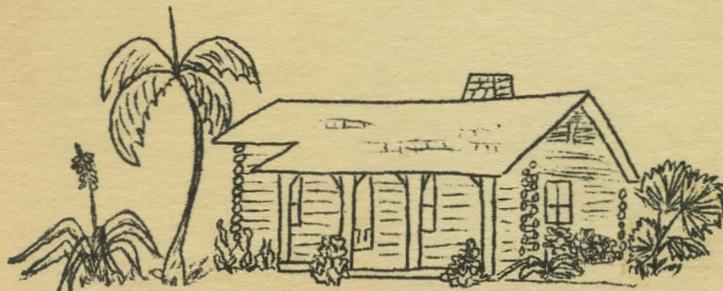


LEST WE FORGET

BY

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LEST WE FORGET

CHAPTER I

It did not seem as if it could be true, but I knew it must be. I had been reading up on Florida for some months and Willoughby, especially stressed the lake like regions overgrown with saw grass. I knew that I was not only seeing the Everglades I had wanted to see ever since my first acquaintance with a Geography, but that I was actually in them.

I was seated in the day coach of the combination local and work train that had left Miami about one o'clock and had stopped every few feet to unload ties and freight. We were halted, at the time, on a sort of low trestle some place between Miami and Homestead.

We reached Homestead in the late afternoon of that day in June 1907 and by actual count two-thirds of the population were there along with my two aunts, to meet me.

Mrs. Horne suggested that I go through the combined store, hotel, post office and packing house if I wanted to see the rest of the inhabitants. She also suggested that I try to get a drink from the pump in the back yard. That pitcher pump was my Waterloo. I tried a few gentle ups and downs of the handle and some more emphatic ones. Then a voice came from no where in particular saying - "Howdy Miss Annie" and Mr. W. D. Horne emerged from his hiding place among the bananas, he primed the pump and gallantly offered me the dipper. From that day on we have been friends.

Aunty was in a hurry as she wanted to reach home for "chicken feedin time" (my first introduction to that important way or reckoning time.)

We took a short cut across the tracks and came out on the trail about midway of the block north of Mowery.

The middle of the trail was overgrown with palmettos and the ruts were more or less filled with water, but we trudged along with my violin case and small hand bag and the groceries they wanted to take out. I think we experienced every discomfort of trail walking right there that afternoon. The mosquitos claimed me for their own, the red bugs discovered me and the horse flies were bad.

About where the old Campbell home stood - then not yet occupied - a typical Florida shower overtook us. We took refuge on the narrow porch but the mosquitos drove us back out into the rain. Even with all those new and strange things happening, I began to imbibe the serenity of the pines and a deep love of them awakened in my heart.

No one lived in a log hut that stood at the corner of what now is Avocado and Krome - then the Trail and Widows' row - A Mrs. Booe lived about where the Piches' home now stands. Harvey's grandmother was staying temporarily on the Sjos-trom place at Roberts and Avocado and a Mrs. Merck was homesteading in a little log cabin where the Ballards' place now is.

Then we turned the corner and we were home. The little log house was so small they put out the table at night instead of the cat and the

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cots had to be shot up over the rafters day times to make room for the ordinary living and moving about.

Aunty hurried out to feed the chickens and Aunt Anna seemed in a great rush to get supper on the table. As we were eating, they broke the news that we were going to a party that evening. Naturally I tried to beg off for I was tired and the mosquitoes were bad. However, they said it was a "Must" for the Fitzpatricks and the McCrays were celebrating the fact that all the boys were home for once.

As soon as supper was over we started out again, with lanterns. By the time we had walked the long half mile, I was in misery from the mosquito bites and Grandmother McCrea took me into the kitchen and plain greased me with butter. That is the only night I ever shone in society, I assure you.

Somehow I remember little of the party except that Mrs. Brewer and Mrs. Booe seemed to be managing the entertainment, and that Dan and Annie Roberts were playing for the square dancing. She would play the mouth organ one dance and the next he would fiddle.

Harvey's father offered to take us home and never was I more grateful for a ride. The Aunts thought it a wonderful party and I was soon to learn how much a party meant when one is isolated in a new country.

CHAPTER II

The tales I can tell are largely those told me by my aunts and cannot be in chronological order

for the summers are all blended together in my mind. I have no notes from which to write.

All the happenings needs have been within walking distance of Redland Road and Avocado Drive as the only mode of transportation was by foot in those earliest days.

Miss Lewis came down two or three years ahead of Miss Longaker and there was no one living between Horne's store and her corner at first. Evening after evening her courage failed her just about sundown, so Mr. Horne formed the habit of borrowing a headlight off the work train engine and hanging it on the front of the store to guide her if darkness overtook her.

At last the time came when it was imperative that she sleep on her claim. Although she had seen no Indians down here, she was obsessed with the idea they were lurking behind every large tree, near her clearing.

The first night she barricaded the door with a makeshift cupboard the former homesteader had left and she had made herself a sort of hammock of fertilizer sacks, since her furniture had not yet arrived. The ropes were some she had salvaged from the salt pork packs in Horne's Store. Tired out, she fell asleep almost at once, but was awakened shortly when the hammock ropes gave way at one end. They were tied around the poles of the walls of her cabin.

She heard footsteps outside for awhile, and then all was quiet. She spent such a night of terror that, as she often said afterwards, she

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never again, felt the emotion of fear. Having scaled the heights and probed the depths, she was ever after immune from fear.

When day light came, she started out to see what she could see and the only living thing in sight was a stay mule. The miscreant had only wanted the salt on the ropes.

By the end of the first year two neighbors had located on Avocado Drive, a Mrs. Booe and her mother Mrs. Merck.

That made the days pleasanter but the nights were lonely. Noone lighted lamps because oil was scarce and expensive and on Aunty's part because she feared they might become beacons to meandering Indians, and because lights attracted mosquitoes.

One night she sat on her door sill in the early darkness and wondered if she would ever see the bright lights of Grand Rapids and Chicago or even the lesser ones of that little old home town of Stanton. Overcome by her loneliness she soaked some rags in some of her precious kerosene, applied a match and with a rake tossed them into the splinters of a broken off tree near her cabin. In no time, almost, they caught and soon the whole place was aglow.

She said it was as brilliant as any city street and she was happily basking in the brightness when she saw two lanterns bobbing along the road toward her place. It was the neighbors coming to see what was wrong. It was her embarrassing moment for she hated to admit she was lonely, although not afraid.

The solution was to put the coffee pot on her

midget sized oil stove and bring out a box of Uned-
as and they all sat about and talked until day break.

