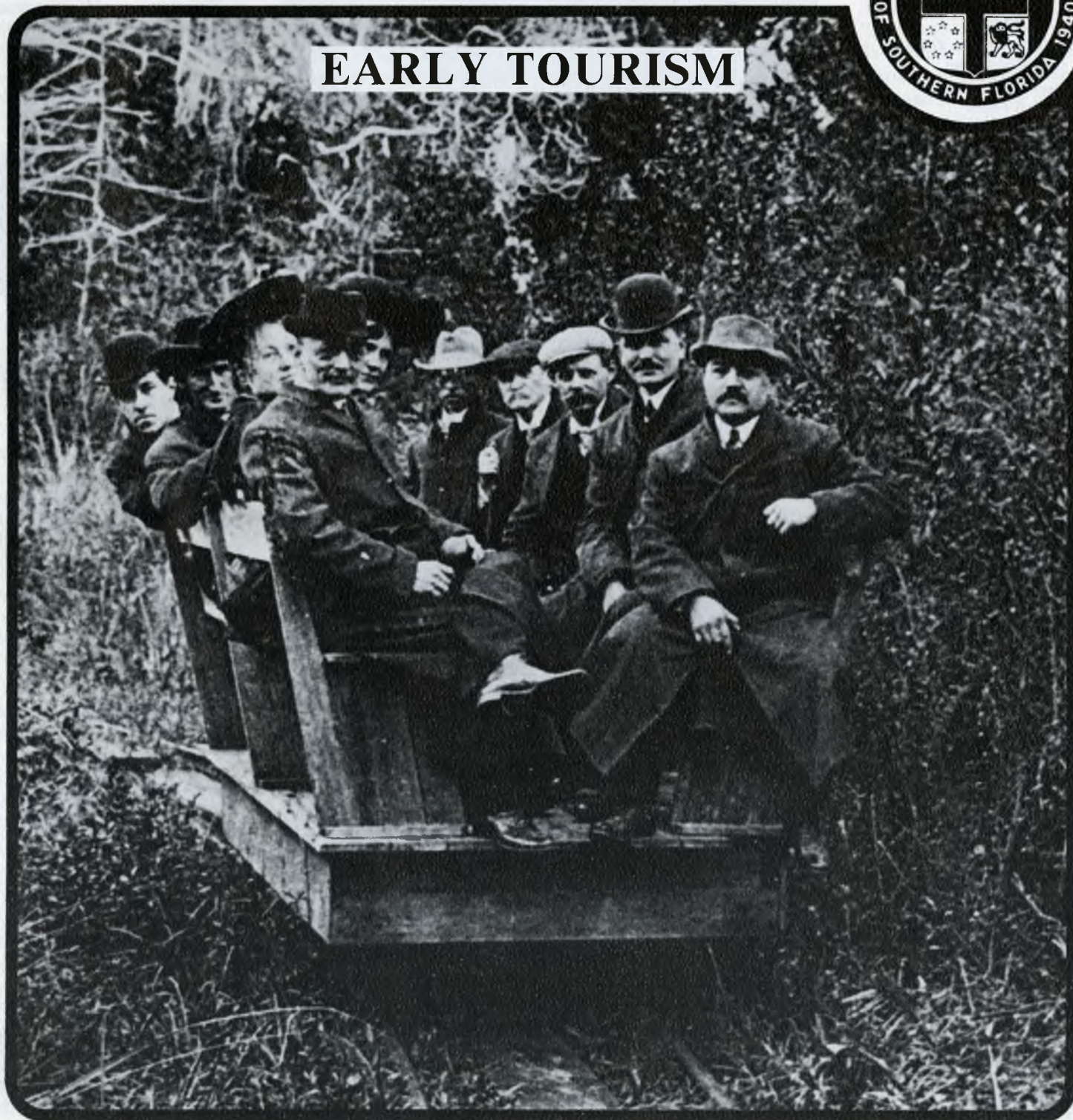


Update

EVERGLADES NATIONAL PARK
REFERENCE LIBRARY



EARLY TOURISM



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Tourists take a tram ride through the "Everglades" - to the city water pumping plant. C. 1902. (From old postcard, HASF Collection.)

UPDATE

UPDATE, Bi-Monthly Publication of the Historical Association of Southern Florida.

3280 South Miami Avenue, Building B, Miami, Florida 33129. Phone: 854-3289

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MUSEUM VOLUNTEERS

By Irene Shiverick

Volunteers have always been essential to the success of the Historical Association of Southern Florida. The HASF Board of Directors itself is a volunteer body, and numerous other individuals are at the museum daily performing tasks which aid the professional staff in the operation of the HASF facilities.

Randy Nimnicht, Museum Director, is greatly encouraged by this participation. For many months he has wanted to initiate an organization of volunteers so that more of the community can serve.

A steering committee of twenty, chaired by Mrs. Gordon Bowker and Mrs. Thomas Shiverick and including: Mrs. J. Admire, Mrs. K. Brandt, Mrs. W. Catlow, Mrs. T. D'Alemberte, Mrs. T. Cogswell, Mrs. B. Ezell, III, Mrs. L. Kanner, Mrs. S. Kellner, Mrs. L. Mank, Mrs. F. B. Matheson, Mrs. F. L. Matheson, Mrs. W. Munroe, Mrs. R. Nimnicht, Mrs. H. Norman, Jr., Mrs. F. Scher, Mrs. V. Shipley, Mrs. J. Tribble, and Mrs. R. Venney, hosted a volunteer recruiting brunch in January at Lyn and Talbot D'Alemberte's home.

