

Tequesta: THE JOURNAL OF THE HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION OF SOUTHERN FLORIDA

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CONTENTS

Diary of an Unidentified Land Official, 1855 5

Edited by Wright Langley and Arva Moore Parks

My Life in South Florida 25

By Edna Morris Harvey

Newspaper Pioneering on the Florida East Coast, 1891–1895 51

By Ruby Andrews Myers

Life in Palm Beach County, Florida, 1918–1928 63

Part I: Engineering and Farming

From Noah Kellum Williams' "Grandpop's Book"

Edited, with an introduction, by Charlton W. Tebeau

List of Members 77

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Diary of an Unidentified Land Official, 1855

Key West to Miami

Edited by Wright Langley
and Arva Moore Parks

INTRODUCTION

In 1979, Wright Langley, Director of the Historic Key West Preservation Board found a brief, longhand, 1855–56 diary among the William Henry Wills Papers in the Southern Historical Collection, Library of the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill. The unknown diarist wrote of his visit to Key West, the Florida Keys, Miami and Tampa, and recorded his impressions of the people he met and the events he observed. Realizing the importance of the account, Mr. Langley contacted Miami historian, Arva Moore Parks, and Tampa historian, Gary Mormino, to aid in the editing of the diary. The Tampa section will be published in the 1984 *Tequesta*.

Unfortunately, the author remains unidentified. Yet from his account we know that he was tall, proud, fastidious, poor but educated and came from a cold climate—possibly from Great Britain. He disliked the military establishment, was religious, liked to read and wrote well.

The author found Key West an exciting seaport in 1855. Shouts of “Wreck Ashore” echoed along the waterfront—a ship had gone aground on the nearby reef. Transplanted Bahamians sailed to save lives and remove the valuable cargo which they brought to Key West for disposition by the Federal Court that regulated the wrecking trade.

Between 1848 and 1859 at least 618 ships were salvaged from the Florida Reef—wrecking was the major industry of the island. In between

salvaging wrecked vessels the crews fished, turtled and harvested sponge from the rich ocean bottom.

For most of Key West's history, the military was also a part of island life. In 1855, the yet unfinished Fort Taylor dominated the waterfront and naval vessels made Key West a frequent port of call.

The year 1855 was also the peak year for salt production — an enterprise brought over from the Bahamas. Saltwater trapped in ponds produced highly valuable salt as the sun evaporated the moisture. Production ranged from 40,000 bushels to 75,000 bushels in 1855.

By 1860 Key West had grown to the largest and wealthiest city in Florida with a population that had increased from 517 in 1830 to 2913 just three decades later. It was truly South Florida's gateway city, the first stop for those wishing to go on to Miami.

There hardly was a Miami in 1855. The Miami post office was still a year away and scarcely twenty-five people called Miami home. In fact, only eleven heads of households were recorded in the 1850 Census and six of these were of foreign birth.

The author of the diary arrived in Miami only 25 days after the Army re-activated Fort Dallas after a five years absence. Florida's frontier settlers, including those in Miami, had been pressuring the Government to deal with what they called the "Indian menace" by either removing the Indians to the West, or exterminating them.

The acknowledged leader of the small Miami settlement was former New Yorker, George Washington Ferguson, who had lived in the area for ten years and had attained some wealth from the large scale manufacture of comptie starch. In 1855, the five electors unanimously elected him their representative to the Legislature.

The author of the diary met most of the people who lived on or near the Miami River. It is interesting to note, however, that within ten years everyone except John Adams would be gone. Indian problems and the Civil War ultimately drove the settlers who had options to other places. Ferguson moved permanently to Key West where he attained both wealth and position and lived out the rest of his life in comfort.

DIARY OF AN UNIDENTIFIED LAND OFFICIAL, 1855

Key West to Miami

January 22. Morning and wind coming from Norwest. I walked out early and the first news I heard was the steamship *Isabel* had gone ashore last night near the lighthouse. The wreckers were going helter-skelter in every direction as it was seen from the steeple that a ship was in distress. Such a catastrophe appears to be the main spring of action among these people. They live by it, and it is the first thing at sunrise and the last at sunset for them to look out for a wreck. Salvage is what prompts them to go forward with such zeal. Philanthropy or a spirit of benevolence has nothing whatever to do with it.

The mail was received by the *Isabel*¹ and every one seems interested in it except those who are in pursuit of salvage on the steamer. The mail does not come here but twice a month which is not often enough for a man who has been accustomed to its daily visitations. Visitors suffer very much on account of the isolated condition of the place as regard to mail.

Doctor Baradargue called to see me again this morning. He seems to be determined to leave here and go to some place where he will not be subjected to the caprices of . . . this people. The *Isabel* got off about 12 o'clock and I hear she is not injured in the least — will go on to Havana tomorrow morning. Received an invitation to a Ball, to be given by the officers of the Man of War *Princeton* by the citizens tomorrow evening.

After dinner I walked out to look at the town. It is situated on the North end of the island which is oblong. The streets are narrow and the buildings have an old antiquated appearance. Some residences are beautiful and the grounds about them well laid out and set in evergreens, flowers and rose bushes. The principal shade is the cocoa which is planted in groves and circles around the residences and is upon the whole a luxuriant and beautiful tree. The fruit is upon them now in various stages of growth and the yield appears to be heavy. Large bunches come out together near the top from which the leaves spring and it presents to the eyes of the beholder a distinct species having peculiar characteristics. There are other evergreens growing on the island and many different kinds highly cultivated. Among them the oleander ranks first in my estimation. The rose in full bloom and various other flowers together with the appearance of vegetables on the table causes me to feel like I am in the midst of summer, and yet I know it is January. What a change would my mother and sisters experience if they could only be here now a few days: where they [are] another rose has lost all of its lovely characteristics — its leaves and roses gone. The

trees [have lost] their foliage and all is dreary and cold; while here there is every evidence to ones senses of the presence of summer, in fact it is summer and is always so. Frost, snow and ice never can chill vegetation here and cause it to put on its robes of mourning and thus fall to the ground.

Police regulations must be very defective here. Several fights occurred today and yesterday among the sailors who have been permitted to come ashore. One man was severely beaten for stealing this morning and I should not be surprised at any time to hear of more mischief in that line and perhaps burning the city will be resorted to. Several grog shops appear to be liberally encouraged and almost every store has a supply in bottles which can be vended without a license. With much provisions for the manufacture of the degraded sot—the vogue. The seaman's . . . the . . . and . . . with sufficient material to operate on can anyone wonder at any outrages that may be perpetrated in the town. Stayed in my room close all the evening to avoid the chilling wind from the north. Conversed some with Mr. Ferguson about Miami which he describes as an interesting country. He is the most sensible man I've seen since I came to this place. Has lived 10 years on the coast in great seclusion surrounded only by a few laborers and his family. Says the thermometer averages 72 degrees in winter and 76 in summer. The change has been sudden and severe in the weather. Yesterday it was too hot today it is too cold.

January 23. Morning clear and cool and calm. Summer breeze from Noreast. The heavy gales subsided during the night and now vessels go to sea with safety and several sail vessels left early in the morning. After breakfast I walked among the stores to look for shoes and bought two pair of shoes, one for every day and one for special occasions and an Italian scarf. The whole cost me \$775 which is about 40 per cent more than it ought to have been. My poverty . . . conditions and resources were all presented to my mind when I was buying, but I could not decide to dress in accordance with my limited means. Pride has something to do with my decisions and I fear I have too much of it remaining. Gentlemen ought to appear decent on all occasions and when one's profession carries him as mine does into respectable circles it is expected he should appear dressed in accordance with his profession and not his means. Such vices have operated on me for sometimes and I have often felt bad when I was not dressed as one should be. While I was out a ticket of admission to the ball was handed me which I suppose will be given to the door keeper. After dinner I walked out to the wharf and met with Doctor Badaraque who seemed to be always glad to see me. While there a government vessel bound for Tortugas, where the government is building a fort, hoisted sail

and went out most beautifully. We then took a walk along several streets on the island, earnestly engaged in conversation about the power and influence exercised by Mr. Adams² (the Episcopalian minister of the place) in his behalf. He honestly believes Mr. Adams has done all he can for him, which may be true, but I assured him he could not do anything to remove the prejudices of the Holy Alliance, as it is called, against him based as it was on his infirmities. I told him the wealthy people of this island belonged to his church and they are generally more unfeeling and unjust than the middle class. The first rich has . . . to be influenced by interest and never suffer their sympathies or sense of justice to interfere with them, in the least, in their conduct toward their fellow man, while on the other hand, the middle class is interested so often by high and holy notions, they lose sight in part of self and go forward to the support of a fellow being and will administer all the consolation in their power in the time of affliction. We walked and talked till night—saw many pretty things and many very tasty residences. Some of the grounds have been laid off in circles, semi-circles, triangles and quadrangles with little walks as hard and clean looking as a floor. The houses are set in flowers, roses, evergreens and shrubs and the whole shaded by cocoa trees. I returned to my room and saw in the street a great . . . between the men of the *Princeton* and some of the citizens. Some of them were taken to the Calaboose and the remainder left drinking and carousing about the streets. They are like wild men running here and there to see where they can get the most liquor. All of them appear to be young Irishmen and seem to think “this is a free country”: Some of them are still beating the drum and making a noise after it. I was much amused at an Irish sailor’s prayers when he left the island this morning. “The Lord be praised and I am leaving this place now, and I hope I shall never see it any more.” Suppose he had been an . . . and was in some way unfortunate. The ball opens at 9 o’clock and I have made up my mind to stay away.

24th. Morning clear and very pleasant. Wind E. Walked out after breakfast and went to a wharf, where I found a sickly looking old man fishing. He was all patience and seemed to be determined to wait till it suited the fish to bite. Sometimes they bite rapidly when the tide and wind is right but now they refused to take hold of the hook and the piece of turtle’s liver on it. I left the old man and returned to my room where I amused myself reading a trashy novel *Lamp Lighter*. It was evidently written by some religious person who thinks it is just and proper to continue a holy thing with an unholy aim in the shape of romance to maidens. The holy are more acceptable to the mind of the reader. But this is a sad mistake and should not be encouraged by Christian Churches. Religion and politics,

romance and religion should be kept for us separate because in this country they are discordant materials and cannot be intermixed without injuring both. Gertrude True Flint and Emily Graham are good characters and then there is Willie Sullivan too good to appear natural—all of them guided by Heavenly light along the true path. The book is not well written and deficient in description of scenes, etc.

In the evening I walked out again and saw a vessel discharging just in from New York. From there I sauntered along the coast, looked at some of the Coral rock on which this island is said to be based and finally reached an eminence where I could see the sunset. It was then almost 10 minutes high and the nearer it approached the water the more distinct did its ring become till at length it touched and then went slowly down leaving half, one quarter and then a ball the ring never being lost was all that was left. That soon left and then the reflection on the clouds was most beautiful. My feelings became very romantic while I gazed on the scene and I almost imagined myself really happy. The sun now gone shone on those I love but a few short hours before had lighted up this pathway and would soon return to them again. I strolled further on and saw more pretty flowers which always exercise an influence over me. They soften the asperities of my nature and in every way render me more comfortable. The sailors and Man of War's men are drunk carousing and producing a general disturbance. Understand the ball went off well last night and the officers have determined to give the citizens a ball next week. Am told wine and eggs sell very high namely eggs \$1.25 per dozen.

25th. Morning pleasant and clear. Wind So. After breakfast I walked down to see the mail boat which runs between this place and the Miami River, on the east side of the peninsula. I found it a small schooner and without any accommodations for a sick man, which caused me to think strongly of declining my trip to Miami on her. I ascertained she would start about 2 o'clock and went back to my room. She is called *Charles and Edward* after sons of the deputy collector, Mr. Howe.³ I staid about the house all morning after my walk and was deeply pained by being asked by my landlord to see his child, which was suffering most intensely from convulsions. He informed me that the disorder is common on the island and children rarely ever live through them. It was an aggravated form of the disease in which part of the functions were suspended for several minutes, during the convulsion and the convulsions were without the intervals usual in our country. The poor child was lying on the lap of its nurse apparently dead, when I went in, which condition lasted several minutes, then a cold sweat came out, it revived, looked to be alive again a

few short minutes and passed again into the same convulsive condition. Doctor Jones,⁴ its medical attendant, intended using chloroform as a final resort which must fail in affecting a cure because it is too far gone and congestion is too extensive.

After dinner I packed my trunk paid my bill and sent my trunk to the vessel. The Capt. seemed to be indisposed to start and argued many objections to it which were combatted by Mr. Ferguson and after some short talk from him he hoisted sail about 1/2 past 4 and we were driven by the breeze away from the wharf at a rapid rate. The *Isabel* ran in just as we started. As soon as everything got steady all hands went down below and changed clothes which changed the appearance of the crowd very much. They were fixed then for seafaring life and entered upon its duties with a degree of smartness. About dark the *Isabel* passed us again on her way to Charleston and now we were getting away from the city at a rapid rate and each man looked around for the night to usher in her difficulties. I found we had 5 passengers on board one of whom detained us some time to go up town to get his kitten which caused me to have very little patience with him. Supper came on, which was a rough one made up of tea, bread and some boiled beef, ham and butter and a due proportion of dirt. At bed time the two sailors commenced singing some hymns which I enjoyed very much. They sang an old one "O for a Closer Walk with God" which seemed to be better than it ever was before. The Captain carried the bass and the other two the tenor; and upon the whole the music was capital improved perhaps by the circumstance — roaring of the sea. About 10 o'clock the Captain cast anchor and I went down below to get some sleep. My fellow passengers had been generous with me. They had taken the floor and left me one of the bunks which was hard wood on which the flag of U.S. was spread, then a hearth rug and blanket. This was my bed and I prepared myself to use it by buttoning on my overcoat close around me and then lying down just so for the night. Some of the passengers were already snoring and there I laid tossed about by the vessel till a late hour before sleep forced itself on me.

26th. About light Mr. Ferguson rose and took the liberty of starting the Capt. and his hands. The anchor was raised, sails hoisted and we were driven by a good breeze rapidly through the water. The morning was fair — wind S.W. the Capt. took course outside of the Keys which was very rough and before breakfast hour I was quite seasick. He threw out a large hook for Kingfish which he said caught them as the vessel went along. The little islands or Keys are very near each other the most of them small and not suited to cultivations. Am informed they extend along the coast one

hundred fifty miles. My seasickness was too great for breakfast to be endured in my sight or even thought of. At 11 o'clock the Capt. ran between two Keys and passed in between the Keys and the mainland where the water was smooth and the vessel glided along without much motion. Before dinner my seasickness was all gone and I felt as though I could eat; but oh, that man who cooked was so filthy in preparing it I could hardly look at it. He stirred the hominy with a stick of wood, washed the dishes with his black hand, wiped the knives and forks with a black dish cloth and smoked a short chalk pipe, as long as a man's finger, all the time he was cooking. The dinner was announced and each man came to his place out on deck. The table was a huge board spread on the cabin lengthwise and each side had two plates. Soup was first served made of boiled beef and rice. Boiled beef was then passed around — butter and bread and pepper sauce. Some of the passengers made a hearty meal not withstanding the filth, etc. During the evening I read *Quinten Matays* an old novel I found on board. It was a good thing to kill the tedium of the afternoon and I stuck to it close till we arrived at Indian Key. A boat came alongside and all hands went ashore to walk around the island for exercise. It has been cleared up a long time and was once the place of a bloody tragedy. The Indians murdered nearly every man and woman and child on it, pillaged the stores and burnt the houses. Only one or two escaped⁵ to tell the sad tale and since then the place had never been inhabited by more than one or two families. It was once quite a flourishing village and a depot for the wreckers, now it has two young men connected with the Coast Survey⁶ who have been stationed there to take the height of the tides every 1/2 hour during the day. The state of the barometer, the thermometer and hydrometer is reported in connection with the tides and the whole is expected to have a bearing on navigation around the reefs. Suppose they must lead a lonesome life though sails may be seen every hour in the 24 going north or south and the smaller class of vessels stop in the harbor, particularly sponge getters and wreckers. Had forgotten we passed a wreck during the day which excited our Capt. very much and caused him to bear towards it and to calculate the salvage, etc. It proved to be a vessel loaded with salt and it had been gotten off before we saw her. The wreckers had discovered and claimed her early in the morning and here one may say that man's avarice is turned to a good account. It causes wreckers to lie all along the coast near the reefs ready to go to the assistance of the distressed: but they had as well be a total as a partial wreck. Salvage commissions costs, etc., takes nearly all the cargo. Our little craft laid in the harbor all night and the wind blew very hard.

27th. Morning very cold — think it rained some last night. Wind N.W.

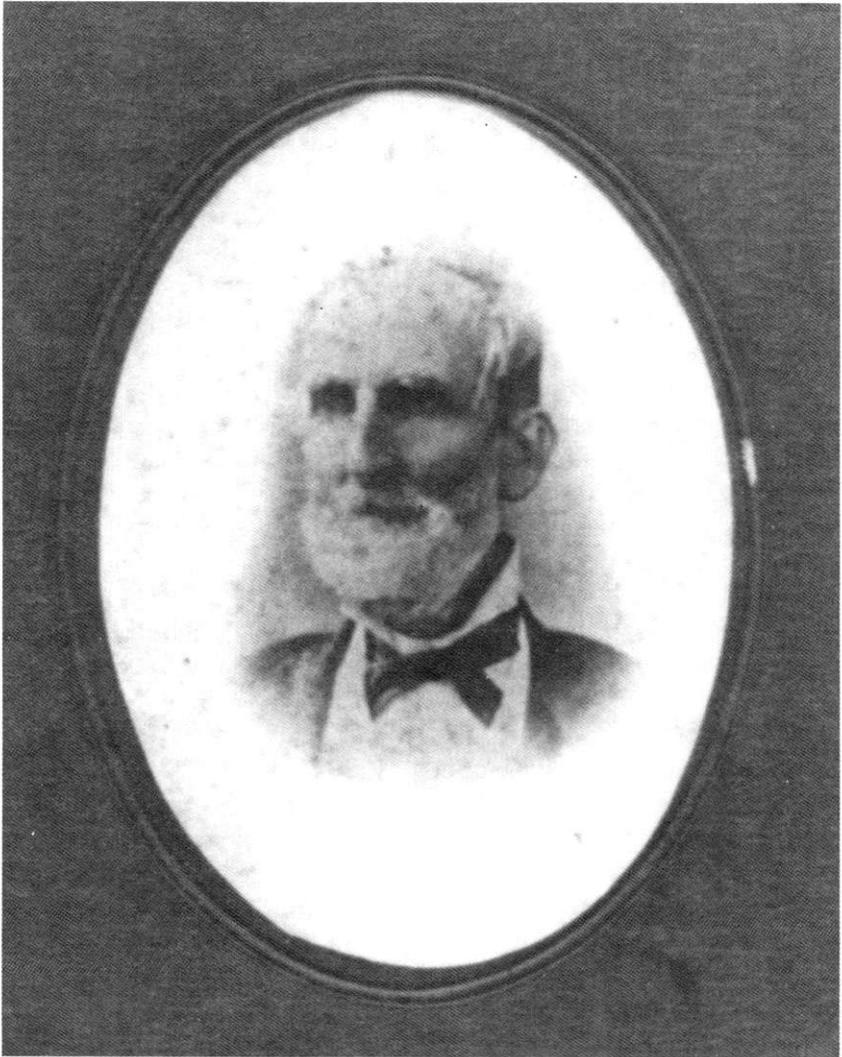
We raised sail and anchor about eight and passed outside the Keys again about two o'clock. Near Key Largo found the vessel in a calm which continued till near midnight. No one knows how disagreeable a calm is till he tries it. Learned that the island [Key Largo] is about 30 miles long, has some good land on it and one settlement — Believe it would be a good place for sea island cotton. The Capt. concluded he would try and run all night and didn't stop till about 3 o'clock in the morning. Anchored then in Caesar's Creek.

28th. Morning clear and cold. Wind N.W. Another calm about 10 o'clock. The breeze blew up afresh from the S.W. and we sailed along at a rapid rate until the vessel ran into Biscayne Bay which is beautiful and thro it to the mouth of the river where the soldiers were stationed.⁷ Uncle Sam's officers came aboard to get their mail and our men . . . and very much about the boat to go ashore. They are all Bahamians and Methodists and do not like to do any sort of work on the Sabbath. Am told a large number reside in Key West and that most of them were in the Methodist Church and that they were the descendants of Tories who ran from the Carolinas during the War of the Revolution. The river is very narrow and has about 4 ft. of water at its mouth. On one side is the military post formerly settled by Mr. English⁸ and the other side is an old residence formerly occupied by Mr. Duke⁹ of Tampa. On the right bank going in there are a large number of cocoanut trees and the tents of the troops are scattered over about 3 acres of ground a part of which has been cultivated in limes. Am told several old places along the coast have an abundance of limes growing and some bananas and sugar cane.

Mr. Ferguson got a boat and some . . . to row his goods to his place and he and I were soon off. The water soon became deep, the river wider and the banks lower. The growth along the banks is the most singular one I ever met with. Have seen it before but not so perfect as it is here. It is a tree from 10 to 20 feet high with limbs like any other tree from which are sent down a great number of feelers, they are called so here, or braces which take hold on the bottom and grow in size as the tree advances. 'Tis by these feelers the tree is supported but the strange and unaccountable feature about the tree is the disposition of the limbs given off from the main limbs to turn to feelers. Or if they turn up to assume all the characters of a limb. The feelers have no leaves nor short twigs coming out from them whilst the limbs coming out are on opposite sides of the same stem have leaves, flowers and bear fruit. In a short time we landed at Mr. Ferguson's Cumpty [sic] Mill which is built of palmettoes interwoven between a slender frame work and situated on the west bank of the stream. There are several little

houses around his mill and on the hill side above covered with palmetto leaf. The front of the house has a fine garden full of Irish potatoes and other vegetables in the most luxuriant state of growth.¹⁰ He carried me up to his house and introduced me to his family composed of his wife and six children—four girls and two boys—all healthy, fine looking children.¹¹ In fact the girls are pretty and rosy—very rosy ladies and upon the whole it appears to be the most interesting family I've met in East Florida.

