

South Florida History

M A G A Z I N E

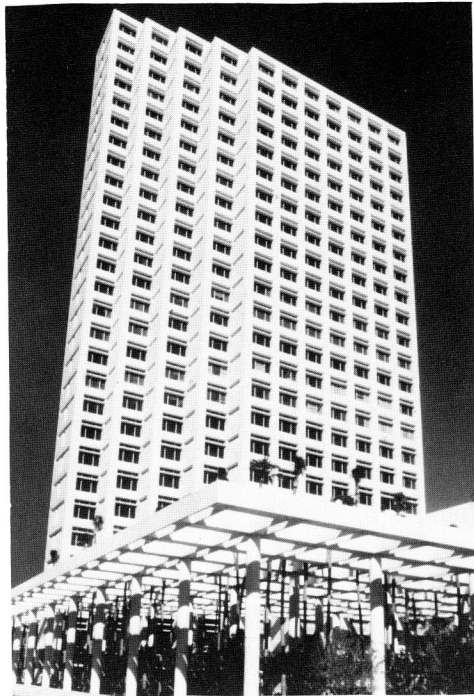
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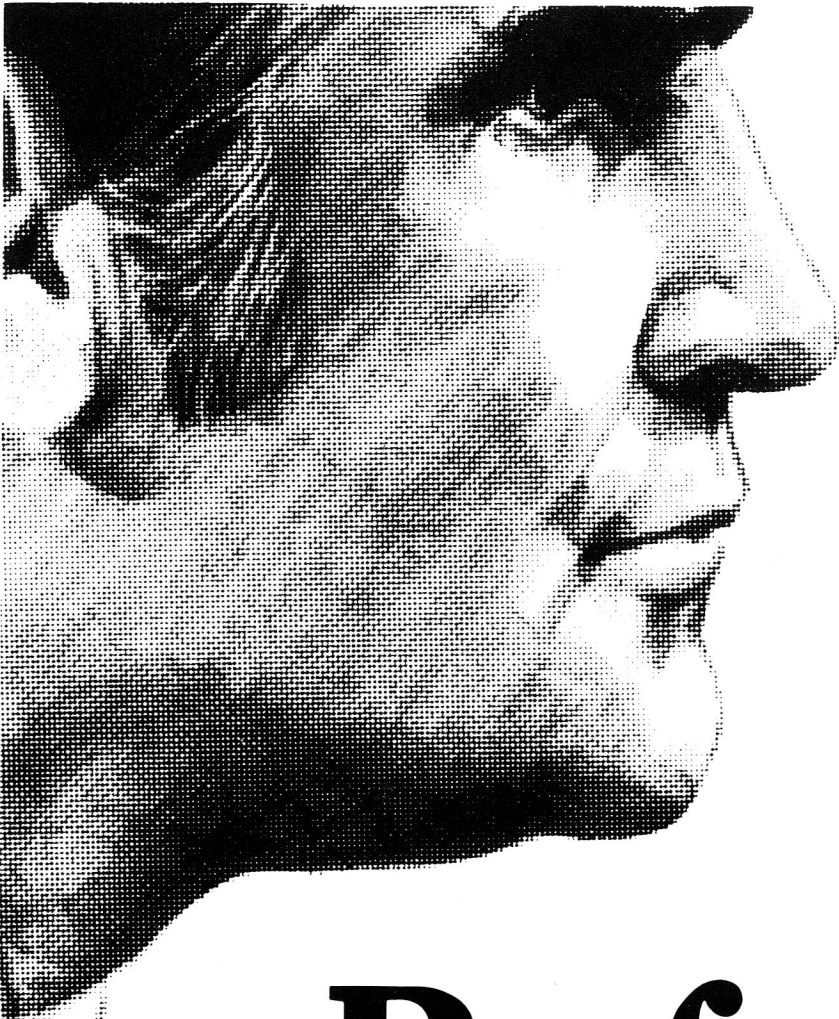
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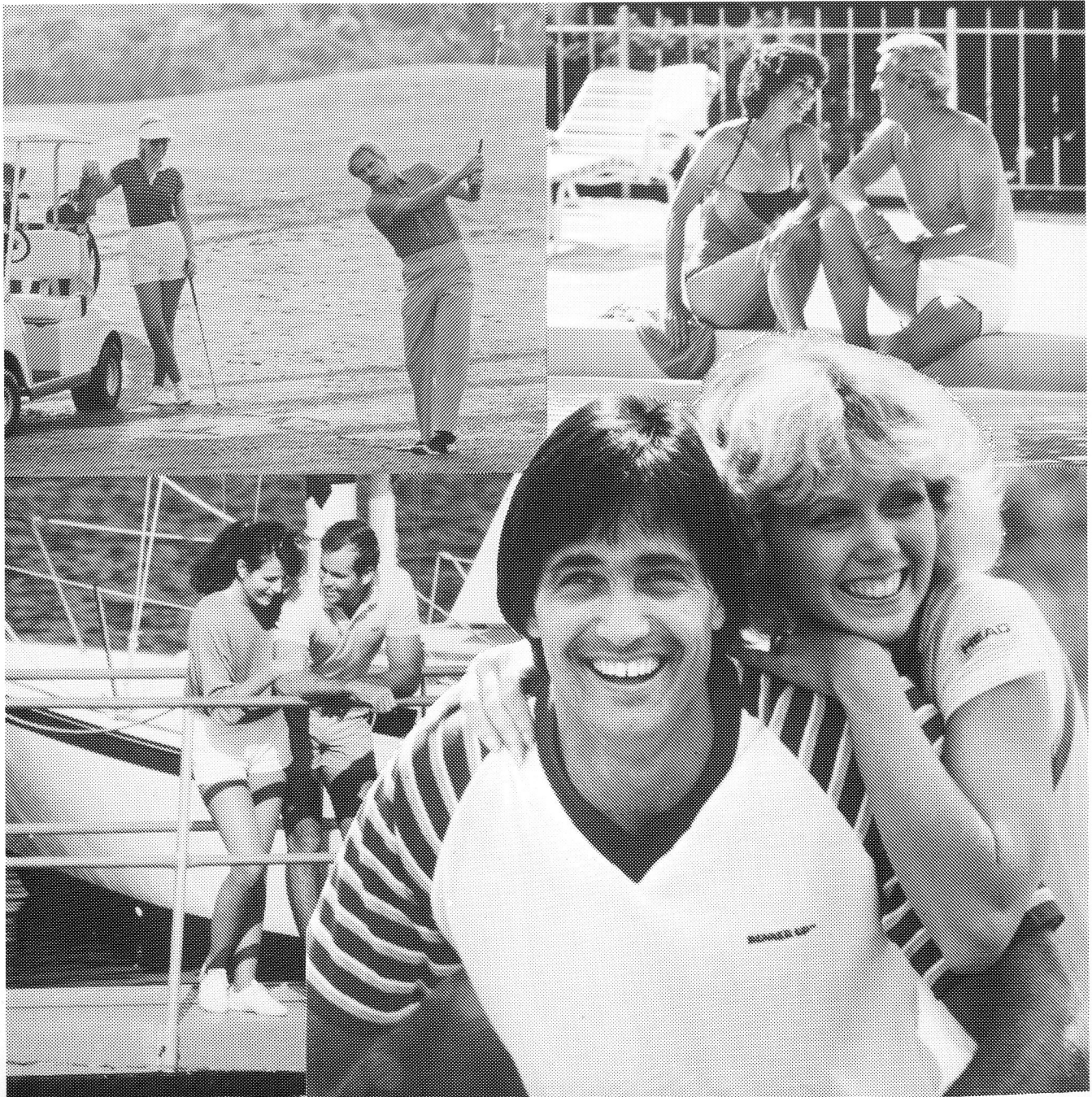
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On the Cover: The boardwalk at Corkscrew Swamp Sanctuary curves through Lettuce Lake, giving visitors a serene view of an earlier Florida, a Florida of cypress, alligators and wading birds. (See page 5)

Contributors

Carl W. Buchheister served as president of the National Audubon Society from 1959-1967.

Martha Munzer is the author of ten books, her most recent a history of her home town, Lauderdale-By-The-Sea.

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South Florida History

M A G A Z I N E

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Editor's Notes

by Stuart McIver

Life Begins At Ninety

Martha Munzer is the most incredible person I have ever met. On September 22 she celebrated her ninetieth birthday. On November 21 her tenth book was released to the public, in this case her fellow residents of the little Broward County resort town where she lives. We are pleased to run in this issue of South Florida History Magazine the first chapter of her book, *Lauderdale-By-The-Sea: A Living History*, published by JMG Publishing Corporation.

Right after World War I ended, Martha started her remarkable career by talking her way into the Massachusetts Institute of Technology at a time when women did not become engineers. "Young lady, this is no place for you," said the president. "If I pass the exams, will you take me?" she replied. "I'll have to." In 1922 she became the first woman to graduate from MIT with a B.S. in electrochemical engineering.

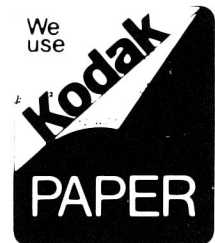
She taught chemistry, became active in the emerging conservation movement, got married and raised a family—a son and twin daughters, now expanded to seven grandchildren and nine great grandchildren. In 1960 she wrote one of the first textbooks on ecology; it was published by McGraw-Hill. Between 1962 and 1978 she wrote seven books on city and land use planning, all published by the very prestigious Alfred A. Knopf. At 85 she wrote another ecology textbook for the Lee County school system. Somehow she's always managed to keep busy.

How she came to live in Lauderdale-By-The Sea is a story that could have been written by a romance novelist. During World War I she had met a young soldier named Isaac Corkland, but they drifted apart and she married another. Then in her mid-seventies Martha, now a widow, ran into Corky again. This time they married and he brought her to his home in Florida. Corky died three years ago. Her book is dedicated to him.

In her many environmental activities Martha Munzer served on the board of directors of the Student Conservation Association. There she met Carl W. Buchheister, a man who was deeply interested in Florida. As president of the Edward Ball Wildlife Foundation, he lived for a time in Tallahassee. His account of how the Audubon Society's Corkscrew Swamp Sanctuary in Collier County came into being makes fascinating reading, particularly the part about Mrs. Tucker, her Daimler and her Martinis.

SFHM for Members of Collier County Museum

With this issue *South Florida History Magazine* becomes a membership benefit for supporters of the Collier County Museum in Naples. Previously the Fort Myers Historical Museum had also affiliated with our publication, thus emphasizing further the increasing regional outreach of SFHM. We welcome other Florida historical organizations to join us in working toward the best possible magazine of South Florida history.



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Saving the Corkscrew

by Carl W. Buchheister

In southwestern Florida in the beginning of the century the strands of bald cypress extended for miles and miles. In those virgin bald cypress stands were giants towering 130 feet, with girths of 25 feet, an awesome sight before the onslaught of lumbermen in the 1920s.

A remnant of that virgin forest, now the Corkscrew Swamp Sanctuary, a veritable living museum piece, escaped the destruction in the nick of time just as the cutting crews were coming upon it. It is now the largest remaining stand of virgin bald cypress in the country.

