## The Story of Lauderdale

By SARA M. CRIM-

especially Lauderdale. Crim, is devoted to a brief sum will tell, and the dedication of the series.

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As this is the first attempt ever made to publish a complete, authentie history of Ft. Lauderdale's birth and development, it should be of unusual interest to all local residents. It also might prove valnable, if you start cutting out each installment as it appears on Sunday, and paste it in a scrap book for future reference.)

In the compilation of any history, it is but fitting that an authentic record of the early struggles, the heartaches and the combating forces of nature in a mysteriously beautiful, tropical paradise be dedicated to those staunch souls who came before. So to the memories of Frank Stranahn, Mr. and Mrs. Ed King. Frank Oliver, Mr. and Mrs. Phil Bryan, little Captain "Denny" O'Neill, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Wallace. Capt. and Mrs. John Fromberger, Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Bryan, L. W. Marshall, Dr. T. S. Kennedy and others, I bequeath this series of articles in the sincere desire that their lives may be perpetuated in the minds of those who knew and loved them, and of those thousands who have taken opportunity to establish their homes here in recent years. To courageous pioneers. we all owe a debt of eternal gratitude. Had they not seen a future near the banks of beautiful New River for themselves and their children, and had they not Men Showing suffered every deprivation known to man in fulfillment of those debe a wilderness and the city of beautiful homes and thriving businesses near the banks of historical, winding waterways might never have become a reality.

History at best is likely to be at times a trifle boring, but I will make every effort to inject a little "swing and zoom" in the relation of numerous amusing incidents, which made life tolerable for our pioneers, most of whom have passed on and left the future of the city which they founded in the hands of their descendants.

I will tell you the story of an eccentric but aristocratic French Count, who became the settlement's first titled citizen and who later had a city street named for him. I may even relate to you the time that he ate too many dried apples, and his amusing but sensible habit of trudging to Miami barefoot, to attend fashionable gatherings, with a full dress suit swinging nonchalantly on his arm. There is another story about one of the city's most prominent men who was given to Fort Lauderdale by the sea when he was washed up onto the beach from a shipwreck. And did you know that the people of a small village once

enjoyed a real symphony orchestra with regular Saturday night concerts directed by an artist who had performed before all the crowned heads of Europe (when they had crowned heads)? Then-there was a President of the United States who stopped off here to fish, and lived in a tent and loved it. I also have several articlesthe only copies believed to be in existance—which were written for a magazine by a former United States Senator and his son-in-law. when they first made their winter home at Las Olas beach, shortly after the turn of the century. They tell all about Las Olas as it was then and—oh. but all this and more will come later.

The first few articles must necessarily be devoted to historical fact and old legends which may have had the origin ten thousand years ago. Many of you have heard them, but for the benefit of those who have not, and for those who would like to preserve them in concrete form. I will repeat the facts based upon considerable research, and the old legends as they have been told to me. Think how nice it will be when one of your grandchildren asks you. Why and When and Where, to pass him an old scrapbook and say, "Read my child and you shall see."

ATLANTA, July 13. (P)—Citizen Trainee Gerald Bee of Sebring. Fla., was doing his first sentry duty at the special military training camp here when two men tried to climb through a window into the barracks.

Erstwhile Private Bee jumped into action, backed the men against the wall at bayonet point and called for the corporal of the guard despite the men's protests that "we live here."

Corp. Fred T. Kemp of Hattiesburg, Miss., also declined to release the "prisoners" until the officer of the day finally identified them as two regular army privates assigned to the camp.

Maj. C. M. Walton, camp executive officer, said the trainees did "exactly right" -- and the red-faced regulars vowed that the next time they lose their key they'll knock at the door.



By SARA M. CRIM-

#### Chapter II

Fort Lauderdale possesses all the romantic allure of a fascinating background, which saw its origin eight or ten thousand years ago, when a primitive tribe is believed to have lived and died in the tropical jungles of Colee Hammeck. Happily (for the sake of history) ancient Greece had nothing on us. We also have our archaelogical discoveries to substantiate the belief that the present site of an exclusive residential section once sheltered a prehistoric race.

Several large shell mounds were discovered here twenty or twenty-five years ago on the north bank of New River just west of Colee Hammock. These were of varying dimensions, the largest estimated at six or eight feet high and thirty feet across. Research workers and archaelogists who came here to examine them were of the opinion that they had been at one time twenty feet high and had marked the center of an ancient village.

#### Neolithic Age Mounds

Indicative that the mounds were as old as the Neolithic age was the fact that investigation revealed no trace of pottery or weapons. Complete absence of broken pottery, scientists said. was likely due to the perishability of Florida clay, rather than to lack of advancement of the primitive tribe.

Neolithic man represented the later phase of the pre-historic stone age which preceded the use of metals. Important advances were made in the gradual acceptance of more civilized habits. Lake dwellings, inhabited caves, domestication of animals and plants, pottery work and weaving replaced the habits of earlier man who roamed the forests. In fact, the Neolithic inhabitant developed into quite a homebody.

So-let us imagine that our first ancient settlers, who chose Colee Hammock as an ideal residential spot ten thousand years ago, were a gentle race of people. We would like to believe that they lived ideal existences in tree-top shelters and swung from neighbor to neighbor by the giant roots of the strangler fig.

#### Lived On Shell Fish

These early aborigines subsisted almost entirely upon shell fish (mostly oysters), gathered in the salt waters of the bay, and upon the flesh of such small animals as they could kill with their crude bone weapons. Now they must have enjoyed their oysters, if one is to judge by the heaps of shells which were massed together in the old mounds.

At that time, the tide lands between Colee Hammock and New River, were covered by a large coastal bay, separated from the ocean by a drifting bar. Into this bay, emptied an underground river that came to the surface in the dense hammock a few hundred feet west of the west shore line of the bay. This short stream was then all that was visible of what is now New River, the waterway having at that time been one of several underground outlets of the large lake basin which later fostered the Everglades region.

#### Remains Never Found

The skeleton remains of Fort Lauderdale's very first settlers have never been found, so it is impossible to classify them as to race. However, old manuscripts found in Central America and Yucatan indicate taht they were closely related to certain tribes of the American Indian. which drifted across the Gulf of Mexico to become Florida's first winter visitors.

Unfortunately, the careless hand of civilization, destroyed the priceless old records of a bygone age, when the mounds were leveled by workmen at the time that lots and streets were smoothed down into what is now the Hunmar-

shee section of Colee Hammock.

It is largely a matter of conjecture as to when the banks of New River were first inhabited by the white man. Hollingsworth alludes to a Gregor McGregor who entered what is now Fort Lauderdale in 1808 during the Cartagenian Rebellion, seeking fresh water and found white settlers here. It is very likely that early Spanish adventurers in their marches and voyages along the Florida sea coast may also have passed through this section.

#### Seminoles Late Comers

As for the Seminoles, history tells us that they first migrated to Florida in 1750 and 1809, as runaway tribes of the Creeks of Georgia. However, Mrs. Louise Richardson, former librarian here, devoted years of research work in her studies upon their origin, and she was of the belief (based upon her findings) that the Sem-

inoles or earlier tribes were descendants of the Aztec race.

"It seems very probable that some of the Aztecs should have drifted to Florida as well as to other parts of the country," she once declared. "In fact, it would have been much simpler to cross the Gulf and come to Florida

than to go further North."

So much for that. The mysterious story of New River, handed down by generations of Indians long forgotten, gives credence to the fact that the Seminoles must have lived here a very long time. It is hardly likely that they would have condescended to believe the fantastic tale of some strange tribe-not the proud, distrusting Seminoles. They say that New River came here in a night ages and ages ago before the white man ever set foot on Florida soil. The Seminole does not lie-therefore it must be true.

#### Legend Of River

The legend of New River is a story that never grows old-especially to the people who have lived for years near its banks, and have become. in their love for its shadowy mystery, an infinitesimal part of it. They revel in the romance of the old tale. The . . . But here is the story as it has been passed along to the writer.

"In the long, long ago, therewas no mysterious river that danced its winding way down to the big water. Where the river now traces its course, there was once a wild tropical jungles and dense pine forests, filled with frightful

beasts of the wilderness.

Tribes of Seminoles then living in peaceful solitude in palm-thatched huts, who had gone to rest after a day's hunt in the dark jungles were rudely awakened one night by thundering noises. and the ground beneath them trembling like the leaves of the graceful palm when the angry winds from the southeast blew in upon them.

Even the most courageous of the tribe feared to venture forth until the Great Spirit again smiled upon them, and the southern skies were bathed in the sparkling sunlight of a new day.

#### Called Himmarshee

Next morning a mighty, magnificent river flowed serenely through the forests before their small huts. The Seminoles, awed into reverential silence by the miracle bowed their heads in prayer to the Great Spirit, and called the river Himmarshee, which the white man has since

changed to New River."

Geologists, who have studied the peculiar formation of rocks of the coral ridge, and those who have investigated the old legends as well as the later history of New River, believe that the story is probably true in every particular. The former have ventured the opinion that there was once an underground river through the coral ridge, a subterranean outlet for the waters of the Everglades, and at the time of some ancient earthquake, the rocks collapsed and the Himmarshee moved proudly through the land to be gathered into the bosom of the sea.

A short distance southwest of the city, there is a wide place in the river where waters from every part of the country from the west congregate. This is known as the whirlpool. There is a circling motion of the water here which is variously estimated at from 90 to 135 feet deep, but due to a peculiar movement of the river at a great depth, accurate measurements have never been made. Before the opening of the canals from Lake Okechobee, the whirlpool was very dangerous in its intensity, and it took a skilled boatman to avoid being drawn into the fierce current. Even in recent years, boards thrown into the whirl have disappeared only to come to the surface at Tarpon Bend several miles away.

#### Less Dangerous

New River has lost much of its dangerous aspect, although it is recognized as the deepest river for its length in the world. Years ago. frequent drownings attested to the fury of the current. Once as a small child the writer was told rather ungrammatically, "What goes in there, never comes out. So you stay away from that river."

Is it any wonder that New River is infinitely alluring in its tropical beauty, yet vaguely repellant in the dizzy swirling of its black depths? Peacefully serene as it winds its way in irregular charm to the sea, one has the disturbingly bleak feeling that death may lurk in its dark shadows. We, who have resided here for years have seen the treacheries of the dark, mysterious waterway-yet to the people who live along its shady, luxuriant banks, New River is the most beautiful stream in the world.

By SARA M. CRIM

#### CHAPTER III

waged for three days just one hundred and two years ago, between the forces of Major William Maitland and a vagrant band of Seminoles, might have had an entirely different ending had not an Indian brave missed his footing in the darkness and slipped clumsily to the ground. Attention of an alert sentry was attracted by the crunching of dead leaves and a Seminole warrior was forever disgraced with his people. But more about that later.

Major Maitland, Commander of the Second Tennessee Regiment of Mounted Militia, was stationed at Fort Pierce, when he was ordered to organize fortifications at New River. The Indians, whose hatred of the white usurpers had grown to intense heat, had been utilizing the local waterway in smuggling supplies and munitions shipped here by the negroes of the Bahamas and West Indies. It was to put a stop to this practice that the Government had decided to establish a line of forts to guard the coast-line.

On reaching New River early in 1838 after a march along the highest point of the ridge (probably near the present site of the F. E. C. Railway). Major Maitland pitched his first camp at what is now Waverly Place. The temporary fortification was named Fort Lauderdale in honor of Major Maitland's ancestral home in Scotland. A short time later, the Commander selected the point on the bar opposite the mouth of New River as the most strategical spot for a fort. He immediately moved his troops there and began the construction of the real Fort Lauderdale, a two-story log house which was surrounded by a stout stockade of cabbage palm logs set firmly in the ground. Exact location of the fort was the present site of the Coast Guard Base, and all old settlers here remember the remains of the clay brick fireplace of the original log building.

Brass Cannon Commanded River

What the fort lacked in imposing appearance was counteracted by the brass cannon mounted to command New River, Middle River, the present port entrance and a wide expanse of the Atlantic Ocean thrown in for good measure.

Maitland realized that the silent Seminole was burning with hatred at his invasion, but he did not dream of the extent of the red man's resentment. In plain everyday English, the In-

dians were fighting mad.

During the summer of 1838 a small band of Indians decided to rid themselves of Fort Lauderdale, which had interfered so drastically with their freedom to make their own laws. On the night of August 27, the warriors gathered on Colohatchee Creek with their canoes, and with the outgoing tide floated noiselessly into Middle River, and silently made their way to the sound. Within one hundred feet of the fort, they left their boats. Annihilation of the white troops and razing of the fort seemed a certainty. One lone sentry stood between them and success, so it was their plan to quietly kill him, and then set fire to the fort which held its sleeping garrison and massacre every man who tried to escape. But—an Indian missed his footing and the Seminole campaign was lost.

The Seminoles were easily repulsed but they lenewed their attacks for three days and nights before they finally gave in to the white man. In the three-day battle of Ferri I attacrdate himself land reported that sole casualties were several worlded Seminoles and much wounded price.

House of Refuge Established

Historians are of the opinion that Fort Lauderdale was unoccupied between the years 1842 and 1888 when the House of Refuge was established at Las Olas Beach. However, Major Maitand olazed the trail over one hundred years ago when he conquered the territory for the United States Government. Perhaps even then he foresay the possibilities of the rich tropical wilderness, and pictured a future beautiful city near Old Fort Lauderdale.

The City's prerogative to the name bestowed upon it by Major Maitland has been verified by no less a personage than Capt. A. H. Vaughn-Williams brother of Gwendolyn, the late Countess of Lauderdine. Captain Vaughan-Williams first came to this City in 1926, when he attended the reception given by the City of Fort Lauderdale in honor of Lady Lauderdale. Captain Vaughn-Williams again visited here in 1936.

There is a most interesting story closely associated with romance in connection with the origin of the Duchy of Lauderdale, and historical data linked with Thirlstane Castle, near Lauder,

Scotland, ancestrial home of the Maitland fam-

ily since 1100 A. D.

Mary Queen of Scots, like a great many women, fell in love," explained Capt. Vaughn-Williams to the writer. "His name was Maitland and Mary liked him so well that she elevated him to an Earldom and gave him Thinlstane Castle. Before he died, the good Queen made him a Duke."

The Captain did not share Mary, Queen of Scots', exalted opinion of the first Duke.

Forced to America By Pope

"He was a wicked devil," he declared. "So wicked that the Roman Catholic Church took a hand, and ordained that no direct heir would be allowed to inherit the Duchy until the 13th generation. Some collateral branch would have the title handed down to them."

As a consequence, many direct heirs came to America. The twelfth Earl of Lauderdale, who lived in the United States, won the title in a suit instituted in the House of Lords. The twelfth Earl was the father of Lord Lauderdale, who with the fragile Gwendolyn, Countess of Lauderdale, came to Fort Lauderdale in 1926 to present stones from Thirlstane Castle to the City.

The Countess of Lauderdale first visited here about 45 years ago while a member of a yachting party. While cruising, the boat anchored near the House of Refuge. Not knowing the name of the port, the Countess sought information from a Negro on shore.

"Ft. Lauderdale, ma'am," he replied.

Astounded, the Countess thought she was the victim of a joke until she was shown a remaining corner of the old log fort.

Letter Confirms City's Name

A letter received here in February 1920, by Mrs. F. F. Brown from Maitland, sealed under the family Coat of Arms, Thiristane Castle, Lauder, N. B. Scotland, reads: Ft. Lauderdale was named by an ancestor of my husband after this death. Earl of Lauderdale. Col. Maitland built a fort there and did much for that part of America, also naming another town in Florida, Maitland, after the family name. Our home, Thirlstane Castle, was called Ft. Lauderdale until 1590.

(Signed) GWENDOLYN MAITLAND,
(Viscountess Lauderdale).

History continues, interlocking a series of events which, with the passing of time, completes a chain forever linking the past with the present. Over 800 years ago, the Duchy of Lauderdale became an actuality at the whim of a Queen, and old Fort Lauderdale now overlooks the coast of Scotland. Seven hundred years later a descendant won a battle in a new world, and named his fort for the ducal title of his ancestrial family. Centuries ago the Roman Catholic Church placed a curse upon the Duke of Lauderdale which was destined to last unto the 13th generation. In 1926, the 13th Earl of Lauderdale came to Fort Lauderdale, Florida, as the City's guest of honor.

On May 13, 1929, the Himmarshee Chapter of the D.A.R. celebrated its second anniversary by the realization of its dream for a lasting memorial when members unveiled a bronze tablet at the site of the old fort overlooking New River Inlet at the Coast Guard Base. The organization has further commemorated the event of Fort Lauderdale's one major battle by placing a bronze plate near the Federal Highway on the Frank Stranshan property.

Fort Lauderdale has been reported by various historians as having taken place in 1837, 1838 or 1839. War records gave the correct

date as 1838.)

Continued Next Sunday)

## **OWHAT OTHERS THINK**

The gold standard has for us only historical interests.—Deutsch Bergwerkszeitung, German mining journal.

Why worry about possible disasters in the future, for they may never come.—Dr. James Gilkey at Riverside Church, New York.

The American republics can minimize the possibility of ultimate military attack if they unify their economic power.—Secretary of Agri-

Unify their economic power.—Secretary of Agriculture Wallace.

We must not alienate the alien who wants to

be loyal, for by doing so we drive him into the camp of the "fifth column."—Attorney General Robert H. Jackson.

The choice of war or peace will always be with the dictator nations.—Governor Lehman of New York.

-By SARA M. CRIM-

#### CHAPTER IV

The most tragic event of a century in so far as Fort Lauderdale is concerned, occurred sometime between 1839 and 1842, when a band of Seminoles under the leadership of Arpeika (or "Sam-Jones-Be-Damned,.. if you prefer) practically wiped out the first white family to settle in this area. The Indians finally managed their long anticipated massacre and what had been a thriving colony was quickly reduced to a father and his eldest son.

The Indians felt perfectly justified and perhaps they were. Anyone of us might feel inclined to commit a little wholesale murder if suddenly forced from our homes in Idlewyld, Venice, or Colee Hammock by enterprising interlopers who might take it for granted that our little patches of land and stucco and tiled

homes belonged to them.

The fertile banks of New River had been the favorite garden spot of the Tommies, the Jumpers and the Osceolas for many years prior to the coming of the white man. Here in peace they had cultivated their Indian pumpkins, lima beans, corn, cabbage and other tropical crops.

#### Colee Arrival Lights Flame

Naturally when a dare-devil adventurer by the name of Colee moved in upon them in the rich Colee Hammock section, the smouldering fires of hatred again burst into flame. The Seminoles retreated further back into the Everglades—but they did not forget Colee and his family, who had robbed them of the most fertile

lands that they possessed.

Colee must have been quite a cocky fellow. He simply ignored the Seminoles and made no attempts at overtures which might have developed into friendly relations with the reticent Indian. A more enterprising man might have suggested farming on a partnership basis, or perhaps that was before the day of the share cropper. Colee could have made quite a good thing of the Seminoles who had been fooled by the white man before—so often that their favorite slogan was, "White man lie, Seminole no lie."

There was one Indian, however, who did not share the hostile attitude with other members of the tribe. He was a young lad at the time and he had grown to like the Colees who had been easer to reciprocate any slight attempt at friendliness. He liked to joke with the Colee children, laughing with the free abandon of a true son of the forest. Colee won his confidence by showing him a more civilized method of cultivating his crops.

#### Plans Trip for Supplies

After Colee had built his little log house and his family had settled down to a primitive home life, he decided to take his eldest son and go by boat to Key West for supplies. Mrs. Colee with other members of the family was

left at the Camp in Colee Hammock.

The watchful Seminoles felt that the time had come to rid themselves of this new menace to the isolation that was their life. Arepika, or "Sam-Jones-Be-Damned," gathered his band together in the dense woods surrounding Colee Hammock and plans were made for an attack on the very night after Colee's departure. The friendly Indian boy, Charley, overheard his elders' plans to destroy the Colee family and their little settlement. He managed to slip away and warn his white friends, but no one would believe him until the attack had actually begun. Then a cry—and the Seminoles realized that one of their own had betrayed them.