29th. The morning calm and pleasant enough for summer clothes. I walked before breakfast and found abundance of Coral Rock in every direction through the woods in some places so abundant the earth could not be seen. It is a singular rock [which] resembles in places large sponges very coarse—in others looks like honey combs and in others has a indistinct outline like an animal. Around the house it is so thick soil can scarcely be obtained for cultivation. Mr. Ferguson has filled it up so as to make terraces around the hill and thus prevent the soil from washing off. He has done an immense deal of unprofitable work on his lot of ground, enough to have fenced and reduced 80 acres of common land free of stones to cultivate. He has enclosed at least 6 acres of this stony hammock land which must have cost him at least \$600.00 and his crops on it are not worth more than a good interest on the money. His great industry deserves a better reward but one cannot feel much for a man who works so hard when a little sober reflection would teach him it would turn out badly. He needs someone to direct his energies but thus he is so self conceited one cannot tell him anything he did not know before, or had not thought of some thing better. His house and his mill for grinding arrowroot show clearly what kind of mind he has. On the side of the stream he has built a two story house for his mill which is weather bound and covered with palmetto leaves and adjoining he has another for a store house built of the same material. In the first his machinery, constructed after his own ideas, is placed, which exhibits originality and some mechanical skill. A master wheel, 7 feet across propelled by the weight of a small horse on top of it, to which he is carried and haltered by a small inclined plane from the hillside, drives his corn mill the rollers which crush the root—the buckets which elevate the water and empties it into a cylinder in which the root is washed, and several other small pieces of machinery difficult to describe. The whole appears to have been constructed in great haste and is rough and wants durability.¹² In the other house he has boxes for receiving the arrowroot and starch when it is ground and now he is removing all these things to make a temporary place for a few goods he bought to sell to the soldiers. His dwelling is equally singular. It has one large room in the centre and around it several



Courtesy of Elsie Ferguson Arnold

George Washington Ferguson

sheds and porches built of palmetto. The kitchen stands just in the rear of the dwelling—it is made of wood covered with shingles and has a chimney—the only fire place on the premises. A smoke house, barn and stables and shed and a fowl house are all built after the fashion of the mill. The fowl house is enclosed by a good fence and they are kept in one place. A hog house has also been erected at much expense as though it was necessary to

protect the hogs from snows, sleet, etc. All of the ground around the house is laid off in squares and has walks made of rock leading in every direction through it. Irish potatoes seem to be the principal crop though he has turnips, radishes, bananas, sweet potatoes, cocoas and plantains growing on it. Onions, potatoes, sweet, do not appear to do well in the climate and from what I hear oranges and beans seem very uncertain. Limes and lemons do very well. Everything I've seen about the premises cause me to feel sorry for the man who has done so much labor for such a poor profit and to feel curious to know more about him.¹³ During the day, Mr. Ferguson was busily engaged opening and fixing up his goods. I walked out morning and evening and saw some hammock land which is too mucky for any use and some prairies too poor for cultivation with a singular soil which looks and feels much like soap. In the evening I killed a large bald eagle and the good old dame stript it of its feathers to preserve for use. The daughters, who had been engaged all day in housekeeping appeared in the evening as neat as they did on Sunday and I find them quite interesting. After supper we gathered around one table on which two oil lamps were burning part sewing and part reading the late papers.

30th. Morning clear. Wind east which I am told is the prevailing one here in the summer. Mr. Ferguson went to work among his potatoes and I took a long walk. Mr. Bissell¹⁴ of Ohio called about 11 o'clock and they went off to look at some land. Lieut. Morris¹⁵ called in the morning which caused the ladies to get on their Sundays in quick time. The appearance of an officer appears to create quite a sensation in this quiet family. Wonder if the ladies feel flattered by this attention. Will see more in a few days. In the evening I wrote some letters and while engaged at it heard another excitement among the ladies and in a short time heard some officers come in and then a general merry laugh and that went on till they left. Did not see any of them and do not desire their acquaintance. Am told they manifest some curiosity about the tall gentleman, but I am determined not to gratify them by becoming acquainted with them. Do not believe in making or cultivating the acquaintance of any man or set of men unless I can associate with them on terms of equality which is impossible with the arrogant, self conceited, military men of the regular Army. They are generally dictatorial and over bearing in their intercourse which may be the result of habit. Hope it is. After my letter was closed I walked again but was driven back by the clouds which looked very much like rain. A large number of letters were put up and sent off by mail which leaves here North and South once a month. Key West South and Indian River North. Indian River mail is carried on foot along the sea beach.¹⁶

31st. It rained some during the night and now it is raining in torrents. Wind blowing a perfect gale from the noreast and thundér heard for such cold weather. Breakfast was very late, and the rain increased, the wind too, and the house commenced leaking, particularly the palmetto part. About 10 it held up raining and Mr. Ferguson went out to plant some cabbage plants. Early . . . do best. After 12 the wind blew a perfect gale all the evening and it rained and turned very cold. I could not help feeling for the tent holders at the mouth of the river and think of the dangers of the reefs during such a gale, vessels couldn't keep off them if they are near, for they couldn't live an hour among them. I felt the want of a fireplace all the evening and was compelled to wrap up to keep warm. It cleared off at night but the wind continued to blow. The Ferguson ladies drew around the fire light and commence their sewing which was continued till bed time. Mr. Ferguson and I chatted about the railroad to Fernandina and the geography of Fla. The wind whistled around the house as it does in our country in March and nearly as cold.

Feb. 1st. Clear and cold wind noreast. Caught cold and find my cough troublesome. Walked out with gun and went into Mr. Marshall's¹⁷ hammock where I saw some very rich alluvial soil but no game. Don't believe there is anything larger than doves to shoot in this country. Returned about 11 o'clock. In the evening it clouded up again which caused me to walk around the house in the hammocks and pine woods. The hammock growth differs very much from any I've seen. Very little live oak — no magnolias. The air plant grows in great abundance in the oak and other trees. During the afternoon several officers called on the young ladies and their arrival created quite a sensation in the family. When they left I heard the young ladies giving an account of what they said in turn to their mother which seemed to be very pleasing to all parties. Hope they will not have anything to keep secret from their mother. After supper I ascertained the family has not been living here but two years out of the ten and that they looked forward to a removal with much pleasure. The females say they can't stand such seclusions. About night the wind ceased.

Feb. 2nd. Morning clear and cold — wind in same quarter said to be unusual season in this country. The family took the boat and went down to the mouth and I took my gun and walked out but didn't find anything to shoot. I saw good lands and was in sight of Mr. Marshall's house who lived above the forks of the river. His house is a wide palmetto structure and he lives there as a bachelor. In afternoon Mr. Ferguson mounted his little ponies and away we went to the everglades. The country is so rocky I found it difficult for the ponies to get along. We passed several little improvements

which had been deserted by the former occupants and length stopped at Mr. John Adams'¹⁸ on the margin of the everglades. The gentlemen were engaged grinding the cumpty root on a hand mill, which appeared to be severe labor. Their houses are like all the rest, built of palmetto, and their garden is without a fence. They carried me into the garden place where I found a good variety of vegetables growing and the most luxuriant pumpkin vines I ever saw, which, I am told bear a better pumpkin than common and more of them. One of the gentlemen invited me into his kitchen which had all the appearances of a bachelor life about it. The pork was hanging on a nail over the fireplace, dish rags thrown about and everything else was helter-skelter over the rooms. There are three brothers living together as bachelors and they seem by hard work to get on tolerable well. They are from Germany and speak poor English. One of them was educated for a minister. I found they were doing a poor business in making cumpty and that it yields now a greater amount of yellow refuse than usual which is attributed to the excessive drought. Am told however, that 200 pounds can be made a week which is worth \$12. This will do well for a week's work of one hand if they could continue all the year but in the summer they must suspend operations. We rode off towards the everglades and were soon in full view of them. My conceptions of the everglades were not correct and I was completely surprised to see such beauty and extent of scenery as open upon my eyes when I reached them. They are like an immense sea with green grass growing over the surface of the water and islands covered with hammock growth here and there as far as the eyes can see. The whole field of vision then is filled by a large prairie with islands of different sizes and shapes. At least it appears to be a prairie high and dry till you go into it. Then it is found to be covered with water and here and there deep enough to navigate with small boats. Some boats have gone into them 50 miles and might have gone further. The soil is said to be rich but I noticed in some places that it was very poor and has a white sandy foundation. Around the outside it is dry and sometimes nearly all the water dries off, but during the rainy season it is overflowing and the water is very deep which rises in the summer. Am told the islands are fertile and well adapted to cocoa trees and other tropical fruits. The poor Indians have them in possession and have succeeded in making their support off of them but active preparations are going on to dispossess them of these little spots. Where will they go then — time must show. After riding for some time I discovered the general appearance was the same that the only variety in the scenery is in the shape of the islands which caused me to propose our return. We traveled over the same road back and at sunset were at home

again. Mr. Duke and Dr. Barron¹⁹ [sic] were on a visit to the ladies and I received an introduction to the Doctor who is a grand looking man, though his face is disfigured by his beard. After supper all hands wrapped up and seated around the table commenced those usual evening tasks. The old woman says she must have a stove.

3rd. Morning clear and calm. Wind rose about 9 o'clock and blew from the Norwest. After breakfast we ran over to see Doctor Barron who is a Virginian by birth. Found him in his garden at work with an old cloth cap and very ragged pants made of cotton and a shirt of the same kind. He apologized for his disahabille when he received us into his house. Mrs. Barron came in a short time who I found to be a German lady of some beauty, grace and dignity. Suppose she is an educated woman from what I heard and saw. The Doctor and I soon got into a conversation about his country. He said he thought settlements were 200 years in advance of the country that certain great changes were going on and advancements made every year towards the stage of perfection it must ultimately attain. That it was of recent formation no one could doubt and consequently before it can be perfected certain great natural changes have to take place. The heavy coating of vegetable matter found in the hammocks now in the condition of peat going as low down as the rocks. The character of the rocks and the disintegration constantly going on in there, he mentioned as evidences of the rapid advance going on in the country towards that perfection it must attain. He believes that peninsular Fla. is the top of a mountain. That the upheaving of the earth first formed it, then it was submerged, received its coral covering, was again upheaved by some central submarine force which is still going on and that ultimately it must become higher. That it is a mountain he says is proved by the soundings made by the Coast Survey and which go down the sides gradually till the water becomes an immeasurable depth in the Gulf and Gulf Stream, then gradually goes off into plains towards the island of Cuba. He says there are abundant evidences of great heat in the earth around him that he has collected a number of facts to prove it. Can show a great many evidences all around him which he found since he came to the place. One of them he showed me near his door, which is nothing more than a vein of crystalized lime rock in which he says the heat has been greater than in the rock around it. The everglades he says were formed by a submarine volcano. That he can find a thousand evidences of it around the margin of them and doubts not that the process is still going on. We then walked to see his grounds and first went to his punch bowl, as he calls it, which is a large basin dug out underneath the bluff of rock on which the house is located. It is filled by water from the

rock and supplies a large quantity. I drank some of it but did not like it, it is too full of lime. The situation is the most romantic one I've seen and was evidently selected by this singular man on that account. It is a high bluff of coral rock some 20 feet above the bay which serves a view of the large bay, its islands and coast and by the aid of glass a part of the Gulf Stream. Am told it was originally settled by a Mr. Taylor²⁰ who cultivated successfully sea island cotton for several years. It was not occupied when he settled it and now a good deal of it is grown up in limes and sour oranges. He has no one to help him work and consequently the place is not adorned and beautified by art. Saw a few rose bushes are growing about in the holes of the rock and they are heaving down under the heavy burden of beautiful roses — rich in colour and fresh and fragrant — more so than common. Saw a few geraniums are doing well and look greener than is usual in our country. From the house we went to the garden where the Doctor was engaged digging potatoes when we rode up, lemons, bananas, limes, cabbage and potatoes are growing in the garden and everything seems to be growing in a fissure or in holes in the rock. The Doctor showed me how he got the potatoes out of the holes and assured me he frequently turned out more than he could put back in the hole. This may seem untrue, but I saw it and was satisfied.

Around the house seems to be all rock (Coral) with a level surface. Thought disintegration has produced holes, cavities, fissures in the rock in which there is a small quantity of very rich earth where potatoes and every other plant appears to find the proper nutrients. In some instances these holes are round and two feet in diameter which yield a large number of potatoes. Am told 150 bushels can be raised to the acre in this rock. All the rock in the country is of the same character and looks more like coarse sponges than anything else I know in nature. It lies in places below the surface and in others in a level and forms the surface and in others it juts out above like stumps in new land.

I left this singular place and its more singular inhabitants feeling truly sorry for Mrs. Barron whose life of seclusion appears to be weighing on her mind and spirits so heavily. One can see written in legible character in her face. This is truly an example of love, self sacrificing for the promotion of her husband's happiness and comfort. I fear, however, she does not get the reward she is entitled to. Her husband is a hypochondriac, a misanthrope and very whimsical — at least I think so; and to be confined to such a man without seeing any other face for a year is sufficient to cause a social being and person with keen sensibilities and faculties for society to shudder at its contemplation much less. We got back at 12 o'clock.

NOTES

1. The *Isabel*, owned by Messrs. Mordecai & Co., of Charleston was an eleven hundred ton steamer that traveled between Charleston and Key West from 1848 until the beginning of the Civil War. Jefferson B. Browne, in *Key West the Old and The New*, 1912, p. 80-81, described the *Isabel's* impact on the community.

"The arrival of the *Isabel* in port was an important event. When she was sighted the fact was made known by the ringing of a bell on a tower at the agent's wharf. She frequently arrived at night and when that occurred nearly everybody sat up to await her arrival and hear from distant relatives and friends, from whom they had been cut off for two weeks. No family waited alone; those who did not have friends to eat midnight supper with them, went out to the homes of others, and the occasions were ones of jollification and social gathering. Happy, happy days, when all lived together in unity! When the *Isabel* neared the wharf, the entire adult population would congregate there to get the first news of the outside world, and greet returning relatives and friends."

2. Rev. C. C. Adams was assigned to the Key West Church in October, 1846. While he was in route he learned that a hurricane had blown the church away! After arriving in Key West the Rev. Adams decided to rebuild the church and left in January, 1847, to obtain funds for the new building. He returned in December with \$3,300. A new frame church was erected and the first service was held on July 30, 1848.

3. Charles Howe moved to Key West after the destruction of Indian Key in 1840 and was the collector of the port for many years. His sons, Charles and Edward, became large landowners and successful businessmen.

4. In 1855, Dr. S.F. Jones, a local physician, was employed as a physician at Fort Taylor at a monthly salary of \$150.

5. On August 7, 1840, Seminole Indians attacked Indian Key, destroyed thirty-eight structures and killed seven of the forty-five inhabitants, including Dr. Henry Perrine, noted horticulturalist.

6. The U.S. Coast and Geodetic Survey had been actively involved in charting the coast, the Keys and the Great Florida Reef since 1849.

7. Fort Dallas was re-activated on January 3, 1855, with 168 men. Previous occupations included 1838-42 and 1849-50.

8. William F. English built a stone home and slave quarters on the north bank of the Miami River in the 1840's and platted the "Village of Miami" on the south bank. He left Miami in 1849 and leased his property and unfinished buildings to the Army. He never returned.

9. Reason Duke was an early resident of South Florida and keeper of the Cape Florida Lighthouse between 1846-1852. He built a two story house on the point of the south bank of the Miami River where the family resided.

10. The Ferguson house, or what locals called "Fergusons's Landing," was located on the site of the Haley Sofge and Robert King High Towers, 800 N.W. 13 Avenue.

11. The Ferguson family consisted of George, 43; his wife, Hannah, 40; sons George, 11, and Samuel, 7; daughters Georginna, 19, Cornelia, 17, Josephine, 13, and Ida, 3.

12. The comptie mill described in this diary was George W. Ferguson's second mill. He built his first mill in 1845 near the "falls" of the Miami River, just west of N.W. 27th Avenue. When Ferguson discovered that the land had been claimed by someone else, he moved his operation to the 40 acre N.W. 12th Avenue site, which he purchased from the government for \$1.25 an acre. In 1860 he sold it to George Lewis and moved to Key West. Union sailors burned the house and store during the Civil War because George Lewis was a well known blockade runner for the Confederacy.

13. Apparently the writer was not cognizant of the fact that George W. Ferguson reported a profit of \$24,000 on his comptie operations in the 1850 Manufacturing Census.

He employed 25 men and produced 300,000 pounds of comptive starch which he sold all over the United States.

14. Theodore Bissell represented Dade County in the legislature between 1858-1860.

15. 1st Lieutenant Lewis O. Morris was second in command at Fort Dallas.

16. The "barefoot mailman" was instituted during the Second Seminole War (1838-42) as a means of communication between Fort Dallas and Fort Capron. The practice continued until 1892. George W. Ferguson was the postmaster in 1858 and the post office was in his store.

17. George Marshall resided in Miami as early as 1828. He applied for an Armed Occupation Act Grant in 1843 at the forks of the Miami River. It was patented to him in 1849. He left Miami suddenly in 1861 after killing a young member of the Wagner family during a drunken spree in front of Lewis' (formerly Ferguson's) store. He was never heard of again.

18. The Adams brothers, John, Nicholas and Poline, lived south of the south fork of the Miami River on the rim of the Everglades. John Adams was the "barefoot mailman" in 1855.

19. Dr. Charles S. Baron, a medical doctor, was keeper of the Cape Florida Lighthouse from 1855-1859. Between 1851-61, his family lived on the "Punch Bowl" property, which is located between Rickenbacker Causeway and Vizcaya. After he moved to Key West in 1861, he continued to claim ownership of the property in the name of his wife, Wilhelmina. He was well known in Key West and served as Judge of the Probate Court and as U.S. Commissioner. In 1897 Mary Brickell successfully sued his estate to clear title to the land that she bought in 1871 from the heirs of William F. English.

20. The first owner of record was Jonathan Lewis who received title to the land from the United States Government in 1824. The Taylor reference is intriguing, however, because an Ephriam P. Taylor was another early resident in the area along with Temple Pent who unsuccessfully claimed the same property.

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My Life in South Florida

By Edna Morris Harvey*

We Move to Lake Okeechobee

My mother, Alton, Alice and I were visiting Aunt Nettie and family in Ft. Lauderdale for one month. I was eleven, Alice a little more than a baby and Alton was thirteen. Aunt Nettie's husband, Uncle John, was Mama's brother and their family consisted of Earl fifteen, Bud about Alton's age and Mabel who was six weeks older than I. Mabel was the life of both families and many of our escapades and mischievous pranks were engineered by her. Uncle John was not at home but was some place out on Lake Okeechobee, going about in his boat from place to place fishing, pitching his tent here and there where fishing was good and coming down the canal for 50 miles that led home once a month. My Aunt made mention to us that the last time she had seen John he spoke as if he would like to move his family to Okeechobee and thought of doing so. Toward the end of our visit it was nearing the time when he should be home again and the children were much enthused over the fact that they might move to the unknown land which seemed to invite adventure to them. One of the neighbors had a Ouija board and we all went over there one night to ask Ouija some questions. Three of us were seated around the board and Mabel asked "Are we going to move to the Lake?" Slowly the Ouija spelled out the letters "y-e-s." "How many days before Papa will be home?" Bud asked. The answer was four. "How many days before we will move?" was asked and the answer was six.

Sure enough Uncle John returned in four days and began immediately to make preparations for moving his family to Lake Okeechobee. He said

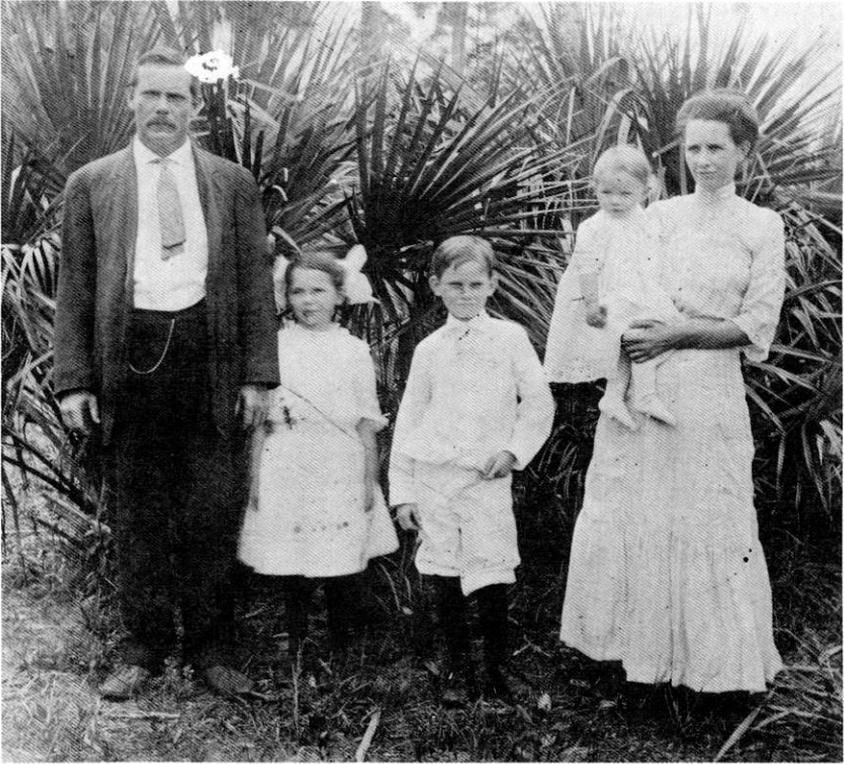
*For more than a half century Mrs. Harvey has lived in Miami and has long been known in art circles. She was born in Sanford, the daughter of Claude Chester Morris and Mary Jane Ingram Morris. This portion of her typescript Memoirs begins when she was eleven.

he was fascinated by the richness of the soil, especially on the east side of the Lake and that he was going to give up fishing and buy a claim there and farm it. They loaded up their launch very shortly with as many household goods as could be carried and started westward down the canal towards the Everglades, our family boarded a train back to our house in Sanford.

It was a year later that Uncle John began writing my father about the possibilities of the new land and urging him to make a trip down there and see for himself. No fertilizer was necessary and this appealed to my father as he was paying large sums for fertilizer to grow his celery and lettuce. Eventually he decided to make the trip to Lake Okeechobee to determine if he too would like to move there. He was packing to go and I was designated to heat the iron and press his only pair of Sunday trousers. Thinking more about the possibility of our moving and not about ironing, I badly scorched one leg of the trousers. A large brown print of the iron was made on them and after calling my mother, in tears I went up stairs and hid behind the bureau. A few minutes later my father came up to that particular room to dress, while I sheepishly crouched behind the dresser hoping I wouldn't sneeze or cough, unable to face him or say goodbye. He left unable to find me.

When my father returned he was much taken with the Everglades and began talking of moving. My mother, however, was not desirous of pulling up stakes until she visited the place, which resulted in her going there for a few days, leaving me behind to do the cooking. My father had been accustomed to having biscuits made daily and I endeavored to make some for the first time. The first pan I made were so hard I took them out to the pig pen and dumped them in, and the second pan were badly burnt and could not be eaten. Thinking how glad I would be when my mother returned, I stirred up a hoecake and fried it. My mother was carried away with the Okeechobee region when she returned and I remember her remarking "Money just grows on trees down there." I thought "grows on trees, I would like to have a tree or two."

After talking with our close friends, the Walters family, they decided to move to the Everglades with us. Their family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Walters and John, Jim and Leonard, boys in their teens. The two families loaded our household goods into a box car which was to go by rail as far as West Palm Beach and at that point it had to be unloaded and shipped in installments by boat. Some of the men accompanied the furniture but the rest of us went by train to West Palm Beach and then down to the slip where we waited for the slow moving *Harry L* to get ready to shove off on its weekly trip down the forty mile canal to the Lake region.



Courtesy of Edna Morris Harvey

The Claude Chester Morris family near Sanford shortly before they moved to Lake Okeechobee. The children, left to right, are Edna (the author), Alton, and Alice.

The Lake, 1917-1920

Lake Okeechobee is a body of fresh water about 37 miles long and 34 miles wide. It is known as the largest body of fresh water in the United States outside of the Great Lakes. For many miles back from the Lake are thousands of acres of rich muck land. The setting of these memoirs is on the East Beach of Lake Okeechobee. The time is 1917-1920. A more beautiful spot could not have been found at that time. Along the lake back about 100 yards ran what was called the ridge. It was sandy and slightly rocky, and then it sloped off to the black and dark brown muck lands. The scattering shacks or tents were built along the ridge. Huge rubber and cypress trees were thick except where an opening had been made for a shack or tent. In contrast, the muck lands were barren of trees except the

scrubby and cork-like custard apple trees and elderberry bushes. A trail wined down the ridge, turning at some large trees or a stocky mass of wild grapevines. In the spring, no spot was lovelier or nearer to nature itself. It was indescribably beautiful, even a child would notice. The green, fresh, shady foliage was a welcome retreat from any burdens or cares and one felt nearer the Maker walking down the trail, where the birds sang so merrily and peace and beauty reigned supreme. The path would emerge into a clearing, going through the front yard of some shack or under the ropes of some tent, only to lead on, winding through masses of twisted and intermingled foliage.

