The Mitchells of South Dade: A Pioneer Saga

Julie Mitchell Richardson

Southeast Florida was one of the last parts of the United States to be settled. Within the twentieth century, Southeast Florida evolved from a land of Indians, mosquitoes and inhospitable soil to a group of thriving communities, agriculture, industry and tourism. That journey was the result of inspiration and perspiration on the part of the early settlers of the area.

Florida joins the Union

In 1821, Spain formally ceded Florida to the United States, according to terms of the Adams-Onís Treaty. In that same year, General Andrew Jackson came to Florida to establish a new territorial government for the United States.

What the United States had won was a wilderness sparsely dotted with settlements of native Indian people, escaped slaves and Spaniards. If it was to become a productive part of its new host nation, America would need to tame this wilderness. But in order to attract families in larger numbers, the federal government would have to remove the Indians from their lands and use that land as an incentive to bring settlers and development to the area.[1]

There followed two Indian wars of removal, the Second and Third Seminole Wars, fought between the 1830s and 1850s. The native survivors of these conflicts took refuge and built new homes in the swamplands of South Florida. Florida became the twenty-seventh state in 1845. The first comprehensive United States Coast and Geodetic Survey of Florida's southern peninsula and its western coast was published six years later. On the shores of "Key Biscayne Bay," the surveyors identified

an area they called the "Hunting Ground" on what today is the Charles Deering Estate site. The Hunting Ground, or Indian Hunting Ground, as many knew it, supported wildlife in abundance. Fresh water from the Everglades flowed into the centuries-old hardwood hammock. This hammock attracted wildlife, even as it began to attract settlers.[2]

The Perrine Land Grant

One of the first settlers, Henry Perrine, would have exerted a major impact on the development of Cutler had he lived. Born April 5, 1797, in Cranbury, New Jersey, Perrine studied medicine and practiced for five years in Bond County, Illinois. While there, he married Ann Fuller Townsend. In 1824, Perrine was appointed United States Consul at Campeche, Yucatan, Mexico.[3]

In 1827, Perrine responded enthusiastically to a United States Treasury request for tropical seeds and plants, and began sending these items to residents near the Indian Hunting Grounds.[4] In 1837, Perrine left Campeche and headed to Cape Florida to work on developing a subtropical plant nursery, but the area was in the throes of the Second Seminole War (1835-1842), the longest, bloodiest war involving Native Americans and American forces in the country's history. When Perrine learned of the war, he ruled out locating at Cape Florida on Key Biscayne and moved, instead to Indian Key. There he worked with Charles Howe, who was customs inspector and postmaster of the island, as well as an entrepreneur.

Perrine departed for Washington in 1838 to press for a conditional land grant in Florida where he might experimentally introduce commercially valuable plant stocks. In July 1838, a township of some 230,000 acres—36 square miles in a single block—was conditionally conveyed to Perrine and two others. The act required that the land:

> be located in two years...and shall be surveyed by the surveyor of Florida...that...any section of land...shall be really occupied by a bonafide settler actually engaged in the propagation...of valuable tropical plants, and upon proof thereof...being made to the Commissioner of the General Land Office, a patent shall issue to the said Henry Perrine and his associates...that...every section...not...occupied by an actual settler positively engaged in the propagation...of useful tropical plants within eight years from the location of said tract...shall be forfeited to the United States.[5]

In December 1838, the Perrine family departed Palmyra, New York, and arrived on Christmas morning at Indian Key. Located off of the Florida Keys, Indian Key was the seat of the new county of Dade. The Perrines had three children: fifteen-year-old Sarah, fourteen-year-old Hester, and eleven-year-old Henry. Perrine formed the Tropical Plant Company, naming Judge James Webb of Key West and Charles Howe as its directors.[6]

The Perrine family's house, Indian Key. Courtesy of Jerry Wilkinson.

The spectacular piece of land contained within the Perrine Land Grant would prove to be the magnet needed to attract the handful of determined pioneers who shaped and established the surrounding area. Some of the descendents of these early settlers still live near the site of the ancient Indian Hunting Grounds and continue to shape today's communities.

The Florida Seminoles

During the Second Seminole War, Dr. Henry Perrine was attacked and killed on Indian Key, along with twelve others, by a band of Indians led by Chief Chekaika.[7] Perrine's family miraculously escaped death by descending through a trap door in the floor into a "turtle crawl"—an enclosure under the wharf. Perrine pushed a chest of seeds over the door to conceal it just moments before he was attacked and murdered by the marauders. Through this final selfless act of bravery, Perrine's family was spared.[8]

The fight for the Perrine Land Grant

For many years after the death of Dr. Perrine, the Perrine Land Grant lay undeveloped. After Ann Perrine petitioned congress in 1841, the federal government extended the original grant's two-year deadline to eight years, to begin when the war ended, for the benefit of the Perrine heirs.[9] Mrs. Perrine requested the aid of Charles Howe, promising him a twenty percent interest in the land if he could have it surveyed and settled in accordance with the conditions of the grant.[10]

In 1847, John Jackson, a federal surveyor, began surveying the Perrine Land Grant at the Indian Hunting Grounds. According to Jackson, "This is a very Rockey country we can wear out 2 pairs of Shoes (each of us) every week notwithstanding all this there are some tracts of very fine rockey firm land." In his survey Jackson identified several critical natural features, such as "a [freshwater] creek [flowing] into mangrove Hammock," and on the shores of Biscayne Bay, a "small creek dividing swamp & prairie."[11]

Around 1850, Howe brought thirty-six Bahamian families as settlers to undertake the work necessary to activate the land patent.[12] Conflicts with the Seminole Indians soon drove these new settlers off the land. Subsequent wars drove other settlers away, too.[13]

The Perrine heirs attempted, in 1862, to secure a patent to the land, but were unsuccessful.[14] Undeterred in his desire to prove the patent, Henry Perrine Jr. seriously pursued settling the family grant land in 1875. He offered free twenty-acre tracts to those who would build a home, clear one acre, and grow one tropical crop. Henry Perrine, with his two children, Carleton and Harry, moved onto the property in 1876. The Perrines set up a tent near the Addison family, who had moved to the Indian Hunting Grounds in 1864 and established a home near the present-day Charles Deering Estate. Henry described his first impression of the land in a book published nine years after the experience:

> ...when we took a stroll through the pine woods, and found that everywhere the rock was near the surface, and the surface itself so thickly strewn with large fragments that the paths, such as they were, had to wind in and out to avoid them; and in every direction the scrub palmetto among the trees, the sight was anything but encouraging. There was no place among the pines where a plough could be used.