CHAPTER III

Aunty's tale of her first hurricane was one of her best. Mrs. Horne had saved pet cream boxes until she had enough to wainscote up her cabin and someone gave her a beeswax mixture to calk up the cracks. She said the affect was postively stunning, but it made the rest of the cabin look bad from the wainscoting upward. She solved the difficulty by ordering a bolt of cheese cloth with which she lined the walls. It also made the shack more or less mosquito proof. She thought the effect then was stupendous, but lying on her cot one day she decided she was dissatisfied with the bare rafters overhead. That she overcame by ordering some building paper. It was blue when it arrived, she nailed it to the underside of the rafters. That done she felt the place was as nifty as if done by an interior decorator.

She had a cot, a table made of a pet cream box with peeled pole legs, a rocking chair, a huge Saratoga trunk, and a lamp size oil stove. Best of all, though, she had an adjustable screen for the one window in the place.

One day it rained considerably and the wind rose. She went to bed early and slept soundly. Never heard trees falling about the place. Suddenly she was awakened by a splash of water on her face. She swung her feet over the edge of the cot with the idea of lighting her lantern, but she found herself in water at least a foot deep. That building paper had given way under the weight of water leak-

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She sat a moment thinking it over and since it was still dark she decided to put her rocker on top of her trunk. She climbed up there and opened her umbrella and sat there the rest of the night. Come morning, coffee seemed the most important thing in the world and after that was made and drunk, she tried to open her door, and finally did with the help of a grub hoe. Stepping outside she found water everywhere like a huge lake and even her outdoor pump was under water.

Aunty, always resourceful, took a rake handle for a cane and started out to explore. Turning to the north on the trail she probed ahead step by step, to see if the earth had cracked open and let the water rise. Thus working her way northward she soon met Harvey's father riding the mule and holding his feet straight out forward, to keep them out of the water. He told her it was deeper on to the north, and that he was trying to make his way into town to learn how the boys were down on the Keys.

Aunty turned back and thought she would try the trail to the west. It was then called loftily "The Side Road" by those living on the main trail.

The water got deeper and deeper step by step and she held her clothes higher and higher as she plodded along with her rake handle. Suddenly she came face to face with a lone man who was home-steading back that way. She dropped her clothes unmindful of the water and passed the time of day with him altho she had never met him before. He had his suit case on his shoulder and said he was

getting out while getting was good. Told her the water got deeper further back.

Aunty turned and watched him go off toward Homestead, then turned again to the west. She saw the Tweart family slowly making its way out. Mr. Tweart was ahead with their little girl astride his neck, along with some chickens. The rest of the family followed carrying various things on their heads. They came on through and although her place was flooded it was much drier than theirs. They decided to stay with Aunty until something else happened.

Maybe Mr. Grennell will not bear me out in this, but anyway the way the story went was that he eventually came upon a stump high enough to give him a place to rest his suitcase and that after thinking it over he turned about and went back to his cabin.

The water began going down and a few days later Aunty saw a man bending over one of her trees and went to see what he was doing. It was Dan Roberts. He had sold her those trees out of his first nursery and had pride enough in them to come down and set them up again and mulch them for her. In the process he lost his watch, and although they both hunted for it several hours they did not find it. Some days later Aunty saw a glint of something bright, and went up and there was the watch. She walked to his claim on Coco Palm Drive to return it.

CHAPTER IV

Most of our good times centered around eating. If we went any place we had to start early because of the distances and the heat.

A dinner was usual the latest. There were three for that.

Every summer each taking a turn wonderful occasions in the menu for Chicken in some okra and either list. The place bud and fruit was saved, if possible.

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A dinner was usually at eleven or eleven thirty at the latest. Then we always started home around three for that all important "Chicken Feeding Time".

Every summer there was a round of Sunday dinners each taking a turn alternate Sundays. They were wonderful occasions. There could be little variety in the menu for fresh meat was almost non-existent. Chicken in some form, rice or grits, pole beans or okra and either lime or banana pie was the usual list. The places were all new and every leaf and bud and fruit was interesting to us. A fruit was saved, if possible, that each might see and taste.

Mrs. Frazier had a unique way of making us comfortable. She had Otto, Jr. walk ahead of us swinging a croker sack from side to side to gather as many sand spurs as possible lest we gather them on our skirts or stockings. Skirts were ankle length.

Harvey's people were living on their own homestead then, off to the east of Redland Road with no visible way of approach because their private trail led from Harvey's back door. Harvey was working on the Keys, as most of the able bodied men were, and came up only occasionally.

Further up the road, about where Waldin Drive is now, a foot path led off to the west to the Spencer place. The Brewers were our nearest neighbors on the main trail.

From there on it was solid woods to where the three Kosel shacks stood. Then the trail meandered off to the northeast to where Dan Roberts and the Frierieps and the Meyers were all close together for the sake of the women folks.

I am not so sure if the Tweedells were already far on to the north, but my impression is that they were. They and the Frorieps had moved down from Cutler. Along with others they came down with the bright hope of settling right on the right-of-way of the F.E.C. Since there were at least three surveys made, their aim was not so good.

I do recall having dinner at the Tweedells once when Fanny Redd was up from Key West on a visit. The day still stands out vividly in my mind. Mrs. Tweedell had recently killed a rattle snake near her house. She told us of her loneliness when her husband made the trips back up to Cutler for groceries and mail. Because of the condition of the roads, it took at least two days for the trip up there and back. Often when the boats had not put in he had to wait over. What held her spirit up was his unfailing promise of a bag of candy when he returned.

I still have a deep and abiding respect and admiration for those women, mere slips of girls, who managed to make a home here and to be contented with so little in the way of comforts.

CHAPTER V

One morning of that first summer I was here the Brewers came by early and said to get aboard the wagon pole. Mrs. Booe wanted us all to come for dinner while Mr. Brewer brought a new lady onto her place across the road. That was all the invitation we ever needed in those days. We grabbed our sewing bags and something toward the dinner and climbed aboard with a cushion each.

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we all sat about speculating on the newcomer. Finally the sound of the approaching wagon was quite plain and by mutual agreement Mrs. Booe sauntered out into her front yard to pick some flowers. We all felt it would never do for us all to be lined up and staring as they went by. In just a few minutes Mrs. Booe called out "It's just the widow McLean with him" and we all rushed outside.

Before Mr. Brewer could get the mules and wagon jockeyed around into position for unloading, she the widow McLean shouldered the cook stove and in jig time had it up and smoke was coming out of the stove pipe that served as a chimney.

Next she tackled a roll of fencing wire. Looking about she spied a low sort of log pen not too far from the house, and fastened one end of the wire to that. Unrolling as she went she circled trees as far as the trail. She must have known exactly how many feet were in that roll of wire because she stepped it off along the trail side westward and came back and took up with the roll as proceeded as before. Going south again and back to the starting point she came out with just enough to fashion a gate.

That area was for a chicken run and it mattered not a whit to her that the original plan had been to fence in the door yard as a protection against "Varmints."