Nearer the lake where there were fewer trees, was a wagon road, not winding like the trail but following more the curvature of the water. The lake itself was at times smooth as glass. Then in the space of a few minutes a squall would come up and it would change to a mass of white caps, and waves would roll in as if it were an ocean. The huge rubber trees would rustle and sway in the strong breeze, dark clouds would form towards the west and many times two or three waterspouts would be visible. Fishing smacks would head for shore. The fishermen had great fear of a norwester and bided their time when catfishing far from shore.

The east beach was 40 miles from a railroad, the nearest one being at West Palm Beach due east and at an equal distance or less was the small town of Okeechobee City, located catty-cornered across the lake. There was no highway leading to the east beach of Lake Okeechobee City, located catty-cornered across the lake. There was no highway leading to the east beach of Lake Okeechobee and it was accessible only by water. The slow moving boats came for 40 miles down the narrow Palm Beach Canal. It was an all day trip of slow riding through never changing scenery of saw grass, moonvines and black muck, with an occasional alligator sunning sleepily near the bank.

This was government owned land and a settler could have a claim. After a certain number of years he was given a deed to it. If a person moved or left the lake country, he sold his claim, usually for about \$500. Not all settlers took out a claim. The land was extremely rich and no fertilizer was needed. The fertility of the soil was thought to have been due to the lake having overflowed at some time. Shells and other fragments in the texture of the soil seemed to indicate that. The settlers engaged in what they call truck farming — raising vegetables, chiefly eggplant, bell pepper, string beans and tomatoes. Today they grow many more crops — potatoes, sweet corn, celery, miles and miles of sugar cane and others.

They could have three crops a year, fall, winter and spring. There was

no question that the crops could be grown in a shorter period of time than elsewhere. They could harvest string beans within 45 days from the time the seeds were sown and there was little work to be done, since no fertilizing or cultivation was necessary. They grew so fast they were ready to be harvested before the weeds took over. This indeed seemed to be the Promised Land.

Houses

We lived in two houses, a board house that Mama, Papa and Alice slept in and about 75 feet from there a tar paper shack with kitchen, my room next to it and Alton's next to mine. Sometimes I would cook breakfast and let my mother sleep. The large rubber trees shaded both houses.

Water

To get our water we loaded two barrels in the wagon, put a tub over each to keep the water from sloshing out and drove Old Kit, the mule, into the lake until the water was level with the wagon bed and with buckets we filled the barrels. Any of us kids could do this. Even Mabel and I did it once and we took a swim at the same time. She didn't want Aunt Nettie to see her wet clothes so she borrowed some from me and left hers to dry. The water was placed in the shade under the rubber trees and it was always cool. A gourd dipper hung alongside.

Groceries

Boats entering the lake at Canal Point usually turned right to go to Okeechobee City but the *Harry L* came along our shore. It was a courtesy of Capt. Bass who owned the *Harry L* to bring our groceries from West Palm Beach 40 miles away. This consisted only of basics: flour, meal, sugar, lard, etc. We met the boat in a skiff, handing him the list for the next trip in about two weeks.

Fish

We also had plenty of fresh fish out of Lake Okeechobee. Mr. Galloway who lived next to us fished for catfish with trotlines. They had hundreds of shorter lines with baited hooks hanging from them. Early each morning he and his son Rufus would go out on the smooth glassy water to get their catch and bring it to his skinning bench. He gave us all we wanted at any time. All we had to do was go out on the dock and get them, all

ready for the pan. We never tired of catfish and hush puppies and like them to this day.

Chickens

We had the most flavorful fryers at that time, not comparable with any since. They strutted around on their long yellow legs looking for insects. We never had to feed them but occasionally the folks would broadcast an area of millet seed for them to scratch in.

Papayas

Papayas grew wild, we called them paw-paws as they resembled something smaller that used to grow out in the woods at Sanford. We didn't eat them but used the leaves to tenderize meat overnight when we had it. I thought they tasted about like perfume would. Now I grow them and am very fond of them when brushed with a little sugar and lime juice. A neighbor from Puerto Rico told me to tie something red on the tree and insects would not bother them. That works.

Elderberries

There were a lot of wild elderberry bushes and my mother often made a cobbler with them — another long lost pleasure. They also made elderberry wine with them.

Thousand Legs

The thousand legs were everywhere, with their many legs and hard shells. They not only had a thousand legs but there were thousands of them. When we got up in the morning we would shake our clothes and they would fall hard to the floor and curl up in a round circle. My grandfather (my mother's father) delighted in squashing them every time he saw one. He would say "By the nation (his cuss word), the devilish things." His fingers were purple like iodine from mashing them.

Mail

The mail, if anyone ever got any, was brought by some boat coming from West Palm Beach, leaving it at Canal Point, then it was handed down from one to another along the trail until it reached its destination. We might see a newspaper two or three weeks old. That was all we knew about how World War I was doing. The way we knew the war had ended was from a passing boat. They were beating loudly on tin pans, their way of letting us know.

Washing

Alton and I did the washing once a week under the guava trees. First, we had to hitch up old Kit and drive into the lake to get the water. We then built a fire under the large black iron pot and cut up Octagon soap to put into the water. After the clothes boiled a while we took them out and rubbed them on the rubbing board. By then they were sparkling clean. It was always cool under the guava trees, getting breezes from the lake as there was no dike there at that time.

Alice was too young to share in such duties as milking the cow, washing, raking the yard and scrubbing the floors on Saturday getting ready for church. She is blessed with beauty (no freckles) and a sweet disposition, never an unkind word to anyone. In some ways she reminds me of Aunt Oleeta. She was in Alton's class when he substituted at school but she said he showed no favoritism to her. She had to toe the line even more strictly. She fondly remembers our years on Lake Okeechobee and wanted me to write these memoirs as a source of her children's roots.

Bob Sparkman

One time we found the body of a man floating in the water next door. He was all swelled up. They brought him to our yard and placed him on a plank laid across two wooden horses under the rubber trees. From a paper in his pocket we learned his name was Bob Sparkman. The men made him a wooden box and placed him in it and we said the 23rd Psalm. Alton played "Nearer My God to Thee." They buried him in a little graveyard that had been started further up the ridge.

Writtenbury

Bill Writtenbury, one of the unsavory people on the ridge, was standing in the doorway when he was gunned down by a shotgun blast. He fell backwards holding his baby. For curiosity I attended the funeral and such as it was I have never seen the likes of since. There were a large number of mourners of all ages. They surrounded the casket with their arms stretched out across it, moaning and wailing. The minister kept trying to begin the "eulogy" but the ladies started fainting and one by one were carried outside and stretched out on the grass. The minister began again, another fainting. I began to wonder if there would be a service and if I should go home but the women were being revived and brought back into the church and the minister was able to continue.

There were a lot of Writtenburys and there was a rival gang. We would see one of them sometimes passing thru our yard carrying a shotgun across

his shoulder. Everyone passed through everyone's yard, it was part of the trail.

1918 Flu—The Bartlett Baby

During the 1918 flu when people were dying with it up and down the ridge and on both sides of us, we learned that nine of the Bartlett family at Bacom Point about a mile from us, were down with the flu and gravely ill. My mother went there to help and brought the baby home. She stayed up all night trying to save it but it was too late. We stood by the cradle of this beautiful baby as it left this world and went back to Heaven. My mother had to go back and tell Mrs. Bartlett the baby had died.

I think the reason that none of us got the flu was that when my mother came home after going to help the sick, she built a fire outdoors and threw sulphur on it, turning herself slowly in the smoke.

Little Red Schoolhouse—Unpainted

We went to a little one room schoolhouse like in the olden days, walking a mile down the ridge to get to it. Miss Margaret Jones was our teacher. We didn't pay much attention to her but she did the best she could, teaching all subjects and all grades in the one little room. One day at noon we found a little skiff and went paddling in the lake with the water splashing in on us. We heard the bell ringing but didn't want to go in wet, so we lay in the grass a while to dry our clothes. We had to stay after school for doing this and write a page in the large, wide, geography book. I think that was the most I ever learned about geography.

Our Fun

Uncle John made us a swing with a long heavy rope tied to a high limb of a rubber tree and at the end of it he put a short log of cork-like custard apple wood for a straddle. We would swing far out above the moonvines, taking turns over and over again. They were called moonvines because they bloomed only in the moonlight. There was a distinctive eeriness about them at night, the large white flowers opening in the moonlight with a permeating fragrance in the air intended only for the Gods. The vines covered the custard apple trees and we would climb to the top of them until they broke and then go tumbling down. That was sheer fun.

Uncle John had an old open Ford which we would all pile in and go joy riding down the wagon road. The boys let Mabel and me steer at times

which wasn't hard to do, the car just seemed to turn with the ruts. At the end of the day there was always a dip in the water in our clothes, as the sun set in the west over the peaceful water, with the soft ripples lapping against the shore.

We look back on our lives on Lake Okeechobee, called East Beach before it was named Pahokee, as being the happiest times of our lives. How many times do we remember those days? Like the song, "The answer, my friend, is blowing in the wind—the answer's blowing in the wind."

We have a fond memory of walking down the winding trail even though stumbling sometimes over the cypress knees in the pathway. And if we smelled a ripe custard apple that had fallen, we would search for it until we found it, we knew it was there. It had a plug that we pulled out and then broke open the fruit. It had many seeds and the custard was around them with more custard in the center.

In the early morning when I would go and look at the roses, I was reminded of the song "I come to the garden alone, while the dew is still on the roses." The pink and red Radiance roses were planted just where the ridge slanted off into the rich mucklands. The beauty of them—the large petals folding gracefully over the roses, the ruffled edges turning back to receive the beautiful dewdrops that glistened in the early morning sun. The Radiance roses are my favorite and I would have them now but have been unable to learn where to buy them.

One Christmas, for nothing better to do, three couples of us went on Uncle John's boat *The Stonewall*, to Kramer Island which was catty-cornered across the lake. We walked around the island and looked in every direction hoping to see an Indian, but none was in sight. We did come across a vat of cane juice boiling away for making syrup or sugar. We saw many large Indian burial mounds and at the water's edge there were human bones and parts of skeletons. The water was dashing against them, taking some with it and unearthing others.

On the way back we experienced some engine trouble and the sun had gone down and the moon had risen when we reached shore. We were just starved and my mother's chicken and dressing and pumpkin pie never tasted so good.

Church

My mother started the First Methodist Church at our house and most of the time we had a minister to preach for us. The piano sat in the wide doorway of the parlor that opened into a large shed where we had benches

on the dirt floor for services. Alton played the hymns but if for some reason he could not play I had to substitute. They had to settle for "When the Roll is Called Up Yonder" or "Love Lifted Me." They were both in four flats. I only played four flats.

My dad was Superintendent of the Sunday School, my mother had a class and if for some reason one of the teachers was absent, one of us would try to teach. Even one of the boarders helped out at one time. We were scattered about the yard under the rubber trees. My mother was honored many years later when they had Pioneer's Day as having started the Methodist Church. My Aunt Nettie started a Baptist Sunday School in her home about that time.

On Friday nights we had singing, all of us standing around the piano, each one trying to make himself heard. Sally Todd had a tremendous alto voice, Mr. Rice was a high tenor and my dad had a beautiful bass.

Aunt Ella's Marriage

After church one Sunday Alton and I noticed Aunt Ella and Mr. Irish walking around the bend in the road. They were not walking close together, she on one side of the road and he on the other. We giggled, Aunt Ella having a date. My mother said, "Now you all don't be looking." He was 60, she was 45. They came back in a short time engaged, not holding hands and still not walking close together. She told Mama and Aunt Nettie they were going to get married. He said later that he had come there from Sanford after we had brought Aunt Ella with us. They had only seen each other at church in Sanford. She admired him when he used to play and sing "The Old Rocking Chair." Mama and Aunt Nettie had a conference, what should she wear to West Palm Beach, where did they have to go to get the license? About the scarcity of money, if they could marry before night they would need only one room.

When they returned they were in his little tar paper shack and we serenaded them, beating on pots and pans. It made him nervous and he didn't immediately open the door. He had his head in his trunk and said: "Ellie where did we put those cigars?"

Court

My dad was Justice of the Peace and one day Alton and I knew there would be court and we stayed home from school. It was held on the hard ground between the two houses under the huge rubber trees. Mr. Galloway, the Sheriff, came limping up with the prisoner dragging chains around his

ankles. Surely he could not try to get away. He was found guilty and sent to prison in West Palm Beach. What he did I don't remember, the most vivid memory is the setting, holding court under the trees, the gentle tingling of the leaves in the wind and the prisoner coming to trial.

My dad also performed weddings, standing in the double doorway and the couple on the ground before him. When a colored couple came one night to be married, Alton and I invited some of the kids at school to come to the wedding. The couple seeing the crowd, lingered long in the shadows, they didn't expect any people there. After Papa married them and pronounced them man and wife they kept standing there. Finally, the man said: "Boss, is we married?" I don't think Papa even charged them.

Working

My first job was packing tomatoes at Hill Bros. Packing House. I couldn't see how they quickly grabbed up the thin square piece of paper, put the tomato into it, twisted the end and laid it neatly in the row beside the other one. I got fired.

My next attempt at money making was picking beans. The rows were close together and the beans hung heavily on all sides. We would grab them with both hands, throw them into the hamper and turn to the other row, not straightening up until we got to the end of the long row. Just when we thought we had a full hamper the foreman would come along and shake it down. We picked about thirteen hampers a day at 50¢ a hamper. That was big money. When we got home we walked straight into the lake with our clothes on to get refreshed and rid ourselves of the itchy muck dust. Then to supper which always included hot biscuits that my mother cooked on a wood stove. After supper I would look through the Sears catalog and dream. The most expensive dress was eighteen dollars and I imagined I would look as pretty in it as the girl wearing it. The dream never came true though, the bean crop was over before I had accumulated enough to send for it. This work didn't include Alice, she was too young.

Trip Down the Canal

Uncle John had a launch and he and Papa loaded a barge with some of their produce and towed it down the Palm Beach Canal to West Palm Beach. They permitted Mabel and me to go along. It was beautiful that moonlit night going slowly down the canal. We enjoyed the wide open spaces and the white moonvine flowers on each side.

About midnight we stopped and made coffee. Such a feeling of

mystery and isolation while standing on the bank waiting for the coffee to boil. Half way down the 40 mile canal, away from civilization, amid thousands of acres of saw grass and barren muck lands, with only the sound of a croaking frog or the jump of a fish. This indeed was no man's land.

Then back to our boat towing the barge of vegetables, slowly making our way toward West Palm Beach.

They let Mabel and me steer the boat some while they slept. When we got to West Palm Beach they gave us each five dollars to spend. Mabel got a pitcher and six glasses for her mother with part of the money. That proved a bad choice later.

Coming back for some reason Mabel and I had to get off at Canal Point, five miles from home, in the care of Dr. Laird. We followed him with his lantern down the crooked path, stumbling on the many cypress knees we couldn't see. Mabel hung on to her pitcher and glasses with all her falls. When we got to Dr. Laird's house exhausted and with blistered feet, we fell across his sofa and went fast asleep.

Progress

Connors Highway had been built to West Palm Beach alongside the Palm Beach Canal. As the population grew a post office was provided, a country store was opened, a new and larger school was built and there was a slip for boats to dock. Also a large Methodist Church was built and then we didn't need to have services at our house.

After school we went hurriedly to the new store and right for the candy counter. We hadn't had any candy since we left Sanford except for a candy pulling one night. The conversation of the settlers was about what they had named the town: "Why Pahokee, what does it mean?" It is an Indian name meaning "Grassy Water." They spelled in Pay-ha-o-kee, taken from the Hitchiti Indian language.

Our Latin teacher was Mrs. Blake, old and stout. It made us sleepy as she droned away about Caesar and Gaul. The only thing I think we remember is: Gaul was divided into three parts; and amo, amas, amat: I love, you love, he loves. If we laid our heads on the desk she would let us sleep. She said we must need it or we wouldn't be doing it. I think she believed a sleepy student was a good student.

When one of the teachers had to drop out, Alton was asked to finish out the term. He took it very seriously but was embarrassed one time when the School Board from West Palm Beach came unexpectedly to visit the

school. He had the broom in his hand and was sweeping up the trash during class. This teaching experience gave him his love for teaching and he taught English at the University of Florida for 48 years, after earning his doctorate at Chapel Hill, N. C.

Hogs

Alton said he never got home from school but what he was told, "The hogs are out." He used to give them cane skimmings that made them fat and happy. They could be staggeringly drunk and bleary eyed and still try to make their way back to the troughs to get more. One time he threw cold water on a sow that weighed about 300 pounds to cool her off and it killed her instantly to his great shock and surprise.

The Gospel Train

After the Methodist Church was built, Mr. York a store owner, had a large truck with boarded sides. He placed benches in it to carry people to church on Sundays and prayer meeting on Wednesday nights. Lloyd Hall drove it and I sat up in the cab with him as we went down the ridge to Bacom Point picking up people. We called it "The Gospel Train." I enjoyed those rides and it was romantic, especially at night when the moon was shining. As we came back to my house he would stop for a while.

One Sunday afternoon Lloyd and I were sitting leisurely on the grass and along came Charlie in a nonchalant manner. He had a way of always happening up. When the conversation drifted to me they began to fight. I tried to get between them but couldn't and began to cry. I ran to the neighbor for help but he wouldn't come. I didn't know what they were fighting about and I don't think they knew. My mother came home about that time and the fight stopped. Charlie went to tell her his side of the story but she slammed the door in his face. That night at church, Lloyd and I were sitting in the choir and Charlie came in and sat on the other side of me. I didn't understand that because he had never been there before. He couldn't sing, only hold the book.

Another Fight

There were a lot of long yellow chicken snakes and rats. Once we witnessed above us, on a long limb, a fight between a snake and a rat, wondering which one would win. Finally, the rat pushed the snake off the limb. It fell across my father's neck. This prompted us to get thirteen kittens and they were so cute to watch in their play.

Farmers Lenrose and Jensen

Out on the muck there lived a woman with nine children and the two fathers of the children. They lived and did farming together and the mother always worked in the fields. Someone asked her how she managed to feed so many children and she said she put the food on the board and when they finished eating she just washed it off.

Labor Day

The city of West Palm Beach honored the farmers of the Glades and their families one Labor Day. We went on a large steamboat, *The Lily*. It had an upper deck and I liked to watch the wheel turn as it moved the water, leaving a path of white foam in its wake. Before it left the lake and entered the canal, my prized new large-brim hat blew off and I had to watch it slowly fill with water and sink.

In West Palm Beach they treated us royally, giving us free eats and drinks. We kids went from one soda fountain to another. That was a rare treat for us.

Robert Is Born

Robert was born in the wee hours of Sunday morning between midnight and daybreak, March 8, 1920. I was awakened later and told to come see my baby brother. I hurried to my mother's bedside and saw the prettiest baby boy ever born. Dr. Spooner had no children and wanted him on the spot for his own. There was no way. I had thought that at the time I would play an important role in that event, thinking I would be hurrying around heating water and carrying it between the two houses. I was sixteen years old. They hadn't needed me but he arrived safely anyway.

I never loved my mother more than at that moment, having been told it was precarious to have a baby at age 42 and here was a beautiful baby boy at her side. I said, "Mama how do you feel?" She said, "Not too bad." I asked her what she wanted for breakfast and she said "Two pieces of toast with a lot of butter on it." That lot of butter on it was a special treat as she was always sparing with butter until we got a cow. I thought that was so little for one who had done so much. She said to me, "You all are not going to spank this baby." I thought that strange as she was always the one who did the spanking.

(That was the luckiest day of my mother's life as this was the baby who would become a Colonel and he and his devoted wife would look after her with loving care the last eight years of her life. They even took her to

Germany with them at age 84 when he was stationed there for four years. I hope they are rewarded, if not in this world, surely in the next.)

Robert was the joy of our lives. We would sit on the step, which was more like a platform, and jostle him on our knee, his little fat neck rolling back and forth with a happy face, smiling. We have a picture of him sitting in a dishpan on the platform where we gave him his bath. Up until then Alice was the baby but now she didn't get much attention and she seemed to cry every day, we didn't know why. My dad offered her a nickel every day she didn't cry and she would have to give it back if she did. She was always in the hole and didn't make any money on that deal.

My mother always held a special place for me although I never told her. I could visualize the innumerable caravan, the procession of people appearing and disappearing through the ages, and of all that procession she was the one chosen to be my mother. When you think of the chain of events that had to happen for you even to be born, it makes you thankful you are even here. There seems to be a plan and a destiny for your life.

The old songs my mother loved still have a ringing sound in our memories such as "Take Time to be Holy, Speak Oft with the Lord," and "When the Saints Go Marching in, Lord I Want to be With that Number." I am sure she is up near the front with the Saints of all time.

We were given a wonderful father for our lives. We continue to see his smile. He was proud of us. His eyes used to fill up when he spoke of Alice, he revered her so. He admired Alton with his accomplishments in education and writing of books. He loved us all. People called him C.C. because those were his initials — Claude Chester. After he became Justice of the Peace people called him Judge. He and Uncle John were mentioned in one of the books written about the Glades as being two of the six men who walked up and down the ridge to select the site where the town of Pahokee would be.

Farming

My dad took great pride in the large mirror-like purple eggplants and the huge green bell peppers he grew. With a heavy stubby dark pencil and a flourishing hand he wrote on top of the crates the word "FANCY." One time when a frost was expected they packed them on the hard ground between our two houses, using a gasoline lantern that made a bright light.

The biggest trouble was getting them to market. Connors Highway hadn't yet been built along the Palm Beach Canal to West Palm Beach. The commission men would come out by boat from Okeechobee City and arrange shipment to the north. Weeks would go by and no word. Finally, a

small check would arrive, sometimes as little as two or three dollars. It was disheartening. Farming was always hard.

Leaving the Glades (About 1921)

The cool breezes from the lake caused my father, who was a stout man, to continually have a chest condition and hard coughing spells. My mother said she had a vision one night. She was awakened and in the upper corner of the room she saw my father's face illuminated by a bright light. She took that to mean we should leave the lake. Uncle John had already moved to West Palm Beach so we decided to follow. It was lucky for me because I had two more years of high school and needed that to graduate and also had the opportunity to take the business course at the same time, giving me my vocation for years to come. It also benefited the other children to get a better education.

Storm of 1928

It was lucky we left the lake as many people lost their lives there during the storm of 1928, when the tidal wave covered the whole area. Some were brought to West Palm Beach for burial. For others pyres were used. A group of refugees were taken to the basement of the Methodist Church in West Palm Beach. Mabel and I went there to see if there was anyone we knew. All had the look of stark horror on their faces. So many had lost their loved ones. Later a dike of sand was built along the lake and there was no further danger of floods.

West Palm Beach

West Palm Beach was the most delightful place to live at that time. Cool, uncrowded and close to the ocean. Palm Beach, across Lake Worth, was a beautiful place with the tall and elegant royal palms, the fabulous homes and well landscaped grounds, the large hotels such as The Breakers and the popular Bradley's Gambling Casino. We often went swimming in the ocean after work for relaxation as it was a short distance. Many times at night we would take a ride to Palm Beach and drive along the ocean to Lake Worth and circle back home on the highway. The first time we took Robert to see the ocean when seeing the white caps he said, "Oh, look at the soapsuds."

