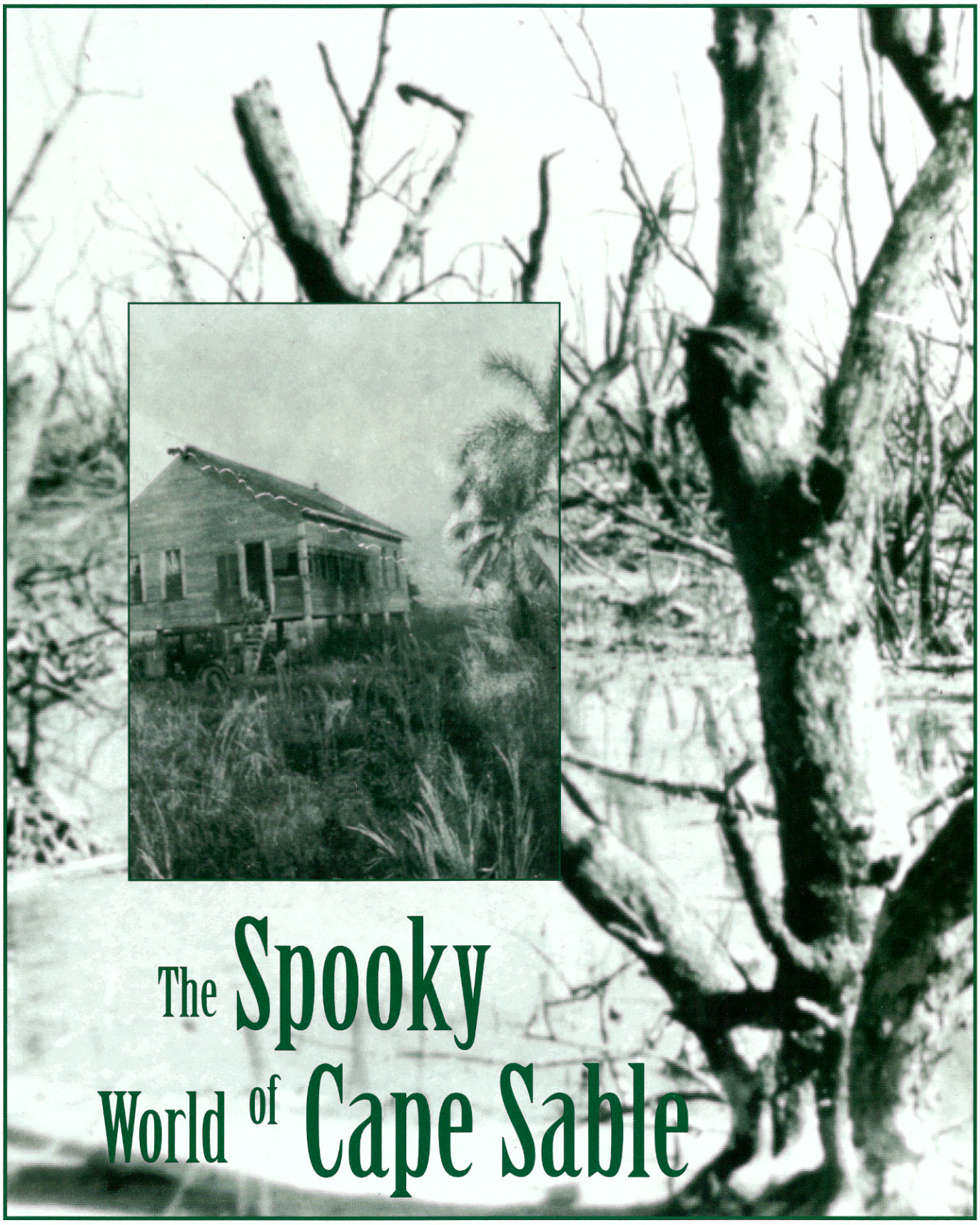
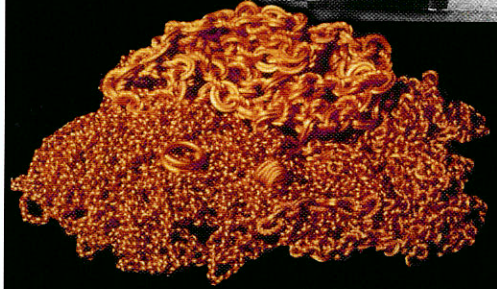
South Florida History

VOLUME 28 NO. 2, SPRING 2000, $3.00



The Spooky World of Cape Sable



Don't Forget Your History!

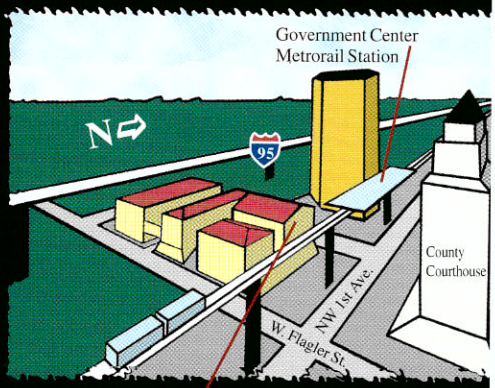
HISTORICAL MUSEUM OF SOUTHERN FLORIDA

THE HISTORICAL MUSEUM OF SOUTHERN FLORIDA brings history to life for each member of the family by offering an entertaining glimpse into the past of this world-renowned destination. Open 7 days a week — Mon. - Sat. 10 a.m. - 5 p.m. (Thursday till 9 p.m.) and Sunday noon - 5 p.m.

By Car, traveling northbound on I-95, take NW 2nd St. exit. Go right on NW 2nd St., then right on NW 2nd Ave. The Cultural Center is on the left and the parking Garage is on the right.

By Car, traveling southbound on I-95, exit at Orange Bowl/ NW 8th St. Turn left onto NW 2nd St. and then right onto NW 2nd Ave. The Cultural Center is on the left and its parking garage on the right.

By Train, stop at the Government Center Metrorail Station in Downtown Miami.



101 W. Flagler St., Miami 33130
305-375-1492 www.historical-museum.org

HISTORICAL MUSEUM OF SOUTHERN FLORIDA

features this issue

South Florida History *Volume 28, No. 2, Spring 2000*

Cover—Near Cape Sable: the Everglades and a deserted shack.

editor's notes

By Stuart McIver

Wouldn't you like to see a photograph of Helen of Troy? Was she really all that beautiful? And in Spain was Philip the Handsome really that special? In a more serious vein, wouldn't you like to see for yourself what Jesus looked like? Or Moses? Or Buddha?

By the time of George Washington, Tom Jefferson and Ben Franklin we had talented portrait painters to capture for us the look of the great leaders of this country. Still, it was not until the 1840s that the first photographers, the daguerrotypists, appeared in this country, traveling the countryside with cameras, tripods, treated metal plates and chemicals, including compounds of mercury and silver. From that period dag'typists showed us the piercing eyes of such major figures as President Andrew Jackson and Edgar Allan Poe.

We know very little about the early picture-takers who roamed around Florida. Calling himself a Professor of Photography, Alfred Lansing, artist, wood engraver, comic actor from New York City, placed an ad in a St. Augustine paper in April, 1842. The following year Andrew Scott, an ornamental plasterer, advertised his services in the *Tallahasee Floridian.* Unfortunately, we have no pictures we can trace to either one.

These itinerant photographers traveled from town to town by stagecoach, steamboat, train and wagon. Some worked from horse-drawn vans fitted out as miniature studios, called "daguerreotype saloons." Others rented space in stores, and many brought their own tents. These itinerant photographers advertised heavily in newspapers and passed out handbills in small towns.

They came to Florida only in the winter, preferring to keep their day jobs back home, working as ornamental plasterers and comic actors, but also as artists, dentists and doctors. One of them held five jobs, according to Richard Punnett, an authority on early Florida photographers. It was hard work but dag'typists were well paid, earning as much as a hundred dollars a day, good money in pre-Civil War days.

My grandfather was a daguerrotypist. He headed west from his home in Moore County in central North Carolina to the western part of the state and on into the mountains of eastern Tennessee. His goal wasn't to be a photographer, though. He just wanted to make enough money to buy a decent-sized farm. I wish I could have known him, but I was a youngest son, as was my father, so my paternal grandfather was long gone by the time I arrived. I wish, too, we could find some of his pictures.

And therein lies the problem.

It's hard to track down these old pictures, figure out who or what the subject really was and where it was taken, and finally identify the photographer who took it. In the Sunshine State we're lucky.

The collection at the Historical Association of Southern Florida contains roughly a million images of Florida and the Caribbean, most notably the photographs by Ralph Middleton Munroe and Claude Matlack and the talented photographers who served the *Miami News* for many years. In Tallahassee the Florida State Archives contains over 800,000 historical and contemporary images from all over the state.

Pictures from these and other historical organizations around the state show us the look of our promoters, developers, outlaws, politicians, con-men, serial killers, bikini beauties, sports heroes, rivers, lakes, swamps, boats, fish, birds and on and on. In other words they let us know what our state and our people looked like a century and a half ago and all the years since then.

The Historical Association of Southern Florida and the Caribbean, established in 1940, began collecting pictures in 1941. Its images include 1850s daguerreotypes from the William and Mary Brickell and Julia Tuttle family albums and the Carl Fisher papers. Its oldest dags, however, were not shot in Florida since there wasn't much down here in the 1850s.

By the 1880s Commodore Munroe was documenting the early days of Coconut Grove on glass plate negatives with a large, mahogany bellows camera. His pictures showed the people who lived here then, the scenery throughout South Florida and the lively boating activities on Biscayne Bay. These pictures constitute a superb depiction of Miami in the late 19th century. One of his pictures of the New River, taken in 1883, is the oldest photo among the 230,000 images in the collection of the Fort Lauderdale Historical Society.

The *Miami News,* which closed on December 31, 1988, presented the Museum with a vast collection of 20th century South Florida pictures. The range of the subject matter is enormous: celebrities, everyday Miamians, sporting events, government in action, civil rights events.

Most of HASF's pictures from the Caribbean depict life in the Bahamas and in Cuba, says Becky Smith, museum curator who faces the daunting task of cataloging and preserving these images within a collection which, thankfully, continues to grow.

Collections like this and Florida State Archives didn't just happen. The Tallahassee archives came about over many years through the hard work of Allen and Joan Morris. In 1947 Allen, who had worked for both the *Miami News* and the *Miami Herald* in his Miami hometown, began the compilation of his invaluable The *Florida Handbook,* combining Florida history, government facts and figures and an overview of the state's cultural life. In looking for pictures to illustrate his book he found that no one was, as he put it, "systematically collecting documentary photographs of people and places on a statewide basis."

South Florida History

Editors
Stuart McIver and Sara Muñoz

Editorial Assistance
Jodi Weitz, Becky Smith

Published Quarterly by
The Historical Association of Southern Florida

Miami-Dade Cultural Center
101 W. Flagler St., Miami, FL 33130
305.375.1492 • 305.375.1609 *fax*
publications@historical-museum.org
www.historical-museum.org
ISSN: 10773819

South Florida History magazine is a journal of popular regional history published quarterly by the Historical Association of Southern Florida. Receipt of South Florida History Magazine is a privilege of membership in the Historical Association, the Fort Myers Historical Museum, the Collier County Museum, the Clewiston Museum, the Boca Raton Historical Society and the Florida History Center & Museum.

The Historical Association of Southern Florida is a nonprofit cultural, educational and humanistic institution dedicated to providing information about the history of southern Florida and the Caribbean, and to the collection and preservation of material relating to that history.

This publication has been sponsored in part by the State of Florida, Department of State, Division of Cultural Affairs, Florida Arts Council and Division of Historical Resources, the Miami-Dade County Department of Cultural Affairs, the Cultural Affairs Council, the Mayor and the Miami-Dade County Board of County Commissioners, and members of the Historical Association of Southern Florida. The contents and opinions do not necessarily reflect the views and opinion of the editors of South Florida History or the Florida Department of State, nor does the mention of trade names or commercial products constitute endorsement or recommendation by the Department of State.

What he found was a vacuum. He filled it.

"The magic mirror of the camera enabled us to see the Florida and Floridians of yesteryear as words could not do," he wrote. "I liked to remember that the evolution of photography and the development of our state travelled parallel courses so the history of Florida could be photographically documented."

Along the way his wife Joan joined in the search, and since 1970 she has served the state as curator of the Photo Archives and for the past five years been the joint compiler with her husband of the Handbook. Each of them is also an author of many books on Florida.

"I must tell you," said Joan Morris, "that it was Allen's dream, knowing that there were at least three daguerreotypists who came through Tallahassee in 1845 to some day find a daguerreotype of the scene on the Capitol steps the day statehood was announced by Governor (William Dunn) Moseley."

Joan Morris believes daguerreotypes earlier than 1843 may be located in Jacksonville. She keeps looking.

