

MSD

The Ford International Weekly

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Michigan, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Chicago, Illinois.

Per copy \$1.50

Published
Weekly

Dearborn, Michigan, February 9, 1924

28th YEAR
No. 16

Sixty
Copies Ten Cents

Samuel Crowther on the State of Europe

“Sporting” Manhattan Fears for Its “Sport”

Selective Immigration Controlled at Source

Currency Contraction Cause of the Dark Ages

The Virile Story of Saint Brigid’s Parish

Lincoln’s Speech Sounded Knell of Slavery

Through the Heart of the Everglades

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

Through the Heart of the Everglades—PART II

Path Hewn Through Cypress Wilderness by Adventurous Motorcade; Deer Shot by Guide and Supplies From Plane Come as Food Fails Party

A PECULIAR thing noted about the far interior section was the almost total absence of small game, though panther, deer, bear and wild cat signs were seen in abundance. Bird life was almost unobserved, the one prominent specimen being the owl whose hoo-hoo, answered by his mates in the distant tree tops, awoke the echoes through the night. There was likewise a dearth of other living things—no alligators and but two snakes being seen by the writer on the entire trip to Miami, sensational newspapers to the contrary notwithstanding. Scarcely any mosquitoes were experienced after leaving the coast, the men sleeping for the most part without mosquito bars.

There is something fascinating about sleeping in the out-of-doors near the flickering campfire, the starlit canopy overhead—far more brilliant here in the tropics than in northern regions—and being lulled to rest by the sound of the breeze in the swaying tree tops. True, the ground felt rather hard at times, and there are vague memories of restless turning at intervals during the night to find some better position for aching limbs, but there were times when palmetto leaves were available which when strewn on the ground in abundance formed a very comfortable bed. The healthfulness of this outdoor life and the country traversed is attested by the fact that no one caught cold from exposure and there was no serious illness on the trip.

Renewed attack was made upon the cypress trees. It was hard, grueling work to most of us who were not toughened to such exercise and the strenuousness of the trip and slender rations were beginning to tell. The temperature, which in the open had been very moderate, tempered as it was by refreshing breezes, became almost unbearable in the dense cypress, with the sun beating down and scarcely a breath of air stirring. Work created a thirst which was relieved not at all by copious draughts of the warm and flat-tasting water obtained from surface wells dug in the black cypress muck. As the seepage into these holes was often slow and the demand for water urgent it frequently happened that one drank a generous proportion of mud and sediment, but with no seeming ill effects.

To the writer the lack of good drinking water proved the greatest privation, and there were frequent periods when one's thoughts dwelt in anticipation upon the ice cream and cooling drinks one would get in Miami when the Trail's end was reached—but when?

We cut our way through Chatam Bend Cypress after chopping a passable trail through 2,600 yards of virgin forest, and again we found ourselves in a big marsh prairie with another cypress barrier a short distance ahead that looked more dark and forbidding than before. The caravan skirted the timber line for a mile or two to the southwest, looking for a favorable point of attack, soon coming to a small, rocky palm hammock where Abe sometimes had camped when on hunting trips.

It was near this point that we began cutting our way into the fourth cypress we had encountered, known as Alligator Bay Strand, and called by others Roberts Lake Cypress, the speedometer at this point showing 100.7 miles from Fort Myers. Camp was somewhat strung out that night, some of the cars being well into the cypress and others still at the edge of the prairie. To the writer this night set in under the most dispiriting conditions of the entire trip. Food was practically gone and the strenuous physical exertion, coupled with anxiety as to our whereabouts, had slackened somewhat our none too rapid progress. Several enforced detours to the southwest had brought us well back toward the gulf coast, as an occasional motor boat was

By A. H. ANDREWS

The Dearborn Independent last week published the first part of this article having to do with the experiences met in a motor trek across the unexplored Everglades of Florida. This is the second and final installment.



Hammock "island" in marsh prairie, these islands being a frequent sight in country bordering the lower Everglades.

distinctly heard on one of the bays in the distance, but aside from this practically nothing was known till now of our location.

Suddenly a shot caused those in the rear to rush forward. Abe had come in with a deer and we knew we were to eat once more. To add to our encouragement three scouts had returned from a trip and they reported a survey stake, together with some newly blazed trees, indicating that we were now on the premises of the Cheveller Corporation in Monroe County.