Every living person in the Colee settlement was massacred and scalped and their rude homes left in smouldering ruins. When Colee and his son returned from Key West, they decided to abandon the camp and find refuge in a less

hostile part of the state.

#### Charley Loses Ears for Trick

Charley, the Indian boy who had betrayed his people because of his affection for a white family, was brought before the tribal council and sentenced to banishment and to the loss of his ears. After this mutilation, he was sent to a lonely island in the Everglades, equipped with only a hunting knife and a handful of rags and ordered by the Seminoles to remain there for seven years. At the end of that time, he was told to return and when granted a new trial, he was allowed to live near his tribe.

Be became rather an untouchable, however, in that he could not eat, sleep, hunt, or marry with his people. There was only one blissful phase to the punishment meted out to him, and that was that he could never reply to a question but must for the rest of his life answer any remark with, "I don't know anything."

From the day of his disgrace, the "traitor" was known as "Crop-Eared Charley" and clad in his abbreviated, brilliantly striped nightshirt, he was a familiar and well loved figure about Fort Lauderdale. Old Charley was very partial to farming and one of his last tasks before he passed on to the "Happy Hunting Grounds" in 1922 was to set out his garden.

A letter on file at the Chamber of Commerce was written to August Burghard, executive secretary, in 1935, by Harold Colee, descendant of the family, and gives a brief history of the Colees. Mr. Colee is one of the prominent men in the state and is well known in this city.

#### Lewis Receives First Grant

According to Colee, the United States Government issued a deed to one Frankee Lewis to Section 11. Township 50 South, Range 42 East, on December 27, 1825. This property takes in what is now Fort Lauderdale. It is not known whether Lewis settled on the land or whether he traded it to others. The fact remains that the Colee family founded the first white settlement here, and Mr. Colee wrote that his ancestors most likely had purchased a tract from Lewis.

In a surveyors map of 1845, the notation is made on a spot at or near the present Fort Lauderdale, "Old Settlement, cocoanut trees." This probably designated the original camp violated by the Seminoles.

On April 16th, 1934, the D. A. R. dedicated a memorial to the Colee family, located at Tarpon Bend near the spot where the massacre is believed to have taken place. The monument bears the inscription, "This marks the spot of the historical Colee massacre which effectually destroyed the earliest known white settlement on New River in a surprise attack by Indians following the Seminole Indian War—1842."

Fort Lauderdale was alive with members of the Colee clan, as descendants of the only two survivors of the ill fated pioneers came from everywhere over the state to participate in the commemoration of one of Fort Lauderdale's most regrettable historical events.

(Continued Next Sunday)

## HOLLYWODD

By PAUL HARRISON

HOLLYWOOD, July 14.—Silly sequences:

The small daughter of a prosperous press agent—a ballyhoo expert who collects more than the salary of the President of the United States—came home from Sunday school and questioned her mother on the literal accuracy of the Bible. She was especially interested in the plight of Moses and the Children of Israel, and her mother was able to assure her that the hazardous exodus of the Jews from Egypt was a well-documented fact.

"But, mother!" said the youngster. "All that part about the miracles—the sea opening up to let 'em through, and so forth—that was really just a lot of publicity, wasn't it?"

Borris Morros, a Russian whose shirts and vocabulary are about as colorful as his long musical career, is a motion picture producer now and glad of it. The other day, while giving thanks for his new status, he recalled some of his experiences as head of the music department at Paramount:

"The front office assigned me an assistant.

After a while I went over and said, 'Look—this fellow you have sent to me—he is a nice man, I guess, but he positively does not know one note from another"

"And the big boss said: 'Well, what of it? You're the head of the music department—teach him!"

A writer from New York, newly hired by Hollywood, has brought his family here and they're all trying hard to get into the swing of things. "But it's all so overdone!" his wife complained. "The first night we went to a party, instead of merely having fingerbowls, they invite everybody to go swimming."

A group of movie-makers sat around a luncheon table at Metro and discussed the unfavorable aspects of being listed among the top salary recipients in the United States in the Treasury Department report for 1938. "It makes a bad impression on the public," said one of them. "Right now I'd give a thousand dollars not to be a millionaire!"

# The Story Of American

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The late Capt. Dennis O'Neill's life is linked inseparably with the early days of the community. Capt. Denny, as he was affectionately known by the oldest settlers who followed him here, first passed through Fort Lauderdale in 1885 on his way to Miami. He came back in 1888 when he was appointed by the government to take over the House of Refugee at Las Olas Beach, after it was first established with others at twenty-five mile intervals along the Florida coastline.

A man accustomed to solitude might have found the tropical wilderness with its one rambling building, too lonely, too isolated from all human contacts. "Cap Denny" was an old seafaring man and the message of the waves as they ventured to the very door of his rude home was all the companionship that he needed.

### Only Interview With "Cap"

Naturally, when the writer heard back in 1929 that "Cap Denny" was back in town for his first visit since 1916, she fully expected to be completely overwhelmed by the booming voice of some big, brash man of the sea who might or might not like an interview. Informed by an acquaintance of O'Neill's that he was "over at Reed Bryan's Feed Store chewin' the rag with some of his old cronies," the writer ventured forth to get the first and only interview given out by Capt. O'Neill during his lifetime.

O'Neill was a surprise to say the least to someone who had never seen him. Seventy-nine years old at the time, he turned out to be a slight, neat man with almost scholarly appearance, who looked as if he had led the most placid of lives in a highly civilized community. Yet, the fact remains that he lived here before you or you or you.

"Why I simply can't believe that this is Fort-Lauderdale," he said. "If it wasn't for the river, I'd almost believe I was somewhere else."

#### "Got Along" With Seminoles

"Cap" Denny "got along" with the Seminoles who soon learned to trust him. The newcomer had a little difficulty at first though, because the Indians, bitter from their long experience with the white man stood aloof and viewed the interloper with distrust. "Cap Denny" was a mild spoken man. He reciprocated by inviting his neighbors of the forest to the House of Refuge. He won their confidence with trivial gifts and with tempting civilized foods. Soon Seminoles were camping on the long open porch, and would spend days at a time with the white man. "Cap's" lonely days were over.

"Once a week the mailman would drop in

on his way to Miami", explained O'Neill. "Occasionally there would be people with him. Once I remember Rube Burroughs, noted train robber in those days, passed my house on his way to New Orleans. I didn't know he was a robber, as he said he was an engineer. We spent a pleasant night talking over things happening up north. Later on I found out who he was, and that he had been shot by officers in New Orleans."

### Stranahan Brought Settlers

According to O'Neill, no one moved to Fort Lauderdale until the advent of the late Frank Stranahan.

"About the time that Stranahan came here, the government sent W. C. Valentine down from Palatka, Capt. O'Neill informed the writer, "and he and I established the first post office out at the station. Valentine was afterwards drowned here in 1902 when his boat capsized in New River."

"Cap Denny" later resigned his position at the House of Refuge, to take up other interests in the community. He became connected with Hugh T. Birch and his partner Mr. Adams. "Cap Denny" later invested in real estate and was at one time the owner of Burnham's Point and the property of the present Las Olas Casino.

### Lauderdale Becomes Too Civilized

Fort Lauderdale soon became too civilized for O'Neill and he left here for Honduras where he engaged in the banana business for many years. He always retained his kindly feeling for Fort Lauderdale and the people who had lived here with him, and he returned to the city in 1905 and in 1916 for visits during trips to the states. He moved permanently to Massachusetts several years before his death to make his home with a sister.

"I never intend to leave Fort Lauderdale again," he was quoted as telling friends upon his arrival here in 1929. Nevertheless fate was to take a hand, and prevent Capt. O'Neill from having the one thing that he desired most—to spend the remainder of his life in Fort Lauderdale. In 1929 he was told that he had an incurable disease, and he left for the north to take treatment from an old family physician. "Cap Denny" died in 1930 at the ripe old age of eighty.

There is a tree—a native palm of Honduras—which lives on in memory of Captain Dennis O'Neill. Located on the Banks of New River just opposite the Frank Stranahan property, the living memorial was planted here by O'Neill during a visit to Fort Lauderdale in 1905.

By SARA M. CRIM-

#### CHAPTER VI

How would you have enjoyed the harrowing experiences of a trail-blazer nearly fifty years ago through the almost impenetrable tropical jungles between Palm Beach and Miami? And how would you have relished the sole companionship of a man-sized panther on the lonesome, endless walk between Hillsborough Inlet and the emerald fringed banks of New River? In fact, how would you have taken to the life of one Robert Lee Cook, who conducted his own Cook's Tours years and years before the well known travel service became familiar to the great American public?

Mr. Cook, who lived to tell the story to the writer, is now seventy-four years of age, and he resides with his sister-in-law in Dania where he is engaged in the construction business.

Back in 1892 when Mr. Cook was a young man of 26, he passed regularly through Fort Lauderdale on his mail route between Palm Beach and Miami, his handful of letters strapped to his side and a trusted gun ready for instant action.

#### Little Competition for Job

Cook had little difficulty in securing his precarious job. There was no long waiting line clamoring for the opportunity to beat a path through the jungles in order that the handful of settlers in Miami might receive a letter from auntie and uncle back north.

"I was first appointed a deputy sheriff of Palm Beach County which then extended as far south as Indian Key," explained Mr. Cook in a recent interview. "Mail carriers were hard to find, and the job was given to volunteers only. The government did not recognize Palm Beach County, but after we had been assigned to work, all we had to do was go to the Post

Office stores and get paid."

During the year that Mr. Cook handled the mail, there was one small store in Miami. He made the round trip once each week and from the time that he left Palm Beach, he did not see a living soul unless he stopped over at the House of Refuge at Las Olas Beach. Frank Stranahan had not established his famous trading post on the banks of the river. In fact, Cook and the panthers and the laughing hyenas had the place completely to themselves.

#### Could Only Travel on Foot

"There was no such thing as a path through the woods, and I had to push my way in by beating the palmettos down to where I could walk without cutting my legs to pieces," Cook said. "My trail led through the slough where the East Marsh is located, and came into New River about where the Federal Highway now runs through. There was no way to travel except by foot. Horses couldn't have lived through one trip as the horseflies were as thick as alligators in the cricks."

Mr. Cook never lacked for companionship, however. He had all the company that he needed—if one can call panthers (with one more faithful than the others) and wild cats at a dime a dozen as inevitable traveling colleagues

along the lonesome trail.

"There used to be one of those big panthers who looked like he had to pick me up every trip," reminisced Cook. "He always met me at Hillsborough as faithful like as anything you ever saw. He'd no more have failed to stick to me until we came to New River than he would have eaten me alive if I'd given him half a chance."

That the panther was a gentleman of regular habits was strongly evidenced in the fact that he sat as faithfully as a bump on a log on the banks of New River until Mr. Cook made his return trip from Miami—and then would accompany him back to Hillsborough where he would be on hand for the mailman when he passed through on his next trip.

#### Some Paid For Protection

On one occasion, a nervous fellow by the name of Madison arranged to acompany Cook from Palm Beach to Miami, and he paid the mail carrier \$5 just for the privilege of walking by his side along the trail. That was one time that the panther took the opportunity to let out a blood-curdling yell when within forty feet of Madison and Cook. Madison jumped five feet into the air, grabbed the mailman around the neck in a relentless clutch born of the fear of death, and Cook just had time to free himself and frighten the panther away with a shot from his ever-present gun.

"That man thought he was already eaten alive," laughed Cook, "When we were ready to come back from Miami, Madison paid me \$10 for the trip—just as double protection I guess."

Cook took many an aim at that panther during the year that he stuck it out as a mailman, but the big cat was as slippery as butter on a knife in June, so he was as successful in eluding the postman's gun as the latter was in becoming an appetizing dinner for the wild beast of the jungle.

"Only time I ever really got scart of Mr. Panther was one time when I brought a party of eight or ten men and women down from Palm Beach by schooner, and I pulled up at the big plank which served as a dock. I jumped out on shore without my gun, and was tying the boat up, when I happened to see all the people standing on the deck looking at me and struck speechless. I looked around and there was my friend crouched to spring. I couldn't do a thing but just stare that panther down. I guess the only way to deal with fightin' animals is to fight right back and show em you are not scart. Anyway, after the panther and I had admired one another for a few minutes, he gave up and ran off into the woods. But that was a close call."

#### Hard to Find River Shores

During the time that Cook was mailman, New River was a jungle with mangrove swamps along the banks, and it was a difficult matter for him to tell when he really reached the river. Occasionally, a small waiting boat would be tied to the opposite shore by some foot traveler who had preceded him, and it was then necessary for Mr. Cook to leave his mailbag, and swim across for the little skiff. According to this old-timer, it was a common every-day occurrence to see twenty-foot alligators slipping through the clear stream. Fish were so plentiful in those days that a traveler could almost reach out and take his choice, Cook explained. It was necessary at that time to wade across Hillsborough Inlet, (it was much shallower then), and the mailman made constant use of a stout stick in order to clear the way in shark infested waters.

At night, a pine tree was the only shelter afforded by the woods, and Cook improvised a pillow from his mail-bag. Tropical showers passed unnoticed as the mailman did not know what it was to change to dry clothing until he had reached his destination. Mosquitoes kept at a safe distance by a brisk smudge, hummed a lullaby for the benefit of the lone traveler.

#### Conducted Early Travelers

Cook made quite a good thing of conducting travelers to and from Miami, and he augmented his meagre salary with many a ten-dollar bill. Prospective sight-seers were few and far between though, and most often he traveled alone.

Mr. Cook first came to Palm Beach from Ormond in 1889 to make his home with Capt Eugene Dimmick, who constructed the only hotel in the resort section. This hotel was known as the Cocoanut Grove and built in 1891 was used afterwards for housing the staff of the Royal Poinciana, Henry Flagler's first large establishment along the lower East Coast.

Later, Mr. Cook became connected with the Flagler Hotels in Palm Beach, when he had charge of all hunting in providing meats for hotel guests. A great friend of the Seminoles, he has accompanied Tommy Jumper, Crop-Eared Charley and Cypress Tiger on many a long hunting trip into the heart of the Ever-

glades country.

Nevertheless, a favorite place for hunters in those days, was located just south of Fort Lauderdale about where the Federal now passes through to Miami. Much of the game such as wild turkeys, deer and other edible meats, later served at the Poinciana, was found by Mr. Cook in this high, dry spot within a stone's throw of the present City of Fort Lauderdale.

Left State for 21 Years

Mr. Cook left Florida in 1894 and did not return for 21 years. He has made his home in Dania since coming back to the state.

Another interesting character whose life is connected with the early history of Fort Lauderdale is J. Arthur Smith, who now operates a grocery store on the Federal Highway south of Dania. Mr. Smith was closely associated with Capt. J. H. Fromberger, years before the latter came here to take charge of the House of Refuge upon resignation of Capt. O'Neill. Mr. Smith assisted Fromberger in the operation of the tug-boat "Denny" (named for O'Neill) between Lake Worth and Biscayne Bay. In their travels through the inland waterway, they often docked near the House of Refuge at the beach.

Mr. Smith lived in Lantana over half a century ago. It was he who talked to the young man, Frank Stranahan, on that day over 47 years ago, when Fort Lauderdale's outstanding pioneer hitched his packed wagon to a team of mules, and started out from Lantana to establish a small camp which was to become the source of the city of his dreams.

By SARA M. CRIM\_

#### CHAPTER VII

To the world in general, there is an important starting point from which all momentous events have been dated. Things either happened in B. C. or A. D., and that's all there is to it. Nevertheless, every little community (quite without sacriligious intent) has worked out its own system in counting its years. Fort Lauderdale is no exception to that rule.

Here, Frank Stranahan is the name which stands out most prominently as The Beginning. Any old-timer in an allusion to the early days will say. "Why, there wasn't anything here until Stranhan came," or "That happened before Frank Stranahan settled here." To all those pioneers that followed him to the fertile banks of New River, the Stranahan Trading Post is the axis about which local history has been centered.

Fort Lauderdale's first citizen is a most difficult man to write about. He seldom talked and a diary kept by him during the first trying years was lost to the world when it dropped from his pocket while he was assisting in the clearing of Stranahan Park. People who knew Mr. Stranahan—well they never really knew this quiet man who rarely expressed himself to others. Yet everyone trusted and liked him. To the Seminoles who usually disliked the "white man and his squaw," he became a sort of God who never failed them and who never cheated them of what was rightfully theirs. That characteristic in itself should be enough to convince the reader that Frank Stranahan was one of the truly great men of the life and times of old Fort Lauderdale.

#### Stranahan Not Robust

Mr. Stranahan was a man of not too robust physique, who came to the lower east coast in the first place because doctors had advised a life in the open as more beneficial to his health. Thin-lipped from too many hours spent in solitude, one was especially impressed by the lean, strong lines of his sun-tanned face, accentuated by the determination of his chin—and his piercing eyes which had the faculty of veritably looking through you. These traits in connection with Mr. Stranahan were naturally to be expected. Place any of us in a tropical wilderness with only the answering grunts and groans of taciturn Indians for companionship, and it is more than likely that we would forever lose the power of speech.

The pioneer first arrived at New River on January 31, 1893, and he immediately pitched his temporary camp at about the location of the present Colee Monument near Tarpon Bend. Stranahan, by the way, was probably the only early settler who did not move to south Florida as a result of the great freeze of 1894-1895. A native of Ohio, he had first settled at Melbourne, where he entered the employ of a merchant by the name of Fee. It was while painting for him that he contracted lead poisoning with consequent orders from his doctor to seek more healthful work.

Opportunity presented itself to take over the overland mail route between Palm Beach and Lemon City and Mr. Stranahan wasted no

time in securing the contract.

#### Hammock Favored Garden Spot

Colee Hammock was then (as always) the favored garden spot of the Seminoles, and Stranahan had a curiously silent audience awaiting him when he rode in from the north with his overflowing wagon and exhausted mule team. Johnnie Jumper and his squaw Mamie farmed nearby, and they with scores of other Indians devoted no little time in giving this new intruder a thorough dose of the good old "once-over." They evidently liked what they saw as they neither scalped Mr. Stranahan nor gave him the farewell word of "awlipkashaw." in a very short time, the reticent white man had completely won their friendship and confidence.

At first, Fort Lauderdale's only inhabitant drove the mail wagon over the narrow trail himself to Lemon City where headquarters had been established. He would drive down one day, stay overnight, return through the tangled mass of jungle growth to his camp in Colee Hammock, drop exhausted to his cot, and then be off at daybreak for Palm Beach. In order to get his team over New River, it was necessary to carry them across by barge, and it proved to be a fascinating pastime for the Indians to see him get his covered wagon and mule across without mishap.

Late in the evening when Stranahan had gone to bed, the Seminoles in the vicinity would move close to the crude palmetto and pine logged shack for the night, and in other ways manifest their friendship. Occasionally he joked with them, and then these simple children of

the forests would chatter and giggle for hours at their new white friend.

#### Weird Story of Massacre

It was then that they told him the weird story of the massacre of the Shives family in Colee Hammock. The writer doubts if there has ever been any historical mention of the annihiliation of the Shives settlement, but several old-timers will verify that the Indians claimed that they killed and scalped these early white settlers years before the Colees moved into Colee Hammock.

The late Phil Bryan, father of Tom M. Bryan, declared that an old Indian chief had told him the facts of the story. This old tale ties up somewhat with the report by Hollingsworth of a Gregor MacGregor who claimed to have found white settlers on New River in 1808. But returning to Mr. Stranahan—tales of massacres did not faze him. He had found his niche in the world and he meant to hold on to it.

Quite often, the mail-wagon would carry passengers on their way to Lemon City, and the Stranahan camp became a haven for these tired travelers in their endless ride through the jungles. New River, then as clear as new blown glass, and the rich hammock with its moss draped trees proved a paradise to these adventurers from the north who had felt all day that they had been transplanted to the wilds of Africa and that death was imminent at any moment.

#### Indians Provided Food

Naturally, it became necessary for Mr. Stranahan to feed his tired charges. His friendship with the Indians proved to be of great advantage. They furnished the camp with venison, bright yellow corn, pumpkins and fish. Stranahan never failed them. They were well repaid for their efforts—and as money would have been useless to them as a bathroom furnished by Crane, they reveled in many beautiful trinkets of their own choosing and in delicacies of the white man of which they had never partaken.