The oldest photograph in the Archives is a high-angle view of downtown Key West, shot from a tower in the area of Front and Simonton Streets by a still unknown dag'typist. It probably was taken in 1850, says the man who tracked it down, Key West's Wright Langley, author, historian, preservationist, publisher, authority on Key West history, and relentless tracker of old Florida photos.

The oldest known Florida photos reside just where you would expect—in St. Augustine, the country's oldest city. These dags were shot in 1846, probably by a military officer stationed at Fort Marion while awaiting action in the Mexican War. One shot was of the St. Augustine City Gates, the other of Fort Marion, now called by its original name, Castillo de San Marcos. Again we do not know the name of the photographer who shot it.

One day some one will come up with an even older picture and maybe the name of the photographer. Wright and Joan Langley are not the only ones scouring the countryside. Richard Punnett, an author of children's books, and his wife Yvonne, who winter in Ormond Beach, continue their search.

Teams seem to do well in chasing pictures. Floyd and Marion Rinhart, who used to live in Deerfield Beach, Floridiana Beach and later Fort Pierce, sought daguerreotypes all over the country. Floyd, who was an executive with Lindley Lumber Company, and his wife authored *Victorian Florida,* a magnificent photo journey along the Florida east coast from Jacksonville to Key West.

You may have some great Florida pictures in an old trunk nobody looks into any more. Root around. You may find old pictures your friendly neighborhood historical society would love to have, a picture of an important pioneer or of the town's first schoolhouse, torn down long ago without a trace. Help us hang onto our memories and put a face on them. ***–SFH***

Since this column was written, Wright Langley, a major figure in preserving our history, died unexpectedly in Key West. He was only 65 but in those 65 years he achieved so much—and gave so much back. The author of seven books, Wright ran Langley Press, with Joan Langley, his wife of 42 years. He was a former executive director of the Historic Florida Keys Preservation Board and former Key West bureau chief of the Miami Herald.

The Fall '99 Mystery Photo Contest Winner was Peter Schmitt of Miami, FL.

around the galleries

HISTORICAL MUSEUM OF SOUTHERN FLORIDA

Historical Museum of Southern Florida, Miami-Dade Cultural Center, 101 West Flagler Street, Miami, 305.375.1492, 305.375.1609 fax, hasf@historical-museum.org, www.historical-museum.org. Open Monday through Saturday, 10 a.m.–5 p.m.; Thursdays until 9 p.m.; Sundays, 12 noon–5 p.m. Closed Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's Day. Adults $5; Children 6-12 $2. Members Free.

SPECIAL EVENTS

World Premier of the film, *Skin The Cat*
Thursday, November 9, 2000
6:30 p.m.
Historical Museum of Southern Florida
Attend the world premier of Skin the Cat, a 90-minute film that delves into the strained relationships between African Americans and Haitian Americans. This special viewing will take place in the museum's theater. Skin the Cat begins in the heart of an African American middle class community as the St. Fluer family looks on at their new home and Joseph St. Fluer proclaims that it is their gift from God. But not everyone in the family shares his enthusiasm or belief that the new home is a blessing. Joseph's older brother, Jarvis, warns him that moving into a neighborhood where Haitian Americans are conspicuously missing could be a curse. Jarvis has not forgotten the "curse" endured by the immigrant brothers when they were growing up in the 1970s, as they fled everyday after school from their peers, who were, ironically, African American. Admission is $5 for adults. The film contains adult themes and language. For more information, call the Historical Museum at 305.375.1628.

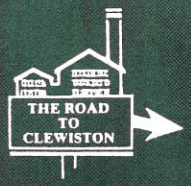
Harvest Festival
Saturday and Sunday, November 18-19, 2000
10:00 a.m.–5:00 p.m.
Dade County Fair & Exposition Center, Coral Way and SW 112 Avenue.
If you've started shopping for that perfect holiday gift, you might want to stop by the 25th annual Harvest Festival presented by the Historical Museum of Southern Florida. More than 300 craft artists will display items ranging from wood crafts to toys and miniatures, quilts and much more. Also, historical reenactments, a display of antique engines and cars (Sunday only), folk arts, delicious food and great entertainment. Admission is $6 for adults, $2 for children (5-12). Call 305.375.1492 for more information.

Eighth Annual Miami International Map Fair
Saturday, February 3, 2001—9:30 a.m.–5:00 p.m.
Sunday, February 4, 2001—noon–5:00 p.m.
Antique map dealers and map experts from all over the world join this eighth annual event for hobbyists, collectors and dealers of antique maps. Browse through a marketplace of prominent dealers showing and selling their maps or bring in your own map for an expert opinion. Maps are available in all price ranges. Admission is $5 for adults, $2 for children (6-12) and free for children under 6 and museum members. Call Marcia Kanner at 305.375.1492 for more information on the entire Map Fair weekend.

SPECIAL EXHIBITIONS

Ritmos de Identidad: Fernando Ortiz's Legacy and the Howard Family Collection of Percussion Instruments
September 8, 2000–January 21, 2001
In celebration of the singular sound of the Latin beat, *Ritmos de Identidad* explores the African roots of Caribbean music through the work of Cuban scholar Fernando Ortiz and Dr. Joseph H. Howard. This dynamic and energy-filled exhibit features more than 80 traditional and contemporary handmade secular and sacred percussion instruments from the Caribbean, Central and South America, and Africa. This bilingual exhibit also includes photographs, memorabilia, video and music.

At the Crossroads: Afro-Cuban Orisha Arts in Miami
February 23, 2001–July 8, 2001
In an effort to give the Orisha community the chance to present and interpret its arts to the general public, *At the Crossroads* highlights the work of more than 25 of Miami's leading Orisha artists, examining their careers and creative visions. The exhibit will also explore the history of the Afro Cuban Orisha religion, Orisha philosophy and symbolism, and local ceremonial practices.



Clewiston Museum, 112 South Commercio Street, Clewiston—863.983.2870. The Clewiston Museum, founded in 1984, is a growing museum, collecting and displaying items, large and small, important and trivial, which reflect the past of Clewiston and its surrounding area. The Clewiston Museum is open 1–5 p.m. Tuesday through Saturday, with seasonal adjustments. No admission fee is charged; however, donations are encouraged.

The Historical Society of Palm Beach County, 400 N. Dixie Highway, West Palm Beach, FL 33401—561.832.4164. A nonprofit membership organization devoted to collecting and preserving archives and artifacts pertaining to the history of Palm Beach County and Florida. Make local history a part of your life and join as a member to help support this effort. You will enjoy lectures and special events, discounts on historical books and research fees. Office hours are Mon.–Fri. from 9:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m. Research hours are by appointment Tues.—Thurs. from 10:00 a.m. to 3:00 p.m. The Palm Beach Winter Antiques show, a major fund-raising event benefiting the Historical Society, will be held January 13th–16th, 2000.

Collier County Museum, 3301 Tamiami Trail East, Naples—941.774.8476. The Collier County Museum explores the people, places and everyday events that have shaped Collier County's heritage. The museum and four-acre historical park are open Monday—Friday, 9 a.m.–5 p.m. Free.

Special Events

Collier County Museum's 12th Annual Old Florida Festival
November 3-5, 2000 — *9 a.m.–5 p.m.* A family-style adventure, this year's festival features more than 100 reenactors, craftworkers, entertainers, and musicians who will chronicle 6,000 years of Florida's history. The festival will also include a special tribute to the veterans of World War II and will recall Florida's part in the war effort from 1941-1945. Admission is $5.00 for adults, $2.00 for students and free to children 8 years and younger.

Florida History Center & Museum Burt Reynolds Park, 805 North U.S. Highway 1, Jupiter—561.747.6639. The Florida History Center & Museum is open all year. Examine artifacts from early Florida inhabitants in the permanent museum collection and view the traveling exhibits. Open Tuesday through Friday, 10 a.m.–5 p.m. and weekends 1–5 p.m. Closed on Mondays. $4 adults; $3 seniors; $2 children. The Jupiter Inlet Lighthouse is open Sunday—Wednesday, 10 a.m.–4 p.m. (must be 48″ tall to climb.) For information: 405.747.8380. $5. The Dubois Pioneer Home is open Sunday and Wednesday, 1 p.m.–5 p.m. $2.

Fort Myers Historical Museum, 2300 Peck Street, Fort Myers—941.332.5955. Open Tuesday through Saturday, 9 a.m.–4 p.m. Closed Sundays and Mondays and most holidays. Admission is $6 for adults and $3 for children ages 3–12. Museum members are free.

African, Caribbean and Latin Drums are Celebrated with

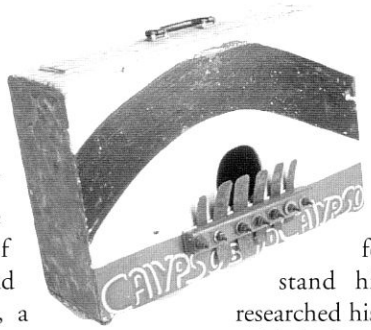
"RITMOS DE IDENTIDA

at the Historical Museum of Southern Florida

In celebration of percussion arts and cultural traditions, the Historical Museum of Southern Florida is presenting *Ritmos de Identidad: Fernando Ortiz's Legacy and the Howard Family Collection of Percussion Instruments.* The exhibit opened on September 8 and will continue through January 21, 2001.

Organized by the Smithsonian Center for Latino Initiatives, *Ritmos de Identidad* provides a multimedia exploration of the African roots of Caribbean music, taking audiences on a powerful and educational journey. *Ritmos de Identidad* means "rhythms of identity," which illustrates the connection between music and self-discovery.

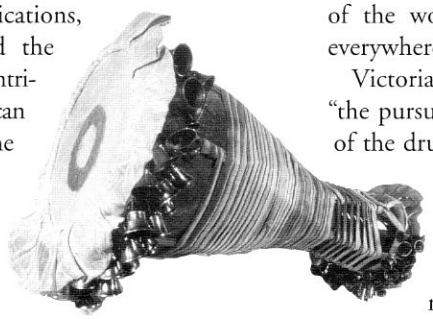
Dr. Steve Stuempfle, Folklife Curator for the Historical Museum, calls *Ritmos de Identidad* the "ideal exhibition for Miami, given our location as a crossroads of the Americas and a microcosm of the African Diaspora."



This bilingual exhibit traces African Caribbean musical connections by examining the lives of Fernando Ortiz, the pioneering scholar of Afro-Cuban culture, and Dr. Joseph H. Howard, a collector of musical instruments from the Caribbean, Africa and around the world. Ortiz and Howard never met personally, but their mutual passion connects them to each other and to the polyrhythmic flow of Caribbean life.

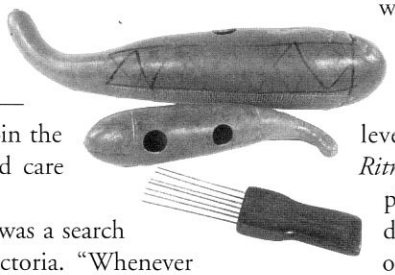
Fernando Ortiz (1881-1969) was one of the preeminent intellectuals and public figures of twentieth-century Cuba. Born in Havana, Ortiz grew up in Menorca, Spain and received a doctorate of law from the University of Madrid in 1901. When Cuba became independent the following year, Ortiz embraced Cuban citizenship and served as a consular officer at Corunna, Genoa and Marseilles. In 1906, he returned to Havana and was appointed a prosecutor.

Ortiz's early studies of Afro-Cuban culture reflected the racial prejudices of the time. An advocate for social justice, Ortiz is considered a pioneer in his field. In countless books and other publications, he investigated the far-reaching contribution of African traditions to the culture of Cuba.



Dr. Joseph H. Howard (1912-1994) was born in Venezuela of African, European and East Indian ancestry. He grew up in Chicago, where he was fascinated with rhythm and drumming, and went on to earn a doctorate in dental surgery at the University of Illinois. Howard practiced oral surgery in Los Angeles for several decades, arranging his professional life so that he could dedicate a part of the year to his collecting.

As a man of mixed descent living in the United States, Howard felt compelled to understand his multi-ethnic self. He researched his collection thoroughly and published several books and articles about it. Collecting, studying and playing drums was his passion. In the course of his life, he and his wife Bootsie amassed a collection of over 700 drums and other musical instruments from throughout the world. This unique treasure represents musical traditions in Asia, the Pacific region, Europe, Africa and the Americas.



The Howards made their quest a family affair, involving their children—Brock and Victoria—in the acquisition, study and care of the collection.

"With my Dad, it was a search for identity," says Victoria. "Whenever we asked, 'Who are we, what are we?' he would point at the drums and say, 'You are the fruit of the cross of cultures and of the pride they bear. You are children of the world's cultures, you are from everywhere, like the drums.' "

Victoria describes her father's quest as "the pursuit of identity through the eye of the drum." He understood drums as sources of cultural history and embraced them as symbols of pride.

In *Ritmos de Identidad,* more than 80 rare musical instruments from the Dr. and Mrs. Joseph H. Howard Family Collection are on display at the Historical Museum. Included are hand-painted sacred and secular drums, rattles and other percussion instruments from the Caribbean, South America and West Africa. The collection is on loan from Victoria R. Howard.