Joe Brown, a long-time resident near the sanctuary, described the area:

"The average person has an erroneous impression of the Big Cypress. They think of it as one big huge cypress swamp with water and creeks and animals, which is not true. The Big Cypress area is roughly 50 miles wide and 75 miles long. That is the Big Cypress Swamp.

"In the old days, before they ruined this country by drainage and roads and building subdivisions where they shouldn't have ever built them—before that day there were pine islands dotted all through the cypress. What we call pine island is a high ridge with palmettos on it, and pine trees. The waterways where the cypress lay, starting at the headwaters of the Corkscrew Swamp, which we know as a sanctuary now—that went all the way to the Tamiami Trail, some twenty-five miles long, one big strand . . . it was impassable in those days with a vehicle until you cut a way through it."

Joe Brown explained how Corkscrew Swamp got its name:

"Back in the old days when they used to come up out of the salt water into what is now known as the Imperial River to get fresh water for their boats . . . they'd have to take a cask and come up into the headwaters of that creek to get the fresh rainwater, and it was so twisty that they called it Corkscrew Creek, or Corkscrew River at that time."

Joe Brown recalled the day of the plume hunters:

"Raleigh Dyess used to tell me how they'd kill the plume birds in the 'Glades—he was a plume bird hunter back in 1915 and along in there—and they'd kill them by the thousands down there and bring them out, and like he said, they'd skin them out and put paper backing on them to hold



In the virgin bald cypress stands of southwestern Florida were giants towering 130 feet, with girths of 25 feet.



Bob Allen, director of research for National Audubon Society, left, and Warden Hank Bennett study orchids in Corkscrew Swamp cypress.

them in shape, and they'd ship them to New York where they put them on the women's hats for decoration. He said he saw it go from where you could kill hundreds of them in a day to where you couldn't find any of them—they just got scarce."

As early as 1912 the National Audubon Society had seasonal wardens in the Corkscrew Swamp area to protect the nesting colonies of Wood Storks, egrets and other wading birds. In that year B. Rhett of Fort Myers served as warden of the nesting colonies of the Corkscrew area of Big Cypress. That was long before there was any cutting.

The wood stork colony was estimated to contain about 1,000 birds, and even smaller was the number of great egrets. Those population estimates reveal strikingly the low numbers to which the wading birds of south Florida had been reduced by the plume hunters.

The following is an eye-witness account of an unpaid agent of the National Association of Audubon Societies camping in south Florida, February, 1912:

"I spent two days and nights camped here, and

made three counts of the egrets as they came in to roost or left in the morning. The first time I saw 522, the next 534, and the last evening counted 541.

"This is the scene where we shortly found that the plumers were shooting them, and the last night, as I was counting, shooting commenced on the other side of the Cypress, at least a mile from camp, and we counted 123 shots. Evidently four men with shotguns were shooting them at their roost, which is two miles from where they will nest.

"We waded over a mile, waist deep, to find the camp of the hunters, and found it just deserted, the fire still burning, and showing that four men had just departed on horseback.

"I trust you can prevail on some of the patrons and humane people to put a stop to this. It can be done easily with a little money, and, as there must be 600 birds that will begin nesting in two weeks, if unprotected there will not be a single bird left."

In happy contrast to this picture of the tragically reduced wading bird numbers of 1912 is the following

latter day observation of James Callaghan:

"While vacationing in South Florida about February, 1941, it was recommended to my wife Alice and me that we cross the old Tamiami Trail to a point roughly half-way between Naples and Miami and remain there until dark. We did so and as the sun settled and the first signs of dusk appeared, we looked southward and observed many small flights of plume birds, mainly Snowy and American egrets, coming in to settle in the dense mangrove and swamp growth north of the Trail.

"As darkness slowly descended the flights grew steadily larger and more numerous, until it seemed as though veritable sheets of feathered bodies were blanketing the swamp growth to the north. As darkness continued to fall, the flights diminished in size and numbers but, by then one could look across the entire northeast to northwest quadrants and observe an almost unbroken sea of white. It is safe to say the swamp growth settled by several feet as the weight of the birds increased. By sitting or standing on the car's hood one could see for great distances, limited only by increasing darkness. Under the circumstances it was impossible to accurately assess the numbers but, certainly they were in the tens if not hundreds of thousands."

In 1952 more and more persons became concerned over the lumbering of the very north end of the great stand in which the Corkscrew Swamp section is located. One of these was Joe Brown himself who, writing a letter to the editor of the Miami Herald, claimed to have raised the "first hue and cry."

One of the earliest ones actively to work for saving the Corkscrew, according to O. Earle Frye, Jr., then the assistant director and later director of the Florida Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission, was Ernest A. Taylor of Tampa, Florida. An elderly gentleman, amateur naturalist and nature photographer, he urged Frye to do something to save the Cork-

screw. Taylor carried on a one-man crusade by giving talks to sundry groups, illustrating them with his own slides.

In 1953 Jack and Jeanne Holmes of Coral Gables, both writers and he a photographer, were actively campaigning to save the virgin bald cypress area. An article by Jeanne describing the present cutting and how little of the virgin cypress remained appeared in the Saturday Evening Post, May 29, 1954. This gave the movement widespread national publicity.

On March 20, 1954, under the leadership of John H. Baker, president of National Audubon Society, and O. Earle Frye, a meeting was held in Tampa at which the Corkscrew Cypress Rookery Association was formed. Frye was elected secretary and Baker chairman of the Finance Committee. Organizations represented at this meeting included: Florida Federation of State Garden Clubs, Florida Audubon Society, Tampa Bird Club, Florida Board of Parks and Historic Memorials, and Collier Enterprises.

Mr. Frye was instructed to enlist a number of Florida and national civic and conservation organizations to support this new Association by becoming members. Success in that endeavor was certainly assured because many of the Florida and national conservation organizations had already expressed their support to save the cypress.

The Corkscrew Cypress Rookery Association was "established for the acquisition and preservation of the



Foreman Sam Whidden supervises his worried-looking brothers, waist deep in swamp water, as they build boardwalk across Lettuce Lake.

greatest remaining bald cypress swamp and its associated plant and animal life.”

The meeting then learned of the work that Baker and Frye had been doing for the past several years to further their own objectives. From the beginning of their efforts it was clear that the specific areas that had to be acquired and preserved were owned by the Collier Enterprises and Lee Tidewater Cypress Company. Those of the latter were being cut at that very moment; therefore the urgency to acquire a sizable remnant of the virgin stand as fast as possible.

Baker, who had met frequently with Mr. J. Arthur Currey, President of Lee Cypress, gave an encouraging report of what his negotiations had produced. The following is from the report given by Mr. Baker:

“He stated that the president of Lee Cypress, Mr. J. Arthur Currey, generously offered to give approximately 640 acres on the eastern side and including portions of a large interior lake or marsh, provided satisfactory assurances were given that the area would be protected; offered to refrain from cutting a fringe of cypresses on the western side of the interior lake; granted an option until April 1 on 160 acres of the most valuable timber; and offered to give an additional 800 acres when cut over.

“Mr. Currey also offered to give an additional 800 acres prior to being cut. He stated that until current

surveys are completed within a few weeks his company would not be in a position to name a price. Mr. Baker expressed the opinion that the price of all the land involved would be somewhere in the neighborhood of \$100,000 and also that Mr. Currey could be expected to deal very fairly in establishing this price.

“Mr. Baker stated that he had been in communication with Mr. Miles Collier and Mr. Norman Herren, of Collier Enterprises, and that Mr. Collier assured Mr. Baker that his company would be equally generous with regard to certain lands owned by it and considered to be an essential part of the Sanctuary.”

Mr. Baker emphasized that the Corkscrew Swamp was the last remaining stand of virgin and merchantable cypress in the United States. Also, he declared that the very area the new association was seeking to save was the largest rookery of Wood Storks and egrets in the country, numbering from 8,000 to 10,000 birds. Saving the swamp was tremendously important.

Mr. Baker then stated that the National Audubon Society was prepared to accept title to the land, maintain it, and provide warden and interpretive personnel. But the money needed to purchase the land, and construct the buildings and other facilities would have to be raised by other organizations, especially those in Florida. It is of great interest to note here that, at that time, Mr. Baker thought that the National Audubon Society’s custodianship would be only a temporary one and that the land should be owned and maintained by the Florida Board of Parks or another State agency.

In his negotiations with President Currey of the Lee Cypress Company, Mr. Baker found that the former had been disturbed and angered at times by the charges that were being made against his company—that it was without conscience destroying a great relic of the virgin forest. Even if such accusations were not spelled out exactly in letters to the press, newspaper articles and speeches, they were insinuated. The following from a letter of Currey to Baker in October, 1953, describes his feelings:



Drinking in the wonders of Corkscrew Swamp Sanctuary.

"Once again I want to make it clear that I have not obligated our company in any fashion to you or anyone else regarding the preservation of any part of the Corkscrew. I am sure you will agree that inasmuch as I am the only one who ever made any effort to save the Corkscrew, it has a decidedly adverse effect on me to read some of the letters that have been written and some of the articles in the newspapers regarding the Corkscrew.

"At least 50% of the timber in the main swamp which we have largely logged over was destroyed by fire. I have every reason to believe that within another twenty years all of the timber in that area would have been destroyed. There weren't many people in Florida who were concerned about the enormous damage done by fires in that area."

Baker soon won Currey's respect and confidence by the manner and spirit with which he presented the case of the conservationists. Having been a businessman himself, Baker agreed that a lumber company that had purchased a given forest area for cutting purposes could hardly be expected to give it out without full compensation. After all, the company had to realize a profit on its investment, maintain a payroll and consider the interest of its stockholders. He made it clear to Currey that he would hope that the company would set a price that it would accept on the land and timber comprising the desired Corkscrew swamp area. Then the National Audubon Society and associated organizations would try to raise that amount.

Once the Corkscrew Cypress Rookery Association had been founded, Baker and others stepped up their efforts to raise the money. Mrs. Eugene A. Smith, President of the Florida Federation of Garden Clubs and a zealous worker from the beginning, succeeded in getting the Federation to pledge \$5,000. This was one of the very first gifts and, indeed, influenced other organizations. Florida Power and Light Company pledged \$1,000; Charles Brookfield, Tropical Florida representative of the National Audubon Society, got gifts of \$30,000 from Bradford Crane and \$10,000 from Arthur Vining Davis, respectively. Davis was Chairman of the Board of the Aluminum Company of America.

Richard H. Pough, President of the Nature Conservancy, who knew the Corkscrew Swamp well and had long advocated that it be saved, not only got moral and some financial support from the Nature Conservancy itself, but persuaded Theodore Edison to make a very substantial gift. Other sizable gifts came from Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr. through the Jackson Hole Preserve, Inc.; the Old Dominion Foundation; and the National



Warden Hank Bennett poles his boat for a closer look at cypress and Spanish moss.