Mr. Stranahan, who was an excellent cook, prepared meals for his guests himself, often arising long before day to catch the fish before he

could prepare breakfast.

Quite without his being conscious of it, the idea was conceived by Stranahan of establishing a real trading post and half way camp for the convenience of travelers. He was looking forward to the day when he could devote his entire attention and time to trading with the Indians, accepting whatever they might bring him, and reciprocating by providing them with the things that they most wanted. He resolved then and there that the simple people who trusted him would never regret their faith in him. They never did.

In this dream, he felt confident that New River would become famous as a restful spot to spend the night after a tiresome journey which in those days was well nigh impossible. Frank Stranahan probably did not realize it at the time, but he was even then laying his plans for what was to become the world's first tourist

camp. (Continued Next Sunday)

### O'SO THEY SAY

The textbook should not be used as an authority between whose covers the student should be confined, but rather as a springboard from which he can go into a much larger field of learning.—William A. Averill, in charge of a textbook exhibition at Harvard.

It is to be hoped that it will never be necessary to fight to preserve the Monroe Doctrine and the freedom of the Western Hemisphere from aggression and conquest; but if we must fight, prompt, action will be imperative.—Chairman Sheppard of the Senate Military Affairs Committee.

I would fail in my duty if I did not seize this occasion to express my heartfelt thanks for American generosity. — Marshal Petain, acknowledging 1,000 carloads of food for refugees.

We know democracy is the best way of life. We must also make it the most effective way of life in order to survive.—Wendell Willkie, G. O. P. presidential nominee.

Since when is there any difference between Heifetz playing a fiddle and a fiddler in a tavern? They're both musicians.—James C. Petrillo, president, American Federation of Musicians.

-By SARA M. CRIM-

#### CHAPTER VIII

Frank Stranahan moved his temporary camp from Colee Hammock to its permanent location on the north banks of New River (just west of the present Federal bridge) about May 1st, 1893. Mr. Stranahan bought his property from Mary and Wm. B. Brickell who had acquired a large grant of land in and around Fort Lauderale on August 1st, 1890.

The Brickells, who operated a small store in Miami had secured their local holdings in consideration of \$5,001.63 from the Florida Land and Mortgage Co., Ltd., a British corporation. This English company had in turn come into possession of the land, when extensive South Florida territory was conveyed to Sir Edward James Reed in 1882 for the sum of \$1,000,000.

Trustees of the Internal Improvement Fund, which included Governor W. D. Bloxham, Comptroller W. D. Barnes, Treasurer Henry A. L'Engle, Attorney-General Geo. T. Raney and Commissioner of Land and Immigration P. W. White, had engineered the sale, which at that time was regarded by State officials as a stroke of good fortune at the expense of gullible Englishmen.

Stranahan, a young man of foresight, selected his own strategic spot because of the close proximity to the old government trail which ran through Fort Lauderdale at this point, and would naturally attract whatever travel might venture through to Miami. Already, people were showing curiosity about this newly opened frontier where one might enjoy a South Sea Island existence without leaving the shores of the United States.

#### Didn't Open Post for Months

The pioneer did not construct a real trading post during the first few months. He was too busy to operate a store—what with his regular routine of driving the mail wagon between Palm Beach and Lemon City and his efforts to establish a tourist camp. However, he did manage to keep on hand sufficient supplies to take care of his own needs and accomodate anyone who stopped over at the camp.

Meanwhile, he rounded up several Negroes in Palm Beach and brought them to New River to assist him in the building of ten or twelve small tourist cabins for the housing of overnight guests. Constructed of thin, one-ply roofing paper, these minute sleeping quarters were equipped with pine flooring, and contained such necessities as camp cots, wash stands and other essentials.

One cottage was furnished as a rude dining room with pine tables and benches. Conveniently near was a small kitchen, where Mr. Stranahan cooked and served the evening meals before he continued with his guests and mail. It was often necessary for the pioneer to arise before daybreak in order to get all chores done before he continued his mail schedule.

#### Proud of Open Air Living Room

Mr. Stranahan was particularly proud of his open air living room arrangement. Directly in the center of the camp, beneath the shady boughs of several huge water oaks, he had designed a rock enclosed circular living room with rock fireplace, where camp fires at night would light the jungles for miles around, and vie with the stars and tropical moonlight in illuminating the tourist camp.

The barge had already been towed to the new location, but Stranahan soon found that other boats were necessary. It had not taken him long to see that tourists will be tourists even in the wilds, and that they wanted to be doing something in the way of amusement during their short stop-overs on New River. He provided a wide variety of small water craft, including pop-boats for the least ambitious, dories, dinkies, and row-boats, and guests spent many contented evenings in skimming up and down the river with no fatalities to ruffle the serenity of an atmosphere of incomparable tropical beauty.

The camp also was honored from the first by numerous copper-colored visitors from the Big Cypress Country as well as from the Colee Hammock section where Mr. Stranahan had already established a reputation "as one white man who could be trusted."

#### Hurricane Came in 1893

Things were progressing famously. The camp was growing in popularity and the pioneer had found happiness in the success of a venture which at first had seemed most dubious as a substantial business proposition. Stranahan was already looking about for an "up and coming" young man to take over the operation of the stage.

Then—the great hurricane of the fall of 1893 descended upon a peaceful river bank and

Mr. Stranahan who came through the ordeal alone found himself overnight with a piece of property upon which every vestige of civilization had "gone with the big breeze." He was thankful that he had not had to devote the night to strapping terrified transients to live oaks. The flimsy little one room tourist cabins had completely disappeared unless one excepted the pine floors which through some irony of fate remained as perfectly laid as the day that they were constructed.

Mr. Stranahan was a resourceful man. A weaker man would undoubtedly have packed his remaining belongings and moved on. But not the determined pioneer with his visions of founding a city. So—he waited for the river to recede to its normal level, and in those days that took time. Lack of proper drainage facilities resulted in high water flooding the area for as long as several weeks at a time. Hurricanes now are better behaved. They come quickly, stay briefly and then presto, the storm has disappeared and taken all surplus water with it—and a few other things.

Incidentally, Stranahan had had all the experience that he wanted with one-ply roof-ing paper. Next time his houses would stand.

#### Lumber Dumped in Sound

As a first precaution, he ordered lumber from Palm Beach, and for reasons best known to themselves, boat captains on their way to Biscayne Bay refused to deliver these supplies to Mr. Stranahan's camp. Owners of water craft insisted that "they simply were not able" to get their boats up the river, and consequently dumped the Stranahan order into the sound for him to complete delivery in whatever manner that he might choose. It was later—after the railroads were put through that boatmen found that they could deliver orders at any point along the river—and with the greatest of ease.

Mr. Stranahan rowed his boat down to the sound and with the aid of a raft succeeded in salvaging his lumber. Reconstruction of the camp was started at once, and this time, the settlement's first trading post became a reality. A small building of perhaps 20 feet by 20 feet in dimensions, the owner did not forget the Seminoles who were already camping all over the place. A large porch was included to encircle the small structure, and here the Indians might camp by the day, week or months as they so desired. These early visitors never paid for the privilege as did passengers of the stage and other transients.

#### Farrow Arrived Almost Penniless

It was about this time that a young adventurer by the name of Joe Farrow stopped at the camp. Some say he found the Stranahan property when he was returning from a hunting trip in the Everglades with a load of skins and alligator hides for the northern markets. Others insist he was simply a young man looking for a future career in South Florida. His sole worldly possessions at that time were the few clothes that he had with him and the munificent fortune of sixty five cents.

A short, active fellow with a keen sense of humor, Frank Stranahan knew intuitively that in Joe Farrow he had found "his up and coming young man." Farrow liked Stranahan and the camp, so it took little persuasion on the pioneer's part to induce him to take over the operation of the stage. This enabled Mr. Stranahan to devote his complete time to the world's first tourist camp, and to really put serious attention to the operation of his trading post.

The Seminoles incidentally had discovered a new way to drown their sorrows at the invasion of the white people. After the hurricane, kegs upon kegs of intoxicating liquors of much greater than 14 percent alcoholic content, were washed up daily from the ocean. Despite well intended warnings from Mr. Stranahan, the Indians found that the potent "fire-water" held greater fascination than the warnings of the white man who never drank the stuff himself.

#### Paging Ed Carroll

Too bad that Earl Carroll was not around in those days. The braves had their own unique system of gathering up the contents of these casks strewn along the banks of the river. Prying off the tops, the Seminoles would empty the liquor directly into their canoes until they were precariously near the sinking stage, then sit blithely in the center of the valuable cargo while they rowed to the Stranahan Trading Post.

Once under the protecting eye of the white man they lost little time in making away with the bountiful quantities of liquid fire. The caRussians were until, by one of those funny little twists of coincidence, we found ourselves in an almost identical situation.

About a week ago we attended the preview of a new picture. We went over to see the picture because it was "Foreign Correspondent," by Alfred Hitchcock, and we think Hitchcock is one of the best cinema directors in the world.

One of Hitchcock's fortes is suspense. How he strings it out is his business, strictly. It's a gift. It's the sort of stuff that ties us up into gnawing knots of curiosity. Well, half way through the film, one of the central characters is dramatically unmasked as a spy. Just as this happened we noticed that the clock on the wall said four o'clock (have you got a song to go with that?), and as we had an appointment for that hour that couldn't be broken, we grabbed our bonnet and got out of there.

Had we realized the consequences of this action we would have said fooey about appointments. All the way across town, and all through the appointment, which was with an aviator just back from China and which should have been interesting, we kept thinking about that spy. Was he a spy, we wondered. Or was is simply Hitchcock up to his old tricks. Probably it was Hitchcock up to his old tricks. But the afternoon passed, and the evening came, and the midnight waned, and we couldn't get the situation out of our mind. It was like Mark Twain's "Punch, Brothers, punch with care . . . . .

Breakfast didn't taste very good next morning. Neither did lunch. About 2 o'clock we telephoned the United Artists to find out whether, by chance, another preview might be in the wind.

"Sure is," said Lynn Farnol, "in half an hour," Ten minutes later, hatless and almost breathless, we arrived.

"What about that preview?" we wanted to know. Farnol had gone out. "It's been cancelled," the man said. "Won't be held until next week."

Well, what would you have done? We started talking. We explained all, including our tasteless dinners and our sleepless nights. The man said "Pardon me" and went out, and in a few minutes later he was back again. "If it's the last two reels you want to see we'll run 'em for you," he explained.

We know this sounds silly, but seeing those two reels took all the fatigue and weariness out of our frame; it made everything all right—even the hero, who came out all right in the end. And when the last foot had been shown we got up and walked out of there a new man. That was when we started sympathizing with Russians.

If you see "Foreign Correspondent," see it through. Leaving at the half-way mark isn't worth it.

noes were the only punch bowls needed as the braves scooped up the liquor in their eagerly cupped hands.

Needless to say, there were "whoopee" parties and Indian "pow-wows" which would not only last through the night, but often for a week at a time. Joyously, they would sing and dance and yell with the complete abandon known only to primitive people.

Meanwhile, the patient Frank Stranahan continued to eat, sleep and lead the quiet routine of his life, and to be on hand when the proper moment came to dose out castor oil and other healing remedies. He was rapidly learning by experience that his reckless copper tinted proteges would need post-spree care and plenty of it. After the Seminoles waked from their drunken stupors, the Stranahan porches often looked like the port of refuge for dying men.

By SARA M. CRIM-

#### CHAPTER IX

NOTE: This story about New River which may appear to be a reckless detour into the world of imagination, is really not an exaggeration of fact at all. It was first told to the writer by Mrs. Frank Stranahan and other old timers have since verified it in every detail.

On that first Christmas day in 1893 and also on New Year's Day in 1894, Frank Stranahan instituted a custom to which he adhered for many years. On these particular days, the pioneer celebrated by taking dips in the translucent waters of the river that had captured his fancy.

Rain or shine, or with the temperature down to the freezing point, the "Father of Fort Lauderdale" faithfully followed this ritual which perhaps has had more than a little to do with the thousands of winter visitors who now go swimming on these holidays, and get a great kick in sending back home such truculent postcards as, "Imagine my dear! A heavenly swim on Christmas day. Wish you were here. Know you are freezing."

Naturally, Stranahan had no intentions in becoming the instigator of any custom which might later create envy, frustration or even furtive plans bordering upon justifiable homicide by unfortunates who remained in the north. Nevertheless, he was probably the first person in South Florida who believed that it would be a nice thing to take a swim on Christmas and New Year—and when Frank Stranhan felt that way—well, all the alligators, sharks and water moccasins from Okeechobee to Las Olas could not have stopped him.

#### River Once Exquisitely Clear

New River in 1893! What can one say that will adequately describe the cool transparency of the winding waterway? The writer doubts that there are many persons in Fort Lauderdays today who know that Silver Springs was not always the only exquisitely clear stream in the State of Florida.

In 1893 and as late as 1906 for that matter, New River had not yet folded the black mantle of brooding mystery about her placid past and withdrawn from intrusion as a resentful gesture at the onslaught of civilization. The river was then as proudly generous in the revelation of beauties beneath its depths as it is now reticent in allowing the world to pierce the murky surface which is so adequate in its protection from curious eyes.

Picture, if you can after knowing New River as it is now, a waterway of silvery perfection that one could gaze far down beyond its irridescent surface to a distance of thirty feet or more. Crystalline purity had not then been stained to the permanent ebony which is so characteristic of the stream of the present day. Rich muck soil and black sediment from the Everglades, forced down by later drainage operations, were successfully held back for centuries by nothing less than an act of providence.

Nature, ever infallible in its judgment, had again come to the rescue and fashioned a perfect natural filter at the confluence of the Everglades to preserve the transparent waters of the local stream. A curious rock ledge about twelve inches high, over which small water craft had to be lifted, was located at that time just west of the city (mar the old Bryan grove), and with the stubiornness attained through centuries, it withhelf the rich spoils from the fertile Everglades regions. This natural filter which has been likened to a mill dam. clung tenaciously to the rusking current until it was strained to gleaming purity and only then did it spill the sparkling waters over the miniature waterfalls into New River.

#### White Coral Forned Bed

Augmenting the natural bauty of the waterway was the white coral rock river bed with its symmetrical formations of thousands of "potholes" of varying proportions. These "pot-holes" have been found to be of such great depth that poles dropped into then have completely disappeared from sight. Frank Stranahan had his troubles with them in the early days when he attempted to drive piling at the tourist camp for the construction of a bod house. The river eventually won the struggle and Stranahan was forced to change the location.

New River (before drainage) was very similar in every detail to Silver springs. The coral bed formed innumerable little natural gates and arches through which fish of all colors and descriptions would swim in and out with perpetual enthusiasm. Brim, jerch, silvery trout, the ominous shark—all of them shared the tropical beauty spot. Rock lidges were covered with ferns and other rich matine growth. When

high tides would force their way into the river in September and April the water would be softly tinged with the blue of the sea. During this period, whirlpools two feet in width and of several feet in depth would form directly in front of the Stranahan camp, and awaken the pioneer with their noisy gyrations.

Tarpon at Tarpon Bend—and this is not a fish story—were so numerous that the river reflected a living mass over which people could have walked across to the other side. Sea-cows ambled up the river apparently for the purpose of lifting their heads out of the water to give Stranahan and any other human being along the bank the typical old "sea-cow snort" of disapproval.

#### Seminoles Were Constant Bathers

But to get back where we started. Every day was Christmas and New Year to the Seminoles. and the river near the Stranahan camp became the old swimming hole. The Indians (strictly in the nude) were cavorting about in the water most of the time, and if an alligator happened to mar the pleasure of the moment they liked nothing better than a good healthy tussle with one of the big fellows. Most braves were especially talented as alligator wrestlers and several became so good that they later relinquished their amateur standings and joined the ranks of the professionals. Traveling over the country with a choice selection of the big gators as co-stars they distinguished themselves as the first real local boys who made good in the outside world.

Sharks were of a little more concern to the Indian and also to Frank Stranahan. Six foot monsters ripped ferociously through the clear waters. The pioneer did not have many moments of concern about them, and he often explained in later years his ablutions in New River by saying that "a man never had to fear what he could see."

Fort Lauderdale's first pioneer would have prevented desecration of New River had it been in his power. But he was not one to have a hand in anything that might prove a detriment to future progress.

What happened? Years later—a stick of dynamite at the rock ledge, and in one cruel moment, what had taken nature hundreds of years to perfect, was permanently destroyed. The rotting vegetation of centuries was poured into the river bed, and New River was transformed overnight from a laughing happy, stream to a morbid, mysterious waterway. Often, the river has reciprocated—when it has choked the breath of life from some unfortunate human being who has fallen into its clutches.

(Continued Next Sunday)

## O SO THEY SAY

The desire for dishonest profit is a result of human imperfection and not a consequence of any institutional condition.—President Ortiz of Argentina, on resigning in the midst of charges of scandal against his administration.

We fear lack of sleep more than we do bombs. Every time the German planes come over it wakes the children up.—Mrs. Rupert Brooke of London.

The students of today will be confronted with propaganda acclaiming the various other forms of living, and their only weapons will be their own minds and experience.—Roger L. Putnam, mayor of Springfield, Mass.

An American business man had the nerve to criticize me, so I told the president of the hotary Club to tell him to get out of the country if he did no like what I had done.—President Manuel Quezon of the Philippine Commonwealth.

If teachers ruled the world there would be no wars to destroy the children whose lives we have nurtured. — Irvin R. Zuenzli, secretary American Federation of Teachers.

Obviously no more disruption will be caused by drafting an unemployed unmarried man of 38 than an unemployed unmarried youth of 21.

—Paul T. David, American Youth Commission.

France will become again what she never should have ceased to be—an essentially agricultural nation. Like the giant in the fable, she will regain her strength through renewed contact with the earth.—Marshal Petain, No. 1 man of France.

By SARA M. CRIM-

#### CHAPTER X

The luxuriantly wooded forests, with their precarious paths, leading to the Stranahan Trading Post, made Ft. Lauderdale typically a man's paradise during those first eventful years. There were no women within twenty-five miles unless one excepted the shy Seminole squaw who had aiready been threatened with a recordbreaking demise if she so much as glanced in the direction of the 'no good' white man.

Capt. Denny O'Neill with his "house guest." Capt. W. C. Valentine who was also co-helper in the distribution of the occasional letter and newspaper which found its way to the House of Refuge, were not overly taxed during those early days with their duties of rescuing drowning souls from the depths of the sea. In fact months and months went by without so much as a call for aid from ships in distress. Consequently. Captain Denny and Captain Valentine who were good natured, sociable souls to live so far away from civilization, had ways and means of arranging their own little programs of amusement.

The big day occurred every three months when Capt. Denny was paid by the government for his voluntary exile. Then—the two venerable captains would devote the next few days to the one diversion which gave them the most pleasure out of life, and that was the making away of enough hard liquor to kill two average

Stranahan Occasional Guest

Frank Stranahan was occasionally invited to these early Fort Lauderdale stag parties, as both participants like this pioneer who let them do all the talking, while he patiently listened and occasionally put in a good word of advice. Stranahan was too busy around the camp, and would tactfully refuse with the excuse that a new barrel of beads was waiting to be strung for the beautification of the Seminole maidens. He had soon found that it was impossible to buy enough beads in strands to satisfy the squaw whose chastity was measured by the number of yards of bright colored baubles that adorned her body, so he had decided that he could only meet the demand by ordering in the barrel lots. More work for him, but a pleasant way to while away the long hours of solitude.

An inevitable third guest at the O'Neill-Valentine drinking parties was Fred Morse who lived in Miami, where he was employed by Mary Brickell in the little grocery store on Brickell Point. Morse kept his eye on the calendar and when the time rolled around for O'Neill to receive his money, he would immediately start out for Fort Lauderdale. After Stranahan came he made the trip by the stage to the trading post, and would then row a boat out to the House of Refuge where his two cronies would be waiting -and testing out the quality of the liquor at

frequent intervals. Stranahan Gets Post Office

It was not long after Stranahan came that Capt. O'Neill requested that the post office be moved to the Trading Post. After the trail had been changed from where it had formerly run through at the beach to adjacent to the Stranahan Camp, it had taken considerable time for O'Neill to row back and forth for the mail.