Mr. Brewer came over and ate a hurried lunch and said the new lady seemed right nice and that she had a red headed, freckled boy. They came out with him on the second trip and Mrs. Booe took dinner across to them. That is how and when she got acquainted

with Lily Lawrence Bow. The rest of us met her a couple of weeks later when she braved the wildness enough to walk out to our corner to see what lay beyond her own bit of homesteading country.

By the next summer she was one of the group which had so many good times together.

CHAPTER VI

Never do I hear of a house warming that I do not think back to the celebration we had. Even the addition of a window or a rough porch meant all the friends had to be invited to see and admire. Adding a room was something extra special.

Mrs. Merck had entertained with her daughter several years because her own cabin was so small. Mrs. Booe's was not much larger but she had two wonderful conveniences. First she had a tiny narrow porch where a guest might pause and secondly and far more useful was a shutter over a back window. She could slip out there to the ground under a roughly built lean to shelter and change her dress if need be.

Well anyway Mrs. Merck added a room and we were all invited down to see it and spend the day, that our inspection pleasure might be of longer duration. Not one of us thought of criticizing the fact that she had forgotten to have a door cut from the cabin into the new room or that there were no steps although the new room was built higher than was usual.

In our zeal to do justice to her addition, Mrs. Brewer and our family arrived before Mrs. Merck

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and her grand daughter, Louisa had picked the chickens. We quelled our curiosity while we helped on that chore and then went inside, scrambling up as best we could. We had the grandest kind of a day every board and knothole was of interest and had to be admired over and over again.

No one had chairs enough to go around and pet cream boxes with sapling legs were stools for any occasion. A deeper box made a wonderful chair and any swain calling on a lady got out his jack knife and gallantly carved off the corners and even made some scroll work across the back.

The Calkins later solved the problem better than any of the rest of us. They had really, sure enough stair steps leading up to their loft and by grading the guests according to size could seat two or three on the steps at dinner.

It was quite a trick to hang a home made chair to the rafters where it could be brought down when needed. Make shifts were the order of the day and instead of moping, everyone made the best of it and had fun.

CHAPTER VII

One of Aunty's stories was about a pig that attained all the immortality of the one that originated roast pork. Harvey's father use to drop Aunty's mail off as he went by and that particular day proceeding the pig adventure, he stopped long enough to say they were about to kill a pig and he invited her to come and eat sausage. Meat was so scarce and such a treat that, some morning, Aunty began to argue with herself as to whether he meant breakfast, dinner or supper. Finally to be on the safe

side, she started up the road as soon as she had her morning coffee and fed the chickens.

Others must have had the same doubts in their minds because when she arrived, early as it was, everyone else who had heard of it was already there. Way out to the road she could smell the sausage cooking.

Harvey's mother and grandmother were manning the biscuit pans and someone was making coffee as fast as the pot was emptied. The neighbors had organized themselves and were taking turns at the hand-working meat grinder and frying pans.

It was like that famous "From morn to noon from noon to dewey eve" affair. The party truly lasted until night fall. Not a shred of that pig remained when the last guest - Aunty - departed, but it was a party that probably will live in all their memories on down the years.

CHAPTER VIII

It was always a question in our minds whether Mrs. Spencer was a semi-invalid or afraid of snakes or just plain unsociable. Whatever it was she seldom entered into the social life, such as it was. In her home she was charming and always made a passer by feel welcome. Her daughter, Gracie, wife of the famous playwright Winchel Smith, decided her mother should have a party to pay off her indebtedness. Gracie wrote Mrs. Brewer to take over for her and ordered supplies to be sent from New York. All of us were invited - that is the group that went around together.

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the affair. Mr. Krome had received word on to his hold and he should not take the 1 for once.

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the affair. Mr. Nixon worked for Mr. Krome and Mr. Krome had recently added a team of mules and a wagon to his holdings. Mr. Nixon saw no reason why he should not borrow a day and the mules and wagon and take the ladies of the neighborhood in style, for once.

They filled the wagon box with velvet bean vines and for several years thereafter no one was in style unless her dress bore the print of velvet bean vines and leaves. We never had seen them before and did not know how they stained.

Mrs. Bow and Mrs. Booe, Louise and Mrs. Merck were already aboard when they got to Aunty's house. We hurriedly dressed and climbed into the wagon. Where the foot path led off to the west we came up on Mr. Spencer with his wheel barrow. Said he was waiting for the star route man to bring his supplies. Mr. Nixon gallantly drove us to the very door of the house and went back to help Mr. Spencer.

By the way the Spencers had expected to be on the right-of-way and not only were they not, but they had also missed the section line and the front of the house was on the back as Mr. Spencer often said.

After an hour or two of waiting the men came dejectedly back with the news nothing had come. Mrs. Brewer, fearing what might happen, had spent the night at the Spencers' and had a huge pot of beans on cooking. She had also made one of her famous sponge cakes and Mrs. Spencer always had jars of preserved ginger, as they raised ginger as a hobby. So we fared royally with sponge cake and preserved ginger for dessert.

The whole thing probably would not have lingered in my mind so vividly had it not been for a discussion on quail that started at the dinner table. The others laughed when Mr. Spencer said he knew quail conversed among themselves for he had identified twenty six sounds.

After dinner he told me to come outside and see what I should see. We sat down on his old wheelbarrow and he began making little soft bird sounds. In a moment a quail slipped out from under a weed and another and another until there were over thirty about him. They flew up onto his knees and shoulders and allowed him to pet them and he fed them chicken feed from a small can he had brought out. It was almost impossible to distinguish between his calls and theirs.

After the feed was gone, they sat contentedly and talked back and forth until he arose and told them that was all for today. As unhurriedly as a flock of chickens they strolled off and were hidden among the weeds and grass. I have never forgotten the picture of that little old Civil War Veteran and his quail.

CHAPTER IX

At first there was no resident physician in the countryside. A doctor came from Miami alternate Saturdays and held his office hours on the front porch of Horne's Store. I never heard anyone complain of lack of privacy because there was so seldom anyone in town but the patient and the Hornes, who were attending to their own business indoors.

One Saturday Mr. Froriep came by and wanted me

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She went on to a snake bite or an insect and wanted the doctor. As we went along she conversation, and told out she wanted to see liams a piece of her

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She returned and we spied a man coming Mowry Street. She It proved to be a homesteading down a week for groceries

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to ride into town with her as she needed a little help, she thought. The idea was partly rhetorical as what she really wanted was company on the tedious trip with the wagon, which she explained she was using as there was some express which Mr. Froriep wanted brought from the station.

She went on to explain she had either a small snake bite or an infection of some kind on her ankle and wanted the doctor to see it and look it over. As we went along she kept up a more or less steady conversation, and the gist of it was that on the way out she wanted to stop by and give a man named Williams a piece of her mind.

Finally we reached Homestead and found the store closed and no doctor. That left only the errand at the station. A thirteen year old boy was in charge and he told us he was to lock up and leave as soon as we got that express out.