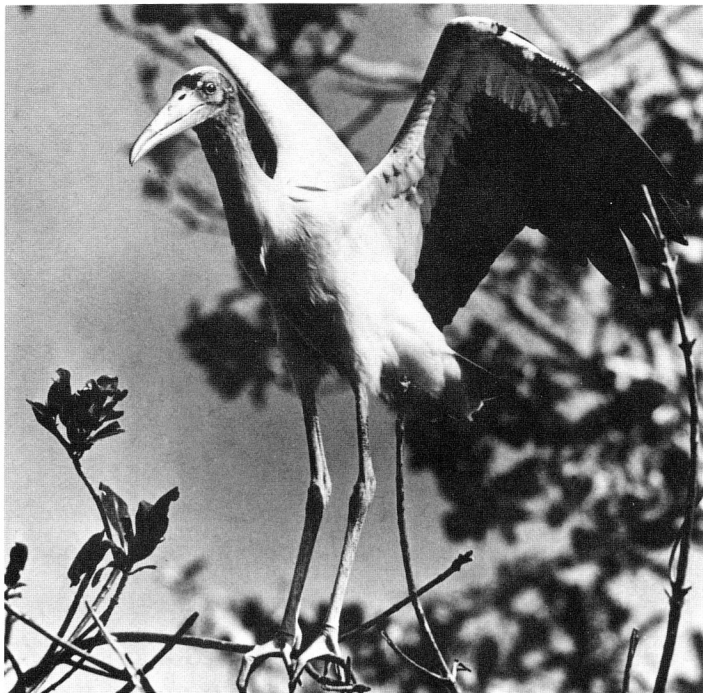
Audubon Society itself. Two hundred and six individuals, of whom eighty-five were from the nearby communities of Naples, Bonita Springs and Fort Myers, had raised the purchase price of \$25,000 for the 160 acres.

By December, 1954, the money was raised and the Corkscrew Swamp was saved, just in the nick of time. This was due to the outstanding work of the following: John H. Baker; O. Earle Frye; Richard H. Pough; Mrs. Eugene A. Smith of Ft. Lauderdale, President of the Florida Federation of Garden Clubs; many individual clubs themselves; and Bill Piper of the Everglades Wonder Gardens. In his President's Report in the January-February, 1955, issue of Audubon magazine, John Baker paid the following special tribute:

"Credit for the inauguration of this sanctuary goes to J. Arthur Currey, president of the Lee Tidewater Cypress Company who, early last Spring, offered to give to the society 640 acres containing an integral part of the rookery, and is making a Christmas present of this acreage. Truly, the acquisition of these lands and the setting up of this sanctuary have been a most cooperative undertaking, and the Cypress Company and its officials deserve the greatest credit for the wholehearted participation in this important conservation enterprise."

This tribute, with its generous expression of credit to President Currey and his company, was indeed well deserved, for the officials of the company were more than willing to cease cutting the great trees once a receipt of the total cash value of investment in land timber was assured.

Most helpful also were the Collier Enterprises (now Collier Company) that owned much of the desired land. In 1955 Collier leased to the society, at \$1.00 a year



A member of Corkscrew's wood stork colony.

rental, 3,200 acres with the condition that the lessor shall donate the land to the society subject to the society's purchasing the standard timber for a total of \$25,000. From 1963 to 1966 the society purchased the timber at the stated price and received a magnificent gift of 2,880 of the original 3,200 acres.

These purchased and contributed properties became one of the society's finest and most spectacular sanctuaries. Little time was lost in establishing it. Henry P. "Hank" Bennett, one of the society's wardens and wildlife tour leaders, was assigned as a protective representative of the society and as an interpreter for the sanctuary.

There being no housing accommodations in that wilderness, a one-room cabin with screen porch was quickly constructed. It was made by Sam Whidden, a native of the area who knew the Corkscrew Swamp, having hunted in it for years. That became Hank Bennett's dwelling, a remote one to be sure, without phone and electricity.

Furthermore, it was accessible only by jeep. At that time there was no road into the Corkscrew Swamp from any county road in the area. One had to cross several fenced cattle ranches to reach it. Not until 1959, five years later, was there an access road from Route 846.

The rescue of the Corkscrew and its acquisition by the society destined to become one of the greatest of its sanctuaries, aroused great interest, happiness and excitement among staff, directors and donors. Its very remoteness, wildness and the tales of the 700-year-old

trees actually lured persons to undergo any difficulty to see it.

John Baker, who master-minded the rescue effort with such success, was happy to lead select parties of directors and others to the new sanctuary. One such visit was a memorable one because of the character of the individuals of the group. Among them were Mrs. Carl (Marcia) Tucker, a many-time former board member, a very generous donor, and ardent birder; Gardner Scott, chairman of the executive committee of the Society's board of directors; Dr. Melville Grosvenor, president of National Geographic Society, and Mrs. Grosvenor. None of the party were young. Mrs. Tucker was in her 70's.

To get into the heart of the swamp, to see the great trees, the lettuce lake with its lovely floating lettuce-like plants, one had to wade, not ankle-deep, not knee-deep, but often waist-deep. Neither deep water nor rough footing deterred that little group. They came out of the great swamp dripping wet, but excited and starry-eyed. After a quick change of clothes they made their way by jeep over the intervening cattle ranches to their parked cars.

On the return trip to Miami, the lead car was Mrs. Tucker's, a large, spotless, shiny grey Daimler, a product of the United Kingdom complete with liveried chauffeur and footman. The little caravan was making its way eastward when suddenly the Daimler stopped, much to the utter surprise of those in the rear, in front of a rather miserable looking roadside bar.

The occupants of the cars in the rear, or course, were looking towards the Daimler. Mr. Stout rushed up to Mrs. Tucker's car to find out why they had stopped, and was told that she wanted her martinis. A dry martini was her favorite drink, and she had one every afternoon. To the amazement of all those in the rear, they saw the liveried footman walk up, and into, the bar. In a few minutes he reappeared, walking very straight, holding aloft a tray with a sparkling martini on it. This simply incredible sight, and the act of getting a martini, was repeated. Mrs. Tucker had to have two.

All traffic had stopped in the little village and the itinerant farm workers hanging about had their eyes glued on a scene they had never seen before. They had never seen a martini, and they had never seen a Daimler. Soon Mrs. Tucker, happily satisfied, ordered the car on and the caravan made its way to Miami. For that little group of select visitors, the virgin cypress was not the only rare sight!

Soon after Hank Bennett was in residence, in 1955,

the Society decided to construct a boardwalk into the swamp as an easy and safe means for visitors to enter the area of the giant virgin cypress, a wonderland of plants and animals, and to do so without leaving even a footprint in the unspoiled wilderness. So, in October 1955 Sam, Bob and Fletcher Whidden, all brothers, began the construction job.

Hank Bennett and Alexander "Sandy" Sprunt IV helped. The latter, then in the research department, and now the vice president in charge of the Audubon research department in Tavernier, devoted three days a week to the boardwalk and two to making an inventory of plants and animals in the sanctuary.

The most difficult job involved making holes for the posts. Where the water was shallow conventional posthole diggers sufficed. With those one could easily get down into the sand which provided firm footing for the posts. Out in the deep water where there was more peat and muck, the poles had to be driven through those soft deposits down into the sand below them. It required three men to hold and drive the poles down through the soft material as far as possible and into the sand.

Then, a handmade water jet arrangement—a little gasoline pump in a canoe pumping water into a garden hose—would wash away the sand under the sharpened pointed end of the pole. Only by such means could the poles be lowered into the sand.

All through October, November, December and into January the next year the work continued. In the lettuce lake area, the post-setting crew worked in the water all the time, up to their waists and often to their chests. They were not frightened or deterred by cotton-mouth water moccasins or alligators.

What, however, bothered the men most were little diving beetles that the crackers called "gator fleas" which would, at times, get down

their high topped tennis shoes.

As Sandy Sprunt describes them: "Normally they don't bite, but when they get into a confined situation like that, they've got a great sucking proboscis and they'd whack into you with that. The language was somewhat colorful, and whoever it was had to take off his shoes and get rid of the damn gator flea."

When the boardwalk crossed the first and second lettuce lakes, all in the heavy swamp, the work was really laborious. Sandy Sprunt described it:

"Crossing the second lettuce lake, for instance, was the most difficult part of the whole boardwalk to construct. Poor Hank, who was rather a short person—I think he stood about 5'6" or 5'7"—was up to his chin a lot of the time."

The original boardwalk, totaling 5,600 feet, was completed in 1955 and the rest in 1956.



Boardwalk through cypress stand.

Surviving Boom, Bust and Hurricane— the Ups and Downs of a Broward Town

by Martha Munzer

Lauderdale-By-The-Sea is unique - an oasis in a desert of towering concrete. Its mile of beachfront with low profile buildings set far back from the ocean is a welcome interruption to the giant condos, bordered by narrow strips of sand both to the south at Fort Lauderdale and to the north at Sea Ranch Lakes, neighbor to Pompano Beach.

It is hard to believe that this tiny stretch of land was once a freshwater swamp with semi-tropical vegetation, sedges and wildlife, including alligators, snakes and mosquitoes. Yes, the site of the town was originally a minute part of the vast South Florida wetlands, edged by a beautiful expanse of beach with protective coastal dunes and coral reefs not far from the shore.

The ecology of this area, on the fringe of the original Everglades, was drastically altered early in this century with the dredging of South Florida's wetlands and the completion of the Intracoastal Waterway. The ocean itself started seeping into the freshwater marshes along the southern coast of Florida, until these wetlands were altered to such an extent that tangles of mangroves gradually replaced the freshwater vegetation.

Why not, wondered the first daring pioneers of the early 1900's, get rid of the mangroves, dredge the marshes and begin to develop waterfront property? The real estate boom, the "Florida fever" of the mid-twenties quickly accelerated the process.

This was exactly what was taking place, when an enterprising real estate company, W. F. Morang and Son, started to sell improved lots in a growing seacoast village called Pompano Beach. Furthermore, Morang, deep in a number of ventures, had platted the area south of Pompano, land which he expected

to become an additional new town bordering on the ocean. And that's where another daring, far-sighted pioneer came in, a man from the north called Melvin I. Anglin.

The history of the founding and development of Lauderdale-By-The-Sea was related to me by his daughter, Mrs. Margaret Demko, a lively and engaging matron who still lives in the second home her father built for his wife Sarah and their six children. This attractive, two-story Spanish-style Anglin homestead can be seen on the eastern side of what is now traffic-laden State Road A-1-A, more elegantly called North Ocean Drive.

It is small wonder that when Melvin Anglin first discovered the pristine pierless oceanfront more than 60 years ago, he fell in love with this very spot and decided that this was the place for him and his family and those to join him in the future. He would buy the land platted by Morang and develop a new town.

Who was this enterprising and adventuresome man with the bold vision? Melvin I. Anglin, of British and Irish descent, was a well-to-do building contractor and real estate investor in his home town of Gary, Indiana.



Home of Melvin Anglin, developer of Lauderdale-By-The-Sea

He was attracted to southeastern Florida in the early twenties and to Palm Beach in particular. Interested as he was in home building, he had soon established a sawmill in Florida's town of Madison.

One day he hopped into his car and bumped his way on the dirt road that led from Palm Beach to the new town of Pompano Beach, "way out the road from Fort Lauderdale." He then strolled southward along the oceanfront. It was indeed a long walk - a hike that was to lead to the creation of Lauderdale-By-The-Sea, a brand new town.