Instruments and artifacts are enhanced by videotapes on the lives of Ortiz and Howard, as remembered by their daughters. A variety of audiotapes introduce visitors to Caribbean and African musical styles. The exhibition also includes books, photographs and memorabilia related to the career of Fernando Ortiz.

Miguel Bretos, Senior Scholar and Associate Director for the Smithsonian Center for Latino Initiatives, served as senior curator for *Ritmos de Identidad.* He enjoyed observing visitors as they toured the exhibit while it was on display at the Smithsonian's Arts and Industries Building earlier this year.

"I have been especially moved by the reactions of children," Bretos said, "Almost without exception, kids loved it. (The exhibit) is beautiful and exciting to look at; it is educational on many levels—and it is just fun. *Ritmos de Identidad* is a good place to ponder the tremendous cultural contribution of Africa to the New World and the enriching diversity of our societies."

The national tour of *Ritmos de Identidad* is made possible by the generous presenting sponsorship of Texaco.

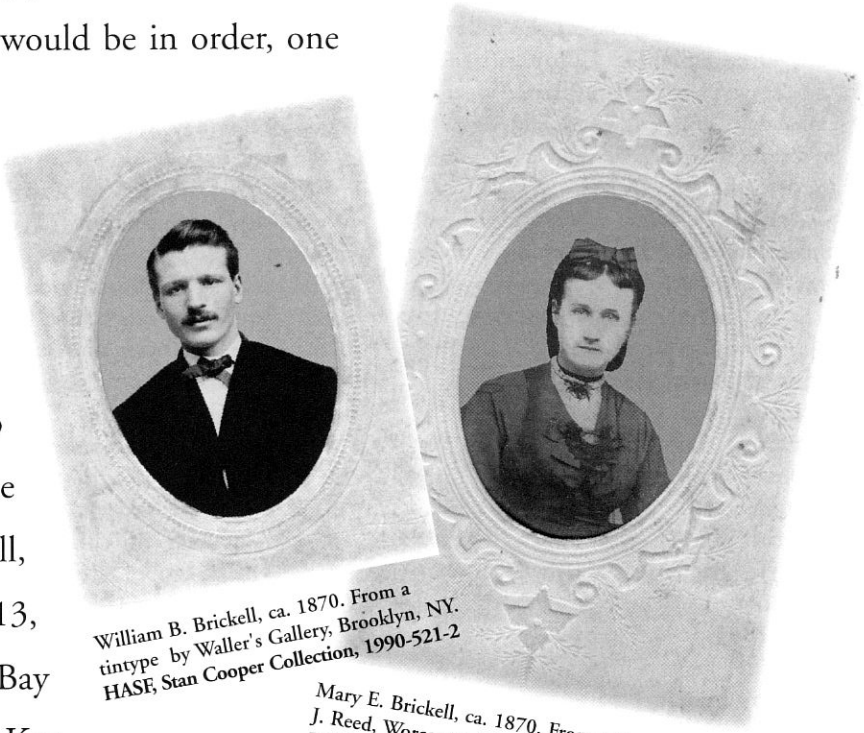
"Music is a product of our heritage, a cultural phenomenon that possesses the unique ability to shape both history and identity. Texaco is proud to sponsor Ritmos de Identidad," said Claude P. Moreau, Vice President for the Caribbean and Central American region of International Marketing and Manufacturing. "This exhibit uniquely illustrates the importance and influence of Hispanic music worldwide."

The Historical Museum will host several public programs, including concerts, family activities and panel discussions, in conjunction with the exhibition. For more information, call 305.375.1492 or visit www.historical-museum.org. ***–SFH***

Not everyone liked the Brickells

By Dr. Joe Knetsch

Imagine sailing gently across Biscayne Bay, the on-shore wind pushing your craft toward the silvery shore with its backdrop of tropical foliage outlining a small store on the bank. After a day on the Bay, the salty air and warm sun have given you a wonderful appetite for food, drink and conversation. Perhaps a party would be in order, one of those relaxing, entertaining turn-of-the-century ice cream socials.



William B. Brickell, ca. 1870. From a tintype by Waller's Gallery, Brooklyn, NY. **HASF, Stan Cooper Collection, 1990-521-2**

Mary E. Brickell, ca. 1870. From a tintype by H. J. Reed, Worcester, MA. **HASF, Stan Cooper Collection, 1990-521-1.**

Such an event could have been described as follows; "It was our good pleasure to attend an ice cream party at the residence of Mrs. Mary Brickell, on the evening of September 13, where the elite of Biscayne Bay gathered and a number from Key West. Real terpsichorean enjoyment was participated in, when the announcement rang through the hall inviting all to partake of ice cream and cake.

This was a genuine treat, as our ice factory is many miles away, and it is very seldom that we indulge in such luxuries. After enjoying the ice cream and cake, the dance was renewed, and continued until the little small hours of the night. All who were present felt that it was good to be there, and the memory of it will always occupy a pleasant spot in our hearts. To our hostess and fair daughters, many thanks are due for the kindness extended to us, and we sincerely hope that we shall meet again."

Such a way to end the perfect day on the frontier of South Florida, prior to the coming of the railroad. The Brickell girls (mother included) were indeed "fair" but also very hard working. The family was always noted as business-like and thrifty, each member having a specified job to perform for the benefit of the family. Ralph Munroe, author and adventurer, noted that even when they had experienced both the poverty of the frontier and the wealth of the dawning urban age, "nothing could disturb their industrious, cheerful, well-ordered lives, which still wholesomely proceed much as they began."

Writing in the *Tropical Sun,* in mid-1892, a reporter of the day stated, "I speak of this family 'The Brickells' as thrifty from the fact that the whole family seems always at work for the benefit of the family—they seem to have no one to obey as they all know their duty. The mother is seen as often as the father attending to business. The young sons sail their own vessel, the young ladies attend to the large store and deal with the Indians. For twenty-one years, this hive of industry has worked and prospered until they now own ten-thousand acres of the best land in Dade, and hence the most valuable in America. When the railroad is assured to Biscayne, the possessions of the Brickells will make them millionaires, but Mr. Brickell was wealthy before he came to Miami."

Brickell house, ca. 1900 HASF 1983-17-3

It was also this hard-working family's fate to be very successful in accumulating this vast realm, by Dade standards of the day, and bringing upon themselves the jealousy and envy of a large number of people. Some of the disliking of the Brickell family came from the rather unique nature of the father, William B. Brickell. George Parsons, a man of some acquired learning and an early neighbor of Brickell, once described him as "mean and petty, and further, not really a man." He also said that he should be wearing woman's clothing (based on how he behaved).

...the whole family [the Brickells] seems always at work for the benefit of the family—they seem to have no one to obey as they all know their duty... For twenty-one years, this hive of industry has worked and prospered until they now own ten-thousand acres of the best land in Dade, and hence the most valuable in America.

Ralph Munroe stated, "Brickell had a picturesque history, which lost no color in the telling. Some of his yarns were extraordinary, and at times doubted by many. He had had strange experiences, and his vivid and colorful imagination, a natural part of the temperament which enjoyed such a life, could not resist dramatic exaggeration."

As proof of Brickell's ability to enhance the truth, Munroe noted the story of the fifteen-foot sweet potato that Brickell said had to be cut with a bucksaw. In his memoir, Munroe also discusses the Brickell trading post and the Seminole Indians' relationship with the owner. He states that the trader had given a faulty fifteen dollar pair of field-glasses to an Indian customer who thought this a bargain, though the surprised Munroe thought they were made of plain glass. The implication of Munroe's statement is quite clear, he believed Brickell was not being fair with his Indian clientele.

More tellingly, the March, 9, 1893 edition of the *Tropical Sun* ran the following, "Anybody who goes to Biscayne Bay will hear lots about Mr. Brickell. He has his friends, and those who can hardly be termed by that name. He is a somewhat eccentric character. Some of the people think he has been an obstacle to the development of Biscayne Bay, on account of refusing to sell land at reasonable prices. During the past few years, many wealthy people have attempted to acquire a few acres of front on the Bay from Mr. Brickell, but without success. Recently, he has had his property surveyed and cut up into large lots. However, he will not sell to anyone unless they will bind themselves to erect a certain class of residence. We are told, though we cannot vouch for the truth of the report, that his price is in the neighborhood of $1,000 per acre. Under these circumstances, his neighbors look upon him as a detriment to the country. For many years, Mr. Brickell has done a very heavy business at Lemon City, Buena Vista and Coconut Grove. This has diverted a large amount of his trade. The Indians, however, still stick to Brickell and swear by him. The gentleman referred to owns about 2,000 acres, which comprises three miles of the finest bayfront. This, with Mrs. Tuttle's, is land certainly embracing the cream of all that can be found in the way of land on Biscayne Bay."

It would appear, therefore, that the unusually imaginative Brickell, with his vast acreage on the bayfront, had aroused the ire of his neighbors by being "eccentric" and not being willing to give the land to the johnny-come-lately developers at low prices. The Brickells had come to Biscayne Bay as early as 1871. Their roots lay in Ohio, and many of those who accompanied William Brickell and his friend E. T. Sturtevant (the father of Julia Tuttle) were also from the Buckeye State. Indeed, even part of the dwelling house of the family was shipped down from up north in sections and reassembled on Brickell Point, if one can believe the story published in the *Tropical Sun* on April 29, 1891. Also, his politics ran contrary to many who had settled in the area, being a strong Republican. But, the Brickell house was the most substantial on the bay early on, and many of the more important political meetings, including County Court sessions, were held in their home or in the store. In the sometimes heated exchanges of frontier politics, it can be easily presumed that Brickell's social and political positions sometimes rubbed people the wrong way, even if the meetings of the County Commission were being held on his property and the potables were being provided by the store-owner, commissioner.

Maude Brickell (left) and Josie Hinton with stuffed alligator, ca. 1905. **HASF, X-759-13.**

Mary Brickell, the second wife of William Brickell, frequently appears as the true type of Victorian matriarch. By the late 1870s, according to research done by Margot Ammidown, she had assumed the property management from her husband, having all properties assessed in her name. At the time of this change in business relations, the Brickells held 2,423 acres. This acreage was being assessed at $3,700, against William's strong protest. He sought to reduce that amount by about half. Mary, too, came in for her share of criticism, again from the same George Parsons, who referred to her as a "vile woman." During the 1880s, she oversaw the efforts of the family to acquire the Lewis and Hagan Grants, which bordered the Miami River. She was only partly successful in this effort, and the family claim to a share of the John Egan tract was eventually lost in a court action. As noted previously, Mrs. Brickell was seen as often as the father attending to business.

At the beginning of the 1890s, recent correspondence was found that indicated that the Brickells were being targeted by their critics for many transgressions and reported to officials in Tallahassee and Washington. Again, the main reason for this criticism was the large amount of land held by the Brickell family. Much of this criticism came from rival land dealers and others who wanted to develop the land for their own personal benefit. Some claimed to be homesteaders, while the majority claimed to be representing clients who wanted the land for homesteading. It does not take long to see the real reason for the sudden increase in this criticism. The coming of the railroad and the opening of the canal promised to make Biscayne Bay into one of the premier resort areas in the country. Wealth expected from the land ownership led to a tremendous flurry of real estate activity. With the Brickells holding so much prime land on the bay, they were a natural target for some rather unscrupulous letter-writers.

...the main reason for this criticism was the large amount of land held by the Brickell family. Much of this criticism came from rival land dealers and others who wanted to develop the land for their own personal benefit.

In early 1891, former Key West clothing merchant L. W. Pierce moved into the new settlement of Motto and immediately began dealing in real estate. One of his early clients, Joseph W. Wagner, was trying to get some land near the bay. He was also attempting to homestead some of this prime property. However, he appeared to have not received all of the information sent by the secretary of the Board of Trustees of the Internal Improvement Trust Fund, the agency assigned to sell state-owned lands. On June 3, 1891, he wrote to L. B. Wombwell: "I received your letter of the 23rd, but I never received the map and bulletin. It is likely that someone at some of the Post Offices may have came across them and are holding them until such time as they can right and try to get the land. So, I shall leave for Key West in about four days time. As soon as I arrive in Key West, I will send you a draft for four hundred dollars to take up the 320 acres. So, please do me the favor to hold it for me in July—if anyone should send to you. After all, the Pine Apples is Planted..."

Pierce had already written Wombwell on May 11, 1891, to ask about the land and requesting the map and bulletin. In this same letter, he noted that the land wanted was situated between the Miami and Little Rivers and that this land was particularly fertile. He estimated that in three months' time, the land would be growing thirty-thousand pineapple slips and also "alligator pears" (avocados), mangoes, lemons and limes. He speculated that the reason for this wonderful growth potential was the existence of phosphate under the soil, an allusion to the boom in this mineral that the state was then experiencing.