At this event a slide program of museum functions was presented, including the activities of Docents (guides), Library Aids (cataloging, clipping, etc.), Shop Volunteers, and all phases of service to the museum. Other areas of service, such as Special Events and Fund Raising, which include a Benefit and Community Festival, were outlined.

If you are interested, or know of someone who might

be a willing volunteer please call: Pat Bowker, 667-0898, Irene Shiverick, 666-6982 or Randy Nimnicht at the museum, 854-3289.

We have many plans for the future - expansion of facilities and events so that we can reach every segment of Miami's community. We need your ideas and your help to realize these plans. Be part of this exciting future! Please call today!



Update is produced and distributed mainly by a volunteer group, with the able cooperation and assistance of the museum staff. We can always use a few additional volunteers, particularly in two areas.

We need one or two people who can help with the mailing, which involves operating an addressing machine, sorting addressed copies by zip code, and tying in bundles. We must do it a certain way because of postal regulations to merit the lower postage rate we receive. Time required, about half a day each two months.

Can you write a simple declarative sentence? We need one or two volunteer researcher-reporters, who can take an idea and develop it with a minimum of guidance or who can interview some of our older residents with a story to tell. The time required here is negotiable. Won't you call the museum and volunteer?

**ARCHIVES OPENS**

February 2 marks the opening of the Black Photographic Archives and Oral History Collection of pioneers in Dade County 1896 - 1946, at the Historical Museum. February 2 through 29, 1976, open weekdays 9:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m.

Sanctioned by Third Century U.S.A. as a Bicentennial Project, the Archives is sponsored by Dade County Public Schools.

"Hats Off to Miami's Black Pioneers", a Museum exhibit, will highlight first generation blacks who came to Dade County from many areas to blend together creating a unique culture. Monday through Saturday, 9:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m., Sundays: 12:30 p.m. to 5:00 p.m.

YESTERDAY'S CRAFTS ALIVE TODAY, FOR TOMORROW

The Historical Museum of Southern Florida presents "A Historic Crafts Exhibition and Demonstration" in conjunction with Elderly Service Division IMPACT Program of Dade County.

DATE: February 21 - 29, 1976

LOCATION: Historical Museum of Southern Florida, 3280-B, South Miami Avenue.

Phone: 854-3289, 854-4681

TIME: 9:00 a.m. - 9:00 p.m. Monday through Saturday and 12:30 - 9 p.m. on Sunday.

DEMONSTRATIONS: 10:00 a.m. - Noon and 2:00 to 4:00 p.m.

CONCERTS: Evenings, 7:30 p.m. - 9:00 p.m.

ADMISSION FEE: Children: 10¢
Adults: 50¢

DEMONSTRATIONS OF SPINNING, WEAVING, CERAMICS, CANDLE MAKING, RUG HOOKING, NETTING, PIECING AND QUILTING, GROSSPOINTE, MACRAME, NEEDLE ARTS, LACEMAKING, MARMALADE MAKING, CIGAR MAKING, SOAP MAKING, PALM WEAVING, CHINA PAINTING, VEGETABLE DYEING.

CRAFT WARES FOR SALE, CRAFT EXHIBIT FROM THE MUSEUM'S COLLECTION, QUILT SHOW, CRAFT LECTURES, ETHNIC FOODS, CONTINUOUS MUSIC, NIGHTLY CONCERTS.

INDIAN KEY: Dade's Most Colorful Twelve Acres

By Zee Shipley

Mike Schene of the State of Florida's Division of Archives, History and Records Management, presented the Association's December lecture on the history of Indian Key.

This twelve-acre key, situated 400 yards off U.S. 1 across from Lower Matecumbe must have as vivid a history as any twelve acres in Florida. It was an early hunting ground for Indians, a brief haven for three or four hundred shipwrecked Frenchmen who were apparently massacred by Indians, occupied by some Spaniards from time to time and some Bahamians at other times, and finally became the first county seat of Dade County in the 1830s.

Between 1820 and 1840 Indian Key figured prominently as a focal point for the wrecking industry in the middle keys, presided over by a remarkable if unscrupulous man, Capt. Jacob Housman. It was Housman who engineered the establishment of the county seat, encouraged Henry Perrine to make his temporary home on Indian Key, imported craftsmen to build homes and a hotel on the Key, enabled Charles Howe to receive and plant the seeds imported from Campeche by Perrine, and in fact turned Indian Key into a Garden of Eden by 1835. The Key was a busy and popular port, receiving over 1000 arrivals and departures in a single year (readers of *Audubon in Florida* will remember that he stopped over at Indian Key).

Mr. Schene reminded us that Dr. Perrine's botanical interests were directed toward tropical plants with economic value to residents of the South, especially sisal, which



The tombstone of Capt. Jacob Housman temporarily rests in the Museum. Housman was a prominent figure in the history of Indian Key. He encouraged the building of homes and a hotel, the planting of economically valuable crops and arranged to have the Key named Dade's first county seat. (Photo from the HASF Collection.)



