even at great cost – of some goal greatly desired. In this case, neither criterion applies.

Taylor admits to finding only ten dead Indians on the field, despite his statement that “the hostiles probably suffered . . . equally with ourselves.” His own losses were set at 26 killed and 112 wounded – a highly disproportionate figure for a victory.

The other major goal, that of terminating the war, was hardly approached. The war dragged on for almost five more years: it was not until August 12, 1842 that Colonel William Worth declared the hostilities at an end.

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# The Log of the Biscayne House of Refuge

Thelma Peters\*

To be shipwrecked, to get ashore safely, and then to die of exposure or starvation: once this sequence occurred over and over along the wild Atlantic coast. Though Congress began to provide some assistance for shipwreck victims in 1847 the program did not get into high gear until the 1870's. By 1880 the United States Life Saving Service was operating about one hundred stations, or houses of refuge, along the eastern seaboard, among them five stations on Florida's southeast coast, the latter at intervals of about every twenty-five miles. The most southern of the Florida stations, Number Five, known as the Biscayne House of Refuge, was on the beach seven miles north of Norris Cut. The house was so badly damaged in the hurricane of 1926 that it was abandoned. The Historical Association of Southern Florida has placed a historical marker in North Shore Park at 72nd Street and Collins Avenue, Miami Beach, near the original site.

The five South Florida stations built in 1876 were alike: of frame construction, one story with loft, three main rooms downstairs surrounded by an eight-foot-wide veranda on three sides and a narrow kitchen on the north side, windows with screens and shutters but no glass, and a brick chimney in the kitchen for a cook stove. The keeper and his family lived downstairs; the loft, with a small window in each end, was equipped with cots for castaways or visitors. In addition to the main house there was a boathouse for the lifeboat and a large wooden tank, somewhat elevated, which held rainwater from the roof, the only source of water at the Biscayne house. Each station cost about \$3,000.

The Biscayne station was built on a sand ridge facing the ocean and with long views up and down the beach. The vegetation of the ridge was a matted wind-shaped jungle with few if any of the coconut trees later associated with Miami Beach. To the west the sand ridge gave way to a dense mangrove swamp and beyond the swamp was upper Biscayne

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Bay, about two miles wide at this point. A path ran through the jungle and swamp from the station to a small wooden dock at the outer edge of the mangroves, a distance of a scant half mile, where the keeper kept his supply boat. This boat, usually a small sail, was the keeper's contact with the mainland. The keeper also used the boat to make rescues when boats capsized or became grounded in the bay.

For many years there was no habitation on the beach except the station between Norris Cut and the Fort Lauderdale House of Refuge, a distance of thirty miles. It was a lonely life. Sometimes the keeper and his family went for days without seeing another person. Turtlers and beachcomers did sometimes walk the beach but the barefoot mailman and his "passengers" took to a boat farther up the beach and rarely stopped in at the station. Miami was about seven miles from the station landing, across and down the bay, not always an easy run for a small boat, impossible in a storm. The isolation diminished somewhat as Miami developed. As early as 1900 excursion boats took tourists from Miami to the station landing for 50c round trip and gave them two or three hours to walk across the island to see the House of Refuge and enjoy the beach. Many private picnic parties came to the station also — some by way of a boat landing at Crocodile Hole a mile or two south of the station.

Passing ships relieved the monotony, most of them southbound, so as to avoid the Gulf Stream, and only relatively close to shore, about a mile away. The log shows the importance of this sea lane along the coast of Florida. In 1892, for example, the log recorded 2059 passing vessels. By classification these included 52 barks, 13 brigs, 338 schooners, 1323 steamers and 357 sloops.

The first keeper of Station Five was William J. Smith, an early Dade County sheriff. He served only a few months, later homesteaded in the area which became Buena Vista where, in 1892, he built a twelve-room hotel.<sup>1</sup> British-born Edward Barnott, about 37, succeeded Smith as keeper. In 1877 Barnott married Mary Sullivan, the daughter of Lizzie Sullivan Oxar. Mary's birth date is uncertain: 1864 by a family record, 1859 by the Census of 1900, in either case she was a teenage bride. In her old age Mary, then Mrs. John H. Peden, was quoted as saying they had buried three babies in the dunes near the station.<sup>2</sup> We know little about the years the Barnotts lived at the station. No log kept by Mr. Barnott has been found though a journal was listed in the inventory of the Biscayne House of Refuge in 1879.

The first of the logs for the Biscayne station preserved in the Washington National Records Center, Suitland, Maryland, begins in

1883. The series is complete until the abandonment of the station in 1927. In 1915 when America was becoming alarmed by the war in Europe and felt an urgent need for a better coast patrol the houses of refuge were placed under the United States Coast Guard. The houses were no longer occupied by a family but by a crew of men. Discipline became stricter and modern devices such as power boats, telephones and even beach patrol motorcycles were used. The log increased from one to two legal-size pages a day.

The entries given here are from 1883 to August 18, 1900, or prior to the time the service was placed under the Coast Guard. They give information about weather and passing ships, record wrecks and other disasters, pin down some historic dates such as the county site election of 1889, and tie hundreds of individuals to a certain place at a certain time. A printed form guided the keeper's entries, charts for weather and surf, temperature and barometer readings, ship classification. Standard questions included "Is the house thoroughly clean?" and "Is the house in good repair?" About a third of each page was designated General Remarks, which some keepers ignored for days at a time, to the regret of historians, for here lies the meat. Fortunately enough entries were made throughout the years to make the logs fascinating to read for what *is* there, and frustrating for what is not. One aspect of life at a station almost totally missing is the role of the keeper's wife. She kept house with almost no conveniences, endured loneliness, tutored her children, and no doubt often substituted for the keeper, recording weather and ships in the log, scanning the beach through a glass, tending the ill or injured who came to the house, and no voice has been raised to give her any recognition. Only twice in the log was the "work" of a wife mentioned — Mrs. Fulford once repaired a torn sail, and Mrs. Johansen once kept the station while her husband was away overnight. Children are as invisible as wives, mentioned only a few times in thirty years. Keeper Peacock wrote that he had left the station in charge of his "two eldest sons nearly grown men and physically capable as men." Usually there is nothing to indicate the presence of a family at the station. Mrs. Fulford was mentioned twice in ten years by her husband the keeper. We know she was at the station, however, for she is mentioned quite often in the Lemon City Locals of the *Tropical Sun* and the *Miami Metropolis* during the 1890's.

The keeper of a house of refuge was paid \$400 a year until about 1900 when the compensation went up to \$600.

Florida belonged to the Seventh District of the United States Life Saving Service (later the Eighth District) with headquarters in Charles-

ton, South Carolina. For several years before his death in 1882 the superintendent for District Seven was William H. Hunt who lived in the small community of Biscayne across the bay from Station Five. The superintendent visited each house in his district several times a year to inspect and pay off. One of Hunt's reports, that of May 3, 1880, is in the National Archives. Of the Biscayne house he wrote: "Number 5 keeper home. Government property well cared for, house clean and orderly. No cause to complain. Without opening packages I examined the provisions at various houses and can discern no indication that they are not in good order." He also mentioned that he had borrowed the 22-foot life boat from Station Five to get to the other stations and found that "it works splendidly."

The superintendent who succeeded Hunt was Champ H. Spencer of Daytona, who replaced all the keepers except Steve Andrews of Number Three. Spencer also hired a crew to repair and paint the houses. The Edward Barnotts were caught by surprise and had no place to go. Accordingly they stayed on at Number Five for three months after the new keeper and his family moved in. The new keeper was Hannibal Dillingham Pierce who had moved to the east coast of Florida from Illinois in 1872 and had once been assistant keeper of the Jupiter lighthouse before becoming the first keeper of Station Three, the Orange Grove House of Refuge which was near present Delray Beach.

A rare description of life in a house of refuge is given in *Pioneer Life in Southern Florida* by Charles W. Pierce, the son of Hannibal Pierce and eighteen when the family moved to Station Five. The original Pierce manuscript (the printed version is somewhat abridged) gives additional insight into the rather strained period when two families occupied the small station. Pierce said his mother, who was in frail health, and his young sister, Lillie, who had been born at Station Three, spent most of the time at the home of Mrs. William Gleason at Biscayne. Hannibal Pierce was absent for many days, having gone to Lake Worth for the family possessions. Mr. Barnott went each day across the bay where he was building a home. This left only Charles, who presumably was acting keeper, and Mary Barnott at the station. Charles commented that the days were very lonely, for Mrs. Barnott shut herself away in her room all day every day.<sup>3</sup> Charles may not have known that the shy young Mary was pregnant. The first Barnott child to live, Edward C. Barnott, was born a few months later.

This then is the situation at the Biscayne House of Refuge when the new keeper, on January 28, 1883, opened his journal to make the first entry.

Lack of space makes it impossible to reproduce the entire log in *Tequesta*. Entries are chronological and have been selected with an eye for historical significance and/or possible reader interest. Misspellings have been left but an occasional capital or comma has been supplied.

**Jan. 28, 1883.** *Is the house in good repair? No. Is the house clean?*  
No. Contractor repairing house.

**Jan. 31, 1883.** Supt. Spencer paid Barnott, Jenkins<sup>4</sup> and Pierce.  
Inspected government property.

**Feb. 1, 1883.** Supt. left for No. 4 but the wind freshening up and seas making heavy returned to station.

**Feb. 5, 1883.** Supt. Spencer left station today for Station 4 through the everglades it being impossible to go outside.

**Feb. 24, 1883.** Measured distance from House at high water mark. Found it to be about 28 feet.

**Mar. 9, 1883.** March 9th being the day set by Prof. Wiggins<sup>5</sup> for the commencement of his Great World's Storm, I have thought proper to note the climatic changes during the day. Commencing at sunrise 6 A.M. light S.W. wind sea very smooth. 7 A.M. wind fresh S.S.W. a very heavy northerly surf coming in breaking up on the grass. 10 A.M. the fresh S.S.W. wind has driven back the northerly roll or surf. 12 M. wind still fresh from South with a heavy bank of clouds from West to North. 2 P.M. barometer falling rapidly 30.23. 4 P.M. barometer still falling, 30.20. Cloudy, the heavy bank of clouds from the N.W. passing to the S.E. very fast. 6 P.M. barometer 30.18 the lowest point reached since last September. At this point wind very light S.W. The surf from the northerly swell coming in again with the cession of the wind. 9 P.M. barometer going up 30.22 the prospect at this point is that Wiggins will be disappointed.

**Mar. 10, 1883.** No remarks to make on the second day of Prof. Wiggins storm. Barometer has remained stationary. Thermometer has gone up. The day has been all that could be desired.

**Mar. 15, 1883.** Schooner *Ilo* landed balance of lumber and shingles to complete repairs on station.

**July 28, 1883.** Repainted signs on guideposts on Beach from Virginia Key to Station. Found three posts gone, evidently maliciously destroyed.

**Aug. 18, 1883.** Repaired cots by sewing canvas upon each side where rusted out and covering iron side pieces with a thin coating of coal tar which will stop further rusting.

**Aug. 27, 1883.** A small stern wheel steam boat *Yaa Jay* showing American colors passed South.

**Sept. 8, 1883.** It is evident that a heavy hurricane passed North to eastward of Station probably following the east edge of the Gulf Stream.

**Sept. 30, 1883.** Large steamer steering south was too close in shore. Set the danger signal of the Life Saving Service when she hauled off shore.

**Oct. 10, 1883.** On walking down today from Orange Grove Station to Lauderdale Station Charles W. Pierce of Biscayne Bay found stuck upon the beach about two miles north of Hillsborough River a raft evidentially made from some sinking vessel. It was made of spruce planks such as are used on vessels, lashed together with ropes. He also found close by two tent poles, new, marked C. S. Pearce. He examined carefully to find further traces or marks to see if any one had come on shore with it but there were none.

**Oct. 18, 1883.** Patrolled Beach from Inlet to six miles north. Found nothing to indicate any wrecks from the violent wind of last night.

**Oct. 21, 1883.** Rained for eighth day. Country under water. Sighted with the glass the beach to New River and south to Inlet.

**Nov. 21, 1883.** A large brig-rigged steamer under all sail steering south at 2 P.M. ran so close in that if it had been low tide she would have struck. Set the danger signal as soon as she was near enough to see it, when she hauled off into deep water. Had she continued the course five minutes longer she would have taken the bottom and with the sea that is running today she would have stayed there. Endeavored to ascertain her nationality but they refused to set their colors.

**Nov. 28, 1883.** A very heavy surf running going right under the house. At 1 P.M. sighted a Brig hove to in the Gulfstream making hard weather.

**Jan. 17, 1884.** One of the Morgan Line Steamers bound south took the reef about ten miles south of station about 3 P.M. They fired their cannon until 11 P.M. for assistance without avail. The wind freshening up in the night brought a heavy sea with it and lifted her so she got off, don't know whether she received damage or not. The firing was not heard at this station.

**April 10, 1884.** Supt. Spencer arrived at station at 2 P.M. held board of survey and inspection of station supplies. Left for the North at 6 P.M. Contractors repaired cistern and gutters.

**May 7, 1884.** Repainted mile posts north to New River and turned stencils over to keeper of Lauderdale station.

**June 10, 1884.** A small open boat with two men from Key Largo

put in to the station out of water. Supplied them and they continued their journey.

**July 29, 1884.** Three men in two small open skiff boats applied for shelter for the night which was furnished them.

**Oct. 12, 1884.** Forwarded my resignation as keeper of the Biscayne Bay House of Refuge Life Saving Service to Champ H. Spencer, District 7. Cause assigned: the failing health of Mrs. Pierce makes it necessary for me to live near a doctor. Resignation to take effect from Dec. 1, 1884 or as soon thereafter as possible.

**Dec. 10, 1884.** Schooner *City of Havana* hove to off the station at eleven A.M. and sent a boat ashore to find out where they were having lost track of themselves the night before heaving out in the Gulf Stream about six miles south of the station. When they sighted the station in the morning they thought it was the Orange Grove Station. They were bound from Key West to the wreck of the French Bark at the foot of Lake Worth. when he found out his position he returned to Key West.

**Dec. 13, 1884.** Received through the revenue cutter, provisions, medicine chest, marine glasses, and entered same on Inventory of Station.

**Dec. 14, 1884.** In looking over cans of Hard Bread just received I find nine cans imperfectly soldered and one with a nail hole through it. It will be impossible to keep insects out of the badly soldered ones. Found hole in can of linseed oil near top, some two or three quarts gone and while I found wicking lamp shears and oil \_\_\_\_\_ there was no signal oil received.

**Dec. 18, 1884.** Turned over to Mr. W. A. L. Matherson, acting keeper, all Government property at station as is carried on inventory and Receipt and Expenditure Book he receipting the same. H.D. Pierce [signed].

**Jan. 3, 1885.** Arrived today in company with Superintendent C. H. Spencer. After inspecting the station property he left me in charge of the station.

John Thomas Peacock, late keeper at Ft. Lauderdale [signed].

**Jan. 25, 1885.** The late keeper, Mr. Pierce, left here in a schooner bound for Lake Worth.

**Feb. 10, 1885.** Local stranger arrived.<sup>6</sup>

**Feb. 23, 1885.** Finished putting new canvas bottoms in the cots. Schooner *Mystery* Capt. Hogg delivered lumber and shingles to make shade over the water tank.

**Mar. 25, 1885.** Sloop *Ada* passed going north with bales of cotton on deck which she combed off the beach.

**Mar. 26, 1885.** Schooner *Nellie Lowe* passed going north cruising for drift cotton.

**May 15, 1885.** Picked up current bottle of the U.S. Coast and Geodetic Survey just arrived in surf abreast of Station 8 A.M. Reported as per directions.

**May 18, 1885.** Local men Quimby and Allen left for Indian River.

**Aug. 23, 1885.** At day break a tug boat was heading straight in for the station out of the Gulf towing a very large square scow with house on deck and derrick. When within mile of beach she turned South, run 2 miles then slewed round and went North out of sight.

**Oct. 22, 1885.** A small sloop from Key West bound to Indian River with one man aboard anchored 1 and ½ miles South of station on Wednesday night. During the night she parted her hawser and drifted on the beach. The man came to the station for assistance. We got her off and took her back in the Bay for repairs.

**Feb. 4, 1886.** Arrived at sundown Superintendent Frank W. Sams. He inspected Station property and paid off.

**Mar. 9, 1886.** Local. W. White and brother beached on their way to Lake W.

**Mar. 10, 1886.** Local. Monroe and Peacock passed in Sharpie North. White and brother started from station in dingey for the lake.

**Mar. 15, 1886.** Local. Brickell went up with passenger.

**Apr. 7, 1886.** Local. Sharpie passed early. Looked like Field and family aboard.

**July 20, 1886.** Received by mail 1 set signal halyards from R. A. Robbins, 141 Chamber St. N.Y.

**Sept. 18, 1886.** Heavy squalls. Patrolled beach all day no signs of wreck. Local. Diningroom window burst in and crockery blown off like chaff on floor and broken.

**Oct. 23, 1886.** The beach is packed with wreckage and pipes of wine more or less for 60 miles. The bulk of the wine is salt water damaged and the best of it of such a low grade that the wreckers don't think it will pay charges to work it. The vessel or vessels broke up somewhere and the current brought the drift here. Have notified the collector of customs at Key West of the facts.

**Nov. 4, 1886.** Local stranger arrived.<sup>7</sup>

**Mar. 3, 1887.** Received from Supt. F. W. Sams: 8½ bls. beef. 4¼ bls. pork. 2 light wire lanterns No. 6. 2 spare burners. 6 globes for same and received pay.

**Aug. 13, 1887.** The house is in good repair with the exception of the wire screens to windows. I have been mending them with cloth till now

they are past mending and as there are mosquitos here all the year round I'm compelled to repeat my requisition.

**Apr. 16, 1888.** Received via Key West from R. A. Robbins New York: 20 pieces wire screening. 1 brass padlock. 1 lb. copper tacks. ½ dozen corn brooms.

**Apr. 26, 1888.** C. Lum said the schooners sponged off his place.

**May 2, 1888.** Sent report to Collector of Customs at Key West that 2 Bahama schooners were illegally turtling and sponging around here. The schooner passed today, appeared to be turtling on Tuesday towards New River and this morning. Local. 2 small canoe-rigged boats passed up with strangers.

**Aug. 18, 1888.** Local. H. Smith arrived from Key West. Field and Burks from Lake.

**Nov. 25, 1888.** Surf broke over ridge and under station house.

**Jan. 24, 1889.** Mr. Prime and Docker passed to New River early morning.

**Feb. 1, 1889.** Arrived small boat Assistant Inspector Lieut. C. F. Shoemaker and proceeded to inspect house and station properly.<sup>8</sup>

**Feb. 19, 1889.** Election day for county site and prohibition.

**Feb. 22, 1889.** Yacht race at Cocoa Nut Grove.

**Feb. 23, 1889.** Arrive 5 men from Lake with ballot boxes election returns for county site.

**May 18, 1889.** At sunrise a Spanish steamer ran aground on outer reef 8 miles south of Station. I started to give information to a licensed wrecking schooner 12 miles south but soon perceived them making straight for the steamer. The Capt. of steamer declined their assistance and lightened up by throwing overboard barrels of cement and fence wire. He got her off in 12 hours and proceeded.