After Anglin had decided that this spot was the "best piece of oceanfront property around," he determined to supply the finances needed to make Morang's visionary town a reality. The transaction was confirmed on Christmas Eve in 1924. Melvin, his wife Sarah and their sons Tom and Bill were the first residents of Lauderdale-By-The-Sea.

The original platting of the town from the ocean to Ponciana Street, with the later addition of newly filled in land up to the Intracoastal Waterway, controls the growth of this town today.

When the catastrophic hurricane hit Florida in September, 1926, the real estate boom collapsed and the promotion of Lauderdale-By-The-Sea was brought to a halt. However, the town came back to life just a year later with Melvin Anglin as first mayor and constable.

Then it was abolished as an independent municipality in 1933 during the Great Depression, returning to and remaining under county jurisdiction, until a new charter, instituted in 1947, was validated in the 1949 session of the Florida legislature. Lauderdale-By-The-Sea marks 1947 as its official birthday.

By this time, Anglin was getting on in years. He had distributed choice pieces of property among his children, including his sons, Tom and Bill. However, in 1948, when he decided to set up a trust for all his unsold lots, he put their titles in the names of his elder daughters, Fay Lundsford and Margaret Demko. Since initials were used instead of first names for trustees, R. F. Lundsford and M. H. Demko, the real estate people were constantly amazed when they discovered that titles to the lots to be sold were in the hands of two women. At that time in Florida, it was unusual and difficult for a female to deal in real estate. Over the years, however, they made a name for themselves as sharp and competent sellers of the platted land. They developed a program to keep the most desirable properties under 99-year leases rather than selling them. For example, the land under much of the Howard Johnson's motel and parking lot at the northern end of town, is still held in this fashion all the way from Route

A-1-A to the ocean.

Before their deaths, Melvin and Sarah Anglin gave the town a tremendous boost when they presented it with the lots on which City Hall stands, as well as what was to become a town park just to the west.

The trustees, Lundsford and Demko, besides selling lots, developed some of their properties themselves, including the Anglins' Mel Sara Apartments (where Howard Johnson's Villas now stand) and the Wharf restaurant erected by the Demkos. The pier, originally built and rebuilt by their father, and the Wharf, run by new proprietors, are now under 99- and 40-year leases.

When Mrs. Lundsford died in 1987, her younger brother Bill took her place as trustee of the family properties. One of the very first residents, he still lives in Lauderdale-By-The-Sea on Allenwood Drive.

Business women, rarities in the early part of the century, played an unusually large role in the promotion and growth of the town. After Fay and Margaret, the Anglin girls, along came two other women, both professional realtors. One was Mrs. Boulware, but no one in town seems to remember her except by name. Her story is therefore lost to the town's history.

Mrs. Alice Myatt Lord's adventuresome career in Lauderdale-By-The-Sea is, however, by no means lost. Her real estate company is still in business in its second home on A-1-A just north of Commercial Boulevard. Mrs. Lord died a few years ago at the age of 84, but her son, Frank Myatt, a zestful, silver-haired man, is still very much alive, actively carrying on from where his mother left off.

Alice Lord and her son travelled from Sharon, Connecticut, to Miami Beach around 1935. Frank was then a first grader. His mother, who had written a daily column for a local paper up north, went into the real estate business once she reached South Florida. As for Frank, he was quickly enticed by the call of the sea, and as he grew older, became a charter boat fisherman.

After Lauderdale-By-The-Sea was finally and permanently incorporated in 1947, Alice Lord decided that a bright future might well await her there. She and her son found a home in the Beachway Apartments on Elmar Drive, close to the ocean. Soon she opened a real estate office next-door to the pier. Many of the lots on which homes, motels and apartments now stand were sold by Lord's Realty, Inc. through the efforts of this energetic and successful businesswoman, joined by her son Frank after he had completed his education.

Lauderdale-By-The-Sea: A Living History may be purchased by sending a check for \$8.25 to Town Manager, Town of Lauderdale-By-The-Sea, 4501 Ocean Drive, Lauderdale-By-The-Sea, Fl. 33308.

Arts Festival Started as 'Left Bank Affair'

by Ruth K. Altman

The Coconut Grove Arts Festival, one of the largest annual outdoor arts extravaganzas in the United States, was started as a publicity stunt. Coconut Grove, an offbeat village located in the heart of big, bustling Miami, has always attracted those with a penchant for the arts, playing host to an abundance of galleries and a popular playhouse as well as being home to many struggling and successful practitioners of visual and performing arts.

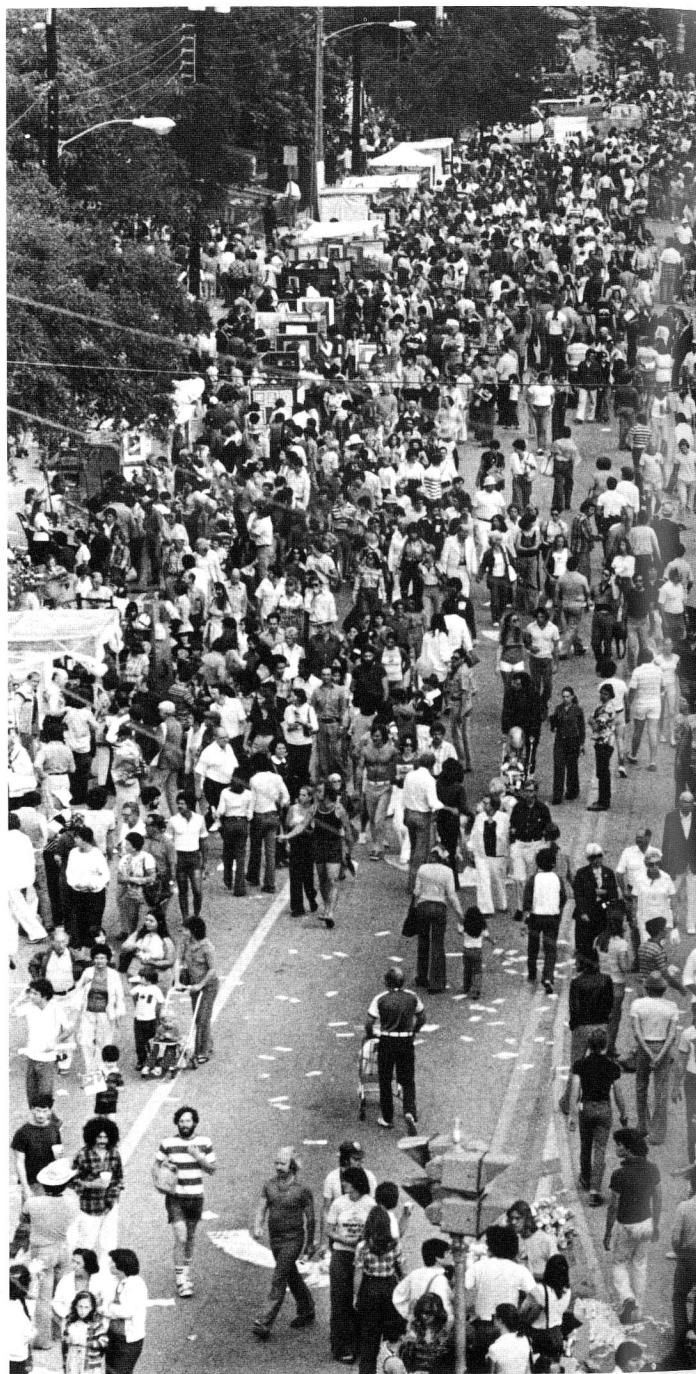
In the fall of 1963, Charlie Cinnamon, publicity director for the Coconut Grove Playhouse, was inspired with a spectacular idea for promoting Zev Bufman's upcoming production, *Irma La Douce*.

Since the play was set in France and the star, Genevieve, was French, why not turn avant-garde Coconut Grove into a Left Bank like the one in Paris at which artists exhibit and create their works on the sidewalk? And so the festival was born. In keeping with its theme, the first one was called "The Left Bank Affair."

In order to coincide with the play's October opening, the art show had to be quickly thrown together. Cinnamon enlisted the help of Ethyl Blank, who rounded up the artists—about 70 of whom stationed themselves on the sidewalks, hung their canvases on clotheslines and waited for customers. But no one had thought to get the city's permission to hold the event. So just when everyone was ready for the show to begin, mounted police galloped into the Grove in Western-movie style, and

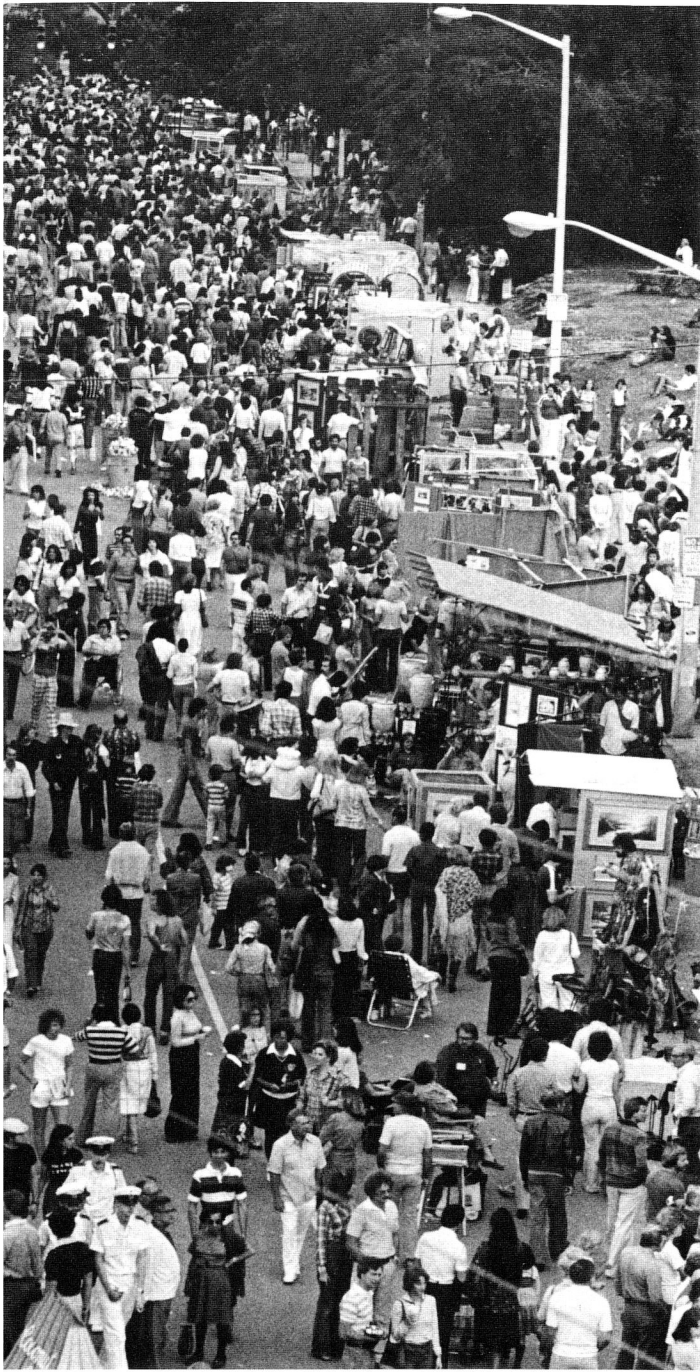
demanded that the streets be cleared. Cinnamon and his entourage managed to sweet-talk them into leaving the artists alone and fading quietly into the sunset. Since that near-fiasco, however, festival coordinators have always been careful to get permits for the closing of streets and the sidewalk exhibition. "The Left Bank Affair," climaxing with a French poodle contest in the parking lot of the Playhouse, established a beloved Coconut Grove tradition.