Once a year in West Palm Beach they had the Seminole Sun Dance. The Seminole Indians would come in from the Glades in their colorful dress and do the sun dance in the street. It was a colorful event and lasted about three days. Everyone was sorry when it was discontinued.

Driving by the jail one night in West Palm Beach we heard a high, pure, beautiful voice singing to the high heavens from the top floor, peeling out the pure notes in the darkness of the night. A chill would go through us, it was so beautiful, surely the voice of a Jenny Lind. We often went by there at night to drink in the beauty of her voice. We were glad she had something to sing about, not knowing why she was there or from whence she came, but she gave us moments of pure ecstasy.

School in West Palm Beach

Two in our high school got two diplomas, one for high school and one in the commercial department, myself and another girl named Elma Jackson. It was lucky I could take both courses because that equipped me for my life's work: shorthand, bookkeeping, business English, etc. I lacked one session of having enough hours in the day and stayed after school to do my typing assignment. Miss Butterfield, one of the commercial teachers, told me one day to remain after school. I wondered what I had done wrong. She said to me: "Edna, you don't really have to study so hard." I knew I did though, my future was up to me.

Mr. Johnstad was our shorthand teacher. It was the first year he changed to the Gregg system from the Pitman. I was glad because in the Pitman they had to write above and below the line. Mr. Johnstad had a blue eye and a brown eye and you could never tell who he was looking at and sometimes we answered out of turn. Mabel, my cousin, was the maverick of the class and did a lot of talking. He would say "Miss Ingraham," her name was Ingram. She would say "Are you looking at me, I'm not the only one talking." He was a cracker-jack teacher. His students held responsible jobs with lawyers and high class executives after graduation.

Court House Job

While waiting at the dock to get on the boat to move to West Palm Beach, Lula Barfield who wrote for the *Palm Beach Post* said to me: "Edna, when you get to West Palm Beach go to see my sister, Myrtle Roberts, who is the head girl in Mr. Fenno's office. He is the Clerk of the Circuit Court and she may put you on for summer work."

I starched and ironed my best dress. It had a three inch-wide sewed-in belt with a thin ruffle top and bottom. I had the ruffle real stiff and ironed it carefully. I felt good in that dress walking up the many tiers of steps of the Palm Beach County Courthouse. Those steps and the building seemed mammoth to me. I was told to come to work the following Monday. A group of lovely girls sat around a large table recording deeds and other

legal instruments in longhand in the huge legal books. At that time it was done in handwriting before modern methods. I admired the girls' personalities and appreciated their friendliness. Sometimes Mr. Fenno would send someone on an errand. He chose me and talked changing his cigar from one end of his mouth to the other. I couldn't understand him and didn't want to ask over. One of the girls told me what I was supposed to get and where to go to get it. At one time, when work got slack, Mr. Fenno had to let some of us go, but he told me out of the corner of his mouth that I could come back in two weeks. When school started of course, I could not work.

Sheriff Bob Baker was often seen limping through the corridors. He had a running feud with outlaw John Ashley and his gang. John had one glass eye and sent word to Sheriff Baker to come and get the other eye. They had many skirmishes with that gang going through swamps and other places, but finally they met their Waterloo one lonely dark night. Sheriff Baker had been tipped off that they would pass a certain place and he and his men set up an ambush and opened fire on them as they approached, killing all of them.

Laura Upthegrove was John Ashley's moll and stayed with the gang somewhere in the Glades but wasn't with them that night. After John was killed, I read in the paper she had been pumping gas out on Military Trail, and in a fit of temper drank a can of potash. I decided to go to the funeral home and see her. They had her in a double bed with a white sheet pulled up to her chin. She was, no doubt, more peaceful than she had ever been in life but her lips and all around her mouth were burnt fiery red from drinking the lye.

Lloyd Hall

We were living in a little stucco house called "Rest-a-While." I loved the name of it and loved the house. It had so much charm. Lloyd had come to West Palm Beach to be near me he said, and was saving his money to go back to Gainesville to study to be a doctor.

One night we were sitting in the car in the driveway and I broke up with him because I was in high school and thought it fair to tell him I didn't want to be serious and wanted him to go with other girls. Later, I wished I had left things as they were. He was so sad about it I might have tried to soften the words or take them back, but my mother was calling for me to come in. She was always suspicious of people sitting in cars, even in the driveway. She was more strict with me than she was with the younger ones, such as going to picture shows on Sunday or to dance halls, etc. As we

parted, Lloyd turned quickly on his heels and left, not looking back, never having had the first kiss.

After I had gotten my first job with Clark and de Gottreau, a landscape firm, before going to work one morning I saw in the paper that he had drowned in Clearwater. At work, I lay my head across the desk for a long time. Helen, the girl in charge, said nothing to me, she knew there was something. Afterwards, Inez his sister, told me that when he was packing to go to Clearwater, he had turned to her and said “Sis, do you think Edna could ever learn to love me?” He was singing “If mine eyes should close in death, tell her that I love her still.”

Ernest Richmond

At the Methodist Church I met Ernest Richmond and when he told me his name was Richmond, for fun, I said mine was Virginia (my middle name). He asked me for a date and when he came to the house Robert answered the door and he asked for Virginia. Robert knowing me as Edna said “W-h-o?” I heard them and came and saved the situation. He would pick me up in his new DeSoto car and we would go to Epworth League. Some people told me we made a nice looking couple and my mother said he would make a good husband for me. I told her “He’s so dumb I would have to show him what to do.” When he would go back North all he would write about was how many pheasants he had killed. I wasn’t the least bit interested in pheasants.

Alton’s Music

We got our appreciation of music from Alton. He would come home from choir practice at the Methodist Church and be so elated over the anthem they would sing on Sunday. He admired Mrs. Effinger, the organist so much, and the soloist who sang “How beautiful upon the mountain were the feet of Him who bringeth good tidings.” That one thrilled me too and I can hear it now. We loved to hear him play, he put so much expression into it. He could play anything by ear after hearing it one time. He went to the church and practiced to learn the pipe organ.

He was asked to play for a church wedding and we were all there. As the couple marched out he held onto a single note a long time and then followed with a staccato dum dum de dum dum. We thought he was making a mistake and were quaking in our boots — he should be playing the recessional. Then he began playing “Here Comes the Bride” again.

He hadn't told us there were two weddings, wanting to surprise us and everyone else.

It used to bring tears to my eyes when he would play "When You and I Were Young Maggie." "I wandered today through the hills Maggie." It was remindful of when we lived at Sanford and the folks would rent a house at Coronado Beach in the summer for a month and we would romp up and down the hills through the sea oats, ride the big waves and pick up sea shells. My very earliest memory was on our first trip a boy asking me where we were from. I called to Alton to find out and he said Sanford.

Trip to Key West

I took Robert to Key West when he was about five years old. We stopped in Miami and got a room at a hotel not far from the station, had supper and then went down Flagler Street to the Olympia Theatre, with its bright blinking lights. He pulled away and said "That's the devil's place" and he wasn't going in. I took his hand, bought the ticket and got him to go in. It was so pretty to me, dark blue sky above with the twinkling stars and clouds moving overhead. He began to enjoy it and said "Edna, what will we do if it rains?"

The hotel was so hot we couldn't sleep. In those days they didn't have air conditioning. I spent the night moistening him with a wet towel.

In the train Robert wanted to sit by the window and then went to sleep. That was all right until he woke up and looked out and saw how high we were above the water on the viaduct. That frightened him and he changed places with me. It was beautiful, the sun coming up glistening on the water, clear blue sky and soft moving clouds.

My dad and Uncle Ernest were down at Key West at the time and we enjoyed it so much. Robert had a lot to talk about when we got home.

Robert was a precious boy, we all enjoyed him. Everyone he met was told, "I was born at Pahokee," until he went there on a visit and got sore eyes. He didn't like the place after that. He couldn't keep straight about marriage and would say "Edna, will you marry me?" I said "No, you can't marry me I'm your sister." He always had to have a dog named Jack. Once when Aunt Oleeta took him to Orlando we thought he would miss us terribly but he only wanted them to write back and tell us to send Jack.

Fagg's Mill was across the street and there was also a laundry. Mr. Fagg never paid much attention to us but one day Jack got his leg broken by the milk truck. Mr. Fagg came out and really bawled out the driver. Robert went to the middle of the street and dragged Jack home with his leg dangling. My dad fixed it up, tying it to a board and eventually it healed.

Robert went around the house gathering up our old shoes and stood out front with them as the colored women came out of the laundry for lunch. He didn't bother to match them up. His price was ten cents a pair or two for a quarter. It would pay you to buy only one pair at a time. Surprisingly he made money.

Working for the Railroad

Mr. Story was Supervisor of Bridges and Buildings and he hired me as secretary through the recommendation of Rev. Summers, pastor of the Methodist Church. Rev. Summers didn't know me, but my mother had known him in Sanford when he was pastor there. My mother was very fond of him and gave Robert the name of Charnelle in honor of him. I was nineteen years old and worked for them eight years.

Mr. Story was a good boss and a good man and he appreciated me. He said I was the only one who could punctuate his letters with the meaning he wanted to convey. That was important because he was always writing to St. Augustine explaining why he did certain things concerning the A.F.E. (Authority for Erection). He couldn't dictate until he fired up a cigarette and then his mind just flowed. I knew to keep quiet and not interrupt his thoughts. On vacation I could get passes anywhere in the U.S., even on ships to New York. I got travelling out of my system and care nothing for it now. After working for him six years in West Palm Beach the Florida East Coast Railway closed our office and transferred us to Miami.

I lived at the Oaks Hotel near the railway station where there were other young people and we paid seven dollars a week for a room and two meals a day. It was nice there sitting on the porch, playing bridge or walking through the park or taking pictures. It seemed each night as we came out of the dining room and walked through the parlor as the sun was setting, we would hear Bing Crosby on the radio singing "When the Gold of the Day Meets the Blue of the Night, Someone Waits for Me." All through the years I have enjoyed his singing, especially that song and "White Christmas." This was about 1930.

Miami moved slowly in those days. You could pass by a juice stand where they were grinding carrot and other juices and buy a glassful for ten cents. Very little traffic, you seldom had to look to cross the street. Not much crime and unusual when we heard the news man barking, "She shot him in the back."

In the superintendent's office at times I took dictation from several different men. One was Mr. Norwood, another cigar smoker, the Road Foreman of Engines. He was hard to understand and the language unfamil-

iar to me such as "I gave her the sand, etc." I looked at that word sand in my notes and wondered if it could be right.

Shealy, the office manager was a tough nut to crack. He wouldn't let us use an eraser on that cheap yellow railroad paper. I never knew why it was so important except for a way to show he was boss. In school in West Palm Beach they had stressed accuracy but I still wasted some of their paper. Grace, the other girl, was a fast typist with little patience. You could hear her all day jerking out paper and putting it in the waste basket. We each did about 35 letters a day.

Shealy wasn't as strict with the two male clerks. It didn't matter whether they did any work or not, he was always playing the horses with them, figuring out their pyramids. If their horse came in the next selection had to win also or they couldn't collect. He would sit at his desk twirling his pencil thinking up how mean he could be, I thought. He sent me in Mr. Story's office to take his dictation. We liked that for old times sake, but one time when I came back he asked me why I was in there so long — anything to ruffle the waters.

The only time that Shealy ever showed any feeling for me was when he selected me to go with a group of officials by train over the Overseas Railroad to Pigeon Key to hold an investigation. He said to me: "You know, Miss Morris, you can slow them down if they talk too fast." They didn't talk too fast but they all talked at once. He was sending me out to do something he couldn't do himself. They were investigating a paint gang foreman who frequently left his gang of men to spend time with his new young bride. He had my sympathy when he showed extreme nervousness during the questioning. They were continuously painting the seven mile Matecumbe steel bridge. Later, the Overseas Railroad was discontinued.

While we were waiting for the train to make the return trip, one of the officials took me for a ride on a motor car over the viaduct, high above the water, going fast over the rails, the wind blowing in our faces. It was exciting as I always wanted to ride on one, until I looked ahead and saw the bright headlights of a train approaching. I was quickly assured there was a place we could pull off and let it pass. Then we had to hurry back and get on the train.

Going back to Miami we had a delicious dinner in the diner, then I took my seat and reviewed my shorthand notes to make sure I could read them after they got cold. Mr. Gaddis, the superintendent, later sent me a letter of commendation.

My Husband

It was a lucky day for me when the Lord made William Homer Harvey and reserved him to be my husband. He came to get a room where Mary and I had rented a house to keep roomers and enhance our earnings. We were married 37 years with harmony and love and many laughs, even in the morning when I got up feeling groggy. He had a unique kind of humor that everyone relished. He didn't realize all the attributes he had; people flocked to him like bees to honey. It was an asset to our business. Men would walk all the way to the back of the arcade just to jolly with him. Here is a sample of his wit: he put lots of rich toppings on his ice cream and then poured chocolate syrup over it. I said "Now you're gilding the lily." He said "I'm going to eat it anyway. I don't care if I have to eat flowers with my ice cream."

After we had become engaged I went home to Hawthorne where my parents lived at that time to tell them I was going to get married. Homer was supposed to get a new navy blue suit. He had rented an apartment for us for ten dollars a month. I had a key to it and when I returned I went to the apartment thinking to myself, if he wants to back out of it, now is the time. I quickly opened the closet door and there was the blue suit. We could now get married as Mr. Howard of the Independent Life Insurance Co. had given him a job.

We were married in the huge auditorium of the First Baptist Church. Neither of us was Baptist, I was a Methodist and he was a Quaker, belonging to the Friends Church in N.C. I was 31, he was 37. The benches were all empty and the minister had to go out on the street and bring in a couple of derelicts for witnesses. We were so happy when the minister pronounced us husband and wife. Homer's face just glowed, nothing had happened, we were actually married. That was Oct. 19, 1935. We went to Miami Ave. for our nuptial dinner for twenty-five cents each. It was a small rundown restaurant but it had a bright red checkerboard cloth on the small square table. Later we ate at the Dinner Bell on First Street which was also twenty-five cents but we got dessert with it.

I wanted to show him off and took him to see my friend Ione. Afterward she told me "Gee he's cute Edna, I wish I had him" — no way. I was proud of him, he was so good looking, sparkling brown eyes, slender and straight as a board, with a contagious laugh, always looking for a funny side. On Sunday afternoon we put on our wedding clothes and went strolling in Bayfront Park and got someone to take our picture. When we

returned Mr. Howard unexpectedly dropped by the apartment pretending to give Homer instructions for Monday morning which he already knew. Actually, I think he wanted to see what his bride looked like. I was glad I had on my wedding dress.

Starting Our Business

The apartment went up from ten dollars to thirty-five dollars a month and we had to take a room. I hadn't found a job yet but soon got one at the Ace Letter Service with Mr. Orthner, addressing envelopes and cutting stencils. That was where I learned the business. Mr. Orthner let me go because he was taking his old girl back and she knew how to run the mimeograph. He didn't tell me that though, I knew the girl and she told me, but he said I wasn't suited for the work, after raising me every two weeks. He said he didn't have to proof-read my stencils.

I rented a room in the Commercial Arcade next to Gesu Church for ten dollars a month and started the A-1 Letter Shop with a rented typewriter for three dollars and fifty cents a month, and later rented a mimeograph machine.

On a cold day Mr. Orthner appeared dressed in a heavy overcoat and proceeded to bawl me out for starting my own business. He jerked out a penny post card I had sent out for advertising and asked me if I had sent it out. Homer had joined me in the business and never had seen him but realizing who he was, he ordered him out. (Surprisingly, 25 years later, after Homer had retired he was the one who bought the business for \$7,000, being happy to get back into that business after having sold his shop and losing the money by making poor investments.)

When we used to have Friday night singing at our house in the Everglades one of the songs we sang was "Will the Circle be Unbroken, by and by, yes by and by?" That thought bothered me. It came to pass for me just after I got married. We were summoned to Hawthorne. My father had pneumonia just before Christmas and they had nothing to fight it with, the sulfa drug had not yet come in. At twelve o'clock noon, Friday the thirteenth, he passed away. He was always superstitious about Friday the thirteenth. When the clock struck twelve I had the urge to go to the fields and call him to dinner, but the Maker had called him Home. The sun had set for us all. He was only 57 and hadn't gotten to meet my husband of whom I was so proud.

Through the years there have been other breaks in the circle: my mother, my dear husband, my brother, Alton. But still living are my sister, Alice (Mrs. Robert Whiteley) in California, and my brother Robert, the

retired colonel, in Decatur, Georgia. Both have wonderful families. I have my painting and recently have been studying Spanish, necessary if you are going to live in Miami. So far, though, the Cubans don't seem to understand my Spanish.

In the years of my life, it always seemed to me that my pathway was laid out for me and that I was only following the gleam with the help of the One who created it. Doors closed only for greater ones to open. I have been lucky but I think we make our own luck, at least we lay the foundation for it.

Lastly, I am thankful for having been given the privilege of life in this great Celestial Universe. May God bless us all.

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Newspaper Pioneering on the Florida East Coast, 1891-1895

By Ruby Andrews Myers*

By the late 'eighties the Indian River Steamboat Company had put on a boat line from Titusville to Jupiter, and from that point had constructed a narrow-gauge railroad over the eight-mile strip between Jupiter Inlet and Lake Worth. The railroad terminal in Jupiter was on the south side of the Loxahatchee River, the train connecting closely with incoming steamers. This railway line was known as the Celestial Railroad inasmuch as Jupiter was its northern terminus and at its southern end, at the head of Lake Worth, was Juno, the county seat of Dade County, which then embraced all the territory south of Brevard County. Somewhere between the terminus a homesteader with a sense of local nomenclature had named his pineapple farm Neptune.

It was quite unique — that little road — and while it lasted, about seven years, was one of the most important links in Florida's transportation system, conveying hundreds of tourists and prospectors every year who, even at that early date, had heard of and were longing to reach Palm Beach. The train carried two coaches for passengers and two or three freight cars. The engine always remained at the same end of the train, running backward one way.

The run across from inlet to lake filled hardly more than half an hour, but that brief period was one of refreshing novelty. On the left the Atlantic filled all the vista, waves washing over the beach and dunes almost onto

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the tracks of the road, while to the right rolled long miles of swelling dunes topped here and there with a palmetto or a towering pine tree, the slopes over-run with multi-colored convolvuli and sparce grasses of various hues. Fresh air from the sea filled the open coaches and the train soon puffed to a stop at the land end of the little wharf just over the water line of Lake Worth, where mail and passenger launches and baggage scows awaited its arrival. Juno, the southern terminus of the Celestial Railroad, was in evidence.

Judging from what you did not see as well as from what was visible there was no great strain on the imagination to visualize the aspect of the locality lying at the head of Lake Worth as it had appeared during the years preceeding 1890 — simply a continuation of that uninhabited strip just passed over — somewhat colorful as to natural hues but offering no inducement to permanent residence. When the train slowed for Juno the traveller had a glimpse of the small frame two-story courthouse situated a few feet from the tracks and the little jail standing close by. A little farther in was a long narrow one-story boarding house where courthouse visitors were entertained at meals and where the clerk of the court had his residence and wherein the post office had been located until very recently. Not far from this, and across the track, was a shack where a human derelict essayed to forget the world, visited occasionally by an intermittent wife. Then on down to the wharf where there was a little baggage-freight-telegraph office, about 20x20 ft. where the aforesaid derelict looked after telegrams, passengers, tickets and transfers in an official capacity. Around the wharf was usually a fleet of boats, some of them regularly in service such as the mail boat, a twenty-foot motor launch which came up the lake daily, making the return trip down after the train from Jupiter had come in. There was also a number of private craft, sail and motor, belonging to folk having legal business in the county seat.

Set back from the track some thirty feet and from the wharf about fifty yards, amidst a fine clump of gumbo-limbos and oaks, was a large two-story building, well-built and attractive, the lower floor of which housed the first printing office in Dade County; the second floor affording living quarters for the owner-editor and his family, the Guy Metcalfs. This also housed the staff of *The Tropical Sun*, a weekly, which had been established there March 18, 1891 and where, on that date this writer had entered upon the duties of associate editor and special correspondent at Palm Beach, ten miles down the lake. That was all there was at Juno in 1891.

The train came over twice a day, then backed to Jupiter. The boats

came up regularly once a day, lying over until the train had made the second trip. The home on the second floor — the *Sun* home — was commodious and comfortable, well furnished, with plenty of books, a piano and an organ for the use and pleasure of the office family, numbering nine to twelve. There was a common mess for family and staff and the numerous visitors which the *Sun* family entertained — former acquaintances from the Indian River country and new friends of the Lake Worth region. There was a lot of good reading, music and social pleasure during the evenings when the whole family participated in all that was to be enjoyed. There was also a natty sailboat owned by the editor that took Sunday picnic parties to the beach and down the lake almost every week. There were Sunday picnics at Jupiter when the railroad agent would obligingly send over the hand-car to transport the office family to the beach, as well as to dances at Jupiter given by the life-saving crew; and there was always the fascination of the office work itself, made doubly interesting by reason of its unique field, its locale and the several interesting personalities making up the journalistic family.

The county seat of Dade County had been located at Juno in 1889, moved there from Miami after a vote by Dade County residents. Only the courthouse and jail attested to the legal status of the settlement, supplemented in time by two resident attorneys. The surrounding country however was filling up. Large areas were opened to homestead entry, numbers of new people had come in and a mild sort of boom began to develop. The Lake Worth folk decided a newspaper would help progress more than anything else, pending a possible railroad invasion at some time in the future. Offers were made and accepted with the result that a newspaper soon followed the courthouse at Juno. The office was well-equipped in every particular, good printers were hired, local correspondents were attached, experienced writers employed and the paper made its first appearance during the season of 1891.

That newspaper venture was a unique enterprise — a printery in the woods. There at the head of the lake about three hundred miles south from Jacksonville, the nearest printer's supply base, with a thrice-a-week mail and ten miles from a store of any kind, and the same distance from the Palm Beach and Lake Worth hotels, the center of the social and business life, was the *Sun* office, located at the far end of the long, slow Indian River traffic route which however beautiful, was tiresome when haste was imperative.

Everybody connected with the office lived in apprehension of a break in the machinery. If there was a little unusual sound from the big cylinder press while running, there ensued a panic, for it might involve a delay of

possibly two weeks while an order was dispatched or somebody was sent to Jacksonville, for the steamer was apt to go aground almost anywhere or anytime in the Narrows. Then too, sometimes stock gave out; ink, paper, job supplies; or maybe there would be a vacancy on the force due to a call from somewhere or an illness. On such an occasion the entire staff and family would be pressed into service in any capacity, for almost any member could do anything the office required. The editors could make up form, the job and ad men could read proof, any member of the family could help with mailing. Type was all set by hand of course, and I was not without some skill in the mechanical department inasmuch as I had been initiated into the craft during my early childhood under the tutelage of my father, who had entered upon his journalistic life when I was a very small child. Hence my earliest recollections are of a country weekly office, and while I could recall very little of the mechanical operations of those infantile days, I retain a very distinct impression of the layout of the office, the personnel and other important features of the trade and certainly then and there was born my lifelong interest in, and love for, the craft of the printer and the profession of the scribe.