**May 28, 1889.** Copy of report sent to Collector of Customs at Key West, Fla.: I beg to call your attention to a serious obstruction in navigation abreast of Narrows Cut Biscayne Bay, owing to the Spanish steamer lately aground there throwing overboard barrels of cement and bundles of fence wire forming an immense pile to the surface of the water and, as many barrels burst, I think the whole pile will cement together and form one solid rock. There were logs [?] under the cement.

**June 10, 1889.** Received 20 pieces of brass wire gauze for windows from Capt. J. H. Merryman.

**June 23, 1889.** Two small 20-foot sloops in sight of station 2 days. Had drifted with Gulf Stream from the Bahamas unable to make head way with light baffling winds. I gave them, 5 coloured men, bread, water and tobacco. They took the shore down towards Key West.

**Nov. 9, 1889.** Arrived in schooner at inside landing Dist. Supt. H. B. Shaw and made a thorough inspection of Station property.

**Nov. 14, 1889.** Received by mail boat freight 5 boxes sundries: 1 bdl brick. 1 bld brooms. Contents as follows: 2 match safes. 2 spittoons. 5 gal. boiled linseed oil. 10 lb copper paint. ½ doz brooms corn. 6 brushes scrubbing. 50 lb soap fresh water. 2 sets fire brick for Halletts Caboose No. 3. 1 pan frying 14 inch. 1 clock.

**Nov. 29, 1889.** Received by mail boat via Key West one desk in two pieces slightly damaged.

**Jan. 8, 1890.** Brickell's sloop after lumber.

**Apr. 1, 1890.** Received by schooner *Casinne*: 1 brl and 1 box containing: 23 1 gal. buckets No. 14 light green paint. 4 1 gal. buckets No. 76 brown paint. 1 bucket No. 14 broken half leaked out.

**Apr. 14, 1890.** Received by mail 1 bag containing: 1 ensign U.S. 1 start pennant L.S.S. 1 set code signals (19 flags).

**May 14, 1890.** At half past 2 A.M. steamer *City of Alexander* of New York bound for Havana run aground abreast of station. Gave news at once to licensed wreckers on Biscayne Bay. They was soon alongside to render assistance and at once proceeded to lighten her.

**May 15, 1890.** Steamer still aground. Weather becoming bad towards sundown the wrecker left to make harbour for the night in Biscayne Bay.

**May 16, 1890.** During the night it blew very hard from the S.E. with frequent rain squalls, surf very heavy. Towards day the steamer began to throw over cargo consisting of provisions etc. A company of twenty went into partnership to save goods that drifted into beach and saved a considerable pile which they will ship the first opportunity to Key West for salvage. During the [word omitted] the steamer floated off.

**May 17, 1890.** Early this morning the steamer proceeded on her way and the goods saved on the beach was put aboard wrecking schooner and consigned to the U.S. Marshall in Key West.

**May 24, 1890.** It was impossible to keep house thoroughly clean as bursted sacks of flour lay in piles directly in front of house thrown off steamer lately aground abreast of station and citizens working to save property begging shelter from the heavy rain squalls during the week. I was absent during the week, had to attend court. Left house in charge of two eldest sons nearly grown men and physically capable as men.

**May 26, 1890.** Arrived district Supt. Capt. H. B. Shaw. Keeper J. T. Peacock absent being suddenly called to attend circuit court but got back to station 2 hours after departure of Supt. so did not get paid off.

**June 28, 1890.** Have taken advantage of every chance early in the morning during the week to paint station. Musketeers lively.

**Aug. 4, 1890.** The large surf boat has become useless and worthless being rusted out and can't be kept afloat. The small surf boat is too \_\_\_\_\_ to carry sail. I have 12 miles to go for mail and supplies.

**Aug. 5, 1890.** Arrived Dist. Supt. Capt. H. B. Shaw with the new keeper Capt. Fulford. Supt. handed me my discharge and paid off. Myself and Capt. Fulford overhauled the station property and checked off by the inventory made April 20, 1890 and by the receipt and expenditure book of goods received since. I took Capt. Fulford's receipt for stock and turned everything over to his charge. J. Tho. Peacock, [signed] Keeper.

**Aug. 6, 1890.** Arrived at the station yesterday and this morning received from the outgoing keeper Mr. J. T. Peacock the House of Refuge at this place with all of its belongings and find things in a poor condition, two boats neither of which are fit for use, the House partly painted, most of the bedding old and worn out. W. H. Fulford<sup>9</sup> [signed] Keeper.

**Aug. 9, 1890.** Employed during the day in overhauling the large life boat. Find several holes in her but will make the attempt to mend her as soon as I procure some rosin. The whole of her bottom seems rusted out. In the afternoon went for mail to Miami and called at Lemon City on return. A Mr. Thompson came to the station from Lake Worth, also his son. Loaned them a boat that was loaned to me to cross to Miami in.

**Aug. 10, 1890.** Employed keeping Sunday.

**Aug. 11, 1890.** Employed preparing large life boat for painting. Think I have stopped the leaks. Dennis O'Neil keeper of the Ft. Lauderdale House of Refuge in co with a Mr. Nugent came to the station. Loaned them a boat that was loaned me to cross to Miami.

**Aug. 13, 1890.** Finished painting the large life boat. In the afternoon went to Lemon City and returned.

**Aug. 16, 1890.** Launched the large life boat and find her still leaking badly.

**Aug. 18, 1890.** Used the large life boat though still leaking badly. Received 2 axes and handles and 6 spare handles, 25 lb keg of white lead from sloop mail boat *Grey Hound* via Lake Worth.

**Aug. 19, 1890.** Hauled up the boat and blocked her up preparatory to making one more attempt at stopping the leak.

**Aug. 24, 1890.** Used the boat today. Went to Coco Nut Grove. Found that I had succeeded in getting her tight.

**Oct. 1, 1890.** Received a box by mail containing 1 barometer and 1 jar bug poison.

**Oct. 30, 1890.** Capt. H. B. Shaw superintendent U.S.L.S.S. arrived at station and inspected and paid off. Left for up the coast. Received from Capt. Shaw a dozen straight pens and 32 cans paint. At 4 P.M. a Mr. Thomas L. Alderman came to the station exhausted from walking without water. Put him to bed and was up with him all night he having very bad cramps.

**Oct. 31, 1890.** Mr. Alderman who came to the station and was so sick all night reports that he left his brother exhausted on the Beach. Established a search, meeting the mail carrier. He reports him at Baker Haulover four miles north of the station on his way to this station. Stopped to await results at sun sch [sunken schooner ?] and afterwards went again to look for him. Could find nothing.

**Nov. 1, 1890.** Saturday morning William Alderman exhausted and very sick came to the station. Been 48 hours with no water. Took him in and put him to bed and gave him medicine and nourishment.

**Nov. 2, 1890.** Gale winds. Barometer 30.5. Thomas L. and William Alderman still at the station. Unable to leave through bad weather.

**Nov. 3, 1890.** Tho. L. Alderman and William Alderman left station bound to Lake Worth. Gave them one day provision. At 2 P.M. Mr. O'Neil and Valentine came to the station from New River going to Miami.

**Nov. 17, 1890.** Came to the station four seamen from a sloop boat they said had been wind bound at Norris Cut till they got out of provisions. Gave them some flour and beef hominey for which they promise to pay. The Capt. was named James Evans, the boat belonged to Lake Worth.

**Nov. 29, 1890.** Heavy squalls. Barometer 29.75. Quite a quantity of canvas coming ashore. Seemed to have been awnings. So badly chafed it was useless.

**Dec. 15, 1890.** At 11 A.M. the crew of the schooner *Conne* came to the station and exchanged boats with me, mine being worn out. They took mine away in tow. The one they left seems a very good boat but she leaks a little. Will haul her up and tighten her immediately.

**Dec. 29, 1890.** Received from steamer *Harris Brothers* from Key West 6 chairs, a package containing a coil of manilla rope, 2 fire buckets, a box containing twine, stove blacking, sash tool or brush, 2 hearing sticks.

**Feb. 23, 1891.** Mail carrier and Mr. Morse came to the station.

**Mar. 1, 1891.** Keeper went to Lemon City to church at 10 A.M. and returned at 5 P.M.

**Mar. 10, 1891.** A three masted schooner heavy laden came from the North and ran in so close that we hoisted the signal that you are standing into danger, when the schr. hauled off. A Mr. Harp all the way from Kissimee City through the Everglades came to the station.

**Apr. 21, 1891.** The mail contractor and carrier swamped in the Bay while on his route to Lemon City, was rescued by Messrs Peding and Barnot. [John Peden and Edward Barnott] Mail bag left in boat. At 7 P.M. mail contractor and carrier got to station in nearly exhausted condition. Put him to bed and made him comfortable.

**Apr. 22, 1891.** At 3 P.M. yacht *Attala* ran ashore about 5 or 6 miles north of station. Went with mail carrier, found the boat and made toward lee shore. Bailed out and went back to station.

**Apr. 23, 1891.** At 4 P.M. one of the crew of yacht *Attala* came to the station for help reporting a man aboard very lame and wanting \_\_\_\_\_. I immediately left for Lemon City procured assistance and went to the wreck, found her high on the Beach and out of danger. The wreckers made a contract to get the yacht off and I went back to the station.

**Apr. 24, 1891.** Sloop yacht *Attala* still ashore. Wreckers from Lemon City at work getting her off.

**Apr. 25, 1891.** At 10 P.M. the wreckers floated the yacht and she proceeded on her voyage very little damaged.

**Apr. 28, 1891.** A Mr. Nugent came to the station and left for Coco Nut Grove.

**Apr. 30, 1891.** Sheriff Church came to station and left for Lake Worth.

**July 5, 1891.** ½ doz. bentwood chairs oak rec. Dec. 30, 1890.

**July 21, 1891.** Received of Schr *Dellie* from Key West one dining table, one kitchen table, one grind stone, one kitchen safe in good order.

**July 25, 1891.** The steam yacht *Julia* Capt. Pratt came to anchor off the station in 3 fathoms water. The captain and chief engineer came on shore and reported being entirely out of fuel. We procured some assistance from the main land and went to work sawing up pine timber with which the shore abounds and got about four cords of wood.

**July 27, 1891.** Finished wooding steamer. Yacht *Julia* at 9:30 A.M. proceeded for Key West.

**Aug. 6, 1891.** Schr *Jenny Lind* of and from Key West turtle fishing, anchored off the station and sent a boat to station and reported being out

of water. Supplied them with one casque full and they proceeded very thankful as they had lost all of theirs.

**Aug. 19, 1891.** Mr. Garnett a new mail carrier came to the station having no boat. I carried him to Lemon City in supply boat and brought him back.

**Nov. 2, 1891.** Sloop yacht *Bijou* capsized some where south of New River station. The Capt. and one man clung to the wreck till she drifted ashore about 6 miles north of this station where I discovered them. One man walked to the station, the other was so lame I had to go up as far as Bakers Haulover and get him in my boat. Brought him to the station and cared for them, both men being weather beaten and sore.

**Nov. 3, 1891.** The sloop yacht became a total loss, nothing washed up from her and her hull has gone to pieces. Took the owner and his man to Miami in my boat.

**Nov. 8, 1891.** Denis Staford [Dennis Stafford] was at station.

**Dec. 6, 1891.** Large steamer seems to be aground about twelve miles north of station.

**Dec. 8, 1891.** Steamer still aground, wreckers around her in small boats. Have not found out her name. Cargo cotton from Galveston bound to England.

**Feb. 18, 1892.** The mail carrier in endeavoring to reach Bakers Haulover could not make it so he put in to our station very much exhausted. Gave him shelter and something to eat after which he started to walk the beach. A party of tourists in trying to cross the Bay swamped their small boat. I went to their assistance, picked up the boat and conveyed them all (5) to Lemon City.

**Feb. 29, 1892.** At high water the sea running under the station steps. Capt. H. B. Shaw came to station paid off and left the following articles: One journal, 26 weekly transcripts, 136 sheets of paper. 1 doz. pen points. One stove (Othello). One box tacks. 2 joints gal. stove pipes, 2 joints black pipe. ¼ bbl cement. 5 screen doors.

**May 31, 1892.** At one P.M. left station in charge of Mr. Burkhardt and went to my homestead on Snake Creek five miles away.<sup>10</sup>

**June 1, 1892.** Returned to station at 4 P.M. and relieved Mr. Burkhardt.

**Sept. 12, 1892.** The surf boat having sprung a new leak hauled her up for repairs. Started to Miami but had to turn back the boat leaked so bad.

**Dec. 13, 1892.** A partie of gentlemen and Mr. De Aideville [Jean d' Hedouville], Dr. Johnson and his wife came to station on acct of rough weather on the Bay and asked to stay all night which they did.

**Mar. 30, 1893.** The most fearful sea running breaking a mile or more off shore and running up the shore to the station steps and under the house. The sea having more the appearance of Cape Hatrass or Lookout Shoals. During a S.E. gale or just after the wind had shifted to a heavy N.W. gale large pieces of timber washing up on the bank where the station stands.

**Apr. 10, 1893.** Practiced with hearing stick.

**May 18, 1893.** At sun rise left station in charge of Gerry Niles and started down the Bay to Elliots Key.

**May 19, 1893.** Returned to station from Elliots Key. At  $\frac{1}{4}$  past 1 steamer *Elsie* of Whitby England ran ashore.

**May 20, 1893.** Steamship *Elsie* of Whitby England floated during the night.

**May 31, 1893.** Keeper left Mr. J. H. Peden in charge of station and went to his homestead on Snake Creek.

**June 1, 1893.** Keeper returned to station and relieved Mr. Peden at 4 P.M.

**June 20, 1893.** Received from Schn *Harris Brothers* of Key West one box containing crockery for Ft. Lauderdale station and one box soap and one box containing Tarpaulin, 1 carpenter's brace, 3 balls twine, 10 lbs. Manilla rope.

**Sept. 13, 1893.** Capt. H. B. Shaw came to station inspected and went through flag drill, resuscitation and hearing stick and left for Ft. Lauderdale station.

**Oct. 11, 1893.** The sea running over the ridge under the house. At 8 P.M. the sea threw a piece of timber 30 feet long 12 by 12 up on the platform of the boat house. The sea has leveled all the grass and growth in front of the station and has now all but a clean run under the house. For a while things looked very isolated around here.

**Oct. 12, 1893.** Still very rough. No communication between House and Bay landing without swimming. At about 9:30 a sea threw a large piece of ship's timber up against the veranda which would have come in but for the post keeping it out.

**Oct. 15, 1893.** Many people at the House came to see the wash the sea had made. Wharf at the landing destroyed by gale.

**Oct. 29, 1893.** Thermometer broken and useless.

**Dec. 9, 1893.** Received of Capt. H. Fozzard a thermometer from Jacksonville and began entering the readings from this date.

**Jan. 12, 1894.** Came to the station this morning two men from the wreck of cat boat *Rain Bow* stranded about two miles south of New River on Monday morning. Took them in my boat and carried them to

Lemon City where they wanted to go to procure material and help to repair their boat.

**Mar. 11, 1894.** Received a case from New York containing the following articles: 5 lbs manilla rope. 1 yellow baking dish. 20 yards toweling. 2 cuspidors. 10 lbs 1 inch gal. nails. 10 lbs 1½ inch gal. nails. 10 lbs 3 inch gal. nails. 1 padlock brass. 2 wash basins copper 11½ inches. 6 quarts copper paint. 2 buckets cider (water). 6 lbs sapolio. 2 elbows stove pipe. 1 sauce pan enameled. 2 joints stove pipe.

**July 24, 1894.** Capt. H. B. Shaw came to station and brought yaul-rigged supply boat for use of this station.

**July 29, 1894.** Started to Lemon City in my new boat. Broke rudder head and returned.

**Aug. 4, 1894.** Left station this morning in charge of Mr. J. H. Peden and embarked outbound Schr *Biscayne* for Jacksonville for twenty days vacation.

**Aug. 24, 1894.** This day landed on the Beach at the station and took charge of station relieving Mr. J. H. Peden temporary keeper.

**Aug. 25, 1894.** Went to Lemon City in Mr. Peden's boat, my boat being hauled for repairs. Brought back my wife.<sup>11</sup>

**Aug. 27, 1894.** Mr. Barnott carpenter came and brought new rudder I had made for the boat and hung it.

**Aug. 31, 1894.** Finished painting and fixing up the hull of the boat and got ready to launch.

**Sept. 34, 1894.** Barometer 29.95. At 8 A.M. moved my boat with two anchors and a good line out to a tree. At noon moved line from tree to corner of wharf.

**Sept. 25, 1894.** Went down and bailed boat out at 7 A.M. At 9 boat dragged both anchors and went into mangroves. At sundown the water from the Bay halfway to the House from the landing. Boats gone, wharf gone and a most terrific wind raging bursting in both boat house doors. Rain water flooding the station. A solid breaker comber ten feet of steps.

**Sept. 26, 1894.** Tried to get down to see if I could do anything at the Landing. Turned back, started along the beach. Could not walk much against the wind. Turned back.

**Sept. 27, 1894.** Took a five mile walk to the north in the morning. At noon went south to Narrows Cut. Saw nothing, no boats from the mainland, suppose there is no boats to come in. Found my supply boat up in the mangrove trees, bowsprit gone aftermast gone broken off, stern stove, foresail and gib badly torn and badly used generally.

**Sept. 28, 1894.** Got my boat out of the trees brought her to the landing and bailed her out.

**Sept. 30, 1894.** Large quantity of wine pipes washing ashore with wine mixed with salt water. Pieces of wreck also coming ashore all useless. Mark

M A R C A

F. NRLOUF HUGUE Cabida Vendad

Daniel Morris 62

1894

**Oct. 1, 1894.** Went to Lemon City and returned. Brought Mr. Scott to help me repair boat. News from along the Keys report the crew of Spanish ship all drowned but three in the late gale. Making frequent walks along the beach north and south.

**Oct. 3, 1894.** Working on boat with Mr. Scott. Wife helping repair sails. The sail belonging to the boat hardly worth repairing.

**Oct. 6, 1894.** At noon finished boat and using a temporary sail took Mr. Scott home to Lemon City. Found that the boat leaked very badly. Hauled her up for repairs to her bottom.

**Oct. 7, 1894.** Brought over George Davis<sup>12</sup> to work on boat. News just received from the Keys is that many drowned men are drifting to shore on Key Largo and others. Keeping a sharp look out on beach.

**Oct. 10, 1894.** Took George Davis home to Lemon City at noon after launching boat.

**Oct. 11, 1894.** Hauled up boat as she leaked very badly.

**Oct. 15, 1894.** Blowing a gale at NNE, the sea working away the Beach in front of the station, the bank being now perpendicular and the Beach low, and ordinary high water washes very badly and is fast approaching the House and the Boat House.