Mrs. Froriep's reaction when she discovered what the express was, is beyond discription. The three of us managed to get it out on the platform, but to get it from there down into the wagon box was beyond us. Mrs. Froriep decided to walk on down to the camp between Homestead and Florida City for help - which by the way was non existent then - to see if she could get help there. There was not even a watchman in charge.

She returned and we talked it over once more. Then we spied a man coming down the trail that is now Mowry Street. She set off joyfully to meet him. It proved to be a superannuated preacher who was homesteading down Camp Jack Way, and who came in once a week for groceries.

He had walked all that long way for groceries he would not be able to get, but he did not refuse to help us. All together we managed to get that barrel of beer down into the wagon just above the back axel.

Coming out from town, Mrs. Froriep carried on a steady monologue as to what she was going to do when she got home and in that frame of mind we reached the corner that now is Krome and Avocado. She drove the wagon a very short distance up a very faint trail to the north and turned around that anyone coming from Homestead might not see our disgraceful cargo. There I was left to keep the horse flies off the horse while she walked on to Williams' homestead, which was about where the Rheney's now live - I knew not exactly how far.

In the heat I must have dozed off for suddenly I felt sure I heard a team coming from someplace but nothing was in sight. It took me minutes to realize it was approaching from the rear where there was no trail at all. Naturally I was frightened being alone in the midst of the woods with no known person living up that way.

When the outfit finally came in sight along the almost non-existent trail it proved to be the first load of Australian pines with Mr. Krome and Mr. Nixon seated on the load. I knew neither of them except by sight at that time. They tipped their hats decorously, but after they passed I could see their shoulders shaking and I knew just what they were thinking.

At sundown Mrs. Froriep returned and said she had found Mrs. Williams sick in bed so had washed

up the dishes, served Mrs. Williams a her supper. I asked of her mind, and she said - "with that and she let me off

Later we heard the driver urging as was his custom. pound cake of ice with what we brought, for the boy had as we had the bar

Just after sun stopped in front of hurrying up the path was, and get aboard. said she had enough needed no urging welcome.

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up the dishes, scrubbed the kitchen floor and bathed Mrs. Williams and changed her bed and started her supper. I asked if she had given him a piece of her mind, and she gave me a withering look and said - "with that aboard?" We drove in silence and she let me off at our corner and drove on alone.

Later we heard the outfit returning and could hear the driver urging the horse and talking to himself as was his custom. We had missed the three hundred pound cake of ice which was supposed to be along with what we brought. We found the depot was locked, for the boy had slipped the pad lock on as soon as we had the barrel safely off the platform.

CHAPTER X

Just after sunrise one summer morning a wagon stopped in front of the shack and Mrs. Bow came hurrying up the path, and said to come just as I was, and get aboard the pole of the wagon. She said she had enough lunch packed, but to hurry. I needed no urging for any break in the monotony was welcome.

It was a slow trip over the bumpy trail, but we savored every bit of it. We had time to see every little thing providing we were not too busy slashing way at the horse flies.

Along about where the Fruit and Spice Park now is, we took off in a northeasternly direction and went across what then was a long, long glade commonly known as the Prairie.

It was a most wonderful sight - We drove along through water from maybe six inches to a foot in

depth and all the time we were in a magnificent garden of palms that could not be duplicated by millions of dollars now. The cabbage palmettos grew everywhere, and the fragile glade lilies were in bloom and also the small pink flowers that look like baby hollyhocks.

Eventually we came out where the original narrow gauge railroad had been which hauled logs for Drakes' Mill at Princeton. Where there had once been a complete mill which was in ruins. On the way up whenever we could spare breath little Mac was telling of what he had read about mangos - how they should be handled like eggs, and now delicious they were. Mr. Nixon's ideas differed slightly.

First we had lunch which Mrs. Bow had brought. Each of us had a Uneda biscuit box of potato salad - the smallest sized box of course saved for just such an occasion. That in itself was a marvelous treat, for potatoes were scarce and expensive and in addition we had potted ham sandwiches.

Mr. Nixon had brought along a lot of water in order to prime the old pump, so we had drinking water.

After dinner he and Mr. Nixon climbed the trees and shook down the ripe mangos - Mac protesting lustily - but we picked them up and put them in the boxes provided as fast as possible. The rotten ones, also, had to be salvaged for their seeds.

We bent down and picked up mangos and swatted horse flies and mosquitos all afternoon. Riding in the wagon box instead of on the pole for the homeward journey was some compensation.

It was years before anyone of we three guests

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could eat a turpentine mango not because we had eaten too many but because the odor of mangos had been so overpowering.

CHAPTER XI

Whenever we see a motorcycle skimming along these wonderful roads, we think back to the rough, rutted trails of the old days. The craze struck here and there must have been ten or twelve members of what they called the Motorcycle Club.

All the courting was done via motorcycles and the whole crowd thought nothing of riding the rough trails to Cutler with someone on the tank and maybe a second passenger on the carrier in the rear.

It was great fun. We took part of the lunch and Dan Roberts would always have his fish net along. The party would encircle some saplings that were upright in the water and everyone would get inside. Fish trying to get out would get caught in the mesh of the net, so a fish fry was almost a certainty on those picnics.

Along the shore it was muddy, but out a distance there was a sand bar and beyond that a place for swimming. The young people of the Longview Neighborhood made up the crowd, but the Redland area was usually represented by the Frorieps and Dan Roberts families. We usually met up with several showers but no one seemed to mind getting drenched and no one caught cold.

Sometimes I wonder if science is missing out on something. In those days the mud or marl from the glades was supposed to have medicinal value and was used much as antiphlogistine now is.

CHAPTER XII

The roads were narrow and if a glade was extra long there was a widening about midway where one vehicle could politely wait for another to pass.

Fred Loomis bought a car in the early days of car popularity and I remember how Jessie used to get out and walk across a glade for fear he might run off the road.

He took us all riding one Fourth of July, and the trip included a call at the Kosel's to see the new baby, possibly Bodil, but I do not remember exactly. Then we went on to Princeton which seemed a century away. They were having a dance in a sort of octagonal building that used to stand there. Princeton was quite a town then with its big mill.

CHAPTER XIII

I heard my aunts tell this tale. The company had not answered letters about delivering lumber to build Aunt Anna's shack when it became important that she get on her own place. Time was slipping up on her so she and Aunty decided to walk to Princeton to see about it personally. Whoever was in charge said the company was willing to deliver the lumber, but that it would be impossible without a map.

Aunty had a bright idea - at least it seemed so at the moment. She suggested that the lumber be loaded and that they guide the driver. Well that agreement finally was made and they started out in the general direction of Aunt Anna's place. There was a big woods fire someplace along the way that

caused them to detour. They reached the site where they had to make it back to the shack. There was no shack way back there in that they slept most nights. Smoke to fear that the wood lumber. That roused them they went to see what started a backfire.