During my adolescent years I had frequent opportunity to cultivate and cement my acquaintance with the craft, so that when I reached Indian River country on February 22, 1886 I found an established printery in Cocoa. I almost immediately found employment therein and for several ensuing years "held a case" in the local office. My father bought the paper in 1888 and for the next several years I remained with him in a general capacity, gradually enlarging my duties to include writing. In time I established connections with outside papers that took all descriptive matter I submitted from the Indian River country. This eventually led to my connection with *The Tropical Sun*, where I could take a turn at the editor's desk, stick to the reporter's job at Palm Beach or read proofs. In addition to other responsibilities the editor had taken over the post office, it had been installed in his private office, with a delivery window opening out on the front verandah. Not to be outdone in usefulness, I assumed the duties of assistant postmaster and chief clerk.

The printery in the woods flourished. There was a good deal of job work of various sorts and the advertising was excellent. This seemed a marvel to some on the outside, but all that country was new, filling up with new people, homesteaders and others wanting new things for new houses. While there were no local supply houses, there were big houses in Jacksonville and Savannah eager for south Florida business. These dealers were glad to advertise in the *Sun* and did so. Big ocean-going freight schooners

out of Jacksonville, and the Indian River steamers came into the section loaded with goods — furniture, building supplies, musical instruments, cook stoves, fertilizer, machine supplies — everything advertised in the paper found a way into homes and hotels.

Many visitors came into the *Sun* home. Among the most interesting was Mr. J. E. Ingraham of St. Augustine who lunched there the day he completed his historic trip through the Everglades in March 1892. Weary as he was after his march, he gave an enthralling talk on his experiences. Of this trip by Mr. Ingraham the following is taken from "Florida Old and New" by Frederick Dau: "In March 1892 the late Mr. James E. Ingraham crossed the Everglades southeasterly from Fort Shackelford to Miami, with 23 men, and in traveling not much over seventy miles consumed about three weeks' time. Such peril and hardship were suffered by him and his party that they saved their lives by a narrow margin only, and had they been out but two days more they would have undoubtedly starved to death and never been heard of again."

That day at Juno, Mr. Ingraham showed every evidence of having been through "peril and hardship." His was probably the first white party that had penetrated the Everglades since the Indian wars. He was then on his way to take the Indian River boat at Jupiter on his return up the coast.

Senators Wilkinson Call and Samuel Pasco, Congressman C. M. Cooper, future Governor Gilchrist and Mrs. Julia Tuttle of Miami were among visitors in 1892. The *Sun* played an important political role that year in addition to its successful advocacy of a fine Florida exhibit at the Chicago World's Fair in 1893.

At Juno all household supplies had to be brought from Palm Beach stores or from Jupiter. Much was bought wholesale from Jacksonville and brought in by freight schooner or by steamer down Indian River. There was a good deal of game, much fish from lake and ocean and fresh fruit locally grown; bananas, pineapples, custard apples, sapodillas. Surinam cherries and other native fruits were not grown on Indian River at that time.

Not to be outdone in civility we sometimes obtained the use of the jury room on the second floor of the court house and gave a *Sun* dance. The dance was attended by Jupiter and Lake Worth friends and neighbors and music was furnished by ourselves or by an old fiddler who had lived in Jupiter many years. He and the Jupiter contingent, including some of the life-saving boys from the House of Refuge, came over on the hand car.

The Seminole Indians made frequent trips to Lake Worth which had been their old camping ground for many hundreds of years. One day they came into the printing office, shyly and quietly looked the printing outfit

over, listened to the clock strike, watched the train come in and back out and bought cigars at the office booth. They answered not a word to questions asked, except one at the end of their visit. All of a certain party, except one, had filed out and down to the wharf where their canoes were moored. This one laggard lingered at the booth for another cigar. It suddenly occurred to me that I had never heard an Indian pronounce the Indian name of Indian River, moreover I had been told that it was a secret with the tribes and forbidden to be divulged. I decided that Indian must now pay for this cigar. Stepping forward in what I intended to be an ingratiating manner I reached into the show-case and carelessly moved the box of cigars just out of his reach. I asked him innocently enough if he came from Indian River.

“No. Miami,” he answered, waving his hand toward the southwest.

“What do Indians call Indian River?” I asked. Silence. I repeated the question, to which no answer was vouchsafed and looking at him I saw he was gazing at his companions outside. It occurred to me he was waiting for an opportunity to answer me as soon as they would leave. I pushed the cigars a little nearer to him, and as he reached for one, I repeated my question while I again withdrew the box. He instantly realized he was being bribed to tell. Then we played hide and seek for quite a little while and I began to think I should never know. Then with a look out of his eye that might have gone through the back of his head in the direction of the Indians outside, so sly was it, he faced me without looking at me and spat some word or words between his teeth and made a grab for the cigar box. Not so, thought I, and pulling it toward me, I asked again. Again he said something that I almost caught. By this time his friends had reached the wharf and time was pressing. Over and over again I made my move, he made his; each time we both looked out at the others moving around and at last I caught the name, or thought I did. I said it after him. He repeated this several times; he seeming to enjoy the experience and I certainly did. Finally I attempted to write the words he had spoken, pronouncing each syllable as I wrote. After many trials, I said what I had written and there it was, nailed fast with his approval. “Ays-ta-chattee-hatchee.”

“Uh-hum. Good. Ojus much!” And with a smile in his eyes but not on his lips he slipped away to join his companions, bearing a whole handful of the best cigars in the *Sun* show case. Leaving with me a long-treasured reminder of an enjoyable experience.

“Ays-ta-chattee” means red man, “hatchee” means river and there you are.

In his “Young Marooners” the author, Dr. Goulding, spells the name

“Ees-ta-chattee,” red man; “Eesta-hodkee,” white man; “Eesta-lustee,” black man, but the Spaniards spelled it Ays-ta-chattee, and called Indian River “Rio de Ays.”

Juno was beautifully located at the head of Lake Worth. To the east lay the rolling dune land, to the north and west fell away the pine and scrub land lying between the lake and the winding waters of the Loxahatchee several miles away. To the south, palm-bordered and pine-shadowed, glistening in the brilliant sun of the semi-tropics lay the lovely sheet of water named by the Indians “Hy-po-lux-o” or long water, dotting the maps under the name of Lake Worth in honor of the United States Army officer of the Seminole Wars. There was good land in abundance around Juno, good for trucking and orange and other fruit growing. Several homesteads were located within a few miles of the courthouse and railroad terminus. Woods and beach were within a few yards of both.

On the east shore of the lake, about three miles south of Juno, lay Lake Worth Inlet, the only opening in the lake. This afforded passage in and out for large vessels. In the 'eighties and previously, if one sailed down Indian River expecting to proceed by boat into Lake Worth, one left the Indian River at Jupiter Inlet, put to sea, sailed south along the coast for ten or twelve miles and then sailed west through Lake Worth inlet. That was the way the Lake Worth pioneers reached that little landlocked haven with its one opening near the north end. Early homesteaders had come that way in the early 'seventies; later homesteaders continued the same way, many families accompanying their goods on the schooners. The same transportation methods continued even after the Celestial Route had opened a quicker service. The lake was twenty-three miles long by half to three-quarters of a mile wide. All along the shore, water traffic was the only way in use.

From Juno southward the view was superb at all times of the day and in every kind of weather. Pitts Island lay near the eastern shore about half way down to Palm Beach. This was home to Mr. and Mrs. Pitts, a couple who had improved on nature by planting flowers of every hue and of numerous varieties, and who welcomed all visitors to their hospitable abode and provided ideal picnic nooks for lovers of the outdoors. This island had been their home for several years and under their care it had been transformed into one of the most truly beautiful tropic spots anywhere in Florida. There were only seventeen acres on the island but every square foot was proof of what could be done with raw materials. Only a few feet separated island and the lake shore to the east and a sea-wall encircled the entire estate. Palms, poinsettias, poincianas, plumbagos and allamandas,

oleanders, hibiscus and bougainvillea growing in rich profusion made a riot of color, while fruits and vegetables added their useful delights. Several varieties of fish were to be had for the taking by anyone fishing from the sea-wall or small dock.

To the westward, across the lake from Pitts Island and almost directly opposite the inlet, commanding a grand view of the sea was Oak Lawn hotel and post office. From these points of beginning stretched the loveliness that has ever characterized this spot on the Florida East Coast.

Notwithstanding the great distance from lumber supply centers and the transportation handicap, there were many handsome homes along the eastern shore of Lake Worth. Plaster houses, well screened, comfortably furnished and well equipped were the rule. Workmen had to be imported as well as materials and this brought many who became permanent residents. There was one notable difference between the pioneers of the Indian River country and those of Lake Worth. The former had come earlier but they had come poor, stripped of nearly all they had by the fierce fingers of war. They were seeing a new terrain, under new and untried conditions, without money or other equipment save that of brawn, muscle and the will to achieve. Their progress had been slow at first but by the middle 'eighties they had begun to realize on their efforts and the young orange groves were producing oranges of the finest quality. Whatever had been their fortunes before the war they had come to Florida empty-handed. They had had to work hard for their eventual success.

By contrast, practically all the Lake Worth pioneers came with money. They entered homesteads, applying their cash to the construction of good homes in the beginning. Most of them also had investment from which they derived an income sufficient for living. Therefore, until well into the 'nineties there was no industry throughout the entire section. There were boats to hire in the winter, boarding houses and hotels for guests and two stores. These were about all that had preceded the *Sun* in that locality and to that paper belongs the credit of establishing the first industrial plant on Lake Worth. Truck growing was a possibility on adjacent lands, but of the time I write, it had assumed no greater proportions than those of kitchen gardens. The great wastes west of the lake were indeed *terrae incognitae*.

The aforementioned differences in the beginnings of the two sections explain the difference in their apparent progress. While Indian River was a long way in the lead industrially, of necessity, the Lake Worth country was more intent on making itself comfortable and beautiful, hence Lake Worth true to its beginning, found its fame early as a pleasure resort.

The cocoanut growth around Lake Worth is no more indigenous than

is the orange on Indian River. The former originated in nuts washed ashore from a stranded vessel when they were thrown overboard to lighten the ship. These were gathered and planted by the pioneers or grew where they landed on the beaches, in time to form a distinctive feature of the landscape all along the east coast of Florida. These came from the *Providencia* when she was overtaken by a hurricane.

Sections of the old Lauderdale Trail, a relic of the Indian War days, originally running from Fort Dallas (Miami) to Jupiter, lay between Lake Worth and the Everglades, but this had not been wholly open in many years. Portions of it, here and there, connected a few homesteads in that section, but no continuous open road was in existence at that time on the west side of the lake. The several homes on that side of the lake were a few miles apart.

On the eastern side of the lake, from the inlet southward, lay a compact, beautifully-developed settlement extending practically the entire length of the lake. The northern half of this settlement bore the name of Lake Worth, from which the post office also took its name. This was the older portion of the east side community. The south half of the settlement was the Village and post office of Palm Beach, settled in the middle 'seventies. Most of the residents had come from the middle states, only a few from the east, and fewer still from the lower tier of the southern states. These pioneers had blended their interests, pursuits, aspirations and hopes to such an extent that the entire little strip of land made of that region the perfect *bijou de tropique*.

There was a commodious hotel at Lake Worth bearing the name of the locality, and at Palm Beach was the Cocanut Grove House, both well appointed and extremely inviting. There was a good general store at both Lake Worth and Palm Beach, in which were also located the post offices of the respective communities and there were accommodations for tourists as the winter population increased. Nearly every property owner was the fortunate possessor of a strip of land extending from lake to sea and romantically beautiful trails afforded private walks to and from a surf bath. There was a small Congregational church where year-round services were held and about half-way down the east side was the beautiful Episcopal church, Bethesda-by-the-Sea, where services were held only during the winter season. A commodious and well-appointed rectory adjoined the church. There was also a good public school conveniently located.

There were several outstandingly beautiful homes, among them Reve d'Ete with its rose and cactus gardens and numerous varieties of plants and shrubs from all over the world. The owners dispensed lovely hospitality.

There was also the magnificent McCormick home, one of the earliest fine houses at Palm Beach; a creation of taste with marble floors, French mirrors, imported carpets and *objets d'art*. All the way down that side of the lake were homes and gardens amid their wide lawns, with rustic trails leading to the beach half a mile to the east. Most imposing at Palm Beach was the hotel. The hotel family was charming, efficient in the extreme — not only in hotel management — but to the entire neighborhood.

There was, at that time, no spectacular splurging, no extravagant indulgence, no questionable companionships; but a delightful, family feeling of peaceful informality; a democracy of the well-bred, the security of culture, and a universal appreciation of the natural beauty of the locale. There were boat trips to all points of the lake, usually wildwood picnic grounds, moonrise parties to the beach, deep sea fishing with experienced boatmen, neighborhood or hotel parlor dancing, musical evenings and Sunday evening “sings” and cozy dinners among the cottages. There were many unattached people who sketched, wrote, studied — conchologists, horticulturists and botanists who explored every nook and cranny of the terrain. Life was simple and therefore very enjoyable.

To a special newspaper correspondent what an enjoyable field! There were all sorts of delightful people to interview who submitted kindly to interviewing. There were charming associations and enduring friendships formed. There were many lovely phases of life for journalists interested in Florida and the people who came there. Columns were written daily from that little hamlet to appear in newspapers and magazines in the northeastern states and mid-west. It seemed a sort of magic that transformed life for everybody there. Those who had been staying there several successive winters were as interesting as, if not more so, than new arrivals. Many gifted people met and mingled there for the first time and came back again and again to renew acquaintances.

Breakfast and luncheon were hurriedly gotten through to make ready for the enterprises of the day; but dinner was rather more formal and the tables were piled with locally produced fruits and vegetables. Fresh coconuts were among the favorites, in cakes, puddings and used in biscuits for shortening. It put cream to shame!

Practically all life centered on the east side, where were located the hotels. Fronting west, from their western verandahs, there was little to be seen but tall pines swaying over tufts of wire grass or saw palmetto. There were few homes on the west side, most of them small and set back from the lake shore and therefore unseen from the east side. Among them was the modest home of Byrd Spillman Dewey, whose book *Bruno* later won

fame. She was doing a little work as her health would permit, but her principal object in life then was to get well, which she was doing. She and her husband, both invalids, had arrived on the lake sometime in the later 'eighties, acquired a home-site on the west shore of Lake Worth and built a small two-story house under the pine trees. In a genial clime, under a southern sun, they were fighting their way back to health. I was a delighted visitor to their home where there were books and book talk. We were all interested in the same things and there was much lively discourse on many topics, but never a word about *Bruno*. Mrs. Dewey did most of the domestic work which she loved, found time to write two or three columns a week for the *Sun*, visited a little at the hotel principally for the music, I judged, and was a most delightful hostess. There were many ingenious, original contraptions about the house to save steps and fill needs, which she designed and her husband executed. These included a kerosene-lamp-stove arrangement by which her salt-rising bread turned out to perfection.

She had a rare critical faculty — rare in that it was kind — and her bright, optimistic encouragement meant much to her fellow travellers along the road of writing. Small of stature, clear-eyed, curly-haired, with quiet manner, unobtrusive yet possessed of a striking personality, few who have ever known her are likely to forget her. I have never done so and cherish her friendship, satisfying and inspiring.

For many years, there was only one practicing physician in all of Dade County, his practice extending from Jupiter and other south Indian River points on the north to the Keys on the south and sometimes even to Key West. His only means of transportation was the ubiquitous sailboat. The hero of this itinerary was Dr. Richard Potter of New England who had arrived in South Florida in the 'seventies and forthwith became one of the pillars of progress and civilization in the section he claimed as his professional field. Skillful, kindly, courteous, a scholar and a gentleman in the truest sense, he was indeed among the foremost of that goodly band who entered the Lake Worth country as pioneers, lived and prospered there and left it honored and beloved by all who knew him. Dr. Potter lived with his mother and sister, his home was south of the Palm Beach hotels and post office and between the sea and the lake. The family had given it the unusual name of "Figulus."

Four miles out to sea from Lake Worth lay the purple ribbon of the Gulf Stream flowing northward. Southbound ships hugged the shore to keep out of its strong current, northbound vessels keeping farther out to benefit by its stream and so hasten their progress. The trade-winds blew and the palms nodded as from the beginning.

South of Palm Beach, residences were less frequently encountered around the lake, though none of them were very far removed from each other. There were several large cocoanut groves on the sand dunes overlooking the sea and farther down toward the south end of the lakes was Hypoluxo Island where the owners lived. They had been living there since 1873 and had made many beneficial and important advances in gardening and truck growing and their palm trees won the admiration of all who saw them. This island was regarded as having the most fertile soil in the lake country. There were two or three homes around the narrow foot of the lake, where trucking was becoming a good business on the moist, fertile land in that vicinity and excellent returns were being realized.

From the hotel at Palm Beach, the old Cocoanut Grove House, this correspondent made a foot journey around the entire circuit of Lake Worth in the spring of 1891. There was not a house, not a home, a farm, a truck garden nor a fine winter residence that was not visited afoot with notebook and pencil for company. Everything was taken in; from the noted Fenian exile, safely ensconced in his "Divinity Grove" to the cultured rector of Bethesda and his lovely wife; from the exquisite charm of Reve d'Ete to the primitive homesteads in the back country; from the erudite atmosphere of Ben Trovato to serene Oak Lawn; from remote Lantana and Hypoluxo to the edenic shades of Nux-a-choo; from the busy printery at Juno amid the gumbo-limbos and maples to the swirling waters around the front door of the Georgia cracker; from the marble floors of the McCormicks to the palmetto thatch of the recluse of Manalapan; from the soft lights and cultured voices of the Vanderbilt Barton house to the "hennery" of the lady chicken fancier; from the social brilliance of the yacht club set to the shack of the toper who had settled his family in the saw grass on the edge of the Everglades; from the surging waves off the ocean beach to the sunset trails among the homesteaders — and it all went down in the little old note book to be transcribed for the big papers throughout the country.

In the autumn of 1894, the *Sun* office was moved from Juno to the newly developed village of West Palm Beach, where the paper continued as the only one in Dade County. At a later date the former *Sun* home and office at Juno was entirely destroyed by fire.

In February 1895, the *Sun*, from its new location, sent me as special correspondent to Biscayne Bay.

Life in Palm Beach County, Florida, 1918–1928

Part I: Engineering and Farming

From Noah Kellum Williams' *Grandpop's Book*

Edited, with an introduction, by Charlton W. Tebeau

INTRODUCTION

Noah Kellum Williams was born near Parsons, Kansas, on June 12, 1879. He was the third of seven children of Nathan Williams, a pioneer farmer and school teacher, with a staunch Quaker heritage dating back seven generations to one Robert Williams who had arrived in Philadelphia in 1682. Noah graduated from high school in 1897, and from Penn College, Oskaloosa, Iowa, in 1902 with a B.S. Degree. He then taught one year in a college maintained by the Friends in Central City, Nebraska. The following year he went to Cuba as a non-salaried Quaker missionary, invited there by Sylvester Jones who had been the head of the YMCA at Penn College and had become the first Quaker missionary to Cuba. He turned to engineering for employment, principally the building of railroads and sugar mills in eastern Cuba.

At the end of the second year in Cuba, Birdie Fay Pickette, nineteen, of Broken Bow and Scotia, Nebraska, came alone to marry him. In 1918 the Williams' family which now included five children came to Florida by way of Key West where they spent the night in order to ride the train to Miami in daylight the next day. Sadly for them, a child, Robert, came down with diphtheria of unknown origin and died a few hours later, placing the family under quarantine.

Noah readily found employment in Florida as an engineer in swamp drainage and land development. He acquired a large house in West Palm Beach and spent the most of the next ten years in that county. His longest work project was as Chief Engineer in the building of Kelsey City, now Lake Park, a few miles north of West Palm Beach. He tried a number of other occupations, particularly farming near Pahokee and dairy farming near Monet (now Palm Beach Gardens and Jupiter). Wiped out by the collapse of the real estate boom in 1926 and the Hurricane of 1928, about both of which he wrote at some length, he ended his Florida stay in 1928 and returned for a time to Cuba where he worked with Henry J. Kaisen in the building of the Cuba Central Highway. When hard times came to Cuba he came back to Florida where his family had been living and moved them to the American West. There he worked as an engineer in Mexico, and in Nevada, Montana, Washington and Arizona. He retired at age seventy-two from the U.S. Bureau of Reclamation in 1951 and moved to Ft. Pierce, Florida. The last eleven years of his life, after the death of his second wife, he lived with his son Gordon in Miami. He died in Leesburg, Florida on January 10, 1979, just short of the century mark.

Ethel, Mrs. Gordon Williams, worked with her father-in-law on the story of his remarkably long and varied life. In 1981 Gordon published the story privately for Noah's more than 100 descendants, titling it *Grandpop's Book*. He placed a copy of the book in the Charlton W. Tebeau Florida History Collection in the University of Miami's Richter Library.

Excerpts from the reminiscences are printed here with the permission of Gordon L. Williams. For further information about the Williams family and early Palm Beach County see Gordon L. Williams, "I Remember the Everglades Mail Boat", *Tequesta* XXXVI, 1976, "The West Palm Beach That I Remember," *Tequesta* XXXIX, 1979 and "The 1926 Hurricane Meets the Jupiter Light," *Update*, August–October, 1978.

Part I: Engineering and Farming

Jobwise I was lucky. The first day I was in town I wandered around looking for a job and saw a sign “Wills and Sons and McCarthy, Contractors for the Lake Worth Drainage District.” I went up and interviewed them about a job. They didn’t need any engineers right then, but would bear me in mind. Within about an hour after our quarantine was lifted, Jake Wagen, Assistant Engineer of the Lake Worth Drainage District, came to see me. The District needed an Engineer, and the contractor had told him about me. He couldn’t pay what I was used to getting, but I didn’t expect that much in the States, and considered myself very lucky to get a job at all on such short notice, when I was a perfect stranger.

Then someone got the essence of a good idea. If they would build dams with gates in them in their main canals, they could let the surplus water run out and hold enough to keep the plant roots moist. They spent several thousand dollars to build such a dam in the Boynton Canal, their main outlet canal. It was not properly designed and lasted just eight minutes after they turned the water against it. That dampened their spirits for some time.

The State Legislature passed a law authorizing landowners to form drainage districts, elect trustees, float bonds to pay for construction works and levy taxes to pay off the bonds. The Lake Worth Drainage District extended from West Palm Beach on the north to Hillsboro River on the south — a distance of about forty miles — and from the Coastal Ridge on the East varying distances to the west — six to ten miles — and containing some hundred and fifty thousand acres.

Our Boynton Canal was the only outlet direct into Lake Worth. It had its origin in a canal running north and south on the west boundary line, and intersected three more north and south canals on its way east to Lake Worth. These four were called equalizing canals because they equalized the water level all over the District. They all four discharged, with water controls, into the Palm Beach Canal on the north and the Hillsboro River on the south. Over the entire District there were smaller east and west canals, called laterals, every half mile emptying into the equalizing canals.

In Cuba we did all our local traveling on horseback. When we got to West Palm Beach there wasn’t but one horse in the whole town and he worked on the ice wagon. A few people had automobiles, but by far the greater part rode bicycles. One of our neighbors said that West Palm Beach was the bicycle-ridingest town in the whole United States. Maybe he took in too much territory, but anyone watching the parade going to work in the morning, or returning in the evening, would not have thought so.