**Oct. 16, 1894.** The sea has gained on the House in the last 2 days four feet, the perpendicular bank is now eight feet from the station steps.

**Oct. 22, 1894.** Keeper with help overhauling station bedding, washing mattress covers, pillow slips. Heavy sea washing away bank of sand near the station.

**Oct. 25, 1894.** Clearing out galley ready to do some paint inside.

**Dec. 29, 1894.** Very Cold, sunrise 30 degrees, noon 35 degrees.<sup>13</sup>

**Jan. 6, 1895.** Received from Women Aid Society the following clothing:

For men: 7 pairs trousers. 7 shirts. 7 undershirts. 7 pair drawers. 7 caps. 7 pairs hose. 7 pairs shoes. 7 handkerchiefs. 7 cardigan jackets.

For women: 2 undervests. 2 shawls. 2 hoods. 2 pairs drawers. 2 balmorels. 2 pairs stockings. 2 pairs shoes. 2 suits (four pieces).

For children: 2 cardigans. 2 undershirts. 2 pair drawers. 1 pair trousers. 2 hose. 1 cap. 1 dress. 1 skirt. 12 pairs shoes. 1 hood.

Miscellaneous: 3 blankets. 4 towels. needles, pins, cotton, thimble. 1 pound tea. 1 pound sugar. 2 cans beef extract. reading matter and paper.

**Feb. 3, 1895.** Capt. H. B. Shaw 7 Dist. Supt. and Capt. Abbey U.S. Cutter Service and Inspector U.S.L.S.S. came to the station from Schn *Tortugas*. Landed on the Beach in front of the station and inspected.

**Mar. 23, 1895.** Repairing wharf, used 2 lbs nails 10 pny.

**Mar. 31, 1895.** Received from New York via Key West and Schn *New Venice* one suit of sails for supply boat. Dandy foresail and gib.

**May 3, 1895.** Two Negroes wading a part of a boat passed the station at 3 P.M., went as far as Crocodile Hole and launched her over in the Bay. I then assisted them to get it to Lemon City where they arrived in safety.

**July 4, 1895.** Cat boat *Lena* Cocoa Nut Grove capsized in the Bay in about 9 ft. water. I being in the Bay at the time and seeing her went to her assistance and took from the water Edward Pent and Will Saunders on board my boat and towed the *Lena* in shoal water where they could bail her out. See wreck report. <sup>14</sup>

**July 31, 1895.** Hottest day in five years at this station, 100 degrees at sunset.

**Nov. 16, 1895.** Came to the station two men from Schn *Ada B* dismantled in the \_\_\_\_\_. Gave them breakfast and set them over to Lemon City.

**Nov. 16, 1895.** Came to the station a Mr. Morton who capsized his boat about 5½ miles from station North. See wreck report. Gave him two meals and carried him to Lemon City.

**Dec. 3, 1895.** On Nov. 16 there was a rumor that two men, brothers, Arnold by name, had been lost from Miami by being capsized in a small boat. I have kept a look out. I was told yesterday while at Miami that two men had been blown out of the Bay on a raft and had not been heard from and was requested to make a diligent search for their bodies along the Beach.

**Dec. 189, 1895.** The station now stands on the brink, the bank in front is perpendicular with the steps.

**Dec. 25, 1895.** Brought over a new stove that was left at Lemon City for us from Schn *Tortugas* Jacksonville.

**Dec. 26, 1895.** Killed a rattle snake 6 ft 2 inches long in the path between the House and the landing.

**Dec. 31, 1895.** Putting in new wire screen in safe.

**June 3, 1896.** Left station this morning in charge of Z. T. Merritt to be gone to homestead for a week.<sup>15</sup>

**June 21, 1896.** Paul Mathers [Matthaus] and Charles Pent came to the station with tank and a man to set it up which he did. We are now short of water as we had to let the water out of old tank to make room for new one.

**July 4, 1896.** Tank half full or about a thousand gallons. At 10 A.M. went to the landing to secure the boat. Weather very threatening.

**July 9, 1896.** Left station this morning in charge of James W. Robert to be gone 15 days at the homestead.

**Aug. 4, 1896.** Schn turtling, the crew of which came to station for water, gave it to them and they proceeded.

**Aug. 6, 1896.** Supt. inspected station. On examining medicine chest Supt. ordered the medicine marked suspended which were in bad condition as follows: 1 bottle aqua amonia, all used bottles broken. 1 bottle carboic solution all used bottles broken. 1 box Epsom salt nearly used but spoiled. 1 bottle vaseline extirely expended.

**Oct. 23, 1896.** Left station in charge of Mr. Soop to go to my home.

**Oct. 24, 1896.** Returned to station and returned Mr. Soop.

**Nov. 3, 1896.** Presidential election today. Went to Lemon City election and returned.

**Jan. 5, 1897.** Samuel Anderson came over and I hired him to help me with boat.

**Jan. 6, 1897.** Hauled up the boat after unhangng center board. Found both ends of center board trunk badly wormed and leaking.

**Jan. 17, 1897.** No water in tank. Have dug a well but it is poor stuff to drink.

**Feb. 5, 1897.** Blowing a heavy gale from SSE. On this day there has been very heavy weather and it continues. On making the landing we missed and had to come to in the bushes where we staid till midnight before we could get to the landing and get out.

**Feb. 25, 1897.** Went to Lemon City. Received 4 packages of freight from the Government. 1 scale beam. 1 bde brooms (6). 1 joint of stove pipe, 1 elbow. 1 gallon turpentine. 15 lbs nails 20 d. 5 lbs boat tacks. 5 lbs 6-thread manilla. 25 lbs 12-thread manilla. 1 vegetable dish. 1 carving knife. 1 box mustard plasters. 1 dust brush. 1 bale brick. 2 pails. 50 lbs soap. 1 monkey wrench.

**May 11, 1897.** At 6 A.M. went to Lemon City after Capt Shaw, Dist. Supt. Inspected underpinning of station and found most of the uprights and all of the ground sills rotten. Brought Graham King over to assist in doing some work about station.

**May 12, 1897.** At 7 A.M. started for Lemon City and Miami, purchased cypress lumber and nails, galvanized, and brought to station.

**May 13, 1897.** At 1 P.M. went to Lemon City to get jack screws and

some iron work made. Graham King employed getting lumber from along the Beach and getting cypress lumber from the landing.

**May 16, 1897.** Graham King working on station underpinning.

**May 24, 1897.** At 11 o'clock went to Lemon City. At 4 P.M. loaded a lumber scow with lumber and a horse and brought it over to the station for the underpinning and water fence. Work on scow: 2 men of Knights 1½ hours. Henry Swift 1 hour. G. W. King. Otto Mathewson [Matthaus].

**May 25, 1897.** At 7 A.M. went for doctor for Hugh Latimer<sup>16</sup> a young man stopping at the station. At 3 P.M. returned with doctor and at sundown took doctor and Latimer back to Lemon City. Otto Mathers [Matthaus] and his horse hauling lumber. Henry Swift and G. King at work.

**May 26, 1897.** At 10 A.M. started for Lemon City with horse and Otto Mathews in skiff in tow of supply boat and at 12 noon arrived at Lemon City. Graham King and Henry Swift at work on breakwater or water fence. At 5 P.M. returned to station.

**May 27, 1897.** Keeper with G. King and Henry Swift working on jettys.

**May 29, 1897.** A Sunday school picnic.

**May 30, 1897.** Blowing a gale from SSE. Sea giving the jetty a good trial. Beach making it in some places.

**June 2, 1897.** Graham King and Henry Swift finished jettys.

**June 5, 1897.** Graham King working on underpinning. Keeper went to Lemon City and returned. Graham King got his leg hurt by the falling of house blocking.

**June 8, 1897.** King with the assistance of keeper working on leaders to water tank.

**June 14, 1897.** An officer from the Revenue Cutter Service came to the station to make inquiry about Cubans being camped on the beach. Steamer *McClain* and two U.S. ships in sight.

**June 20, 1897.** A large U.S. man of war passed the station.

**July 2, 1897.** Graham W. King and myself worked up what materials we had on the wharf.

**Aug. 17, 1897.** Sea washing north jetty badly, cutting in the beach. Heavy beach fire coming dangerously near. Signaled for assistance from the other side but none came. Could not see signals. Fire went out.

**Sept. 30, 1897.** Keeper went to Lemon City. The weather came on with such hard squalls would not attempt to cross the Bay and stayed all night.

**Oct. 12, 1897.** Overhauling supply boat. Sea washed out one end of

2nd jetty from the South and it broke off and went adrift. There is still forty feet of it left.

**Oct. 25, 1897.** Sea running under station and washing away what it has gained by the jettys.

**Nov. 19, 1897.** Sea running very heavy taking away jetty piece at a time and cutting away the Beach that the jettys have collected.

**Dec. 9, 1897.** Keeper of Lauderdale station came in to our station for a harbor and spent the night.

**Jan. 4, 1898.** Four masted sch. reported total loss all hands saved off Cape Florida.

**Jan. 16, 1898.** The new steamer *Miami* to run between Miami and Nassau passed the station.

**Mar. 3, 1898.** Heavy squalls SW tore my boat sails so badly that they are unreparable being so rotten.

**Mar. 4, 1898.** At 2 P.M. got the sails in such shape that I could cross to Lemon City and mailed urgent requisition for new sails.

**Apr. 23, 1898.** War declared between U.S. and kingdom of Spain.

**Apr. 24, 1898.** A war sloop nationality unknown passed the station.

**May 15, 1898.** Received a suit of sails from Chicago.

**May 27, 1898.** U.S. gun boat passed station going South.

**June 3, 1898.** Left station in care of Capt. Denny O'Neil.

**June 26, 1898.** This day keeper returned to station.

**Oct. 9, 1898.** Cleaned out cistern as we are having plenty of rain.

**Oct. 26, 1898.** Capt. Fromberger and wife came to the station.<sup>17</sup>

**Nov. 3, 1898.** Taking bedding from upstairs, shaking it and putting it out on stoop.

**Nov. 8, 1898.** Painting sitting room.

**Jan. 9, 1899.** Took my boat to Lemon City and hauled up on Mr. Pierce's ways.

**Jan. 11, 1899.** Boat still on Pierce's ways. Using Mr. Pierce's boat to get home in.

**Feb. 4, 1899.** Two men came to station in small boat to get their position they having sailed from Bimini last night. Aided them and they departed.

**May 25, 1899.** Heavy hail storm capsized sch. *Two Brothers* about eight miles North of station. Two men came to station from abreast of her where they landed in their boat after the squall had subsided. Gave them dry clothes, supplied bed and breakfast and took them over to Lemon City in my supply boat.

**June 9, 1899.** Bought cook stove for which paid \$15.00.

**June 20, 1899.** This day gave Denny O'Neil charge of station in my absence which will be probably 20 days. My address will be Ojus, Florida.

**Aug. 12, 1899.** At 4 P.M. Mr. George Brown a Negro camping a half mile south of station came to station. His tent had blown down and he was in a bad fix. Took him in and gave him dry clothes.

**Aug. 20, 1899.** Hauled up supply boat, took sails to the house. Can't work on her for mosquitos.

**Sept. 5, 1899.** Capt. Shaw inspected station and with the assistance of Mr. Tagner, my hired man Sam and myself put up the flag staff. With the addition of top mast making it now about 45 feet above the ground.

**Sept. 7, 1899.** Braced the flag staff with pieces picked up from Beach.

**Oct. 25, 1899.** Heavy gale NNE. The Bay impassable.

**Oct. 28, 1899.** The sea running under the house and washed out in some places to the ground sills of the piazza.

**Oct. 30, 1899.** Sea going down and throwing some sand back covering the ground sills to piazza again.

**Jan. 17, 1900.** Went to Lemon City and returned. On my way back my boat broke her mast and I had to return and hire a boatman to carry me home.

**Jan. 21, 1900.** Large party from Lemon City. All hands keeping Sabbath.

**Apr. 2, 1900.** Keeper of station very sick. No way of communicating with main land.

**Apr. 3, 1900.** Keeper very sick. Wife set flag on wharf at landing to attract passing boats. None came.

**Apr. 4, 1900.** Keeper still very sick. No one came.

**Apr. 5, 1900.** Keeper still very sick. No one came.

**Apr. 6, 1900.** Keeper still very sick. Wife going to landing many times a day. No boats in sight. None came.

**Apr. 9, 1900.** Keeper still sick. A Mr. Bradbury from Biscain came to station. I sent letter to Capt. Shaw Dist. Supt. and a letter to Mr. Roberts to come to station to assist me.

**Apr. 10, 1900.** Keeper much better. Feaver broken. Mr. Roberts came over to stay with me. Keeper went to Lemon City to consult Dr.

**Apr. 11, 1900.** Mr. Roberts left for his home in Lemon City this morning.

**Aug. 5, 1900.** Ten years ago today I came to the station as keeper.

**Aug. 16, 1900.** Mr. Ludwig Hovilshrud came to station and re-

lieved me temporarily. I am unwell and need treatment, previously reported.

**Aug. 18, 1900.** At 11 A.M. keeper left station being unable to do duty longer.

Ludwig H. Hovilsrud [signed] temporary keeper

## NOTES

1. *Tropical Sun*, Dec. 15, 1892.

2. Joseph Faus, "Lemon City: Miami Predecessor," *Miami Daily News Sunday Magazine*, Sept. 19, 1948.

3. Charles W. Pierce, *Pioneer Life in Southeast Florida*. Edited by Donald Walter Curl. Coral Gables, Florida: University of Miami Press, 1970. Pierce's unabridged manuscript is in the museum of the Palm Beach Historical Society. See p. 366.

4. Washington Jenkins had recently been replaced as keeper of the Fort Lauderdale House of Refuge by E. R. Bradley. Pierce, *op. cit.* p. 151.

5. Dr. E. Stone Wiggins, weather forecaster of Ottawa, Canada, predicted a world storm for March 9, 10 and 11, 1883. All life saving stations were alerted to stand watch. Wiggins made headlines in the *New York Times* for almost a week. A severe storm did hit New England and Canada but the rest of the world was spared.

6. Peacock made this entry lightly in pencil at the bottom of the page. This was the birth of Rafaela, the seventh child of John Thomas and Martha J. (Snipes) Peacock. She is thought to have been the first white child born on Miami Beach. Genealogical information from Oby Bonawit.

7. Richard (Dick) G. Peacock, eighth child of the Peacocks. Genealogical information, Oby Bonawit.

8. During Lieut. Shoemaker's visit, Feb. 2, 1889, he selected the following items to be destroyed and dropped from the inventory:

8¼ bls. salt beef rotten  
24 2-lb. cans mutton rotten  
4¼ bls. salt pork rotten  
Pillow covers, spoons and iron pots

The following items were condemned and sold:

92 2-lb. tins beef @ 5c	4.80
25 lb. coffee in cans @ .10	2.50
2 2¼ lb. cans tea @ .20	.40
37 12-lb. cans pilot bread @ .30	11.10
10 5-lb. cans sugar @ .20	2.00

\$20.80

9. William Hawkins Fulford, native of North Carolina and a former sea captain, was 51 years old and had been married for 28 years when he and his wife moved to Station Five from their home in New Smyrna. (U.S. Census 1900)

10. According to his homestead papers in the National Archives Fulford began to reside on his homestead in October 1891. In his final papers he claimed that he was absent from his land "for short intervals for business purposes." According to the log he was absent from the station only for short intervals. The homestead became the nucleus of an agricultural and railroad shipping community named Fulford.

11. This is the first mention of Mrs. Fulford though she had been at the House of Refuge for several years. Her social and church activities at Lemon City are mentioned repeatedly in the *Tropical Sun* during the 1890's.

12. George Davis was one of the victims in Lemon City's celebrated Sam Lewis murder case of 1895. Thelma Peters, *Lemon City Pioneering on Biscayne Bay 1850-1925*. Miami, Banyan Books, 1976. pp. 159-160.

13. This was the date of the first of two severe freezes during the winter of 1894-1895 which killed most of the citrus groves in the state and started a migration southward down the peninsula.

14. Wreck reports are in the main National Archives Building, Washington, D.C.

15. At this time Z. T. Merritt was homesteading land near Lemon City. In 1897 he became superintendent of Dade County schools. His sister, Ada Merritt, was well known as an early teacher in Lemon City and Miami. The Merritts and other members of the family frequently spent vacations at the House of Refuge. During the time of the Fulfords the station became a kind of hotel for friends and acquaintances. It might be considered the first hotel on Miami Beach. The *Miami Metropolis*, Jan. 21, 1898, reported: "Capt. W. H. Fulford of the House of Refuge has had to refuse a number of applications for board and his house is full. The jolly captain and his wife make things so pleasant for their guests they always return."

16. The *Miami Metropolis* for Feb. 25, 1898, mentioned that Mr. and Mrs. Latimer (the J. S. Latimers, parents of Hugh Latimer), Dr. and Mrs. Burchard and Mrs. Asten were spending the season at the House of Refuge.

17. Capt. Jack Fromberger was keeper of Station Number Four.

# History of Pinewood (Cocoplum) Cemetery

Oby Bonawit\*

Until 1897, a year after the City of Miami was incorporated, there were no official cemeteries in the Miami area. Burials north of the Miami River were usually on the home place. Neighbors helped in laying out the body, building a coffin and burying the body. Due to lack of an undertaker, little time was lost. After the City of Miami Cemetery was opened, most bodies that had been buried north of the Miami River were "removed" to that place.

But south of the Miami River, burials were usually made in the area where Pinewood Cemetery now is. Old timers have said that burials in that area may have been made as early as 1855. The present cemetery comprises only four acres, but a builder to the east, and one to the west, reportedly found bones of humans while digging trenches for house foundations.

Adam C. Richards (1849-1937) born Canton, Ohio, came to this area in 1875 and married Rose Wagner in 1876. Under the Homestead Act of 1862 he received title in 1895 to the west one half of the northwest one quarter of Section 32 of Township 54, which was a tract which had its northwest corner at the present day intersection of the center lines of Sunset Road and Erwin Road (S.W. 47 Avenue). Erwin Road is a mile east of Red Road in South Miami.

In October 1896 Adam Richards and his wife deeded the corner acre to the Dade County School Board and in May 1897 they deeded the next acre south to Wilson A. Larkins, Arthur F. Lang and Arthur E. Kingsley as Trustees of Pinewood Cemetery. A schoolhouse was built on the corner lot but was later moved and a private residence sits there today. The one acre site for the cemetery evidently became inadequate for in June of 1906 Harley Standt, who had acquired property from Adam Richards, deeded three more acres along Erwin Road to the trustees of Pinewood Cemetery. A plat of the four acre cemetery was

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\*Oby Bonawit is a member of the Historical Association of Southern Florida and the Genealogical Society of Greater Miami.

filed at the County Court House September 1, 1911 (a copy of the plat can be seen at the Historical Association). The cemetery is 840 feet north-south and 210 feet east-west as measured from the center line of Erwin Road. A deduction of 15 feet for paving and right of way left a platted width of 195 feet. The cemetery was divided into 268 plots (including those numbered with letters), plus driveways and a large oval area in the center.