They took many a detour. Once Aunty drove to Princeton. For some unknown reason around 2 A.M. while not apt to be a hasty decision whether to go to Silver Palm and Revere or go up the evening.

She finally set out before and afterward as they had but one or six.

They made the trip ever business they had in the wagon and on the return trip in the wagon arrived in the early morning on down from Silver Palm and Avocado.

One summer more

caused them to detour but late that evening they reached the site west on Bauer Drive. Then they had to make it back to the cabin on Redland Road for there was no shack of any kind nor anything to eat way back there in the woods. They were so worn out that they slept most of the next three days and nights. Smoke to the north finally filled them with fear that the woods fire might get into that pile of lumber. That roused them to wide-awakeness and off they went to see what could be done. Someone had started a backfire so the lumber, however, was safe.

They took many off trips during those early days. Once Aunty drove to Miami with the Anderson family. For some unknown reason, they wanted to start around 2 A.M. while it was cool, and the horse flies not apt to be active. Aunty had to make the momentous decision whether to walk up to their home at Silver Palm and Redland between midnight and 2 A.M. or go up the evening before and sleep at their house.

She finally settled on going up the evening before and afterwards said it was a sorry decision, as they had but one bed room for a family of five or six.

They made the trip to Miami, attended to whatever business they had planned on, then bedded down in the wagon and slept part of the night and made the return trip in the cool of the next night. They arrived in the early morning hours and Aunty walked on down from Silver Palm to her shack at Redland and Avocado.

CHAPTER XIV

One summer morning there was the usual glint of

white through the trees to the north. In fact it looked like multiple glints, and there was the sound of voices, or was it just horse flies caught in spider webs buzzing? Eventually it all resolved itself into Mrs. Brewer, Mrs. Spencer and her guest Mrs. Heizer of Miami. They explained that Mrs. Heizer had been lonely and unhappy so far back in the woods, so they had come out and had supper at the Brewers' and spent the night there.

That was their story but we recognized all the symptoms. When your groceries got low in those days, you went visiting. Will Horne's theory of store keeping was to buy nothing until everything was sold out. If anybody had persuaded him to buy any such new fangled thing as peanut butter, for instance or fancy sardines, someone had to buy the last container before he stocked up on anything else. White bacon and grits were staples but even they sometimes gave out.

Well, we made the guests welcome and Aunt Anna's famous stew of canned roast beef was already going strong and she was making a lime pie. They had sent word ahead by the star route man that they would divide forces and spend the night at Mrs. Merck's and Mrs. Booe's and have supper at the Merck cabin.

Just after she left our house to be on their way Louisa Booe flitted out of the woods across the way where she evidently had been hiding, and waiting. She wanted to borrow a can of beef, but our last one had gone into that stew. Resourceful Aunty Called up her chickens and caught and donated a young rooster to the good cause. Louisa sent off happily hoping to reach home without being seen by the company. I never heard how Mrs. Merck managed

the supper.

Early the next his mother was ha She was newer tha However, when she things she found party was just th tle sugar. Refre ty in those days fun as if it had

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Will Horne fir one day invited u out that directio We were so excite overseas or somet us and in that ca their place, a mi South of Mowry.

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the supper.

Early the next day Mac Bow brought a note saying his mother was having a party in honor of the guests. She was newer than the rest of us and more optimistic. However, when she turned into Homestead for party things she found only one box of Unedas so the party was just that with limeade with precious little sugar. Refreshments never meant much at a party in those days anyhow, and we had just as much fun as if it had been as Mrs. Bow hoped and planned.

CHAPTER XV

The real old timers never got over the impression that nothing existed west of the corner that is now Krome and Mowry. We all felt the path led on indefinitely and altho we heard of a Mowry family and a Miss Lofton living out that way, none of us ever attempted to go too far out that way after the long walk into town. Even after the road was cut south from our corner to Mowry we were doubtful and afraid to risk it.

Will Horne finally bought a second hand car and one day invited us to go down to their homestead, out that direction - to eat bear meat he put it. We were so excited as if we were about to take off overseas or something of that nature. He came for us and in that car it seemed but a step down to their place, a mile or so west of Redland Road and South of Mowry.

Having been impressed by the Calkins' stunts of bicycle riding, Mrs. Brewer had bought a wheel and later Mrs. Bauer bought one. Mrs. Brewer could mount hers from a stump at their roadside and al-

ways phoned ahead for someone to be out at the road to help her get off.

As we sat on the Horne porch that day we heard shouts coming from across the glade before we could see anyone. I remarked that if we were home I would say it was Mrs. Brewer wanting help getting off her wheel. Just then they came in sight - Mrs. Brewer ahead yelling for help and Mrs. Bauer laughing and also yelling, at the top of her voice. We all rushed out to the roadside and got Mrs. Brewer off safely, Mrs. Bauer was coming fast so before Mrs. Brewer could make us understand what had happened, we saw that a small garter snake had entangled itself in the spokes of her front wheel. Mr. Horne extracted it and they went on toward the Tom Brooker's place further to the south. They had heard Mrs. Brooker was ill and they were making a neighborly call.

Later that afternoon Mr. Horne asked if we would like to see Florida City, and we were simply thrilled at the prospect. We all got in the car and drove slowly through the city so we could take it all in. Then we turned north on the narrow road that led into Homestead over the glade. Not far from the corner the car stopped. Mr. Horne got out and sat down on the roadside, and pulled out a note book which he had in his pocket and in which he had written down all the things the previous owner had told him might happen. After each paragraph he tried out the thing he had read. Finally he tried out the thing of the last paragraph which said "See if you have gas" and that was it.

Mr. Horne walked on into Homestead and got the little horse he had there and light wagon and drove out to his homestead and back via the Mowry Trail,

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CHAPTER XVI

The meat situation was serious in the earliest days. Occasionally Indians came by with venison, but never our way for some reason. I have heard Mrs. Waldin tell how the Seminoles came down the glade back of their place and sold it to them.

Once Aunty said someone came with fresh pork and she was so meat hungry she bought twelve chops. Then the question of keeping them entered her mind. While thinking that over she put her six inch frying pan on her tiny oil stove and fried a chop, and while she ate that she fried another. By the time she had finished the last chop she had no refrigeration problem to cope with but was happy and well fed for the first time in weeks.

One source of meat supply was when the widow McLean brought a quarter of beef in and cut it up on the station platform. I never saw the sight but once personally. The news spread and the people lined up to buy. Aunty told me to get in line while she went to the store, so I obligingly did. Then my turn finally came, I spoke up politely for steak. The Widow McLean gave a withering look and said, "It's neck I'm cutting honey" I knew by her tone of voice I would take neck or nothing.

At first Aunty had a time getting used to southern terms. Repeatedly she asked Mr. Horne for salt pork, remembering how good it used to smell frying early mornings in her old Canadian home, in her childhood. He always said he did not have it. Fin-

ally one day she discovered white bacon and they used to have fun arguing over which it was salt pork or white bacon. Salt pork as we knew it was packed in brine in barrels and white bacon in a dry salt pack.