Ants were a constant threat to the food supply, and Henry tried several ways to prevent them from invading it without success. He and his two sons also endured a hurricane, the aftermath of which he relates with this account:

> ...there had been cast ashore thousands of fish which filled the air with foul odors. Thousands of crows and hundreds of turkey buzzards gathered to the feast, and the former made the day hideous with their unceasing clamor until their scavenger work had ceased.

> I expected to improve the appearance of the land as well as to prepare it for setting out fruit trees, and the cribs for the wharf would have been made solid and able to withstand the force of the waves...it was a great disappointment to me to have to stop the work, and then to see a hurricane sweep away the results of so much toil and expense in a few short hours.

Perrine and his sons tried to raise crops for market but this, too, presented a challenge:

> The onions never came up...the yield of potatoes was not very satisfactory...Many of them were badly scarred by the pestiferous ants nibbling the surface. The only market at Key West was very uncertain...At times very good prices were obtained, and then the next shipment might go for hardly enough to pay freight. This fact was very discouraging...without increased capital it would take many years of semi-savage life before one could hope to realize any considerable profit from his labors...I finally decided to return where I could enjoy the society of friends and the comforts of civilized life.[15]

Thus, Henry Jr. was not inclined to agree with his father, who had once said, "The fertility of the climate makes up for the sterility of the soil." Pioneering was arduous and challenging. Henry was discouraged to discover he was just not willing to endure the difficulties.

Attracting settlers to the area

Despite the hardships Henry Perrine endured for eight months in "Perrineville," he praised it in a promotional brochure produced in a persistent effort to attract settlers to do what was necessary to secure the land for themselves:

> As an inducement to settlers, we will, to each of the first thirty-five families (who will in October or November of this year locate themselves upon our land with a view to permanent settlement), donate twenty acres of land free of charge, save the condition of erecting a dwelling place thereon, and agreeing to cultivate at least one useful tropical plant...

> When it is remembered that in addition to the other advantages, the temperature of this favored spot is so equable that it does not vary in some years more than twenty-five degrees, its advantages as a resort for invalids will be evident.[16]

Other enticing descriptions claimed the area was "located in the most beautiful spot, overlooking Biscayne Bay, open to the broad ocean and in one of the healthiest localities in the United Sates. The water is pure and sweet and the climate everything that could be desired."[17]

With the promotional material of Perrine and others, who often reported Addison's Landing as being located on a mosquito-and rattlesnake-free coast where living was easy and fruits and vegetables grew in maintenance-free abundance, settlers were soon attracted to the site.[18]

L to R—Sarah Anne Perrine Rogers, Henry Perrine Jr., Hester Marie Perrine Walker, 1870. Courtesy of Jerry Wilkinson.

However, they were not coming for Perrine's offer of free twenty-acre tracts, but for free 160-acre tracts as homesteaders. These pioneers understood that the Perrine Land Grant had been extended conditionally and that those conditions had not been met, and they expected the land to be eventually made available to the public. Yet Congress remained steadfast that the thirty-six square mile prime land tract was the Perrine Grant and was not to be homesteaded. Nonetheless, by 1886 many families had taken parts of the grant and built farms. They formed what was known as a "Squatter's Union" in order to protect their rights.[19]

Cutler gets a post office

One of those squatters was William Fuzzard. On his first trip to the Perrine grant area in 1882, twenty-year-old William stayed in Cocoanut Grove (in 1919 the community spelling of the settlement

changed after its incorporation as a town) while he explored the area south of there. Fuzzard returned in 1883, setting up a tent on section 26 of the Perrine Land Grant before building Antonia Geiger, his bride, a wooden two-story home, complete with stained glass windows and furniture from the Keys.

Until 1884, all mail earmarked for the Perrine Land Grant area was delivered to Cocoanut Grove. Mr. Fuzzard decided that there were enough people in the area of the Perrine Land Grant to merit their own post office. He made an application, indicating delivery was by boat and that there were "no roads." Fuzzard became the first postmaster and chose the name Cutler in honor of a friend, mentor, and fellow settler, Dr. William Clark Cutler. The first post office was a freight car that had been salvaged from a shipwreck.[20]

One of Fuzzard's most important contributions to the Cutler area was the path he cut through the wilderness. The road, which was eventually widened to a wagon trail, stretched from Cocoanut Grove to his home. This trail was the beginning of what is now called Old Cutler Road. It ran north from Fuzzard's home, moved east and joined today's Coral Reef Drive and turned into what is now Ludlam Road before moving north to Chapman Field. It still runs the length of Chapman Field (in front of the USDA Experimental Station Office) and through Fairchild Gardens. From there it stretched through Matheson Hammock up to Cocoplum Circle and along Ingraham Highway into Cocoanut Grove. Fuzzard's path was declared a public road in 1895. What was once traveled by Fuzzard's white mule, Samson, is the beginning of what is now the State Historic Highway of Old Cutler Road.[21]

Dr. Cutler fights for squatters' rights

Dr. William Cutler came to South Florida from Boston, where he had practiced medicine. He became nationally famous for producing a vaccine during an 1871 smallpox epidemic. Cutler arrived in South Florida in 1883 for health reasons and purchased a 600-acre tract of land adjacent to the Perrine grant.[22] Cutler became interested in the non-landowners, or "squatters," of the Perrine grant and in their unique situation. The squatters ended up hiring Cutler as their representative. He sought to protect their interests and eventually traveled to Washington, D.C. in 1886 to represent them. Cutler explained:

> I first became interested...when I bought my Florida property...The matter was...a subject of great moment to those thirty-six settlers.
>
> Some of them have lived on the land for many years and improved it greatly and were in constant fear that they would be ousted by the granting of the claim that was constantly being pushed by the Perrines, foremost of whom was Henry Perrine, the oldest son of the...physician.
>
> Several years ago [approximately 1895] these settlers organized what they called the "Squatter's" Union. William Fuzzard, the most intelligent of them all, is president of that organization, and I was chosen their agent. They were poor people and I was interested in them, and I volunteered to care for their interests in Washington.[23]

Cutler's first trip to Washington resulted in no permanent solution to the plight of the squatters; however, Florida East Coast Railway (FEC) interests would soon become involved in the Perrine Land Grant, securing the influence necessary to protect their homesteads.

The railroad brings development to South Florida

Henry Flagler, founder and president of the FEC Railway created the Model Land Company (MLC) in 1896 to manage his rapidly expanding real estate holdings in the state of Florida. Flagler arrived in Florida in 1885 and launched a railroad system that ultimately stretched the length of Florida's east coast, from St. Augustine to Key West. The railroad helped spur the economic development of Florida. Flagler hired James E. Ingraham, former president of Henry S. Sanford's South Florida Railroad Company, and eventually placed him in charge of all land holdings.