The area was chosen, it was said, because it was near the trail that led from the Coconut Grove area through Larkins (now South Miami) to Perrine. The thin soil made it of little use for farming. Burial holes in the limestone had to be dug the hard way, but "labor was cheap." Later, said Mary Dorn, she would sometimes hear a dynamite blast and would know there was going to be another burial. Of the three original trustees, Arthur Kingsley died in 1899 and was buried in Miami City Cemetery. His name does not appear on any of the recorded deeds of Pinewood Cemetery plots.

The names, and sometimes the addresses, of some 109 original purchasers were written on a copy of the cemetery plat, of which we have a duplicate. Many of the purchasers lived in Coconut Grove. Only 31 of the original deeds were recorded. An abstract of the property may be found in the "Pinewood Cemetery" file at the Historical Association of Southern Florida but it does not include all deeds that were recorded. Another 13 deeds of resales were recorded. Deeds of original sales were signed by Arthur F. Lang as Chairman of Trustees as late as June 1925. Arthur Lang died November 23, 1930 and was buried in Pinewood Cemetery according to his only surviving child, James Lang, now aged 87. Wilson A. Larkins died January 19, 1946 aged 85 and was buried in Graceland Cemetery. He served as clerk, secretary and treasurer. He did not sign any deeds that are on file except as witness. We have a copy of a letter which Wilson Larkins wrote December 3, 1908 to the County Commissioners in which he tried to reason with them after their failure to pay for plot number 58 in which paupers had been buried by the county. He argued that the money was needed to keep up the cemetery. We do not know if the county ever paid.

Ernest Laesch signed deeds of sale as Chairman of Trustees in 1925, 1928 and 1930. He died in August of 1956 and was buried in Woodlawn Cemetery.

George Crews, who died from a hunting accident in 1899, is the first person we have been able to list as buried in Pinewood. Grave stones, since removed by vandals, showed dates of deaths as late as 1944. But no one kept a record of burials as such. An unmarked burial

was made in 1961, and a responsible person said he observed a burial party enter the cemetery in 1975. The trustees never did have anything to do with burials. They sold the plots and left it up to the buyers to find grave diggers.

Present law requires cemeteries to be registered at Tallahassee but they have no record of Pinewood Cemetery there.

Most plots are twenty feet square and sold for ten, fifteen or twenty dollars. No financial records are known to be in existence. A state law was passed in 1959 which required operators of cemeteries to set aside ten percent of sales proceeds for perpetual care, but the law does not apply to Pinewood.

The cemetery was cleaned up after the 1926 hurricane then, as time went by, a scattering of trees grew unchecked. Thin brush now grows in the northern third while brush and tall grasses line Erwin Road and fill the southern two thirds. There was a time when the cemetery was burned over from time to time but anti-pollution laws stopped that. Vandalism has been a major problem. Nearly all grave markers have been carried off or broken. Owners of several plots in the northern part marked their plots with little concrete walls or fencing. The Perrys had an engraved marble slab imbedded in a flat concrete slab. It is good as new. There are unmarked slabs which may have been bases for monuments. Most graves are identifiable only by shallow depressions in the ground.

Miss Lulu McClendon of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, now deceased, urged the Coral Gables Commissioners to take action. We have minutes of three meetings held in late 1963 which were chaired by then Commissioner W. L. Philbrick and attended by about a dozen interested persons. Reports from the Fire and Police Departments were submitted which stated that "the grounds are unsafe to walk upon, many tombstones are broken and an unsanitary condition exists at the location." Plans were made to try to locate owners of plots.

After the first meeting, the Commissioners of Coral Gables appropriated \$1575 for clearing. A bulldozer was used to clear and level parts of the cemetery where such work could be done without disturbing existing grave stones. One hundred and fifty Boy Scouts gave their services. The clearing angered one citizen who lived across Erwin Road. He was trying to sell his house and didn't want prospects to know there was a cemetery there.

Coral Gables spent money on legal fees in an effort to find trustees of the cemetery, but to no avail. The cemetery was surveyed and a determination made that it was within the City of Coral Gables.

It was thought that a new Board of Trustees should be established

so, at the third meeting, five members of the group were selected. They were Dorothy Bush, Preston Prevatt, Pearl Brooke (now deceased), Lloyd Brooke and William Laesch.

There was a fourth meeting, again chaired by Commissioner Philbrick, in November 1965. It was noted that Coral Gables had put up another \$3325 to clear some of the larger growth in the cemetery. Mr. Philbrick reported that "all efforts had been made to locate the records of burials and removals, that there is no existing way the Board of Trustees can comply with the State Statutes."

There were two lasting accomplishments of the meetings. A list was made of two dozen people who were buried there. (Not all of the grave markers that were there then are there today). Secondly, survey points were established on the center line of Erwin Road and at the south east corner of the cemetery. Today, owners of plots along Erwin Road could find their plots if they had a plat and understood the survey points on the road. The Perry plot in the northern section is identifiable and, with a plat, those plots near it. That part of the cemetery is relatively free of wild growth.

No doubt there were location markers for the plots originally. The bulldozer would have destroyed some and others are hidden by brush and grass. Some 55 per cent of the plots were sold and must be considered to be privately owned, but very few owners can find their plots today.

Mr. Philbrick had put forth a plan whereby the few remaining grave markers would be removed to the center oval, a new monument would be erected bearing the names of all those known to be buried there, then the rest of the cemetery would be cleared and sodded. Thus a park-like scene would be achieved and maintenance would be reduced to a minimum by the use of power mowers. The plan was never executed.

It is probable that ownership of some of the plots was abandoned by buyers who later moved away. The population of Dade County increased considerably between 1920 and 1930, but the 1926 hurricane and the beginnings of the great depression caused many people to give up and return north. On the other hand, there were cases of people who had no money but were allowed to make burials in plots owned by relatives or friends.

About twenty years ago some individuals advocated removal of all remains so as to make the site available for other purposes. Heated opposition arose, even from people who had no relatives buried there. Several of the latter purchased plots from original owners and recorded

the deeds so they could forestall such a movement. The proposal died but hostilities and suspicions persist to this day.

Vandalism became worse whenever there was publicity about the cemetery. Many believe that, for the present at least, it should remain untouched. Actually, it appears that there is little left to attract vandals.

Philbrick Funeral Homes performed a couple of burials there. The former Combs Funeral Home performed some and Mr. Bess of Bess-Combs has the records but they are not available. The W. D. Thurmond Monument Company of Coral Gables had a map showing perhaps two hundred or more names and places where monuments were placed but the map, if it still exists, is in storage and has not been located.

When Coral Gables was incorporated, it included the area east of Erwin Road where Pinewood Cemetery is located. But the owners of the lots to the north and east of the cemetery had differences with Coral Gables and withdrew from its jurisdiction. So Pinewood Cemetery, though a part of Coral Gables, adjoins it only at the south end. Coral Gables, in 1968, asked Dade County to annex the site, but the County Commissioners declined to do so.

The unkept nature of the cemetery has led to misuse by undesirable persons for drug parties. To control that problem, the City of Coral Gables has put up NO TRESPASSING signs along Erwin Road and nearby residents were asked to call the Coral Gables Police if trespassers were observed. Anyone planning to enter the property should call the Coral Gables Police Department before doing so.

There is no operative state law that permits Coral Gables to act. However, a bill has been filed in each state legislative session since 1968 that would enable governing bodies to deal with abandoned cemeteries. Coral Gables officials consider Pinewood Cemetery an eyesore that must be moved against if and when the bill becomes law.

It is noted that, under state law, land once used as a cemetery may not be used for any other purpose. The law prohibits a part of a cemetery, even though it be sold, to be used in a way that would desecrate the remainder. The "integrity" of the cemetery must be preserved.

State Representative Tom Gallagher has filed a bill at Tallahassee—559.515 Political subdivisions; unmaintained cemeteries.—

(1) Notwithstanding any laws to the contrary, any political subdivision within this state in which an unmaintained cemetery is located may, after diligent search to locate the owners has failed, maintain said cemetery and charge the true owners for such services, when found.

(2) If any political subdivision has exercised the authority granted

under subsection (1) above, and said exercise of authority has been ongoing for more than one year, said political subdivision shall have an action at law to foreclose on the property for services rendered.

Charles H. Spooner, City Attorney for Coral Gables, stated in a letter to the City Commission that the major problem is that the entire grounds are an eyesore within the city. He said:

“I would presume from the proposed legislation that another concerted effort could be made to locate the ownership of the individual plots where people are buried and, after certain newspaper advertising, that the City could maintain the cemetery. Then after one year of still being unable to locate the ownership of the property, the city could foreclose and, if someone else didn't buy it, the City could buy it at the foreclosure sale and be in the cemetery business.”

Should the City gain control of the cemetery there would still be much to be done. Estimates were made in 1972 of these expenses – hand clearing of underbrush \$9,750, leveling and solid sodding \$17,000. Since some of today's youths have a propensity for driving autos on private property, further estimates were made as to security – for 2066 lineal feet of chain link fence \$5,165. Or, for a 4 foot CBS wall and cap of the same distance \$28,924. Then there would be continuing expenses for mowing.

We might speculate that some responsible person or society might become intersted in the cemetery if a foreclosure comes about. If so, Coral Gables would be relieved of continuing expenses. Pinewood has 4 acres as compared to 11 acres in the Miami City Cemetery, where over 8,000 burials have been made. Could Pinewood become an active cemetery again? There are interesting possibilities for Pinewood's future.

As of this printing no legislative action has been taken in Tallahassee.

### **List of Burials at Pinewood Cemetery**

This list is the result of months of effort, of checking names in the phone book and following a variety of leads. Twenty odd names had been copied from grave stones in the past. The rest of the list was supplied by persons who had records or were related to the deceased to such a degree that their statements were credible. Some leads did not check out and were not included in this list. Only one case was found of a body being dug up and reburied in another cemetery. This list is far short of the estimated two hundred burials in Pinewood Cemetery, but was the best that could be done.

1. Addison, John A., born ca 1830 in Florida, was here in 1870 census.
2. Addison, Mary, wife of John, born ca 1832 in Florida.
3. Anderson, Sgt. Lemuel O. (18--/1934), was in Spanish American War, Co. D, 1st Tennessee Infantry.
4. Barnett, Jeremiah C. (1/22/1869-5/1/1925), born Georgia, in S. A. War.
5. Barnett, Allan Boring (1906-1911), son of Jeremiah and wife Hasen.
6. Barnett, Welburn (1912-1913), son of Jeremiah and Hasen (Roberts).
7. Barnett, Ralph Newton (10/23/1927-1/30/1928), of Coconut Grove.
8. Barnett, Allen, died young ca 1926, son of Newton and Louise.
9. Barnett, Thelma, died 1908, infant of Harry and Rose Barnett.
10. Barrs, William Taylor (1850-3/22/1935), came Aug 10, 1910 from Lake City, Florida.
11. Mrs. W. T. Barrs (1865-11/15/1929), from Lake City Florida. She was born Feareby Jane Hodge.
12. Barrs, Mable Viola, died 1911.
13. Barrs, two year old child of Henry and Merial Barrs, of diptheria.
14. Beckham, Franklin (1908-1931), from marker in cemetery.
15. Brady, Tillman, buried twin babies in Anita Pent plot.
16. Branam, Mrs. R. L. (Delia Blythe), died 1908, from marker in cemetery.
17. Brinson, Mattie (1854-9/18/1926), unmarried. Dates from marker.
18. Brooke, Dillion Duncan Sr. (1875-1924), came 1913 from Oak Hill, Fla. Was husband of Jesse Pearl Brooke.
19. Brooke, Virginia (1919-1921), daughter of Dillion and Pearl Brooke.
20. Brown, Lila, died age ca 23, wife of W. A. Brown, dau. of A. Lang.
21. Burtshaw, James C., his remains were removed from Pinewood.
22. Bush, Dorothy Steele.
23. Carters were buried in plots 10 and 11.
24. Crew, George T. (1864-1899) from marker. Had hunting accident.
25. Crews, Martha, died ca 1924, came from North Florida.
26. Crocket, Agnes MacGuffy (1876-1909) wife of Charles D. Crocket Jr.
27. Crofts, Charles Archibald died ca 1911, born Sheffield, England.
28. Crofts, Arthur McDougal (1908-1910) a son of Walter Crofts.

29. Dean, Dewitt C. (1826-1904) from marker in cemetery.
30. Dean, Fidelia L. (1829-1905) from marker in cemetery.
31. Dean, Charles. This could be Dewitt C. Dean.
32. Dowling, Daniel Drew (ca 1880-5/22/1912) born Live Oak, Florida.
33. Dowling, Mary (ca 1886-8/ /1913) 1st wife of John Perry Dowling.
34. Dowling, Corrine died ca 1932, daughter of John Perry and Mary.
35. Edwards, Hiram (ca 1866-1916) came from Key West.
36. Edwards, Leona (ca 1905-1917) daughter of Hiram Edwards.
37. Felkner, Araminta (4/17/1851-4/22/1924) mother of Mrs. Walter Crofts.
38. Herndon, Lanta B.
39. Hinson, Mrs. J. J. , first wife of county commissioner.
40. Hodge, Ellen (ca 1837-1911).
41. Holland, James Shepard died ca 1910 of injuries from a street car.
42. Laesch, Wm L. (1846-1904) came from Michigan in 1899.
43. Laesch, Katherine (1846-1915) wife of Wm L.
44. Lang, Arthur died 11/23/1930. Was a trustee of Pinewood.
45. Lang, Esther A., wife of Arthur.
46. Larkins, Marshall, son of Wilson Larkins, trustee.
47. McDaniels, Mrs. Docia Williams (ca 1860-ca 1924) from Georgia 1923.
48. Medders, Mrs. B. S. (1854-1920) from marker in cemetery.
49. Melton, Everet S. (ca 1891-1938) came from Citra, Florida in 1916.
50. Mundy, Charles.
51. O'Brien, a twin baby boy died in Sept. 1925, son of J. E. O'Brien.
52. Parker, Alvin M (2/12/1881-8/20/1934) was a bachelor.
53. Parker, Margaret (ca 1931-ca 1934)
54. Patrick, a week old baby girl died 1927, a daughter of Dan and Lena Patrick of Statesboro, Georgia.
55. Patrick, a still born boy died 3/30/1934, a son of Dan G. Patrick.
56. Paupers were buried by the county in 1908 in plot 58.
57. Perkins, Katherine died 3/6/1943. Was daughter of George and Harriet Richardson.
58. Perkins, Hattie E. (1/31/1894-9/8/1944) unmarried dau. of Katherine.
59. Perry, George Lafayette (10/11/1862-5/15/1911), from Georgia.
60. Perry, Molly E. McWilliams (1/20/1862-12/27/1942), wife of George. They were parents of Grover C. J. Perry, born Feb. 7, 1893. (Gesu)
61. Perry, George W. died in 1914, father of G. L. Perry. He was a private in Co. H, 64th Georgia Regiment.
62. Raulerson, Lillian Eva (11/29/1889-8/27/1904), daughter of W. T. Raulerson.
63. Richards, Nelson N. (1885-1906), from marker in cemetery.
64. Richardson, George (ca 1842-10/10/1900), from marker in cemetery.
65. Richardson, Harriet E. or F. (5/24/1850-2/13/1937), wife of George.

66. Roberts, George Livingston (12/9/1855-12/16/1921), came here in 1887. He was born at Manatee, lived Key West, husband of Catherine S. Frow.
67. Roberts, Mary Louise (1908-1908), daughter of George and Catherine.
68. Roberts, Allen died 6/13/1918 as infant, born Coconut Grove.
69. Scott, boy stillborn 1928 to Edgar and Mildred Scott.
70. Steed, baby girl died age 2, daughter of C. D. Steed.
71. Steele, Richard F. (1848-1920).
72. Steele, Carrie, died 10/21/1934, wife of Richard.
73. Sweeting, a young boy buried ca 1934.
74. Thorpe, Thomas A. (12/1/1861-12/22/1927) from marker.
75. Walker, Addie died 12/12/1927 age 2, daughter of J. W. and Alethia Walker.
76. Walker, Alethia died when 5 days old, daughter J. W. and Alethia Walker.
77. Walker, Anneta (1923-1924), daughter J. W. and Alethia Pent Walker.
78. Walls, Ethel Vivian Bailey (ca 1894-9/18/1926), died in hurricane.
79. Walls, Dorothy (ca 1916-9/18/1926), daughter of Alexander and Ethel.
80. Walls, Roy (ca 1915-9/10/1926), son of Alexander and Ethel Walls.

# From Tampa Bay to Biscayne Bay in 1799

Reprinted from *The Journal of Andrew Ellicott* . . .  
Philadelphia, Thomas Dodson, at The Stone House,  
1803, pp. 244-256, and 271– 272.  
With an introduction by Dr. Charlton W. Tebeau.

## INTRODUCTION

At the end of the American Revolution it became necessary to establish a boundary line between the new United States and Florida which had been returned to Spain after two decades of British rule. A longstanding dispute ensued when the Spanish discovered a secret agreement between the United States and England. If England retained Florida the boundary should begin at the mouth of the Yazoo River, about 32 degrees and 28 minutes of north latitude, run thence to the Flint River and down that stream to the confluence with the Chattahoochee to form the Apalachicola, thence to the source of the St. Mary's River and down that stream to the Atlantic Ocean. But if Florida were to be returned to Spain the starting point might be the 31st parallel of north latitude.

Until 1795 the Spanish insisted upon the more northerly line. Then, in the Treaty of San Ildefonso they agreed to the 31st parallel. But when Andrew Ellicott arrived from the United States with his surveyors and a military escort the Spanish refused to surrender the forts north of the new line and let the surveying proceed. Finally, in March 1798 they pulled back and allowed the work to begin. The surveyors reached the Flint River in October of the same year. In that region they found the Indians so hostile they decided to withdraw for the time being, and work at the survey from the Mouth of the St. Mary's to its source, and then to the origin of the Apalachicola. This also produced an even longer standing dispute for it developed that the St. Mary's had three possible sources. Ellicott decided upon the middle one and raised Ellicott's Mound there to mark the spot. The State of Georgia insisted upon the southernmost of the possible sources, which produced a controversy which the State of

Florida inherited, and which was not settled until the American Civil War.

To accomplish the change in procedure Ellicott and his party sailed down the west coast of Florida to Cape Romano and across Florida Bay to Key Vaca. From that point they worked their way in somewhat leisurely fashion up the Atlantic Coast to their task at the St. Mary's River. Ellicott found considerable activity along the Keys and in the Biscayne Bay region. He included these observations along with some comments of a general nature in his report. Between October 29, and November 15, 1799 while he moved up the east coast he produced the account which is here reprinted. Since all of the places and people mentioned are reasonably well known no editorial notes are provided. The Richter Library at the University of Miami provided a photocopy of a copy of the Ellicott *Journal* in its Florida Collection.