CHAPTER XVII

The second large building in Homestead was Douval's store building across the street from the railway station. Its so called completion was celebrated with a dance. All the flooring up stairs was not laid so benches were placed to prevent dancers getting too near the edge and falling through the first floor. It was an especially hazardous night for the babies present, for they were put on blankets on the floor by their mothers. They had to be extra careful and watchful lest the babies crawl toward the unfloored portion of the place.

People had gone early and as usual everyone had brought something toward the supper. Also everyone had taken party clothes along wrapped in newspaper, for it was hot weather and showery and each lady wanted to look as nice as possible, as it was such an important occasion.

After supper was cleared away, the men folks wandered off toward the water tank. The ladies formed a circle facing out. Each in turn went inside the circle and changed to her party clothes. Cosmetics were taboo in those days so no one missed having a mirror with which to put on the finishing touches.

The dancing was not in the regulation sets of eight seen in the north, but the whole room dances at one time - all those at the sides for one call and all at the ends for the next.

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It was wonderfully exciting and I so well remember with what enthusiasm Ben Plummer went through the figures. The dance lasted until nine the next morning we heard later, but many of us left between one and two in the morning, off on our long homeward trek on foot.

CHAPTER XVIII

One summer the Brewers and the Henry Brookers went to Jupiter to hunt alligators and turtle eggs. Mrs. Brewer farmed out her parrot with us and Aunt Anna was to go up and feed and milk the cow, and we were to luxuriate in the milk.

The day they were leaving Mrs. Brewer brought down a mustard can and said her rings and other jewelry were in it and said for us to look after it for her. We told her to put it up on the two by four near the door into the breeze way and promised to do our best to guard it.

That summer was full of surprises. When Aunt Anna went to milk the cow the first morning she found it had already been milked. It took several mornings of rising earlier and earlier to catch up with the culprit. We could not bring the cow down to Aunty's place because there was no fenced in place to keep her, and also the corner of the Brewer place was low and there was no good pasturage.

That parrot was another thing to cope with. The only way to handle her was to let her step on a broomstick, and then make sure which end of the thing was hers, and which yours. She was prone to nip when she got a chance. Once she got loose and walked more than half way to the Brewer place, and what a time we had getting her home on that broom.

The fatal jolt came when the Brewers returned. Mrs. Brewer came for her mustard can. It was all covered with cob webs to prove it had not been handled while she was gone, but when she opened it, it was empty. She got as white as a sheet, and then red as the proverbial beet and although she said not a word we could read her thoughts. She went on home and in a couple of hours came back laughing. She had given us the wrong can. The one she intended us to keep had rested on the front porch rail of their house all summer, and had been unmolested all that time.

CHAPTER XIX

The first intimation Miss Lewis had that the Evans family had decided to try for a homestead in Florida was a relayed message the phone company manager brought us the evening before we left Michigan for the final trip down here when Aunty had definitely decided we would make this our home.

Sure enough they were waiting for us at the Lakeside Station in Chicago, and had added Earl and Raye and Fred and Jessie Loomis and their baby daughter Marian to the aggregation. After they arrived here, it took them several months to find a claim that suited them as the country had filled up faster than Aunty ever imagined it would.

Eventually they built their two small log cabins far north up Redland Road and west to the north of Coco Palm. They really had a tough time of it. None of them had ever lived far from Main Street before and had never worked out of doors.

The following summer they reached the point where they felt they had taken all they could of

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lonliness and hardship of pioneering. Early one morning we heard them coming down the road with their usual rallying cry "Hurrah for Michigan" ringing on the still morning air. They turned in at Aunty's pathway and Aunt Anna cooked a second breakfast for them. All they wanted to keep of their small possessions they had brought down with them was in the suit cases which they were taking turns carrying. After resting awhile, they started on and we walked to the corner with them.

After they were gone we had a sort of lost, lonely feeling too. They were going back where they would see the old friends and the old homesite, and the countryside we had loved so well.

We were rather quiet all day, talking only when we wanted to express ourselves at their spinelessness in giving up so easily. All the time we were really wishing we had the courage to do likewise.

Late that afternoon we saw the usual telltale glint of white through the trees and as usual speculated as to whether it was a silver palm leaf turning in the wind, or someone coming down the trail. Afternoons it was always someone coming out from town and mornings someone going in, but we suddenly realized there were no silver palms that side of the trail. Not long afterwards Mr. and Mrs. Evans turned silently into the pathway and we welcomed them. It was too late for them to walk on to their place but no one, then, ever thought it impossible to put up a wayfarer for the night.

As we sat at the supper table they told us after getting to town and talking it over - possibly with Will Horne - they decided to let the children go

north but they themselves would remain in Florida and hold on to what they had already toiled so hard for.

Sleeping arrangements were very simple. They strung the hammock up between the posts supporting the rough little porch at the side of the house (by the way the most important addition that summer) and Mr. Evans got into the hammock. They pinned the one and only mosquito bar around him with safety pins, and also pinned the ruffles of the hammock up over him to insure him not falling out. I being the youngest, gave my cot to Mrs. Evans and took a quilt sans pillow on the floor. Along the wall at the head of their three cots, Aunty had just had a regulation sized window installed and the moonlight made the room unusually bright.

Sleeping less soundly than usual on the hard floor, I thought of crawling and creeping things and as I turned my head something slithered across the floor, at the head of my pallet. Naturally I gave a shriek, and then realized it was my own braid. I laid back down and appeared to be asleep. Bedlam broke loose - Mr. Evans was trying to extricate himself from the hammock. Aunty lighted the lantern and they began trying to find what had scared me, but I slept through the excitement as far as they knew. Finally they decided I must have had some kind of nightmare from my arms going to sleep on the hard floor. Had they ever learned the real story, I would never have heard the last of the tale., Next morning we saw Mr. and Mrs. Evans off on their return to their homestead and they stuck it out until time to prove up.

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back from what small activities there were, and as soon as they could prove up they made a tent and moved out near the center of activities at the corner of Redland and Bauer and not much later on into Homestead.

That left their kinsman, by marriage, Mr. Joy alone in the wilderness, but he never seemed to mind it. He used to walk into town occasionally and always stopped by for dinner, both coming and going. He had been a farmer up north and even after moving into town used to spend much time on his old farm alone.

CHAPTER XX

The greatest compliment that could be paid anyone in the early days was to be asked to be a witness when someone was proving up on a homestead. Aunty was thus honored three times that I remember. Each occasion stood out clearly in her mind. I heard her relate and compare them many times.

First I believe, was when the Hammonds asked her to go up with them. They owned a little white horse. They came by for her and were to go into Homestead and then by train to Miami as we understood it. She was quite thrilled over the prospect and went off in high spirits.