Ingraham soon made Flagler's real estate holdings as profitable an enterprise as the FEC railway and hotels. The key to Ingraham's early success proved to be advertising. Ingraham distributed booklets, pamphlets and a magazine, the Florida East Coast Homeseeker, in which he described the attractions of Florida's east coast.[24]

In 1895 and 1896, Dr. Samuel H. Richmond undertook a careful inspection of the entire Perrine Land Grant. Richmond worked for the FEC Railway and was given "special charge" of the Perrine grant after the FEC Railway entered in 1896 into an agreement with the Perrine heirs to develop it.[25]

Dr. Cutler, Fuzzard, and Addison joined with the Perrines and the FEC Railway to protect the homesteaders' rights and the rights of the Perrine Land Grant settlers. In the meantime, on October 8, 1896, Dr. Richmond had distributed to the settlers cinnamon, camphor, rubber, tea, coffee, vanilla, kola nut, rose apple, kei apple, mango, avocado, guava, lemon, lime, orange, sapadillo and Sisal hemp plants.[26]

In 1896, the FEC Railway involvement resulted in the Perrine heirs obtaining the patent, after which time they settled claims with independent homesteaders who had settled on the land. According to Model Land Company records, "After securing the patent, the [Perrine] heirs,...undertook to convey an undivided one-half interest in the grant...to the Federal East Coast Railroad Company."

The community of Cutler was now firmly established and settlers were free to pursue development of the land and the surrounding area without fear of displacement. The establishment of Cutler was further accomplished through the tenacity and determination of the town's early pioneers. There was much to be done, and the settlers busied themselves in this work.

The beginnings of "civilized" living

William Fuzzard was also behind the establishment of the first school at Cutler, which opened on November 13, 1896. The one-room school was required to maintain a registry of ten students, and when it fell short, James Dougherty, a Cutler resident and the school trustee, sent to Key West for cousins to stay with them to make the quota.

James Dougherty had traveled the world from the age of nine with an uncle who was a ship's captain. He believed that Biscayne Bay country was the best spot in the world. He ran a trading boat to Key West carrying farm produce to exchange for items brought to the Island City from all over the world. In 1880, Dougherty bought land on Matecumbe Key where he built the first tomato canning factory in Florida. The same year he claimed sixty acres at the Indian Hunting Grounds and built a house on the beach. Ten years later, Dougherty brought his bride there to live and started a family. James Dougherty built a factory near his Cutler home for canning guava jelly and went to Cuba to learn to make guava paste. He shipped his products overseas.

Cutler's school also hosted the Cutler Church, which was organized on February 12, 1897, with fourteen charter members.

Although there was no regular pastor, several ministers took turns serving at the church, riding more than twenty miles from Lemon City on horseback.[27]

Commerce comes to Cutler

As the nineteenth century ebbed, Cutler grew quickly. The Brown and Moody general store (later known as Cuthbert and Moody) was central to the community. On Saturdays, Seminole Indians would come up the finger glades in their canoes to trade at the store. They brought meat and hides. The chief slept on the porch of the store at night to ensure that his braves remained out of trouble.[28]

In 1900, the Richmonds opened Richmond Cottage, located at today's Charles Deering Estate. Mrs. Richmond was the proprietress of what was billed as the most southerly hotel on the mainland of the United States.

In 1899, James Henry Young brought his family and a portable saw mill to Cutler from Bunnell, Florida. Because government rules did not permit lumber to be sold off a homestead until it was proved up, the final step in securing title to a homestead, Young instead purchased property from the Perrine Land Grant. Now the settlers of Cutler could obtain lumber for their homes without having it shipped from Key West or Miami.[29]

Pioneer families begin to thrive

Tom Peters was the son of a successful citrus farmer and plantation owner in Cason, Florida. After losing their trees in the devastating freeze of February 1895, Peters moved to the Miami area with a horse and wagon loaded with his wife, Texas, and their infant daughter Ruth. There were no roads, so they followed the government trail as far as it went and took off through the pine woods for Palm Beach. Tom Peters stopped there at Henry Flagler's rising Royal Poinciana Hotel to earn money as a carpenter. Later, the Peters family sailed to Cocoanut Grove and spent the night with the Shones. Mr. Shone took Tom to his homestead the next day and Tom grew his first crop of tomatoes that year on Shone's land. Texas planted eggplants in potholes around their house and made $100 when they were sold. With this money and the money Tom earned from his tomatoes, they bought an acre of land on the Miami River, built a house, and continued to farm.

In 1897, Tom, desirous of farming farther south, purchased acreage from the Perrine Land Grant. Peters' property was four miles from Cutler, and the wagon trails were rough. Everything they needed had to be hauled from Cutler and all the tomatoes they produced had to be taken there for shipment to the railhead in Miami.

Tom Peters had 200 acres of tomatoes in cultivation by the fall of 1899. Their crop the following March yielded a total of 24,000 crates for a net profit of $36,000. Peters increased his holdings every year. He and Texas worked hard to keep ahead of the competition, protecting their crops from cold and being prepared to replant immediately if a frost ruined their plants. They also developed a washing, sterilizing and drying process that greatly improved their crop. Each tomato was wrapped in a square of tissue stamped with the Peters' insignia: a green diamond with a red tomato and green leaves in the center and the name "Thomas J. Peters" and "washed and sterilized" printed beneath.

Each member of the Peters family played a musical instrument and they often gathered at various homes in Cutler to play and sing. Texas Peters had a large ice-cream freezer and the boys took turns cranking it. The Peters family often journeyed to Cutler to swim and enjoy fish fries. The Peters family eventually moved to Miami and sold their farm.[30]

The Pinders and Roberts families migrated to Key West from the Bahamas in the middle years of the nineteenth century and later moved to Cutler after the Civil War. They operated sailboats that carried passengers and produce between Lemon City, Miami, Cutler, and Key West. They also fished and sponged in the waters off of Cutler, both of which were profitable enterprises. The Roberts family also cultivated a guava grove in the area.[31]

At age twenty-one, Ebenezer W. F. Stirrup, a young black man, moved to Cutler from Harbour Island, Bahamas, with his new bride Charlotte Jane. Together they built small houses on their property while they worked the pineapple fields. Stirrup had worked the land in Cutler before marrying, often receiving payment in land, as cash was scarce in those days. When Stirrup, who was also a minister, was twenty-five years old he moved with his family to Cocoanut Grove and began buying land, one lot at a time, until he owned a large portion of the center of the Grove. Although he could barely read or write, Stirrup insisted his children receive a good education. All six of his children graduated from college and became influential members

of the community. In 1957, Reverend Stirrup died a wealthy man at age of eighty-four.[32]