Abe related that after killing the deer he had sat down on a log to await the return of the scouting party. He told his fellow scouts that he was glad when he returned as he was beginning to see ghosts and was "scared ejus." The Seminole Indian is a firm believer in ghosts and fairies, the latter being termed by him "the little people."

A supper of boiled venison was hastily prepared which, though tough and none too well cooked, was greatly appreciated by the almost famished crowd. The balance of the night was drizzly—the first rain encountered—and some rushed to shelter and sat in the cars until daylight.

It was on Wednesday morning—and just one week from the start at Fort Myers—that we thought it expedient to dispatch a small scouting party ahead to Abe toward Miami to forward supplies and telegraph to anxious relatives and friends.

After an appetizing breakfast of fried venison the party went to work with renewed energy, but the cypress ahead seemed interminable. Toward noon the hum of a motor was heard and a plane was seen swooping over the tree tops at a considerable altitude. In the excitement of the moment one chap waved his hat frantically and shouted: "Let's all holler together. I can't make him hear all by myself." We hollered a big sardine in the hope that he would return and discover us, but he failed to come back.

The blazing of the trail through the cypress strands was sufficiently interesting to merit description. In the advance guard were the viewers who pursued a general compass direction, avoiding as much as possible the larger trees, and with hatchet in hand blazing the way on both sides of the route. Then came the axe men and those who bore away the underbrush and fallen timber. When a half mile or so had been cleared a delegation would go back to bring up the cars.

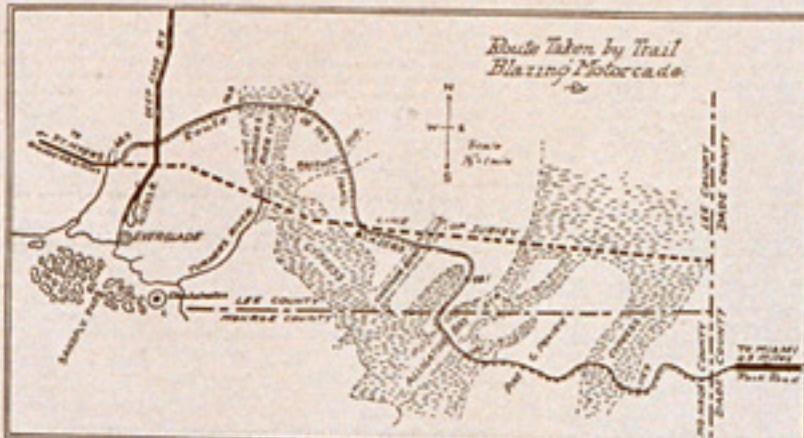
The performance of those little cars was simply remarkable and the wonder is that the entire seven eventually got through to Miami, mostly on their own power, and with little more serious injury than battered fenders and running boards. Amid shouts of "Step on her," and "Give her h—l" the first car of the line would start up, shortly followed by others, leaping wildly like frightened jack rabbits, bumping over roots here and skidding sideways there, until it seemed like they were headed to certain destruction. Once a driver lost his nerve and slowed up, he was almost sure to lodge with one of his drive wheels spinning against a slick cypress root until the smell of burning rubber filled the air. In many instances there was barely room for clearance between two cypress trees, and hairpin turns, to avoid the cutting of large timber, were common. Stumps that were cut apparently low enough at the start often had to be cut lower for the last few cars as the wheel ruts wore down in the soft muck and left less clearance for the car axles. It was not only a test of cars but of skillful driving as well.

Camp was made for the second night in the midst of this cypress. Quite cheering was the fact that Abe had brought in a second deer, and we were soon refreshed with venison and coffee without milk or sugar; practically all provisions had been exhausted. I recall our elation at finding a few slices of mouldy bread which were soon pressed into service to round out the bill of fare.

After a hard morning's chopping on Thursday we had reached the scrub cypress marking the edge of the strand and were rapidly making our way into the open prairie about noon when a big fire was observed at some distance off to the left. Then a rifle shot was heard which was answered by lusty shouts from the advance guard of the trail blazers and presently we encountered a rescue party of three from a surveying camp.

The rescuers explained that word had reached them that the motorcade was lost in the wilds and they had come out to locate us if possible and bring needed relief. A run of a mile or two across the prairie brought us to a truck containing several big cans of much-needed gasoline. The truck—a light one—was stripped almost to the running gear, and what particularly attracted our attention was the extra rim and tire bolted fast to each wheel. We learned the purpose shortly afterward.