Charlton W. Tebeau

### FROM THE JOURNAL OF ANDREW ELLICOTT

October 29th. From a meridional altitude of Capella taken after midnight, we appeared to be opposite to Punta Larga, (Cape Roman,) and having a sufficient offing we steered for Cape Sable, the most southern promontory of east Florida, which was seen from the mast head at noon. At three o'clock in the afternoon came to an anchor on the west side of Kayo Ani, or Sandy Key, which is a small island a very short distance south of the Cape. After coming to an anchor, myself and some of the crew, took our boat, and went to the island; where in a very few minutes, we shot about twelve dozen plover. There are some bushes scattered over the island; but what particularly attracted my attention was the amazing piles, or stacks, of the prickley pear, (opuntia a species of the cactus,) the fruit was large and in high perfection: we eat very plentifully of it; but my people were not a little surprised the next morning, on finding their urine appear as if it had been highly tinged with cochineal; no inconvenience resulting from it, the fruit was constantly used by the crew during our continuance among the keys or islands. Though this island is called Sandy Key, and has certainly the appearance of a body of sand; it is little more than a heap of broken and pulverised shells, which were found to effervesce freely with the vitriolic acid, and little or no quartz was perceptible in the solution.

30th. Weighed anchor and sailed to Key Vaccas, or Cow Island, and moored in a small harbour among a cluster of little islands. Stormy all the afternoon. The soundings from Sandy Key, to Key Vaccas, were regular and generally less than nine feet, and on an horizontal stratum of stone, similar to that described between the Cedar Keys, and Kayo Anclote.

31st. Went on shore on Key Vaccas, where our people in a short time killed four deer, of that small species, common to some of those islands. They are less than our ordinary breed of goats.

November 1st. Examined a number of the small islands, they all appeared to be lime-stone, or calcareous rocks, the tops of them were flat, and elevated but a few feet above the surface of the water, and covered with a thin stratum of earth. These rocks are evidently a congeries of petrefactions, in which may be traced a variety of plants, particularly the roots of the great palmitto, or cabbage tree, (corypha or palmitto of Walter). The mud in the harbour where we lay was of a fine white, and resembled lime, or whiting, and was found to effervesce with the vitriolic acid; from which it is probable, that it is no more than shells, and other calcareous matter, levigated by the friction of the particles, produced by the constant motion of the water.

2d. Took some large turtle, and fine fish. Visited by Captain Burns of New Providence whose vessel lay at the east end of Key Vaccas. He was on a turtling and wrecking voyage. Wind still from the east and squally.

3d. Killed some more small deer and salted them up. Calm the whole day.

4th. A light breeze in the afternoon, got under way, and proceeded about five miles along the north side of Key Vaccas. Soundings generally from seven to eight feet; the bottom horizontal rock with a rough surface.

5th. Got under weigh early in the morning, but the wind, being ahead, come to an anchor under a small Key, a short distance from Duck Key. Soundings as before. On the small island there was some appearance of a clear field, manned the boat and went to examine it; but had proceeded but a short distance among the bushes, when I was compelled to return by the incredible number of musquetoës; on coming to the boat, I found the men had jumped into the water to avoid the attacks of those troublesome little animals.

This island is similar to those already described, but surrounded by a greater number of ragged rocks near the surface of the water.

6th. Got under way at eight o'clock A. M. and beat out into the

channel between the Keys and reef, and came to an anchor in a good harbour at the east end of Viper Key.

7th. Made sail early in the morning, and came to an anchor at one o'clock P. M. in the harbour at the north east end of the old Matabombe, where we found it necessary to take in wood and water. This island is noted for affording a greater quantity of good water than any other of the Keys; on which account it is much frequented by the turtlers, and wreckers. The water is found in natural wells about four feet deep, which are no more than cracks or cavities in the rock, and not the effect of art as some have imagined. This island, like those already mentioned, may be considered as a large flat calcareous rock, elevated but a few feet above the water, and covered with a stratum of earth. This is said to have been the last residence of the Coloosa Indians, the original inhabitants of East Florida: From whence they were gradually expelled by the Seminoles, or Wild Creeks. From Matabombe they were taken to the island of Cuba by the Spaniards, and incorporated with their salves. But this measure does not appear to have been taken without provocation: these Indians were remarkable for their cruelty, which they exercised indiscriminately on all the unfortunate people, who were wrecked within their reach on that dangerous coast. The island of Matanza, (slaughter,) which lies about one mile north east from the watering place, was so called from those Indians massacring about three hundred French, who had collected on it, after being wrecked on the reef.

On the north east side of Matabombe, there is a beautiful beach, which has the appearance of whitish sand, but on examination is found to be broken shells, coral, &c.

8th. Spent in taking in wood and water. In the afternoon the schooner Shark, late the property of Messrs. Pantou, Laslie and Company, of Pensacola arrived; being a prize to Lieut. Wooldridge and crew, (of whom mention has already been made), who captured her near St. George's island on her way to Apalachy. The schooner Shark was loaded with provisions, and as we had no meat, our commissary Mr. Anderson made application to the prize master for a barrel of pork; the prize master Mr. Barnet made no direct answer, but said he would see about it the next day.

9th. Got under way at nine o'clock A. M. The schooner Shark done the same. It was previously agreed, that we should anchor together in the evening at Key Rodriguiz, where the prize master was to furnish us with a supply of meat, in return for what flour they had from us on St. George's island. We sailed rather the fastest, and so soon as we came to an anchor in the harbour, she crowded all her sail, and stood over the reef

for New Providence. Thus were we requited for our favours. Soon after we came to an anchor, we were joined by Captain Watkins, who commanded a privateer from New Providence. He behaved with politeness, and furnished me with about five pounds of excellent salt pork.

10th. Wind ahead, were not able to make any way. Our men caught a number of fine fish.

11th. Calm until about eleven o'clock A. M. when we had a light breeze and immediately got under way, proceeded to Key Large, and came to an anchor between the Key and Gulf Stream. At the same time a sloop that we were meeting, came to an anchor about two leagues from us.

12th. About two o'clock in the morning, I was called up to see the shooting of the stars, (as it is vulgarly termed,) the phenomenon was grand and awful, the whole heavens appeared as if illuminated with skyrockets, flying in an infinity of directions, and I was in constant expectation of some of them falling on the vessel. They continued until put out by the light of the sun after day break. This phenomenon extended over a large portion of the West India islands, and was observed as far north as St. Mary's, where it appeared as brilliant as with us. During this singular appearance, the wind shifted from the south to the north, and the Thermometer which had been at  $86^{\circ}$  for four days past, fell to  $56^{\circ}$ .

Many ingenious theories have been devised to account for those luminous and fiery meteors, but none of them are so satisfactory to my mind as the *conjecture* of that celebrated chemist M. Lavoisier, who supposes it probable that the terrestrial atmosphere consists of several volumes, or strata of gaz or elastic vapour of different kinds, and that the lightest and most difficult to mix with the lower atmosphere will be elevated above it, and form a separate stratum or volume, which he supposes to be inflammable, and that it is at the point of contact between those strata that the aurora borealis, and other fiery meteors are produced.

About eight o'clock in the morning, the sloop we saw the preceding evening passed by our stern, and upon being hailed answered, "it is a prize;" she was then ordered to come to, to which a person answered "ay," and at about 400 yards from us, hove to, and brought her boat, which was in tow along side; but contrary to our expectation, it was immediately taken in, and the sloop with all her sails set, bore away. Orders were then given to get under way, and give chase, from an idea that it was an American vessel taken by the French, and if possible to retake her, several of her people not having the appearance of Americans

or Englishmen. As soon as we got under sail, a gun was discharged towards the sloop, but to which no attention was paid; but in about one hour we came within rifle shot, when one was discharged, and with such a direction that convinced the crew their safety depended upon coming to; which was immediately done, and we passed under her stern. The master was requested to come to anchor, and bring his papers on board of us. We anchored about rifle shot from the sloop, after which the request was repeated, but one of the persons on board the sloop observed, that the sea was rough, and they had but one oar and a paddle for their boat: upon which our commissary Mr. Anderson took the boat belonging to our vessel, and brought the master and his papers on board. The papers were satisfactory. The vessel and loading were lately Spanish property, and had been taken about fifteen days before by a New Providence privateer near the Havannah, and sent on for Nassau; but got becalmed in the Gulf Stream, which carried her almost to Cape Carnaveral, when the wind served, the master then kept the Florida coast until we met with him. He and his people had been seven days on allowance of one biscuit, and a pint of water each per day, with what fish they could take, which they had to eat without salt. The master took breakfast with me, and when he was ready to return, I directed our commissary to furnish him with a barrel of biscuit, and some salt, upon which he observed, that he had "never before been so fortunately chased and taken." One half of his crew consisted of Spaniards taken on board the vessel, and they all equally had done duty. Immediately after this fruitless adventure, we got underway, and the wind began to blow with considerable violence, which gradually increased until we found it necessary to come to anchor, and were very fortunate in making a harbour near the mouth of Black Caesar's Creek.

13th. The gale continued with violence. Took some fish.

14th. The wind continued very violent until the evening.

15th. The wind violent from the north, until one o'clock P. M. when it shifted in a few minutes, and came from the east; which was the only wind from which we were not protected by shoals, and which would in a short time have rendered our situation extremely uneasy. We got under way as soon as possible, and beat out in order to fall into the northern channel of Black Caesar's Creek; but having the wind and a strong current against us, we did not clear the shoal between the two channels until a few minutes before sunset, and then took the northern channel, which is very narrow at the entrance, not exceeding fifteen yards wide, but gradually widens to more than one hundred, and has between two and an half, and three fathoms water, except at the entrance where there

is but seven or eight feet. We came to an anchor near the mouth of Black Ceasar's Creek, which is only the entrance into an extensive sound between the Keys and main land. The sides of the channel are almost perpendicular, like those at old Matabombe, and composed of a soft, whitish mud, which appears to be wholly calcarious.

16th. Capt. Watkins beat up to us; he was the whole day making two leagues, in a vessel calculated to sail on a wind. He had with him the crew of the prize before mentioned; the vessel was wrecked by the violence of the wind the day we left her.

17th. The wind still continued very unfavourable. Took a considerable number of fine fish.

18th. The wind was more moderate, and we got under way early in the morning, and beat along Hawk Channel. In the afternoon were brought to by a New Providence privateer, commanded by Captain William Ball, who had been but a short time from Ireland, and who treated us for some time with a degree of insolence far beyond any thing I had ever before experienced. But after examining my instructions and commission, and viewing the signature of President Washington with all the attention and veneration that would have been paid to a holy relick, he became more moderate, and made us sufficient compensation for his insolence, by presenting us with a fine turtle, and after wishing us a pleasant passage, we parted.

About sunset there was an appearance of a storm, and we came to an anchor in a small, but excellent harbour, where we were defended by shoals from the violence of the sea on every side: before midnight the storm came on.

19th. The storm continued the whole day.

20th. The storm still continued.

21st. Very strong gale from the N. E. Saw a ship early in the morning, (which had certainly missed her way,) nearly on the reef, and in very great danger, but she fortunately wore off.

22d. Got under way, and beat along the sound to the mouth of Fresh Water [Miami] river, which is nearly opposite to the southern part of Key Biscanio.

23d. Went on shore at the mouth of the river, filled our water casks, and gathered a large quantity of very fine limes: a party of our people likewise took their rifles, and went into the country, and were uncommonly fortunate in killing deer and turkies.

Fresh Water River is said to be no more than the outlet to a large lake, but a few leagues distance from the coast. At the mouth it is not more than five or six perches wide, and ten or twelve feet deep, and

middling rapid. The sides are nearly perpendicular, and composed of calcareous stone or rock, similar to that described at Apalachy. This stratum of stone appeared to be very extensive and horizontal.

Key Biscanio is one of the last islands on the reef, and situated in lat.  $25^{\circ} 37' N$ .

The Florida reef, (as it is called,) appears to consist of a number of coral banks on the outer edge of an extensive stratum of calcareous stone, which extends from the main land, to the edge of the Gulf Stream: the general position of this stratum is nearly horizontal, and is possibly a continuation of that observed at Apalachy. If this should be the case, it may be considered as the base of East Florida, and conform to the general law observed in the disposition of the strata of stone on our western waters.

On this stratum of stone, which serves as a helmet to the southern promontory of East Florida, and defends it from the violence of the Gulf Stream, is situated the whole of that cluster of innumerable islands and shoals, which have been so troublesome and dangerous to navigators.

These islands and shoals, may be viewed as protuberances, (standing on the surface of this extensive stratum,) gradually formed during a period of many centuries, by the constant accretion of calcareous matter. Many of those islands and shoals have evidently had their origin from coral banks, which not only like those of oysters, are known to increase, but to surpass them greatly in magnitude: and it is now reduced to a certainty, that a number of the islands in the South Sea are coral rocks covered with a stratum of earth. It is likewise well ascertained by naturalists, that coral is not, as was formerly supposed a vegetable substance, but a vast collection of small animals which build up those rocky edifices from the bottom of the ocean!

The navigation between the Gulf Stram and Florida Keys, has at all times been considered as very difficult and dangerous, which it certainly is for those not acquainted with it; but with a competent knowledge of the Keys and reef, added to ordinary caution, I know of none more safe for coasting vessels, and others drawing not more than nine feet water. Such vessels as are sailing from the northward into the Gulf of Mexico, and prefer the passage between the Gulf Stream and Florida coast, after entering the reef a few miles north of Key Biscanio, should be careful to give that Key a birth of about one and an half miles, on account of a shoal that makes out from it: it will likewise be necessary to observe, that opposite to the south end of the Key, there are but eleven feet water.

After entering the reef, it will be proper for a careful person to be kept aloft, who will be able for a considerable distance, (at least one

mile,) if the weather should be fair, to discover the coral banks, rocks and shoals, which in some places are numerous, by which means the danger may easily be avoided. It will likewise be necessary on coming to an anchor, which must be done every night while on the reef, to look out for clear ground, otherwise a cable may be fretted off in a few hours by the coral rocks, or other protuberances, and the vessel go adrift.

As a knowledge of this navigation is of very great importance to the mercantile interest of the United States, it is a subject of regret that we have no charts in common use of the reef and Keys, (or islands,) upon a scale sufficiently large and accurate, to be useful. Mr. Gauld's survey of the Dry Tortugas and the Florida reef and Keys, easterly to Key Largo, made by the direction of the Board of Admiralty of Great Britain, may justly be considered as one of the most valuable works of the kind extant, but unfortunately it is little known. From Key Vaccas to Key Largo, I carefully compared Mr. Gauld's charts with the soundings, and perspective view of the Keys, and found an agreement which excited my surprise, and am induced to believe that not a single rock or shoal, so far as the work extends, has been omitted, and that not an error of three feet will be found in any of the soundings. If this work had been completed, it might be esteemed one of the most perfect and useful of the kind. The copy which I had the good fortune to obtain, (and without which it would have been very difficult for me, being not only a stranger to the coast, but no seaman, to have made my way with safety,) I deposited since my return in the office of the secretary of the navy.

Along the Florida Reef, and among the Keys, a great abundance and variety of fish may be taken: such as hog-fish, grunts, yellow tails, black, red, and gray snappers, mullets, bone-fish, amber-fish, margate-fish, barracoota, cavallos, pompui, groupers, king-fish, siber-fish, por-gys, turbot, stingrys, black drum, Jew fish, with a prodigious variety of others, which in our situation we found excellent. Turtle are also to be had in plenty; those we took were of three kinds: the logger-head, hawk-bill and green; the two last are much the best. We likewise found a remarkable species of prawns, which live in great numbers in holes in the rocks: they frequently weigh two or three pounds a-piece, and are improperly called lobsters; they want the large claws that lobsters have. Their meat is harder, and less delicate than that of the lobsters of the northern states.

Some of the Keys or Islands, were formerly very well timbered, but the most valuable kinds, such as *lignum vitæ*, fustick and iron wood, have generally been cut off by the inhabitants of the Bahama Islands.

Key Biscanio is much frequented by the privateers, wreckers and

turtles from the Bahama Islands. At the sound end there is an excellent harbour, and the shore so bold that a vessel not drawing more than ten feet water may be careened with safety. In that harbour we found several of those privateers, wreckers and turtles, by whom we were politely treated, particularly by a Capt. Johnston, who furnished me with seven or eight pounds of salt pork.

Having filled our water casks, salted up some fish, and the wind serving, on the

25th, about noon, we got under way, and proceeded over the reef into the Gulf Stream. Shortly after we had entered the Stream, we saw a vessel bearing down upon us, but did not discover that she was a privateer until she attempted to bring us to by a shot: being determined to make the best use we could of the first fair, strong breeze we had had since our arrival at the Keys, we crowded all our sail, and the privateer did the same, but in two hours she gave up the chase.

I shall now proceed to make a few observations relative to East Florida.

East Florida is but little better than a wilderness, the soil is not superior to that of West Florida, and none of its navigable waters rising in the United States, it does not appear equally interesting. It is nevertheless of immense importance to the United States, being from its peculiar situation, well calculated to give security to the commerce between the Atlantic and western states, and may be considered one of the main keys to the trade of the Gulf of Mexico. On the west side, it affords two remarkably fine harbours: one is known by the name of Hillsborough Bay, (Bay Tompa, or Spirito Santo.) The latitude is stated to 27° 36' N. and the longitude 83° west from Greenwich. It is very capacious, and will admit any vessel over the bar not drawing more than twenty-four feet water.

The first Englishman who explored, and gave an account of this bay was a Capt. Braddock, who commanded a privateer from Virginia, and cruized on the west coast of East Florida, in the years 1744 and 1745: his survey is yet considered as good as any extant.

The other harbour is called by the Spaniards Boca Grande, and by the English Charlotte Harbour, and stated to lay in latitude 26° 43' N. and 82° 30' west longitude from Greenwich.

The Florida Keys and reef, likewise furnish a great number of harbours proper for coasting vessels, and advantageous stations for cruizers; particularly that of Key Biscanio, situated at the northern entrance of the reef, and capable of commanding the whole coasting trade which should take that passage. This being the entrance of the reef,

and the most proper place to depart from in sailing northerly, would be one of the most eligible positions on the whole coast, and perhaps on the continent for a light house.

But instead of any advantage being derived, either to the United States or his Catholic Majesty, from those favourable situations, they serve as dens and hiding places for the privateers and pickaroons of the Bahama islands, by which the trade of both nations has suffered immensely in spoliations: and extraordinary as it may appear, it is no less true, that nearly the whole coast of East Florida, as far as maritime possession gives a right, is under the dominion of the Bahama islands. The coast and islands being uninhabited even by a single solitary settler from Apalachy, almost round to St. Augustine! from which the inhabitants of the Bahama islands cut and carry off, without interruption, as much of the valuable ship timber as they find necessary or convenient.

On the east side of the coast south of St. Augustine, there are a number of small harbours, proper for coasting vessels; but their positions are too badly determined to entitle them to attention.