The following year, the Coconut Grove Association was incorporated. It became the agent responsible for producing the yearly festival, although again Cinnamon coordinated the event. The Association's decision to consider this the "First Annual Show" was reflected in its rather ponderous title: "Coconut Grove Time—First Annual Coconut Grove Festival of Theatre, Arts and Music."



McFarlane Avenue during the 1978 Coconut Grove Arts Festival

The two-week show got off to a magnificent start and continued with some tremendously exhilarating days but petered out at the end, leaving exhibitors in the doldrums . . . Instead, the artists attributed the mood-swing to organizational glitches which, they hoped, would be rectified in future shows. Participants complained that a festival lasting for two weeks, from 10 a.m. until 9 p.m. was too long; by the second week most interested individuals would have already seen it.



Festival.

They felt too that it was too spread out. It should be concentrated into one area so that people would not have to walk so much to see everything and so that everything would be seen. Some spectators didn't know that they had missed exhibits, that there were displays in sections other than along Main Highway. Some disgruntled demonstrators boycotted the project, claiming a lack of public awareness. But this wasn't so. The event had been well publicized. The Coconut Grove Chamber of Commerce and

Grove merchants did all that they could to give the artists a break and to help make the show a success.

However, an art extravaganza can only be as impressive as its displays, and therein lay the real reason for the second week's decline—the quality of the art. It was reluctantly agreed upon by the Association that offerings were, on the whole, mediocre and priced far above what they were worth. Talented artists are often disdainful of sidewalk sales and many were heard to boast that they had “scraped the bottom of the barrel” instead of putting their best works forward.

Despite all of the buyer-seller grievances, over 50,000 people attended the festival, which included pottery-making, sketching, jewelry-crafting and square dancing in the streets, as well as the sidewalk sale.

In 1965, the show was pared to six days in April—a ploy to extend the tourist season. The Association hoped that the event would become such a tradition that tourists and residents alike would delay

their Easter departures in order to attend. This epoch, entitled “Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow,” highlighted the historical, social and cultural heritage of the Grove. The theme was chosen for a specific reason. Some of the area's older residents were concerned because they felt that the character of the community was changing; it was attracting “beatniks with beards and sandals,” gaining a reputation as a “tropical Greenwich Village.” By spotlighting the unique charm and history of the district, they hoped to combat “undesirable influences” and to promote the locale as a friendly neighborhood with a mature interest in the arts.

The show opened with the blowing of a conch shell—long ago used as a means of communication by early settlers along Biscayne Bay. The blast of the horn at high noon was the signal to run up the new Coconut Grove flag, with its royal palm emblem, designed for this and future festivals by Bill Clemmer.

In addition to the usual exhibitions, the festival featured tours of gracious Grove homes and gardens, visits to places of historical significance, and the chance to see artists and craftspeople at work in Grove House, a non-profit gallery for up-and-coming talent. At the Playhouse was a production of *Porgy and Bess*; in Peacock Park was a pram race.

With a conch-shell toot and a ribbon-cutting snip of the scissors by actor Charlton Heston, who was appearing at the Playhouse, the 1966 festival commenced. In addition to the repetition of most previous years' activities, that session boasted a display of vintage cars, a chowder party for the oldest residents (a tradition which continued for several years), a black-tie “Fes-



The first Coconut Grove Arts festival, held in 1963, was known as "The Left Bank Affair."

tival Ball" at Coral Reef Yacht Club and "A Look at Coconut Grove's Past" at the Housekeepers Club, emceed by Helen Muir, author of *Miami, USA*.

A departure from previous show protocols screamed out at Miami in the newspaper headline "No Nudes Are Good Nudes." Committee chairpeople cited a city ordinance as the reason for the decision to prohibit nude paintings and sculpture. Although today this is no longer a rigid rule, the displaying of nudes is not encouraged at this family-oriented event.

In 1967, the festival was cut down to its present size—three days. Over two hundred exhibitors participated in the "fiesta-type art market," which showcased not merely art but all of the arts: music, dance, theatre. And it stressed fun and frolic. However, the quantity of sidewalk-gallery offerings still outweighed their quality, and the Association expressed the hope that in the future the event would attract better works and more highly regarded artists. That year, the most renowned participants were in the

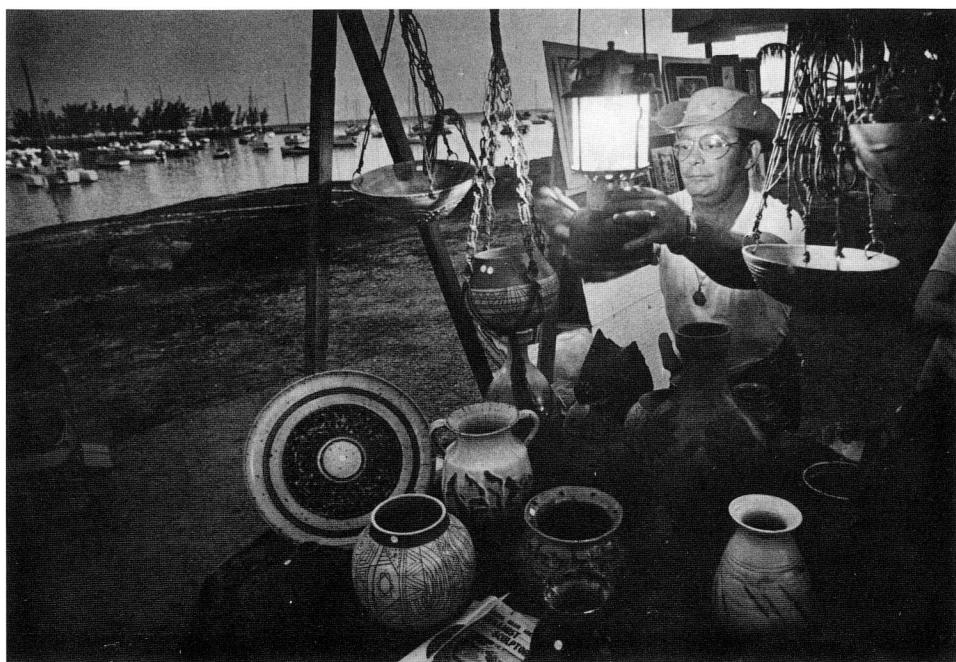
fields of literature and drama—Philip Wylie, who gave a talk at the Grove branch of the library, and Milton Berle, who headed a panel of judges for a contest entitled "The Art of Makeup."

In 1968, the show went "straight." The Bohemian image was missing, along with anything that hinted of the pornographic. The only nudes to be seen were in the galleries, not

on the sidewalks. A one-man band attempted to "beat" a path to an off-street studio where bearded men hung around and nudes hung on the walls.

Although each year festival excitement accelerated, the exhibitors were still primarily amateurs, coming from New York, Tampa and St. Petersburg, as well as from Dade, Broward and Monroe Counties. Yet all phases of the festival continued to swell: the number of exhibitors, the variety of events, the prize-dollars, the size of the crowd—and the parking problem. Many homeowners in the Grove began to profit from the festival by renting out their lawns for parking, their rate being commensurate with their distance from the activities.

In 1973, the year of the festival's 10th anniversary, the date was changed to its present format—the third weekend in February. This was done for several reasons: to enjoy the comfort of cooler weather, to capitalize on winter tourist trade, and to get an edge on the show circuit by offering a better selection of arts and crafts before the artists sell their best works elsewhere. That



In 1975 the festival stayed open until 9 p.m.

show drew a record-setting crowd estimated at 260,000 people.

In 1975, South Bayshore Drive was blocked off with a sign that read "The Official Annual Coconut Grove Art Festival." This was a tipoff that this year there would be TWO festivals—one official and one unofficial.

The two festivals came about when the Association decided to rope off McFarlane and Bayshore and hold the event in the streets. Although they raised the cost of a spot from \$40 to \$60, they still had to turn away many applicants. Those who were denied a space organized their own group along Main Highway, and wore on their chests a tiny American flag with the letters F.A.I.R. on it. At first they said that the letters stood for "fifty artists in revolt," but later tempered it to "free artists in residence," so as not to make themselves look bad.

This festival saw everyone angry with everyone else. The merchants, furious over the site-change to a non-commercial area, came up

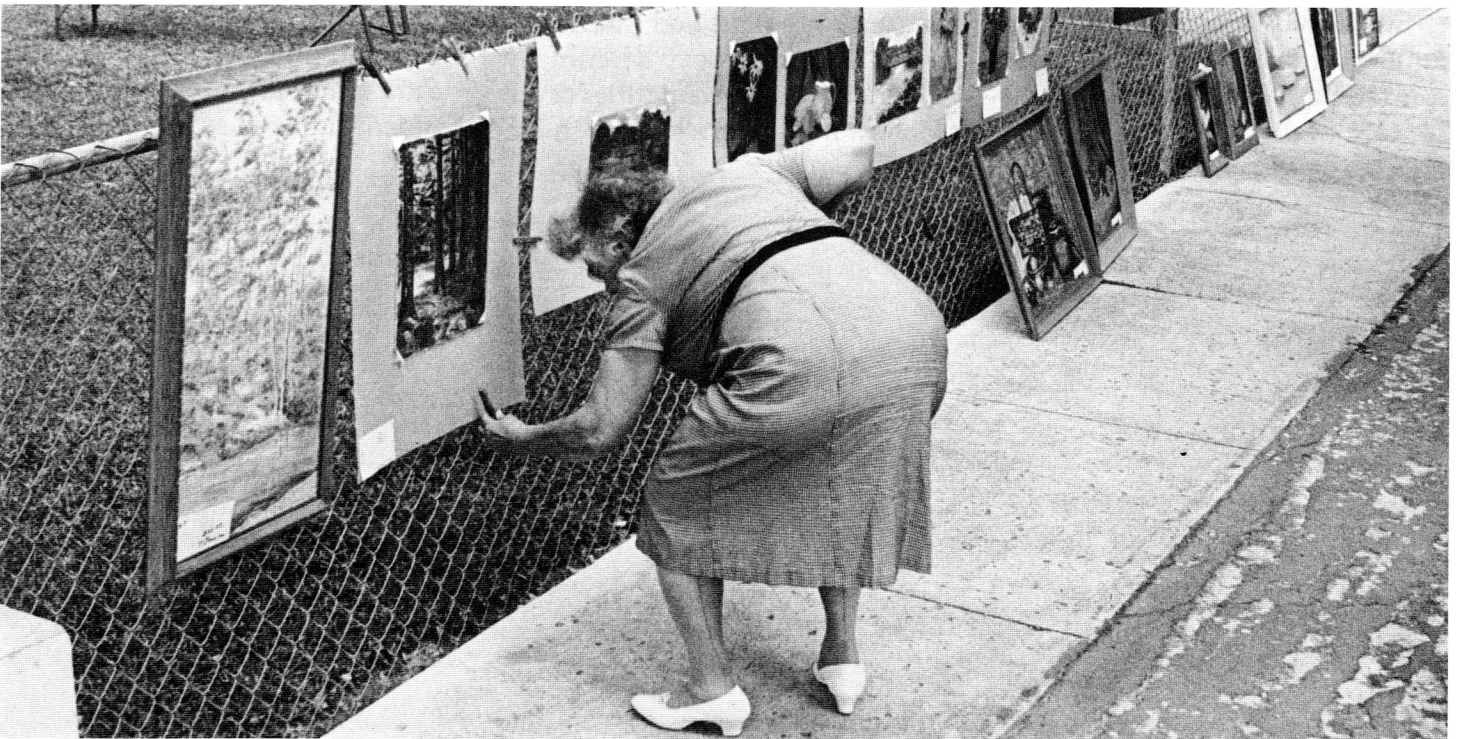
with a scheme to turn probable loss to profit. They conducted their own festival, renting space in front of their establishments to anyone who could pay the price. Officials and official exhibitors were incensed over a competitor's efforts to lure artists into a nearby unofficial area—the intersection of Virginia Street and Grand Avenue, making it look as though that spot was really the start of the "legitimate" show.