After the tanks were replenished the rescuers went ahead with the parting instruction to follow their trail to camp about twelve miles distant, which we should be able to reach by dark. The ride across this prairie proved about the roughest motoring we had so far experienced, with frequent big outcropping ledges of jagged lime rock, and it was with somewhat of a feeling of relief that we entered a rough-hewn trail through a cypress swamp, believing the camp to be near at hand. But we were doomed to disappointment as we motored on and on, the trail becoming heavier. Suddenly we came to the little truck that had gone



to our rescue.

The last was an all strenuous branches in foremost cut out on firm light of the camp and capans. It time occasional visions, being with us from them Construction as far as it.

With the our surrounded in a line in firm, much abundance best we had and the experience somewhat.

Five cars in scattered their discinating the the whir observed on the ground to attract as they son returned, but or two more to be Capt. big German Oh jay! The canned goods which had.

After bit, and pro turn the f with cans of gas. Captain partied for 3 in camp. observed the dled all over plainly seen and did not could well proved up that we can.

It was main in car following d rivals were lashed and department buy for supply the

Tis a long Miami; It's a long O'er a

We f going "right in ignorance hard day's over the sun of the grad good luck, he was o were rising.

Saturday found that came. No ploughed in and soon al was something tracks and which, of c of greater

It was a cominary footing. W ahead in ev

Anything including the mile bike f which, becance seem directions d meandering

PART II

ade;

party

together. I can't
it a big savage
discover us, but

cypress strands
cription. In the
aroused a general
as possible the
blazing the way
the route. The
n and those who
underbrush and
then a half mile
cleared a debris
back to bring

ance of those
only remarkable
that the entire
got through to
on their own
little more ser-
attered founders.
. Amid shouts
and "Give her
car of the line
sorily followed
ing wildly like
beasts, bumping
and skidding
till it seemed
ded to certain
a driver lost
ed up, he was
ge with one of
facing against
earning rubber
barely room
, and halpin
er, were com-
ow enough at
the last few
soft muck and
not only a
well.

in the midst
act that Abe
are soon re-
silk or sugar;
red. I recall
bread which
t the bill of

Thursday we
edge of the
the open
observed at
le shot was
ts from the
ntly we en-
a surveying

reached them
and they had
needed re-
arie brought
such-needed
ept almost
tracted our
ast to each
arned the
afterward.
tasks were
e resours
the part to
follow camp about
stant, which
ole to reach
ride across
eved about
ctoring we
experienced,
an outcrop-
ng line
was with
eling of
extened a
l through
p, believ-
o be near
we were
pointment
on and on,
g heavier,
e to the
had gone

to our rescue. It had been abandoned and its passengers had evidently walked on into camp.

The last few hundred yards of that cypress swamp was an almost bottomless mire, and it was only by strenuous prying with cypress poles, the stroking of branches in the rut and by hard pushing that the two foremost cars were extricated from the mud and driven out on firm prairie shortly after dark. Guided by the light of the camp fire, the small advance guard reached camp and were warmly welcomed by the four occupants. It seemed that we had arrived at an inopportune occasion, as they were practically out of provisions, being about to remove camp, but gladly shared with us such food as they had at hand. We learned from them that we were five miles from the McCreary Construction Camp, marking the end of the road grade, as far as it had then been completed west from Miami.

With the dawn of Friday we were better able to note our surroundings and observed that the camp was situated in a little, rocky pine and cabbage palm hammock in firm, marl prairie. And best of all, here was an abundance of cool, clear water from a rocky well—the best we had had on the entire trip. Between this camp and the end of the grade lay a heavy marl prairie, somewhat swampy in places, where we were likely to experience difficulty in crossing.

Five cars and most of our party had spent the night in scattered positions throughout the cypress, much to their discomfort, and work was early resumed in extricating them from the mire. Shortly before 10 o'clock the whir of a motor was heard and a big plane was observed screeching overhead. A blanket was spread on the ground to mark a safe landing place, but our efforts to attract the attention of the aviator seemed futile, as they soared away on to the westward. They soon returned, however, and after circling about a time or two made a safe landing. The aviator proved to be Captain W. A. Carr and N. C. Tornstensson in a big German Rumpler five-passenger bombing plane. And, Oh joy! They had brought five big sacks of bread and canned goods from the Miami Chamber of Commerce, which had heard of our plight.