The government soon granted the request and the camp was designated as the Post-Office to be known as Fort Lauderdale. Previously. when headquarters were at the beach mail had been directed merely to "New River." About a year later. Stranahan was officially named post master of the settlement. The post office was really a cheroot box which Mr. Stranahan kept

under his pillow at night.

Valentine was by profession an engineer and a good one too-as Lauderdalians were to realize in later years. He was very pleased to be relieved of his duties in connection with the mail as he had no political ambitions and he had his eye on the piece of property known as Burnham's Point. The palm-shaded paradise cutting its way gracefully into the blue waters of the bay had long tantalized him with its sheer tropical beauty. Easily visible from the House of Refuge, the point formed a pretty picture for the frame furnished by Fort Lauderdale's only landmark, a cluster of stately palms (near the present inlet) rising high above the horizon and casting dancing shadows in the quiet waters of the bay.

Capt. Valentine made arrangements to move over to the point, and began construction of the usual palmetto roofed and scrap lumber shack. He transferred his few possessions from the House of Refuge and set up his own bachelor's paradise. It was while he was decorously attending to the preparation of his solitary breakfast one morning that O'Neill and Morse

decided to play a really devilish prank at the expense of their hermit contemporary. Really Went Native

Valentine, you see, had gone native to the extent of running around his island sans everything but brief shirt, and the morning of his two friends' call was no exception to the rule.

Morse had a high, squeaky voice that could slide easily up to high C when necessary. O'Neill and Morse made plans to frighten Valentine out of his wits by leading him to believe that an adventurous Eve had invaded his Garden of Eden. Docking their row-boat in the shade of a cluster of palms, they slipped quietly through the woods to beneath the window of Valentine's kitchen.

"Yoo-hoo Captain Valentine, I see you," high sopranoed Fred Morse. "Come on out. I won't

hurt you."

Valentine threw up his hands in one horrified gesture, dropped his frying eggs, and stood as if

turned to stone.

C'Neill and Morse, having the time of their lives, from their vantage point behind thick shrubbery, allowed Valentine to suffer for some little time before they came out like men and revealed their identities. Valentine's comments on the practical joke of his two friends were far too pungent for publication. O'Neill and Morse stood around in their own shirt tails and listened without a word.

Very shortly, another newcomer arrived in Ft. Lauderdale in the person of W. C. Collier, a highly educated man of pleasing personality, who felt that South Florida was good citrus country. He purchased a rich grant of land in the Northeast section on Middle River, and set

out an orange grove.

Collier, Stranahan Became Friends

Collier was somewhat older than Frank Stranahan who was not yet thirty, but the two men became the best of friends. Collier, like O'Neill and Valentine, did all the visiting, but he did not seem to mind, as he knew Stranahan well enough to realize that the latter was not going to waste valuable time in making social calls. Collier soon beat a path from his property in the northeast section to the Trading Post, and would pack his supplies from the camp back to his home in flour sacks.

Collier was not really considered a Lauderdalian in those days. He lived too far away: about four miles to be exact and that's a "fur piece," in any man's language, when measured

by weedsy foot path.

There is an interesting story in connection with him concerning the origin of the name, Colahatchee. Most people accept it as a Seminole word, and let it go at that. However, the euphonious Seminole langage had nothing whatsoever to do with the selection of Colahatchee. to designate the rich little area where Mr. Collier set out his orange grove.

The citrus grower who was the first pioneer in the northeast section was followed later by a man named Hatch, and for many years, they were the sole inhabitants. Long afterwards. residents of the Middle River area agreed unanimously to combine the names of Collier and Hatch in naming the settlement, with the result that it was called Colahatchee-and Colahatchee it has remained to this day.

Always Reticent About Past

Collier was always reticent about his past. It was known that he had been a school-teacher before he came to South Florida, but it was never discovered why he had decided to "forget it all" in the wilderness. Other teachers may understand, as it is more than likely that they too have similar desires with alarming regularity.

According to several old timers, Joe Farrow was having his own small troubles with his stage. Passengers became terribly impatient at the long, jolting journey on a trail just wide enough for a wagon and a lackadaisical white mule. Harrow was continually faced with the question. "How much longer?" "About two miles," he would lie cheerfully.

Passengers would give involuntary sighs of relief only to find themselves an hour later still bumping over the trail.

"Haven't we covered that two miles yet?"

they would ask.

"Oh, yes! A long time ago," Farrow would blandly reply. "We're working on 'the about' now."

Frank Stranahan's trading post for the first year progressed along comfortably on trade furnished entirely by the Indians. They would bring him otter and coon skins and alligator hides which he would ship to the northern markets. The Seminoles in turn would spread their large recepticles (comprising a square of dirty

woman canvassing public opinion as we the presidential possibilities for Novem-

We ran into several on one day, although in only one instance were we -able to ascertain whom they represented. This was in a men's haberdashery on west 49th street, and a nicelooking young woman came in with a brief-case and a lot of blanks to be filled out and quickly collared one of the clerks. She represented Fortune maga-

We didn't know what was going on until we heard her say: "Do you know why you are going to vote for Roose-

The man said, "Well, it isn't a question of greater production in this country. You could treble the production over night. The question is to find some way to get what we already have into the hands of the people. I think Roosevelt is working along those lines. All of his reforms are directed toward that end. For some reason I simply believe he is right, and that is why I am going to vote for him."

All the while this was going on the young woman was writing furiously. She asked a lot of other questions which we couldn't hear, much to our regret. Finally she said, "Thank you," gave him a big smile, and put her papers back

into the brief case.

"Who's winning?" we wanted to

She laughed. "I'm not permitted to tell you. Anyway, what's true of Manhattan probably wouldn't be true in some other place." She went out the door, swinging her case. These girls never poll more than one person in a single

There is a hospital on the second floor of the NBC building, in Rockefeller Center, that is free to the public. Sounds queer, I'll admit, but it's true. Such has been this reporter's experience, in any

We jammed our left elbow through a window pane and came up with a gash about an inch long. It looked a lot worse than it actually was. Gory, yes, but we weren't in any real danger of losing an arm. However, we went up to this hospital of which we had heard much, but never had seen.

A very pleasant young woman in white asked us what ailed us, took our name, and then introduced us to a doctor. We were led into a great white tiled room. A nurse lifted the sleeve and another nurse held the arm for the doctor to examine. It wasn't much of a surgical task, but the service was wonderful .. clean scent of alcohol (the rubbing kind), big rolls of snow white bandages, and nice big smiles.

When we were all wrapped up we

said, "How much, Doctor?"

"There is no charge," he said. Very, very nice. And very thoughtful, too, of Nelson Rockefeller.

cloth) on the floor of the trading post and make their own selections in return payment. They growled at the offer of any assistance, so Stranahan allowed them to spend all day making their purchases, and he never interfered until they grunted to him to check their orders.

Sometimes when the Indians were away hunting and Farrow was off with the stage. Frank Stranahan would sleep in a reclining chair beneath a large water oak from early morning until the sun had set on the following day without seeing or talking to a living soul during that time. Then the stage would arrive, and he would often be working all night in taking care of guests until the mail wagon resumed its journey. However, Stranahan was not entirely alone. He had his little dog, Trixie, a beloved black and white terrier, which understood him as no human being did. To Stranahan. Trixie was the perfect companion. The little dog neither talked nor insisted upon a perpetual stream of foolish chatter.

## The Story Of Landerdale

-By SARA M. CRIM-

#### CHAPTER XI

No one knows exactly when Count Nugent happened to drop into the Stranahan Trading Post for the first time, but Mr. Stranahan looked one day and there he was—a tall, thin, rawboned figure who might have been a better looking version of Ichabod Crane himself. Numerous old-timers agree that the Count must have arrived just a short while after the camp was completed.

They all say, "Oh, the Count! Well—he was here when I got here. A fine gentleman but a queer duck, he was." Fine gentleman, queer duck or man of mystery—such a character, deserves a yarn entirely to himself, so Fort Lauderdale's first titled citizen who was known only as Count Nugent and might not have had a given name insofar as old-timers are concerned, will not be intermingled with other local history, but the writer hopes that he will stand out from the crowd as one man who seldern gave a dull moment.

seldom gave a dull moment.

Nugent was a bona fide French count. You just attempt to convince any old pioneers that he may have been an early edition of the modern phonies so prevalent in the United States since the World War, and you might just as well prepare yourself for an argument.

"No sir-ee!" they will insist. "The Count owned that title alright. Why he spoke with an accent you could cut with a sharp knife and he bowed and scraped all over the place every time he opened his mouth. He was a perfect gentleman. Only he was a queer duck."

#### Little Known of Past

Little was known about Nugent's actual past history. It was learned that he had lived the greater part of his life in France. He could speak of Paris—the Riviera—with the reverence of the Frenchman for his native land. He had come to America and settled with other members of his family in the East. Evidently he did not find what he was looking for further north, so he struck out for himself, presumably to make a short tour of the lower East Coast of Florida. He had assured relatives in the north that he would complete a quick scouting trip and would be back home in no time at all.

Nevertheless, when his "no time at all" stretched into six months, then a year, and no one had heard from him, relatives decided that it was high time to see what had happened to the "lost, strayed or stolen" Nugent. A brother-in-law by the name of Gordon (not John) Doe was elected to come south, rescue his errant relative from whatever it was that was detaining him, and bring him back to civilization.

Gordon found Nugent right here in Fort Lauderdale, but he neither rescued him nor took him back north. You see, Gordon liked it here too—so he decided to remain for awhile and see what it was about life in the tropics that appealed so greatly to his kin, the Count.

Doe quickly became acclimated to the carefree habits prevalent in a womanless paradise. He and Nugent had seen O'Neill, Valentine and Morse roaming about in their shirt-tails, so one day while wading around adjacent waters for fish, they decided to fall in line with local styles themselves. All would have been well, but Nugent and Doe pepped up the day with several substantial drinks which imbued them with the overwhelming desire to see their good friend Frank Stranahan—and at once. They strolled nonchalantly into camp—and horrified Indian squaws, amidst a confusion of well motivated shrieks and cries, struck for the woods. Even Stranahan was jolted from his usual composure when a French Count made a formal call clad only in his shirt-tail.

Secured Grant of Land

Shortly after coming here, the Count had secured a grant of land in the northeast section facing the bay, and the conventional small shack had been erected on the property as a shelter, which incidentally, was seldom used. Nugent liked to stop at the House of Refuge as it was always possible, especially in later years of his residence in Lauderdale, for him to find someone there who was willing to wait on him. The Count you see, was to the manner born and he did not know what it was to rough it to the extent of actually preparing and serving his own meals. After all, who would expect a man who lounged around in the wilderness garbed for dinner in a full dress suit to do anything except dine?

He had his own ideas about the correct way of eating however. Like the squirrels of the forests, he liked nuts, and it was a common

occurrence to see him making a complete meal at the Stranahan Post by merely digging into his pockets for a handful of peanuts.

One day Count Nugent demonstrated his peculiar ideas about diet in a very consistent manner out at the House of Refuge, which within a few years of the establishment of the Stranahan Camp, had become a favorite gathering spot for the youngsters of the community. Children intuitively were drawn to the Count and they probably knew him far better than did their parents.

"People should be taught to eat the right things," he explained to several youngsters, one of whom was the child who grew up to become Mrs. Bloxham Cromartie. "Candy, cake, cooked foods—bah! They will ruin your stomach and drive you to the graveyard long before your

time.'

Nugent then proceeded to demonstrate his own theories. Producing a large quantity of dried apples and sufficient water to assist in assimilation, he gathered his audience about him and showed them what he meant. Wide-eyed with wonder, they watched this tall, thin man make away with sufficient dried apples to furnish the settlement with pies for a month.

#### Almost Died From Apples

Needless to say, the forbidden fruit for the second time in history had a sweet revenge. They almost made away with Nugent, and it took practically all the medicine at the trading post and the constant care of the family living at the House of Refuge at the time to restore his resentful stomach back to its normal proportions.

Count Nugent did not spend all his time in Fort Lauderdale. He was great person for walking and he would start out for Miami or Palm Beach without a word of warning and be gone for weeks at a time. Then—one day Stranahan would get a card to hold all mail for the local mystery man, and quite without explanation, he would settle down to rude living for a while.

He certainly had friends if one was to judge by the mail that he received. Mr. Stranahan would have stacks of letters and papers for him when he arrived. Nugent would sink down into one of the camp's comfortable canvas chairs, toss the letters carelessly aside, and devote the rest of the day to perusing the newspapers. If he ever read his letters, no one knew about it.

On one of his excursions "abroad", Nugent took time out to marry a woman as aristocratic as himself. Perhaps she accounted for his frequent stop-overs in Palm Beach. Anyway, Nugent's bride was probably the victim of the strangest honeymoon on record. After the wedding, the couple walked to Fort Lauderdale, and it must indeed have been a startling sight to see this highly educated and aristocratic bride arrive here afoot, and with a lorgnette.

"First time I ever seen one of them things was when Countess Nugent peered at me through

it," admitted one old-timer.

Countess Nugent—and it must have been love—spent much of the time here for several years, and with her husband was a frequent guest at the House of Refuge. However, Nugent's wife was not so accustomed to roughing it, so a permanent home was established in Cocoanut Grove, and Nugent divided his time between the two places.

The Count continued to baffle the natives with his peculiarities in clothing himself. One time he would appear at camp in full dress suit but minus shoes; the next day, he would come in overalls topped off by patent leather dress shoes. Never a dull moment!

#### Never a Dull Moment

The Frenchman made quite a splash one night when Countess Nugent and he rowed over to Stranahan's from the House of Refuge. A large barge was used at the time as a dock, and lights from the camp threw a shadow on the river, making it difficult to see. Nugent stood up, called to shore and believing that he had reached the dock, and stepped out into the river. The always dainty Countess was disgusted but the episode enlivened the day for those on shore.

Often, Nugent was invited to social functions in Miami and Palm Beach. On one occasion he started out from Fort Lauderdale for Miami to attend a fashionable wedding. Tucked comfortably under his arm was his ever present, ever-ready dress suit. The Count attended the event, a figure of tonsorial splendor from his head—to his feet. This was one time that the bride took second honors. The

### By George Tucker

NEW YORK.—Any 15-minute stroll down Broadway, 5th avenue, or 42nd Street is sure to be productive of at least a dozen encounters. Each is worth a story, although the names involved may not always be accustomed to the bright lights.

Here is Missy, whose father, a football coach, is athletic director of Hampden-Sidney College, in Virginia. Missy's real name is Grace Logue Bernier, and she explains that shining light in her eyes with the announcement that she soon is to become the bride of the editor of a weekly newspaper, "somewhere in the east." When that happens Missy will be Mrs. Lampson Smith. Her dad (they call him "Yank") has had quite a career as a football coach. It was he who gave Alabama its first Rose Bowl team—the one that had John Mack Brown on it.

That black-headed young man scribbling a left-handed note on the back of a menu is Frank Wilson. Probably you don't know who he is. But you listen to what he has to say all the time. He writes the Kay Kyser show each week. He is also the author of "The Bishop and the Gargoyle," a radio feature. Frank is a Cincinnati boy, born, he tells you, "in the white-stone-stooped section made famous by Edna Ferber's 'Back Street'." For a while, after coming to New York, he lived above a speakeasy in genteel elegance, dining on peanuts and chocolate bars. Then he finally got going.

If you pass the old Amsterdam theater on 42nd street you are almost certain to bump into Nat Dorfman, theatrical press agent whose clients include Irving Berlin, Buddy Desylva, and others. But ask him what's new and he won't mention "Louisiana Purchase" or any of his other shows. With that light in his eyes that proud parents are always afflicted with he says, "My kid, he won another tournament. He's sixteen. I think he's going to get somewhere." Nat's kid is a strapping young buck who is already regarded as one of the finest amateur

tennis players in the east. Here comes Doris Dudley, a gal in blue slacks, shapely sweater, and dark glasses. She's on her way to keep an interview with one of the drama critics. She got quite a play in the papers a little while back when John Barrymore and his wife staged that rumpus at the opening of "My Dear Children." That was when Doris was ousted from the show in favor of Barrymore's wife. Elaine, and it was then that Doris got off her classic remark to the reporters: "I am in the peculiar position of trying to fight sex with talent." Between Broadway plays, Doris is being featured in a radio drama. Her papa is Bide Dudley. the drama critic.

Well, that's Broadway, that's 42nd street, that's any street. You try to get somewhere and you find yourself talking shop with people you haven't seen, or thought of, in weeks. Most of them aren't known outside of New York, but they are important. They are the people behind the scenes. The engineers who really make the wheels go round.

Count had chosen the occasion to step out socially without his shoes.

Cocoanut Grove where he lived until his death about 1910. Old Nugent Avenue (now SW Third Ave.) was named for him. Now—Count Nugent is only a memory, and the street that was a monument to him has been reduced to the nonentity of a number.

Oh, by the way! Perhaps you already have figured out Nugent's calling in life. He was a writer which more than likely accounted for

his fascinating eccentricities.

(Continued Next Sunday)

## Original articles clipped from and ©Newspapers.com

By SARA M. CRIM-

#### CHAPTER XII

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Strangely elough, the first feminine addition to Fort auderdale was a very young woman. She cane here a bride, fortunately blessed with an invincible courage, to take up her life on the minhabited shores of a tropical beach. For comminionship—she had to find it in the continuou pounding of the waves; the eerie cries of wid beasts of the surrounding forests, or in the amusing reactions of the Seminole braves and their giggling, chattering squaws who came in droves in their canoes to see the new with woman.

It had not take them long to realize that the pretty newcorer with the bright smile was always good or'a handout of her own delicious cooking. Alittle disconcerting at first to see their dark hads bobbing up and down outside the windows of her kitchen, Fort Lauderdale's pioneer woran soon grew accustomed to such unrestrained behavior.

Mrs. Agnes Frombrger arrived here on Feb-

ruary 11, 1895, with her husband, Capt. Jack Fromberger, who was ent to Las Olas Beach by the government to the over the House of Refuge.

Previous to moving o Fort Lauderdale, Captain Fromberger, who had relatives in Daytona, had had charge of boat sailing in and around the Keys. At one time he operated the "Corinne," owned by Capt Harry Shaw, who was the general superintendent of the 9th district (now the Coast Guard Srvice) extending from Charleston to Biscayne Bay.

But let Mrs. Fromberer tell the story.

"We arrived in Fort Lauderdale a week after our wedding at Si Mary's Church in Daytona, which was my ome," she wrote in a recent letter to the write, "We traveled from Daytona to Palm Beach y rail; by boat to Lantana, and from there to New River by stage. We reached Mr. Stranahan's camp and found a real campfire. For that day the Trading Post was a nice, neat place, wth a gentlemanly landlord in the person of Frak Stranahan, one of the finest, most honest mn you could wish to meet."

#### Find Diversified troup

Around the campfire, he Frombergers found a widely diversified grup awaiting the arrival of the stage as it busped into camp from Hillsborough.

"There was a schoolteache, a pioneer, a lawyer and a millionaire," explaned Mrs. Fromberger. "Among those at the Traing Post when we drove in was a Miss Merritt a member of the Lemon City School Board." (Very likely the Miss Ada Merritt for whon Ada Merritt . School is Miami was named.)

The young bride liked Fort Laiderdale from

the moment of her arrival.

"Lauderdale was a very pretty little place; beautifully wooded and with New liver running through," she said in describing he new home.

Captain O'Neill, always the hamy go lucky adventurer, was glad to see the frombergers. He had requested his release from futy, as he had had all that he wanted of a life that kept him confined to one spot. It had been exciting enough at first when he had been the only white person between Palm Beach and Miami, but now that other people were coming, and things were less hazardous, O'Neill fet that he might find new thrills if he were free to come and go as he liked.

You see, Captain Denny had been a boatbuilder, a deep sea diver and a sea captain. He had even attempted to solve early aviation problems, using parts of a bicycle in his experiments. He cherished the memories of such thrilling experiences as that time 'way back in 1871, when as a young man of 20 he was shipwrecked off the Florida coast near Hillsborough Inlet.

#### Shipwrecked Near Local Shore

"I was aboard a schooner bound for Central America from Boston," he told the Frombergers. "The boat was wrecked in a storm, and I landed on the Florida coast astride a mahogany log through schools of sharks which infested the waters."