The festival committee was outraged because they wanted to maintain a quality show and a safe one. The official exhibitors were angry about the raise in fees and the unofficial participants complained that they didn't have enough space in which to exhibit. The city refused to block off Main Highway, so the Association had to come up with an alternative that wouldn't completely strangle Grove traffic, which is heavy even normally. The "last straw" was a colossal traffic jam on the first day of the show, created when barricades were set up hours earlier than the 10 a.m. schedule.

The following year, the Association finally obtained permission to block all Grove streets to automotive and bicycle traffic for the duration of the festival. This format has continued to the present day.

Many humorous incidents occurred during the course of the festivals. The year before nudes were excluded, an artist hung his paintings of naked bodies in a choice spot where people would be sure to notice his work—right on the wall of St. Stephen's Episcopal Church. Another time an artist scrambled to get one of the most highly desirable locations on Main Highway in order to exhibit one item—a toilet seat.

In 1972, an artist "borrowed" an antique church pew from St. Stephen's, "forgot" to return it and took it home to Sarasota with him. Reminded by phone that the pew had been merely a loner, he was obliged to truck it back over the Everglades, making the journey a second time in one week.



While the art may be of questionable merit, the Coconut Grove Arts Festival provides an opportunity for some excellent people watching

Staking a Claim in Early Miami

By Dr. Paul George and Joe Knetsch

The Armed Occupation Act of 1842 is credited with bringing several thousand new residents to Florida. Crafted by the United States Congress in the final year of Florida's protracted Second Seminole War, the law was designed to create an armed force in the frontier areas of today's Gainesville capable of defending itself while preventing depredations in the more settled areas of the state; increase the size of the white population on the borders of the Indian settlements; force the Indians who remained in Florida to move to Indian country west of the Mississippi River, and develop and exploit the natural resources of the newly opened land.

The effectiveness of the Armed Occupation Act is debatable since few of those who settled under its terms remained on their property for significant periods. One reason for the ephemeral impact of the act was the administrative

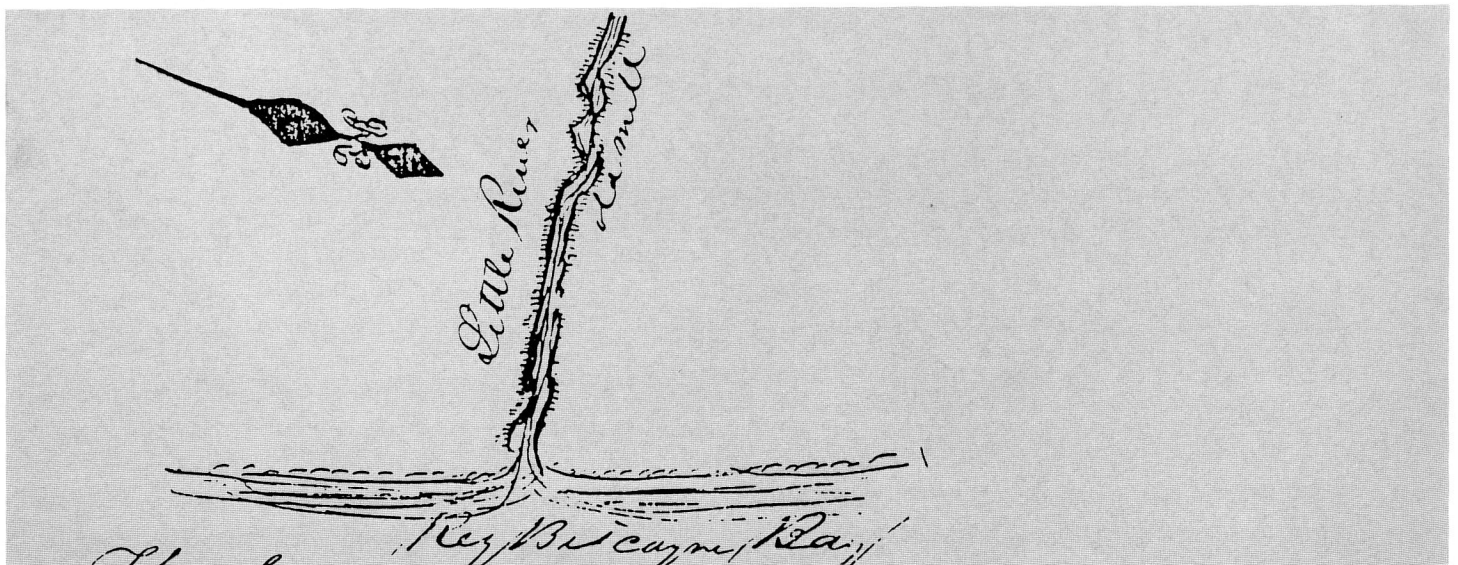
problems associated with settlers entering an uninhabited wilderness, in many cases ahead of government surveyors.

The act provided a quarter section of land (160 acres) to each settler who agreed to remain on the property for five years and build a dwelling on it "fit for the habitation of man." This requirement appears to have been the easy part. What vexed many pioneers on the edge of the uncharted and unsurveyed wilderness was the process of staking a claim that would fit into an unfinished government survey in order to have a complete quarter section ready for patenting. The federal land office insisted that the letter of the law be followed, regardless of the circumstances of frontier living.

A hint of the kind of problems caused by a rigid and unenlightened bureaucracy seemingly oblivious to the peculiarities of the Florida frontier are evident in the

accompanying documents. In 1843, John L. Knapp and A. F. Woods moved with their families to the banks of the Little River, seven miles north of the Miami River, under the terms of the Armed Occupation Act. Along with other settlers in southeast Florida, Knapp and Woods were willing to accept the hardships of frontier life with its pestiferous insects, the uncertainty of Indian relations, and the prospects of hard labor in clearing the subtropical jungle for farming. Not only did they convert the land into bountiful farms and gardens, but they also built mills to process roots of the ubiquitous coontie plant for use as starch. What many could not foresee was the occasional refusal of their claims by government functionaries hundreds of miles away. Additionally, they were unable to abide decisions which forced them to recognize a government surveyor's often arbitrary boundaries when nature had provided more obvious and convenient lines of division, such as the Little River.

Land offices could respond to difficulties stemming from disputed claims to surveyed land or



Rendering of Little River and Biscayne Bay from A. F. Woods' application filed under the Armed Occupation Act of 1842.

to those made in surveyed private grants, but when faced with the complexities of dealing with claims to unsurveyed land or permits which did not conform to the required township pattern, they simply invoked the familiar rules employed in more conventional situations. And if a claimant's permit did not conform to the survey made after the permit had been granted, so much the worse for the holder. In other words, conform to the rule or lose the property.

The cases of Knapp and Woods provide good illustrations of the problem. In an attempt to include their homes and improvements in

the final patents and avoid other technicalities, Knapp and Woods wrote letters to United States Deputy Surveyor, George McKay, whose surveys of the area had helped to create the problems in the first place. Knapp stressed the unfairness of the survey, noting that by its conclusions, he would be entitled to almost all of Woods' considerable improvements. Woods stressed that he could not accept the survey as valid; nor would he alter his holding to fit the survey. In their letters, each settler sought recognition for his claims.

The claims of Woods and Knapp also illuminate the nature of pioneer life on the southeastern

Florida frontier. Knapp's letter outlines the problems settlers faced with frontier land offices. Woods' correspondence provides details of adapting the wilderness for human habitation, and its rich description of his accomplishments adds greatly to our knowledge of early settlements in southeast Florida. Together, the letters offer the reader the opportunity to feel vicariously the pride, tensions and frustrations of life on the edge of the wilderness under the terms of the Armed Occupation Act of 1842.

Editor's Note: Dr. George has pointed out to *SFHM* that there were between 30 & 40 families living in south Florida under the terms of the Armed Occupation Act.

*Spring Hill, Little River
Dade Co. E. F.
May 30. 1845 -*

Dear Sir.

To your inquiry whether or not it is my intention to alter the lines I determined upon in making a settlement here so as to correspond with the public surveys as established by yourself, I would answer in the negative. And in giving some of the reasons that induce, nay compel me to adopt this course I would in the first place beg leave to state, that through the inducements and encouragements held out by Congress in her (?) Act passed on the 4th of August. 1842 I was induced to breakup and leave a distant home with a view to make a permanent settlement in south Florida. Pursuant thereto, I removed to the Territory on the first day of May 1843 & after spending sometime in examining the country for a suitable location I at last made choice (sic) of spot on which I now reside, & repaired hither with my family, unattended and alone with the least possible delay; & at a time when it was considered by the public generally to be very unsafe to do so, there being no inhabitants in this section of the country. Under the unavoidable circumstances in which my settlement was made, it cost me nearly \$2000, exclusive of the expense I have been at since it was made in maintaining a subsistence under very unfavorable & discouraging circumstances — Being advised by the commissioner of the general land office in his instructions published in Aug. 25, 1842 to be precise, in the description of the