We have not at this time, one chart of the coast of East Florida, except Mr. Gauld's survey of a part of the keys and reef, entitled to any confidence. The making a survey of the eastern side of it, was submitted by the British government, while his Britannic Majesty was in possession of that country, to M. de Brahm, and the west side to Mr. Gauld; but the labours of those gentlemen have never been communicated to the public! An accurate knowledge of the dangerous shoal off Cape Canaveral, is of great consequence to the commercial interest of the United States. It frequently happens that those places, which from the want of a competent knowledge of them are avoided, when critically examined, will be found to afford places of safety, and good harbours, for such vessels as are driven upon them by bad weather. Such was the case with the Dry Totugas until examined by Mr. Gauld.

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- Blue, Mrs. R.L., Miami Shores (D)
- Blue Lakes Elementary P.T.A., Miami (Sb)
- Blumberg, Mr. & Mrs. David, Coral Gables (D)
- Boccard, Mrs. Mathew L., Miami (P)
- Bohan, Brent Alan, Boynton Beach (P)
- Boldrick, Samuel J., Miami (P)
- Bolge, Elizabeth S., Ft. Lauderdale (P)
- Bonowitz, O. J., Miami (P)
- Bookout, Elizabeth, Miami (P)
- Botta, Vincent J., South Miami (P)
- Bowen, Forest, Miami (P)
- Bower, Robert S., North Miami Beach (P)
- Bowker, Mr. & Mrs. Gordon, Miami (D)
- Braddock, Mrs. G. Holmes, Miami (P)
- Bradford, Mrs. S. A., Coral Gables (P)
- Brady, Mary Spencer, Coral Gables (P)
- Brandt, Mr. & Mrs. Kenneth, Miami (P)
- Brannen, H. S., Miami Springs (P)
- Breeze, Mrs. K. W., Miami Shores (P)
- Bremer, Barbara, Miami (Ss)
- Brimson, Mr. & Mrs. W.G., Sr., Coral Gables (D)
- Brinker, Richard, Miami (D)
- Brock, Wallace D., Glen Ellen, IL (P)
- \*Brookfield, Charles, Miami (P)
- Brooks, J. R., Tavernier (P)
- Broward County Archeological Society, Hollywood (Sb)
- Browder, Dr. Joan A., Miami (P)
- Brown, Mrs. Andrew G., Miami (P)
- Brown, Mr. & Mrs. Bowman, Coral Gables (P)
- Brown, Darlene, Tavernier (P)
- Brown, Maida F., Miami (D)
- Brown, Mrs. Sylvia G., Miami (P)
- Brown University Library, Providence, RI (Sb)
- Brown, Mrs. William, Miami (P)
- Bruce, Betty M., Key West (P)
- Brunelle, Mrs. Gaylord, A., Coral Gables (P)
- Brunstetter, Mrs. Roscoe, Coral Gables (P)
- Budenz, Mrs. Margaret R., Miami (P)
- Buhler, Mrs. Jean E., Vero Beach (P)
- Buhler, Sylvia, Coral Gables (P)
- Buker, Charles E., Sr., Miami (D)
- Burger King, Miami (B)
- Burglass, Milton, E., M.D., Homestead (D)
- Burkart, David P., Coral Gables (P)
- Burkett, Mrs. Charles W., Jr., Miami Beach (D)
- Burnett, Mrs. Robert L., Jr., Miami Lakes (P)
- Burns, Edward B., Las Cruces, NM (P)
- Burr, Mr. & Mrs. Raymond O., Miami (D)
- Burrus, E. Carter, Jr., Miami (P)
- Burt, Al, Hawthorne (P)
- Burton, Col. & Mrs. Robert A., Jr., Miami (D)
- Bush, Mr. & Mrs. Robert, Miami (C)
- Byrd, Mrs. David T., Miami (C)

- Cadwallader, Florence H.,  
Miami (P)
- Cameron, D. Pierre G., Miami  
(P)
- Cameron, Joanna M.,  
Cincinnati, OH (P)
- Campbell, Mr. & Mrs. John  
W., Miami (D)
- Carden, Marguerite, Miami  
(P)
- Carlin, Mrs. Marian Swain,  
Miami (P)
- Carlton, Mrs. Patricia P., Ft.  
Lauderdale (P)
- Carlyle, Mrs. Mae Wagner,  
Miami (P)
- Carr, Mrs. A. Marvin, Miami  
(P)
- Carrol, Mrs. J. Lawrence,  
Miami (P)
- Cartee, Mrs. Horace L., Coral  
Gables (P)
- Casada, Ed, Coral Gables (P)
- Cashbaugh, William E., Coral  
Gables (Ss)
- Caster, Mrs. George B., Coral  
Gables (P)
- Castillo, Robert, Miami (P)
- \*Catlow, Mr. & Mrs. William  
R., Jr., (D)
- Cayton, Leona Peacock (P)
- Chaille, Joseph H. North  
Miami (D)
- Chaille, Mrs. Josiah, Miami  
(P)
- Chalfant, Helen C., Miami (P)
- Chandler, Mrs. Winifred,  
Miami (P)
- Chaplin, Mrs. Katherine D.,  
Coral Gables (P)
- Chapman, Arthur A., Miami  
(P)
- Chardon, Roland E., Baton  
Rouge, LA (D)
- Chastain, Mr. & Mrs. R. B.,  
Miami (D)
- Cheatham, Mrs. John H., Jr.,  
Coral Gables (P)
- Chillis, Mrs. J. Aranha,  
Miami (P)
- Chitty, Ann, Miami (P)
- Chowning, John S., Coral  
Gables (D)
- Christensen, Mrs. Charlotte  
C., Opa Locka (P)
- Clark, Bernal E., Miami (P)
- Clark, Betty Carman, Goulds  
(P)
- Clark, Mrs. J. L., Jr., Miami  
Shores (Sp)
- Clark, Mrs. Mae Knight,  
Coral Gables (C)
- Clark, Mrs. Sheldon, Miami  
(P)
- Clearwater Public Library,  
(Sb)
- Coates, Miss Beatrice & Miss  
Nelle, Coral Gables (D)
- Cobb, Lillian, Miami (P)
- Coconut Grove Library, (Sb)
- Cogswell, Mr. & Mrs. T. J.,  
Coral Gables (D)
- Cole, R. B., Miami (D)
- Coleman, Mrs. Annie M.,  
Miami (P)
- Coleman, Hannah P., Miami  
(P)
- Collier County Historical  
Society, Naples (Sb)
- Collier County Museum &  
Archives, Naples (Sb)
- Collier Free Public Library,  
Naples (Sb)
- Colsky, Dr. & Mrs. Jacob &  
Family, Miami (D)
- Colson, Bill, Miami (P)
- \*Combs, Walter, Miami (P)
- Conklin, Miss Dallas M.,  
Long Beach, CA (L)
- Conlon, Lyndon C.,  
Hollywood (P)
- Cookston, Dana Clay, Coral  
Gables (P)
- Cool, Stephen E., Cooper City  
(P)
- Cooney, Mrs. Robert E.,  
Miami Shores (P)
- Cooper, Mr. & Mrs. W. Worth,  
Miami (P)
- Coplan, Dr. Milton M., Coral  
Gables (P)
- \*Coral Gables Public Library,  
(Sb)
- Corliss, Carlton J.,  
Tallahassee (P)
- Cormack, Elroy Calvin, El  
Portal (P)
- Corwin, Dr. William, Coral  
Gables (P)
- Costello, Mrs. Gertrude,  
Miami (P)
- Costello, Mr. James, Miami  
(P)
- Cothron, Pat, Goulds (P)
- Covington, Dr. James W.,  
Tampa (P)
- Crane, Raymond E. & Ellen F.  
Foundation, Miami (B)
- Cranshaw, Mr. & Mrs.  
George, Islamorada (P)
- Creel, Earl M., Eau Gallie (P)
- Creel, Joe, Coral Gables (P)
- Criswell, Col. Grover C., Ft.  
McCoy (P)
- Cross, J. Alan, Miami (P)
- Crow, Lon Worth, Jr., Coral  
Gables (D)
- Crow, Mrs. Mary Graham,  
Palos Verdes Estates, CA  
(Sp)
- Crowder, Mrs. James F. Jr.,  
Coral Gables (P)
- Crymes, James E., Miami (P)
- Cuevas, Elba J., Key Biscayne  
(P)
- Culbertson, Mr. & Mrs. W.  
W., Miami (P)
- Cullom, Mrs. Caryl J., Miami  
(P)
- Culmer, Mrs. John E., Miami  
(P)
- Culpepper, K. M., Miami (P)
- Curry, Miss Lamar Louise,  
Coral Gables (P)
- Curwood, Mr. & Mrs. W. J.,  
Miami (P)
- \*Cushman, Dr. Laura, Miami  
(P)
- Dade Heritage Trust, Miami  
(Sp)
- Dager, H. J., Jr., (C)
- Daniel, Mr. & Mrs. W. A., Jr.,  
Coral Gables (D)
- Danielson, J. Deering, Coral  
Gables (C)
- D.A.R., Coral Gables Chapter  
(C)
- Davenport, Dr. & Mrs. O. W.,  
Miami (P)
- Davidson, Mrs. Robert M.,  
Miami (P)
- Davis, Mrs. Carl H., Miami  
(P)
- Davis, Mr. & Mrs. Frank C.,  
Miami (D)
- Davis, Rubie Thigpen, Miami  
Shores (P)
- Davis, Hal D., Coral Gables  
(D)
- Davis, Jean McArthur  
(McArthur Foundation),  
Miami (B)
- Dean, Kate Stirrup, Miami (D)

- DeBoe, Mrs. M. O., Coral Gables (P)
- DeBuchanne, J. D., Homestead (P)
- DeCarion, George H., Miami (D)
- deGarno, Mr. & Mrs. Kenneth, Miami (D)
- DeNies, Charles F., Hudson, MI (D)
- Detroit Public Library, Detroit, MI (Sb)
- Dibble, Dr. Ernest, Wilmington, DE (P)
- Dickey, Dr. Robert, Miami (D)
- \*Dismukes, William Paul, Coral Gables (P)
- Donovan, James Maitland, Jr., Miami (P)
- Dorn, Mrs. Robert, Miami (P)
- Dorsey, Mrs. Mary C., Coral Gables (P)
- Dotson, Martha Jo, Miami (P)
- Dougherty, Mr. & Mrs. Jas. C., Miami (D)
- \*\*Douglas, Marjory Stoneman, Miami (P)
- Dowdell, Mr. & Mrs. S. H., Miami (D)
- Dowlen, Dr. L. W. Jr., Coral Gables (D)
- Downs, Dr. & Mrs. Maurice, Miami (D)
- DuBois, Bessie Wilson, Jupiter (P)
- Duffy, Mr. & Mrs. E. Hugh, Coral Gables (P)
- Dugas, Mrs. Faye, Coral Gables (D)
- Dumas, Ernest M., Jupiter (P)
- Dunan, Mrs. G. V. R., Miami (P)
- Dunan, Mrs. Otis F., Coral Gables (D)
- Duncan, Marvin L., Miami (P)
- Duncan, Norman, Florida City (P)
- Dunn, Hampton, Tampa (P)
- Dunty, R. P., Jr., Lake Placid (D)
- Dunwoody, Atwood, Miami (D)
- Dupuch, Sir Etienne, OBE, Nassau, Bahamas (D)
- DuPuis, John G., Jr., Miami (D)
- Durkatz, Miss Deya, Miami Beach (P)
- Duvall, Mrs. John E., Miami (P)
- Echarte, Luis & Glorida, Coral Gables (D)
- Edelen, Ellen, Miami (P)
- Edelson, Michele, Miami (P)
- Edward, Jim, Boynton Beach (D)
- Edwards, Robert V., M.D., Coral Gables (D)
- Eggert, Jim C., Miami (P)
- Eichmeyer, Ann, Miami (P)
- Ellenburg, Mr. & Mrs. James, Miami (D)
- Elliot, Donald L., Miami (D)
- El Portal Womens Club, Miami (P)
- Engel, Mrs. Anne P., Miami (D)
- Eppes, William D., Coral Gables/New York City (P)
- Erickson, Douglas, Miami (P)
- Erickson, Mrs. Melville A., Coral Gables (P)
- Erickson, Pauline D., Miami (P)
- Everglades Natural History Assn., Homestead (P)
- Ewell, Mrs. A. Travers, South Miami (P)
- Eyster, I. R., Islamorada (P)
- Ezell, Mr. & Mrs. Boyce F. III, Miami (D)
- Farina, Mr. & Mrs. Joseph P., Miami Shores (C)
- Farrey, F. X., Miami (C)
- Farrell, John B., Miami (P)
- Fascell, Dante B., Washington, DC (D)
- Feltman, Mrs. Robert, Coral Gables (D)
- Fenner, Patricia Larkins, Miami (P)
- Ferendino, Andrew J., Coral Gables (D)
- Ferguson, Mrs. James C., Miami (P)
- Ferguson, Mrs. Milton, Boynton Beach (P)
- Ferry, Rosemary, Miami (P)
- Field, Captain & Mrs. Benjamin P., Lantana (D)
- Field, Mrs. Lamar, Miami (P)
- Fields, Mrs. Eddie L., Miami (D)
- Filer, Mrs. Frank E., Miami (P)
- Finlay, James N., Miami (P)
- Firestone, Senator George, Miami (D)
- Fisher, Mrs. Ray, Miami (P)
- Fitzgerald, Dr. Joseph H., Miami (B)
- Fitzgerald-Bush, Frank S., OpaLocka (P)
- Flattery, Michael J. Jr., Miami (D)
- Fleeger, Don R., North Miami (P)
- Fleming, Joseph Z., Miami (P)
- Flinn, Mrs. Gene, Miami (D)
- Florence, Robert S., Miami (D)
- Florida Atlantic University, Boca Raton (Sb)
- Florida International University, Miami (Sb)
- Florida Power & Light (B)
- Florida Southern College, Lakeland (Sb)
- Florida Technical University, Orlando (Sb)
- Florida Trend Magazine, Tampa (D)
- Floyd, Shirley P., Jupiter (P)
- Fogg, Mrs. A. S. Jr., Coral Gables (P)
- Folsom, Dr. & Mrs. H. Floyd, Miami (D)
- Ft. Lauderdale Historical Society, Ft. Lauderdale (Sb)
- Fortner, Ed, Ocala (P)
- Foss, George B., Jr., Esq., Miami (D)
- Foundation of Jewish Philanthropies, Miami (B)
- Fowler, Mrs. Walter H., North Miami (P)
- Fox, Chief & Mrs. Kenneth, Miami (D)
- Franklin, Mitchell, New Brunswick, Canada (P)
- Franklin, Mrs. Sandra, Miami (P)
- Frates, Mr. & Mrs. William, Coral Gables (D)
- Frazer, Col. Fred J., USMC (ret), Miami (D)
- Frederick Mr. John M., Homestead (P)

- Freed, Mr. & Mrs. Owen,  
Coral Gables (D)
- Freiden, Ms. Ellen, Miami (P)
- Fricke, Mr. & Mrs. W. F.,  
Miami (P)
- Friend, The Reverend Wm.  
B., Mobile, AL (P)
- Frisbie, Mr. & Mrs. Loyal,  
Bartow (P)
- Frohock, Mrs. Jack, North  
Miami (P)
- Frohing, Mr. & Mrs. Paul,  
Key Biscayne (D)
- Fuchs, Richard W., Naranja  
(P)
- Fullerton, Mr. & Mrs. John P.,  
Coral Gables (D)
- Fussell, Mr. & Mrs. J. E.,  
Miami (P)
- Gabler, Mrs. George E.,  
Miami (D)
- Gaby, Donald, Miami (C)
- Gaffney, Charles J., Miami (P)
- Gallogly, Ms. Vera, Coral  
Gables (P)
- Gardner, Mrs. Dick B., Miami  
(P)
- Gardner, Mr. & Mrs. Robert  
J., Coral Gables (D)
- Gart Urban Associates, Coral  
Gables (C)
- Gautier, Redmond Bunn,  
Miami (D)
- Gerace, Mrs. Terence, Coral  
Gables (D)
- German, Mr. & Mrs. Trent,  
Miami (P)
- Geyer, Elizabeth D., Miami  
(P)
- Gibson, John N., Pearsall, TX  
(Ss)
- \*Gifford, Mrs. John C.,  
Miami (P)
- Gillespie, Norman, Coral  
Gables (P)
- Glass, Dr. Stanley, Miami (P)
- Godown, Marian B., Ft.  
Myers (P)
- Goldenberg, Marian Graham,  
Miami (C)
- Goldenberg, Robert, Miami  
(C)
- Goldman, Sue S., Miami (P)
- Goldstein, Judge Harvey L.,  
Miami (P)
- Goldweber, Mr. & Mrs. S.,  
Perrine (D)
- Gooding, Naomi Cornell,  
Miami (P)
- Goodlet, Mrs. James H.,  
Hialeah (P)
- Goodlett, Mr. & Mrs. R. O.,  
Miami (D)
- Goodlove, Mrs. William,  
Coral Gables (P)
- Gordon, Mr. & Mrs. Howard,  
Coral Gables (P)
- Gorman, Ms. Sharon,  
Pompano Beach (D)
- Gorman, Mr. & Mrs. William  
C., Coral Gables (D)
- Gottlieb, Julie, Miami (P)
- Gould, Patricia Lammus,  
Miami (P)
- Gowin, Dr. & Mrs. Thomas  
Skaggs, Miami (Sp)
- Goza, William M., Clearwater  
(P)
- Grafton, Mr. & Mrs. Edward,  
Coral Gables (C)
- Graham Foundation (B)
- Graham, D. Robert, Miami  
(C)
- Graham, Dorothy W., Miami  
(D)
- Graham, Mr. & Mrs. William  
C., Miami Lakes (D)
- Grant, Mrs. Hazel Reeves,  
Miami (C)
- Green, Mrs. Lonsdale B.,  
Miami Beach (P)
- Green, Lynda, Key Biscayne  
(P)
- Green, Margie, Miami (P)
- Greenan, Mr. & Mrs. Gary,  
Miami (P)
- Greer, Mr. & Mrs. Alan, Coral  
Gables (D)
- Griley, Victor P., Jr., Miami  
(P)
- Grose, Esther N., Miami (P)
- Gross, Dr. Zade Bernard,  
Largo (P)
- Grossman, Josephine  
MacKay, Coral Gables (P)
- Gubbins, John M., North  
Miami (D)
- Gulfstream Park, Hallandale  
(B)
- Haas, Mr. & Mrs. Ronald,  
Coral Gables (P)
- Hamilton, Mr. & Mrs.  
, Clinton, Miami (D)
- Hammond, Betty A., Miami  
(P)
- Hampton, Mrs. John,  
Baltimore, MD (P)
- Hancock, Eleanor Stone,  
Miami (D)
- Hancock, Eugene A., Jr.,  
Miami (D)
- Hancock, Mrs. James T.,  
Jacksonville Beach (P)
- Hannau, Dr. Hans & Ilse,  
Miami Beach (D)
- Hardie, George B., Jr., South  
Miami (D)
- Hardin, Henry C., Jr., M.D.,  
Coral Gables (D)
- Harding, Mrs. Henry K.,  
Ocean Ridge (P)
- Harper, Florence F., Miami (P)
- Harrington, Frederick H.,  
Hialeah (D)
- Harris, Robert, Miami (P)
- Harrison, Mrs. Crutcher  
Field, Miami (D)
- Harrison, John C., Miami (L)
- Harrison, Mr. & Mrs. John C.,  
Jr., Coral Gables (D)
- Harrison, Mr. & Mrs. Joseph  
R., Jr., Miami (D)
- Harrison, Mr. & Mrs. M. R.,  
Jr., Miami (D)
- Harrison, Mr. & Mrs. Peter,  
Miami (C)
- Harvard College Library,  
Cambridge, MA (Sb)
- Harwood, Mrs. Manton E.,  
Coral Gables (P)
- Hatfield, Bruce, Baton Rouge,  
LA (P)
- Hatfield, Mr. & Mrs. M. H.,  
North Miami (D)
- Hauser, Mr. & Mrs. Leo A.,  
Carrollton, GA (P)
- \*Rutherford B. Hayes  
Library, Freemont, OH  
(Sb)
- Heatley, Mrs. Timothy K.,  
South Miami (P)
- Hebrew Academy Elementary  
Media Center, Miami  
Beach (Sb)
- Hebrew Academy PTA,  
Miami Beach (P)
- Hector, Louis J., Miami (D)
- Hector, Mr. & Mrs. Robert C.,  
Coral Gables (P)
- Hector, Mrs. Robert C., Jr.,  
Miami (P)