The Mitchell family arrives in South Florida

In the spring of 1896, Fannie Mitchell set sail for Miami from New York. Fannie Mitchell was born with a strong spirit and stern determination that saw her through many hardships. Born of the gentility of England, she was descended from Sir John Hawkins, the navigator. Having lost her inheritance through a family dispute, she was forced to move to a workhouse and find employment. A single woman, she later gave birth alone in a workhouse in Bethnal Greene in London. In 1856, Fannie Mitchell boarded a ship in England bound for New York carrying her one-year-old son Thomas in her arms. Soon after moving to New York, Fannie Mitchell met and married Henry Near. The years passed and her only son, Thomas Mitchell, married and moved to Boston. Fannie subsequently developed bronchial asthma and her health began to decline. Her son Thomas also suffered from bronchial asthma, and she was concerned for him. Having divorced Henry Near, Fannie decided to move to a better climate in hopes it would improve her health, and that of her son.[33] She learned of land in South Florida available through the Perrine Land Grant, and decided to acquire a tract of land.

Miami pioneer Fannie Mitchell's house built on a tract of land from the Perrine Land Grant. Courtesy of the Guthrie Family Collection.

Before arriving in Miami in 1896, the ship carrying Fannie stopped in Jacksonville, where she disembarked to order lumber to be delivered to Cutler for the new house she would need to build. After arriving in Miami she took a schooner to Cutler, for there was no passenger service south of Miami at that time.[34]

S. H. Richmond was the land agent for the Perrine Land Grant, and with his assistance Fannie Mitchell established herself on a ten-acre portion of Section 23 in Township 55, Range 40, just east of the current Old Cutler Road on Mitchell Drive and adjacent to where Old Cutler Presbyterian Church now stands.[35]

Mr. Richmond provided her with the trees she was required to plant in the unyielding oolite near the surface. She planted by herself one each of peach, sugar apple, sapodilla, several varieties of mangos, several varieties of avocado; a Key lime tree; sweet and sour guava trees; citron plants of different varieties; a date palm tree; a coconut palm tree; a tropical almond tree; grapefruit, tangerine, orange and King orange tree; and a mulberry tree.[36] After her lumber arrived at the Cutler dock, it was delivered to her property by mule and wagon on a two-rut wagon road through the woods.

One requirement of the grant was that a home be built on the property in one year's time. According to family history, Fannie built the house herself. It was a structure that would become the home to five generations of Mitchells. Fannie fulfilled all her obligations to grant specifications and was granted the deed to her property in 1897 in exchange for one dollar.[37] She was in her mid-seventies at the time.

More Mitchells arrive

Fannie was certain the climate of southeast Florida would cure her son Thomas of his bronchial asthma, as it had her. Thomas discussed the situation with his doctor who told him, "If you stay in Waltham, you are liable to die any day." The doctor added, "If you go to Florida and it agrees with you, I'll give you six months to live."[38]

In 1904, Thomas' son Frank came down three months ahead of his father and the rest of the family to select a location to live and farm. He stayed with his grandmother Fannie and found a place about a quarter mile from his grandmother's home. He bargained for fifteen acres of pine and grove of what was known as the Ella Height homestead, located a mile and a half northwest of Cutler, which

included 40 acres of glade land for farming. The property was located on both the north and south sides of what is today's Mitchell Drive.[39]

Thomas Mitchell sold his home in Waltham and moved his wife and six children to Cutler (Frank was in Cutler already with his grandmother Fannie). The Mitchell family took a schooner from Miami, at the time a young city with just a few thousand residents, to Cutler on a hot day. "We sure did some sweating," Thomas Mitchell recalled. "It was an all day voyage and we were a most dispirited and discouraged lot."[40]

When the Mitchells saw their new home, they were unimpressed. There was a small shack at one end of the property about which were set several fruit trees. Although it looked discouraging, Thomas was determined to stay and make a success of it. His health almost immediately improved. Strengthened and encouraged, he set about building a home for his family. Thomas Mitchell was forty-nine years old when he arrived in Cutler and he later recalled it took determination and hard work to whip the rough country into shape.[41]

Visits to town

There were no roads south of Miami—only sand trails through the woods. When Mitchell needed supplies, he took the mule team at 6 a.m., traveled to the city of Miami, and returned home after midnight. Mitchell's seven children took turns accompanying him to Miami. The children who did not get to go would remain awake until the wagon returned because Thomas always brought back "goodies" for everyone. Thomas' daughter, Laura, remembered that they did not reach Miami until noon. They stopped at Larkins Corner (near today's Cocoplum Circle in Coral Gables) to refresh themselves and water the horse. Mitchell also stopped at the Peacock store in Cocoanut Grove where he traded vegetables for other groceries. On hot summer days, they would stop at the Seibold place, where Fairchild Tropical Gardens is now located, to water the horse. There was a pump and a large wooden tub near the road where people passing could stop and water their animals. This consideration for the traveler was common in those days. A wooden bridge crossed Snapper Creek, which has since been widened and deepened as a major drainage canal. But when Mitchell crossed the bridge with his horse and wagon, it was a clear stream with a sandy bottom.

As Thomas Mitchell drew near to Miami, he crossed a wooden bridge over the Miami River, after which he hitched his horse in a vacant lot behind a livery stable on Avenue D (today's South Miami Avenue and Southwest Second Street).