Historic Indian Key around the 1830's was a focal point for the wrecking industry in the middle Keys. Today little is left of this bustling community and reconstruction of the site is virtually impossible. (Photo from the HASF Collection.)

yielded hemp for rope needed for sailing-ship rigging. In the slide presentation which followed the lecture, Mr. Schene pointed out how the sisal has flourished on the key and that 75 different types of plants have been identified. During the massacre in 1840 Dr. Perrine was killed, as were five other residents of the island, but Housman and his wife and the Perrine family escaped. Ironically, Dr. Perrine had been granted land on the mainland but was persuaded that Indian Key was safer for his family because the Second Seminole War was raging along the coast in 1838 when the Perrines arrived.

Mr. Schene's field work was done in conjunction with Henry Baker, state archaeologist, in 1972-73. Mr. Baker was unable to attend the meeting but sent a selection of slides. A monograph of Mr. Schene's research will be published in *Tequesta*.

At the conclusion of the lecture, a member of the audience described stopping off at Indian Key several years ago and finding a jumble of inscribed marble pieces and wondering what had become of them. Members of the Association knew, of course, that these were fragments of Jacob Housman's tombstone, housed in our museum for several years. Randy Nimnicht advised us that when the security of the island is improved, the tombstone will be replaced, and Mr. Schene added that all the artifacts excavated will be left *in situ*. Dr. Schene concluded with the dismal warning that dynamiting of historical sites is widespread and makes reconstruction of such an interesting site as Indian Key virtually impossible — there is so little left.

THE FIRST CHILD AT THE TUTTLES

By Stella Tuttle Chapman

I was twelve years old in December of 1919 when my mother and I signed the guest book at the Tuttle. It was the first time I had registered anywhere, and I remember that I did so with a flourish, adding that I was "the first child at the Tuttle Mansion." Later I learned that the Tuttle boys, Harry, Jr. and Leonard, had viewed my arrival with less than enthusiasm. They didn't want a "girl" cluttering up the place. Little did they know that they would be stuck with me for life!



Stella Weston, age 12, the first child accepted at the Tuttle guest house, later married Harry Tuttle, Jr. (Photo supplied by the author)

There was a waiting list of people wanting to rent rooms at the Tuttle. Mother and I had been on it for some time. The house was ideally located on the Miami River at the foot of what is now Southeast First Avenue where the YWCA stands. The grounds were spacious, with a tennis court on the west. Later a Japanese garden was added to the east containing a small mountain, a waterfall and a graceful arching bridge over a pond full of goldfish. To the south, between the house and the river, was a large fountain with colored lights playing on it, for the Tuttle were lavish with lights. When Julia Tuttle transferred half of her property to Henry Flagler to induce him to bring the railroad to Miami, he also promised to

furnish electricity to her and her family indefinitely. But on Mr. Flagler's death, his heirs refused to honor the agreement. The Tuttle continued to indulge their extravagant love of lights, but they did mark their utility bills "paid under protest".

Becoming a full-fledged member of the Tuttle menage was no easy matter. Far from it. It involved a very serious initiation ceremony. Everyone looked forward to these rites which were held on the first floor between the living-room and the library. Usually Harry, Jr. was master of ceremonies with Leonard as his assistant. After all the "old timers" were seated, the newcomers were sequestered in a back room and brought forth one at a time for the initiation. When it was my turn, I listened intently to the dignified welcoming remarks Harry Jr. made. They were quite impressive, coming from a fifteen-year-old boy. Then he said solemnly, "Repeat after me, 'Boots without shoes.'" I replied, "No, Harry said impatiently. "Say, 'Boots without shoes'." Incredible as it now seems, I repeated it again and again, with the audience becoming more hilarious with each word. After an embarrassing interval, I finally gave the right answer - "Boots." Even so, I did better than some of the adults who followed me. It was not unusual for an initiate to take fifteen to twenty minutes before hitting on the right answer. And the more flustered they became, the more they enjoyed watching the next candidate squirm during the ordeal. I know I enjoyed watching my white-haired father stumble through the ritual when he

came down from Minneapolis for the month of February.

The guests at the Tuttle Mansion were a close-knit group. Most of them had been spending their winters with the Tuttle for years and many were old friends from Cleveland where Harry, Sr., originally made his home. Among those I remember vividly were Mr. and Mrs. Darwin Cody. He was Buffalo Bill's cousin. And while he was the essence of dignity, his wife, Eda, was the life of every party. She was a tiny, dark-haired woman, brimming with fun. Another couple who made a great impression on me, Mr. and Mrs. Perc Balkwill, had an extraordinary shell collection back in Cleveland. I was intrigued to learn that they owned a chambered nautilus, the frail shell which inspired Oliver Wendell Holmes to write:

*Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chambered cell . . .
. . . Before thee lies revealed,
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless
crypt unsealed!*

I was doubly intrigued to learn that the Balkwills' chambered nautilus was in perfect condition - a great rarity. One summer I persuaded my parents to take me

to Ohio so I could see this treasure.

I also remember well the Ben Mockabees. She was a soft-voiced lady with lovely dark eyes and white hair. Ben was as much of a cut-up as Ida Cody. Between the two of them, things were kept lively at the Tuttle. But Ben had one failing. He got apoplectic when he lost while playing bridge. You could actually see him turn purple. Mrs. Mockabee finally persuaded him to give up cards before he figuratively blew a fuse.

From time to time the Tuttle planned excursions for the entire group of guests. We frequently went to Fulford to dine at the Alabama Hotel. Once they chartered a good-sized double-decker boat and took everyone on a ride down toward the Keys. I especially remember the Florida lobster they served for lunch that day, and the fact that Harry, Jr. and I were beginning to gravitate toward each other on these occasions.