After conversing a bit, and promising to return the following day with cans of much-needed gas, Captain Carr departed for Miami. While in camp Captain Carr observed that he had circled all over the cypress, plainly seeing our tracks, and did not see how we could well have improved upon the route that we came.

It was decided to remain in camp until the following day. New arrivals were nearly famished and the culinary department was kept busy for some time to supply their needs.

Much of the evening was spent in rehearsing a song that had been evolved, it running thus to the tune of "Tipperary":

Tis a long, long way to
Miami;

It's a long way to go,

It's a long way to Miami

O'er a road we did

not know,

Good-hye, Fort Myers,

Esterio and Naples too.

Tis a long, long way to Miami,

But we went right through!

We found shortly that we were a long way from going "right through," but of this we were blissfully in ignorance. Mr. Cook had told us that we had a hard day's journey ahead of us to make the five miles over the marl prairie to the McCreary Camp on the end of the grade, and that we might make it by night with good luck, possibly. But we were inclined to think that he was overestimating the difficulties, for our spirits were rising, and were we not almost to the grade?

Saturday morning an early start was made, but we found that the farther we went the softer the mud became. No one knowing any definite route, each car plunged in haphazard wherever seemed the best going, and soon all were helplessly floundering in the mud. It was sometimes necessary to lift a car bodily from its tracks and set it over on new ground for a fresh start, which, of course, would have been impossible with cars of greater weight.

It was approaching the noon hour. One car and the commissary truck had been dragged to somewhat firmer footing. We were apparently in a sort of pocket, for ahead in every direction was boggy soil.

Anything seemed preferable to idle waiting, so six, including the writer, set out on the three and one-half-mile hike for the construction camp across the prairie, which, because of its marshy condition, made the distance seem twice as long. In the distance in various directions dense clumps of cypress could be seen, while meandering here and there through the open country

were thin leads of small, scrubby trees. We soon found that the firmest footing was along these scrub cypress ridges, and avoided the wide, open spaces as much as possible.

We had not progressed far when the big plane was seen returning from Miami. We later learned that it failed to bring a much-needed gas supply, as agreed upon the day before, but the pilot was prevailed upon to draw ten gallons from his tank, which helped very materially, for the cars were now situated where every additional gallon of fuel, as well as food supplies, must be packed by hand from the end of the grade three and one-half miles across the marsh, thirty pounds being all the average man could well handle at a load.

The sun beat down upon us unmercifully and it was with great relief that we eventually reached the shade of a dense, rocky hammock, through a clearing in which we could see the dredge a half-mile ahead. This hammock was of most peculiar formation, being almost continuous rock of flinty hardness and full of pot holes



Advance guard of the motorcade.



Airplane landing food supplies for Trail Blazers.

through which the trees and underbrush had grown, and necessitated picking one's way carefully to avoid stumbling and possible serious injury.

A Negro blasting crew eyed us curiously and in response to our inquiry for drinking water pointed to several barrels standing near the dredge in the sun. Now that we had reached the verge of civilization we counted upon getting good drinking water, but we were doomed to disappointment, for

that water was simply awful, being lukewarm and tasting strongly of lubricating oil. It seems that the ditch alongside the road grade was the only source of supply, and the water being discolored by dynamite and full of dead fish, it was, of course, necessary to condense it through the boiler, with results anything but palatable, and thereafter we dispensed with the water, drinking coffee until reaching Miami.

We arrived at the construction camp shortly after the regular dinner hour, where we were hospitably received by the camp boss, notwithstanding that they were themselves nearly out of provisions. The Negro cook soon had us a palatable dinner ready, and those hot biscuits seemed the finest thing we had had since leaving the United States more than a week previously.

The camp was situated in a scrub cypress thicket on pot-hole rock formation, being about forty-three miles west of Miami and a mile and a half from the Monroe County line. Two small bunk tents constituted the only living quarters for the white men of the crew, so sleeping accommodations were necessarily at a premium.

Several other Trail Blazers struggled in during the day and part of the afternoon was spent in perusing copies of the daily papers which told of the entire motorcade being lost in the Big Cypress and positively declared that we would never make it through to Miami.