O'Neill also related to his successors an interesting incident concerning Life Saving Sta-

tion No. 4.

"At first it was located about two miles north of where the government meant it to be," he explained. "You see, when the lumber was thrown overboard from a schooner off the beach, they miscalculated the force of the current, and the load was washed ashore far north of the government property. The fellows building the place thought they'd put something

over on somebody, and constructed the House of Refuge right there."

The contractors however had not reckoned upon the far reaching powers of the government. O'Neill and his house were soon moved to the proper location, and without a cent of cost to the United States mint, he said.

Out at the local life saving station things were quickly revolutionized by Mrs. Fromberger, who had the faculty of creating a homey atmosphere wherever she went. The two captains, O'Neill and Valentine, hardly knew the place after Captain Jack and his bride moved there. Bare windows were replaced with snowy curtains, shelves were covered with bright colored paper, pictures decorated the bleak wooden walls—and the House of Refuge became the first real home of the community.

However, the former occupants were not altogeter interested in the transformation of their bachelor's quarters. As always, where men were concerned, it was the food that attracted them. Memories of tantalizing odors of well-seasoned delicacies invaded their Garden of Eden over on Burnham's Point with the persistency of a serpent—and made their own scorched toast and burnt fish take on malevolent appearance.

#### Constant Visitors to Home

With alarming frequency, they found that they simply had to visit the Frombergers, and see how things at the House of Refuge were progressing. Incidentally their heydey of wandering around in their shirttails was a thing of the past.

A less generous woman might have resented their intrusion—especially at mealtimes. But not Mrs. Fromberger. She established her reputation as one of the most hospitable women who ever lived here, and she never lost it. It was at her home that Count and Countess Nugent would 'put up' for weeks at a time, and the titled Frenchman would putter around with his writing.

Lauderdale's first white woman made her own life. She had a big, jovial husband to look after, and she had soon found that by keeping busy, she did not have time to long for the companionship of other women. She broke the monotony by accompanying Fromberger to the Stranahan camp where they bought all supplies for the station.

"We usually went shopping at Stranahan's twice a week," she explained, "Most things were bought by the case to be sure there would be enough on hand in case of an emergency. There was always excitement at the trading post—Indians all over the place and all kinds of people stopping over for the night."

According to Mrs. Fromberger, the Seminoles used the grounds at the life saving station as a camping ground, when they passed through the beach section on their way to such Indian celebrations as the corn dance at Big Cedar Swamp.

#### A Misunderstood Indian

"One night, I was alone, and an Indian came up to the house with a large piece of venison in his hand," she wrote. "He held it up and said, 'you sca? you sca?'" Mrs. Fromberger emphatically shook her head in the negative. Then—the Indian really was upset. Mrs. Fromberger thought that he had said 'scared,' and he really had been requesting scales to weigh the venison. Needless to say, she bought the proferred meat and became a regular customer.

It was shortly after the Frombergers' arrival that temperamental and brilliant Will Stranahan put in his appearance at the Trading Post. His pioneer brother had sent for him to come from Ohio and take over the intricacies of bookkeeping necessitated by the trading peculiarities of the Seminoles.

It ever there was a contrast in brothers, it was fully manifested in Frank and Will Stranahan. The quiet, almost monk-like disposition of the pioneer has already been stressed. Will on the other hand was one of the most versatile and talkative men who ever confined his talents to a small village. A brilliant comversationalist, he was equally well skilled as an author. His book "The Man From Butte" was a widey read novel of the day, and a technical work, "Railroading and Mining Engineering in the West," had been compiled from material gathered on an unexplained absence of fifteen years from home. During that time, Will Stranahan dropped suddenly from his world. and even his parents had no word from him until his equally as unexpected reappearance.

#### Never Without Vest

Always an immaculate dresser, the new bookkeeper was never seen without his vest

## MANHATTAN

By George Tucker.

SAN JUAN, P. R.—I am writing this on a cool blue terrace that looks out over the southern ocean. If we could see land it would be Africa. But there is no land—only a horizon, and a freighter that is hull down, and the summer stars that are beginning to come out and powder the sky.

Before me is a crumpled envelope with these notes set down on it, "Captain Fatt"... "Christian Belle"... "Rogers Humphreys."... These are people whom I have talked with today... Very interesting people... They are men who do things, and who have known life in out of the way places in the world. Let me introduce you to them.

Captain Fatt, who is new to San Juan, will be a regular visitor from now on. He is the captain of the Stratoliner, which picks up San Juan on its regular flight to Buenos Aires. The name is something of a misnomer, though he is no lightweight, Capt. Fatt is a little gray at the temples, and he has laugh-wrinkles at the corner of his eyes. The storm clouds and the winds do not bother him overly much. He goes up above them. "Up there," he says, "it's like glass. You do not even look up from your newspaper."

Christain Belle is the French consul to Puerto Rico. When he joined us at lunch today there was something about him that seemed vaguely familiar. But I couldn't place him. He told about caring for a white Persian kitten for a friend who is on business in the States. There had been a ghastly moment the night before when the kitten, becoming frightened, had leaped seven stories onto a cement courtyard below. Belle hurried down stairs, troubled at the explanation he would have to give his friend. But the kitten was absolutely unharmed.

As he explained his gratitude at this happy turn I could not help but feel that I had known, or at least had seen this man before. Well, of course I had. It came out a little later. He had been in Puerto Rico only a year. . . . The four years previously he had been in New York. . . . Furthermore, we had worked in the same building. . . . I suppose I had passed him in the hallways a hundred times. Again we have occasion for the shopworn but somehow always adequate phrase, "It's a small world after all."

Roger Humphreys is the civil aeronautics inspector for Puerto Rico, though he lives on the island of St. Thomas, which is one of the Virgin Group. St. Thomas from San Juan is 80 miles away. Sometimes he flies; at others he comes by boat. . . "I like the boat trip because it is at night and you can go to bed in St. Thomas and wake up after a refreshing night's sleep in San Juan," he says.

He also spoke enthusiastically of the bargains in pipes that one could find on the nearby English Islands—and of the sparkling wines that came so cheaply that, at first, he was afraid to buy them. . . Down here, incidentally, champagne is a futile luxury. It goes flat almost as soon as you open it. There's something in the salt tropic air that kills the effervescence. Just why this should be I do not know. Perhaps it is jealously on the part of Nature, who resents effervescence in anything or anyone save herself.

during all the years that he lived here. A wonderful pianist, he often lamented the fact in those earliest days that the camp boasted no musical instruments. Nevertheless, he found an outlet for his talents by filling the woods surrounding the trading post with the rich volume of his baritone voice.

When guests stopped over at the camp now, they did not lack for amusement. If they wanted conversation, Will Stranahan would gather them about him near the fire in the open air living room and thrill them with stories of his adventures in the west. Often, he would sing for them, and then the Seminoles who understood music in any language would draw close

to the camp fire.

Needless to say, Denny O'Neill and Captain Valentine who now had time on their hands and a yen for amusement, spent much leisure time at the camp. Their unlimited supply of reminiscences was often augmented by the genial Joe Farrow, who was never too tired for a good joke. Joe was always interesting and invariably "chock full" of news, as he got around in the world. The camp's first walking newspaper, he knew everything that happened from Lantana to Miami, and he possessed the faculty of exaggerating his stories to meet the demands of his recluse acquaintences for excitement and colorful narratives of the outside world.

## The Story Of Lauderdale

By SARA M. CRIM

#### CHAPTER XIII

The year 1895 was of particular significance to the future development of old Fort Lauderdale. That eventful year-with its tragic consequences from the great freeze of 1894-95 brought to the fertile little community the good substantial people who were so instrumental to the progress during the difficult years that followed.

Fort Lauderdale was founded not upon the desires of individuals who came here with dreams of ease and comfort, but rather, upon the heartaches of courageous pioneers, who had just experienced the utter futility of combating the aroused furies of nature. Overnight, they had seen their fine farms and fruitful orange groves whipped ruthlessly to the earth which had so tenterly nurtured them—and most tragic of all, they had faced the sad reality of their families suddenly reduced from happy prosperity to the dire straits of poverty.

There was no time for hesitancy. Bravely, they packed their few remaining possessions and started from their homes in the northern and central parts of the state, on the long trek southward. Many came to the rich banks of New River and searched no further.

Phil N. Bryan, a real aristocrat of the old south, was the first to cast his lot in Fort Lauderdale. Before the great freeze, he had been one of the most prospercus citrus experts in the New Smyrna section, and his various groves had provided every luxury for his wife and six children. The latter had been equipped with splendid educations which were to serve them in good stead when necessity forced them to take over their share of the load in recouping the family fortunes.

#### Faced Ruin After War

Mr. Bryan had faced disaster once before in his life when he had lived through the hectic reconstruction period following the Civil War. A very young man at the time, he had suffered the humiliation of facing the future with the rightful possessions of his people destroyed at the hand of an invader. The Bryan estate and other cherished holdings had "gone with the wind" along with Scarlett O'Hara. Bryan moved further south with his family and located in New Smyrna. Then-in 1895 for the second time, he was faced with the necessity of changing his home.

In Mr. Bryan's case Henry Flagler, the great developer of south Florida, came to the rescue. Friends of long standing, Flagler knew that he had to do something, but he also realized that he was dealing with a proud man who would starve before he would accept any assistance that might border upon charity. Quite out of a clear sky, the answer came to him. He was building a railroad down the east coast of Florida, and he needed good men to help make his dream a reality.

"Phil, how would you like to go down to Fort Lauderdale, and take over that contract to build the road bed from New River ten miles north to Cypress creek" he asked his friend. "It'll give you a chance to investigate conditions. From the looks of things down there, I believe a good orange grove would make a go of it. Besides, I need a good man like you!"

Naturally, Mr. Bryan jumped at an opportunity which meant that he would be able to set a little money aside for another orange grove, and a new start in life.

#### Arrived Here With Son

With his young son Tom, who was then sixteen years old. Bryan set out for Fort Lauderdale. Arriving here, the distinguished looking man who has been described by those who knew him as "tall slender, graceful and a most lovable character," put up at the Stranahan camp until he could complete his own camp at the site of the railroad. His son, Lauderdale's first "young man about town" liked it at the Trading Post, but in his own language "Lauderdale was nothing but a palmetto patch."

Mrs. Bryan had remained in New Smyrna until a home could be established here. Another son, Reed, was employed in the railroad office there and going to school. One daughter, Florence (later Mrs. Fred Barrett) was postmistress of New Smyrna and three remaining

daughters were living in DeLand.

"When we first got here," Tom Bryan explained to the writer "we rounded up some men and sent them by boat to Palm Beach to bring

back a load of lumber."

As soon as the order arrived, Mr. Bryan and Tom went there to get supplies for a temporary commissary and to secure 400 Negroes to be employed in the building of a camp and in the laying of the road bed. Mr. Bryan had ordered a pair of mules to be shipped in to Palm Beach, and he drove the team down himself with the

aid of one Negro. Tom rounded up his 400 blacks, piled them into three sailboats, and started out for Fort Lauderdale, a trip which ordinarily would have taken two days.

However, this was one time in which the wind refused to blow in the right direction. The boats were pracitcally at a standstill for an interminable period and after leaving the resort on a Monday morning, Bryan and his black cargo had gotten no further than Linton (now Delray) by Friday.

#### Tom Took to Trail

The negroes with only a very young man from whom to take orders were getting out of hand, and several colored women who had managed to get on the boats, were becoming boisterous. Tom stood it as long as he could, and then went ashore where he met several negroes who had walked down the coast and back. He decided to follow the trail himself and Friday night, he slept in the woods. Arriving back to Lauderdale, late Saturday, he found a frantic father who had already sent a boat in search of his son.

The loaded sailboats finally struggled into the canals, where they could navigate against the wind, and docked at the site of the camp on the following Monday. Work really started now, and the woods were filled with the resounding hammers and boisterous singing of Negroes constructing the camp. The selected site on the river just west of the present railroad was quickly covered with rude shacks to house the 400 laborers, and Fort Lauderdale suddenly took on the aspect of an African village. Phil Bryan and his son moved into their own small shack near the Negro settlement and commenced the long, difficult task of cutting through a right-of-way and laying the roadbed to the ten mile point north of New River.

Mary Brickell had already manifested her joy at the proposed development by fulfilling her agreement to deed half of her Lauderdale holdings to the FEC Railroad Company.

The two Bryans supplied a small commissary adjacent to the camp so that the Negroes would not have to leave the grounds for their small necessities. Luckily, the river furnished all the cool, clear drinking water that the laborers could consume.

The first pay day was a momentous occasion for young Tom, as his father entrusted him with the task of going to Palm Beach for the payroll. Starting out in a small sailboat with one Negro for a companion, Bryan made the trip in two days.

#### Recalls Excursion Boat

"I had a chance to ride back here on a stern wheel steamboat, which was actually a Negro excursion coming down to meet the payroll." Bryan said in discussing the trip. "The boat was filled with Negro women and gamblers. and was loaded with liquor and every conceivable gambling device to get the darkies' money away from them."

When the excursion reached the sound it ran aground, so Tom got off into a rowboat and came on to the Bryan camp after a five or six hour battle with the current. The payroll was met on schedule and the excursion boat which arrivevd shortly after took care of things in a most expedient manner. In no time at all. money and the Bryan darkies were total strangers to one another.

The following month, Tom decided that he had all that he wanted of travel by boat, so he accompanied the mail stage on horseback when he was sent to headquarters for future payrolls.

Henry Flagler, who was vitally interested in the whole east coast of Florida and especially in the incomparable natural beauties of the section between Miami and Palm Beach, spent considerable time in the Lauderdale area during this formative period.

He would often stop at the Stranahan camp. occupying one of the tourist cabins as contentedly as he would a suite in the Royal Poinciana Hotel. The simplicity of camp life and the picturesque serenity of New River particularly appealed to him, and his local sojourns gave him ample time to map out his future development plans for the lower East Coast.

To this great man with a dream, Phil Bryan and his crew of 400 hustling Negroes, cutting a right-of-way for modern travel through an unexplored wilderness, represented the realization of all his desires to bring to the world a new

unexcelled winter playground. Even at that early stage, he had perfect confidence in the beautiful, tropical coast where he was staking his fortune. All he asked from life was the opportunity to open these new found vistas to the outside world—and he knew that people would eventually flock here by the

that she happens to have a few chops already prepared and stored away in the icebox. You go back into the kitchen and she takes down a whole half hog, and you slice your own chops, and then you stand around in the kitchen and talk while she cooks them.

It's this abundance of things, this aura of ample plenty that permeates the atmosphere and laves you gently in a wave or cordiality. The porkchops merely express a point. If you prefer lamb, there is also half a lamb hanging from its hook in the refrigerator.

Ferde is looking up now. He is feeling better. Perhaps it was a winter spent in California, and a successful summer at the Fair, that is responsible. It may even be his new composition "Temple Hills," which again expresses his deep longing for the western countryside.

Sometimes, in his study or on the air when I sit and listen to his music, particularly to the movements from Grand Canyon, such as "On the Trail." I have to close my eyes and wonder about Ferde Grofe. I wonder what he must have been like as a youngster when he was getting his musical start by banging planos in the Barbary Coast dives . . . Or when he was Paul Whiteman's arranger, giving Whiteman many of the arrangements that made him great and which now remain models of instrumental phraseology.

Today Ferde is short, thick-shouldered, serious-minded. Sometimes he worries a lot-often without reason. His home is a sort of mirror that reflects his career, for in the basement are radios, phonographs, and recording devices. In the drawing room are nevachords and organs. In his study upstairs, where all of his composing is done, is a piano and more radios and phonographs. This room is a well of manuscripts, old and new, some published and handsomely bound, some half-finished, dotted down in pencil, scattered about the top of the piano.

You say, "Well, what sort of fellow is this Grofe?" and the answer surprises you. . . He isn't any different from anybody else.

"Well," you argue, "what has he done besides compose a little music? The woods are full of composers of a sort."

The difference is this. Before he came along jazz music was simply an indefinable influence of uncertain proportions. He was the first to sense in it certain fundamentally sound elements in harmony with the established principles of standard music, and he was the first to reduce this to written form.

millions to bask beneath the comforting rays of a sun which was never hidden behind bleak. wintry skies.

Hotel Attracts Tourists

Already his Royal Poinciana in Palm Beach. with his new railroad making the long trek southward a luxurious reality, was acting as a magnet in alluring people of wealth and discrimination from everywhere. The great canarycolored structure with its tasteful appointments and impeccable service, had needed little advertising to establish the Flagler Hotel as the future mecca for international society. Often. Flagler relaxed temporarily beneath the shade of one of Frank Stranahan's great old oaks. and waited for the completion of the railroad so that he could duplicate the Poinciana near the azure waters of Biscayne Bay.

Phil Bryan and Tom had all their meals in those days at the Stranahan camp, and Henry Flagler often discussed his plans for the future

with these two friends.

Meanwhile, Frank Stranahan had persuaded Fort Lauderdale's second white woman to come here, and take over the operation of his dining room. Mrs. A. J. Wallace who was as industrious a little New Englander, as could have been found anywhere, possessed culinary abilities far beyond Stranahan's expectations. There were many occasions in later years when the pioneer had reason to thank his stars for her presence when celebrities of world renown were attracted to his camp.

Capt. Jack Wallace, her husband, was a North Carolinian, and old timers did not have quite the high opinion of him that they had for his wife. Oh-personally they liked him as an acquaintance but they did not always approve of him, and his thoughtlessness in his treatment of Mrs. Wallace. He had a streak of perversity in him where his wife was concerned that is remembered with distaste after the passage of 45 years.

"You're nothing but a damned Yankee! a damned old New England Yankee!" he would shout at gentle, sensitive little Mrs. Wallace at far too frequent intervals. She would hide herself away in her kitchen and weep heartbrokenly for hours while her husband expounded conversationally upon every subject under the living sun from the comfortable depths of a tree shaded camp chair.

Poor Frank Stranahan who could not bear to see unhappiness would do his utmost to comfort Mrs. Wallace. However, he often gave up in despair. Wallace through long experience had hit upon the one remark which was to her beyond the healing effects of kindly solicitude.

## The Story Of Landordale

By SARA M. CRIM-

#### CHAPTER XIV

On June 2, 1895, two jolly, big-hearted brothers docked their boat at the Stranahan Trading Post after the first continuous voyage made by pioneers through the inland waterway from the central part of the State. Like Phil Bryan, Ed'and Dick King were also driven below the frost line by the drastic results of the great freeze.

They had no particular locality in mind when they left their homes in New Smyrna, but when they reached Las Olas Beach and had their first glimpse of the fertile banks of New River, they realized that to waste valuable time in further exploration of the lower East Coast would be sheer waste of energy.

From the day of their arrival, the Kings were to take an integral part in the future well-being and happiness of early Fort Lauder-dale settlers. They were resourceful men, and they gave unceasingly of their service and

friendship to the community.

The character of Dick King has been summed up in a very few words by his own nephew, the late Wallace King, with the remark, "The best man who ever lived, barring none." The writer after talking recently with this quiet, elderly man at his present home in Stuart is convinced that this tribute has not been an exaggeration. Dick King is now in charge of the St. Lucie lock, west of Stuart.

As for Ed King—well, the inherent qualities of the early pioneer were adequately described years ago in an article by the late John D. Sherwin, veteran newspaper man, when Mr. King was drowned during a hurricane in the

Okeechobee section.

#### One of First Citizens

Mr. Sherwin wrote, "When this writer came to Florida fifteen years ago, Ed King was already an 'old timer.' And he was one of the first men pointed out to me as a prominent and substantial citizen. I was told, and afterwards learned from my own observation, that Ed King never overlooked the opportunity to help some unfortunate person. He was a handy man, could turn his hand at anything, and he had a big heart.

He would nurse the sick and in case of death could build the coffin in which to bury the body. He would sit night after night at the bedside of the sick or he would offer his services in any capacity where they could be of use. Ed King's life is written into the history of Fort Lauderdale and those who knew him best will remember him. At the finish what more could be said of a departed friend than that he loved and was beloved by his neighbors?"