The first thing the Mitchell children did upon arriving in Miami was race for the ice-cream parlor just south of E. L. Brady grocery store at Miami Avenue and Flagler Street. At the same time, their father was purchasing supplies—a barrel of flour, sides of bacon, lima beans, rice, salt, sugar and canned goods in the same quarter. By the time they were ready to leave in the late afternoon, the children were tired and would fall asleep after they passed through Cocoanut Grove on the way home. Cutler Road was a one-lane wagon road with lots of chuck holes. When a wagon wheel hit a chuck hole it jarred the family, but they did not mind. Going to town was a great holiday.[42]

The Mitchells find success in farming

At home, the Mitchells only saw a horse and wagon about once every three days and seldom saw a visitor. About once a year, they were plagued with mosquitoes so thick they could not see out beyond the window screen.[43] Even as late as July 1939, Thomas wrote to his son Frank that the mosquitoes were "swarming extra bad."[44] In spite of hardships, Thomas Mitchell planted trees, grubbed and cleared land, and created an income for his growing children. When they first settled South Dade, there were no trains and most export items were sent to Key West by sloop or schooner, and from there on to New York and Boston. At its peak, the annual grapefruit, avocado and mango output averaged $3,000 to $4,000 in sales. In 1915, Thomas Mitchell made enough from ten acres of tomatoes to build an elegant seven room, two-story home with columns on the front and back porch.[45] Sometime around 1912, Fannie Mitchell died and was buried in the Pinewood Cemetery, a four-acre pioneer cemetery located off of Erwin Road near Sunset Drive in today's Coral Gables.[46]

Thomas Mitchell and his wife Sarah continued to prosper as farmers. Thomas outlived his doctor's prediction by thirty-six years after moving to Cutler. He and Sarah enjoyed a close, harmonious relationship and often said they each hoped they would be the first one to go, since they could not bear the thought of being parted. In 1940, during a cold

front, they both contracted pneumonia. Thomas died just hours before Sarah did, she never knowing he had passed.[47]

Troubles in Cutler

As Flagler's FEC Railway construction continued south in 1903-1904, most South Dade residents expected the rail's right-of-way to be built on the ridge of land close to Biscayne Bay where the settlement of Cutler was located. Rather than follow the ridge from Cocoanut Grove to the south, the railroad instead was built west. Cutler boomed while the tracks were being laid, but the railroad was responsible for the town's ultimate demise, since its right-of-way stood far west of the community, drawing business and settlers away.

The Fuzzard family, along with fifty or more residents, moved north to Miami by 1905.[48] The last store in Cutler closed in 1906 and was followed by the school closing two years later.[49] The Mitchell family, however, remained in Cutler.

In 1913, Charles Deering began purchasing the property that had comprised Cutler for his grand estate. He fenced and posted the entire bayfront, which was the only access the Cutler community had to the bay for swimming and boating. The fence around the Deering property ran down to the water's edge and Mrs. Richmond strongly discouraged the locals from crossing over it to swim, even threatening trespassers with shotgun in hand.[50]

The pioneer settlers found it unreasonable that the only access to the bay was now closed to them, after they had been using it for years. They now had nowhere to dock their boats, swim, or enjoy fish fries as they had previously. Deering's unfriendly attitude, as perceived by the locals, was a source of contention among the pioneers who had always depended on cooperation and helpfulness from their neighbors. As a result, there developed ill feelings between Deering and the early settlers. Deering remained steadfast in his determination to keep swimmers away from his property and installed large crocodiles in the key-shaped lagoon in front of his home. But the local boys were undeterred and stealthily hunted the crocodiles as often as they could, killing one crocodile eleven feet in length. The boys quickly eliminated all of the dangerous crocodiles, prompting Deering to relent and construct a dog-leg channel from the end of the main channel to a new beach at the south end of the wall for the public to use. This arrangement was satisfactory to all.[51]

L to R—Claud E. Brown, Frank Mitchell, Joe Cheetham. HASF 1995-277-17148.

The Mitchells as postmen and farmers

In 1905, Thomas' son, Frank Mitchell, became one of the first three letter carriers for the Miami post office, delivering the mail on bicycle. In 1908, Frank married his Massachusetts sweetheart, Alice Hentzi, whose Swiss father was a watchmaker. After they were married, and while Frank was working for the post office, the couple lived in Henry Flagler's magnificent Royal Palm Hotel near the confluence of the Miami River and Biscayne Bay. Alice often accompanied Frank by bicycle on his mail route.

Frank's brother, Richard Mitchell, and Grace Richmond fell in love. She was the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Richmond. The two were married against the wishes of her parents, who felt that the Mitchells were beneath them in social standing; they insisted that the two separate, which they did. Richard later married Marie Cox of Silver Palm. William, the eldest Mitchell brother, married Rebecca Benjamen.[52]

Frank left the post office and bought 600 acres of land with his brother Richard in 1908. The land extended from what is now Killian Drive south to Mitchell Drive. The brothers mortgaged the land to Wilson & Toomer, a fertilizer company, on the condition that if their crop failed the company would receive the land. It was a brave gamble.

The two brothers worked hard and had a bumper crop ready in the winter of 1909. That year, however, one of the worst freezes ever to hit South Florida devastated the Mitchells' crop. Their plants froze, as well as all the tomatoes in the field, including those in the field crates in the packing house, and those already packed awaiting shipment. The Mitchell land was forfeited to the fertilizer company.[53]

In 1914, Frank and his growing family purchased one hundred acres of land south of Kendall, built a small house, and began farming with his brothers, Richard and William. William and Richard purchased the Hinson store at Kendall in 1914 and it became Mitchell Brothers Mercantile. Much of the trade had been with the Indians, who continued to barter with the Mitchells, exchanging otter furs and coon and alligator hides for manufactured goods.[54]

All three Mitchell boys, William, Richard and Frank, farmed tomatoes on Frank's one hundred acres. William and Richard built a large packing house in Kendall just west of the railroad tracks and just south of Smoak Road (now Southwest 100th Street), near their store. After Dan Killian moved to Kendall in 1917, the Mitchell brothers sold their Kendall store to him but continued to farm tomatoes and to pack and ship them from their packing house in Kendall.[55]

No place like home

In 1917, Frank moved his family up to Lake Okeechobee for one year. There Frank tried to grow crops, but failed due to soil deficiencies. When Frank realized the Mitchells were not going to be able to make a go of it in their new home, he sent Alice and the children back to Miami by train. He loaded all their belongings onto the same barge with which he had moved the family to Okeechobee, and towed it with a row boat he manned himself. The journey from Lake Okeechobee to Miami by way of the Miami Canal took one week.