My young horseback riders all wanted bicycles right now. The first day I was out of quarantine, I went to town on an errand. Naturally, being in a strange place and having been cooped up for nine days, all four of them had to go along. I stopped at a bicycle shop and bought a second-hand lady's wheel. I led it home and immediately Elizabeth and Gordon both wanted to ride. To prevent quarreling, I told them they could take turns — a half hour each. Whichever one was riding, the other sat and watched the clock to make sure the rider didn't ride too long. I had to get up at four the next morning to go to my new job. That night Gordon begged me to call him when I got up next morning, so he could get an early start riding. I was gone the rest of the week, and when I came home Saturday evening, I met all four of them coming down the street on the wheel. I don't know how they ever got mounted, but Vera was riding on the handle bar, Elizabeth was standing up on the pedals furnishing the motor power, Gordon was sitting on the saddle, and Kenneth was astride the fender. I thought that was quick learning.

When I left Cuba, it had not yet recovered from the Chambelona and I couldn't sell my cane-plantation at any price. On account of the continued European war and the high price of sugar, it made a pretty quick comeback; and, in just about a year, I sold it to Bodley Anderson, my brother-in-law's brother. Then I took stock and figured up to see how I had fared financially. I went to Cuba alone and had nothing but the \$400 I had invested in land and enough cash to get me there. In fifteen years of hard work, I had acquired a wife and five children, and had added \$2,200 to my original \$400. Had I sold before the Chambelona, I would have received several thousand dollars more. Had I waited fourteen months longer to sell, I probably could not have sold at any price, as I will explain later. So, I think I was lucky to get out so nearly at the psychological moment as I did. I invested it all in the down payment on an \$8,000 home. The house was big enough so we rented rooms to tourists in winter to help make the payments.

While working with the Lake Worth Drainage District, I went before the State Board of Engineering Examiners and got my license to practice Professional Engineering in the State of Florida.

After the big Control was built, we built a smaller one farther up the same canal. I worked all over the District, staking laterals; cross-sectioning bigger canals; taking up the estimates behind the digging machines — in short, doing whatever needed doing any place — till late June, 1920.

Then I got another letter from Ames, in Cuba. That was during the time of what the Cubans later called "The Dance of the Millions." He had another sugar mill to build and offered me \$350 a month and all expenses

if I would return to Cuba as Chief Engineer and Superintendent of Construction. That was a bigger salary than I had ever had; and, as it turned out later, it was the biggest salary I ever did have. It was entirely too big to turn down. I cabled acceptance; turned in my resignation; and left for Cuba just as soon as I could close up my work and get a passport. I left the family at home.

Then I heard the bad news. The heaviest stockholder in the Company had just retired and had come to Florida to spend the winter. He wanted something to do, so had volunteered to take over the construction of the mill — gratis — and save my salary. So he was paying me two weeks salary in advance in lieu of two weeks notice, and I could consider my services as no longer required. That was a jar. The man had made his money by inventing, building, and operating coal washers in the north. He was amply competent to do the job; and, being the biggest stockholder, he was saving his own money as well as that of the other stockholders. It was a mighty fine thing for the Company, for they didn't have any too much money anyhow, but it sure hit me hard. I hadn't the slightest idea where to look for another job.

The Everglades was being drained. A few thousand acres right near the lake was dry enough to farm and some of it had been farmed in vegetables for the last three or four years. Some of these farmers had made big money, considering the small size of their farms and the amount of money invested. I decided to try farming. I rented some land and planted ten acres of beans. It didn't rain. My land was high and dry, so when my beans were ready to harvest they were short and inferior. I scarcely got enough out of them to pay expenses. I had already paid the rent for the season on that land so planted it in tomatoes. Since that land was high and dry, I decided to split my gamble, and rented some lower, wet land. I planted more tomatoes and an acre of cabbage. It was a very dry year and the water was the lowest in Lake Okeechobee it had been since they started keeping records. It was so low it hampered navigation and the War Department sent a man down there to see that all spillways out of the lake were kept closed and that the gates were opened just long enough for the passage of boats. The man did his duty all right, but he just couldn't stop evaporation, and the lake went down to the lowest level in history — up to that time.

My highland tomatoes just about dried up and didn't pay expenses. My lowland tomatoes were fine, but the price was low. I never saw finer cabbage anywhere. When it was ready to ship, I wrote to the Commission house about shipping, and they wrote me that cabbage was still coming in

from farther north. Just hold till that got out of the way. They would advise me when to ship.

When I got word to ship, I made arrangements with a sternwheel steamboat to come to get it on a certain day and haul it to Okeechobee City. I bought hampers; hired men to cut and pack it and a wagon to haul it to the beach. There was no communication and the boat didn't come. I camped right there on the beach with my cabbage for forty-eight hours before the boat finally came. It had broken down out in the middle of the lake and it had taken them that long to get it repaired. With two days out in that boiling sun, my cabbage was pretty well wilted but I shipped it anyhow, hoping to get something out of it. I did. After paying freight and commission, I got a check for just nine dollars, which didn't pay for the hampers I shipped it in — to say nothing of the labor of cutting and hauling it, land rent, and a whole season's work tending it. I let the rest of it rot in the field. My lowland tomatoes just about paid the losses on my highland tomatoes and my cabbage. A whole season of hard work and my board while doing it were gone down the drain.

As the land was being drained, new land was being cleared. It had been a long time since the Government survey. Many of the corners were lost. Many subdivisions had been made on paper but never put on the ground. Many people had a little surveying they wanted done, but getting a surveyor from West Palm Beach was such an expensive proposition for a small job, that they hadn't had it done. I got me a set of instruments and found enough work to keep me busy till I was rained out in the late summer.

The year I was in the Everglades (1922) was a year of extremes. The water sank to the lowest level in history. When it began to rain, it never stopped till the lake overflowed the whole country — just as it did before drainage began. I stayed out there till the water got too deep to get around and find corners. Seeing the extremes, I said when I left that I would never again attempt farming in the Everglades until I had water control in both directions.

Very soon after that the farmers around Belle Glade formed the Belle Glade Conservancy District; built dikes all around it and installed big two-way pumps. The same pumps that pump the water out of the fields when it is too wet, when reversed will pump the water out of the canal back into the fields. By far the larger part, if not all, the agricultural land in the Everglades is now under two way pumps. It is by far the most fertile land in Florida; and, because of its proximity to the warm water in Lake Okeechobee, it has become the Winter Food Basket of the whole eastern part of the United States and eastern Canada.

My next job was at Hialeah where the horses and dogs run. Glenn H Curtiss of aviation fame and a man named Bright were owners and promoters and Daniel Clune was Chief Engineer. Clune was a fine man to work for. I rarely saw either Curtiss or Bright, but my job there — as a whole — was more peeve than pleasure. In the first place, there was no one boarding at my boarding house but a bunch of dog chauffeurs — or would “dog nurses” be a better term? Every morning you would see them out leading about ten dogs each on leashes, giving them their morning walk. Their business was to train those dogs to chase an electric rabbit.

My next job was for H.S. Kelsey and his East Coast Finance Company. As a young man, Kelsey started in the restaurant business and made more than a million at it in a very few years. He came to Florida on a vacation; liked both the country and the climate; so bought a lot of land. He incorporated under the name “East Coast Finance Corporation”; hired a famous city planner to design a city for him; named it “Kelsey City” for himself and set out to develop both the city and his other land. He wanted several sections of his other land surveyed and I got the job. One day, in conversation with Gordon Ware, one of Kelsey’s salesmen, I was telling some of my experiences in Cuba and mentioned Ames. He said, “Why, I have met him.”

“Well, I worked for him off and on for several years, and have a fine letter of recommendation from him.”

“Would you mind letting me read it?”

“Not at all. I will bring it out tomorrow.”

After he read it, he said, “That’s a very nice letter. Do you mind if I show it to Mr. Kelsey?”

“Not at all.”

A few days later, Kelsey waited for me to come from work and told me he was going to be doing a lot of construction work there. He could use a man with the qualifications Ames had mentioned I had. Right then and there, he offered me the combined job of Chief Engineer and Superintendent of Construction. I hadn’t anything else in sight, so I, as promptly, accepted it. Along with his land, he had bought a big beautiful house fronting on Lake Worth. A few days later he invited me to move into that so I would be on the job.

There were several small houses scattered around over his land. He didn’t think they would look very well next to the nice houses he hoped his patrons would build. Every town in the South has its Negro Quarters. The first job Kelsey assigned me was to lay out a Negro Quarters just southwest of his white town; assemble the necessary equipment and move all those

houses there to sell to Negroes. I must say those houses, at a reasonable price and on easy terms, sold much faster than the lots in the white part of town.

With my house-moving and other activities, I didn't have much time for running survey instruments, so hired Harlan Kimball as my assistant. He had been two years a Lieutenant in the Philippine Constabulary, then for a time in Ceylon with an oil company. He had just returned home and was looking for a job. He was not a full-fledged engineer, but could run the instruments. He was a splendid draftsman, which I was not, so we made a very good team. For the most part, he ran the survey crew and did the drafting and I did the computing and supervising.

The town had been laid out and every lot staked before I went there, but that is flat country and the city had a few ponds in it. Kelsey told me that storm sewers cost a lot of money and asked me if we could drain the streets without them. I dug one open ditch from Lake Worth to the biggest pond, which I figured could be tiled later, then laid street grades that by just a little grading would drain the whole town into this ditch and Lake Worth. One day Kelsey told me he was having the town incorporated and was putting me down as Commissioner of Public Works. I was elected to succeed myself two years later, and held the office as long as I lived in the town. Naturally, I resigned when I moved away.

After I had been with Kelsey about a year and a half, I got a chance to trade my house in West Palm Beach for a dairy farm at Monet, about three miles north of Kelsey City. There were only forty acres of the farm but there were two or three hundred acres more fenced in that I could pasture rent free. It had a fair two-story house, two tenant houses, and a dairy barn plus sixty head of milk cows that went with the deal. It was close enough to Kelsey City that by hiring a dairy foreman I could live at the farm; do my supervising night and morning; and still hold my job down at Kelsey City.

The year 1924 has gone down in Florida history as the wettest year since the development of South Florida began. That was, also, one of the peak years of the Florida Boom. People were flocking into South Florida, literally, by the thousands. There was only one sixteen-foot road leading into southeastern Florida and no way to go across the state south of Melbourne. I was just getting my new dairy well started when the weatherman began making me trouble and he followed up by making trouble for all of southeastern Florida. My dairy and home were on an east-west, dirt road about a quarter of a mile east of the Dixie Highway. There was some very low land between the farm and the highway which became impassable

very soon after it began to rain. A very little investigation convinced me that that had happened before. There was a gate into the pasture just west of the house and another out of the pasture into the highway about a quarter of a mile north of our road with a winding car trail on the high ground between the two.

Originally, there was a sawgrass swamp of a few thousand acres between Monet, where my farm was, and the present site of Kelsey City where I worked. The swamp collected the rainfall of many thousands of acres of what is known as Flat Woods, which lay to the west. There is a ridge all around the west side of Lake Worth and on up the ocean front to the Jupiter Inlet. So the swamp swung around in a wide arc to the northeast and slowly emptied its water into the Loxahatchee River, just west of the Jupiter Inlet. The Inlet is some twelve or fourteen miles north of Kelsey City. For the Florida East Coast Canal, the engineers were looking for low ground so dug it through the east side of the north-south part of the swamp, automatically draining a part of it. When The Florida East Coast Railroad was built, the engineers searched out a narrow place and crossed it with a high fill and a pile bridge. Later when the Dixie Highway was built, they built it just west of the railroad and with similar construction. Later still, a bunch of enterprising capitalists bought all that part of the swamp which lay east of the railroad; drained it; sub-divided it and sold it to settlers under the name of Prosperity Farms. Their main drainage canal began at the railroad bridge and ran due east through the ridge and emptied into Lake Worth. They named it Earman River, for an old settler who lived nearby. When Kelsey was buying land in Florida, he bought all the unsold land in Prosperity Farms and bought out some of the farmers. He then put in a big, up-to-date dairy.

I had a Model T Ford, from which the body had been removed and replaced with a light, home-made truck body, that I used to haul my men and surveying instruments out over the Flat Woods. When we got stuck in the mud, which was quite frequently, the men would get out and cut some palm leaves. Two of them would take hold of a hind wheel and lift it up and hold it up while a third put some palm leaves under it, and we went on out. Shortly after Kelsey named me as his Superintendent, I took a blueprint of the country with his holdings marked on it and set out in my stripped down Ford to familiarize myself with what I was to superintend. Driving over one of the roads built by the Prosperity Farms Co., I came to a bridge more than one hundred feet long over a kind of estuary where a drainage canal emptied into the East Coast Canal. It was plainly marked "Condemned" at both ends. I got out; walked over it and had a good look at it. It looked

pretty rotten. I could plainly see that other cars had been over it recently so I drove over, but decided I would not do it again. It was too risky. A few days later I was riding with Kelsey in his Buick when we came to this same bridge. I said, "What? You are not going to drive over that bridge are you?"

"I drive over it every time I come this way."

"Well, there will be a last time some of these times. I won't cross it even with my stripped down Ford."

"You can get out and walk if you want to."

I did.

The above-mentioned rains became very intense. One morning on my way to work I found that the Earman River bridge had gone out during the night. That really complicated matters. I was milking fifty or sixty cows and bottling my own milk. Now this bridge was out and there was no other road; and, apparently, no possible way of getting my milk to market. Fortunately, my milk delivery man lived in West Palm Beach and had the milk truck at his home, and my little Ford was on my side of the river. I parked it beside the road; crossed the river on the railroad bridge and walked into Kelsey City. I hunted till I found a rowboat I could rent and a man to operate it. Then I flagged my milkman as he went through; told him what had happened and we loaded the boat into the truck and headed for the river.

I got permission from a farmer to launch the boat in his pasture, far upstream from the washout. We loaded the empty crates into the boat. I warned the boatman to be sure to cross the current far upstream from the washout. I told the milkman to take my Ford and haul his empty crates to the dairy and haul the milk back. If he couldn't haul it all at one trip, he could make it in two or three. I walked back to Kelsey City to look after Kelsey's work. The flood made us a lot of extra work all the way around, but, nevertheless, things moved along fairly smoothly for a few days. I always took a load of milk to the boat as I went to work, and the boatman could haul it across by the time the milkman arrived.

One morning when I reached the landing I found a plumber named Rocker, who had been working for Kelsey under my supervision, and a neighbor woman, Mrs. Whiddon, with her five or six year old son, waiting for me. They wanted to cross in the boat and ride to West Palm Beach on the milk truck. Naturally, I told them they might. While the boatman and I were loading the milk, Rocker seated himself in the boatman's seat. When we were loaded, I asked him to let the boatman have the seat. He said, "No, he was an experienced boatman and he would row it across to pay for

his ride." He knew how to row a boat all right, but he didn't have good judgment. I told him to go far upstream in the still water before starting across. As he rowed, I noticed that he was getting close to the current and asked him to pull farther from it. He was one of the smart kind who knows it all. He knew more than I, so instead of obeying me, he headed straight across the current for the other side. The current caught the boat broadside, and we went through the gap almost as if we had been shot out of a cannon. The water was too high for us to go under the railroad bridge sitting up. I grabbed the boy. Told them all to be ready to grab the bridge and get onto it. Not to bother about the boat. We could hope to catch it downstream; but, if anyone missed the bridge, he hadn't a chance in that current. By the Grace of God, we all got onto the bridge! The boat was not so lucky. It was traveling broadside to the bridge. It hit a pile bent, about two feet from the stern, with such violence that it started to capsize, then broke in two. I eventually found all my crates but some were more than two miles from the bridge. I lost 120 quarts of milk, including the bottles, both of which were high priced those days and had to buy the wrecked boat. Rocker, who caused the catastrophe, didn't pay one cent. After that we had to carry all our milk, one crate at a time, across the railroad bridge until traffic was restored.

A part of my work for Kelsey was building a golf course on the north side of Earman River, on the ridge near Lake Worth. In order to get to the golf course from Kelsey City, I built a pile bridge. I built it of light construction because I didn't think it would every have any heavy traffic and it costs less that way.

As I mentioned before, the highway bridge went out right at the peak of the Florida Boom when many thousands were trying to get into South Florida. Many turned back. Many more just camped by the roadside and slept in their cars, waiting for something to break. The cars backed up on the highway for many miles. Normal men of ambition, when they meet a road block, don't just sit down by the roadside and wait for something to happen. They begin trying to do something about it. That is just what some of these men did. They crossed the river on the railroad bridge and went downstream on the south bank till they found my bridge to the golf course. They crossed that back to the north, then began scouting for a road that would lead them back to the highway. They found that by crossing Kelsey's unfinished golf course and cutting a road through a few hundred feet of rather light brush, they could connect with the farm road that crossed the aforementioned condemned bridge. They then followed a dirt road west to my pasture and out diagonally across that to the highway.

Then began one of the strangest processions it has ever been my privilege to witness. There were many mud holes along this route where cars could not go through on their own power. The men organized in groups of eight or ten cars to the group. Then, with women at the steering wheels, the men waited beside the mud holes. When a car came by, they dropped in behind it and waded right through the mud to push it to solid ground on the other side. They then waded back to do the same for the next car. When all the cars of their group were through, they went on to the next mud hole. They came through our pasture; followed the Prosperity Farms road; went over the condemned bridge; crossed Kelsey's unfinished golf course and my lightly constructed bridge and re-entered the highway at Riviera, between Kelsey City (now Lake Park) and West Palm Beach. This procession continued all the daylight hours until the highway was reopened to traffic. We estimated that something like 2,000 cars, some of them very heavy ones, passed over that route — including the condemned bridge. My heart was in my throat every time I saw a heavy car pass over, but they all passed safely over without incident.

A few months later, Kelsey was driving over the condemned bridge in his Buick. A whole span let loose at both ends and dropped him — car and all — into five feet of salt water. As soon as I heard about it, I called him by phone and asked him if he was hurt.

“Nothing more than a severe wetting, but it sure was a queer feeling — both me and my car dropping down through space,” he replied.

His car stayed in the water several days before he could find a wrecker big enough to pull it out. He took it to a garage and had it worked over. The upholstery was all soaked up and salt water was in all the bearings. They got it so it would run but it was never much good afterward. He used it a little while and traded it in on a new car.

The Highway Department went into action as soon as they could assemble a pile driver and bridge material. The water was so deep and so swift they couldn't hold the piles in place to drive them until the rains stopped and the water went down. Seeing the Highway Department was helpless, the West Palm Beach Chamber of Commerce went into action. They went to the railroad company and got permission to build temporary bridges across the side ditches and up onto the railroad track. They then laid plank on the bridge for the cars to run on. They put a traffic cop at both ends of the bridge — twenty-four hours a day — to direct traffic and look out for trains. They ordered all trains to slow down when approaching the bridge. This arrangement continued until the water went down and the highway got its bridge built.

The dairy was making me just about as much money as my salary. Between the two I was really getting ahead. The Boom was on in earnest and real estate was moving fast! Some eight or nine months after I got my dairy going good, Kelsey said to me, "Williams, you had better let me sell your farm for you. By paying a ten per cent commission, I can get you eight hundred dollars an acre for it."

"But I don't want to sell it. My dairy is really making me money."

"Yeah. But you can milk money out of that land a whole lot faster than you can milk it out of your cows. But if you really want to milk cows, I can sell you all the land you want, farther back in the Flat Woods, for a whole lot less money. It is just as good for pasture and you will have the rest of the money to do something else with." He handed me a blueprint of a lot of the country west of there on which he checked off his land and said, "Go look at this land and then tell me what you want and I will put a price on it. I assure you it will be much less than you are offered."

I took the map and went to look the land over. A lot of the land was all right; but there wasn't a road running to any of it till you struck the Indian Town road, running west from Jupiter. A dairy must have a road to get feed in and to get milk out. Four miles west of Jupiter, Kelsey owned a half section of land — three hundred and twenty acres — with the Indian Town road running right through the middle of it. He priced that to me at one hundred and fifty an acre and told me I could take all my buildings with me. The buyer wanted my dairy land for a subdivision, and the buildings would just be in his way. I sold my land. As I couldn't depend on pasturing someone else's land, I bought two hundred and forty acres and, at once, set about to make it a dairy farm. I fenced the 160 acres north of the road and then moved one of the tenant houses. It was small but we squeezed into that while we moved the big house. Things move remarkably fast in boom times. We got the big house moved; and we had just moved in and were preparing to build the barn, when a man came along and offered me four hundred dollars an acre for the eighty acres lying south of the road. I figured that that priced land was just too valuable for pasture land so sold it to him. I, then, advertised my cows for sale. The man who bought my land paid \$2,000 cash and would pay the rest when I got him an abstract. There were so many real estate transfers that the Abstract Office was months behind with its work. My ad brought a buyer for my cows. He made a small down payment and was to pay the rest in monthly payments. I bought a new house in Kelsey City and moved back there where I would be close to my work.