Nevertheless, Ed and Dick King would have been the last to admit that they had ever been as important to Fort Lauderdale as the

community had been to them.

The new arrivals did not waste much time in resting at the Stranahan camp, although Dick King still remembers that first night when he went to sleep from exhaustion while the others grouped about him talked. Later, he awakened and found himself alone, so he settled down again in his reclining chair and slept through the night.

"There were no mosquitoes around here at that time," he informed the writer. Others have

verified this statement.

Planted Pineapple, Citrus

Ed King, who was anxious to complete a home, so that his wife and four children could be brought here from New Smyrna, selected a building site at the present location of Evergreen Cemetery. Mr. King's property comprising seventy acres of rich pineapple and citrus land, covered the area between King's Creek and Lake Marble (now Port Everglades).

In order to reach his investment it was necessary in those days to go by boat to King's Creek, and then cut a trail through the dencely wooded thicket to the King homestead. The two brothers found that Denny O'Neill had already preceded them there, and it was their good fortune to find completed, a small rough house and an adjoining shack where they were afforded temporary shelter until the Ed King home could be constructed.

There was only one thing lacking now to the complete success of their plans—and that was ready money. The ever resourceful Ed King made arrangements with his brother to remain here and build his home while he returned to Palm Beach where he had a job waiting for him with Henry Flagler in construction work

in the resort section.

Each week. Ed King would send his brother necessary funds for living expenses, and as he could afford the investment a load of first class lumber for the new residence. He had absolute confidence in his brother and the versatile O'Neill to take care of the balance of

the work and provide a really attractive domicile for his wife and young children. This was very important to Ed King. If his family had to grow up in the wilderness, he was determined that at least they would always live comfortably, and not suffer all the hardships which are usually the lot of pioneer people.

#### Built First Real Home

Fort Lauderdale's first real home to house a family rapidly took on shape and character under the talented hands of Dick King. Of colonial design, the building was of one story design and featured a large hall through the center of sufficient dimensions for dances and other social gatherings. Surrounding this huge room which was 40 feet in length, were constructed the bedrooms, dining room and kitchen. And, unheard of luxury in those days, the interior was plastered with the same care in which they were 'dolling up' houses in Palm Beach. Small wonder that the King residence was to become the social center for all gettogether and parties during the frugal years that followed.

Dick King was collecting a little loose change on the side while he waited for the boat loads of lumber to make their tardy appearance in King's Creek. One day he completed arrangements with Frank Stranahan to paint the interior of his store, which was showing the wear and tear wrought at the primitive hands of "heap too many" Seminole braves.

"I worked for Frank Stranahan for several days, moving his stock and painting the shelves, and doing other interior work," reminisced Dick King. "And from the time I entered that store until I left, Frank Stranahan did not open his mouth to me. But that's the way he was. Nobody minded, because we all knew he was a fine fellow."

While King and O'Neill were floating aimlessly about in their boat in King's Creek one day in October of 1895, they were suddenly startled from their serenity by a sailboat which had gotten tangled in the overhanging growth and shambles of the little creek. The three occupants who had lest their way to the Stranahan camp, were electrifying the surrounding jungles with noisy manifestations of their disgust in making the wrong turn in the river.

#### Contracted for Grove

Mr. King and O'Neill came to their rescue, and had their first introduction to Frank Oliver, W. L. Bracknell and O. L. Hargraves, three hearty potential colleagues who were on their may to Mcdello (now Dania), already an established village, where they had signed a contract to set out and care for an orange grove for a Mr. Wartman, of Citra, Florida.

Until the freeze, the latter had owned thriving orange groves in Marion County. Wartman, who was thoroughly acquainted with the isolated section to which he was sending Bracknell and his assistants, had made them sign on the dotted line that they would remain with the grove for six months. Between them, the latest arrivals had managed to reach New River with

25 cents as their sole fortune.

A man by the name of Harris, who had formerly been the citrus king of the state had accompanied them as far as Palm Beach and a slight windfall in the fortunes of the three pioneers occurred when Harris walked down the street ahead of them, dropping heaven sent nickels, dimes and quarters from a hole in his pockets. Bracknell, Oliver and Hargraves took every advantage of the opportunity afforded them, and later consoled Harris on his losses.

The three men docked at the Stranahan camp for two weeks where they had their troubles. They first unloaded their lumber and supplies too far up the river, and then found their awaiting team of mules could not reach them.

Barges Were Necessary

It was then necessary to build a barge, and move everything back down the stream. Leaving New River, Oliver and Bracknell, remained in Dania until the fall of 1898, when they moved permanently to Fort Lauderdale where Mr. Oliver was to take his place as one of the outstanding pioneers of the community.

Thanksgiving 1895 was to have been a great occasion for Capt. O'Neill, Capt. Valentine and Dick King. They arranged a feast that would have done justice to those historically famous gormandizers, the ancient Romans. O'Neill and King went hunting and shot five ducks, which they dressed and baked themselves. Mrs. Fromberger agreed to make them a plum pudding "big enough for fifteen people," and vegetables and fruits galore were provided by the Seminoles.

Scene of the feast was to be the Valentine camp on Burnham's point. Everything went with the precision of perfection until Valentine had the bright idea of laying in a supply of

as liason officer for a number of British brigades, accompanied Lord Gort as the latter inspected the Maginot line, was interpreter for King George when he visited the front. After blistering service in Flanders and Belgium he landed in Arras in time to be given an important message for Paris—and the only way to get to Paris was via Dunkerque and England. Then to America on a futile mission.

If it had no "lesson" to teach, this still would be a grand book. It does have a lesson to teach, however, which is that France's concentration on defense as against, offense aided by the softness and mistakes of government and the communist-fomented unrest in labor circles, cost France her honor.

Most valuable, in our opinion, is "A Surgeon Explains to the Layman" by M. Benmosche. Dr. Benmosche tries to take the terror out of your operation by explaining the tools with which surgeons work and the way in which a surgeon uses them. He almost makes the thought of having an appendix out seem attractive. (Simon & Schuster: \$3)

## MANHATTAN

By George Tucker

NEW YORK.—Britain, with a war on her hands, still is making more progress than the United States at humanizing the King's English. If you happen to have been an October moving day victim, you may have had occasion to sign one of those leases running to 10,000 words of legal jargon for all you knew which might have committed you to buy a left-handed kangaroo—and wished that official translations could be put into comprehensible down-to-earth language.

Well, England's doing it. Prime Minister Churchill told the Civil Service the other day to cut out "officialese"—terminology such as "Consideration should be given to the possibil-

ity of carry into effect. . . ."

He thereby put official sanction on the long unofficial campaign of A. P. Herbert, humorist-parliament member, who for years has been asking his countrymen sardonically what would have happened if Lord Nelson, instead of saying, "England expects every man to do his duty," had said: "England anticipates that with regard to the present emergency . . . etc. etc."

But the American trek toward plain talk is slow, although there are glimmerings of pro-

gress here and there.

A year or so ago a big corporation shocked the business world by putting out an annual report in language a man with \$2.30 in his pocket could tie into rather than the usual Wall Street mumbo jumbo.

Several other corporations have followed suit, but some financiers are still pretty suspicious of the idea. It's so undignified.

Just last week Charles Colin of New York ventured out on a radical limb by telling an insurance convention that the industry should hire professional writers to make insurance papers comprehensible to the man in the street.

"Sometimes I marvel," he said, "that our business has grown as it has through selling contracts that are beyond the understanding of

most of the buyers."

An American prototype of England's A. P. Herbert, valiantly tilting at verbal windmills, is New York's picturesque Chief Magistrate Henry Curran, whose most notable deed in the field has been a one-man campaign against the trick phrase "and/or," as "... will be given stock and/or bonds. ..."

Whenever that grammatical monstrosity comes up in Mr. Curran's jurisdiction, he clamps his foot down and makes them say good old plain". . . stocks or bonds or both. . . .

But he's still in the minority. The U. S. clings to officialese even under bomb-fire. Last week the New York Police Department ordered all officers, when they found a suspected bomb, to "clear all persons from the premises or area."

good whiskey. By dinner time, he was dead to the world, and when O'Neill reached the table, he too passed out and had to be put to bed.

Dick King, who had refused their insistent invitations to a little appetizer had dinner alone to the accompaniment of the vociferous snores of his highly inebriated companions. And so passed a Lauderdale Thanksgiving day in the year of our Lord, eighteen hundred and ninety-five.

By SARA M. CRIM

#### CHAPTER XV.

When L. W. Marshall, first of the mighty Marshall clan (and their combined vote and influence carried many an early election) put in his initial appearance in Fort Lauderdale during the early fall of 1895, he could easily have tabulated his sole remaining worldly possessions on the fingers of one calloused hand.

For his own happiness and future well-being, he brought with him a fine wife and four young children. He was also the proud master of an already slightly suspicious grey mule—and he had all of five dollars in ready cash in

his pockets.

Not much for a well-to-do man to salvage from a freeze which had left only desolation, but enough to furnish this sturdy man of the soil with an incentive for a successful comeback. Incidentally, he was the possessor of a happy, witty personality that made him a friend to man.

Mr. Marshall had been a prosperous citrus grower and farmer in Sumter county until forced to migrate below the frost line with his brother, William Marshall. Like Phil Bryan, these two pioneers were also fortunate in having a friend who was willing to lend them a hand in their determination to get back on their feet.

Thomas H. White, millionaire manufacturer of the White Sewing Machine Company, had acquired a large section of farm land on New river just west of the present Hood estate, and he made arrangements with the Marshall brothers who were close personal friends, to move to south Florida and take over his farming interests.

#### Waded Water for Two Days

The two Marshalls made their first trip down the peninsula alone, and it was on this eventful journey that the grey mule, which with the aid of a one horse wagon furnished the means of transportation, began to regard his owner with more than ordinary distrust. The route across the state, taken by the pioneers from Panasoffkee in Sumter county, was through the Allapattah flats to Ft. Pierce, and for two days and nights the animal splashed through mud and water without coming to a dry spot where a camp might be pitched for a few hours of rest.

Arriving at New river, L. W. Marshall went immediately to the White property where he put up a temporary shelter to house his family. The home of Fort Lauderdale's first real farmer was not much of a place when viewed from an

architectural standpoint.

However, it is extremely doubtful that any of us would have done as well with no money and only two hands to fashion what to him was to furnish ample protection from the elements for his wife and children. Palmetto roof, walls of roofing paper, rough pine flooring partially laid and Mr. Marshall's one room home was ready to receive his family.

William Marshall selected his building site just across the river from the Stranahan Trading Post in what is now the Rio Vista section, and he talked the shrewd and penny-pinching Mary Brickell who owned the property, into financing the construction of three frame houses.

#### Built First Boarding House

The larger structure was planned as a boarding house to accommodate the overflow from the Stranahan camp, and two smaller buildings were to become Fort Lauderdale's first rental properties. These three houses which had deteriorated into antiquated shacks in the early twenties, were razed when C. J. Hector began development in the Rio Vista area during the pre-boom period.

The pioneer tillers of the soil in the New river section were now ready for their families, and equally as impatient to experiment with the rich muck lands in the growing of winter vegetables for the northern markets. They realized that Henry Flagler would soon simplify the shipping problem, as it was only a matter of weeks before the first F. E. C. train was scheduled to make its initial trip to the banks of New river.

The L. W. Marshall family, despite the plans of the head of the house, had a dreary introduction to their new home. Rain poured down in torrents on the night of their arrival at New river by boat, and Marshall had to exert almost superhuman effort to navigate through the driving downpour and the dark, unfamiliar waterway, to the camp up the river. There was no money to squander by stopping off for the night at the Stranahan Trading Post. With

Marshall were his wife and his four young chil-

dren, Matt, Frank (Dutch), Lula and Sally (now Mrs. Louis Hodges of this city).

#### Visitors Awaited Family

The family had visitors awaiting them when they reached their destination. Marshall had not had time to complete the flooring of the paper shack, and innumerable fish were swimming about under the house when the new arrivals stepped over the threshold of their tropical home. Sally, the baby of the family, enjoyed this spectacular introduction to south Florida much more than did her mother, who until misfortune had overtaken her husband, had been accustomed to a comfortable abode.

Next morning, Mrs. Marshall had her first taste of cooking in her new kitchen which had been erected near the main shack. Flooring for the room was no problem as it had been

furnished by mother nature herself.

The William Marshall family was settled conveniently near the Stranahan Trading Post in one of the Brickell houses, so it was a very simple matter for them to secure their supplies from Fort Lauderdale's first store. Stranahan had placed a large bell on the south banks of New river, and rigged up a ferry manipulated by cables, so when Mrs. Wm. Marshall wanted a dozen eggs or a spool of thread all she had to do was walk through a narrow trail about the distance of half a block, ring the bell, and she was quickly transported to the post by Frank Stranahan or Jack Wallace. There were two young sons, A. H. and J. W. Marshall, and one daughter, Ida, in the Wm. Marshall family.

The Marshall brothers with financial assistance from White, wasted little time in setting out a crop of tomatoes near the river banks with the intention of having produce ready when the railroad started operation in the spring.

Fletcher Owned Property

Incidentally, the White sewing machine magnate was not the first person of note to become interested in local real estate. As early as December 11, 1890, Duncan U. Fletcher, later veteran United States Senator, acquired from the Florida Coast Line Canal and Transportation Company, all of Section 26-49-42, lying south of the south fork of Middle river. Mr. Fletcher with Senator Taliaferro and C. B. Rodgers of Jacksonville formed the Florida Fiber Company, for the purpose of growing sisal hemp, which up to that time had only been produced in the Philippine Islands and the Malay states.

Why the plan did not succeed is not known unless Fletcher who was vitally interested in the promotion scheme, lacked the proper cooperation from other stockholders. Preliminary work had been commenced shortly after 1890 by the veteran senator but due to the isolation of the south Florida area at that time, the fiber plant for the production of hemp rope, never materialized to the point of successful operation, and the fertile section between Fort Lauderdale and Snake creek offered little competition to the sisal fields of other tropical regions.

Fletcher however, never lost interest in the holdings of the Florida Fiber Company. He came to Fort Lauderdale often and was a frequent guest at the Stranahan camp. He made several trips by stage with Joe Farrow and it was on these leisurely jaunts down the coast that the witty and talkative Farrow and the future United States senator became close friends. Fletcher maintained taxes and personal interest, in the local acreage until 1911 when he sold the property to Richard J. Bolles.

First Residential Section

Palm City, Fort Lauderdale's first proposed residential subdivision for the duping of gullible investors was not based upon such praiseworthy foundation. Laid out on paper in Jacksonville, and recorded in Dade county records on March 30, 1887, by its promoters, Arthur T. Williams and A. J. Ellis, Palm City was one of the first land grabbing schemes in the state of Florida,

It is said that the promoters even went as far as to lay out a couple of streets and plant a few dozen palms, but they never succeeded in persuading anyone to settle here. There is not even a plat on record of Palm City, as the evidence of its existence mysteriously disappeared from the Dade county files during the hectic boom period, and has never been recovered. Placidena, Croissant Park and Lauderdale Additions now take in the section formerly known as Palm City.

The quick demise of the latter subdivision is in decided contrast to the great work commenced in 1920 by R. E. Dye, the real father of exclusive local subdivisions. With M. A. Hortt, Mr. Dye secured all property including considerable mangrove swamp lands, between S. E.

tery in "Hush, Gabriel!" This is one of those stories which always remains just enough off-center to keep the reader's mind in a ferment. Its problem is original enough, its solution sufficiently well hidden, and the locale has freshness, it being the Virgin islands. (Duell, Sloan and Pearce; \$2)

Lastly, there is another book about Matt Winters, the milkman whose route seems to lead him into crime problems with remarkable frequency. This time Matt is involved right at the start, because early of a winter morning a strange young woman calls to him out of the darkness, and he gives her a lift. Inez Oellrichs calls this one "Murder Comes at Night." (Crime Club; \$2)

### 9 SO THEY SAY

Nothing could be worse for higer education in this country than to have it thought that enrollment in a college or university is a method of avoiding conscription.—Dr. Robert M. Hutchins, president of Chicago University.

Do you know where Dong Dang is? Do you want your boys to die for Dong Dang?—Representative Bruce Barton, of New York.

There is much concrete evidence of our failure to apprage our position between political enemies.—Paul V. McNutt.

I am opposed to conscription of industry in peace time because I found it unnecessary to conscript industry in war time.—Col. Frank A. Scott, World War chairman, Munitions Standards Board.

9th Ave. and Las Olas Beach, and shortly afterwards began the development of Idlewyld, Beverly Heights, Colee Hammock and other residential sections. With the filling in and completion of Idlewyld, Mr. Dye was probably the originator of what was to become one of the most unusual sections of waterfront property (from Colee Hammock to the bay) to be found anywhere in the world.

If readers doubt the authenticity of this statement, it will only require an examination of a map of this unique part of the city, to see for themselves the results of the early efforts of Dye in paving the way for the transformation of mangrove swamps to man-made islands

of rare tropical beauty.

But returning to the Marshalls! Mrs. Marshall soon found that she was perfectely located for the convenience of hungry Seminoles arriving from the Glades with their skins and hides for the Stranahan Trading Post. Always short of rations after weeks spent in the swamps, the Indians were anything but backward in demanding "humbuggers" from the white woman.

#### Family Hid from Indians

Often when Marshall was away from home, Mrs. Marshall and Sally, terrified at their primitive visitors would hide in the woods when they saw the Seminoles descending upon them in their canoes. Mrs. Marshall would hear their exuberant calls of "heamaw" (come).

"We wantum humbuggers. Gottem no chattacanow (money). Lopko! (make haste)."

The white woman and little Sally, shaking with terror in their hideout behind clumps of palmettoes, would wish momentarily that their copper-skinned callers, might suffer the misfortune of disappearing into the great whirlpool in the river in front of their house. This whirl which was of awe-inspiring circumference and sixty feet in depth, was often the scene of spectacular accidents to passing craft, and the pioneer family during the years that they lived there, frequently saw boats sucked into the center, never to be seen again on the surface of the river.

Naturally, the Seminoles were not among those who met misfortune near the Marshall home. They always landed safely, and if no one was there to greet them, they would take things into their own hands, and blithely load their canoes with vegetables or whatever they might find in edibles about the Marshall domicile. Invariably, the Indians living up to their reputations for honesty would leave something of equal value in payment.

Often, when the head of the house was at home, Mrs. Marshall would cook for the returning hunters, and send them on their way to the Stranahan camp to "nochetpay—loneshay" (lie down and sleep). With a sigh of relief, the white woman would hear their echoing shouts of "awlipkashaw" disappear into the distance.

By SARA M. CRIM

#### CHAPTER XVI.

While L. W. Marshall and his brother Will were having their difficulties in the primitive production of Lauderdale's first crop of tomatoes for outside consumption, Frank Oliver, L. W. Bracknell and Mr. Hargraves had settled down to serious business on their island west of Dania, and were settiing out thousands of little citrus trees on the Wartman property, which was to become well known in later years as the Carson grove.

Both Oliver and Bracknell were old hands at the citrus growing game, and by judicious nursing of the small tender plants, results of their efforts attracted a buyer within six months of the time of their arrival in south Florida. Wartman sold the property, and Oliver and Bracknell

were temporarily out of work.

Meanwhile, late in the fall of 1895. Gad Bryan, trother of Phil Bryan, was sent to Dania by the Florida East Coast Railway Company, to establish a camp and take over the contract for the cutting through of a right-of-way and the laying of the road bed for the ten mile section south of New River.

L. H. Bryan who was to become another important pioneer, came down from New Smyrna to assist Gad Bryan in this work. Henry Flagler, eager to push his railroad into Miami, and start his development program in that area, sent Captain Valentine to Dania to take over the work connected with the laying out of the town. Frank Oliver and Bracknell applied for jobs with the veteran engineer whom they had met while in Lauderdale, and found themselves employees of Valentine in an entirely new line of endeavor.

#### Regrets Loss of Leisure

Valentine's only complaint at returning to his profession was that he was forced to forego a few of his leisurely toddies with Denny O'Neill.