However, by August 27, 1891, he had begun to suspect the Brickells were behind the delays in his getting title to the land. He noted to Wombwell that the "Brickell girls" were trying to get title to the same land that Wagner and he wanted and that, "the Brickells own half of Dade County now and yet they are not satisfied." The main reason for suspecting the Brickell girls is that Alice Brickell had been postmaster for the area since 1880, and therefore had access to the mail coming and going to anyone in the Biscayne Bay area. Nearly everyone who wrote to the Trustees referenced sending their deeds or other documents to Mary Brickell, even though Alice was the official postmaster. Mrs. Brickell was active on behalf of others as well as the family. J.W. Ewan, sometimes called the "Duke of Dade," had much of his property-related correspondence directed to Mrs. Brickell, as did Joe Jennings and James A. McCrory, as least at first.

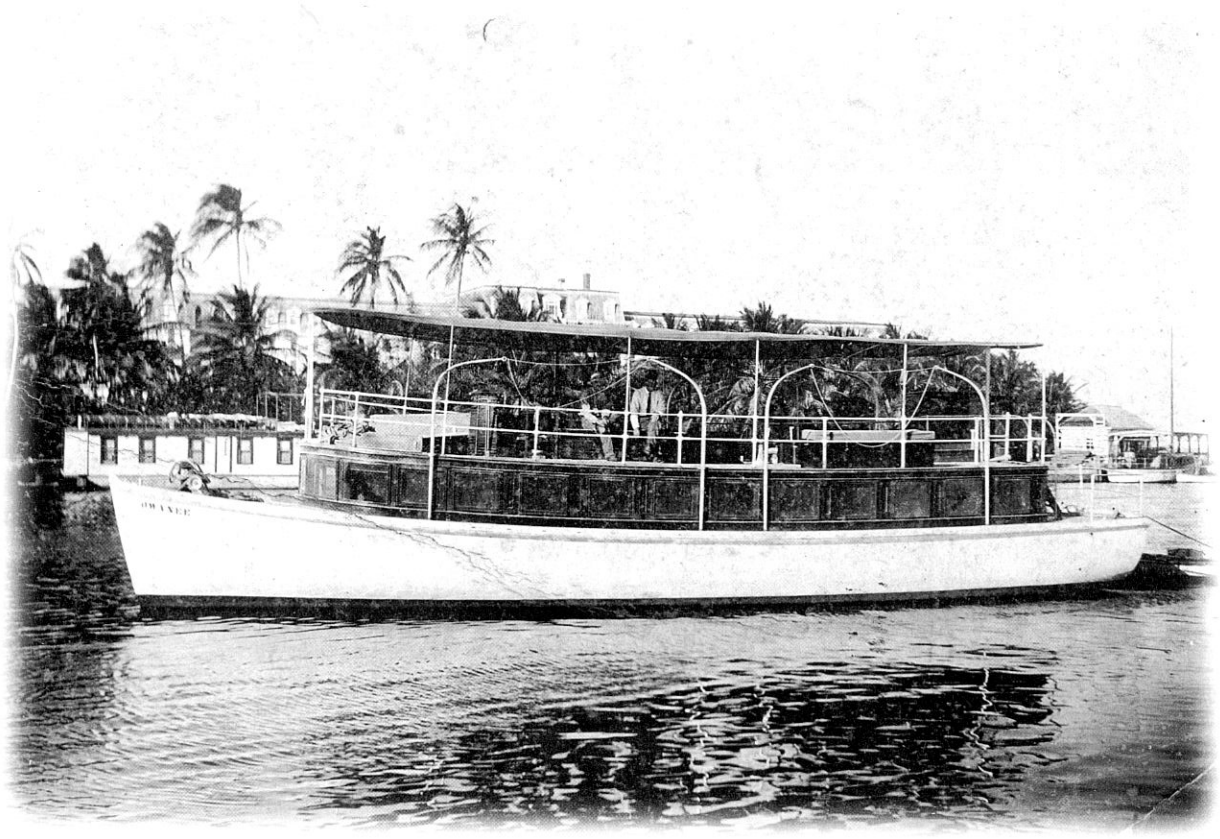
On March 16, 1891, McCrory sent a letter to Wombwell sending along eighty dollars to purchase the southern half of the southeast quarter of Section 33, Township 53 South, Range 41 East, where he had begun his homestead. Half of the money was drawn on an account at the National Bank of New York, the other half in cash. McCrory soon, however, had some strong statements of his own to make against the Brickell holdings and operations. Writing on behalf of an unnamed client, McCrory wrote to Wombwell that everything was not going well in Dade County and that he suspected the Brickells of mail-tampering. He stated, "I have very strong suspicions that your letter was detained and opened by a post mistress here, of which there are five of them - all women (a bitter republican family) and regular land grabbers. If any of the Brickells (Mary, Alice, Maud, Edith, Charlie, William or William B. Brickell), have written to you in connection with Section 4 and 5, or applied to enter or buy any of it, you will do me the favor to suspend any such purchase or

entry until I investigate the matter, as I consider that they have taken advantage of me by opening your letter to me and detaining it two weeks to get the opportunity of applying for the land before I could do so. I have made complaint to the P.O. Inspector and sent him the different envelopes showing the crookedness. The envelope in which your letter of December 28th was enclosed had the appearance of fresh mucilage on it from being closed again, and the print of dirty fingers in pressing it down. The Brickells have over 8,000 acres of land in Dade County and have never improved one acre. The citizens here are very much opposed to them getting anymore, as it keeps out settlers from entering."

These harsh words reflected the intensity of the competition for land on Biscayne Bay, and also the standard attitude of those who were not in the position of the Brickell family. McCrory was personally interested in a fractional part of Section 5 for the purpose of planting fruits and coconuts, the craze of southern Florida. It turned out that the Brickells were interested in that particular section of land and were more concerned, at that time, with Section 35, of Township 53 South, Range 41 East, parts of which they eventually acquired.

The role played by the Brickell family and the criticism under which they came in the early 1890s must be looked at in the light of the history of the time. Biscayne Bay land was very important to the further development of a number of communities, many established in the hope of the near completion of the railroad and/or the canal. The Brickells, by owning large amounts of land from modern Broward County south to near Key Largo, engendered some envy from those wishing to get rich from the coming development. The close-knit family unit that the Brickell family obviously presented to outsiders made them seem a minor conspiracy. Being in positions of power, either as postmasters or commissioners, made them easy targets for the criticism reported above. The Brickell family, of course, knew of this criticism

Brickell home on Brickell Point, ca. 1906. Brickell family on downstairs and upstairs porches. William B. Brickell is seated in front on entrance.
HASF, gift of Miami News, 1982-023-4.



Brickell family yacht moored in the Miami River. Hotel Royal Palm in background. ca. 1900. **HASF X-773-2.**

and were undeterred in their quest to solidify their holdings and develop them as they deemed in their best interests. Much has already been written about Mary Brickell's laying out a great portion of the land south of the Miami River with the aid of surveyor William C. Valentine, and her sometimes difficult negotiations with Henry Flagler. Yet through it all, the Brickell family remained one of the more important groups to develop Miami and the lands along Biscayne Bay. Without their efforts, we may not be able to enjoy some of the things we consider the essence of Miami. ***–SFH***

BODY LANGUAGE

1931 STYLE

BY SUZANNE BARNETTE

Florida without automobiles. Unthinkable. Fortunately , we have an ample supply of automobile dealers, happy to sell us as many as possible. In South Florida, a major figure in distributing cars to Floridians is the King dealership in Fort Lauderdale. *In Letting the Heart Lead,* Suzanne Barnett has written the engrossing story of the King Family. We are excerpting a short portion of her book, covering the 1930s when they came here, first to Hialeah and then to Fort Lauderdale.

For George King, 1931 was a big year. He discovered a correspondence course in salesmanship that would become his roadmap to success.

Secrets of Selling, copyrighted by the Hargraves Systems, promised to enhance his selling technique, and he studied it diligently. It promised to "make you a powerful Law of Knowledge producer-as Applied Knowledge is Power-instead of a Law of Average hit and misser." Its theory was that unless you know yourself and your buyer, you do not know how to present your ideas or strong selling points and are guessing about the biggest factor in success: the human element.

It was a revolutionary combination of sales techniques and a philosophy which was a precursor to the body language studies of recent years. Hargraves' teachings, however, were much more detailed than whether a person "closes up his body" by crossing his arms across his chest. They were also more amusing. Much of the information about potential buyers consisted of analysis of physical types, based on appearance. For instance:

"The Bridge of the Nose gives you a true indication of whether Mr. Buyer is a Wrangler or a Fusser. If the buyer has a Hump on his Nose, he is naturally argumentative-if the Nose is Sway Back, regardless of what he says, he is only a Fusser. You are sure to kill your sale if you allow yourself to be drawn into an argument with the Humped Nose Buyer—but if you do not force the argument with the Sway Back Nose Buyer, you will never sell him. Go easy with the Big Nose Buyer-he has great moral courage. Force the Sway Back Nose Buyer—he only fusses-and, unless you press your point, you will allow his sputtering to beat you."

It is no wonder that Florida stayed on George King's mind. He continued to read how the state had pulled out of the devastating twenties, survived the Depression, and was now doing very well. Growth figures were up and, once again, Miami sounded like the place to be for someone with set goals and determination to reach those goals. The Sunshine State was on another roll, and George wanted to roll with it.

Before winter set in, George loaded his little family once more into their Chevrolet and headed south, with a trailer holding all their worldly possessions hooked behind. They returned to their duplex in Hialeah, which had been rented for most of the past nine years.

George was sure he could get a job selling Chevrolets. He had great recommendations from three Chevrolet dealers besides Nash-LaFayette, so what dealer would not be thrilled to get such a star salesman? His self-confidence was high as they crossed the Florida state line and headed down the peninsula—his Florida dreams once again coming into focus.

Upon their arrival in Hialeah, they found a new Florida. Between the 1926 Bust and the Depression era of the early 1930s, Miami had not had much of a chance to recover; however, as the decade passed, Miami became one of the best places to be because the rich were still coming in the winter and the not-so-rich were coming to stay, hoping to find a better life in the land with twelve months of sunshine.

When the Kings arrived on their first trip in 1925, railways controlled the economy of South; Florida. Now, ten years later, the growth of commercial aviation was a major factor in Miami's development. By 1935, Pan American World Airways was connecting Miami with most Central and South American countries.

George and Mary King in 1932, with daughter Ollie Ann and son Louis, at the home of George's parents in Grahamville, Kentucky.

Eastern Airlines had daily flights between Miami, New York, Chicago and intermediate cities. Many of the airplanes roared over the King's Hialeah home as they landed and took off for distant points from the Miami airport.

Miami Beach was coming into its own. Most of the new hotels being built in 1935 were in a new architectural style known as Art Deco. They indicated the return to prosperity for South Florida.

One other development also increased the prosperity. After the Depression, the state was desperate for new revenue sources and found a hot one: in 1931, Florida legalized gambling on horse and greyhound racing. This was perceived to be such a good move that two years later slot machines were added to the list of pleasures offered in the Sunshine State.

George had read about all this return to prosperity and could hardly wait to get back to South Florida. He planned to get the trailer unpacked and his family settled in, and then to find the Chevrolet dealer. He was sure he would have a job the first day, since he had never had a problem getting a job before. But this time George ran into some difficulty being hired at the only Chevrolet dealership in town.

Harold Welbaum was the manager at Miami's Southland Motors when George, dressed in his finest suit with shoes shined, every hair in place, and with the confident frame of mind he had learned in his salesmanship courses, arrived to see him on a Friday morning. Welbaum looked over George's completed application and thanked him for coming in but said he did not need another salesman. He shook George's hand, turned and walked away. This wasn't exactly what George had been expecting.

Sometime after that moment at the dealership, George managed to get his hands on a handful of contracts. He had either made a friend real fast among the company workers, or he "just happened" to have some blank contracts left over from St. Louis and just crossed out that dealer's name. Whatever the case, George decided he would show Welbaum how good he was. He had to. He was down to his last $15, with a wife and two children to support and no family to depend on within a thousand miles.

George thought about where he would find potential car buyers and decided to go to the Farmer's Market. Without an album presentation, or a car to demonstrate, all he had was his look-'em-in-the-eye-and-persuade-'em technique. And that he did. Five people at the Farmer's Market signed contracts and gave him cash deposits for their new Chevrolets, sight unseen, from Southland Motors.

Monday morning, George could hardly wait for the dealership to open. He was ready for Mr. Harold Welbaum. Anyone who ever knew George would be sure that he arrived at Southland before the doors opened, ready with his ammunition to bag his new job. As soon as they opened, he strolled in to Welbaum's office and spread out the five contracts and cash deposits on the sales manager's desk. Welbaum was speechless for a few seconds before he could say, "You're hired."

Now an official Southland salesman, he attended his first sales meeting that Monday morning. Welbaum had a blackboard on the wall with the names of the salesmen listed in order of their rank according to the number of cars sold for the month. The topic for that meeting was "Goals" and Southland's top salesman said his goal for the month was to sell 15 new cars.