- Heinl, Mrs. J. L., III, Miami (P)
- Hencenski, Marcia H., Coral Gables (P)
- Hendry, Judge Norman, Miami (P)
- Hennington, Annie Ruth, Goulds (P)
- \*Herin, Thomas D., Miami (P)
- \*Herin, Judge William A., Miami (P)
- Herreshoff, Mrs. Rebecca, Miami (P)
- Hialeah, Library (Sb)
- Hibbard, R. W., Miami (P)
- Hicks, Mr. & Mrs. Donald, Coral Gables (D)
- Hicks, William M., Miami (D)
- Hiers, J. B., Jr., Miami (P)
- Highleyman, Daly, Miami (D)
- Highleyman, Katherine D., Miami (D)
- Hildreth, Robert R., Coral Gables (D)
- Hill, Herbert, Miami (P)
- Hillbauer, Mrs. William C., Sr., Miami (P)
- Hillbauer, Dr. & Mrs. Wm. C. Jr., Miami (D)
- Hills, Lee, Miami (D)
- Historical Society of Palm Beach County (Sb)
- Historic Key West Preservation Board (Sb)
- Hodsden, Mrs. Harry E., Miami (P)
- Hoeffel, Mrs. Kenneth, Chevy Chase, MD (D)
- Hoehl, Mr. & Mrs. John R., Miami (D)
- Hoffman, Nancy, Miami (P)
- Hofstetter, Mrs. Ronald, Miami (P)
- Hogan, Mrs. Thomas D., III, Miami (P)
- Holcomb, Lyle D., Jr., Coral Gables (P)
- Holmberg, Rowland, Miami (P)
- Holsenbeck, Mrs. J. M., Miami (D)
- Hoskins, Mrs. Eddie, Miami (P)
- Hotelerama Associates Ltd., Miami Beach (D)
- Houser, Roosevelt C., Coral Gables (P)
- Howard, Emily P., Miami (P)
- Howe, Mrs. Elden L., Coral Gables (D)
- Howell, Mrs. Roland M., Miami (P)
- Hoyt, Robert L., Miami (P)
- Hudson, Mr. & Mrs. James A., Ashville, NC (P)
- Hughes, Kenneth, Miami (P)
- Hume, Mrs. Charles Lea, Coral Gables (P)
- Hume, David, Miami (D)
- Henry E. Huntington Library & Art Gallery, San Marino, CA (Sb)
- Huston, Mrs. Tom, Coral Gables (D)
- Hutchens, Paul, Boca Raton (P)
- Hutchinson, Mrs. Robert, Coral Gables (P)
- Indian River Community College, Fort Pierce (Sb)
- Jackson, Mr. & Mrs. F. C., Miami (D)
- James,Carolyn, Miami (P)
- James, Mary Crofts, Miami (P)
- Johnson, David W., Miami (P)
- Johnson, Frederick L., Miami (D)
- Johnson, Jane M., Miami (P)
- Johnson, Mrs. Myron A. C., Miami (D)
- Johnson, S. H., M.D., Miami (D)
- Johnson, Mrs. Westerdahl, Miami (P)
- Johnson, Whittington B., Miami (P)
- Johnston, Mr. & Mrs. Thomas McE., Coral Gables (D)
- Jones, A. Tillman, Naranja (P)
- Jones, Mrs. Edgar Jr., Coral Gables (D)
- Jones, Marie M., Miami (P)
- Jones, Thompson V., Miami (P)
- Jordan, Mrs. June, Miami (P)
- Joyce, Hortense H., Coral Gables (P)
- Jude, Dr. James R., Coral Gables (P)
- Junck, Mary, Miami (P)
- Junkin, Mr. & Mrs. John E., III, Coral Gables (D)
- Junkin, Mrs. Stella B., Micanopy (P)
- Jureit, Mrs. L. E., Coral Gables (D)
- Kammer, Mrs. Barbara, Miami (P)
- Kanner, Mr. & Mrs. Lewis M., Coral Gables (C)
- Kattel, G. Edward, Key Biscayne (P)
- Kaufman, Barbara J., Miami (P)
- Keep, Oscar J., Key Largo (P)
- Keith, Mr. William V., Ft. Lauderdale (P)
- Kelley, John B., Miami (D)
- Kellner, Mr. & Mrs. Stewart, Coral Gables (C)
- Kelly, Mr. & Mrs. J. Terrance, Coral Gables (D)
- Kelly, Mr. & Mrs. Loyd G., Miami (C)
- Kelly, Minnie Pierce, Miami (P)
- Kemper, Marlyn, Ft. Lauderdale (D)
- Kenner, Mrs. Maynard, Coral Gables (P)
- Kent, Mrs. Frederick A., Coral Gables (D)
- Kent, Olga, Coral Gables (P)
- Kern, Joe E., Palm Beach (P)
- Key West Art & Historical Society (P)
- Kimen, Mr. & Mrs. Thomas, Jr., Key Biscayne (D)
- Kincaid, Gretchen Hand, Miami (P)
- Kinsman, George, Miami Beach (P)
- Kislak, Jay I., Miami (D)
- Kistler, Robert S., Miami (D)
- Kleinman, Lou & Joni, Miami (D)
- Knight, Mrs. Annie, Miami (P)
- Knight, John S., Miami (D)
- Kniskern, Kenneth F., Miami (C)
- Knott, Judge James R. (ret.), West Palm Beach (P)
- Knotts, Tom, Yankeetown (P)
- Kobelin, Joel, Miami (P)
- Koger, Grace D., Moundridge, KS (P)
- Kollish, Mrs. Joseph M., Miami (P)

- Kononoff, Hazel N., Miami (P)  
 Korray, Mary E., North Miami (P)  
 Kramer, Ms. Judi, Miami (P)  
 Kunde, Mr. & Mrs. George, Miami (P)  
 LaBarbera, Vincent F., Miami (P)  
 La Croix, Mrs. Aerial C., Miami (P)  
 Lake Worth Public Library (Sb)  
 Langley, Wright, Key West (P)  
 Larkin, Mrs. Daniel F., Coral Gables (P)  
 LaRoue, Samuel D. Jr., Miami (P)  
 Larrabee, Charles, Jr., Miami (P)  
 Lassman, Mrs. Harold, Miami (P)  
 Laxson, Dan D., Hialeah (P)  
 \*\*Leary, Lewis, Chapel Hill, NC (P)  
 Leenhouts, Laura N., Miami (P)  
 Lehman, Js. Joan, Dania (P)  
 Lehman, Richard L., Dania (D)  
 Leigh, Mrs. Charles N., Coral Gables (D)  
 Lenssen, Mrs. I. M., Miami (D)  
 \*Leonardy, Dr. Herberta, Miami (P)  
 Leslie, Mr. & Mrs. Richard M., Coral Gables (D)  
 Lewin, Robert, North Miami (D)  
 Library of Florida History, Gainesville (Sb)  
 Licht, Dr. Sidney, Coral Gables (D)  
 Liles, Debra J., Coral Gables (P)  
 Lindgren, Mrs. M. E., Miami Shores (P)  
 Lindsey, James B., Miami (P)  
 Lindsley, Mrs. A. R., Miami Beach (P)  
 Linehan, Mrs. John, Lantana (P)  
 Link, E. A., Ft. Pierce (D)  
 Lipp, Morris N., Miami Beach (D)  
 Lippert, W. K., Miami (P)  
 Lipsky, Bernie & Terry, Miami (D)  
 Livingston, Mr. & Mrs. Robert, Miami (D)  
 Lloyd, J. Harlan, Miami (P)  
 Lomax, Alice, Coral Gables (P)  
 Longshore, Frank, Miami (D)  
 Lowell, Mr. & Mrs. John, Jr., Miami (D)  
 Loxahatchee Historical Society, Jupiter (Sb)  
 Lummus, J. N., Jr., Miami (D)  
 Lunsford, Dr. & Mrs. E. C., Coral Gables (D)  
 Lynch, Mr. & Mrs. Stephen A., III, Coral Gables (D)  
 Lyons, Eugene, Vero Beach (P)  
 Mac Intyre, Mr. & Mrs. A. C., Miami (D)  
 McAdam, Joanne F., Bal Harbour (P)  
 McAliley, Mr. & Mrs. Thomas W., Miami (P)  
 McCabe, Dr. & Mrs. Robert H., Coral Gables (D)  
 McCall, Mrs. Howard, Boca Raton (P)  
 McClelland, Richard P., Miami (P)  
 McCorquodale, Donald, Miami (D)  
 McCorquodale, Mrs. Donald, Jr., Miami (D)  
 McCreary, Ms. Jane, Coral Gables (D)  
 McCrimmon, C. T., South Miami (D)  
 McGroutry, Kam, Miami (P)  
 McIntyre, Patricia C., Miami (P)  
 McKay, John G., Jr., Key Biscayne (P)  
 McKeller, Mrs. James D., Miami (P)  
 McKenna, Mrs. R. A., Coral Gables (D)  
 McKey, Mrs. R. M., Coral Gables (P)  
 McLean, Lenore, Miami (P)  
 McNaughton, M. D., Miami (P)  
 McNaughton, Dr. & Mrs. Robert A., Miami (P)  
 McNeill, Robert E., Jr., Windemere (D)  
 Mahoney, L. T. Jr., Miami (P)  
 Malafronte, Anthony F., Miami (P)  
 Malcomb, Mr. & Mrs. John, Coral Gables (D)  
 Malone, Randolph A., Coral Gables (D)  
 Maltby, Mr. & Mrs. L. A., Miami (D)  
 Mangels, Dr. Celia C., Miami Shores (P)  
 Mangum, Mr. & Mrs. A. C., Jr., Coral Gables (C)  
 Mank, Mr. & Mrs. Philip J., Sr., Little Switzerland, NC (D)  
 Mank, Mr. Philip J., Jr., Vero Beach (P)  
 Mank, Mr. & Mrs. R. Layton, Coral Gables (Sp)  
 Manley, Miss Marion I, Miami (P)  
 Manley, Mr. & Mrs. Robert, Miami (D)  
 Manly, Grace, Miami (P)  
 Manning, Mr. & Mrs. J., Roseville, MI (P)  
 March, Mrs. John, Miami (P)  
 Marks, Henry S., Huntsville, AL (P)  
 Marks, Mr. & Mrs. Paul, Coral Gables (D)  
 Martin County Public Library, Stuart (Sb)  
 Martin, James O., Miami (D)  
 Martin, Mrs. Kirby A., New York, NY (D)  
 Martin, Mrs. Sylva G., South Miami (P)  
 Martinez-Ramos, Alberto, Miami (P)  
 Mason, Mrs. Joe J., Coral Gables (P)  
 Matheson, Mr. & Mrs. Finlay B., Miami (D)  
 Matheson, Mr. & Mrs. Finlay L., South Miami (D)  
 Matheson, James, West Palm Beach (P)  
 Matheson, Mrs. Michael, Miami (P)  
 Matheson, R. Hardy, Coral Gables (P)  
 Matthews, Janet, Sarasota (P)  
 Mattucci, Mr. Donald, Hialeah (P)  
 Matusek, Mrs. Virginia G., Miami (Ss)

- Maxted, F. J., Jr., Coral Gables (D)
- Mead, D. Richard, Miami (D)
- Mercer, Mattie J., Miami (P)
- Mercy College Library, Miami (Sb)
- \*Merrick, Mrs. Eunice P., Coral Gables (P)
- Merritt, Mrs. Ward, Miami (P)
- Mesnekoff, Mr. & Mrs. David, Miami (C)
- Metz, Martha J., North Miami (D)
- Miami Central Sr. High School, Miami (Sb)
- Miami Dade Community College, South, (Sb)
- \*Miami Public Library, Miami (Sb)
- The Miami Times, Miami (Sb)
- Miccosukee Community Library, Miami (Sb)
- Millar, Mrs. Gavin S., Key Biscayne (D)
- Millar, Gloria A., Miami (P)
- Millege, Sarah F., Miami (P)
- Miller, Miss Bessie, South Miami (P)
- Miller, Mr. & Mrs. Dale, Hialeah (P)
- Miller, Mr. & Mrs. Dean R., Miami (D)
- Miller, Mr. William Jay, Key Biscayne (P)
- Minear, Mrs. L. V., Jupiter (P)
- Mincy, Mrs. Evlyne, Miami (P)
- Mitman, Earl T., Miami (D)
- Mizrach, Mr. Larry, Miami (D)
- Molinari, Dr. & Mrs. Robert L., Key Biscayne (D)
- Monk, J. Floyd, Miami (P)
- Monroe County Public Library, Key West (Sb)
- Montague, Mrs. Charles H., North Miami (D)
- Monticno, Mrs. Alma, Miami (D)
- Moore, Mrs. Jack, North Miami (P)
- Moore, Mrs. Lewis, North Miami (P)
- Mordant, Mr. & Mrs. Hal, Coral Gables (D)
- Morgan, Betty, Miami (P)
- Morgan Guarantee International Bank, Miami (B)
- Morris, Mr. & Mrs. C. C., Miami (P)
- Morris, Ms. Thomasine, Miami (P)
- Morris, Mr. & Mrs. W. J., Coral Gables (P)
- Moure, Mrs. Edwin P., Coral Gables (P)
- Moylan, E. B., Jr., Miami (P)
- Mudd, Dr. Richard D., Saginaw, MI (P)
- Meuller, Edward A., Jacksonville (P)
- Muir, William T., Miami (P)
- Muir, Mr. & Mrs. William Whalley, Miami (D)
- Muller, David F., Miami (P)
- Mullins, Joan, Miami (D)
- Munroe, Mr. & Mrs. Charles P., South Miami (D)
- Munroe, Mrs. Wirth M., Miami (D)
- Murray, Barbara, Miami (P)
- Murray, Miss Mary Ruth, Coral Gables (D)
- Mustard, Alice Isabel, Coral Gables (P)
- Mustard, Margaret Jean, Coral Gables (P)
- Nance, Judge Clayton, Ft. Lauderdale (P)
- Napier, Mr. & Mrs. Harvey, Coral Gables (D)
- National Railroad Historical Society, Miami Chapter (D)
- Nelson, Mr. & Mrs. David, Coral Gables (D)
- Nelson, Theodore R., Miami Beach (P)
- Nettleton, Danforth H., Miami (D)
- Newberry Library, Chicago, IL (Sb)
- Newell, Ms. Barbara T., Miami (P)
- Nicholson, Mr. Don G., Miami (C)
- Nimmicht, Helen, Tallahassee (P)
- Nimmicht, Mary Jo, Miami (P)
- Nolan, Mr. & Mrs. Vincent B., Miami (D)
- Nordt, Mr. & Mrs. John C., Miami (D)
- Norman, Dr. & Mrs. Harold G., Jr., Coral Gables (D)
- Old Island Restoration Foundation, Key West (P)
- Oliver, Dr. & Mrs. Robert M., Jr., Key Biscayne (D)
- Olson, Mr. Arthur H., Jupiter (P)
- Omni International of Miami (B)
- Oren, Dr. & Mrs. Benjamin G., Miami (P)
- Orlando Public Library (Sb)
- Orseck, Mrs. Robert, North Miami Beach (C)
- O'Steen, Mrs. Edna, Miami (P)
- Ostrenko, Witold, Jr., Miami (P)
- Oswald, Mrs. M. J., Miami (P)
- Otto, Mrs. Thomas Osgood, Coral Gables (P)
- Outlaw, Mrs. Grace, Miami (Ss)
- Overstreet, Estelle C., Miami (P)
- Owens, Mrs. Bradley, Miami Shores (P)
- Padgett, Inman, Coral Gables (P)
- Pancoast, Alice A., Miami (P)
- Pancoast, John Arthur, Pompano Beach (P)
- Pancoast, Katherine French, Miami (D)
- Pancoast, Mr. & Mrs. Lester C., Miami (D)
- Pancoast, Peter Russell, Miami (P)
- Pappas, Ted & Cal, Miami (Sp)
- Pardo, Mrs. Ramiro V., Miami (HL)
- Pardue, Leonard G., Miami (P)
- Parker, Alfred B., Miami (P)
- Parker, Robin E., Miami (P)
- Parks, Merle, Miami (P)
- Parks, Mr. & Mrs. Robert L., Coral Gables (B)
- Parnes, Dr. & Mrs. Edmund I., Miami (D)
- Patton, Mrs. Dan O., Miami (P)
- Pawley, Anita, Coral Gables (D)
- Payne, Mrs. R. W., Jr., Coral Gables (L)