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 Fields, Mrs. Eddie L. (F)
 Figuera, Mary N. (F)
 Fincher, Richard W. (D)
 Finlay, James N. (F)
 Fischer, Anne Marie (I)
 Fischer, Mr. & Mrs. Frank
 M. (F)
 Fisher, Elaine Rheny (I)
 Fisher, George R. (I)
 Fisher, Mrs. Ray (I)
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 Fitzgerald, Dr. & Mrs.
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 Fitzgerald, Mrs. W. L. (F)
 Fitzgerald, Mr. & Mrs.
 Willard L., Jr. (D)
 Fitzgerald-Bush, Frank S. (I)
 Fitzgibbon, Dr. J. M. (F)
 Flagship National Bank of
 Miami (C)
 Flattery, Michael J., Jr. (F)

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 Fleming, Joseph Esq. (D)
 Fleming, Dr. & Mrs. Richard (F)
 Flick, Charles P. (I)
 Flinn, Mr. & Mrs. Gene (F)
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 Florida Atlantic University (IS)
 Florida International University (IS)
 Florida Southern College (IS)
 Florida University - Library of Florida History (IS)
 Floyd, Robt. L. (Sc)
 Floyd, Shirley P. (Sc)
 Flynn, John C. (F)
 Focht, Hannah (I)
 Fogler, Col. Edw. N. (I)
 Fonte, Joan Conner (I)
 Foote, Ms. Elizabeth (I)
 Fornes, Judith (F)
 Ft. Lauderdale Historical Society (I)
 Ft. Myers Historical Museum (IS)
 Fortner, Edward (I)
 Foss, George B., Jr. Esq. (I)
 Foster, P. (F)
 Fournier, Maureen (I)
 Fournier, Paul R. (F)
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 Fox, Mr. & Mrs. Emilio (F)
 Fox, Hon. Robert A. F. (I)
 Frachiseur, John, Jr. (I)
 Frank, Capt. Wm. P. (I)
 Franklin, Mitchell (L)
 Frankowitz, Mrs. Stanley (D)
 Frates, Mr. & Mrs. William (F)
 Frazer Col. & Mrs. Fred J. (F)
 Frazier, Mr. & Mrs. Dwight (F)
 Freedline, Mr. & Mrs. Yale (F)
 Freeman, Ms. Gill S. (I)
 Friberg, Richard (F)
 Friedman, Albert (Sc)
 Friedman, Dr. & Mrs. Evan (F)
 Frisbie, Mr. Loyal (Sc)
 Frost, Mr. & Mrs. Raymond M. (F)
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 Gaby, Donald C. (D)
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 Gadinsky, Brian (I)
 Gaftney, Mr. & Mrs. Tim (F)
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 Galbraith, Christine S. (I)
 Gallagher, Mr. & Mrs. Robt. (Sp)
 Galleti, Susana (I)
 Gallogly, Ms. Vera (I)
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 Gardner, Donald F. (F)
 Gardner, Donald, Jr. (F)
 Gardner, Mr. & Mrs. Robt. J. (F)
 Garcia, Francisco (I)
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 Garland, James E. (F)
 Garrett, Deborah B. (I)
 Garrison, Susan K. (I)
 Gaub, Dr. Margaret L. (I)
 Gautier, Redmond Bunn (F)
 Geiger Foundation
 Gelberg, Bob, Inc. (I)
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 George, Paul S. (I)
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 Ghammashi, Mr. & Mrs. Youssef (F)
 Gibson, John James (F)
 Giegel, Mr. & Mrs. Joseph (F)
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 Godoy, Louis (I)
 Goesser, Mr. & Mrs. Robert (F)
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 Goldberg, Cindy & Michael (F)
 Goldberg, Mr. & Mrs. Harold (F)
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 Goldman, Sue S. (F)
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 Goldstein, Judge Harvey L. (I)
 Goldstein, Richard M. (F)
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 Gomez, Ana I. (I)
 Gonzalez, Noemi (I)
 Gonzalez, Louis (I)
 Gonzalez, Pedro B. (F)
 Gonzalez, William (I)
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 Goodin, Jacka, Jr. (I)
 Goode, Ray (Sp)
 Gooding, Naomi Cornell (I)
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 Goodman, Mr. & Mrs. Jerrold F. (D)
 Gordon, Mr. & Mrs. David (F)
 Gordon, Hon. Jack (I)
 Gordon, Dr. & Mrs. Mark W. (F)
 Gordon, Mr. & Mrs. Reed (F)
 Gordon, Seth (D)
 Gotbaum, Dr. Irwin (F)
 Gottfried, Mrs. Ted (I)
 Gould, Patricia Lummus (F)
 Gowin, Dr. & Mrs. Thomas Skaggs (I)
 Goza, William M. (I)
 Grabiell, Mr. & Mrs. Julio (F)
 Gracer, Gene B. (I)
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 Graham Foundation
 Graham, Governor & Mrs. Robert (F)
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 Grant, Leslie & Polly (F)
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 Green, Dr. Edw. N. (I)

- Green, Mrs. Lonsdale B. (I)
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 Greene, Juanita (I)
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 Greer, Mr. & Mrs. Alan (D)
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 Griffin, D. J. (F)
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 Gross, Dr. Zade Bernard (I)
 Grossman, Mark (I)
 Grossman, Michael (F)
 Grout, Mrs. Elizabeth (Sc)
 Grout, Nancy L. (I)
 Groves, Jean G. (I)
 Grunwell, George (F)
 Guarino, Charles S. (I)
 Gubbins, John M. (I)
 Gudis, Patricia A. (I)
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 Guyton, Dr. & Mrs. T. D. (D)
 Haas, Joan G. (D)
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 Hagner, Casper C. (Sc)
 Haley, Mr. & Mrs. John C. (F)
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 Hall, Mrs. M. Lewis, Jr. (F)
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 Halprin, Dr. & Mrs. Kenneth (F)
 Hamill, Bernardis (I)
 Hamilton, Mr. & Mrs. Clinton (F)
 Hamilton, McHenry (I)
 Hamilton, John C. (I)
 Hammer Smith, Gwen (I)
 Hamlin, Linda (I)
 Hammett, Virginia R. (I)
 Hammond, Dr. Jeffrey (I)
 Hanafourde, Mrs. Lucy (F)
 Hancock, Ms. Cis (D)
 Hancock, Mrs. James T. (I)
 Hand, Jeffrey C. (F)
 Hanni, H. S. (F)
 Hansen, William M. (Sp)
 Hardie, George, Jr. (F)
 Harden, Fitzgerald, Dowlen & Mekras, Drs. (F)
 Hardin, Henry C., Jr. MD (Sp)
 Hardy, Mr. & Mrs. Jack (D)
 Harlan, Lloyd J. (Sc)
 Harless, Gwen (F)
 Harlee, John W., Jr. (F)
 Harlee, J. William (Sc)
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 Harper, Florence F. (I)
 Harrington, Frederick H. (I)
 Harris, Colonel Emrys (I)
 Harris, Mr. & Mrs. Elliott (F)
 Harris, Gene (F)
 Harris, Gloria W. (I)
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 Harris, Robert (I)
 Harris, Mr. & Mrs. Robt. E. (F)
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 Harrison, Mr. & Mrs. John H. (F)
 Harrison, Mr. & Mrs. Joseph R., Jr. (F)
 Harrison, Mr. & Mrs. M. R., Jr. (D)
 Hart, Dr. Robert (F)
 Hartman, Robin W. (F)
 Hartnett, Mr. & Mrs. James D. (F)
 Hartog, Mr. & Mrs. G. (F)
 Harvard College Library (IS)
 Harwood, Manton E. (I)
 Hatfield, Mrs. M. H. (F)
 Hathorn, Donald B. (F)
 Hauser, Leo A. (Sc)
 Hawa, Mr. & Mrs. Maurice B. (F)
 Hayes, W. Hamilton (F)
 Head, Patricia (I)
 Heald, Thomas E. (I)
 Heard, Dr. & Mrs. Joseph C. (F)
 Hector, Louis J. (F)
 Hector, Mr. & Mrs. Robert C. (D)
 Heck, Caroline (I)
 Heldt, Agneta C. (Sc)
 Helene, Carol J. (I)
 Helfand, Leonard (F)
 Heller, Mrs. Daniel N. (I)
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 Hendry, Judge Norman (I)
 Henry, Mr. & Mrs. Edmund T., III (F)
 Hennessy, Mr. & Mrs. John E. (F)
 Hennington, Annie Ruth (I)
 Henriquez, Mr. & Mrs. David R. (F)
 Henson, Andre Jane (I)
 Hessler, Mr. & Mrs. David (I)
 Heraux, Esther (I)
 *Herin, Thomas D. (Sc)
 *Herin, Judge & Mrs. William A. (Sp)
 Herreshoff, Mrs. Rebecca (Sc)
 Hertzberg, David J. (I)
 Hesser, Charles (I)
 Hess, Dorothy D. (I)
 Hett, Marilyn P. (I)
 Hialeah Library (IS)
 Hibbard, R. W. (I)
 Hicks, William H. (Sp)
 Highleyman, Daly (D)
 Hill, Mr. & Mrs. Lawrence L. (F)
 Hillbauer, Mrs. Wm. C., Sr. (Sc)
 Hills, Mr. & Mrs. Lee (Fw)
 Hinckley, Gregg (F)
 Hines, Phyllis (I)
 Hingston, Rev. Allen R. (I)
 Hipps, Mrs. T. F. (F)
 Historic Preservation Division (IS)
 Historical Honor Society of Miami Southridge Sr. High School (IS)
 Historical Society of Palm Beach (IS)
 Hodsdon, Mrs. Harry E. (I)
 Hoeffel, Mrs. Kenneth (I)
 Hoets, Mary R. (F)
 Hoffman, Wayne H. (I)
 Hofstetter, Mrs. Ronald (I)
 Hogan, G. B., Jr. (F)
 Hogan, Mrs. Thomas D., III (I)
 Holcomb, Jack (Sc)
 Holcomb, Mr. & Mrs. Lyle D., Jr. (I)
 Holcomb, Mack E. (F)
 Holland & Knight (C)
 Holland, Mrs. Stanley (I)
 Hollands, Dick T. (F)
 Hollinger, Mrs. Barbara (I)
 Holsenbeck, Mrs. J. M. (Sc)
 Holt, Mary L. (Sc)
 Holly, Dr. & Mrs. John (F)

- Hoover, Mrs. John (I)
 Horacek, Mr. & Mrs.
 Frederick W. (F)
 Hornik, Mr. & Mrs. Martin
 F. (Fw)
 Horta, Teresa (F)
 Hoskins, Mrs. Eddie (I)
 Houser, Roosevelt C. (Sc)
 Houghtaling, Mr. Francis S.
 (I)
 Howe, Helen Delano (Sp)
 Howell, Mrs. Roland M. (F)
 Howland, Paula (F)
 Hudnell, Helen (I)
 Hudson, Mr. & Mrs. James
 A. (I)
 Hume, David (F)
 Humkey, Joe Erskine (I)
 Hunt, Mr. & Mrs. Charles L.
 (F)
 Hunter, Dr. Caroline B. (Sp)
 Henry E. Huntington Library
 & Art Gallery (IS)
 Huntsberry, Margaret N. (I)
 Huston, Mrs. Tom (Fw)
 Hutchinson, Mr. & Mrs.
 Robert (F)
 Hutson, James A. (Sc)
 Hyams, Mr. & Mrs. Mark (F)
 Irvin, Mr. & Mrs. E. Milner,
 III (F)
 Izen, Elaine (I)
 Jackman, Mr. Stephen (Fw)
 Jacks, Ms. Rachael (I)
 Jackson, Mr. & Mrs.
 Frederick C. (F)
 Jackson, Mr. & Mrs. Walker
 (F)
 Jacobson, Mrs. Jeannette
 (Sc)
 Jacobstein, Dr. Helen L. (I)
 James, Mary Crofts (Sc)
 Jeffreys, David E., Jr. (I)
 Jemeson, Dimitri (I)
 Jensen, Mr. & Mrs. Bob (F)
 Jenkins, Elsie A. (Sc)
 Jinks, Claire & Larry (F)
 Johnson, David W. (F)
 Johnson, Hal R., Jr. (I)
 Johnson, Frederick (I)
 Johnson, Mr. & Mrs. Kari (F)
 Johnson, Mr. & Mrs. Thomas
 (F)
 Johnson, Mr. Wm. G. (I)
 Johnston, John C. (Sc)
 Jollivette, Mr. & Mrs.
 Cyrus M. (F)
 Jones, Dr. & Mrs. Albert (F)
 Jones, Mr. & Mrs. Arthur W
 (F)
 Jones, Bardy & Janice (F)
 Jones, Donald W. (I)
 Jones, Mrs. Francis (I)
 Jones, A. Tillman (Sc)
 Jones, Mr. & Mrs. Daniel C.
 (F)
 Jones, Donna Jean (I)
 Jones, Harry, Jr. (I)
 Jones, Mr. & Mrs. Jesse (F)
 Jones, Marie M. (I)
 Jones, Thompson V. (I)
 Jones, William F. (I)
 Jorge, Silvia (I)
 Jorgenson, Hon. James (F)
 Joyner, E. H., Jr. (F)
 Jude, Mrs. James R. (F)
 Julian, Mrs. Lawrence C. (I)
 Juncosa, Ralph A. (F)
 Junkin, Mr. & Mrs. John E.,
 III (F)
 Jureit, Mrs. L. E. (I)
 Kahn, Donald (D)
 Kahn, Leslie (I)
 Kann, Dr. & Mrs. Solomon
 (F)
 Kanner, Mrs. Aaron (Sc)
 Kanner, Mr. & Mrs. Lewis M.
 (Fw)
 Kantor, Mr. & Mrs. Stanley
 (F)
 Kaplan, Betsy (F)
 Kaplan, James S. (F)
 Karadbil, Mr. & Mrs. Neil (F)
 Karl, Mr. & Mrs. Mel (F)
 Karlin, Mrs. Sydelle (Sc)
 Kassewitz, Mr. & Mrs. Jack
 (F)
 Kattel, G. Edward (I)
 Katz, Mr. & Mrs. Horace (F)
 Katz, Mr. & Mrs. Michael (F)
 Kaufman, Judy (I)
 Kaufman, Mr. & Mrs. Otto
 (F)
 Keep, Oscar J. (I)
 Keiter, Dr. Roberta M. (I)
 Keith, Judith (I)
 Keith, William V. (I)
 Kelley, John B. (F)
 Kelley, Kristine (I)
 Kelley, Marilyn C. (F)
 Kellner, Mr. & Mrs. Stewart
 (Sp)
 Kelly, Mr. & Mrs. Robt. G.,
 Sr. (F)
 Kemper, Marlyn (I)
 Kendall, Peter H. F. (I)
 Kennedy, L. D. (F)
 Kenny, Mr. & Mrs. James J.
 (Sp)
 Kenner, Mrs. Maynard (I)
 Kent, Mrs. Frederick A. (F)
 Kent, Marguerite (I)
 Kent, W. (F)
 Kenyon, Sue C. (F)
 Kerestes, Mr. & Mrs. Bruce
 (F)
 Kesselman, Dr. Michael N. (I)
 Keusch, Dr. & Mrs. Kenneth
 (F)
 Keye, Mr. & Mrs. Charles (F)
 Key West Art & Historical
 Society (I)
 Khoury, Betty (F)
 Kiem, Mr. & Mrs. Stanley (F)
 Kilpatrick, Charles W. (D)
 Kilpatrick, Ronald Paul (F)
 Kimball, Albert (Sc)
 Kimen, Mr. & Mrs. Thomas
 Jr. (F)
 Kincaid, Gretchen Hand (Sc)
 King, Arthur, Sr. (Sp)
 King, Charles E. (I)
 King, Dennis G. (I)
 King, Erika (I)
 King, George E. (Sc)
 Kinzer, Mayor & Mrs. M. (F)
 Kipnis, Mr. & Mrs. Dan (F)
 Kipnis, Mr. Jerome (D)
 Kislak, Mr. Jay I. (Sp)
 Kister, Suzan O. (I)
 Kistler, Robert S. (D)
 Klein, Mr. & Mrs. Norman S.
 (Sp)
 Kleinberg, Mr. & Mrs.
 Howard (D)
 Kline, Mrs. Cynthia (F)
 Kline, Mr. & Mrs. Douglas
 (F)
 Klotz, Mr. & Mrs. Michael D.
 (F)
 Knight Foundation
 Knight, Mr. & Mrs. C.
 Frasuer (Sp)
 Kniskern, Mr. & Mrs.
 Kenneth (Sp)
 Knott, Judge James R. (Sc)
 Knotts, Tom (Sc)
 Knowles, Mrs. C. F. (Sc)
 Kockritz, Ewald (I)
 Kofink, Rev. Wayne A. (I)
 Kokenzie, Captain H. (I)
 Koler, Mr. & Mrs. Victor (F)
 Kolski, Mr. & Mrs.
 Alexander (F)
 Kononoff, Hazel N. (I)
 Korth, Valerie W. (Sp)
 Kovacs, Steven (Stu)
 Kramer, Mr. & Mrs. Stanley
 H. (F)
 Kraslow, David (I)

- Krichton, Carl V. (I)
 Krome, William H. (I)
 Kronstadt, Harold (Sc)
 Krugman, Dr. & Mrs. Stanley (F)
 Kubli, Eloise (F)
 Kuci, Ellyn R. (F)
 La Belle, Dexter (I)
 Lacy, Dr. George E. (I)
 LaCroix, Mrs. Aerial C. (Sc)
 Lake Worth Public Library (IS)
 Lambertson, H. Christopher (Sc)
 Lamme, Robert (Sc)
 Lancaster, Donna (F)
 Lane, Elizabeth A. (I)
 Lane, Mr. & Mrs. Robert C. (F)
 Langen, Mr. & Mrs. Roland (F)
 Langhorne, Richard M. (I)
 Langley, Wright (I)
 Langner, Mrs. Mildred C. (Sc)
 Lanier, Mrs. Patricia P. (F)
 Laremore, Kay (I)
 LaRoue, Samuel D., Jr. (I)
 Larrabee, Charles, Jr. (I)
 Larry, Louis & Fay Hochen (F)
 Lasseter, Harley O., Sr. (I)
 Latour, Mr. & Mrs. Tony (F)
 Lauer, Mr. & Mrs. John F. (F)
 Lawrence, Norman (D)
 Lawson, Dr. H. L. (I)
 Lawson, Dan (I)
 Lazarus, Mr. & Mrs. Murray L. (F)
 Leake, Martin C. (Sp)
 **Leary, Lewis (I)
 Leathe, Mr. & Mrs. Paul (F)
 Lee, Mr. & Mrs. Marty (F)
 Leesfield & Blackburn, P.A. (D)
 Lehman, Richard H. (F)
 Leigh, Mr. & Mrs. Chas. N. (F)
 Leith, Edw. & Joy (F)
 Lesnick, Alan (F)
 Levin, Mrs. Kitty Darling (I)
 Levine, Dr. Harold (F)
 Levine, Richard B. (D)
 Levitz, E. (Sc)
 Lewin, Robert (D)
 Liles, Mr. & Mrs. E. Clark (F)
 Lindgren, Mrs. E. Clark (F)
 Lindsley, Mrs. A. R. (Sc)
 Linehan, Mrs. John (I)
 Link, Mrs. E. A. (I)
 Lipman, Robert (F)
 Lippert, Mrs. W. K. (I)
 Lipsky, Terry & Bernie (F)
 Little, Mr. & Mrs. Robert (F)
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 Livingston, Mr. & Mrs. Robert (I)
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 Logue, Mr. & Mrs. Tom (F)
 Lohnes, Mr. & Mrs. Daniel, Jr. (F)
 Lomonsoff, Boris (Sc)
 Longshore, Mr. & Mrs. Frank (Sp)
 Looney, Evelyn O. (I)
 Lord, William P. (Sp)
 Lores, Mrs. Edward (I)
 Lotz, Aileen (I)
 Loumiet, Juan P. (F)
 Love, Mildred A. (Sc)
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 Lowry, Patricia (I)
 Loxahatchee Historical Society (IS)
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 Lukens, Mr. & Mrs. Jaywood (F)
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 Lunnon, Mrs. James (I)
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 Luskin, Mr. & Mrs. Paul (I)
 Lutton, Mrs. Stephen C. (Sc)
 Lux, Thomas J. (I)
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 Lynfield, Geoffrey H. (I)
 Lyon, Dr. & Mrs. Eugene (F)
 Lyons, Dr. & Mrs. James F. (Fw)
 MacDonald, John E. (D)
 MacDonald, Mr. & Mrs. Robert (F)
 MacIntyre, Mr. & Mrs. A. C. (F)
 MacVicar, Mrs. I. D. (Sc)
 McAliley, Janet R. (F)
 McAuliffe, Mr. & Mrs. Thomas F., III (F)
 McCabe, Dr. & Mrs. Robert H. (F)
 McCall, C. Lawton (I)
 McClure, Mrs. John C. (Sc)
 McCollum, John I., Jr. (F)
 McCorquodale, Mrs. Donald Jr. (I)
 McCormick, Mr. & Mrs. C. Deering (D)
 McCreary, Ms. Jane (I)
 McCrimmon, Mr. & Mrs. C. T. (Fw)
 McDonald, Mr. & Mrs. John K. (F)
 McDonough, Martha Morrill (I)
 McDowell, Charles (I)
 McGarry, Mr. & Mrs. Richard M. (F)
 McGraw, Mr. & Mrs. Larry (F)
 McGuire, Jeanie L. (I)
 McHale, William J. (F)
 McIver, Mr. & Mrs. Stuart (F)
 McJilton, Mrs. Jeanee (F)
 McKellar, Mrs. James D. (Sc)
 McKenna, Daniel C. (I)
 McKenna, Mrs. R. A. (I)
 McKenzie, Dr. & Mrs. Jack A. (F)
 McKinstry, Mr. & Mrs. John W. (F)
 McKittrick, Sarah L. (I)
 McLean, Lenore (Sc)
 McLeod, Mrs. Wm. J. (Sc)
 McLellan, James B. (F)
 McMinn, John H. (D)
 McNaughton, M. D. (I)
 McNaughton, Dr. & Mrs. Robert A. (F)
 McNeil, Kate (I)
 McNeil, R. C. (D)
 McPhee, Harriett (I)
 McSwiggan, Gerald W. (D)
 McVicker, Dan A. (I)
 McWilliams, Phyllis (I)
 Mackle, Milbrey W. (I)
 Madan, Mr. & Mrs. Norman L. (F)
 Mадiera, E. Duane (I)
 Maer, G. Miriam (F)
 Maingot, Dr. & Mrs. Anthony P. (F)
 Malafronte, Anthony F. (I)
 Malavenda, Gary (Stu)
 Maldonado, Dr. & Mrs. Adolfo (Fw)
 Malinsky, Debbie (I)
 Malone, Mrs. Katharine (F)
 Malone, Mrs. Randolph A. (I)
 Maltby, Mr. & Mrs. L. A. (F)
 Mangels, Dr. Celia C. (I)
 Mangum, Mr. & Mrs. A. C., Jr. (F)
 Mank, Mrs. Nancy (I)
 Mank, Philip J., Sr. (Sc)
 Mank, Philip J., Jr. (I)

- Mank, Mr. & Mrs. Layton (Fw)
 Manly, Grace (F)
 Manley, Marion I. (Sc)
 Mann, Mr. & Mrs. Michael (F)
 Manning, Mr. & Mrs. J. (F)
 Mannion, Jan (F)
 Manship, Mr. & Mrs. E. K. (F)
 Marchant, Michael J. (I)
 Marcus, Mr. & Mrs. Jerry (F)
 Marks, Bella (I)
 Marks, Larry S. (I)
 Markus, Daniel O. (I)
 Markus, Victor (F)
 Marlowe, Hellen L. (D)
 Marmesh, Dr. & Mrs. Michael (F)
 Marmo, Joseph (I)
 Marotti, Mr. Frank, Jr. (I)
 Marshall, Muriel S. (I)
 Marsh, Ulad A. (F)
 Martin County Public Library (IS)
 Martin, Emmett E., Jr. (I)
 Martin, J. William CPA (F)
 Martin, Mr. & Mrs. James O. (F)
 Martin, Sylva G. (Sc)
 Martin, Roger (F)
 Martin, Val (I)
 Martinez-Ramos, Alberto (I)
 Maslanova, Elena (I)
 Mason, Mrs. Joe J. (Sc)
 Mason, William C., III (I)
 Massington, Mr. & Mrs. Richard (Sp)
 Matheson, Mr. & Mrs. Finlay B. (F)
 Matheson, Mr. & Mrs. Finlay L. (Fw)
 Matheson, R. Hardy (D)
 Matheson, Mr. & Mrs. J. Henry (F)
 Matheson, James F. (I)
 Mathews, Dennis D. (I)
 Matthews, Mr. & Mrs. A. Lamar, Jr. (I)
 Matteson, Arnold (Fw)
 Mattson, Robt. Lee (D)
 Matkov, Mrs. Thomas (F)
 Matlack, Mr. & Mrs. Wm. C. (F)
 Mattucci, Mr. & Mrs. Donald (F)
 Maxted, Mr. & Mrs. F. J., Jr. (Sp)
 Maxwell, Marjorie (I)
 May, Dr. & Mrs. John A. (F)
- Mayers, LeAnn (I)
 Maynard, Mr. & Mrs. Carl (F)
 Mayo, John A. (F)
 Mead, Mr. & Mrs. D. Richard (Fw)
 Mears, Rachel (I)
 Medina, Martin (I)
 Megee, Mrs. B. L. (F)
 Metz, Martha J. (Sc)
 Meier, Mrs. Herbert (F)
 Mell, W. B., Jr. (I)
 Meloan, Carole C. (F)
 Mende, Mrs. L. G. (I)
 Mensch, Dr. & Mrs. Joseph (Fw)
 Mercer, John, Jr. (D)
 Mercer, Mattie J. (I)
 Mercy College Library (IS)
 Merrick, Mrs. Eunice P. (I)
 Merrill, Mr. & Mrs. James C., III (Fw)
 Merten, Ulrich & Carole (F)
 Mesnekoff, Mr. & Mrs. David (Fw)
 Metcalf, Dr. Elizabeth (F)
 Metka, Joseph, Jr. (I)
 Miami Beach Public Library (IS)
 Miami Dade Community College Architecture Dept. South (IS)
 Miami Dade Community College South Campus Periodicals Dept. (IS)
 Miami Herald Library (IS)
 Miami Public Library (IS)
 Coconut Grove Library (IS)
 Coral Gables Public Library (IS)
 North Dade Regional Library (IS)
 Northeast Branch Library (IS)
 South Dade Regional Library (IS)
 West Dade Regional Library (IS)
 Miami Times (IS)
 Mickins, Rev. & Mrs. I. C. (F)
 Mickler, Thomas (I)
 Middlethon, Wm. R., Jr. (I)
 Mikus, Pat & Jo (F)
 Miles, Mr. & Mrs. R. S. (F)
 Millar, Mrs. Gavin S. (Sc)
 Milledge, Evalyn M. (I)
 Milledge, Sarah F. (I)
 Miller, Bessie (Sc)
- Miller, Bud (F)
 Miller, Mr. & Mrs. Dale (F)
 Miller, Mr. & Mrs. Dean R. (D)
 Miller, Gertrude R. (Sc)
 Miller, Philip Orme (I)
 Miller, Mr. Thomas L. (I)
 Miller, William J. (F)
 Milner, Henry (I)
 Milward, William (I)
 Minear, Mrs. L. V. (Sc)
 Mizell, Earl S. (Sp)
 Mizrach, Larry (I)
 Moeller, Mr. & Mrs. Lloyd (F)
 Mohr, Alfred B. (F)
 Molinari, Dr. & Mrs. Robert L. (Fw)
 Molinari, Dr. R. E. (I)
 Molt, Fawdrey A. S. (F)
 Mondun, Judith (I)
 Monk, J. Floyd (Sc)
 Monroe County Public Library (IS)
 Monroe, Mr. & Mrs. Wm. F., Jr. (F)
 Monsanto, Judge & Mrs. J. (F)
 Monsegur, Anita P. (I)
 Montague, Mrs. Charles H. (I)
 Montano, Mr. & Mrs. Fausto (F)
 Monteagudo, Mr. & Mrs. Mario E. (F)
 Monticino, Mrs. Alma (I)
 Moore, Donald R. (F)
 Moore, Mr. & Mrs. Donald L. (F)
 Moore, Mrs. Jack (I)
 Moore, Mrs. Jasper (F)
 Moore, Mr. & Mrs. Michael T. (D)
 Mordaunt, Mr. & Mrs. Hal (I)
 Morgan, Mr. & Mrs. Charles (F)
 Morgan Guaranty International Bank (C)
 Moretti, Joseph G. (I)
 Morgan, Capt. Robert G. (F)
 Morris, B. W. (I)
 Morris, Mr. C. C. (Sc)
 Morris, Mrs. Dorothy M. (Sc)
 Morris, Mr. & Mrs. Edwin S. (F)
 Morris, Mr. James (F)
 Morris, Lucy (I)
 Morris, Thomasine (I)
 Morrison, Glen (F)
 Moselle, Joan (F)

