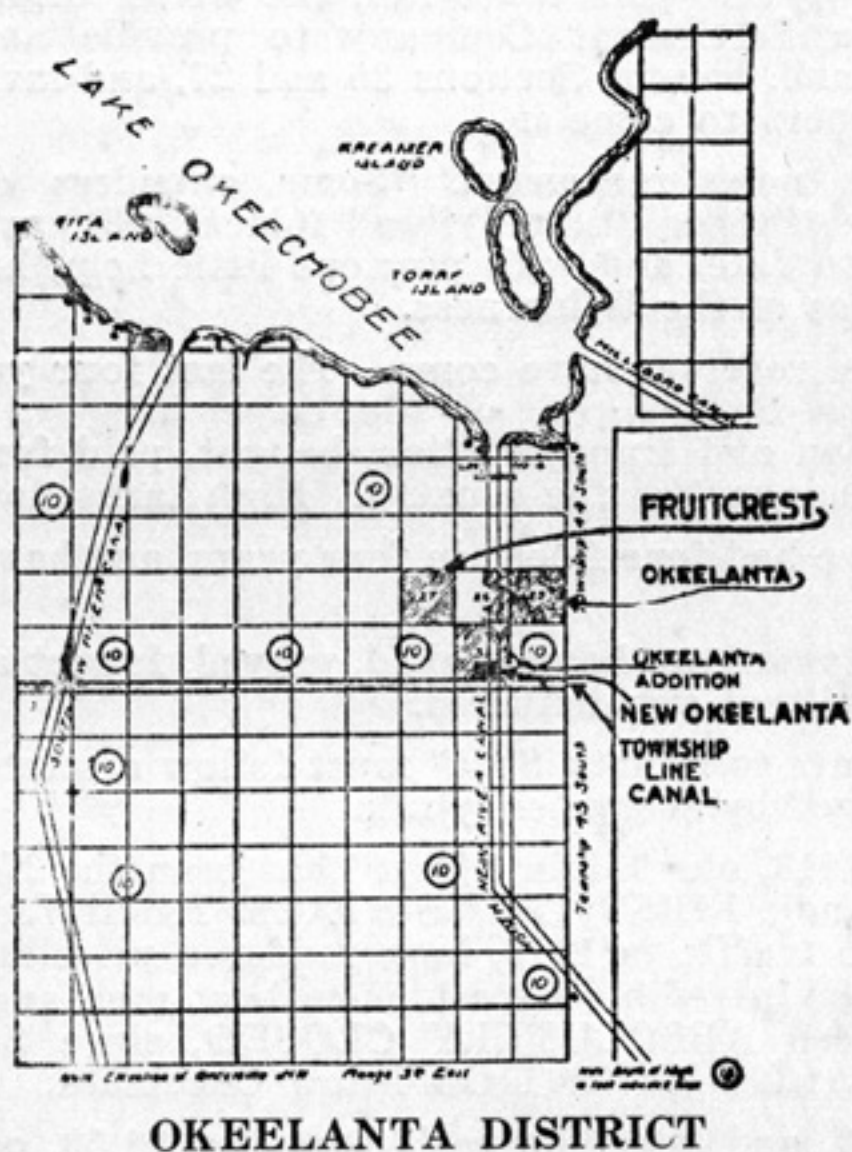


SETTLE or SELL

*A Statement, Appeal,
and Opportunity for
Old Everglades
Buyers.*



Okeelanta Settlement Co.

THOS. E. WILL, Gen. Mgr.

FT. LAUDERDALE, FLORIDA

OKEELANTA SETTLEMENT COMPANY

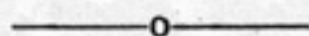
Founder, Oct. 24, 1913, of

OKEELANTA ADDITION

First Planned Settlement in the Upper Glades

THOS. E. WILL, General Manager

Ft. Lauderdale, Florida, July, 1925.



OLD UPPER GLADES BUYERS,

Dears Friends: Selling the Everglades was one thing; settling and developing it has been quite another.

We began with the "Scatteration Plan." Under this, both owners and sections were scattered. Farms were one mile to thirty from home lots, with no transportation between. The situation was impossible.

The whole region was "shot to pieces;" spoiled in the making. It was all "absentee"—three governments, the land companies (largely "through"), and the land buyers.

Nobody was "on the job," or able to get on. Everybody waited for everybody else, and is still waiting. Of all the 4,860 buyers of 100 sections, NOT ONE has ever yet lived on his lot and farmed his land.