lands we designed to settle, I was as definite as it was possible for me to be under the circumstances, the land not having been surveyed, & there being no surveyor within hundreds of miles. I have in every other respect endeavored to comply up to this time with the conditions of the act under which I settled, being I have erected "a house fit for the habitation of man." & other out houses; & also a water mill & its appertinences for the purpose of manufacturing Florida Arrowroot. Both the dwelling house & mill are framed and boarded. I have about 200 orange trees some in bearing, - between 5 & 600 Lemon trees, some of them in bearing, - & besides I have in successful cultivation Spanish tobacco, Sugar cane, Plantains, Cocoa nuts, & figgs (sic) with some of the other tropical fruits together with some corn, beans, peas, pumkins, potatoes, & most of every species of the garden vegetables. I have cleared & have in cultivation about 3 acres of land & have made between 3 & 400 lbs of Arrowroot. My main objectives settling here was the cultivation of the tropical fruits which I am gathering around me as fast as my circumstances & the difficulty of getting them here will permit. Another object I had in settling this place was the advantage of a mill Seat & upon which I have entered (?) a mill. And besides the house there is the mill run & at least 20 other ditches dug at an immense deal of labor; the race extending 500 yards in length, on an average about 6 feet wide & from 2 to 4 feet deep, is designed principally from 200 yds to 30 in length, & being about 3 feet wide & 2 deep, are designed for the restoration & draining of the soil - My notice calls for lands laying on the northern side of Little river, making the channel of the river the southern boundary

of the same. I settled my lands in the early part of August 1843 - In May 1844 a man by the name of Jno. L. Knapp settled, also under the armed occupation act, on a tract of land adjoining mine & on the opposite side of the river making the channel of the same the northern boundary & the dividing line between his tract & mine. I find by the public surveys that almost all the good land of both tracts is thrown into the same quarter section, & the tract upon which I settled is thrown into 2 ranges, 2 townships & 4 sections. Myself & my neighbour embracing in our tracts the only good lands near us, remove to the north or south, east or west would be alike ruinous to both. In my case a remove in one direction would deprive me all my buildings, a part of the mill seat, my clearing, all my fruit trees & every thing I have in cultivation, thereby rendering my family houseless, & depriving us of the means of subsistence, & nearly all the product of our toils, privations, sufferings & expenses for the last 2 years. A remove in another direction so as to secure my buildings, improvements etc. would deprive me of the main part of the mill seat & about 2/3 of my valuable land, thus rendering the settlement almost valueless. Or a third remove would throw me upon my neighbour, taking the greater part of His good land & all his improvements, to which I certainly can have no just or legal claims — Considering the situation of this section of the country, that nearly all the good lands lay in small tracts of from

5 to 25 or 30 acres; — & considering the plain & positive instructions contained in this 2nd condition of the Act that the settler should "take his grant upon any public lands etc.", — & also those issued from the general land office prior to the granting of permits that the lines designated by the settler would be "showing conjunction with the public surveys" & "indicated by dotted lines on the official plat" etc. under which instructions & directions I made my settlement; I say considering these things, if we are not allowed our houses & improvements, together with our lands, for which we have already paid so dearly, I for one shall feel myself not only aggrieved & injured, but imposed upon. I consider that any regulations made since the passage of the act essentially altering any feature of the same, to be *expost facto*; & where the settler is thereby injured, consequently unjust & oppressive. Now sir, I have made a plain statement of my circumstances & as plain a declaration of my opinions; & when I tell you that assured of the protection of a liberal government in the consumation of its plan for the settlement of the unprotected part of Florida: I have embarked my all in this enterprize, (sic) I think you can not wonder at the stand I have taken. Sir with every feeling of respect & wish for your personal success & welfare.

Your humble servant

A. F. Woods

May 6th / 45

To Mr. Geo McKay, Surveyor

Dear Sir

I wish through your politeness to state to the government that I cannot abide their survey of the tract on which I reside as I should be utterly devoid of human justice if I were to do so. My Permit for the tract on which I reside is No. 197 and claims Little River as one of its Boundaries but your Survey of the same would oblige me to extend my line Eight or nine chains across said River and embrace my neighbours house and all his improvements which has cost him Eighteen or twenty months labour. I would therefore wish government to let us remain on the lands for which we filed a notice, and not compel me to do an act of injustice toward my fellow being and compel him to leave the country, after the inducement held out to him by the government; And that after his toil and servitude to gain a pittance for himself and family. We have about twenty acres each of hammock land and the residue is a poor Barren soil not worth two cents the acre. Again I pray government not to deprive us of that little Boon which she has so graciously tendered and which we are occupying.

Yours With Respect

John L. Knapp

*houses & improvements, together with our
which we have already payed so dearly, I for one
shall feel myself not only aggrieved & injured, but
imposed upon. I consider that any regulations made
since the passage of the act essentially altering any
feature of the same, to be expost facto; & where the act
there is thereby injured, consequently unjust & oppressive*

Sample of script from applications.

Through the Lens

Producers and directors have been making motion pictures in South Florida for roughly eight decades. Not many of these moving pictures made much impact on the cinematic world but they left behind a fascinating legacy of still pictures.

C.C. Field, once described as “half movie producer and half con man,” shot “Magic City of the South” in 1914, then returned to Miami two years later to establish his Field Feature Film Company. Noah Beery, Sr., starred in one of his early movies, which required a sizable number of Model-T Fords.



The Princess looks worried, and why not? The 1919 “Jungle Trail” script called for her to be pitched as a sacrifice into alligator-infested waters. The star, William Farnum, right, is no longer a worried man. He has lined up a double to leap into Seybold Creek in his place to save the Princess. For the stuntman the feat was routine. He was Henry Coppinger, the inventor of alligator wrestling.



In "A Woman There Was", filmed on Miami Beach in 1919, the legendary Hollywood vamp, Theda Bara, played a native chief's daughter who falls in love with a missionary and helps him escape from a South Seas island. Theda sits on the ground, to the right of the cross.



In 1919 America's greatest director, D.W. Griffith, seated, came to the shores of Fort Lauderdale's New River to film "The Idol Dancer". At the camera is a famous cameraman from silent film days, Billy Bitzer.

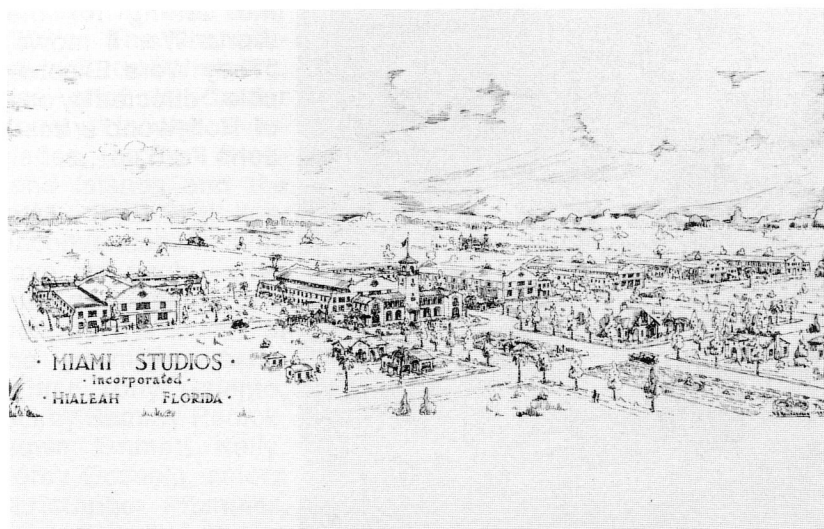
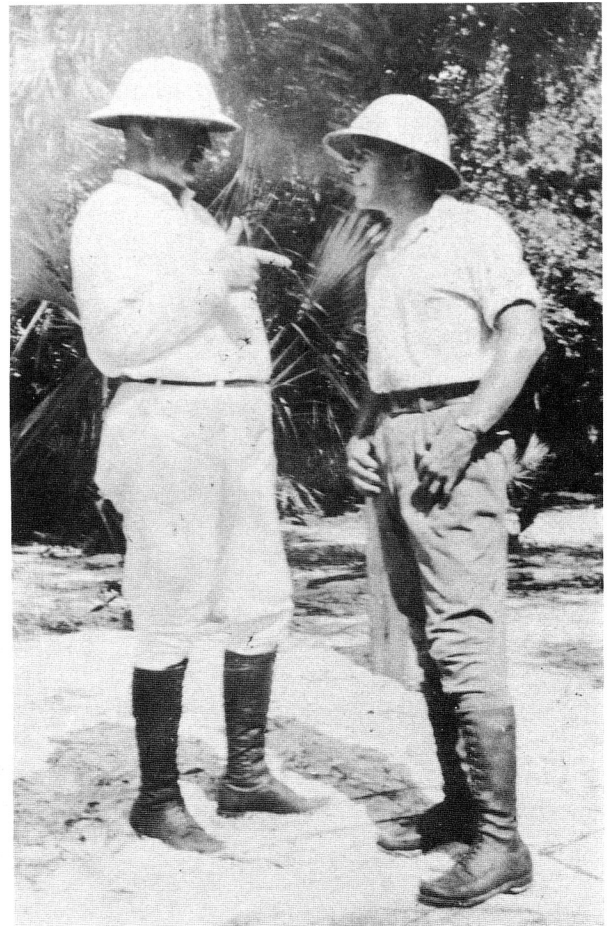


In "Where the Pavement Ends" Miami Beach became a South Seas village where George Arliss and Alice Terry seem overdressed.

Director Rex Ingram takes a break from "Where the Pavement Ends" to chat with Commodore Ralph Munroe, at left. At far right are Alice Terry and Ramon Navarro, whose acting career extended into television days.



Matinee idol Richard Barthelmess, right, starred in "Classmates" filmed in Fort Lauderdale in 1924.



In the boom days Miami Studios, Inc., was built on a 40-acre site in Hialeah. Despite strong local backing by such prominent Miami-ans as aviation tycoon Glenn Curtiss and Frank Shutts, principal owner of the Miami Herald, the studio failed. In later years it was used as a hurricane shelter and a hall for dance marathons. It was torn down in 1960.



This scene from "Once Upon a Time," a feature with an "Arabian Nights" theme, was shot in 1922 at Mashta, the Key Biscayne mansion of William J. Matheson. The remarkable woman who directed the movie was Ruth Jennings Bryan, daughter of William Jennings Byan, three-time Democratic candidate for President. She would later become the first woman elected to serve Florida in the U.S. Congress and in 1933 the first woman ever to represent the United States as an overseas ambassador when she was named U.S. Minister to Denmark.