Oliver and Bracknell found a real boarding house which more than compensated them for the hardships and deprivations that had been their lot on their isolated island west of Dania.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Joyce had moved to Four Mile Hammock (now Wyldwoode) and Mrs. Joyce, who incidentally was the aunt of Johnny Maurer of this city, accepted the two young men as star boarders. The Joyces who have been described "as delightfully friendly people," furnished good food and a comfortable place to live, so neither Oliver nor Bracknell were anxious to leave Dania while they had lucrative employment.

Tom Bryan, here in Lauderdale also was finding that life was not always a very pleasant proposition. Previous to moving to this area he had been accustomed to having his mother around to take over responsibilities when illness

invaded the household.

Phil Bryan became sick; so sick in fact, that young Tom had to take things into his own sixteen year old hands, and accompany his father by boat to Palm Beach where he could secure the proper medical treatment. His efforts were successful as Phil Bryan quickly recovered, and returned to his work in connection with the railroad.

#### Christmas Great Occasion

Christmas day was a great occasion for the young children of L. W. Marshall and Will Marshall. Their parents were frantically searching about the Stranahan Trading Post for small trinkets which might appease their children for their first Christmas spent in the wilderness and had all but given up in despair, when Thomas L. White took over the duties of Santa Claus from his palatial home in the north, and sent a huge box of gifts to the Marshalls which transformed the holiday for Lauderdale's only children into a day of real rejoicing. White never failed them in future years, and during his lifetime, the Christmas box arrived with the regularity of the holiday itself.

White, anxious to see for himself the success of his venture in Fort Lauderdale farm lands. came south in the fall of 1395, and visited the Marshalls at the Will Marshall home south of Stranahan camp. Mr. White, a big, hearty man with a preference for carefully tailored frock tail coats, was a cultured addition to local life. and during his many visits with the Marshalls here, he became a familiar figure to all oldtimers. The efforts of L. W. and Will Marshall as the pioneer farmers of the rich muck lands of New River more than exceeded his expectations, and he saw for himself the luscious, ripening fruit—and was completely satisfied.

The sewing machine magnate must have taken time out from fishing and hunting during his first visit to sell Frank Stranahan several machines, as his product made its appearance at

the camp at about this period.

Seminole Women, Problem The Seminole women who were fashioning

their long, flowing dresses out of greater and greater quantities of bright colored calicoss, were real problems to Frank Stranahan. However. that difficulty faded into insignificance when compared with the one that he faced when he attempted to sell them sewing machines. The older squaws would have nothing to do with these strange contraptions which they viewed as "instruments of the Great Evil Spirit."

"Munkschay!" they would protest and flee from the Stranahan Trading Post to the safety of the woods.

The younger squaws were more agreeable and after innumerable attempts on Stranahan's part. he finally persuaded them to come close enough to take lessons in their operation. Several actually went so far as to buy their own machines. and thus, the great pioneer once again simplified life for the primitive people who trusted him. The earliest sewing machine sold to the Seminoles in 1895 is now in the possession of Mrs. Ivy Stranahan, widow of Frank Stranahan, and is in actual use today.

It was a strange coincidence that the first yachts to come up the river early in 1896 should have been owned by millionaires also closely associated with the art of sewing. Charles J. Clarke visited Fort Lauderdale at that time aboard his steam yacht, the "Alma," and with him was his son. Charles J. Clarke, who now lives in Palm Beach where he owns a beautiful home on Lake Shore Trail.

James K. Clarke, uncle of the latter, also came here on the same occasion, with his palatial yawl. "Providencia." The Clarkes will be more easily recognized by every modern housewife as the manufacturers of O. N. T. spool thread. The visitors spent the time that they were docked at the Stranahan Trading Post in fishing in local waters and in hunting in the densely wooded jungles. So well impressed were they with the vicinity for these sports that they returned here again on numerous occasions.

#### Clarke Presents Picture

Charles J. Clarke came to Fort Lauderdale several years ago for the purpose of presenting the Chamber of Commerce with a framed picture taken by his father at the time of their first visit. Clarke who was a young boy in 1896, tells a humorous story of frightening the wary Seminoles with the first electric lights to be brought into local waters.

The Clarkes intent upon having a little fun. turned a powerful marine spotlight on the Indians encamped around the Stranahan Trading Post, and frightened them so thoroughly that they ran screaming into the woods and did not

venture forth for several days.

Fort Lauderdale was not so conducive to the comfort of winter visitors in those early days. . It is true that there were no mosquitoes or sandflies at that time along New River, but there were fleas by the millions to irritate the Clarkes and White or any others who might stop over for fishing and hunting near the Stranahan camp. Sole blame for this nuisance may be laid directly at the door of the Indians who were domestically inclined humans and took great pride in displaying their possessions to their beloved Frank Stranahan.

When they descended upon the camp, they not only brought their families, but they invariably had with them their dogs, cats, alligators. snakes and even their beloved pet pigs and goats. Often, they would unload their patient setting hens from their canoes and blessed events in mass production would take place on Frank

Stranahan's very doorstep.

Needless to say, flea powder was as essential to the camp as face powder to the dressing rooms of a bevy of modern chorus beauties. And as for salt—the Stranahan grounds were repeatedly sprinkled with barrels of the lowly commodity following any Seminole Indian blitzkrieg.

(Continued Next Sunday)

## 9 SO THEY SAY

shal.

America cannot go back to the old days of the covered wagon, or Theodore Roosevelt, or even Calvin Coolidge .- Norman Thomas, Socialist candidate for president.

I heard Sam Goldwyn deliver a talk in English—why shouldn't I talk French?—Walter

Wanger, movie producer, explaining a recent radio address from Montreal in French. The life of a military aviator consists of

hours of idleness punctuated by moments of

fear-Sir Hugh Downing, British air chief mar-

By SARA M. CRIM-

#### CHAPTER XVIII

The year of 1896 was outstanding in importance from anyone's point of view. Things really began to happen at that time and Fort Lauderdale suddenly assumed the nonchalant appearance of a thriving little community visited daily by regularly scheduled trains.

Pioneers were no longer completely out of touch with the outside world, and the settlement's paramount social pastime beyond fishing and hunting, was for the population en masse to meet the trains. Men, women and children turned out every day for the exciting event which necessarily took the place of the movies, bridge, golf and the other innumerable pleasant little diversions of the modern Lauderdalian.

Fort Lauderdale's various activities became widely diversified during this eventful period. The town even participated in its first election in the fall of 1896, and earlier in the year, Henry Flagler sent C. E. Knowlton, Chicago engineer, here to lay out and furnish plats of the inhabited areas of the town. It was no longer necessary for the few settlers of the community to direct friends to the location of their homes with such bewildering descriptions as "five thousand paces due east of the Stranahan Trading Post" or "ten minute walk down the south sandpath."

The railroad had even elevated local farming activities to a profitable basis, and L. H. Marshall cleared enough money from his tomato crop during the first year to take the train with his family all the way to Hahira, Ga., where he engaged in farming during the summer months. Fort Lauderdale never was a "boom town' during those early years but the settlement was beginning to sit up and take notice.

#### More Bryans Settle Here

During the latter months of Phil Bryan's connection with the F. E. C. Railway, his cousin, John Milton Bryan came here from Kissimmee and decided to locate permanently in Fort Lauderdale. He brought with him his eldest son. Nathan P. Bryan, who afterwards became United States senator and later was appointed by President Wilson as one of the Judges of the United States Court of Appeals with headquarters at New Orleans.

John Milton Bryan held the distinction of having two sons serve in the United States Senate during his lifetime as Will Bryan, another son, was appointed to the Senate by Governor Broward, and following Bryan's death. Nathan was named to complete the term. Later, he was

reelected.

Tom Bryan was amply rewarded for his kindness to the Indians one day early in 1896 when a friendly brave brought him a gift of wild oranges of such delicious flavor that Tom immediately induced his coppery friend to take him to the spot where the fruit had been produced. Without informing his father of his intentions, Tom jumped excitedly into a canoe, and accompanied the Indian up the river to the present location of the Seminole reservation, and there he reveled in a sight which would have excited the fancy of any lover of the indescribable beauties of nature.

Seven hundred wild orange and lemon trees loaded with luxuriant fruit; rich hammock land ideally suited to citrus production—small wonder that young Bryan, who had longed for the prosperity that he had enjoyed before the freeze should have been overcome with the importance

of his discovery.

#### Interests Friends in Citrus

Rushing excitedly back to camp, he found a ready audience in his father, John Milton Bryan and Reed, who already had made plans to engage in the citrus growing business immediately upon completion of the contract with the railroad.

Without delay, they accompanied young Tom and the Indian who was "plenty happy" at his white friend's wild manifestations of joy. The Bryan's selected their lands with the experienced eyes of connoisseurs and locations of groves were selected on the West Dixie at Tiger Tail Hammock (named by the Bryans as the Big City grove and now known as the Indian River grove), and the Helencia grove (now owned by Frank Brown).

It was agreed that Milton Bryan and his son Nathan would transplant and cultivate the Big City grove, and Phil and his son, Reed would take over the operation of the Helencia grove. Later, the Bryan's carried their citrus growing activities to the northside of the river when they invested in the New River grove (now the

Virgil Prettyman property).

Tom Bryan with the enterprising youth had discovered just what his father had

been praying to find, and luckily the elder Bryans had managed to put aside sufficient money

to engineer the investment.

The railroad camp was dismantled and Phil Bryan's 400 negroes scattered to the four winds. The majority left Fort Lauderdale but some stayed on to find work with the few white families in the community.

#### Establishes General Store

Phil Bryan decided to remain in the commissary business until he had sufficient funds ahead to concentrate on his groves. With the aid of Ed King, he constructed a new frame building at the site of the railroad, and made preparations to operate a general store in conjunction with his development of the groves. Shortly afterwards Gad Bryan returned to Fort Lauderdale and became the community's first dispenser of cocktails and highballs.

Systematically, with the knowledge born of a lifetime of experience, the Bryans transplanted their groves, and constructed small palmetto roofed homes on the property, so that their families might join them here.

Meanwhile, Mrs. King had completed arrangements for her first party, and incidentally the first party in Fort Lauderdale. She invited everyone in the community to a housewarming and invitations were given verbally as the distributor of hospitality made his rounds up and down the river by boat. Needless to say, everyone attended—the Marshalls, Phil Bryan and his sons. Oneill. Valentine, Frank Stranahan, Collier. Count Nugent and his Countess, the Frombergers, the Wallaces, and Joe Farrow were all on hand to officially welcome the Kings to the community.

"It was a great time," reminesced Dick King. "There was plenty of beer for everybody, and the party was topped off with a big supper and dance. Music was furnished by a violinist and banjoist who came up from Lemon City for the occasion. The children celebrated too, and about a dozen of them counting the Marshalls and Kings enjoyed themselves as much as the

grown people."

#### Three Vote in First Election

Fort Lauderdale participated in its first election in 1896 when Dade county furnished the Stranahan Trading Post with a half dozen ballots and instructions to name an election board. Small matter to the community that there were only three men left to vote when the customary

board of four persons was appointed.

This board comprising Joe Farrow. Frank Stranahan, W. C. Collier and Capt. Valentine certainly furnished incomparable service to the remaining three qualified voters when they cast their ballots beneath a giant water oak. Dick and Ed King and Denny O'Neill did not need a modern voting machine (ahem, we do now) in order to deliver their ballot box to Miami on scheduled time.

Captain Valentine, who was eternally tormented by the bluejays which had a special yen for his bald head, had ample opportunity that day to address his little feathered friends in a slightly profane manner when they continually

pecked at his shiny, unprotected pate.

It was not so difficult a task for C. E. Knowlton to survey the city of Fort Lauderdale in 1896. There were at that time only 63 blocks in the original town, and at least 62 of these were comprised of jungle and hunting grounds. When compared to the approximately 1000 blocks included in the city limits of the present day, Fort Lauderdale's original 63 blocks seems indeed of trivial consequence.

East boundaries of the city extended to East Avenue (now the Federal highway), and the west boundary, Waverly Place, was unexplored back country. North boundary line of the city was present N. E. and N. W. Fifth Street and the south boundary was S. E. and S. W. Eighth Street. A pleasant little jaunt of eight blocks would have carried the pedestrian easily into the city and out again. Knowlton recorded his

plat on May 20, 1896.

Nevertheless, Fort Lauderdale's first tourists were coming—and soon. Important and famous men who would have been equally as well known in Timbuctoo or New York City-they already had discovered New River and the Stranahan Trading Post, and since they were looking for jungles, and a remote spot in which to hide themselves away from the world, they could not have found a more ideally suitable place than the cool, umbrageous banks of the settlement's winding river. However, they brought their own luxurious with them to the extent of \$100.000 worth at a time, and Fort Lauderdale became a haven for well known glamour boys and girls of the gay nineties.

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By SARA M. CRIM-

#### CHAPTER XVII.

Opening of any frontier to civilization has been, for ages past, a momentous occasion to the handful of trail-blazers, who have fought their way through an untraversed, wilderness to emerge the conquerors of the treacheries of nature. Such an event is justification for a celebration and a day of thanksgiving.

On February 22, 1896, the half dozen or so Lauderdalians who had had confidence in a romantic river and a fertile territory particularly blessed with the beauties of nature, waited patiently and hopefully for a moment which to them was the beginning of a life of happiness and prosperity for themselves and their families.

It was on that day that Henry M. Flagler and J. M. Parrott, president of the Florida East Coast Railway Company, proudly boarded the train in West Palm Beach and accompanied it on its initial scheduled journey to Fort Lauderdale. As the great engine, with its string of coaches which for that period were the ultimate in luxurious travel, thundered importantly through the dense forests and came to a triumphant stop at New River, people scattered along the tracks laughed and cried with the abandon of unrestrained emotions.

Henry Flagler had not only brought the little settlement into closer contact with the outside world, but he also had made it possible for men like L. H. Marshall, Phil Bryan, Ed and Dick King and others to reap the full benefits of easy accessibility to the northern produce cen-

ters.

#### Railroad Is Turning Point

Overnight, it became a simple matter for these hearty men of the soil to ship their lusclous tomatoes, fine beans and other crops to the distant markets with minimum delay. Soin the completion of a new railroad. Flagler had accomplished a feat of much greater significance than to merely speed up the former primitive means of travel for the benefit of adventurous globe-trotters. Small wonder that pioneers looked upon Febraury 22, 1896 as the turning point of their lives.

According to Dick King who greeted the first train here. L. W. Marshall hauled by barge a shipment of tomatoes to the tracks on that day. and thereby claimed the distinction of having been the first local farmer to utilize the railroad for northern distribution of his produce.

Fort Lauderdale did not have much in the way of a railroad station in 1896, but who is there here who will contradict the writer when she says that the "Chic Salesian" building in present use as a depot should have long, long ago, gone the way of all such antiquities? An old box car placed near the side of the tracks served the purpose of a station very satisfactorily in those early days, and a temporary station agent of forgotten name sent down by Flagler to be on hand until a permanent agent could be appointed.

#### Small Crowd On Hand

A rude rock platform had been constructed near the river banks, and as the train stopped Flagler and Parrott and a party of friends. which included the great Joe Jefferson, famous playwright and actor, and C. B. Cory, weil known naturalist and scientist, descended from the train and walked over to the small crowd which had gathered there.

Seminoles sent to represent their race read like a "Who's Who" from the back country. Dr. Tommy, Johnny Jumper, Crop-Eared Charlie and Charley Willie, already accustomed to the work trains along the tracks, lent dignity and

local color to the scene.

After about a twenty-minute stop-over during which time Stranahan, Marshall, the Kings. O'Neill, Valentine and others had offered the customary congratulatory remarks, the visitors again boarded the train, and the important occasion was relegated to Lauderdale's past.

There was no happier man that day than Ed King, who already had returned from Palm Beach so that he might have his new home ready for occupancy by February 22nd. As passengers of the first train, Mrs. Sue King and three of her children, Louise, Eleanor and Wallace, were the only arrivals who were to take up their permanent residence in Fort Lauderdale. Byrd King, the eldest son had joined his father and uncle here at an earlier date. Happily for all of them, the attractive Colonial cottage was complete to the last door knob.

"Mr. King would not let us come until the railroad was completed," explained Mrs. King to the writer a short time before her death.

Blessed with Spiritual Power

People here who knew and loved gentle little Mrs. King will readily see why Ed King did not care to subject this charming lady (and the writer means 'lady') to the hardships usually

borne by heartier women. However, Mrs. King was blessed with an intestinal fortitude far bcyond her strength and size, and it is indeed a fortunate thing for Fort Lauderdale that Ed King decided to locate here and not at some other point along the coast.

Just as the Florida East Coast Railway had beaten a path through a tropical forest to create a winter playground for notables from all over the world, Mrs. Sue King in a smaller way was to become an outstanding factor in the transformation of an isolated settlement into a city of beautiful homes and thriving citizenry.

After her first memorable boat trip down New River to her new home, Mrs. King took one look at her huge living room, and then and there made up her mind that people of the community would share with her family in her plans for a pleasant social life which was to include happy get-to-gethers to run the wide range from children's parties to prayer meetings.

There were several localities who were conspicuous by their absence at the railway station on that first day. Count Nugent, accompanied by his Countess and his beloved dress suit had

hied himself to parts unknown.

#### Fromberger Have First Child

Mrs. Agnes Fromberger was not present for an entirely different reason. On February 1, 1896, she had presented her husband with the first white child to be born in Fort Lauderdale. Of course Las Olas Beach was not actually included in Fort Lauderdale proper in 1896 but it was the site of the old fort itself—so the writer believes that Mrs. Fromberger may easily claim the distinction of the first Blessed Event in this city.

"Our first child Spencer, was born in Fort Lauderdale on February 1, 1896," Mrs. Fromberger stated in a recent letter. "After a serious search, we located a wonderful maternity doctor at Cocoanut Grove; a lady named Elinor Galt Simmons of New York and Cocoanut Grove, and she chose a nurse from a Dr. Potter's staff in West Palm Beach. We had permission to use the canal boat tug, the 'Dennis' in charge of a Capt. Bob - City. N. C."

When the approach of the stork appeared imminent, the Captain of the "Dennis" brought Dr. Simmons to Fort Lauderdale, and Mrs. Fromberger was fortunate in having a doctor on twenty-four hour duty for several days.

"Dr. Simmons arrived at midnight in time to see the young gentleman safely landed." wrote Mrs. Fromberger. "All Lauderdale and the canal staff came to greet him after a short while."

"Mrs. Fromberger sure had us all worried." Dick King said in discussing the event. "We couldn't see how she was going to have a doctor here at the right time, but she managed it somehow. It was all mighty 'willy' to me but she came through with flying colors."

#### Reed Bryan Arrives Here

In the meantime, just before Phil Bryan completed his contract with the railroad company. one of Fort Lauderdale's most lovable characters of all time put in his first appearance. Reed Bryan, Phil Bryan's eldest son, gave up his position with the railroad under Fred Barrett in New Smyrna, so that he might come to Fort Lauderdale and assist his father when Tom Bryan returned in the fall to college to complete his education.

Reed was as wild as a March hare, and he was the most likable person in the world. Generous to a fault, he probably gave away nine out of every ten dollars that he ever made. Characteristic of his family he did not know what fear was, and he was a firm believer in fair play. He invariably took the part of the weaker person, and as a consequence often found himself the center of a fight in which he usually successfully beat his opponent to a pulp.

That was Reed Bryan for you. Children loved him, the Indians considered him one of the best champions that they ever had—and he became a real friend in need to the entire community.

(Continued Next Sunday)

### O SO THEY SAY

If we are to avoid an economic catastrophe at the end of this arms program, then we must establish right now the kind of program of full economic employment that will enable us to carry on when the stimulus of defense employment is ended.—Ralph Hetzel, Jr., editor C. I. O. Economic Outlook.

Risk is inherent to swift and vigorous action. -Solicitor-General Francis Biddle.