A Dairy farm is born

In 1918, Frank was encouraged by Dr. Major Schofield to purchase a few cows and start a dairy. Dr. Schofield, who was knowledgeable about the dairy business, lent considerable assistance to Mitchell, who was highly successful with the dairy. The whole family participated in it, with Alice keeping the books and assisting in the bottling and delivering.[56] In addition to delivering milk, Alice also delivered their

third child, Tom, in 1919. Little Alice bottled the milk before fixing breakfast for everyone. The Mitchell's oldest son, Ed, fired up the boiler to create steam for washing bottles and sterilizing them in the steam room. A windmill powered the pump, supplying water for the whole operation. The Mitchell dairy produced milk, butter, buttermilk, and both heavy and light cream, and was the only dairy in Dade County that produced cultured buttermilk. The Mitchells employed four workers who lived in a bunkhouse, receiving room and board and $100 a month for their services. They also hired a cook who provided meals for workers. Frank oversaw the business and also grew corn and cane for cattle feed to supply their herd.[57]

In 1922, Frank Mitchell built a larger six-room home with a lighting system and running water.[58] The house was well-constructed and suffered only minor damage in the 1926 hurricane.[59] Tom, who was seven years old at the time, recalled the experience:

> We had a packing house on the northwest side of the house. That storm had been blowing about, well, since about 11:00 p.m. At daylight, it was really getting wound up. We were on the side of the house with the porch and watching the thing blow by—plants, tree limbs, and all kinds of stuff. My uncle August, my mom's brother, got off the porch and got out where the wind was blowing and barely made it back to the porch without getting blown away. Right after he got back up on the porch, the whole roof of the packing house hit the ground right out in front of us. It had a tin roof and all the boards and tin and everything just broke all to pieces and all that stuff went flying like a bunch of feathers. That tin blew down through the woods until it hit a tree and wrapped around a tree that was still standing, and it stopped.
>
> A little while after that, the wind quit blowing. The center of the storm came through and it was calm. It was calm for about an hour. I remember my Dad telling us, "Don't get too far from the house." We all went outside looking around to see what was done and what wasn't done. He said it was going to come back from the opposite direction pretty soon so be prepared for it and get back in the house. I went down to where the barn was. The barn was intact and the bull pen was intact and the milk room was intact. But the windmill was down, the smoke stack for the boiler was down, and the water tank was down. We had some chickens and, boy, they looked like

> they were about done for. Their feathers were all....well, what few feathers they had left on them were wet. The cows seemed to be all right.
>
> I started back to the house and I just got to the house before the wind hit and I got in the front door. It blew all day that day until about 5:00 p.m.
>
> That was the worst hurricane that hit us in this area until Andrew. Our family figured that the gusts from the '26 hurricane were probably over 180 mph and the sustained winds around 150 to about maybe 160 mph.[60]

The Mitchell family exhibited their prize Vermont stock at the Dade County Fair each year and won many blue ribbons. In fact, the dairy was named "The Blue Ribbon Jersey Dairy." The dairy, which started with three cows, eventually boasted 180 cattle, all registered Jersey cattle.[61]

Ed and Tom delivered milk together to their customers, which included Dr. David Fairchild, the Larkins School, the Hugh Mathesons, the W. J. Mathesons, the Munroes, Stang's Grocery and McKeenhan's store in Larkins, Lever's store in Coconut Grove, Kite Powell, Glen Dennings, the Bullards and Miami Mayor Clifford Reeder. They also delivered to the Roses, who had a bulldog prone to

Ed Mitchell with his hunting dog, Bosco, in front of a delivery truck from his family's Blue Ribbon Jersey Dairy. Courtesy of the Mitchell Family Collection

biting; to the Skinners; to E. E. Wooly near Tigertail; the Bennetts and to the W. T. Price station near Tigertail. With a sixty-mile delivery route, the Mitchells had many other customers, as well.

Dan Killian served as county commissioner from 1922 to 1926. It was his job to assign street names; around 1925 he suggested to Frank Mitchell that Southwest 112th Street be named Mitchell Drive after him. Frank said he would prefer to have a road named for his father instead, and since Southwest 144th Street was the road on which Thomas Mitchell and Thomas' mother, Fannie, had settled, Mitchell Drive was the name assigned to the road now also known as Southwest 144th Street.[62]

Alice Mitchell starts a school

In 1927 elementary school-age children in Kendall attended Larkins—the closest school. The school became crowded as the area's population grew. During one year, the third grade was so overcrowded they "skipped" some of the children to the fourth grade.[63] As a result, Frank's wife Alice decided that a school for Kendall was a necessity, so she visited all the families in the Kendall area and circulated a petition for the new school. She submitted it to the county and succeeded in convincing them to build a school, which was called Kendal School. Later, when parents were uncomfortable with the Kendal School being mistakenly associated with the Kendal Home for delinquent children, the school name was changed to Kenwood Elementary.[64] Tom Mitchell rode to school on Tony, his Shetland pony, on the day the school opened in the fall of 1928. While Tom was in class, the sixth-grader kept his pony in Sam Bethea's nearby two-acre mule pasture.[65]

The collapse of the dairy farm

In 1927, Ed was in the first graduating class of Ponce De Leon High School.[66] That same year his father was offered $750,000 for his dairy operation but turned it down. Frank was involved in real estate, as well as the dairy, and had borrowed $40,000 in order to purchase a 150-acre grapefruit grove, using the dairy as collateral. In 1929, following the area's sharp economic downturn, the mortgage on the dairy fell into receivership.[67] Although the dairy continued to be a success, and Frank continued to pay the mortgage and all interest due, the mortgage receivers demanded that the debt be paid in full immediately. As

Frank was unable to meet their demands, the receivers foreclosed on the dairy, selling it on the courthouse steps to a politically connected Italian family, Dan Bufano and Charlie Fascell (Dante Fascell's father). Although the mortgage receivers had been unwilling to allow the Mitchells to continue making their mortgage payments, they offered the Mitchell dairy to the Bufanos and Fascells on credit. The Bufano Dairy, called Fairglade Dairy, was located at Galloway and about Southwest 104th Street, not far from the Blue Ribbon Jersey Dairy, and thus was in competition with the Mitchells for customers. In the foreclosure debacle, the Mitchells lost two homes, the dairy barn, the milk barn, all stock, chickens, ducks, horses and furniture. They were left with nothing but their personal possessions.

Charlie Smoak, a Kendall friend, offered the destitute family a house on Killian Drive and Southwest Ninety-seventh Avenue, which had been built for the manager of a rock crushing operation nearby. Smoak managed the property and the house and he arranged for the Mitchells to live there free of charge for nine years.