- Peacock, Mrs. Albert, Jr., Miami (P)  
 Peacock, Arthur, Jr., Miami (P)  
 Peacock Foundation, Miami (C)  
 Peacock, Mr. & Mrs. Lawrence, Miami (D)  
 Peacock, Mr. R. C., Miami (D)  
 Pearce, Mrs. A. Dixon, Miami (P)  
 Pearce, Dr. Frank H., Coral Gables (P)  
 Pearson, Mr. Wilbur, Miami (P)  
 Peckham, Mr. & Mrs. George, Miami (D)  
 Pederson, Phillip F., Miami (P)  
 Peeler, Miss Elizabeth, Coral Gables (P)  
 Peoples, Vernon, Punta Gorda (Sb)  
 Pepper, Senator Claude, Miami Beach (D)  
 Perkins, Mr. & Mrs. Daniel L., Miami (D)  
 Perkins, Linda C., Miami (P)  
 Perner, Mrs. Henry, Hialeah (P)  
 Pero, Joseph H., Jr., Miami (Sp)  
 Perry, Roy A., Miami (P)  
 Peters, Gordon H., Miami Shores (D)  
 Peters, John S., Orlando (P)  
 Peters, John S., Orlando (P)  
 \*Peters, Dr. Thelma, Coral Gables (D)  
 Peters, Mrs. Wirt, Coral Gables (D)  
 Peterson, Mr. & Mrs. Albert, Coral Gables (D)  
 Peterson, Stuart J., Biscayne Park (P)  
 Petrey, Lucy W., Coral Gables (P)  
 Pettigrew, Richard A., Bethesda., MD (D)  
 Pfaff, Robert M., Miami (P)  
 Pflieger, Mr. H. S., Jr., Miami (P)  
 Philbrick, W. L. Coral Gables (P)  
 Pichel, Mrs. Clem A., Key West (P)  
 Pierce, Mrs. J. B., Jr., Miami (P)  
 Pierce, J. E., Miami (D)  
 Pimm, Mr. & Mrs. Gordon, Coral Gables (D)  
 Pinellas County Historical Museum, Largo (Sb)  
 Pirie, Mrs. L. M., Miami (P)  
 Plimpton, Colonel John A., Juno Beach (P)  
 Plummer, Richard B., Miami (D)  
 Poole, John Lindsley, Miami (P)  
 Post, Howard M., Miami Springs (D)  
 Potter, Robert E., Clearwater (P)  
 Potts, Mr. & Mrs. Joseph, Miami (D)  
 Potts, Roy V., Miami (P)  
 Prael, William, Miami (P)  
 Preston, J. E., Coral Gables (P)  
 Proby, Mrs. Lucien, Jr., Miami (P)  
 Proenza, Mrs. Morris G., Miami (P)  
 Provenza, Dr. Eugene, Miami (D)  
 Pruitt, Mr. Peter T., Miami (D)  
 Prunty, Mr. & Mrs. John W., Miami (P)  
 Purvis, Mrs. Hugh F., Coral Gables (P)  
 Quarles, Julian, South Miami (P)  
 Quesenberry, William F., Coral Gables (D)  
 Quillian, Dr. Warren II, Coral Gables (D)  
 Quinton, Mr. & Mrs. A. E., Jr., Miami (D)  
 Ransom Everglades School, Miami (Sb)  
 Rappaport, Edward, Coral Gables (P)  
 Rash, Mrs. Harold H., Coral Gables (P)  
 Rasmussen, Geraldine, Ft. Lauderdale (P)  
 \*Rast, Mrs. J. Lawton, Miami (HL)  
 Rast, J. Lawton, Miami (D)  
 Ratner, Mr. Nat, Miami Beach (P)  
 Read, Mrs. Albert Cushing, Miami (P)  
 Redmon, Trish, Miami Springs (D)  
 Reed, Miss Elizabeth Ann, Ocean Ridge (P)  
 Reed, Richard, Miami (P)  
 Reid, Dr. & Mrs. Edward L., Coral Gables (D)  
 Reinhardt, Miss Blanche E., Miami (P)  
 Renick, Ralph, Miami (P)  
 Rennell, Dr. & Mrs. Phillip, Miami (D)  
 Reno, Mrs. Jane, Miami (D)  
 Reno, Attorney Janet, Miami (Sp)  
 Resnick, Larry, Miami (P)  
 Rice, Sister Eileen, O.P., Miami (P)  
 Rice, Mr. & Mrs. Ralph E., Key Biscayne (D)  
 Rice, R. H., Jr., South Miami (P)  
 Rich, Harry, Miami (B)  
 Rich, Louise, Miami (D)  
 Richmond Heights Junior High School, Miami (Sb)  
 Rieder, Mrs. William Dustin, Miami (D)  
 Rieder, W. Thomas, Miami (P)  
 Riley, Sandra, South Miami (P)  
 Rivas, Mrs. Mary Jane Tigert, Miami (P)  
 Rivera, Leslie, Miami (P)  
 Riviera Beach Public Library (Sb)  
 Robbins, Charlene, Coral Gables (P)  
 Robbins, Mrs. Lawrence J., Miami (P)  
 Robbins, Mr. & Mrs. William R., Jr., Miami (D)  
 Roberts, Richard E., Hobe Sound (P)  
 Robson, Mr. & Mrs. Harman C., Miami (P)  
 Roca, Pedro L., Miami Springs (P)  
 Rodgers, John III, Miami (D)  
 Rogers, Mrs. Charles O., Miami (P)  
 Rogers, Mrs. Walter S. C., Coral Gables (P)  
 Roller, Mrs. Phillip, Coral Gables (P)  
 Rollins College, Winter Park (Sb)  
 Rosborough, Dr. Melanie R., Miami (P)

- Rosendorf, Mr. & Mrs.  
Howard S., Coral Gables  
(D)
- Rosinek, Jeff, Miami (D)
- Ross, Mrs. Richard F., Delray  
Beach (P)
- Ross, Rosita, Miami (P)
- Ross, Mrs. Stanley E., Coral  
Gables (C)
- Rothra, Mrs. Elizabeth,  
Miami (P)
- Rowell, Donald, Miami (P)
- Russell, Ms. Darlene, Miami  
(P)
- Russell, George, Coral Gables  
(P)
- Russell, Sabrina, Miami (P)
- Russell, T. Trip, Miami (P)
- Ryan, Mrs. J. H., Miami  
Beach (P)
- Ryder, Mr. Ralph, Miami (L)
- Ryder Systems Inc., Miami  
(L)
- Ryscamp, Mr. & Mrs.  
Kenneth L., Miami (D)
- Sacher, Mr. & Mrs. Charles  
P., Miami (D)
- Sadler, Margaret A., Miami  
(D)
- St. Lucie County Museum, Ft.  
Pierce (Sb)
- Samet, Alvin M., Miami (D)
- Samet, Barbara J., Miami (P)
- Sandler, John, Surfside (P)
- Sands, Harry B., Nassau,  
Bahamas (P)
- Sawyer, Viola, Miami (P)
- Scarborough, Mrs. Chaffee,  
Miami (P)
- Schafer, Mr. & Mrs. George,  
Coral Gables (P)
- Schelberg, Mrs. Richard,  
Miami (P)
- Schley, Reverend Joseph, Jr.,  
Miami (P)
- Schober, Warren, Miami (P)
- Schuh, Niles, Panama City (P)
- Schultz, Mrs. Lenore, Coral  
Gables (P)
- Schwartz, Judge & Mrs. Alan,  
Miami (D)
- Schwomeyer, Mrs. Ann,  
Miami (P)
- Selby Public Library, Sarasota  
(Sb)
- Seley, Ray B. Jr., Miami (P)
- Serkin, Manuel, Coral Gables  
(P)
- Sharer, Cyrus J., Rosemont,  
PA (P)
- Sharp, Harry Carter, Miami  
(D)
- Shaw, Henry Overstreet, Coral  
Gables (P)
- \*Shaw, Dr. Luella, Coral  
Gables (D)
- Shaw, Mrs. W. F., South  
Miami (P)
- Shearston, Evelyn R., Miami  
(P)
- Shearston, Misses Helen &  
Alice, Miami (P)
- Shenstone, Tiffin  
Highleyman, Princeton,  
NJ (P)
- Sherman, Mrs. Ethel  
Weatherly, Miami (P)
- Sherman, John S., Jr., Vero  
Beach (P)
- Sherman, Virginia C., Coral  
Gables (D)
- Shipley, Mr. & Mrs. Vergil,  
Coral Gables (D)
- Shiver, Otis W., Miami (P)
- Shiverick, Mrs. Thomas,  
Miami (P)
- Sibert, Mr. J. D., Miami (D)
- Simmonite, Col. Henry G.,  
Coral Gables (P)
- Simmons, Mr. & Mrs. Glen,  
Homestead (P)
- Simms, John G., Jr., Miami  
(P)
- Simon, Mr. & Mrs. Edwin O.,  
Miami (Sp)
- Sisselman, Mr. & Mrs.  
Murray, North Miami  
Beach (D)
- Skelly, Charles W., Cocoa (P)
- Skigen, Dr. & Mrs. Jack,  
Miami (C)
- Slack, Mrs. Ted C., Miami (D)
- Slesnick, Mr. & Mrs. Donald,  
Coral Gables (D)
- Smathers, Frank, Jr., Miami  
(D)
- Smiley, Dr. & Mrs. Karl,  
Miami (P)
- Smiley, Nixon, Miami (P)
- Smith, Mrs. Avery C., Jr.,  
Miami (P)
- Smith, Mr. & Mrs. John E.,  
Miami (D)
- Smith, Mr. & Mrs. Linton,  
Miami (D)
- Smith, McGregor, Miami (D)
- Smith, Mr. & Mrs. Robert L.,  
Miami (P)
- Smith, Walter P., Miami (P)
- Smith, Mr. & Mrs. William  
Burford, Miami (D)
- Smyser, Michael L., Miami  
(P)
- Snare, Rose Tower, Miami (P)
- Snodgrass, Miss Dena,  
Jacksonville (P)
- Snyder, Mrs. Frederick R.,  
Miami (P)
- Sottile, Mr. & Mrs. William,  
Coral Gables (C)
- Southeast First National Bank  
of Miami (B)
- Southern Bell Tel. & Tel. Co.,  
Miami (C)
- Southern Illinois University,  
Carbondale, IL (Sb)
- South Florida Growers  
Association, Goulds (D)
- Souviron, Dr. R. R., Coral  
Gables (D)
- Spach, Helen Keeler, Miami  
(P)
- \*Spinks, Mrs. Elizabeth,  
Miami (P)
- Stafford, Robert C., Miami  
(P)
- Stamey, Ernest M., Hialeah  
(D)
- Stanbach, James C.,  
Alexandria, VA (P)
- Stanford, Dr. Henry King,  
Coral Gables (D)
- Stanford University Library,  
CA (Sb)
- Statewide Appraisal Services,  
Coral Gables (P)
- Stearns, Frank F., Miami (D)
- Stearns, Mrs. R. M., Miami  
(P)
- Steel, William C., Miami (D)
- Stephens, RADMI I. J., (ret)  
Miami (B)
- Stetson University, Deland  
(Sb)
- Stevens, Mrs. Elizabeth,  
Miami (P)
- Stevens, Major (ret) & Mrs.  
George, Miami (C)
- Stevens, Mr. & Mrs. Jack,  
Miami (P)
- Stewart, Mr. & Mrs. Chester  
B., Miami (D)
- Stewart, Dr. Harris B., Jr.,  
Coral Gables (P)
- \*\*Stiles, Wade, Palm City (P)

- Stimson, Mrs. Miriam M.,  
Miami (P)
- Stokes, Thomas J., Coral  
Gables (P)
- Stone, Mrs. A. J., Miami (P)
- Stone, Gary, Miami (P)
- Straight, Dr. & Mrs. Jacob,  
Miami (D)
- Straight, Dr. William M.,  
Miami (P)
- Stripling, John R., Miami  
Springs (D)
- Sullivan, Catherine B., Bal  
Harbour (P)
- Sutcliffe, William H., Coral  
Gables (P)
- Sutton, Mrs. Norman E.,  
Goulds (Ss)
- Sweeney, Mrs. Edward C.,  
Miami (Sp)
- Sweet, George H., Miami (D)
- Swenson, Dr. & Mrs. F. C.,  
Coral Gables (D)
- Syskind, Mr. & Mrs. Eric,  
Hallandale (P)
- Tampa Public Library (Sb)
- Tardif, Robert G., Coral  
Gables (P)
- Tartak, Mr. & Mrs. N., Coral  
Gables (P)
- Tashiro, Joe, North Miami  
Beach (P)
- Taylor, Mrs. F. A. S., Miami  
(D)
- Taylor, Henry H., Jr., Miami  
(P)
- Taylor, Mrs. Nina, Coral  
Gables (P)
- Teasley, T. H., Coral Gables  
(P)
- \*Tebeau, Dr. Charlton W.,  
Springfield, GA (HL)
- Tebeau, Mrs. Violet H.,  
Springfield, GA (C)
- Telleria, John Michael, III,  
Miami (P)
- Tennessee State Library &  
Archives, Nashville, TN  
(Sb)
- Tennis, Mrs. Ann, Miami (P)
- \*Tharp, Dr. Charles Doren,  
South Miami (P)
- Thatcher, John, Miami (P)
- Theobald, Elizabeth Dillion,  
Miami (P)
- Thomas, Mr. & Mrs. Lowell,  
Miami (P)
- Thomas, Wayne, Tampa (P)
- Thomas, W. Donald, Coral  
Gables (P)
- Thompson, Mr. & Mrs.  
Jonathan Miami (D)
- Thompson, Mrs. Roberta,  
Miami (P)
- Thomson Mckinnon  
Securities, Miami (Sp)
- Thomson, Mrs. Parker, Coral  
Gables (D)
- Thorn, Dale A., Miami (P)
- Thorpe, Fran Hutchings,  
Miami (P)
- Thrift, Dr. Charles T., Jr.,  
Lakeland (P)
- Todd, Eva, Miami (Ss)
- Tongay, Mrs. Betty, Miami (P)
- Tottenhoff, Mrs. J. R., Coral  
Gables (D)
- Town, Miss Eleanor F., Coral  
Gables (P)
- Trachman, Pamela B., Miami  
(P)
- Trager, Mr. Joe, Miami (P)
- Traer, Mrs. Zilla P., Miami (P)
- Trammell, Mr. & Mrs.  
Wilson, Miami (D)
- Tranchida, Michael A., North  
Miami (D)
- Traurig, Robert, Miami (B)
- Tribble, Byrd B., Miami (D)
- Truby, Ms. Ann, Miami (P)
- Turner, Mrs. Lawrence O., Jr.,  
Miami (P)
- Twing, G. S., Coral Gables  
(D)
- University of Iowa, Iowa City,  
IA (Sb)
- University of Miami, Coral  
Gables (Sb)
- University of Pennsylvania,  
Philadelphia, PA (Sb)
- University of South Florida,  
Tampa (Sb)
- University of West Florida,  
Pensacola (Sb)
- Upshaw, Mrs. Florence Akin,  
Miami (P)
- Valdex-Fauli, Mr. & Mrs.  
Raul, Coral Gables (D)
- Van Buren, Michael,  
Marathon (D)
- \*Vance, Mrs. Herbert O.,  
Coral Gables (Sp)
- Van Denend, Mrs. Herbert,  
Hawthorne, NJ (D)
- Van Orsdel, C. D., Coral  
Gables (D)
- Vasquez-Bello, Clemente L.,  
Miami (D)
- Veber, Jean Thomas, South  
Miami (P)
- Vergara, Dr. & Mrs. George,  
Miami (D)
- The Villagers, Coral Gables  
(D)
- Wakeman, Mrs. Charles H.,  
Jr., Miami (P)
- Waldberg, Mr. & Mrs. Abbott  
J., Miami (D)
- Waldorf, Ms. Robin, Coral  
Gables (P)
- Waldron, Mr. & Mrs. Edward  
J., Coral Gables (D)
- Walker, Mr. & Mrs. Charles  
H., North Miami (D)
- Walker, Evan B., Miami (P)
- Walker, Mr. & Mrs. Thomas  
B., Coral Gables (D)
- Ware, Mrs. John D., Tampa  
(P)
- Washington Federal Savings  
& Loan Association,  
Miami Beach (C)
- Waters, Fred M., Jr., Coral  
Gables (HL)
- Waters, Reginald V., Stuart  
(D)
- Watson, Ms. Amber, Fort  
Myers Beach (P)
- Watson, Miss Hattie, Miami  
(P)
- Weiland, Arthur H., Miami  
(B)
- Weinkle, Julian T., Coral  
Gables (D)
- Weinreb, Ann Henry, Miami  
(D)
- Weintraub, Mrs. Sidney,  
Miami (P)
- Weissenborn, Mr. & Mrs.  
Lee, North Miami Beach  
(D)
- Weldon, Mr. & Mrs.  
Malcolm, Coral Gables  
(D)
- Welsh, Mrs. C. Harding,  
Coral Gables (P)
- Wenck, James H., Miami (D)
- Wepman, Warren S., Miami  
(D)
- Werson, William, Miami (P)
- West, Mr. & Mrs. Everett G.,  
Ft. Lauderdale (D)

West, Ms. Patsy, Clearwater (P)  
 West Palm Beach Public Library (Sb)  
 Whigham, Mrs. Florence R., Miami (P)  
 White, Richard M., Miami (D)  
 White, Mr. & Mrs. Robert E., Coral Gables (D)  
 Whitlock, Mary, Coral Gables (D)  
 Whitmer, Dr. & Mrs. Kenneth S., Miami (P)  
 Whittelsey, Katharine, Miami (P)  
 Whitten, George E., Miami Beach (D)  
 Wilkins, Woodrow Wilson, Miami (P)  
 Wilkinson, Lawrence S., Miami Beach (P)  
 Willey, Reverend Seaver A., Miami (P)  
 Williams, Freeman J., Miami (P)  
 Williams, Gordon L., Miami (P)  
 Williams, Mark C., North Miami Beach (P)

Wilson, Mrs. Gaines R., Miami (P)  
 Wilson, Nell G., Black Mountain, NC (Sp)  
 \*Wilson, Peyton L., Miami (P)  
 Wilson, Robert L., Miami (P)  
 Wimbish, Paul, Miami Beach (D)  
 Winebrenner, L. M., Opa Locka (D)  
 Winkelman, Mr. Nikola J., Miami (P)  
 Wipprecht, Mrs. Marion, Coral Gables (D)  
 Wirkus, Mr. & Mrs. Leonard V., Miami (D)  
 Wisconsin State Historical Society, Madison, WI (Sb)  
 Withers, James G., Coral Gables (HL)  
 Withers Van Line of Miami, Miami (D)  
 Withers, Wayne E., Coral Gables (HL)  
 Wolf, Mr. & Mrs. Gerald L., Miami (P)  
 Wolfe, Miss Rosalie, Miami (P)

Wolfe, Thomas L., Coral Gables (C)  
 Wolfson, Col. Mitchell, Miami (C)  
 Woodruff, Mrs. W. J., Miami (P)  
 Woods, Dr. & Mrs. Frank M., Miami (D)  
 \*Woore, Mrs. A. Meredith, Miami (P)  
 Wooten, Mr. & Mrs. James S., Miami (D)  
 Wright, Mrs. Edward, Miami (P)  
 Wright, Dr. Ione S., Miami Shores (D)  
 Wright, Janel, Coral Gables (D)  
 Wulf, Karlina, Miami (D)  
 Yelen, Bruce, Miami (D)  
 Young, Mary E., Jupiter (P)  
 Young, Montgomery L., Miami (P)  
 Zeller, Mrs. Leila, Miami (P)  
 Zimmerman, Mr. & Mrs. Louis, Miami Shores (P)  
 Zwerner, Mrs. Carl, Miami (P)