One of the most colorful affairs was a costume party held one afternoon down near the river. I went as Little Bopeep. Ben Mockabee attended



Costume party for the Tuttle guests. Stella as Bo Peep wears hat and holds crook, center. Leonard Tuttle at extreme right dressed as a woman. To his right is Darwin Cody, the brother of "Buffalo Bill" Cody. (Photo supplied by the author.)



dressed as a young lady, and I can still recall the amusement generated by his well-rounded figure, an illusion created by two grapefruit. The effect was made even more incongruous by the flourishing mustache he wore. Two musicians strolled among the guests playing accordions, and one flaunted a two-tiered hat ringed with bells which he jingled in time with the music. The total effect was pandemonium.

The Tuttle also had holi-

day feasts for their guests. Or so I heard. As my mother and I always arrived the week after Christmas, I cannot vouch for the following tale personally. But I recall hearing that one December 25th when the maid inadvertently dropped the festive bird on the dining-room floor, Mother Tuttle dismissed her quietly with a gesture toward the kitchen, suggesting that she fetch the "other turkey." The maid seemed nonplussed, but old Mamie, the cook, nodded un-

derstandably. She dusted the bird off, straightened it on the platter and – presto – it became the "other turkey."

Dad Tuttle tried to keep track of the various birthdays, as he was always looking for an excuse to bake a cake. But Mamie did not welcome these forays into the kitchen. She would let either Leonard or Harry, Jr. improvise recipes to their hearts' content, but with Dad, it was an entirely different matter. She would watch every move suspiciously, grumbling about the way he was messing up "her" kitchen. When the cake was finally in the oven, she would run him out in a hurry.

In looking back, I realize how fortunate I was that the Tuttle broke their adults-only rule in my case. The whole group welcomed me, not even complaining when Harry, Jr. sawed away on his violin and I accompanied him on the piano. I was especially fortunate to have this association with so many old friends of the family. For it became my family twelve years later when Harry and I were

married, a marriage that lasted thirty-six years until his death in 1967.

Now when I go to downtown Miami – which I do as seldom as possible – I try not to resent the giant spiderweb of the expressway hovering over the area where I spent so many happy winters. The little park that faced the Tuttle Mansion is gone. So are the homes that circled the park and the good neighbors who lived there – the Maynards, the Cap'n Thompsons, the Maxwells, etc. But the years cannot dim the memories I keep. I remember the warmth of the many friendships, the camaraderie we shared at the get-togethers and the merriment at the solemn initiation rites. And I recall that all this good fellowship occurred without a single drink being served or a single cigarette smoked. And never, so far as I can recall, was a door ever locked. A half a century brings a lot of changes, but when I speak of the "good old days," I mean exactly that. Those were *good* old days and I will cherish them always.

FLORIDA HOUSE

Mrs. Rhea Chiles, wife of our senior senator, a few years ago conceived the idea of a "State House" in our nation's capital. Mrs. Chiles enlisted the aid of several other patriotic Floridians who gave of their time and money to purchase an older residence, arrange for its refurbishing, redecoration and furnishings, and acquire a staff.

Nearly all of the goals have been met but some things are still under way. In the meantime, however, Florida House is open for visits by Floridians and others interested.

Situated within easy walking distance of the Capitol, Congressional office



Florida House, in Washington, D.C., was created to serve as a home away from home for Floridians visiting our nation's capital. The three-story townhouse was built in 1887.

buildings, the Smithsonian, and other points of interest, Florida House is a graciously appointed reception center.

Mike Mullin, the director, carries out the policy formulated by the Board of Trustees, among whom are Ed Grafton and Col. Mitchell Wolfson. The stated purpose is to provide a place to get all the known and unknown information about Washington, with a friendly staff to assist. There one may obtain information on the Government, arrange a seminar, hold receptions, use the phones, leave one's baggage, and in fact almost anything except overnight accommodations, and the staff will help with that.

Mrs. Chiles is president. The executive committee also includes Donna Lou (Mrs. Reubin) Askew and Marlene (Mrs. Richard) Stone.

Florida House welcomes your visit and your interest. Its street address is 200 East Capitol Street. – L. G. P.



MY FATHER DID THE DRIVING

By Daly Highleyman

In 1911 we became the first complete family to drive from Jacksonville to Miami in an automobile. My father, Locke T. Highleyman, did all the driving. He wore goggles to protect his eyes when speeding along at twenty miles an hour, while my mother and sister wore large hats with veils and we all wore "dusters" over our clothing.

The car was a Franklin which had an air-cooled engine and good road clearance. We also were equipped with a shovel, tire chains plus block and tackle to pull us out of boggy mud holes. However, one time this equipment failed us. We had just driven into a jungle-like hammock when we found a spot which was too much for the car. Dad tried everything from digging out the wheels to chains to block and tackle but the car was deep in mire and would not budge. Finally he handed Mother his pistol – for protection – and started walking back to the last small village we had passed. I have always wondered what would have happened if Mother had had to use the pistol as I am quite sure that she was more afraid of it than of being attacked.