The Fascells absorbed the Mitchell's valuable 180-head herd into their operation, including the herd Ed had built from his prize Jersey cow won in the Calf Club. Frank managed to transfer the title to one of their automobiles into his brother's name, and so retained a vehicle for his family.[68]

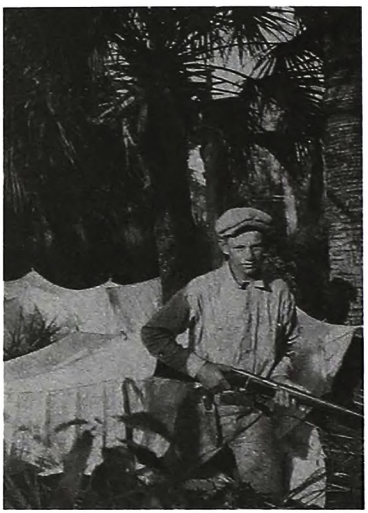
The depression hits the Mitchell family

Times were difficult during the Great Depression for the Mitchell family. Frank Mitchell began to farm tomatoes again. The family ate what they raised, fished and hunted. In 1932, John Bethea, who lived in a house about a half mile from the Mitchells, journeyed to Lake Worth. He had a half-acre patch of sweet potatoes and told Frank Mitchell he could have them. Tom recalled later that the family would have starved without those sweet potatoes, eating them for breakfast, dinner and supper. They ate them candied, fried, raw, and boiled and any other way they could be prepared. When the Mitchells needed groceries, they would take a bushel of sweet potatoes to Dan Killian's store and trade them for the desired items.

Despite the hard times, the Mitchells survived. They ate in addition to the ubiquitous sweet potatoes, eggs from their chickens and ducks. They hunted rabbit, quail and doves in the woods near their house. Sometimes, to supplement the food supply, Frank, Ed and Tom would

hunt in the Everglades for deer and turkey. The mosquitoes were something with which to contend. In 1928, when the Mitchells still operated the dairy, the mosquito swarms were so thick that several of their cattle died of suffocation from inhaling mosquitoes. They lost a couple of mules this way, as well.

Hunting in the Everglades meant having to sleep in the woods and contending with mosquitoes so the Mitchells protected themselves by crafting a mosquito bar, a piece of cheese cloth converted into a little tent, to sleep under. The tents were about six feet square and six feet high—four sides and a roof in an oblong shape. They left the sides extra long so they would have enough to tuck under them as they slept to keep the mosquitoes from getting in under the bar, and then pushed the tent away from their bodies so the mosquitoes would not bite them through it. Although this afforded some protection from the mosquitoes, it offered none from the rain.



Ed Mitchell in September 1926, hunting with homemade mosquito bars behind him. Courtesy of the Mitchell Family Collection.

Because sand flies could get through the cheese cloth, the Mitchells started making their mosquito bars out of unbleached muslin. This also helped to keep them a little bit warmer during the cold winter nights. The mosquitoes in the Everglades were so thick that if the Mitchells put a hand up against the muslin and left it there for a bit, they could, when they withdrew it, see the shape of their hand created by mosquitoes gathered there trying to bite them.

Young Tom made a pair of shoes out of an inner tube because he did not have shoes to wear to protect his feet from the rocky woods when he hunted. He walked to the school bus stop at U.S. 1 and Killian Drive from Southwest Ninety-seventh Avenue and carried his inner tube shoes to the bus and again back home to keep from wearing them out.

In 1935, at the age of sixteen, Tom began working as an electrician, as houses were once again being built in the area. He earned twenty-five cents per hour at his union job, bringing home ten dollars each week. He kept two dollars and gave the rest to his father to purchase groceries and operate the farm.

In 1938, Charlie Smoak informed Mitchell that the rent on their house was going to be increased to eight dollars a month. It was more than Frank could afford, so the family moved into the house that Fannie Mitchell had built in 1896 on Mitchell Drive.[69]

When the property Fannie had once owned was sold to the Guthrie family in 1940, Frank and Alice moved into an apartment and Frank once again went to work for the post office, delivering mail. He borrowed money and bought a piece of property on Ludlam Road, not far from where his grandmother Fannie had settled. There he began planting an exotic fruit grove. He had every kind of fruit that grows in the area and a variety of flowering shrubs and trees, many of which he obtained from Dr. David Fairchild. He planned to build a home on the place and had just completed the plans and made arrangements to do so when he died of a heart attack.[70]

A pioneer love story

When Ed Mitchell was of high school age, he traveled by bus to Coconut Grove, the venue of the only high school between Miami and Redlands. In his senior year, the school was moved to a new location in Coral Gables and named Ponce de Leon High School. After graduation in 1927, he entered the University of Florida. Home from college after one year, he again worked in the dairy, managing the milking operation. It was then that he met Helen Clark, who was waiting at the school bus stop at U.S. 1 and Southwest 112th Street, and fell in love with her. He was nineteen; she was fifteen years of age.[71]

Helen Clark was born in Miami in 1913 to Arthur and Ivy Clark. Arthur Clark managed the Matheson coconut plantation on Key Biscayne from 1919 to 1926. While working as manager, Arthur persuaded William Matheson, the family patriarch, to secure a public school for the six children living on Key Biscayne. Matheson's boat captain had been bringing the children to the Coconut Grove school, but when Helen, on one occasion, fell off the boat during disembarkation and was nearly crushed between the boat and the dock, her

father decided it was time for a change. Matheson succeeded in securing a school for the island; a teacher was brought over to live on Key Biscayne with the Clark family.[72] Later, after the Clarks moved to Kendall, Helen's mother, Ivy, became the first PTA president of the school that would later become Kenwood Elementary.[73]

Soon after their meeting, Helen and Ed decided to marry. Helen's parents objected to her marrying at such a young age, but Ed and Helen eloped, much to her parents' disappointment. The young couple moved into a small house on Yale Avenue (now Southwest 122nd Street), and began housekeeping. Ed's father raised his salary to twenty dollars per month. Rent was fifteen dollars per month and groceries cost between three and five dollars per week. Their first child Martha was born there.

In 1919, Arthur and Ivy Clark moved with their children, Linnaeus and Helen, to Key Biscayne, where Arthur Clark managed William Matheson's coconut grove plantation. Courtesy of Jerry Wilkinson.

After the stock market crash in 1929, which exacerbated the area's economic problems, Helen's father, Arthur Clark, arranged for the young couple to live rent-free as caretakers on a grove he was managing. This home, located on Mitchell Drive, was the same structure built by Ed's great-grandmother Fannie thirty-five years earlier. The Mitchells lived here until Ed obtained a job as postmaster at Kendall, after-which they moved into a house in Kendall, just north of David Brantly Dice's store, with Walter Ingram's garage on the south side of them and the barber shop behind. Ed's younger brother Tom visited regularly at the post office, where his sister Alice sometimes worked. Ed earned fifty dollars per month as postmaster, and had to pay ten dollars per month to rent the post office building. Ed and Helen's first son Eddie was born here.

The rebuilding and rerouting of U.S. 1 began about the time Ed became postmaster at Kendall. U.S. 1 was converted into a cement highway. The former U.S. 1 ran between the filling station, the post office, and Dice's store, and the FEC Railway ran alongside the highway at that time.