George sat up, thought for a minute—competitor that he was—and with a gleam in his eye, proudly stated that his goal for the month was to sell 16 new cars. When the month ended, their number one salesman had sold 16 and their new man, King, had sold 15. The next month, however, Southland's former number one man sold only 15, and their new top performer sold 17. George King was never second again. His name was always at the top of the board.

The next month, however, Southland's former number one man sold only 15, and their new top performer sold 17. George King was never second again. His name was always at the top of the board.

George was a well-liked addition to the Southland staff. They soon were calling him "Kanetuck." This was a nickname many Northerners gave to people from Kentucky. Some say it was because of their Midwestern-Southern accent, with Kentucky being just south of the Mason-Dixon line; others say it was a name given to Kentuckians by the Indians. But George did not care what they called him as long as his name was at the top of the list.

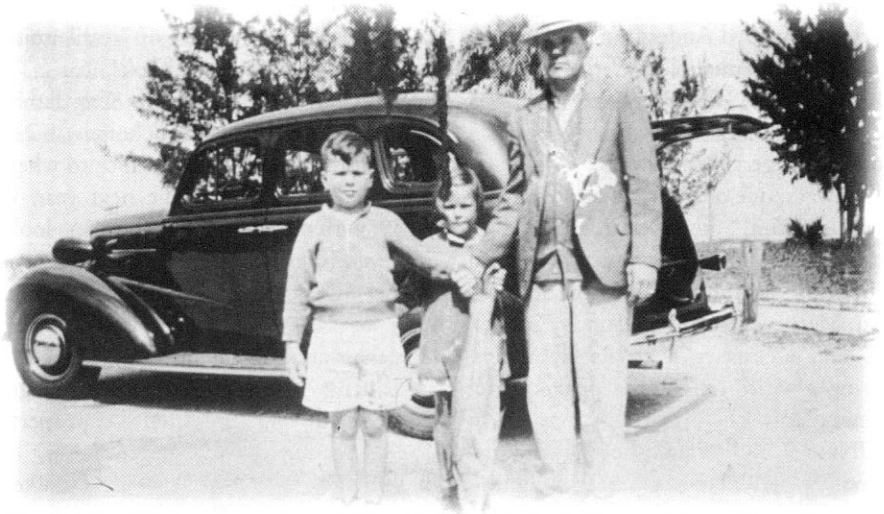
While George concentrated on selling cars, Mary got the house running smoothly. She enrolled Louis and Ollie Ann in school, and then found a job teaching in Hialeah. Their Kentucky families wrote faithfully, keeping them up-to-date on everyone.

George was such a man on a mission that his children seldom saw him except on Sunday. The rest of the week he was gone before they were awake, and did not get home until after they were in bed. He was chasing his dream, and his long hours paid off: at last he was able to start saving some money.

George did not just sell a car, he also sold George King and often established long-standing friendships with his customers. Soon after going to work at Southland, one of their Chevrolet customers, Mrs. Effie Vining, came to the dealership because she had been told she 0

When she came into Southland, George happened to be there and, thinking she was looking for a new car, introduced himself. She explained her problem, and the former mechanic offered to take a look at the engine. He adjusted the timing and saved her considerable expense, for which she was very grateful. Soon after that, she also met Mary and the children, and their families became friends.

Family Sundays remained a tradition for the Kings in Florida, just as their Kentucky families had set aside the Sabbath as their day of rest. Mary always made sure they found a home church nearby, where she usually ended up



The legendary fish that was caught with Mrs. Effie Vining in 1937. Shown is George King with son Louis and daughter Ollie Ann.

teaching a Sunday School class, and George handed out business cards and arranged demonstrations of the latest model Chevrolet. After church they took their weekly automobile ride, getting acquainted with South Florida, always stopping at an outdoor hot dog stand for a foot-long hot dog. No one enjoyed family life more than the Kings.

They also enjoyed sharing their life with their Kentucky relatives. Even though the one-thousand-mile distance between Paducah and Hialeah seemed much further during the thirties, the young family stayed close to their relatives, visiting back and forth. One summer, George's sister Mae came to visit and to drive Mary and the children back to Kentucky to see their family. Aunt Mae's visit included a day-trip to the beach that created some excitements.

Mary and Aunt Mae sat on the sand, laughing and talking, Louis and Ollie Ann waded in the ocean. Suddenly, they stepped into a hole and were in deeper water. Neither of them could swim very well and as they struggled and yelled, Mary and Aunt Mae thought they were playing. A lifeguard ran out to rescue them, and it was a close enough call that it was written up in the *Miami Herald.*

The next day, Mary hid the paper because she was afraid George would see the story and think she was irresponsible. He was indeed furious when another Southland salesman told him that he had read about George's two children almost drowning.

In spite of such events, George loved living in Florida. His sinus problems had greatly improved and, as they did little things to improve their home, he started planting crotons, a sub-tropical plant with multi-colored leaves. As George King never did anything halfheartedly, crotons became a great passion for him, and he planted every variety he could find.

He also enlisted his two offspring to be in charge of gathering fertilizer for his plants. Since Hialeah was still largely undeveloped and most of their neighbors had cows, he offered to pay Louis and Ollie Ann ten cents a bucket for all the cow manure they could pick up. The youngsters were determined to get rich and please their father at the same time, so they stood with buckets in hand, waiting and watching their suppliers.

While Louis and Ollie Ann manned the bucket brigade, George was selling cars and keeping abreast of any new developments in the automobile industry. He heard that the Oldsmobile dealership in Fort Lauderdale was for sale. He drove up to Fort Lauderdale and met owner D. C. Alexander, the developer of Fort Lauderdale Beach, who confirmed the fact and told George he wanted $4,000 for the business. Mr. Alexander wanted to retire and give up his agency due to ill health.

George had done well at Southland Motors and, with Mary's teacher's salary supplementing their income, had saved $1400. As he drove back to Southland he pondered the situation and wondered where he could borrow the additional $2600. Suddenly, he had a brainstorm.

In becoming friends with Mrs. Effie Vining, George had learned that she had a passion for fishing, which he hated. But he decided to put his persuasion skills to the test and instructed Mary to pack a picnic lunch as he invited Mrs. Vining's family to join them for a Sunday afternoon outing. Louis remembers, "Off we went, Dad, Mother, Ollie Ann and I, with Mrs. Vining and her two daughters, on the Tamiami Trail to the Gulf Pier in Naples. I'm sure it wasn't luck, but that ten minutes with a cane pole, wire line and a shrimp became very important to our future.

"Dad soon had a twelve-pound snook on the deck. Mother had packed everything she needed to prepare the meal. She built a fire, pulled out all the ingredients, and we had a fried fish picnic next to an old wooden grocery store that stood close to the pier."

After much conversation about the Oldsmobile business, they returned to Hialeah, where Mrs. Vining counted out 26 one-hundred dollar bills. Louis relishes telling the story which he concludes by saying, "Enjoy snook whenever it's offered to you!"

Fort Lauderdale was a sleepy little town with 7,000 residents in 1936. When anyone inquired as to how to get there, they were told, "It's the stop light between Miami and Palm Beach." George King, however, was thrilled with its potential.

He completed the deal with D.C. Alexander and became the owner of his first business, with Mary and Mrs. Vining joining him on the board of directors. He immediately sent a one-sentence Western Union telegram to the Oldsmobile Zone in Atlanta which read, "My name is George King and I am now the owner of your dealership in Fort Lauderdale."

The Oldsmobile brass thought that a bit unconventional and wondered who this upstart was. They soon found out. KING MOTORS was born.

George rented a showroom and a one-mechanic stall at 419 South Andrew Avenue. His landlord was Foster Hunter, who operated an independent repair shop down the street. It was "auto row," with Desoto dealer Frank Sawyer next door, and Studebaker and Pontiac dealerships down the street. Powell Motors, the Ford dealer, was only two blocks away.

Oldsmobile kept inventory for small dealerships in warehouses scattered throughout the country. The Florida warehouse was located in Jacksonville. Five vehicles would have been considered a large inventory, and replacements were one car at a time. George would sell one, and then put a driver on the train to Jacksonville to pick up another.

The move to Fort Lauderdale was monumental. The King family moved into the Broward Hotel on Andrews Avenue while they looked for a house to rent. When the children were told that their hotel room had twin beds, they didn't know what the street stand with a young entrepreneur by the name of Boyd Anderson. Boyd would grow up to become Clerk of the Broward County Court, then Broward County Judge. His name now graces one of Broward's largest high schools.

As always, one of the King family priorities was to find a home church, and they began attending Park Temple Methodist Church in downtown Fort Lauderdale. Soon, Mary was teaching a Sunday School class and George was an usher, always wearing a white suit with a pocketful of business cards.

KING MOTORS flourished. When early success demanded more space for the introduction of the new 1938 models, George moved from Andrews Avenue to 217 South Federal Highway, at the corner of U. S. 1 and SE Second Court, just north of Las Olas Boulevard. Broward pioneer and land developer M. A. Hortt became his landlord as George opened the only new car dealership on Federal Highway.

King Motor Company's 1938 staff pose beside a six-wheeler with two spare tires.

man meant since they had never seen a twin bed before.

In a few weeks, Louis and Ollie Ann were very happy to move into their new rented home at 215 NE 15th Avenue and start school in their new hometown. They rode bicycles and sold coconuts from a

George was going strong. He continued to study selling, building his library with books written by the experts on the art of persuasion. The more he learned, the more he wanted to know, and the more he knew, the more he sold. The more he sold, the more he wanted to sell. He was ecstatic at the end of his first year in business. He had sold twenty cars or "retail units" and had $16,000 on the books.

With sales increasing, the King family moved into a nicer rented home, at 217 NE 15th Avenue, just next door to where they had been living. The next year, in 1939, with the future of the business looking even brighter, George bought a home at 921 SE 8th Street in the Rio Vista section of Fort Lauderdale, trading their Hialeah duplex as the down payment and assuming the existing mortgage. Concerned that the Hialeah property could possibly have some termites, he pulled out a twenty dollar bill and asked his realtor, R.T. Hodges, if he could find the "right" inspector. Hodges refused the money, but assured him that there were no serious problems in the sturdy home George had built a decade earlier.

Both George and Mary were thrilled with their new home, which came completely furnished, even down to a set of "pigeon blood" dishes named for the deep red trim that circled the edge of each piece. The property also had a garage apartment that provided living space for Ira Williams, KING MOTORS' only mechanic, and his wife Mary. This trade-off means that the rent would be considered as part of Williams' salary, thereby reducing cash outlay for the business. George was always thinking of ways to save money.

Louis and Ollie Ann lived for school to be out because each summer they headed to Kentucky to spend time with their King grandparents and with Aunt Dot and Uncle Bubba Rossington, who took care of Grandpa Rossington and the farm. It was a summer of work and adventure.

The train that took the youngsters to their relatives was named the 'City of Miami' and ran from Miami to Chicago. Mary prepared her children for the long train ride back to her homeland by printing tags, which she pinned to each child's chest to advise the conductor, "Please put off at Fulton, KY."

She packed a beautiful picnic basket for their trip and gave them enough money to buy a fried chicken lunch at the Corinth, Mississippi stop. There the train was met

by a number of young black children selling their mothers' fried chicken and biscuits.

The train lurched on down the track taking them to their grandparents where they always arrived covered with soot, from the coal-driven engine's black smoke billowing in through the open wi dows.

The King used car lot in Fort Lauderdale in 1939.

Ollie Ann was a tomboy, and since Fort Lauderdale had mostly palm trees, she loved climbing the huge oak and maple trees on the Kentucky farms and playing on the big rocks in the streams that ran through the fields. She helped gather vegetables from the garden and cook dinner after the fire was built in the wood stove.

The King farm must have been more fun for a girl. Ollie Ann enjoyed working in the house with Mammy King, who would reward her with one penny for every fly she killed. She would save her pennies all week then spend her earnings for bubble gum and jaw breakers when the huckster came by with his store on wheels. Often there were King cousins around, since many of George's brothers and sisters had children and still lived in the Paducah area.

Mammy King loved having the little girl's help. Together they would gather cow piles to be watered down and poured over the flowers for fertilizer. Then, after supper, Mammy relaxed while her granddaughter rubbed her back with a dried corn cob, the pioneer version of a loofah sponge, a deed for which she was rewarded with marshmallows.

George was an innovator.

He saw another business opportunity: across the street from his new-car location, he set up KING MOTORS' used-car lot, the first lighted lot in Broward County.

Louis got to enjoy other activities, such as hoeing the corn, suckering and worming the tobacco, and "shocking" the wheat after it was cut with a sickle, gathering a good armful of the stalks with all the ends turned down and tying the bundle with strong twine. Once it was tightly tied together, the shock of wheat would stand alone on the ground. Such chores kept him busy from sunup to sundown.

Kentucky children learned that the purpose of wheat, corn, hay, vegetables and apples was to be preserved for food in the winter months, as well as to feed the livestock. It was a great education for them, as well as for the two little Kings who were destined to grow up on the Gold Coast of Florida. Each year, after a summer of country living, they boarded the train in August in order to get home and enroll in school back in Fort Lauderdale.