Hours went by and to make things worse, we heard distant shots. Mother was sure that Dad had been murdered, dragged into the jungle and would never be found. Finally we, too, started walking back toward our last glimpse of mankind. The road led out of the jungle, through

The Highleyman family visited Miami as tourists many years ago, later becoming permanent residents. Both father and son have been developers of real estate and investors in the Miami scene.

glades and crossed the railroad tracks which were elevated on a mound about ten feet high which prevented us from seeing beyond them. As we reached the tracks, there came Dad in a cart drawn by two mules and just

mules it seemed as though pulling a stuck car was as easy as pulling their own cart. I do not recall just where we stopped that night but I do remember that we arrived after dark as Dad had to stop to ignite our lights, which



Although equipped with a shovel, tire chains and a block and tackle, the Highleymans did get stuck once in the mud of a Florida hammock. Before going for help, Locke Highleyman, still wearing his driving duster, attempts to free the family car. (Photo from the Highleyman Collection; Katherine Highleyman, photographer.)



The Highleyman family crosses an inlet on their way to Miami. After driving their car onto the barge, called a cable ferry, they were pulled across to the other side. (Photo from the Highleyman Collection; Katherine Highleyman, photographer.)

to make things even more pleasant there were watermelons which we all enjoyed.

Once those two mules were attached to the car our

problem was over. To the were gas and had to be lit individually with a match. The trade name, I believe, was Prestolite and was the source of Carl Fisher's first fortune. Later, Carl Fisher bought the

Bliss residence adjacent to our place on Brickell Avenue, which he renamed The Shadows.

In 1911 the route south was quite different. You did not do it in one day – we did it leisurely, being tourists, and took almost three weeks. To drive from Jacksonville to Miami, one had to go through Palatka and I recall that on one stretch Dad had to obtain an Indian guide to show us the way. Roads, if they can be called that, were often just ruts, winding through swamps, glades and jungle; many times they led into shallow lakes which we had to drive through to the ruts leading out on the other side. Bridges over small streams were merely planks with sideboards and open in the middle. Larger rivers were crossed on cable barges – a fascinating method. After the car or cars were driven up wide planks onto the barge and secured, the colored crew would start to sing, jointly pulling the cable to their own musical meter. True, it was a slow way to travel but very pleasant and picturesque.

At St. Augustine the Hotel Ponce de Leon was a delight but more fascinating to a six-year-old boy was old Fort Marion where I could shiver in dungeons, climb ramparts, straddle cannon and, in my mind, fight off invading Indians.

There were a few stretches of "good" roads – known as shell roads as they were made from shells crushed by a roller – and blinding white in the sun. At Ormond Beach and Daytona we drove on the beach itself which was far better than any road on the route south. At the Ormond Beach Hotel we met John D.



Daly Highleyman remembers the road to Miami as "often just ruts, winding through swamps, glades and jungle." The headlights were gas operated and had to be lit individually with a match. (Photo from the Highleyman Collection; Katherine Highleyman, photographer.)

Rockefeller who was staying there with his male companion prior to building "The Casements". Even then, as he put it, he only was allowed skimmed milk - in spite of all his wealth.

Other hotels that come to mind are the Royal Poinciana and The Breakers at Palm Beach but I do not recall which one we stayed at on this particular trip. The same is true of Miami but basically my recollection of hotels is of the Royal Palm, Halcyon,

Green Tree Inn and the San Carlos. The Halcyon is where James Whitcomb Riley used to stay and I still have his complete works with his autograph, dated May 4th, 1914.

Miami Beach was also quite different. One went there on a ferry boat, then walked on wooden planks from the bay side to either Smith's or Hardie's casino on the ocean. Biscayne Bay was a beautiful, clean body of water, and glass-bottom sight-seeing boats were very popular for

viewing nature's underwater gardens and coral formations. Even the Miami River was clean, often full of tarpon rolling in the moonlight.

There were two bridges over the Miami River, both turnstile, manually operated. One was at Avenue D and the other, Twelfth Street. For newcomers, Avenue D is now called Miami Avenue and 12th Street - then as now the main drag - is Flagler. Biscayne Boulevard did not exist nor did the present park

which is filled-in bay bottom, but there was a narrow rock road along the waterfront.

There was also a beautiful area called Royal Palm Park which took in all the blocks now existing south of Flagler from S.E. Second Avenue to the Boulevard, the old waterline of the bay. Many an adult had dewy eyes when they removed the last big banyan tree in order to park five more cars - at least those of us who had played there as children.



Locke T. Highleyman drove his family from Jacksonville to Miami in 1911, in their Franklin automobile. Daughter Tiffin and son Daly (the author) posed for a family picture on a wooden bridge along Route 1. Mrs. Highleyman was the trip photographer. (Photo from the Highleyman Collection; Katherine Highleyman, photographer.)

MARKING TIME: Peacock Inn

By Ellen Kanner

In 1882, born to "Jack's Bight" was the first Dade County hotel, Bayview House, which was situated half a mile south of where Dinner Key Auditorium is today. Between then and now the names have changed. Jack's Bight became Coconut Grove, then the 'a' was dropped to make it *Our author is a student at Ponce de Leon Junior High School, Coral Gables, where she is editor of the Ponce Rambler. Her father says she is becoming an expert at French cookery.*

Coconut Grove. The name Bayview House, at the request of early hotel patron Commodore Ralph Munroe, was changed to Peacock Inn.

The inn's owners and



proprietors, Charles and Isabella (affectionately called Aunt Bella) Peacock, were

responsible for turning "Cocoanut Grove" into a flourishing community. The hotel housed the area's first library. It was here that Biscayne Bay Yacht Club was originated. Mrs. Peacock, remembered for her good food and kind personality, founded Miami's first Sunday School and first woman's club.