#### CHAPTER XIX

Shortly after the great Joe Jefferson, undoubtedly the most celebrated actor of his day, and C. B. Cory, renowned naturalist and scientist: visited Fort Lauderdale for the first time as distinguished passengers of the Florida East Coast railway train to this area, these two nationally known figures decided to return to the beautiful, tropical river which had so intrigued their imaginations. Jefferson, who was resting in Palm Beach between strenuous dramatic tours, had little difficulty in persuading the nature-loving Cory to bring his \$100,000 floating palace, the "Wanderer," down from the resort to the Stranahan Trading Post where it was to become closely identified with the romantic early history of old Fort Lauderdale. Even the shock-proof Frank Stranahan was temporarily joited from his quiet composure when the luxuriously appointed houseboat hove into view in all its white splendor and docked near the trading post at about the present location of the Lauderdale Arms. Ninety feet in length and with twelve commodious bedrooms, magnificently appointed lounge and recreation rooms, the pleasure craft at the time represented one of the finest privately owned boats in the country. Beautifully furnished throughout in "club style." the "Wanderer" brought luxurious living to the very door of a pioneering community where a palmetto roofed shack was "Home Sweet Home" to the majority of the few families which had taken up their abode in Fort Lauderdale.

Jefferson Early Celebrity

Joe Jefferson must have been a most colorful and fascinating addition to a settlement which had not then reached the annoying sophistication of consciousness at the presence of visiting celebrities. According to old-timers, the great comedian was "just another fellow who came here to fish and hunt and carrouse as a participant in some of the wildest parties ever witnessed on New River." However, the rights of the visitors, and their friends made up for the most part of actors and actresses of the Gay Nineties era, were decorously respected, and the natives quietly continued the sowing of their crops while Jefferson and Cory sowed oats of an entirely different color.

In a short descriptive review of Jefferson, Doubleday's encyclopaedia says, "Joseph Jefferson (1829-1905). American comedian, the "dean of the American stage." His great grandfather had been a member of Garrick's Company. Born at Philadelphia, Febr. 20, 1829, his first pronounced success was at Laura Keene's theater. New York, May 12, 1858, as Asa Trenchard to Southern's Lord Dundreary in Tom Taylor's Our American Cousin. He was famous as Caleb Plummer in Dickens' "Cricket on the Hearth." and as Bob Acres in Sheridan's "Rivals." In 1859 he produced a version of Irving's "Rip Van Winkle," and in Sept. 4, 1865, a revised version of Dion Boucicault. This was his greatest part —the only one with which his name will always be associated. He died Apr. 23, 1905."

So while Joe Jefferson was sixty-seven years old when he first discovered the great natural beauty and the restful atmosphere of Fort Lauderdale, the reader must not get the impression that he was as Rip Van Winkleish as his ripe old age might indicate. Even young Tom Bryan supplemented his college education during vacations with his father here, by rowing up and down the river for the purpose of getting first hand information in the ways and wiles of the world from the hilarious "goings-on" aboard the "Wanderer." If Joe Jefferson had a wife. no one ever saw her around Fort Lauderdale. and while Cory was often accompanied by gentle, lady-like little Mrs. Cory, she was treated merely as a necessary evil, and often cruelly reprimanded by her big, overbearing husband if she as much as ventured a suggestion which did not meet with his approval.

Cory Had Purpose

Charles B. Cory, in addition to a mustache which has been commented upon by every old timer who knew him, had a purpose in life and fortunately he possessed the necessary millions to fully indulge in the career that had brought him natural fame. In the pursuance of his work as a scientist and naturalist, he had been coming to Florida for about ten years before he traveled as far south as New River. Vitally interested in the Seminole Indians, he had been making a minute study of their customs and language, and he has also accomplished considerable research work in the collection of data for a new book concerning tropical birds and wild life. Mrs. J. Arthur Smith. who now lives in Hollywood, often accompanied the Cory family on their trips to Florida from

their home at Great Island, Mass., as governess to the two Cory children.

When Cory and Jefferson made their first trip to Fort Lauderdale, the party was strictly a stag affair, as the two noted friends had invited a party of guests down for that most dangerous and exhilerating of sports, a Panther Hunt.

Upon making arrangements with Frank Strananan to keep an eye on the huge houseboat. the sportsmen engaged a group of Indians to accompany them to Deerfield for the hunt. which was conducted in the most super de luxe manner. There were no pillowing of weary heads on piles of pine needles for Jefferson and Cory. With them they had the most completely furnished camp that money could provide. Tents. cots, the latest in 1896 culinary equipment and an experienced chef to prepare meals as expediently as had been his custom in his commodious headquarters on the "Wanderer."

"Several of Charley Willie's boys who were experienced hunters went with them." explained Dick King in discussing the event. "And those Indian lads were smart fellows. They could have gotten that panther the first day out, but they strung things out as long as they could. and kept the party on the trail ten days before they got their cat, and a big one too, measuring nine feet from tip to tip. Cory didn't mind though, as he loved the sport, and would probably have been disappointed if they'd rushed things for him."

#### Wanderer Carries Arsenal

The "Wanderer" carried one of the most complete and elaborate collections of guns and fishing paraphenalia to have been found anywhere in America, and old timers who had opportunity to view the room on the pleasure craft devoted exclusively to the storage of Cory's sporting equipment declare "that there were sufficient weapons on board to have reopened the Seminole

War at a moment's notice."

Formerly a river packet which had faithfully plied the Mississippi until Cory had rescued i. from such plebeian activity, the "Wanderer" had had a romantic past which Joe Jefferson himself could not have equalled even in the heydey of his youth. However, the "Wanderer" had come to the end of its journey. It remained docked near the Stranahan property for years with infrequent migrations to other waters, and eventually the \$100,000 floating palace, deserted by its glamorous habitues at the insistent call of the Grim Reaper, was to find a friendly resting place for the last days of its senility on the banks of the romantic river which had become its permanent home. Happily for old Fort Lauderdale, the "Wanderer" was to take a significant part in bringing to the little settlement celebrated people ranging from a President of the United States to professionals from all walks of life, quietly accepted and unmolested by the simple folk who had more important things to do than to attempt to understand the peculiar brand of "Whoopee" so essentially a part of the gay life of guests of the "Wanderer."

Stranahan Popular Figure

Frank Stranahan was a well loved character to Cory and Jefferson and their varied assortment of friends. They all admired and looked up to this quiet, unobtrusive man who would not deign to intrude upon their privacy. The great pioneer soon found himself with another duty thrust upon him. He took over the permanent responsibility of keeping a watchful eye on the "Wanderer" in order that Cory might be assured that the Seminole Indians would not reduce his treasure to fire-wood for their incessant camp fires during his many absences. In exchange for this favor, Stranahan augmented his income with an additional \$40 a month for many years.

Practically everyone in the community benefited by the presence of the "Wanderer" in New River. Tom Bryan acquired a more thorough education, Dick and Ed King became much in demand as fishing and hunting companions of Cory and Jefferson and their friends, and even little Wallace King picked up much welcome small change in furnishing the necessary bait for the numerous fishing parties arranged for guests on the celebrated boat. The Seminole Indians also profited at the expense of the actor and scientist by diving for coins tossed from the boat into New River, and thus the all-powerful "Chattacanow" was provided to buy the potent "fire-water" so necessary in the pitching of bigger and better "pow-wows" on the property of the patient Frank Stranahan, who, while anything but keen about parties of any kind. was destined to have them all around him.

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## Original articles cliqued from and ©Newspapers com

\_By SARA M. CRIM\_\_\_\_

(Copyright, 1940 by Sara M. Crim) CHAPTER XX.

Contract for the construction of the railroad bridge across New River had been awarded by Flagler to an engineering company of unknown name just prior to the completion of the tracks into the Fort Lauderdale area. This company which also had the supervision of the erection of other spans along the Florida East Coast right-of-way, experienced the greatest difficulty here in the fulfilling of its contracts. The extraordinary depth of the stream and the peculiar coral rock formation characteristic of the river bed naturally resulted in work of an engineering nature becoming more than an ordinary problem.

The resounding clang of hammers and the determined pounding of piling into the resisting coral river bed replaced the former quiet serenity of New River and were constant reminders to the first settlers that the carefree life of an isolated wilderness was soon to be dedicated to the community's tranquil past. A rich man's ciream realized at the expenditure of millions, was reluctantly accepted by Frank Stranahan, O'Neill, Valentine and others who had so cherished their freedom from the restraining chains of civilization. They knew that progress had to come, but it was with heavy hearts that they yielded to the fact that from that time forth they would be compelled to share New River with others who would discover enchantment in the only tropical paradise to be found anywhere on the North American Continent.

Phil and John Milton Bryan on the other hand, anticipating the arrival of their families. were exuberant at the additional business afforded the commissary by the large crew employed at the railroad bridge. To these two southern gentlemen, every dollar earned meant that another orange tree would benefit with a more fertile start in life. Reed Bryan had already constructed a small camp at the Phil Bryan grove and was systematically transplanting the trees in long, even rows.

There was other excitement along New River during the construction of the railroad span and the laying of the tracks on south to Miami. In order to convey passengers and freight to the latter settlement from Fort Lauderdale until the completion of the necessary work. Flagler had provided a huge stern-wheeled steamboat with the euphonious name of "Santa Lucia," which operated by regular schedule between the two points. The "Santa Lucia" which was 35 feet wide and 160 feet in length ran into one major difficulty on its first trip to the railroad docks. It entered the river without mishap, but it could not get out again, (ahem-rather like the Amphitrite). However, the "Santa Lucia's" middleaged-spread did not faze Henry Flagler. He immediately dug a deep hole far into the south banks of New River (west of the present Andrews Avenue bridge), and the steam boat continued to Miami as per schedule.

Construction of the Royal Palm hotel in Miami was not delayed until the railroad was opened to the public. Every piece of lumber for the great frame structure was brought by the train to New River and thence carried by the "Santa Lucia" on to Miami. The hotel was completed and ready to receive its first guests before the Florida East Coast railway laid its final rail into the future resort which Flagler was to make lamous throughout the world. Just another outstanding example of the vast resourceful powers

of the great developer. Will Stranahan, through the presence of the "Wanderer" in New River, was now enabled to give full vent to the expression of his artistic temperament which had been repressed through necessity since his arrival in Fort Lauderdale. The great houseboat had among its many luxuries a splendid piano. Since Frank Stranahan had been entrusted with the keys by Cory, his brother performed on the musical instrument to the complete satisfaction of his highly talented soul. Melodies which would have entranced a far more appreciative audience than the grunting Seminoles and boisterous workmen employed at the railroad bridge, issued from the big boat and filled the surrounding jungles with the tuneful compositions of a real

musical genius. Nevertheless, Cory and Jefferson did not remain away from Lauderdale for long periods during the winter months. They returned with their friends every ten days or two weeks and parties which would last for days would put to shame the Seminoles' drunken orgies which. while a little more primitive, had considerably less "comph" to them. Beyond young Tom Bryan who rowed for endless hours up and down New River under the protective cloak of

darkness, no one paid particular attention to either Jefferson or Cory or the "wild actresses" who accompanied them. Needless to say, the celebrants would probably fare far worse today, and guests of the "Wanderer" would find themselves in 1940 the victims of charges ranging from "disturbing the peace" to "downright disorderly conduct." Joe Jefferson, however, was a fascinating personality and a great conversationalist. He apparently was allowed by interested natives to do all the talking, and he took full advantage of this concession to his greatness. Shades of old Shakespeare lived againand the Stranahan Trading Post served admirably as a natural stage setting for a one man recital of "Midsummer Night's Dream." A tall. stately person with the easy affectations commonly associated with a follower of his profession, he would often relax for hours beneath the protective branches of Stranahan's water oaks. Smoking his favorite pipe, his fish pole bobbing lazily into New River, Jefferson soon found that the piscatorial inhabitants of the stream cared little for his ability to sway great audiences, and it was a source of lasting regret to him that during all the hours that he devoted to the sport in New River, he never caught a single fish.

Fort Lauderdale had a real station agent late in 1896 when the temporary man was replaced by Kit Goodwin, who was sent down by Flagler from New Smyrna, where he had already served his apprenticeship as a telegrapher. The good natured Goodwin was friendly to young and old alike, and had there been any girls here of marriageable age, the young station master would have quickly become the matrimonial catch of the year.

Joe Farrow on the other hand returning periodically from the heart of the Glades country with his great load of furs and skins for the northern markets, was a spectacle to frighten little children and force gentle old ladies to run to cover.

"Joe looked like nothing human." explained one old timer. "After he took up hunting again when Frank Stranahan discontinued the stage. he'd go out in the wilds and be gone for six weeks at a time. When he'd come in, he'd look for all the world like a raccoon, with his beard sticking out all over his face. Joe made good money though, and he often brought in a \$5,000 load of furs on a trip."

Incidentally-Joe Farrow had one thing over another contemporary who dealt with wild animals of the jungles. Farrow could be a very presentable young man when the occasion warranted it-but not Alligator Joe. Alligator Joe first came to Fort Lauderdale early in 1897, and he lived here off and on for several years. Old timers shudder even now when they mention this grotesque addition to the settlement. Without a doubt, he must have been the ugliest human being who ever set foot in old Fort Lauderdale. A huge hulk of a man, with a leering countenance and leathery animai-like features. the local Frankenstein made his living by wrestling with alligators in New River and other tropical streams. And the bigger and more ferocious the monster, the happier Alligator Joe became. It was almost as if he took sheer delight in conquering any living thing which was uglier than he was. Alligator Joe who was a halfbreed, became quite a well known character, and guests at the Stranahan Trading Post. paid him generously to put on his performance with the largest and most vicious alligators in New River. Jefferson and Cory and their friends also enjoyed the sport and often engaged Joe to entertain guests lounging about the decks of the "Wanderer." The local wrestler was never harmed by his tail-swishing friends, and years later it required the highly civilized ailment of double pneumonia, contracted during a northern tour, to kill him.

(To Be Continued Next Week)

### 9 SO THEY SAY

It is the finest sign of the healthy quality of our democracy that in this country today the press, party leaders, everyone, is talking of national unity.--Gov. W. H. Vanderbilt of Rhode Island.

Many believe that Eton and Harrow are the schools of England. That is incorrect. The common schools of the common people—in them the present British attitude was made.—Dr. Reinhold Schairer, professor in London University.

By SARA M. CRIM

#### (Copyright, 1940, By Sara M. Crim) CHAPTER XXI

The real backbone of the community-people like the Kings, the Marshalls, the Bryans and other pioneers, were too fully engrossed with their own strenuous duties to be particularly impressed with the "Wanderer" and its guests, or with Alligator Joe and his act. They had a real purpose in life. They had their families, their modest, primitive homes and livelihoods to wrest from the fertile soils surrounding the river. During those formative years from 1895 to 1898, there was never any doubt about one fact insofar as these stalwart pioneers were concerned-Fort Lauderdale was to be their home and the home of their children. They had schooled themselves to accomplish a stupendous task-the building of a city which would live forever. Naturally they desired the comfort of nice homes, educational advantages for their children-but they were willing to work and to wait for them.

Ed King had already bridged the lack of educational facilities by sending his two eldest children to New Smyrna where they might attend school while they made their home with their grandmother.

Mrs. Fromberger out at the beach had also managed to create a certain social life about the rambling old House of Refuge.

"Sometimes a boat load of people would come up from the Keys and stay all night, until favorable tide to go on to points north," she wrote recently. "Often all kinds of people would stop by just to look around. Count Nugent and the Countess also spent a great deal of time with us, and the Count would write and write

Fishing parties and picnics made up for the most part of the scattering of families in the community frequently gathered at the beach and Mrs. Fromberger became the impromptu hostess to all the people who lived in "town."

The home of Mrs. Ed King near King's Creek (Tarpon River) continued to be the scene of weekly prayer meetings for the older people and Sunday school classes for the children. However, Mrs. King did not confine her social activities entirely to religious groups and her egg-nog parties at Christmas time and her dances for the young people of the community became gala occasions.

At one of these parties a young visitor by the name of Tom Powell, who was a cousin of L. W. Marshall, became more than slightly inebriated and in his soused condition made the mistake of pouring his alcoholic beverage into a handy oil lamp chimney.

"This looks alright to me," he said. "It's big enough to hold all I'll need." Which was

undoubtedly true.

on his stories."

When Mrs. Phil Bryan first came to Fort Lauderdale, she made her home at the present site of the Bryan hotel, as her husband was not ready to establish their residence at the orange grove. Mrs. Bryan was very much a home person and a devout Catholic, and she devoted most of her time in making a home for her family. She was too fine a character to find fault with the crude shack which had taken the place of her former comfortable abode in New Smyrna. Instead, she took her place at the side of her pioneering husband, and transformed her first local domicile into some semblance of a real home. When she was not occupied with her domestic duties, she could usually be found in the house of some neighboring family which had met with misfortune. Mrs. Bryan seldom found time to make social calls, but she was invariably on hand if illness invaded a friend's household.

Phil Bryan had a new hobby. Tom, during a visit to the upper part of the State, had bought a cow and sent it to his father. On one occasion while Mr. Bryan was quietly grazing the animal on his nearby pasture, a northern visitor stopped to chat with him and his remarks quickly got around to a conversation derogatory to the south in general. Phil Bryan, always the gentleman, stood the intruder as long as he could. Finally, he could withhold

his anger no longer.

"Suh!" he snapped. "I didn't come out here on my own land to be insulted, and I didn't bring my cow out here to be insulted, so kindly

remove yourself from my premises." When L. W. Marshall returned to Fort Lauderdale, he had succeeded in persuading at least a dozen farmers from Halura, Georgia, to accompany him back to Florida for the winter farming season. Those with the price of a rail-

road ticket came by train but for the most part,

they made the long trek southward by covered wagon. Several brought their families with them and temporary camps dotted the banks of New River. That the transients who planted their crops near the river's edge, had no lasting part in the historical development of the community is evidenced in the fact that old timers do not remember the names of any of these migratory farmers. Nevertheless, they were a material influence in the establishment of Fort Lauderdale as an agricultural community, and their winter farms transformed the banks of the river into a garden spot for as far as the eye could see. After the first year, others followed them here, and before 1898 as many as a hundred families were engaged in the growth of winter produce.

Frank Stranahan became the unofficial banker of the settlement and he handled all accounts and furnished his clients with business-

like monthly statements.

The great pioneer despite his mounting duties to the white families of the community, did not fail in his consideration of the Seminoles who remained the chief remunerative source of his activities at the trading post. He purchased a small gasoline launch especially to tow his coppery proteges back up the river, and it was a common occurrence for people along the banks to see him chugging up the streams with a cortege of Indian canoes a block long strung to the rear of his boat. Reed Bryan had also acquired a launch for the same purpose, so the Indians never lacked transportation to the back country following their leisurely trips to the settlement at the pleasure of the tides.

And so ends the year 1897 when only a handful of residents made up the life of a pioneering community, and to these staunch souls who came before in order that Fort Lauderdale might become a beautiful city of comfortable homes and thriving businesses, the writer humbly dedicates this first series of articles in the simple belief that the courageous people of an earlier day may be forever perpetuated in the minds of our children and our children's children. With one or two exceptions, Fort Lauderdale's earliest pioneers have passed on to greener pastures. The writer's deepest wish is that they have found the same happiness in their new world that was cherished deep in their hearts at the successful founding of a beautiful city over almost insurmountable odds. And so-awlipkashaw until a later date.

(To Be Continued Next Week)

### 9 SO THEY SAY

We cannot be military friends and economic enemies of Latin America at the same time .--Chester C. Davis, head of the farm products division of the National Defense Advisory Commission.

The citizens of 1940 are the trustees of the future of these United States .- Dr. James B. Conant, president of Harvard University.

The only possible hope of ever approaching the condition of a warless world lies in the principle of collective security among the democracies.-Dr. Robert A. Millikan, president of California Institute of Technology.

It is a fallacy that man lives only for human society or for the state. In this materialistic strain much of the dominant social thinking of our time is being done.—The Most Rev. Samuel A. Stritch, archbishop of the diocese of Chicago.

It is only a pipe dream that we shall see American ships and American troops fighting in Europe.-Earl Winterton, speaking in the House of Commons.

The German is often a moral creature-Germans never.-Sir Robert Vansittart, chief diplomatic adviser to the British government.

The very purpose of our American Constitution was to create one nation, one economic and business unit. with the conflict of the state eliminated.-Maury Maverick, mayor of

San Antonio, Texas. I have been in China and Japan and am completely convinced the United States must be prepared to defend its western coast and islands against Japan.—Prof. Albert Bushnell

Hart of Harvard University.