Realizing this plan must fail, the writer organized the Okeelanta Settlement Company to provide and occupy close-in land, bought Sections 35 and 27, and invited scattered owners to come in.

Almost none responded. Some outsiders did. The "settlement" (See "Lost Tribes" folder, 1921) was founded, and, to date, and with precious little help, has fought the Battles of the Wilderness.

Terrible reverses have come. The last four years have been "The Dark Ages" of the Upper Glades. Lack of reclamation and transportation, bought, paid for but still delayed, has cursed the country. High taxes, low results.

We have had four floods in four years, and have dreaded a fifth.

For 11 years, we have worked, prayed, fought and PAID for a road, not yet delivered.

Our "cars to County Seat" must follow a stretch of dirt road, ruined by every heavy rain.

Since 1913, our "Main Street" has been the North New River Canal, FIRST CROSS-STATE HIGHWAY. This, opened to traffic in 1913, long rendered priceless service. Now, after incredible hardships to boat men and settlers, it has been ABSOLUTELY CLOSED, since September, 1924, to ALL NAVIGATION below Okeelanta.

In 1913, and later, Forbes's boat, for \$1.50, carried us, regularly, by daylight, in one day, without change, on a sure trip, from Lauderdale to Okeelanta.

Now, we wander via W. Palm Beach and Lake Okechobee, with many changes, one night out, hotel bills, and greatly increased time and cost, over a little-known route, and with grave danger of no hotel, and non-arrival.

Our people, expelled as by an army, line the coast. Our settlement lies prostrate, far behind its status of 1920.

Papers, once open to us, are closed. We are almost voiceless, voteless, helpless. Had the Powers of Darkness combined against our section, they could hardly have surpassed the record made.

With others, the writer, four years ago, was driven out. He is still fighting to come back and renew the battle.

To win, we must have money. On the coast, it flows like rivers. But to enlist it in the Glades requires generalship.

Coast real estate looks like a "sure thing." Still maligned, the Everglades look risky, and "capital is timid."

Further, capital must see available land; big blocks, not scattered patches. To the capitalist, our section looks like a crockery store hit by a cyclone. Again, he sees your unused, untamed land all about us, with the pioneers living "alone in the midst of the earth" surrounded by an "abomination of desolation."

Then he asks hard questions: "Oldest settlement, and nobody here? The jungle right up to your doors? Something wrong somewhere!"

How would you answer him? He passes us by, finds a big block elsewhere, and starts a real development to compete with our pitiful wreck.

We must start, again, soon; or "quit," permanently. We must start right, and hit hard.

And we MUST HAVE LAND, though in scraps. It's that or nothing now. The latter you have. Many have long urged me to sell theirs. The case was hopeless. "Poor reclamation and transportation" and "nobody there," made it so.

Now we may have a chance. You've heard of the Coast "land boom." "Will it last?" By pushing now, we may catch for the Glades some of the golden spray from the coast cloud-burst, start real Glades development, put an economic foundation under the coast, and prevent the explosion. Otherwise, it may come, and the Glades lie dead another decade.

But we must be reasonable, or the Everglades infant will be strangled again. If development money can be found, enough land, too, rightly located and priced, must be found to interest developers.

They don't have to buy in the Glades. There is profound prejudice, right here, against the Glades. By many, the region has been shunned as the pestilence.

Up State, huge tracts have been selling around \$5.00 per acre. Other tracts, finer and smaller, sell for \$15 to \$30 per acre, all in "Magic Florida," and with no road or drainage problems.

Here's the competition you must meet. So, unless you would kill your sale, and Okeelanta with it, don't ask a fancy price. Name one that will move your tract.

Come, yourself, if you will, and try pioneering. But, if you can't help, don't hinder. If you can't come, let others come. If you can't settle, **SELL THAT OTHERS MAY SETTLE.**

The big question about this sale should be, not, "How much can I get?" but "How much will the Glades get?"

For fifteen years, I've kept myself poor by fighting Glades battles, while others made millions speculating on East Coast sand and rock. I could have done the same.

Now here's a proposition: "For every dollar you make from this sale and put into Everglades financing and improving, I'll put another into the same work." Is this fair?

This is probably the first chance you've ever had to sell. Will you improve it? If so, please fill and return enclosed blank.

Yours, as ever, for EVERGLADES SUCCESS,

THOS. E. WILL.