We spent the first day resting up from getting her off to Miami and the next in getting ready to welcome her home. We walked to the corner several times to see if they were in sight for the train schedule was variable, due to the many stops it made to put off freight. Finally we heard someone roaring down the road and stepped back into the palmettos, as a character named Henry Hunt rounded the

corner into Redland Road with a zoom. He had a new motor cycle and it was his first ride. Having made his entrance he glanced back, and his face went blank as he gasped "Where's Berry? I had him on the back." He circled about and we realized he was celebrating the purchase of the motor cycle and we froze with fear lest he come head on into the horse and wagon as he went back to hunt Berry. Luckily he missed them, and next we heard was voices singing hymn tunes loud and long, and the little horse was coming slowly down the trail.

At the corner Aunty told them to let her out and she stalked off toward the shack without a word of farewell to them or greeting to us. She even failed to bring gifts for all when she had been gone even a short time. We followed meekly wondering what had happened. As soon as we entered she burst forth with the information that they had gotten her upset so much that she had forgotten to buy anything for us, and that she was through with them forever. Well, that was that.

The second time, I believe was Mr. Joy who asked her to be a witness. He was from our home town and should have asked Tom Evans who was his nearest neighbor. When Mr. Rand asked him why he had asked someone so many miles from his homestead, he said in his broad Irish accent - "I wouldn't want Teddy Roosevelt to be seeing across my papers"?

Well none of us had thought the less of Mr. Evans affectionately known as "Uncle Tom", because he could not read or write. Instead we had a deep respect for in fact he had the most marvelous memory we had ever encountered.

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Aunty stood by out for him. Evid after that time. in his son's hand ers from Civil War for safe keeping, after she died.

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a few extra dollars or maybe his meat for the week by coming to the market evening after evening and taking down the day's sales in order. The little office on the market was hot and the man used to stand at a high desk and jot the items down as Uncle Tom named them off. Customers would come and go and he would run out and wait on them and he would rush back and go on with the list. No one ever complained they had been overcharged.

It was Tom Evans who saved the town once in the great flu epidemic, when even the horses had it. We, alone, did not contract the disease, and every day he slaughtered a beef and cut it up and went from house to house so that every family had a piece of meat for soup making. Otherwise people would have starved to death, and many more would have died. Such a personality was Tom Evans, and we all respected him.

Mr. Joy's answers were all classics on that eventful day, when asked where he was born he answered apologetically - "I don't rightly remember, I was so young you know." And when asked if he was married, he said "No, and I can prove that by my boy". -He was a widower.

Aunty stood by prompting and straightening things out for him. Evidently he had great faith in her after that time. I had the satisfaction of placing in his son's hand the old gentleman's discharge papers from Civil War days. He had given them to her for safe keeping, and I found them among her papers after she died.

The crowning event of proving event days was when Mr. Grennell asked her to go as a witness for

him. He was her neighbor to the west where the Byrums later lived.

Things had changed much and he planned to make it a gala occasion, and invited Miss Longaker and me to come along. Ed. Brooker was running a jitney of sorts, and we engaged that as a means of making the trip. Mr. Brooker's idea of driving was to go fast and leap from bump to bump rather than to go slowly down into the low places. We were enthusiastic going up and saw much of the country we had not previously seen. The official business over with in the land office, we all had lunch at a small restaurant that was keeping open during the summer, although most things of that sort closed when the tourist season was over. It was a most wonderful occasion.

Coming home my aunts and I talked of making the trip again just for the pleasure of the ride, but next day when we took stock of our aching muscles and black and blue spots we decided it would be more fun in retrospect than in repetition.

CHAPTER XXI

Invitations came usually by word of mouth and sometimes even second hand, for it was hard to contact people who lived several miles away.

The Calkins had finished their little home and Mrs. Calkins decided to have a party in my honor. The drawback as she forgot to invite us. The day arrived, and we had not heard a whisper even over the grapevine. About mid morning Mrs. Froriep and Otto Jr. and Mrs. Brewer stopped by and asked if we were going to the party. I asked where and they

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looked terribly embarrassed. Then they began to have doubts and began to discuss among themselves if they had made a mistake and had misunderstood the day or even the week. The outcome was, they decided they might better go on and find out.

The usual thing would have been to go anyway even if we had not heard of the thing until that moment but the two aunts were over at the other homestead and I was left there in charge with no arrangements as to locking up and hiding the key.

When Mrs. Froriep and Mrs. Brewer returned that afternoon they were in a state of great hilarity. The party had been for me and I had not been invited, so Mrs. Calkins was doing it over the next week. No one else ever went to that much trouble for me as I remember it.

Their little house was of poles, and it contained many treasures. Addie had brought from the north with her these treasures. Later the family had a lovely piano, and their home became the musical center of the countryside.

Their stair steps were the pride of the whole area. Mostly where the children slept in the loft of a pole house they just scurried up the poles as a ladder when they went to bed, but the Calkins had real stair steps.

The Flora girls lived across the way from the Calkins, and the Eichenbergers next door, and the girls used to come out to Redland to help on entertainments Mrs. Calkins was nice enough to put on to aid the Guild in its projects.

CHAPTER XXII

Eating was the greatest form of amusement down here naturally, and Harvey's mother and grandmother were the best cake bakers with Annie a close second, along with Alice and the two daughters of the Fitzpatrick family.

Annie and Dan were the most hospitable people imaginable and it took Annie just about two seconds to think up and make ready for a party, any day and any time. She was the first woman to drive a car in South Dade and what a lot of pleasure she gave with that little old Brush roadster.

Alice was younger and busy with her little family, so seldom went about as much as Annie. The little boys Bennie and Douglas (known as Buddy) were shy, but used to come calling on me every summer. Their news was always of what they had seen in the glades or woods or neighborhood and once it was Brewer's cow. It was an interesting and exciting to the small fry as a whole zoo. I remember the boys confided to me they had not only seen it, but had heard it bark.

One summer I brought down a quantity of blue print paper, and that was a source of amusement to Otto Froriep who was a little chap then. He would play contentedly all afternoon with the paper, an old printing frame and some unwanted kodak films, while his mother visited or practiced for some entertainment we were preparing.

Richard Fuchs was another child I knew and liked. That family moved in a long time after we came down, and I well remember the first summer after they were here and he would ride along the side foad with

his father. The sister Othelia

Mr. and Mrs. store early morning followed on the Utley's care, overpowering the Boy Choir if he getting under him with a fish than she in getting she did outsmart he retaliated for the Sunday

I also remember for his birthday through. They front lawn, and candy to serve get into the stallment of the pounced upon the blame of getting an oversized po

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I was present Froriep and Mason that they might I mentioned how and Mason said

his father. This is associated in my mind with his sister Othelia Redd now - Utley to the old timers-

Mr. and Mrs. Fuchs used to drive in town to their store early mornings and usually Richard and Utley followed on their wheels. Richard was usually in Utley's care, and a merry chase he led her. Her one overpowering threat was that he could not go to the Boy Choir if he misbehaved. His vantage point was getting under the house where she could never reach him with a fishing pole, because he was more agile than she in getting from place to place. Once when she did outsmart him and locked him in the pantry, he retaliated by eating all the jello stored there for the Sunday dessert.