The camp truck came in that night from Miami with supplies and the writer pre-empted the seat for a bed—very comfortable indeed to much that we had been experiencing. Others of the party disposed themselves as comfortably as they could on the rocks around a camp

fire. Rain had been threatening for the past several days, and about midnight came a heavy shower which drove us all to the cook tent for shelter. The tent was raised about three feet from the ground and the wind came through in gusts chilling us to the bone. Our individual recollection is of sitting, back to back, on a soap box, shivering until sunrise. However, such are insignificant hardships when one is trail blazing and making history.

On Sunday morning two cars came out from Miami, and to relieve the crowded condition in camp, a number of our party went back with them. Provisions came that afternoon, and I determined to accompany them as far back as the cars to get camera and suitcase that had been left behind.

About dark we were visited with another deluge which lasted some hours, driving all to the shelter of the cars where we spent a somewhat restless night. The outlook Monday morning was discouraging, indeed, with water standing everywhere. Here we were once more within sight of the U. S. A., with the rainy season, which we had sought to avoid, having apparently set in on us and threatening to thwart the final success of the expedition.

The writer returned to the grade. Several of the Trail Blazers returned from Miami with a truck, bringing planks and a big coil of rope.

At this time the writer and another were offered a car and the long drive to Miami was begun. Not a house was encountered for the first twenty miles, nor any sign of human life except a few scattering Indian camps, and for much of this distance the road was indescribably rough, owing to the fact that the rock spoil bank comprising the grade had never yet been leveled down for traffic except sufficiently to permit of the weekly trip of the truck going in for supplies and mail for the construction camp. The brown marl and outcropping rock on either side soon gave way to the rich, black-looking mud of the Everglades, covered with dense growth of sawgrass and dotted here and there with little wooded islands.

After passing the first settler's house and farm the remaining twenty-five miles into Miami is for the most part excellent road. Real estate signs began to greet the eye and soon developed properties followed each other in rapid succession. About twelve miles from the city we were held up by a dredge which had cut a big canal across the trail. As detouring through the wet marsh appeared out of the question we abandoned the car and were ferried to the opposite side where we fortunately met some winter tourists. Unshaven, in dirty shirts and overalls, and notwithstanding our general forbidding appearance, they were delighted, upon learning our identity, to take us in to the hotel, where we arrived about seven p. m. Much as we had dreamed of soda water and ice cream when out in the sticks, a bath and a shave seemed the greatest luxury of all, to say nothing of the real comfort of being apparelled once more in clean clothing.

Of the next few days in wonderful Miami, the sightseeing, the warm reception and hospitality extended us everywhere by her people, much might be written which, though interesting, is not strictly in line with trail blazing and would unduly prolong this narrative. Upon our arrival in the city we found that several of our party had already left for their homes, and six more took their departure that night on the train, being unable to wait until the final arrival of the cars. It had been our original intention to all come in together, looking wild and woolly, and singing our trail songs.

Two more days passed without any encouraging word from the marooned cars and finally on Friday morning a conference was called between several of the Trail Blazers. It was contended that by bolting extra rims and tires to the car wheels they could be brought out under their own power. It was decided to try out this plan, and a crew of fresh men was secured with the necessary equipment and sent out immediately to the scene. The plan worked successfully. Extra rims and tires were then bolted to the wheels and the cars came in to the grade under their own power, arriving in Miami Saturday night—just one week from the day when they first plunged into this worst and last bog of the entire trip.

Sunday afternoon the seven cars formed a procession down Flagler street to the waterfront park, where a reception was held, the remaining Trail Blazers being greeted by the president of the Miami Chamber of Commerce. After the reception most of the party departed immediately for their West Coast homes, but not by the route they had come. It was a wonderful experience to have come through for the first time on this history-making motorcade, but all were unanimous in the declaration, "Never again."

The results of this motorcade have been far-reaching and all that could have been desired. Through the films and the public press it has brought the Tamiami Trail to the attention of millions of persons who had never previously heard of this great highway project. It has proved the healthfulness and fertile character of the country through which the Trail will pass; all that is needed in addition to a road being drainage to develop this wonderful section. It has also shown the most feasible route to be through northern Monroe County where least cypress is to be encountered.

Best of all has been the stimulus to the building of the Trail all along the line. Since the motorcade, state aid amounting to many thousand dollars has been awarded several needy counties to assist in building their respective links in the Trail.