- Moss, Mr. Ed. (Sp)
Moss, Mr. Lyman R. (F)
Moure, Mrs. Edwin P. (I)
Moylan, Mrs. E. B., Jr. (I)
Mrozek, Ronald W. (I)
Muir, Bill (I)
Muir, William T. (I)
Muir, Mrs. William W. (I)
Muller, Dr. Leonard (Sc)
Muniz, Manuel I. (F)
Munroe, Mr. & Mrs. Charles P. (F)
Munroe, Elizabeth P. (F)
Munroe, Mrs. Wirth M. (Sp)
Munson, Mr. & Mrs. Robert (F)
Murphy, Mr. & Mrs. Tim (F)
Murphy, Mr. & Mrs. Thos. W. (F)
Murray, John (F)
Murray, Mr. & Mrs. Joseph (F)
Murray, Mary Ruth (D)
Murray, Mr. & Mrs. P. J. (F)
Mustard, Alice Isabel (Sc)
Mustard, Margaret Jean (I)
Myers, Mrs. Ida P. (Sc)
Myers, Lillian G. (I)
Myers, Ruth Dowell (D)
Myers, Mrs. Walter K. (I)
Nagy, Shirley L. (I)
Nagel, Mr. & Mrs. Brent (F)
Nagel, Dr. Daryl T. (I)
Nance, G. Tracy, Jr. (F)
Napier, Mr. & Mrs. Harvey (F)
Narup, Mrs. Mavis (I)
Nash, Doris (F)
Nehaniu, Chrystna (I)
Nehrbass, Arthur F. (F)
Neil, Luise R. (I)
Neiman, Marcus (C)
Nelson, Mrs. Bowen (F)
Nelson, Jonathan (I)
Nelson, Theodore R. (I)
Netherland-Brown, Capt. & Mrs. Carl (F)
New, Mr. & Mrs. Edwin E. (F)
Newberry Library (IS)
Newbold, Edmund W. (F)
New York Public Library Ser. (IS)
Nicholson, Allene (I)
Nichols, Mr. & Mrs. Richard (F)
Niles, Mr. & Mrs. Jim (F)
Nimmicht, Mrs. Helen (I)
Nimmicht, Mary Jo (I)
Nitzche, Mr. & Mrs. Ernest (Sp)
Nordt, Mr. & Mrs. John C. (F)
Noriega, Mr. & Mrs. Wm. L. (F)
Norman, Mr. & Mrs. Walter H. (Sc)
Nort, Mr. & Mrs. David (F)
Norton, Dr. Edward W. D. (D)
Nuckols, B. P. (F)
Oberlink, Wm. B. (D)
Odell, Arthur (F)
Oldtam, Dorothy C. (F)
Olesker, Kathy (I)
Olin, Mr. & Mrs. Michael (D)
Oliver, Dr. & Mrs. Robert M., Jr. (F)
Olund, Erica I. (I)
O'Marah, Mrs. J. F. (Sc)
O'Neil, Mr. & Mrs. Vernon P. (F)
Orlando Public Library (IS)
Orseck, Robert (F)
Ostrenko, Witold, Jr. (I)
Ostrenko, Witold, Sr. (F)
Oswald, Mr. & Mrs. Jackson (F)
Otero, Mr. & Mrs. Jorge (F)
Otto, Mr. & Mrs. Thomas, III (F)
Otto, Mrs. Thomas Osgood, Sr. (I)
Overhultz, Clara (Stu)
Overstreet, Estelle C. (I)
Owens, Mrs. Bradley (F)
Pace, Sherie (I)
Padgett, Inman (Sc)
Pakula, Arnold (F)
Palmer, Alfred R. (I)
Palmer, Carolyn A. (I)
Palmer, Doug. (I)
Palmer, Miriam (I)
Palmer, Virginia (I)
Pancoast, Alice A. (I)
Pancoast, John Arthur (I)
Pancoast, Katherine French (D)
Pancoast, Mr. & Mrs. Lester C. (F)
Pancoast, Peter Russell (I)
Pappas, Mr. & Mrs. Ted (Fw)
Papper, Patricia M. (I)
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Parker, Crawford H. (I)
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Parker, Dr. & Mrs. R. Latanae (F)
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Parks, Mr. Merle (I)
Parks, Mr. & Mrs. Robert L. (Fw)
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Parsons, Mr. & Mrs. Edw. G. (F)
Pasawicz, Mrs. Teresa (I)
Paterson, Mr. & Mrs. Jay (F)
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Paulsen, William, Sr. (I)
Pawley, Anita (F)
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Payne, Mrs. R. W., Jr. (Sp)
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Peacock, Mr. & Mrs. Larry (F)
Pearce, Billee P. (I)
Pearlsom, Richard A. (F)
Pearson, Christopher (Stu)
Pearson, Wilbur (F)
Pedinelli, Mr. & Mrs. Etienne (F)
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Peeler, Ms. Elizabeth (I)
Peeples, Vernon (I)
Peer, Robert (I)
Pell, Charlotte H. (I)
Pennkamp, Mr. & Mrs. Tom (Sp)
Pepper, Hon. Claude (I)
Perez, Carmen (Stu)
Perner, Mrs. Henry (I)
Pero, Mr. & Mrs. Joseph H., Jr. (Fw)
Perrin, Mrs. John (Sc)
Perry, Roy A. (Sc)
Perwin, Jean (F)
Peters, Gordon H. (F)
Peters, John S. (I)
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Pierce, Staples L. (F)
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 Plummer, Lawrence H. (I)
 Plunkett, Lawrence L. (F)
 Poliakoff, Dr. & Mrs. Steven (F)
 Polizzi, Mary Ann (F)
 Polk County Historical Library (I)
 Pollack, Richard (F)
 Poorman, Mr. & Mrs. Joel (F)
 Portillo-SanDoul, Edwardo (I)
 Post, Amelia M. (D)
 Post, Howard M. (F)
 Potash, Dr. & Mrs. Irwin (F)
 Potter, Robert E. (I)
 Potts, N. Joseph (I)
 Potts, Roy V. (F)
 Powell, Barbara R. (I)
 Powers, Jack J. (I)
 Prevatt, Mr. & Mrs. Preston (F)
 Princeton University Library (IS)
 Prio, Maria Antonietta (F)
 Pritchard, Barbara (I)
 Proenza, Christina D. (Stu)
 Provenzo, Dr. Eugene (I)
 Pruitt, Peter T. (F)
 Prunty, Mr. & Mrs. John W. (F)
 Pryor, Dr. & Mrs. T. Hunter, Jr. (F)
 Purvis, Mrs. Hugh F. (I)
 Pushkin, Dr. & Mrs. Emanuel (F)
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 Quesenberry, William F. (F)
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 Raim, Mr. & Mrs. Jerome (F)
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 Rapperport, Dr. Alan (I)
 Ratner, Nat (I)
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 Ray, Peter C. (F)
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 Reiningger & L. Dunnheissel (F)
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 Reish, Mrs. John (F)
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 Renninger, Julie (I)
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 Reyna, Dr. L. J. (F)
 Reynolds, Diane (F)
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 Rice, R. H., Jr. (I)
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 Rich, Ms. Louise (Sc)
 Richards, Charles A. (Sc)
 Richard, Mr. & Mrs. Ralph (F)
 Richards, Mr. & Mrs. Arthur (F)
 Richmond Heights Jr. High School (IS)
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 Ridolph, Edward (F)
 Rieder, Mrs. Wm. Dustin (F)
 Rigsby, Richard (I)
 Riley, Mrs. Bernard (I)
 Riley, Sandra (I)
 Rivera, Jean (I)
 Riviera Beach Public Library (IS)
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 Roberts, Richard E. (I)
 Robertson, Alan F. (I)
 Robertson, Michael (I)
 Robertson, Mrs. Piedad (D)
 Robey, Mr. & Mrs. Dan (F)
 Robinson, Rosalee (I)
 Robison, Comm. & Mrs. Don (F)
 Roca, Pedro L. (I)
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 Rodriguez, Ivan (I)
 Rodriguez, Dr. Jose A. (F)
 Rodriguez, Raul (D)
 Rogers, Joe (I)
 Rogers, Mrs. Walter S. C. (I)
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 Rollins College (IS)
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 Roper, Mrs. George P. (Sc)
 Rosemond, Garth A. (I)
 Rose, Mr. & Mrs. Richard (D)
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 Rosendorf, Howard S., Jr. (I)
 Rosengarten, June M. (I)
 Rosinek, Mr. & Mrs. Jeff (F)
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 Roth, Mrs. Ellen (F)
 Rothblatt, Emma A. (F)
 Rothenberg, Arthur L. (F)
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 Robin, Evelyn (Sc)
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 Rubinson, Dr. & Mrs. Richard (F)
 Rubinstein, Leonard (I)
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 Rudolph, Alfred (I)
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 Russell, George (I)
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 Sadowski, Robert (I)
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 Sakhnovsky, Nicholas (F)
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 Sarasohn, Dr. Sylvan (F)
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 Sauvigne, Cecile D. (I)
 Savage, Mr. & Mrs. John A. (F)
 Sawyer, Viola (Sc)
 Sax, Connie A. (I)
 Scarborough, Mrs. Chaffee (Sc)
 Schacter, Norah P. (I)
 Schaefer, Paul T. (F)
 Schaeffer, Mrs. George (F)
 Schaeffer, Mrs. Oden A. (F)
 Schanck, Margie (I)
 Schelberg, Mrs. Richard (I)
 Schenck, Gyneth (I)
 Scheuer, Simon C. (Sc)
 Schmidt, Mrs. Eric (D)
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 Schober, Warren (I)
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 Schuh, Niles (I)
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 Schultz, Mr. & Mrs. Tom (F)
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 Schwartz, Mr. & Mrs. Stanley (Sp)
 Schwarz, Mr. & Mrs. Michael (F)
 Schwedel, Rene (F)
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 Searle, Philip F. (F)
 Segal, Natalie S. (I)
 Seipp, Mr. & Mrs. John C., Jr. (F)
 Seitlin, Mr. & Mrs. Sam (Fw)
 Selawry, Dr. & Mrs. Oleg (F)
 Selby Public Library (IS)
 Selvaggi, Albert (I)
 Sellatti, Kenneth (I)
 Serkin, Manuel (I)
 Serrins, Dr. & Mrs. Alan (F)
 Seixas, Margarita E. (I)
 Shafer, Kathryn E. (I)
 Shane, David (F)
 Shapiro, Anita R. (I)
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 Sharp, Harry Carter (D)
 Shaw, Henry Overstreet (Sc)
 *Shaw, Luelle (I)
 Shaw, Mr. & Mrs. Martin L., III (F)
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 Shay, Mr. & Mrs. Rodger D. (F)
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 Sherman, John S., Jr. (I)
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 Sims, Vi (I)
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 Sisselman, Murray (F)
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 Smathers, Ralph (F)
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 Smith, Dr. & Mrs. A. G. (F)
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 Smith, Mr. & Mrs. Linton (F)
 Smith, Louise Tennent (I)
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 Smith, Ralph S. (F)
 Smith, Rebecca A. (I)
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 Sommers, Mr. & Mrs. L. B. (F)
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 Southern Bell Telephone and Telegraph Co. (C)
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 Sottile, Mr. & Mrs. James (F)

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 (IS)
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 Management District (IS)
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 Southeast First National
 Bank of Miami (C)
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 J. (Sp)
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 (Sc)
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 Stadler, John W. (L)
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 (Sp)
 Sweeney, Mrs. Ethel (I)
 Sweet, George H. (D)
 Symons, Lester M. (I)
 Sysskind, Mr. & Mrs. Eric (F)
 Szymanski, Edward (I)
 Taddeo, Hilda L. (I)
 Tagliero, Paul (I)
 Tampa Public Library (IS)
 Tangorra, Achilles (F)
 Tartak, Mr. & Mrs. N. (F)
 Tardif, Robert G. (I)
 Tashiro, Joe (I)
 Taylor, Ann (I)
 Taylor, Henry H., Jr. (F)
 Taylor, Mrs. F. A. S. (F)
 Taylor, Howard L. (F)
 Taylor, Richard F. (Sc)
 Teasley, T. H. (Sc)
 *Tebeau, Dr. Charlton W.
 (HL)
 Tennessee State Library (IS)
 Tharp, Mrs. Charles D. (F)
 Thatcher, John (I)
 Thayer, M. W. (I)
 Theobald, Elizabeth D. (I)
 Thilmont, Diane (I)
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 Thomas, Philip A. (I)
 Thomas, Wayne (I)
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 Edward (F)
 Thompson, Mr. & Mrs.
 Parker (F)
 Thompson, Tammy J. (I)
- Thorn, Dale A. (I)
 Thorner, Mr. & Mrs. Robt.
 (F)
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 (F)
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 Trainer, Monty P. (Fw)
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 (F)
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 Tresh, Jeannette C. (I)
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 (F)
 Troner, Dr. & Mrs. M. (F)
 Tucker, Bruce E. (I)
 Tuggle, Aubly L. (F)
 Turken, Robert (F)
 Turner, Mrs. Lawrence O.,
 Jr. (I)
 Uhalt, Jerry Lee (F)
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 University of Florida, Library
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 University of Iowa (IS)
 University of Miami, Campus
 Sports & Recreation (IS)
 University of Miami, O.
 Richter Library (IS)
 University of Michigan (IS)
 University of Pennsylvania
 (IS)
 University of South Florida
 (IS)
 University of West Florida
 (IS)
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 Van Bezooyen, Mae A. (Sc)
 Van Denend, Mrs. Herbert
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 Van Landingham, Kyle S. (I)
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 (F)
 Varner, Edwina G. (I)
 Vazquez, Lulio S. (I)
 Van Orsdel, C. D. (F)
 Veenstra, Tom H. (I)

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 Villa, Dr. & Mrs. Louis, Jr. (D)
 Visser, Maaïke (I)
 Vital, Mr. & Mrs. Frank (Sp)
 Vogel, Ron Douglas (F)
 Volker, Mary Frances (I)
 Von Ousley, Mrs. (Sc)
 Wacks, Howard (I)
 Wakeman, Mr. & Mrs. Chas. Jr. (F)
 Walaitis, Jane (I)
 Waldron, Mr. & Mrs. Edw. J. (F)
 Waldron, Mrs. Neal E. (I)
 Walker, Mr. Harold E. (Sp)
 Walker, Mr. & Mrs. Thomas B. (F)
 Wall, Richard D. (I)
 Waller, David F. (F)
 Walsh, Bryan O. (I)
 War, Ronald (F)
 Ward, Mr. & Mrs. Michael (F)
 Warner, Mr. & Mrs. Jonathan (F)
 Warren, Mr. & Mrs. Lewis G., Jr. (Fw)
 Wassell, Mrs. John R., Jr. (I)
 Wasser, Beatrice C. (I)
 *Waters, Fred M., Jr. (HL)
 Watson, Anthony V. (F)
 Watson, Hattie (Sc)
 Watt, Rep. Jim (I)
 Weaver, Mr. & Mrs. David (F)
 Webber, Conrad J. (I)
 Weber, John O. (I)
 Weber, Mrs. Patricia (I)
 Weinberg, Rosalyn (I)
 Weinfeld, Dr. & Mrs. Albert (F)
 Weinkle, Julian I. (F)
 Weiss, Meryle (I)
 Weissler, Mr. & Mrs. Robt. I. (F)
 Weissenborn, Mr. & Mrs. Lee (F)
 Weit, Richard (I)
 Welles, Mr. & Mrs. Peter D. (F)
 Wells, Helen D. (I)
 Wells, Richard E. (Sc)
 Welsh, Eric L. (I)
- Wenck, Mr. & Mrs. James H. (F)
 Wepman, Warren S. (I)
 Werbstein, Timothy P. (I)
 Wersen, William (Sc)
 West, Mr. & Mrs. Everett G. (F)
 West, Karen C. (I)
 West Palm Beach Public Library (IS)
 West, Pat (I)
 Westbrook, Mrs. A. J. (I)
 Wheeler, Jackie (F)
 Wheeling, Craig (D)
 White, Ivah (I)
 White, Richard M. (I)
 Whitenack, Mrs. Helen E. (I)
 Whitlock, Mr. Luke (I)
 Whittelsey, K. (I)
 Whitmer, Dr. Kenneth S. (Sc)
 Wicks, Mrs. Phyllis (F)
 Wiener, Donald M. (I)
 Whitten, George E. (F)
 Wilbanks, Wm. (I)
 Wilcox, D. (F)
 Wilkins, Woodrow Wilson (Sc)
 Wilkinson, Judy (I)
 Williams, Billie Joe (I)
 Williams, Mr. & Mrs. Dennis (F)
 Williams, Dorothy E. (I)
 Williams, Mr. & Mrs. Elmo H. (F)
 Williams, Freeman J. (F)
 Williams, Dr. & Mrs. George Jr. (F)
 Williams, Harvey L., III (D)
 Williams, Mrs. Jean F. (I)
 Williams, Kathryn (F)
 Williams, Linda K. (D)
 Williams, Mr. & Mrs. Wayne (F)
 Williamson Cadillac Co. (C)
 Williamson, Michael (I)
 Willing, David L. (I)
 Willis, Mrs. Hillard (Sc)
 Wills, James (D)
 Wilsey, Jane (I)
 Wilson, Daniel F. (I)
 **Wilson, Mrs. G. R.
 Wilson, Mr. & Mrs. George M. (F)
 Wilson, Mr. & Mrs. Hugh H. (F)
 *Wilson, Nell G. (Sp)
 Wilson, Peyton L. (F)
 Wilson, Mr. & Mrs. Walter B. Jr. (F)
- Wimbish, Paul (F)
 Winebrenner, L. M. (F)
 Winick, Pauline (F)
 Winters, Calvin (I)
 Wipprecht, Mrs. Marion (I)
 Wirkus, Mr. & Mrs. Leonard V. (F)
 Wisconsin State Historical Society (IS)
 Wiseheart, Mr. & Mrs. Malcolm B., Jr. (Fw)
 Withers, James G. (HL)
 Withers, Wayne E. (HL)
 Withers Van Lines of Miami (C)
 Witlock, Mary (Sc)
 Wolfe, C. F., Jr. (I)
 Wolff, Robin M. (I)
 Wolfe, Rosalie (Sc)
 Wolfe, Dr. & Mrs. S. Anthony (Fw)
 Wolf, Thomas L. (D)
 Wolff, Mr. & Mrs. Wm. F., Jr. (F)
 Wolfson, Mrs. L. (F)
 Wolfson, Mrs. Louis, II (D)
 Wolfson, Mitchell, Jr. (Fw)
 Wolfson, Sherry (I)
 Wolpert, Mr. & Mrs. George (I)
 Wonsik, Jo Ann (I)
 Wood, Marybeth (I)
 Wood, Mrs. Warren (F)
 Wood, Mr. Warren, Jr. (F)
 Woods, John P. (I)
 Woods, Dr. & Mrs. Frank M. (F)
 Woods, Mrs. Thomas C. (F)
 *Woore, Mrs. Meredith A. (I)
 Wooten, Mr. & Mrs. James S. (Fw)
 Workman, Mr. & Mrs. David (F)
 Worley, Mr. & Mrs. Eugene C. (F)
 Wragg, Otis O., III (I)
 Wright, Mrs. Edward (I)
 Wright, Hamilton (Sc)
 Wright, Dr. Ione S. (Sc)
 Wright, Dr. Jack L. (I)
 Wright, Robt. C. (I)
 Wright, Dr. Sheffel H. (I)
 Wulf, Karlinne (I)
 Wunderlich, Paul B. (F)
 Wylie, Bernadine H. (I)
 Wynne, Deene (I)
 Wynne, Mr. & Mrs. James R. (D)
 Wytrowski, Veronica (I)

92 TEQUESTA

Yarborough, Joan (I)
Yates, Elizabeth J. (I)
Yelen, Bruce (F)
Yonover, Mr. & Mrs. David
(F)
Young, Mary E. (Sc)
Young, Montgomery L. (I)
Younts, Mr. & Mrs. David
(Sp)

Zack, Mr. & Mrs. Steve (F)
Zapata, Mr. & Mrs. Albert
(F)
Zarzecki, Stephen (I)
Zaydon, Dr. & Mrs. Thomas
(F)
Zdon, Joseph Paul J. (I)
Zeder, Mr. & Mrs. Jon W. (F)
Zeller, Mrs. Leila (I)

Zimmerman, Mr. & Mrs.
Louis (F)
Zwerner, Mrs. Carl (Sc)
Zwibel, Dr. & Mrs. Howard
(Fw)
Zyscovich, Bernard, AIA (F)