Business was good in 1939, with sales more than doubling in the two years the dealership had been open. George was an innovator. He saw another business opportunity: across the street from his new-car location, he set up KING MOTORS' used-car lot, the first lighted lot in Broward County. It had no fancy neon lights with the name of the company blazing, but it was lighted quite well, with a cord strung from pole to pole and bulbs hanging from the sockets. These simple bulbs were concentrated directly over two entryways where the KING MOTORS signs welcomed the general public.

George had a good product in Oldsmobile. The manufacturer was getting their message out, and production was breaking new records. In 1937, they had produced over 200,000 cars and offered an automatic safety transmission with four forward speeds as an option. It was the forerunner of the Hydra-Matic, introduced in 1939 on their 1940 models and the first fully automatic transmission to be offered on a volume basis. The new concept was exciting, and it generated a great deal of traffic in all of their dealerships.

Things were also good at home in Rio Vista, when the King family had a surprise. With Louis eleven years old and Ollie Ann nine, Mary discovered there would soon be another little mouth to

feed. Right before Thanksgiving, on November 18, 1939, baby Joseph Alvin King was born. Ollie Ann thought baby Joe was a little happy angel God had given to her, complete with blond curls and a constant smile. She scarcely let him out of her sight and loved to push him in his stroller.

Life was good in sunny Fort Lauderdale. Everyone went downtown on Andrews Avenue to shop. When George needed a suit, he had a choice between Archie Robbins' Men's Store and Pop Sterling's, a very small store nearby that had better prices than the stores on Andrews. Sears had opened the year the Kings moved to town, located where the Government Center Annex is today.

Every Saturday evening, there was a concert in the Stranahan Park Bandshell. After it was over, many of those attending crossed the street and went either to Brown's Restaurant and had dinner for fifty cents, or enjoyed a treat at McWilliams Ice Cream Shop.

The world seemed to move in slow motion in this little town the Kings called home. People who didn't want the fast life Miami was becoming famous for, but wanted the pleasures of Southeast Florida, started moving to Fort Lauderdale.

KING MOTORS was in the middle of the business section, where George saw the signs of prosperity all around him. He realized he would have to expand his dealership within a few years to handle the increased business that the growth was sure to bring. He began to look for suitable land and became aware of some property that he thought would be ideal to build a larger dealership.

It was located one mile north of the city limits in the Progresso sub-division. It had been a give-away real estate incentive during the land boom of the mid-twenties. Each lot measured 25′ x 135′ and had been a bonus gift for anyone purchasing "Florida Land/Farm Acreage." The buyers were mostly people up north who had made their purchases from newspaper advertising, and when they found out that the land they had bought was swamp, many stopped paying taxes on the "gift" lot in Progresso.

After George decided this would be his property, he went to the courthouse to check the records and identify the owners. The strip of nine acres was located on the 10th Street Causeway, which would become Sunrise Boulevard, and he eventually bought all of it, one lot at a time. Some of the lots were priced pretty cheaply at $125 but before he had massed all the land he wanted, he had to pay almost 500 times that amount for a single lot.

The world seemed to move in slow motion in this little town the Kings called home. People who didn't want the fast life Miami was becoming famous for, but wanted the pleasures of Southeast Florida, started moving to Fort Lauderdale.

His business continued to grow, because of his selling skills and the fact he now had five or six commissioned salesmen. In 1940, ninety units were sold and sales receipts topped six figures for the first time. George was thrilled when he looked at the adding machine tape and saw $108,000. To top off the great year, he was jubilant when cousin Gene Murphy and his wife arrived to visit over the New Year's holiday, and the two couples celebrated at the Miami Orange Bowl Parade.

The new decade began brightly for the King family. They saw no reason to think business would not continue its growth curve. The young couple were happy in their home life, their business, and in their church work. Mary was now expecting another baby, and George was teaching his sales techniques to his Oldsmobile sales team while thinking about a larger space. He knew he could depend on his other salesman, John Sartor, and his Jack-of-all-Trades employee, Winston Stokell, wherever the dealership was located.

Mary George King arrived August 24, 1941, two years after baby Joe, but she was not a healthy baby, developing pneumonia while still in the hospital. The fragile infant took a special place in her mother's heart and Mary King was especially sensitive to this tiny addition to the family, becoming her protector.

The responsibility of their home and children belonged to Mary, since her husband was up and out of the house before dawn while the children slept. Managing the money, however, was under George's control.

Mary would come to the dealership every Saturday on her way to buy groceries, and her husband would give her a $20 bill. That may have been the largest amount of money she ever had with her at one time during the early years. As a result of this early training, she rarely ever carried very much cash in her "pocketbook."

Mary had a nice home and drove a snazzy Cord car, built by the Auburn Automobile Company, but her life was very regimented, and seemed to replicate the lives of her mother and mother-in-law to a great degree. She would make her husband's breakfast before dawn and by the time he ate and left for work, it was time to get the children up and ready for school. After they left, she would tidy the house and do household chores, without the aid of modern conveniences. That would keep her busy until it was time to get ready for George's lunch-time ritual.

George came home each day for lunch at 11:30 sharp, took off his clothes, put on his pajamas, and sat down to a light lunch of either poached eggs, oyster stew, or even fruit and cereal. Exactly at noon, he would lie down and sleep for one hour, then get up, dress again in his second freshly-ironed white shirt of the day, and be back at the dealership by 1:30 to sell cars and run the business.

The evenings were no less regimented. George came home punctually at six o'clock for dinner, which consisted of meat and two or three vegetables. He would be upset if it was not served right on time. Mealtimes were quiet, with George lost in his thoughts and with no idle chitchat allowed from the children. Once dinner was finished, he returned to the store and Mary got the children ready for bed. They were asleep when he came home for the night.

Louis King (left) and George King (center) receive one of their many awards from General Motors in the 60s.

The only time George became upset was when he was not in control of some situation. For instance, there was a Fort Lauderdale real estate agent also named George King. With our George King's habit of being in bed by nine o'clock, he didn't take kindly to telephone calls that disturbed his sleep from people trying to reach the other George King. The real estate agent apologized when George complained, but patiently explained that he had no way to govern the calls when people asked the operator for George King's number, or looked in the telephone book.

George grew more tired and irritated each night and he finally came up with a creative way to get the other King's attention. He began letting the caller assume they had the right King, and started making verbal deals on whatever property the caller was interested in. This got the realtor King's attention real fast. It wasn't long before he found a way to divert his real estate calls from the automobile dealer.

The only day George varied his schedule was Sunday, when his ritual began with dressing in his white suit for Sunday School and church. After the ushers took up the collection, he went out for coffee, while the minister delivered the sermon, and he returned just in time for the benediction.

After church, if they did not have Sunday dinner at home, the family walked the three blocks to Davis' Cafeteria. The walk to the cafeteria was at a near trot in order to get there before the other downtown church members arrived. George always was first in line, with Mary and the children following. They were instructed to get all they wanted to eat, as long as the total was less than one dollar. After dinner, they drove around town to make sure the KING MOTORS signs were still up. ***–SFH***

The Spooky World of Cape Sable

By Harry I. Heller
(August 1, 1904 - January 16, 1990)

The Everglades, near Cape Sable

Harry I. Heller, Esq., born in Russia in 1904, emigrated to the United States when he was seven and settled in New Jersey. A graduate of Rutgers University, with a degree in law, he opened a law office during the depression years but later entered the family-building business. He met his wife Minnie in Miami in 1938, married her a year later, and honeymooned in Cuba. In 1974 they became Florida snowbirds, then moved permanently to Fort Lauderdale in 1982. He died on January 16, 1990, leaving behind many accounts of his travels around the United States.

His daughter, Nancy J. Cohen, aka Nancy Cane, of Plantation, has typed the story of his 1935 adventures in Florida, offering us an interesting look at Cape Sable in the days before it became a part of Everglades National Park. Married with two children, Nancy Cohen has lived in South Florida since 1971. As Nancy Cane, she is the author of the Bad Hair Day Mysteries, starring a South Florida beauty salon owner. Current titles are Permed to Death and Hair Raiser.

My friend Murray and I were vacationing in Miami during the winter of 1935. Both Murray and I had experienced these symptoms of wanderlust before, and we'd usually found a temporary cure by escaping to the simple life of the outdoors.

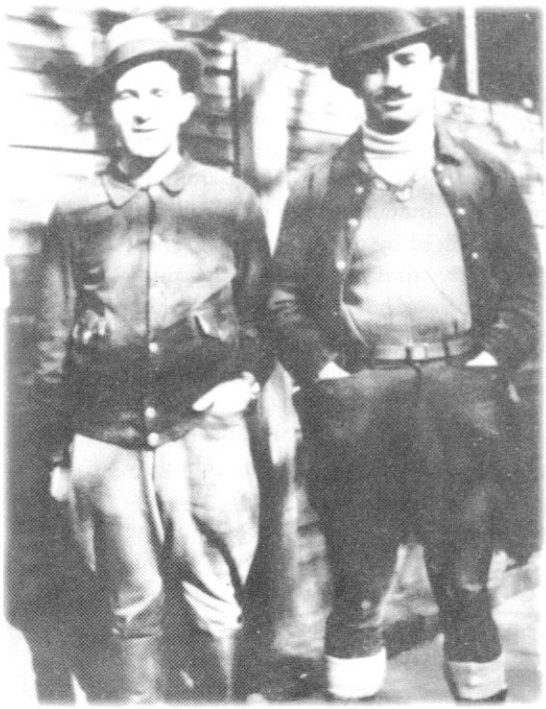
It was at this propitious time that another friend, Lester, appeared from out of the north with a dilapidated Ford piled high with camping equipment. We discovered another restless soul who was willing to do anything and go anywhere within reason as long as it was away from people and the hustle and bustle of modern-day life.

Our plans were vague at first, but not for long. Soon our tropical surroundings began to influence our imaginations. We began to remember stories we had read as children: stories that pictured ourselves living on a small island.

The Cape Sable Ford ready to be packed for the big trip.

Our dream had us living in a hut constructed out of palm thatch; sunbathing on a beach with no other human beings in sight, the only other living objects being scattered clusters of palms and coconut trees.

One morning found us in the town of Homestead and on individual searches for information. We did this more through force of habit than with expectation of finding an appropriate substitute for the island we had stopped hunting for. Murray returned with good news.



Harry Heller (right) and his friend Murray.

"Boys," he said, "I think our search has ended."

We listened eagerly to what he had to tell. He learned that about 60 miles distant from Homestead, at the extreme tip of the wildest and most desolate part of Florida, rested Cape Sable. A forest of Coconut Palms extended for miles along a beautiful and sandy beach, a beach that was lonesome and deserted and seldom visited by human beings.

Murray's informant had visited the spot, and in his estimation, it was as secluded a place as he had ever stumbled upon. With the exception of the members of a government boll weevil eradication camp and an occasional Indian, there was not a living soul within the entire area.

"Are you fellows willing to take another chance?" Murray asked. There was not a dissenting answer. Wasting no time, we refueled our car, replenished our water supply which we kept in a large galvanized can, and started on this new quest.

For many miles we ran over a good surfaced road that was lined with pine trees, but then, so gradually that it was hardly perceptible, the road and the nature of the country started to change. We began to pass clumps of dead trees which contrasted strangely with the live green ones amongst them. Finally, nothing could be seen but a thick cemetery of sun-whitened trunks and unhealthy looking brush. Jet black buzzards were perched everywhere, and occasionally we disturbed one of these scavengers as it was feeding in the road. It would fly away until we had passed and then return to its unsavory feast again.

Stagnant pools of water began to dot the drab and uninteresting landscape as we proceeded deeper and deeper into the mysterious heart of the Everglades. The highway narrowed until it was nothing but a tortuous wagon road.

Our car shook and shivered as we cautiously moved over the extremely bumpy surface. The brush had thickened until it was an impenetrable curtain from behind which came many unfamiliar noises. At other times, when we parked the car for an opportunity to catch our breaths (which the shaking car was continuously knocking out of us), we heard nothing but deep silence.

Occasionally, an opening would appear in the walls which hemmed us in, and we saw the deeply shaded canal that ran parallel to the road. The murky water that flowed sluggishly in it and the weird semi-darkness that covered it combined to give us the shivers. Now and then we would come to an open stretch of road where the brightness of the sun helped

to disperse the dismal feeling to which our surroundings subjected us.

Warned by the noise of our approaching car, black slimy snakes sunning themselves in the middle of the road slid quickly out of sight and into the protection of the dense brush. We tried to sneak up to an unusually large and repulsive specimen to take its picture, but it too left the vicinity as fast as it could move.

We were wedged in like so many sardines in the narrow front seat. Lack of room in the rear of the car had forced us all, as well as the bulky water can, to squeeze into the only available space. Each time the car heaved and pitched, the water overflowed its container and our legs were continuously being drenched by the precious fluid.

We sighed with relief after negotiating an unusually bad stretch of road. A little later we parked our dusty car and stretched our legs near a corrugated iron shack that was situated on the edge of an uninviting-looking pond.