Peacock Inn itself brought flocks of tourists to the Grove, accommodating many people important to early development in South Florida. This was the only Dade County

hotel in existence for 16 years; it was a successful business for the Peacock family for over 20 years.

Peacock Inn was sold in 1905, and it folded soon afterward. The inn became Lake Placid School, but that, too, was short lived. It was torn down in 1925 with plans for rebuilding that never happened.

The marker for Peacock Inn was placed in 1963 as a commemoration both for the first hotel in Dade County and for a piece of history not soon forgotten.

BUDGET FUN-IN-THE-SUN - CIRCA 1905

By Thelma Peters

Miami was destined for tourism the day Henry Flagler decided to add another huge yellow hotel to his chain – the Royal Palm. He opened the door for Class, but plenty of ordinary people soon found it feasible to entrain for Miami and spend a few weeks in the sun.

For \$2.50 a day you could stay at the Green Tree Inn (one bathroom to a floor) meals included. The porch rockers at the Green Tree were just as comfortable as those on the quarter-mile veranda at the Royal Palm. No swimming pool, but in 1905 there was only one swimming pool anyway – the Royal Palm's. *Anybody* could swim there out of season, or after hours, for a quarter.

There were plenty of freebies: the band concerts in the Royal Palm Park for example. Anybody could fish in the bay or river, swim in the bay, too (it was the same water that went into the Royal Palm pool) A hike to the Punch Bowl through Brickell Hammock cost you nothing and on the way you could gather fascinating tree snails

in a bewildering array of colors. One lady who returned to her hotel loaded with the bright shells and put them in a vase was surprised when she awakened the next morning to find the snails decorating the draperies and even the ceiling.

And then there was the fair.

The fair grew out of Miami's hosting of its first major convention. In March 1897 the International Tobacco Growers' Association headquartered at the Royal Palm. Mr. E. V. Blackman, a promoter of agriculture in Dade County, suggested a display of farm products to beguile the tobacco growers. Flagler contributed a tent and Blackman managed to fill 32 feet of display table with a great variety of fruits, vegetables and flowers. It was a smash.

The fair became an annual event. Flagler soon donated a permanent fair building (yellow) on the bay at the foot of today's Flagler Street. Between fairs it was used as a library.

Businessmen gave money



The famous old banyan tree at the Sam Filer bayfront grove was admired by many visitors who drove the two miles along the bay to see the pineapple field and lemon grove. Later a street named Banyan split around the tree. (Today's N.E. 26th Street.) (Photo from the HASF Collection.)

as prizes, a dollar or two for the best guavas, grapefruit, sugar cane or sapodillas. The boost to agriculture was enormous. Housewives competed with needlework, canned goods, cakes and flower arrangements.

It was Booster Blackman who coined the phrase which sold Miami to the world – Miami, the Magic City.

So what if you didn't have a friend with a private yacht at the Royal Palm. There were plenty of boats. Someone likely would lend you a rowboat for free. For \$1 you could take a naphtha launch up the bay to Arch Creek and then up that picturesque and winding stream to the famous natural bridge. You would be certain to see alligators sunning on the mud banks or slithering into the water. Trips twice daily, 8:30 and 2:00.

Then there was the sightseeing boat, the *Lady Lou*. Take it at a dock beside the Fair

Building. Excursions varied. One day a special to Cape Florida. Another day a trip to the House of Refuge – a real adventure for you had to walk quite a distance from where the boat docked on the east side of the bay to the lonely house overlooking the ocean. You broke the monotony for the station keeper who was ever vigilant for wrecks and castaways and he invited you to picnic on the porch.

The *Miami Metropolis*, December 7, 1904, proclaimed the arrival of a ferry for Ocean Beach – a 42-footer with a capacity for 50 people. There was nothing at Ocean Beach but that would soon change. Dick Smith was putting in some bathhouses and building a two-story, open-sided pavilion. The ferry would run four round trips a day for starters. For less than a dollar you could go over and back, rent a bathing suit, change in the bathhouse and have a soda pop.



The permanent fair building on the bay at the foot of today's Flagler Street was painted yellow and white, the favorite colors of its donor, Henry M. Flagler. Between fairs it was used as a library. c. 1905. (Photo from the HASF Collection.)



Musa Isle, a tourist mecca on the north fork of the Miami River was reached by sightseeing boat. Visitors could send boxes of citrus fruit and postcards to friends and for 10¢ extra they could climb the wooden observation tower and see the real Everglades. (Photo from the HASF Collection.)

In 1905 who couldn't drive? A horse, that is. At Correll's Livery Stable you could rent a rig and drive north two miles along the bay to Sam Filer's. No admission. You could see Filer's pineapple field, lemon grove and enormous banyan tree. Or go south through Brickell Hammock and along the sea-eroded cliffs to Coconut Grove and have a cup of tea at the Peacock Inn.

A carriage too expensive? Then rent a wheel. The bicycle craze hit Miami in 1898 with the rocking of the roads. In 1905 Mr. J. C. Vereen would rent you a bike for the whole day for a dollar and fix you a picnic lunch for another quarter.

Then there was the mystique of the Everglades. Sooner or later every tourist succumbed to it. You went up the Miami River about three miles in a boat and changed to a mule-drawn tram and rode a half mile back into the jungle. It was certainly wild and you thought you had seen the Everglades. The tram was built to give workmen accessibility to the springs and the pump which supplied water for Miami - but it became a popular tourist excursion.