After Ed resigned as postmaster he obtained a truck and earned money hauling manure for other farmers. Ed continued to farm, sometimes for himself, sometimes with his father, raising tomatoes, eggplant, or squash. He then entered into a farming partnership with a Mr. Shepard and planted a tomato crop in the Everglades near an area called Pinecrest on Loop Road. He made some money at this but lost it the following year.

Afterwards, Ed and his brother-in-law, Arthur Stewart, planted a crop on the Tamiami Trail a few miles east of Monroe Station. They built a two-room shack of pine slabs, and Ed and his family moved out there for a few months. The Seminole Indians visited the Mitchells and traded venison for corned beef and other canned goods.

The family moved back to Kendall in 1935. With credit at the grocery store and for fertilizer, Ed continued to farm. Sloan knew they could no longer afford the rent at the home in Kendall, so he offered them a dilapidated, abandoned shack on Mitchell Drive across from Fannie's old homestead, where Ed's parents were then living rent-free. Down the street from them lived Ed's grandfather and grandmother, Thomas and Sarah Mitchell.

The Mitchells' new home possessed no running water, only a pitcher pump at the sink, while the cracks in the boards of the house were wide enough to stir the girls' hair when the wind blew. But they were a close-knit family and happy together in spite of the struggles. Two more children, Arthur Joseph and Frank, were born to the Mitchells in that era.

The Mango King

At the end of the 1940s, Ed's father died, and in an effort to help support his mother, he began operating the grove his father had started. Alice Mitchell sold fruit from the grove on the roadside. Dr. David Fairchild, who had provided many of the trees to Alice's husband, Frank, advised her that in order to make the grove a profitable enterprise, she needed to replace the trees with a single crop. Starting with ten mango trees on the property, Ed began removing the trees that were unprofitable and replacing them with mango trees, which brought greater returns.

In the beginning, the mangos were washed and packed under a big tree in the yard at home. Then Ed Mitchell, Frank Mitchell's oldest son, decided to build a packing shed at the grove. He began to care for

several neighbors' groves and market their fruit also. As time went on, this venture became very successful. Ed was soon recognized by other growers as most knowledgeable about mangos. In the 1960s, Ed began expanding his operation on his own, leasing a grove from J. F. Williams and enlarging his packing house. Ed's son, Eddie, left his job at Cape Kennedy and came to work with his father. The packing house was enlarged four times in the ensuing years.[74]

The business, now called Mitchell Mangos, became a family affair. Ed was in charge of sales, while sons Eddie, Joe and Frank ran the picking, packing house operations, and equipment and grove maintenance. Ed's younger brother Tom supervised the mangos in the "gas house" and also the trucking. Tom's son Keith, Ed's grandsons, Alvin and Leonard, Ed's daughter Marjorie Pierce, daughter-in-law Susan, and wife Helen all worked in the business.[75]

Ed was a great promoter who not only developed the United States market for mangos, but he also claimed eighty-five percent of it by the early 1970s.[76] Ed Mitchell managed to pull his family from the depths of poverty, leading them into a multi-million dollar business, which he conceived and developed. His family enthusiastically contributed their hard work and support. They operated on 350 acres and were shipping as many as 100,000 pounds—five tractor trailer loads—per day throughout the United States and Canada. When the normal yield per acre was seventy bushels, the Mitchells were picking five hundred bushels of mangos from the same amount of land. Theirs was easily the largest commercial mango operation in the United States.

The logo for the family business was a mango with a crown, which prompted many people to call Ed "King Mango." Seymour Goldweber, a former agricultural extension agent with Dade County, who knew the family in the 1930s and worked with Ed from the 1950s, praised the Mitchells in a *Miami Herald* article. "All the Mitchells are great people, a fine family, very close-knit, and very conscious of their community and their environment," Goldweber noted. Emil Gros, a long time mango grower, claimed it was Ed Mitchell who was mainly responsible for technological advances in the mango industry that elevated the mango from a hobby to an industrial, profitable, commercial fruit, and this effort gave Miami a mango industry. In 1980, Ed was honored with the White Hat Award, the agribusiness Institute of Florida's highest award, naming him Agriculturalist of the Year.[77]

A pioneer heritage

After sixty years of marriage to Helen, Ed Mitchell died in 1989, followed by his wife in 1996. Theirs was an enduring marriage that, at the time of Helen's death, had produced a total of 116 direct descendents spanning four generations—and a multi million-dollar mango industry.

Today, Ed's son Joe and daughter Marjorie continue to raise mangos, as does Ed's brother Tom, who is still living in the area. Although NAFTA and Mexico's infiltration into the United States market have hurt the United States mango industry, the Mitchells continue to pass down the skills and knowledge of farming to their children.

Joe Mitchell taught his grandsons Robert and David Richardson to graft avocados and mangos and both boys have sold Mitchell fruit from a roadside stand in Kendall near the old Mitchell Dairy. In 1998, Robert entered his grafted avocado in the Science Fair at Kenwood Elementary, the same school his great-great grandmother helped start in 1929. This seventh generation Miamian was awarded a blue ribbon for his efforts.

In the 1950s, Ed began to cultivate mangos, developing a multi-million dollar mango industry by the 1970s. In 1980, he earned the title of Agriculturalist of the Year. Courtesy of the Mitchell Family Collection.

Pioneering South Florida was tackled by men and women of strength, determination and grit. These traits were passed from one generation to the next, as they developed not only their farms, but also the communities surrounding them. They swatted mosquitoes, plowed fields, treated illness, sweated in the heat, built homes, started schools, and raised their children to be men and women of substance who were able to withstand any hardship and tackle any challenge. These pioneers, like the Mitchells, endured and succeeded, helping the area to become what it is today.

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[70] *Ibid.*; personal interview, 19 February 1998.
[71] Helen Mitchell, *Biography of Frank Mitchell*, undated, circa 1980.
[72] Around 1994, WLRN's Ruth Jacobs conducted a video interview of Helen Mitchell and her brother-in-law Tom Mitchell for the purpose of creating an educational video about Miami memories. The author has a copy of the raw footage shot during this interview, for which she was present. The material referenced here is taken from this interview.
[73] Idalee Wolf Vonk, *A Little Red School House Grows Up*, (privately published by Kendall School, undated).
[74] Helen Mitchell, *Biography of Edward Frank Mitchell*, undated, circa 1980.
[75] Tom Mitchell, personal interview, 11 July 2004.
[76] *Ibid.*; interview with Kathy Hersh, 7 March 2001.
[77] Linda Jennings, "Mango Pioneer Ed Mitchell is dead," *The Miami Herald*, undated clipping, 1a, 10a.