Rattlesnake skin seen at a camp near Cape Sable.

We discovered the reason for the building when we saw that this body of water was as full of fish as an aquarium, and we realized that we had come upon the deserted headquarters of some sportsman.

The shelter was exposed to the blazing sun, and its rubbish-filled interior was as hot as a furnace. The one piece of furniture it contained, if it could be called that, was a rusty stove which was slowly falling to pieces. Whoever raised the question of spending the night in that unattractive place was quickly overruled, and we were soon on our way again.

Following a few more miles of slow progress, we began to run over gradually improving road. The jungle-like growths became thinner and began to be replaced by waist high grass. We passed a sign post from which all writing had been long obliterated by the blistering sun. A truck that carried government license plates sped by and filled the air with clouds of vision-obscuring and suffocating dust. Around a turn in the road, we saw a clearing filled with a dozen tents lined up with military precision.

Our car shivered to a stop before a wooden shack that was, for some unknown reason, elevated some ten feet above the ground. The only sign of life was a thin wisp of smoke which curled lazily from its blackened tin chimney.

However, our noisy motor brought a khaki-attired individual to the door, and we questioned him regarding the accessibility and distance to Cape Sable. We learned that we were approximately nine miles from our destination, that we would have to cross a wadeable stream of water to get to it, and that if we expected to obtain any water from the encampment to put the idea from our minds because they had to truck in their own supply from Homestead. We also ascertained that we could not obtain any of this precious fluid at Cape Sable, which considerably lowered our spirits.

Before us stretched an immense plain that extended monotonously into the distance. We did not always follow the narrow road that traversed it but sometimes we ran over the smooth grass-covered ground, which made an excellent roadway.

The only water we saw along the way was in drainage canals. At one time, we had a very narrow escape that might have had serious results had not our guardian angels been with us.

Racing along the road at breakneck speed, we went around a curve, and Murray and I gave a simultaneous yell of warning. A dozen feet ahead lay a canal bridged by two narrow planks just wide enough to accommodate our tires. By a quick application of the brakes, which nearly put our heads through the windshield, Lester managed to bring our car to a quivering stop just a few inches from the waterway. Our crossing was an extremely cautious one.

We put another canal behind us and finally came to the wildest one of them all, filled with racing water of a greenish, unhealthy looking color. We had reached the end of the road and took to our feet as we had been instructed to do.

Equipped with hatchet and two stout clubs for protection, we paraded single-file along the narrow and barely discernible trail, which ran along a ridge that

We began to see pools of discolored and slimy water on our left and as we went on our way, these were replaced by pools of treacherous-appearing mud. Gaunt, sun-whitened trunks of dead or partially rotted trees grew out of the slimy ooze as if nurtured by its foulness.

paralleled the canal. Because of the thick undergrowth and our fear of hidden reptiles and sun-basking alligators, we moved cautiously and held our weapons ready for instant use. We were happy, and our adventurous souls felt uplifted to the heights of ecstasy.

We began to see pools of discolored and slimy water on our left, and as we went on our way, these were replaced by pools of treacherous-looking mud. Gaunt, sun-whitened trunks of dead or partially-rotted trees grew out of the slimy ooze as if nurtured by its foulness.

Soon there was an immense and far-reaching forest of ghostly remains to be seen. Some of them were twisted out of shape as if they had died in terrible agony. The roots of these once mighty monarchs had become exposed in the surrounding slime and resembled thick and entwined masses of sleeping snakes.

We went deeper and deeper into the mangrove swamp, and it began to appear more and more like a hell on earth to us. As we gazed at our weird and desolate surroundings, we suffered a mixed feeling of emotions. The apparent unearthliness of the place, its unholy atmosphere, its brooding silence, which was disturbed only by screeching vultures that sounded like the crying of lost souls, turned our blood cold so that we shivered in the hot sun and knew what it meant to be in a cold sweat.

The fear of nameless things entered our minds as we hastened along. Yet the scene held an unexplainable fascination for us. We seemed to have somehow blundered into a primeval age and all of the terrors that it once held for primitive man were being experienced by us. Had a monstrosity of the dim past appeared before us from out of the slime, it would not have been an unexpected sight.

Home away from home for the Cape Sable explorers.

We came to another canal which intersected the one we had been following and saw the turbulent waters rushing together at the middle of the streams. We knew that it would be impossible to wade to the other side. We touched the bottom with a long stick and found it well over our heads. None of us could swim well enough to risk battling the rough current. Had we been able to do so, I think the thought of hidden alligators would have deterred us.

A boat was out of the question, and since there was no suitable material in the vicinity with which we could have built a raft, we came to the conclusion that our goal, which was practically within sight, was an unattainable one.

Although we were very anxious to see this immense grove of coconut trees and to explore the neighborhood for relics of Spanish adventurers, no tears were shed at our failure to reach our destination. Its proximity to the nightmarish place we had passed through, and the thought of sleeping so close to the fearful swamp combined to give us a feeling of relief rather than one of regret.

We wasted no further time contemplating the impossible and hurriedly began to retrace our footsteps to the car. We greeted it with an affection heretofore lacking.

But distance did not release us from the spell of the swamp. It had left an indelible impression on our minds. We were unable to cast off an unexplainable fear and loathing. We felt depressed as if we had just returned from a place of indescribable horrors. It seemed unbelievable that such a blight on the face of the earth should exist in Florida, a name that is synonymous with sunshine and joy.

On the way to our objective we had seen a deserted house situated on a desolate point of land facing an inlet in the sea. It was late in the afternoon, so we decided to spend the night in it.

This house was raised about ten feet above the ground, perhaps because of its proximity to the water or for protection from prowling animals and reptiles. Shaky steps led to the door which hung on one rusty hinge. Beyond it we found three rooms that were dirty. We discovered a woman's slipper among the rubbish, and it made us wonder what type of female had lived in this godforsaken spot.

The forlornness of our surroundings as seen from the windows, the dreary ocean (Florida Bay) stretching away to the far horizon and the emaciated coconut and palm trees, lowered our spirits still further. We felt like being any place but where we were.

Near the steps, we found a mystery in the form of partially-eaten birds. The grass that grew so high in the neighborhood tormented our imaginations as the night grew rapidly darker. It was not without reason that we felt gloomy and went about the preparation of our meal with very little enthusiasm, an enthusiasm which waned entirely when we could not find our hatchet and realized that its recovery would necessitate a return trip to a place we were not anxious to revisit.

Neither I nor my companions were able to eat more than a few mouthfuls of food. The bouncing around we had all suffered, the heat and the depressing atmosphere of the swamp had combined to give us severe headaches and a feeling of nausea that killed all appetite for food.

The somberness and isolation of our location made us feel very uneasy. It was as if some hidden menace was lurking nearby and waiting patiently for us to fall asleep before making its appearance. Off in the distance, a red glare, which flared brightly in the night over a wide front, attracted our attention, and because the wind was blowing in our direction, we became worried and were not overly anxious to go to sleep although we were very weary.

But we found a bar with which to barricade the door and when we finally lay down upon the cleared floor of one of the rooms, it was with our minds slightly relieved of misgivings.

The fire made us restless so that we slept fitfully, and one of us was continuously getting up to observe it. During our many conscious moments, we thought we heard something prowling beneath the house and the whimpering of some animal. The night seemed endless. Although we were all awake long before dawn, we remained in the safety of our quarters until the darkness had been completely dissipated by the welcome rays of the rising sun.

The rest had done us a world of good, and when we descended to the ground we felt like our old selves again. Our appetites had returned, and we began to prepare breakfast with a great deal of zeal, but it was short lived. I had occasion to go to the rear of the house and my appearance there frightened some hidden creature that ran off into the brush. The noise it made in its hurried departure convinced me that it was nothing small and I was not mistaken.

The animal stopped about 50 yards away and turned around so that I was able to see its huge cat-like face. I could not see the rest of its body because of the interfering brush, but I knew from pictures I had seen that it was a good-sized black panther. I stared at it and it stared back at me and continued to chew on the partially-eaten bird or whatever it held between its jaws.

Rather than being frightened, I was exhilarated at viewing this King of the Everglades in its native element. A yell summoned the boys to my side but made the beast retreat further into the brush and out of sight when we threw a few stones in its direction. We did not particularly care for such a neighbor and pulled out of the yard not many minutes after the animal was first seen.

As we turned our car back toward the swamp, some of the emotions we had experienced the day before began to return to us. But its magnetic spell made us want to look upon it once more.

It was with trepidation, therefore, that we approached the place where we had left the hatchet. We found it without difficulty, for it had been left on the outskirts of the awesome area. However, we could not resist a final glance at the swamp just to prove, as we tried to convince ourselves, that it was not as terrifying a place as we had thought, and we did so with regret. When we faced it again, all our loathing and fear returned with full force and we hastened away from the vicinity as if ten thousand devils were at our heels. ***–SFH***

...we could not resist a final glance at the swamp just to prove, as we tried to convince ourselves, that it was not as terrifying a place as we had thought, and we did so with regret. When we faced it again, all our loathing and fear returned with full force and we hastened away from the vicinity as if ten thousand devils were at our heels.

Reclaiming the Everglades

By Rebecca A. Smith

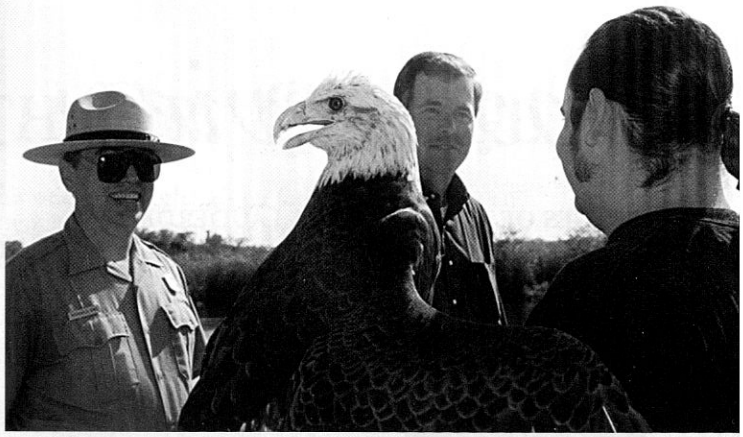
People hate the Everglades.People love the Everglades. Some want to preserve the region as a national treasure. Others wanted to change it, develop it and make their fortunes. Many, like Heller and his traveling companions, left written and photographic records of their travels, impressions and plans.

Beginning this fall and winter, discover many of these records on the World Wide Web. *Reclaiming the Everglades,* a two-year, collaborative project, is creating an online library of primary materials from the collections of the Historical Museum of Southern Florida, the University of Miami, and Florida International University, as part of the Library of Congress American Memory project.

Point your browser to www.historical-museum.org/history/everglades/everglades.htm, and follow the links to "cool stuff," as they say on the Web.

The Everglades Bill

On May 16, 2000, J. Allison DeFoor, II, Everglades Policy Coordinator for the Governor Jeb Bush, spoke at the signing ceremony for the Everglades Bill at Everglades National Park. Here is a brief version of his remarks.



Everglades National Park Manager Dick Ring and Governor.

Today history is made.

We stand today in an unbroken line that stretches back almost a century to 1905 when a brave group of women stood against the prevailing political winds of the age, which called for the development of the Everglades from coast to coast.

The women of the Coconut Grove Women's Club, who at the time could not even vote, recognized the beauty and true value of the Everglades, when the men and politicians did not.

They agitated to create a state park on this very site, Paradise Key, and gained the help of Mrs. Henry Flagler—Henry gave the land. This became the seed for all to follow. Then began the long march towards protection in which we are all now participants.

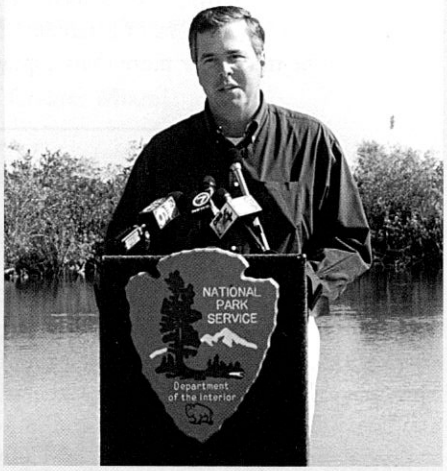
May Mann Jennings, wife of Governor William S. Jennings (he favored development of the 'Glades) was president of the state Federation of Women's Clubs. She joined the fight, and was present 30 years later when this national park was created. She enlisted an in-law, Ruth Bryan Owen (daughter of William Jennings Bryan, three times the party's nominee for President) in the cause. Serving as the first women congressman from the South, she wrapped a corn-snake around herself on the floor of the Congress to press her point.

Together they recruited Marjory Stoneman Douglas and her father Frank Stoneman, first editor of the *Miami Herald.* She wrote *The Everglades,* and he penned favorable editorials. His successor, John Pennekamp, not only wrote similar editorials, but played poker with the president of the Florida Senate to secure funding. Ernest Coe, David Fairchild and others joined the fray. After many battles, this national park was dedicated in 1947.