A view of real sawgrass

country was made possible when Mr. John A. Roop established a tropical paradise on the north fork of the river in 1907 and called it Musa (for a banana patch near by) Isle (for the land between the two forks of the river had always been called an island.) Roop built a wooden observation tower which looked like an oil derrick and charged you a dime to climb it. The view was spectacular and you were seeing the real Everglades.

Back on the ground you could order a box of citrus sent to a friend. Mr. Roop is credited with the first gift-package shipping of citrus. And you could buy postcards - of Musa Isle, of baby alligators hatching out of shells, or oranges on trees, and of the Royal Palm Hotel. No matter that you were staying at the Green Tree or March Villa or the San Carlos, the picture you sent home was of the Royal Palm. Everybody bought postcards of the Royal Palm - which is one reason the HASF Museum has at least fifty of them dating from the one-cent-stamp days.

The media might change - but the message is the same: "Having a good time. Wish you were here."

HISTORY'S A MYSTERY

1	2	3		4	5	6		7	8		9
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46					47					48	

ACROSS

1. Miami writer
7. Psychiatrist
10. Br. of B'Nai B'rith
11. Japanese volcano
12. Ship trips
13. Scrambled foreign particle
15. April headache
16. Stop
17. American novelist 1896-1970
21. Not small - abbr.
22. Petroleum
23. Storm
24. Evaluate
25. A vocalized pause
26. So. Amer. capital
27. Retarded Mohawk
30. Turkish brandy
32. Sir Walter's colony
33. Metric meas.
34. Scottish pique
36. Lang. Jesus spoke
37. Therefore
39. Respectful form of address
40. Crucifix inscription
41. Seventh tone
42. Miami shrine
43. Corroborate
45. Scottish son
46. Ditto 16 DN.
47. King Henry's predecessor
48. U.N. member

DOWN

1. He lived in the Kampong
2. Redolent
3. U.S. President's first name
4. Fall behind
5. Freedom from pathogenic organisms
6. Help!
7. East Florida governor
8. Elementary constituent
9. He built a beautiful city
14. Ancient mound
16. Ditto
18. Direct vote
19. Ancient order of Saxe Altenburg
20. Mo. city
25. Duke of Dade
27. Fermented camel milk
28. Vietnamese leader
29. New Zealand village
31. Egyptian god of life
32. Railroad
35. Spanish pronoun
38. Hunters' lobby
39. Early American uncle
41. Satisfying drink
44. Indicates ordinal number

(Answers on pg. 11)

REFLECTIONS ON BLACK HISTORY: Miami's First Newspaper By Dorothy Jenkins Fields

The "Industrial Reporter" was the first organized newspaper in Miami and Environs to be written, edited and published by black people. To date an original copy of this paper has not been located. In fact, neither the exact date nor frequency of publication is known.

Nevertheless, the Official City Directory of 1904 lists Rev. P. W. Pickens as editor.

Other facts concerning this newspaper are recorded in daily columns which appeared in the *Miami Metropolis* as early as September 1904.

The Industrial Reporter's printing office was located at N.W. 2nd Avenue and Eighth Street. In addition to editor Pickens the staff included printer, Rufus Hawkins, a graduate of the State Normal School at Tallahassee, and reporter, Rev. R. J. Taylor, pastor of the Coconut Grove Baptist Church.

Selected articles from the column, "The Colored People Here and Elsewhere", are reprinted here just as they appeared in the *Metropolis* in 1904 and 1905.

Rev. S. W. Brown, the biggest colored merchant this side of Jacksonville, left on Sunday morning for Jacksonville, Charleston and other northern cities where he will purchase a full supply of fall and winter goods. He will, in all probability, be gone about three weeks. His old stock will be sold at a sacrifice.

Mrs. Janie Morris, the able President of the B.Y.P.U. of

Mrs. Fields, a Dade County school teacher, is also a historical researcher.

Colored Town Bargain Store



Dealer in
GENERAL MERCHANDISE,
Shoes, Dry-Goods,
Hats, Tinware,
Caps, and Groceries, Copperware.

CHEAPEST BARGAIN HOUSE IN CITY.
Mr. S. W. BROWN, Prop.
Mrs. S. W. Brown, Lady Clerk. Miss Lilla V. Brown, Asst. Clerk.
303 Ave. G. MIAMI, FLA.

The 1904 Official Directory of the City of Miami and Nearby Towns carried this advertisement by businessman S. W. Brown. The *Miami Metropolis* described Brown as "the biggest colored merchant this side of Jacksonville." (Photo courtesy of the Black Pioneer Photographic Archives, Dade County Public Schools.)

this city, has been confined to her bed for several days.

The Literary Society of this City had a successful meeting yesterday afternoon, discussed live topics. The members were enthusiastic to say the least.

Dr. S. M. Frazier, one of the able colored M.D.'s of the city, and Editor Pickens were up to Lemon City yesterday morning.

Prof. S.W.S. Bethune, the able principal of the city public school, reports about one hundred and twenty-five students on yesterday.

Mrs. N. L. Jackson, the third assistant teacher in the public school, is now teaching in the old Bethel A.M.E. Church. She has quite a number of students - really more than she can well instruct.

Dr. J. A. Butler, the senior

doctor in colored town, is still attending Mrs. Emeline Jones, who is not improving very much.