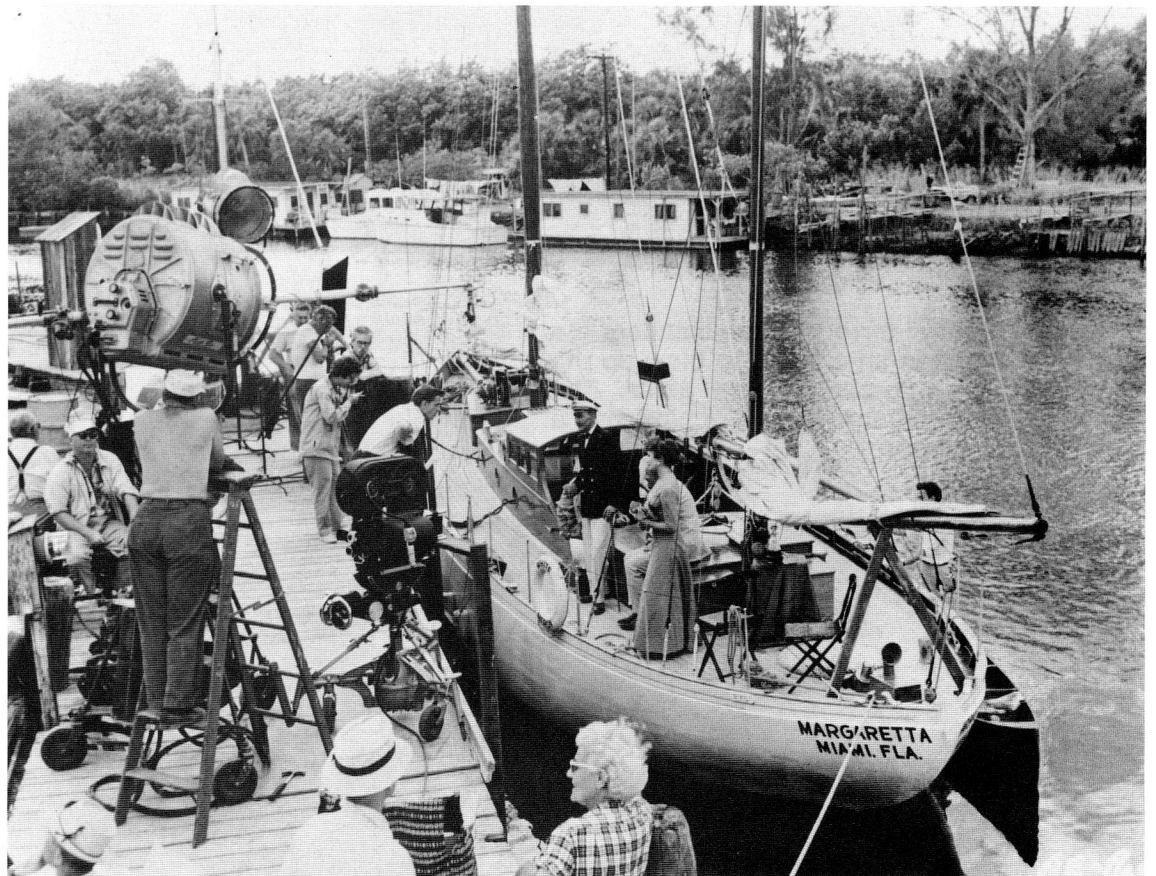


Key Biscayne became the setting for the World War II movie, "They Were Expendable," directed by one of Hollywood's best, John Ford.



Key Biscayne also provided the locale for "The Barefoot Mailman," starring Robert Cummings, the city slicker in the center of this photo. At the right the "Barefoot Mailman" towers above tiny Terry Moore.

"Wind Across the Everglade" told the story of the National Audubon Society's fight to save the egrets from plume hunters in the early 1900's. The film, written by Budd Schulberg, was shot in Collier County, in the Everglades, the Ten Thousand Islands and the town of Everglades. Unconventional casting gave us such varied talent as folk singer Burl Ives, as the leader of the plumers, prize fighter Tony Galento, jockey Sammy Renick, clown Emmett Kelly, Corey Osceola, actors Christopher Plummer, Peter Falk and Gypsy Rose Lee and Key West's Toby Bruce, who worked for Ernest Hemingway.





“Where the Boys Are,” both book and film version, popularized Fort Lauderdale’s Spring Break, an institution now disowned by the city. Paula Prentiss, one of the stars of “Where the Boys Are,” draws a crowd at Las Olas and Atlantic on Fort Lauderdale Beach.

In “Black Sunday” terrorists commandeer the Goodyear Blimp in an attempt to blow up the Orange Bowl during a Super Bowl game. The late Joe Robbie, owner of the Dolphins, had a small speaking part.



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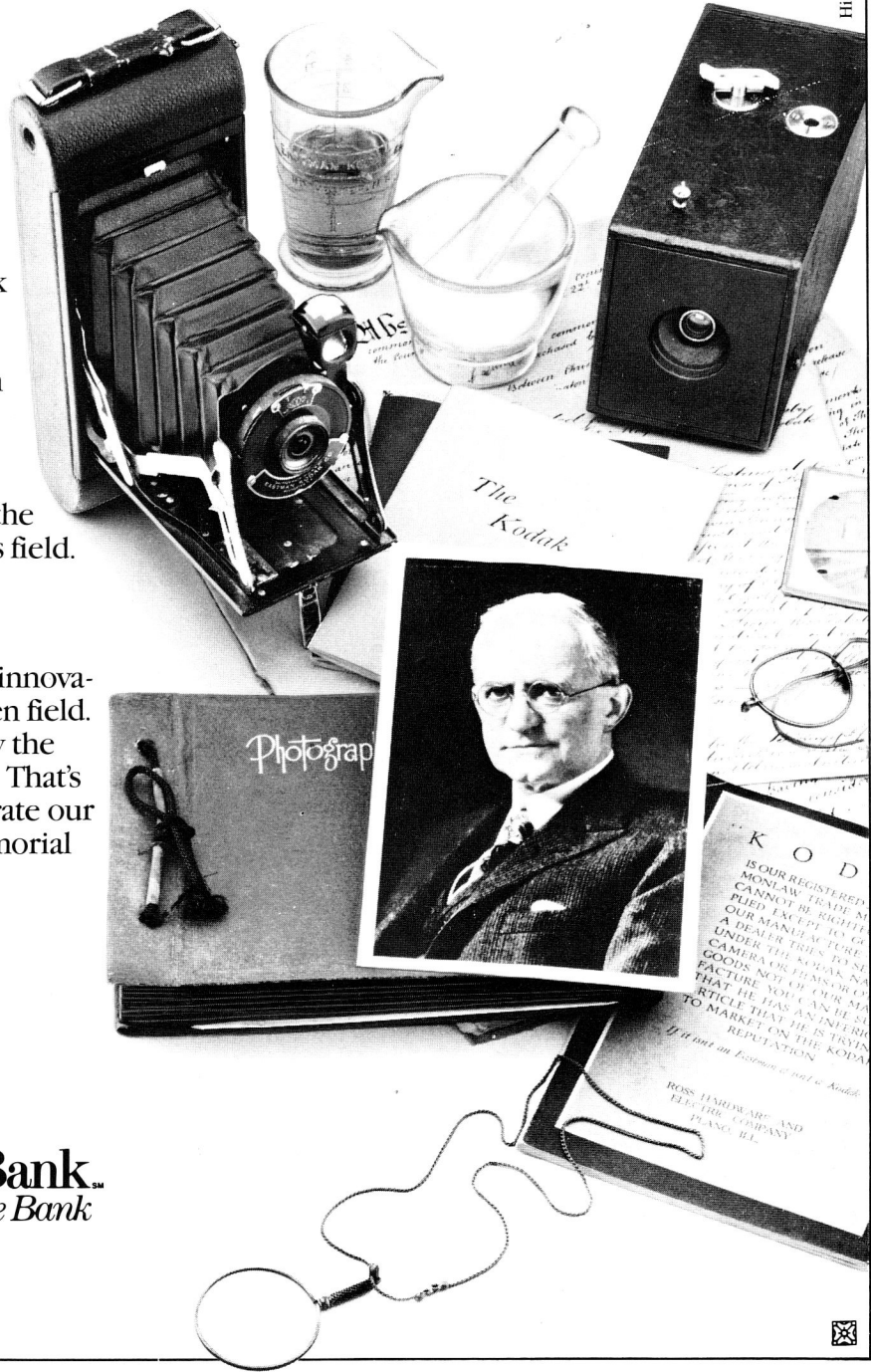
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February 2 -
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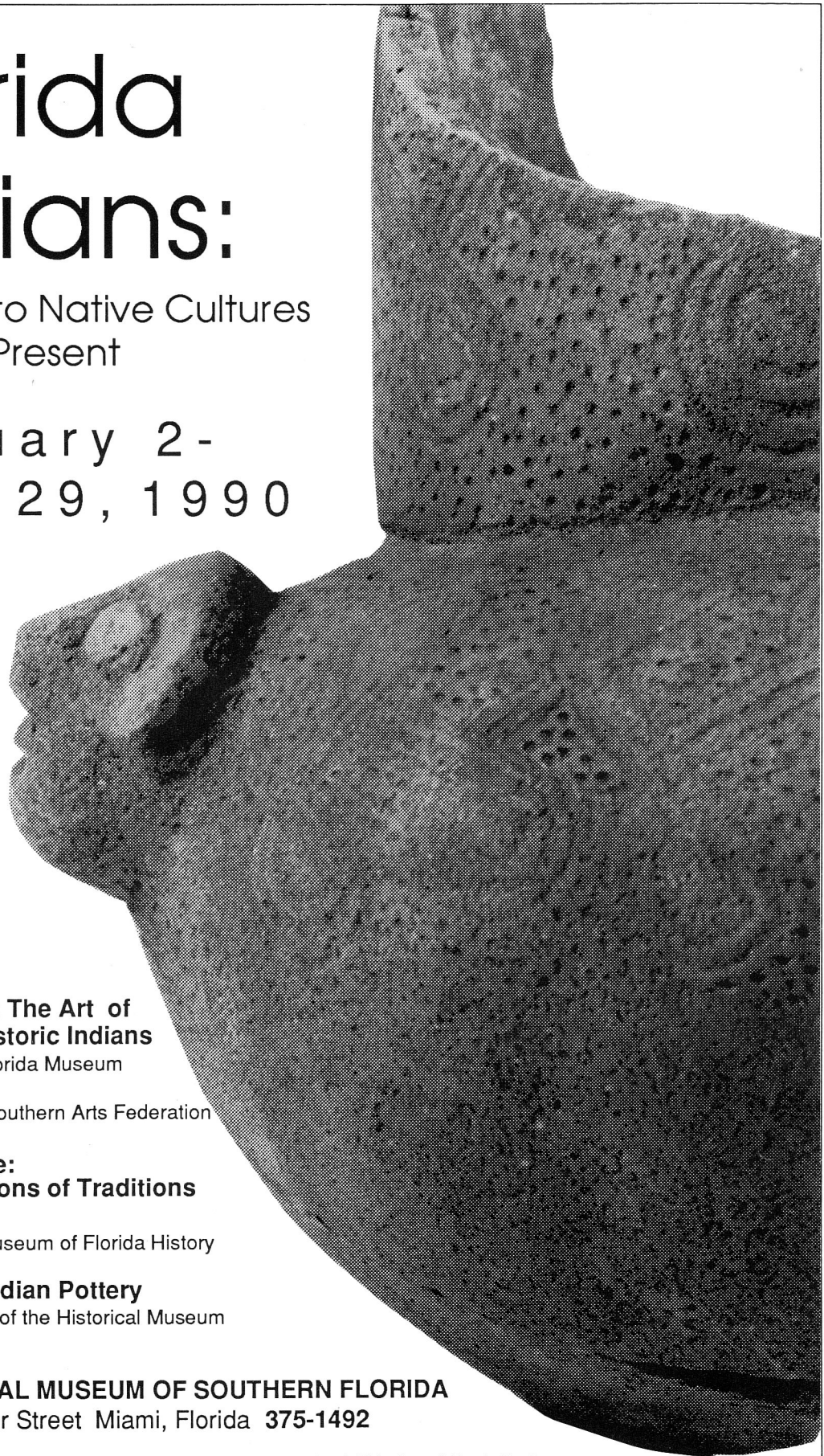
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