A then up-and-coming politician named Dante Fascell joined the parade, as state and federal governments worked together to protect America and Florida's Everglades. Another rising star named Bob Graham became an ally.

Citizen activists such as Nathaniel Reed and George Barley demanded to be heard on the issue.

So it is that we stand here today, with two governors, Napoleon Bonaparte Broward and Jeb Bush, standing as book-



Governor Bush speaks at Everglades bill signing.

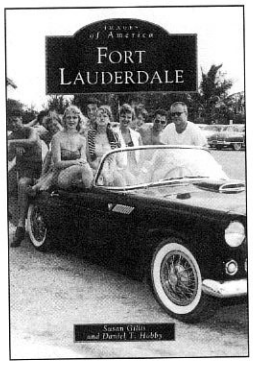
ends of a century of Everglades efforts, with the side of the ladies of the Coconut Grove Women's Club having prevailed. Who could have foreseen it in 1905? ***–SFH***

Staunch support for the Everglades at the signing ceremony for the Everglades Bill at the Everglades National Park.

book review

IMAGES OF AMERICA: FORT LAUDERDALE

by Susan Gillis and Daniel T. Hobby. Charleston, SC: Arcadia Publishing, 1999. 128 pages. $18.99.



By Stuart McIver

Fort Lauderdale is a welcome addition to Arcadia Publishing's series of books utilizing historical photographs to tell the story of American cities.

Authors Susan Gillis and Daniel T. Hobby have dug deeply into the Fort Lauderdale Historical Society's collection of historical photographs to select an illuminating group of pictures, dating from the 1880s until the days of one of the city's most famous but not always apprectiated institutions—Spring Break. And who better to do the digging? Hobby was the society's executive director and Gillis is its curator of collections.

The oldest photo in the book is a picture taken in 1884 by Coconut Grove's Ralph Middleton Munroe, a scenic shot of the New River without boats, people or houses to mar the wild beauty of the river before Fort Lauderdale embarked on an era of expansion that made it an internationally famed resort. This image, the authors believe, is the oldest known photo of the Fort Lauderdale area.

Well-documented is the arrival on the New River of Frank Stranahan, revered as the founding father of Fort Lauderdale. He came to the river in 1893, established a trading post. The book includes numerous pictures of Stranahan and of the Seminoles, with whom he traded for more than a quarter of a century.

The town's first school teacher was Ivy Cromartie, who moved up to Fort Lauderale from Lemon City and married Stranahan in 1900. Long after his death in 1928, she continued to play a major role in the affairs of the city and thus fittingly becomes the subject of the last picture in the book, a 1961 photo of the "Mother of Fort Lauderdale" seated on the second floor porch of the Stranahan House, overlooking New River.

Particularly interesting are the pictures of the 1950s and 1960s, partly because a great deal happened then but also because photography had made so many advances by this time. These were the days of Gene Hyde, a commercial photographer who had also shot many memorable pictures for the *Miami Herald.*

Upon his retirement Hyde donated over 200,000 negatives to the Fort Lauderdale Historical Society. Pictures from the Hyde Collection range from planes and ships to local leaders, from significant moments in the early days of the Civil Rights movement to the frolics of Spring Break. One of his Spring Break pictures graces the cover of the book.

A memorable 1961 Hyde photo shows a little girl swinging a big tennis racket at Fort Lauderdale's Holiday Park where she is being coached by her father. The little girl, of course, is Chris Evert, long before she won endless tennis tournaments as well as the hearts of tennis fans around the world.

In a small paperback format *Fort Lauderdale* gives us an entertaining glimpse at the blossoming of one of South Florida's most important cities.

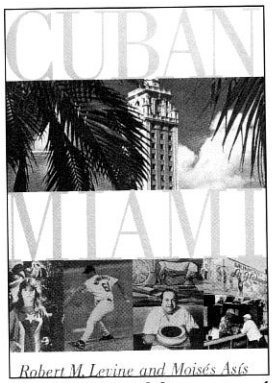
CUBAN MIAMI

by Robert M. Levine and Moisés Asís. New Brunswick, New Jersey: Rutgers University Press, 2000. 145 pages. $32.00.

By Rebecca A. Smith

The Miami region history began a new chapter on January 1, 1959, the day Fidel Castro took control of Cuba and the first of hundreds of thousands exiles fled the island to a new life in another land. Their lives changed and so, too, did South Florida.

Cuban Miami is a short history of Cuban immigration, exile, and experience in Miami-Dade County, and, as such, is also a partial history of the county during the final half of the twentieth century. In this book, one can learn Miami shorthand: the events and context that define often-heard, but not always explained terms,—boatlifts, airlifts, Freedom Flotilla, Pedro Pan (or is it Peter Pan?), Bay of Pigs, Cuban Missile Crisis, Mariel, Guantanamo, Elian. One can also sample the Cuban-American culture that thrives in Miami—businesses and customs that originated in Cuba, immigrated to Miami, sometimes stayed the same, and sometimes mutated into something new, part Cuban and part American.



Robert M. Levine and Moisés Asís

The slim volume contains many black-and-white photographs from a number of sources, including the Miami News Collection at the Historical Museum of Southern Florida. The accompanying captions are exceptionally informative; they make the pictures part of the story, rather than superficial illustrations that help sell books but do not add to the reader's understanding of the topic. I hope other picture-book authors will follow their example. A number of the photographs are of famous and ordinary Cuban-Americans, seen as refugees and as Miamians.

Cuban Miami can be read in an evening. I recommend it to anyone who wants a good introduction and overview of Cuban influence upon Miami's history and culture.

HISTORIC TOURS WITH DR. GEORGE

Dr. Paul George, the museum's historian, leads tours of South Florida's historic neighborhoods on foot, bike, boat, bus and Metrorail. For a Historic Tours catalog, reservations and prices, call 305.375.1621 or contact the Education Department at learn@historical-museum.org. Visit **www.historical-museum.org/educate/tours/tours 2001.htm** for more information.

Sun, Oc.t 29, 11 a.m.
Ghosts And Goblins Cemetery Walking Tour

Sat, Nov 4, 11 a.m.
Morningside Walking Tour

Sun, Nov. 12, 1 p.m.
Stiltsville/Key Biscayne Boat Tour

Sat, Nov. 18, 10 a.m.
South Miami And South Coral Gables Walking Tour

Sun, Nov. 26, 10 a.m.
Little Havana Bike Tour

Sat, Dec. 2, 10 a.m.
Art Deco Museum District Walking Tour

Sun, Dec. 10, 10 a.m.
Ft. Lauderdale's New River Boat Tour

Sat, Jan. 13, 10 a.m.
Stiltsville/Key Biscayne Boat Tour

Sat, Jan. 20, 10 a.m.
Historic Hollywood Walking Tour

Sun, Feb. 4 ,10 a.m.
Miami River Boat Tour

Sat, Feb. 10, 10 a.m.
Brickell Ave Walking Tour

Sun, Feb. 18, 9 a.m.
North Beach Bike Tour

Sat, Feb. 24, 10 a.m.
Homestead/Redlands/Old Cutler Bus Tour

Sun, March 4, 10 a.m.
Coconut Grove Brunch And Walking Tour

Sun, March 11, 10 a.m.
Ft. Lauderdale's New River Boat Tour

Sun, March 18, 3 p.m.
Coral Gables Bike Tour

Sat, March 24, 10 a.m.
Art Deco/Ocean Drive Walking Tour

Sun, April 8, 5 p.m.
Stiltsville/Key Biscayne Boat Tour

Sat, April 21, 10 a.m.
Downtown/Miami River Walking Tour

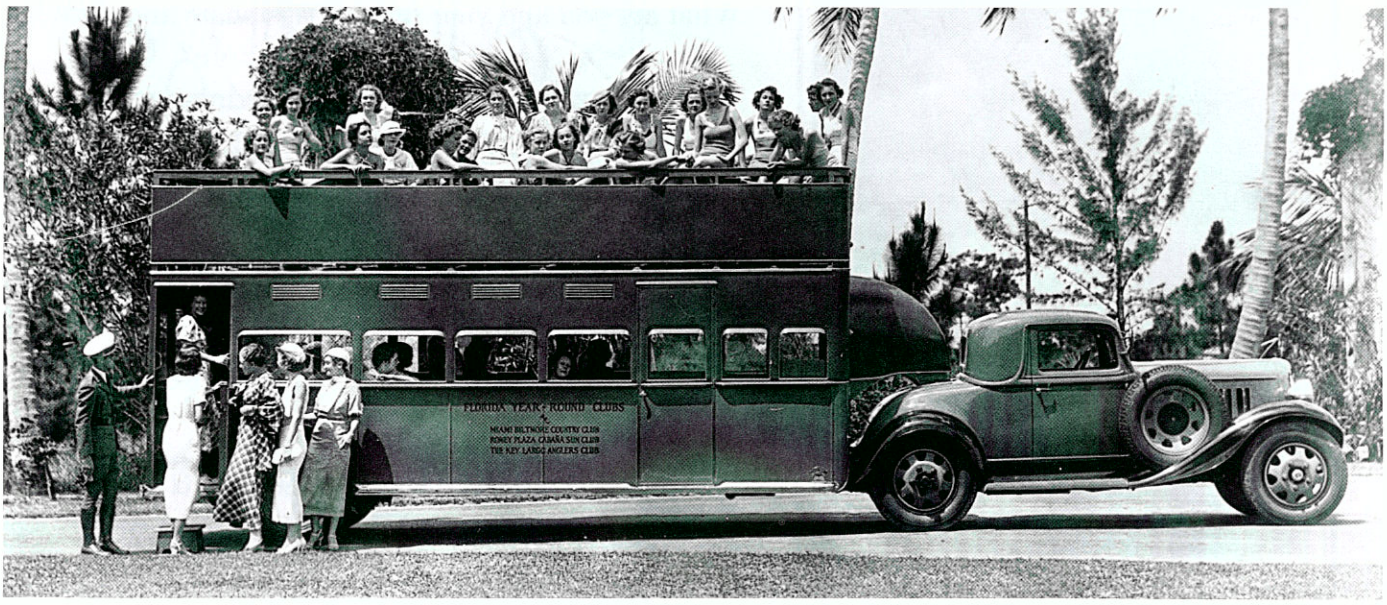
Sat, April 28, 10 a.m.
Coral Gables Bus Tour

Sun, May 6, 10 a.m.
Historic Biscayne Bay Boat Tour

Sun, May 20, 10 a.m.
"Birds-Eye" Metromover Downtown Extension Tour

Sat, June 2, 10 a.m.
Metrorail Tour of Greater Miami

Sat, June 16, 10 a.m.
Father's Day Stiltsville/Key Biscayne Boat Tour



World Beat Camp-In

A Night of Afro-Caribbean Drumming

Join the Historical Museum of Southern Florida and the Performing Arts Center of Greater Miami for an overnight musical adventure!

Inspired by our new exhibition, Ritmos de Identidad, World Beat Camp-Ins are a night of fun and excitement!

December 1, 2000 — Elementary School Students: Come learn basic hands-on Afro-Caribbean drumming and create a drum of your very own to take home!

December 8, 2000 — Middle School Students: Learn hands-on Afro-Caribbean drumming and explore different musical forms, such as Salsa, Merengue, and Samba!

December 15, 2000 — High School Students: Experience a night of Afro-Caribbean percussion with professional musicians and learn hands-on drumming techniques from the experts!

World Beat Camp-Ins are $35.00 per student.

The Camp-Ins start at 6:30 p.m. on Friday and end at 9:00 a.m. Saturday. Program includes an overnight stay at the Historical Museum of Southern Florida, a live performance by an Afro-Caribbean percussion group, one-on-one percussion instruction with an Afro-Caribbean drumming specialist, tour of the Ritmos de Identidad exhibition, art activity and all the fun that you can handle.

For more information and reservations, call 305.375.1492.

COME DISCOVER THE SOUNDS THAT GO BEAT IN THE NIGHT!

An exploration of the African roots of Caribbean music through the work of Cuban scholar Fernando Ortiz and instrument collectors Dr. and Mrs. Joseph H. Howard.

RITMOS DE IDENTIDAD

FERNANDO ORTIZ'S LEGACY AND THE HOWARD FAMILY COLLECTION OF PERCUSSION INSTRUMENTS

Now through January 21, 2001

Historical Museum of Southern Florida, 305.375.1492

Ritmos de Identidad is made possible by the national presenting sponsorship of Texaco

Organized by the Smithsonian Center for Latino Initiatives

Additional support is provided by the State of Florida, Department of State, Division of Cultural Affairs, Florida Arts Council and Division of Historical Resources, the Miami-Dade County Department of Cultural Affairs, the Cultural Affairs Council, the Mayor and the Miami-Dade County Board of County Commissioners, and members of the Historical Association of Southern Florida.

TEXACO | HISTORICAL MUSEUM OF SOUTHERN FLORIDA | Smithsonian