One of Mr. J. J. Hurd's mules came very near breaking one of his legs yesterday. How it occurred we have not been able to learn.

Mr. Nathaniel Morris, of Tampa, one of the best cigar makers in the state will open up a Buckeye factory in this town.

Mr. N. W. Montgomery, the ice man of Colored Town, left yesterday morning for Florence, S.C., his old home, where he will visit friends and relatives.

We would like to see every colored man in the County pay his poll taxes. This money goes to the school fund, and everyone should pay it without hesitating one moment.

The home made vacant by the furniture man, Mr. Powers, will be occupied by the Buckeye Cigar Factory in a few days.

Why not have a colored fire department in Colored Town. We believe it would add much to the safety of the city.

Mr. Whitehurst, the shoemaker, claims that he is kept busy. He ought to for the rocks will give him plenty of work to do on shoes.

Rev. J. M. Joshua who came down one night this week has secured his same job at the Biscayne Hotel as head

bellman. He reports that Palm Beach is very dull.

We received a card dated September 12, from Mr. Sam W. Hall, Dover, Del., yesterday asking us to send him the Reporter, stating that he wanted to purchase some property in Miami. Several letters have come to us from all over this county. Miami is the coming place for white and black.

Mr. D. A. Dorsey, one of the most progressive men of this County, who cares for Cape Florida, returned to the city Saturday.

Farmers in Colored Town are now getting ready to begin their farms. They claim that this is going to be a good year. We hope it will.

Mr. Jack Washington, a very industrious property-owning citizen, of this city, purchased a very nice horse and wagon the other week.

Mr. A. L. Rhodes, a blacksmith, of much note, is now employed in C. H. Hart's blacksmith shop. We know that he can give satisfaction.

Mr. J. M. Dingle, our worthy market man, is adding another room to his already large storehouse. It will be two stores.

Messrs. Jones and Anderson, the up-to-date bakers, are now having out-of-town orders. They are doing first class baking.

None of the fish men are able to furnish fish in this inclement weather.

PICTURING OUR PAST

The forerunner of today's motel was the "tourist camp". Early motorists, having braved the hazards of the Dixie Highway, arrived in booming Miami to find even these spartan accommodations teeming with visitors. Wives tried to set up housekeeping while husbands doubtless went off to listen to the realtors' sales pitches and "get in on the action."



Montgomery's Tourist Camp in Lemon City, 1926. (All photos courtesy of the Romer Collection, Miami-Dade Public Library.)



Broyhill's Tourist Camp in Lemon City was crowded this afternoon in 1926. The larger sign on the light pole reads "Corner 66 & Dixie Highway." The smaller sign reads "1st Ave."



Another view of Broyhill's Tourist Camp looking east on 65th Street from the Dixie Highway.

HISTORY'S NO LONGER A MYSTERY

ACROSS

- 1) DOUGLAS 7) JUNG
- 10) ADL 11) ASOSAN
- 12) VOYAGES 13) MITO
- 15) IRS 16) DETER 17) DOS PASSOS 21) LG
- 22) FUEL OIL 23) GALE
- 24) ASSESS 25) ER 26) BA 27) KWAHOM 30) RAKI 32) ROANOKE 33) CM 34) STRUNT 36) AR 37) HENCE 39) SIR 40) INRI 41) TI 42) MAHI 43) ATTEST

- 45) MAC 46) DO 47) ASHE 48) UK

DOWN

- 1) DAVID FAIRCHILD 2) ODOROUS 3) ULYSSES 4) LAG 5) ASEPSIS 6) SOS 7) JAMES GRANT 8) UNIT 9) GEORGE E MERRICK 14) TELL 16) DO 18) PLEBISCITE 19) AOSA 20) SL 25) EWAN 27) KOUMISS 28) HO 29) OKAIHAU 31) AMEN 32) RR 35) TE 38) NRA 39) SAM 41) TEA 44) TH

BOOK REVIEW

My Early Days in Florida from 1905, by Albert W. Erkins. Fort Lauderdale, Wake-Brook House, 1975.

Readers interested in the histories of Palm Beach and Fort Lauderdale will want to see this memoir. The text consists of a transcript of Erkin's taped reminiscences, as edited by August Burghard. Much deals with his part in the growth of these two cities, an example being his boyhood experiences as winter guest at the Royal Poinciana Hotel. This autobiography is illustrated with a number of photographs from either Erkin's or Burghard's personal collections. As an aid to the reader, Burghard has placed an addendum of supplemental materials in the back of the book, including a reprint of Dr. Peter's article on the Royal Palm Hotel in *Update* (vol. 2, no. 4).

A copy is available in the HASF library.

-Becky Smith

We stand corrected. A member writes: "It is a small thing, but the picture on page 10 of the October issue of *Update* is Rivo Alto Island, not DiLido. I lived there for 40 years so believe I'm correct." A small thing, perhaps, but we certainly want to get it right. Thanks. - L.G.P.



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February 21-29, 1976 at the Museum

- ★ Spinning
- ★ Weaving
- ★ Ceramics
- ★ Candlemaking
- ★ Rug Hooking
- ★ Netting
- ★ Quilting
- ★ Grosspointe
- ★ Macrame
- ★ Lacemaking
- ★ Cigar Making
- ★ Soap Making
- ★ Palm Weaving
- ★ China Painting
- ★ Vegetable Dyeing



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