I also remember a party Mrs. Fuchs had planned for his birthday, and Utley was to engineer it through. They had improvised a low table on the front lawn, and they brought out a huge platter of candy to serve as a center piece. Before she could get into the house and return with the second installment of the refreshments the children had pounced upon that candy. An oversized girl got the blame of getting the lion's share because she had an oversized pocket in one seam of her skirt.

Eventually Utley had to phone her mother to drive out from town and bring replenishments, before the party could go on, for the small cakes and cookies went the same way of the candy.

I was present only because I had invited Otto Froriep and Mason Roberts to spend the day with me that they might attend the party. On the way home I mentioned how sorry I was over the candy incident and Mason said "Don't you worry Aunt Annie, we have

our pockets full." Sure enough they were the guilty ones instead of the big girl upon whom the blame rested.

CHAPTER XXIII

Any new sound was intriguing in those early days when there were so few people down here. One summer afternoon we heard a voice distinctly new to our ears, so started out to trace it down.

A Mrs. Merck who lived in a small log cabin about where the Ballards now live, was just starting out to ask us if we knew what was making all that racket. We joined forces and located it at the back of what was known later as the Eckman place.

We took off through the woods with no thought of snakes or other dangers, and came to a small clearing with logs piled around it to be used, if needed, for smudge or in case of frost that next winter.

George Kosel was there with his disk plow and mules making the plot ready for cropping. He was having more than his share of trouble it seemed to us, stopping to fix or to make adjustments and he never did get to where we had our grandstand seats, on the logs. Evidently he eventually had some mishap he could not fix, for he loaded part of the machine on his wagon and drove off in the general direction of Homestead. All that summer his disk plow was the chief subject of controversy. Mr. Brewer also bought one and they were in great demand. That was our introduction to the scarifier.

One summer night we heard a chug chug coming down what is known as Avocado Drive, then the only

road into Homestead already gone to bed of Aunty's strongest. It was hard to get a

We listened and what we knew must be Aunty asked "What do her it sounded like cycle. None had been. It did not start up spell of listening first streak of day started out to investigate the trail where it went the westward there was a man asleep the seat and handle table oil cloth for house and built up expecting the way for and have breakfast, passer by to go with ready or nearly so.

The white bacon tantalizing aroma, and the coffee boiled a fast smells as we

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road into Homestead from the country area. We had already gone to bed for saving on kerosene was one of Aunty's strongest ideas that particular summer. It was hard to get and besides lights drew mosquitos.

We listened and suddenly the noise stopped at what we knew must be the turn into Redland Road, Aunty asked "What do you think that was" and I told her it sounded like a new contraption called a motor cycle. None had been seen or heard down here as yet. It did not start up again and after quite a long spell of listening we dropped off to sleep. At the first streak of dayligh we remembered the sound and started out to investigate. Just at the bend of the trail where it went off into the woods toward the westward there was a motor cycle parked and there was a man asleep on a short board placed over the seat and handle bars, and he had a piece of table oil cloth for a cover. We went back to the house and built up the fire and started breakfast expecting the way farer to come in for direction and have breakfast, for no one ever allowed a chance passer by to go without sharing the meal, it was ready or nearly so.

The white bacon frying sent out the usual tantalizing aroma, and the eggs sizzled merrily and the coffee boiled and added to the lovely breakfast smells as we set the table with an extra plate.

Suddenly the whole countryside stillness was shattered with the sound of that motor starting and away went the way farer without a glance back towards the house.

Our theory was his lights had failed, and he could not make out the narrow trail to the north

so probably stopped as he had probably many a night, and made himself comfortable in his own original way.

CHAPTER XXIV

Any unfamiliar conveyance was a curiosity in those early times. We knew a team going south was usually either Mr. Brewer or Mr. Froriep, and going north Mr. Horne. That was the morning schedule. Afternoons it was the reverse.

Therefore when a small blue car came chugging down Redland Road one day we were all agog. It stopped at the bend of the road, and two men got out, one in the familiar white linen common on dress occasions, and the other in what appeared to be more northern apparel. They stooped down and seemed to be getting something off the ground, and then thought better of it and started to walk back to Aunty's shack. When they reached the porch, and were about to ask something, Aunty said "Are you Jim Percival?" The man answered "No - only his twin brother." Jim Percival had been the cashier in our bank at home. The second man came closer and it proved to be Dr. Jackson, who then was rector of St. Stephens Church at Coconut Grove. A friendship started on that day that lasted many, many years.

After talking over people they knew in common Mr. Percival said they had gotten out of the car to get a sample of the red soil they had heard so much about, and then decided they should ask someone's permission. Hers being the only house in sight, they had walked back.

Our next contact with Dr. Jackson was when Aunt Anna bought one of the first three Fords to come

into the area and minor adjustment. his little blue car and we decided to questions later at us straight to the there we asked out

Shortly after ner in Coconut Grove selves together i and forth for man became sort of as them sometimes. the facets of our people who know c have known.

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into the area and we were driving to Miami for some minor adjustment. None of us knew roads then, but his little blue car came into sight and passed us and we decided to follow it and if necessary to ask questions later as to how to get to Miami. He led us straight to the Main Street of the city and once there we asked our way to a garage.

Shortly after that we met Mrs. Jackson at a dinner in Coconut Grove and the ladies banded themselves together in a group that entertained back and forth for many years. Miss Mary Jackson and I became sort of associate members as we drove for them sometimes. So small is the world and so many the facets of our lives that we are forever meeting people who know or have known people we know or have known.

CHAPTER XXV

The cars in those times were often a source of embarrassment and of anger. The Brewers and the Bauers and Aunt Anna bought three at one time and the same time - open Fords - and a Mr. Heizer of Miami came down to teach them to drive. He was bored with life down here and thought one day's instruction plenty, and went on his way rejoicing. That was on a Saturday. Next day was Sunday and the three proud owners decided to go out the new canal at Florida City. The road was narrow and rough, but we went. Mr. Brewer headed the procession. Aunt Anna lost her nerve at the sight of that road and that water so I was doing the driving with no instruction except what I had picked up over her shoulder in Mr. Heizer's half hour or so. Mr. Brewer stressed the point that we should stay far apart, as we might not be able to

stop at will, and he placed me second in line with Mr. Bauer bringing up the rear. Going out was not so bad, but we got the scare of our lives trying to turn around out at the end of the canal. The space did not look as large as the average living room and the water looked swift and deep. It was lucky we met no one either going or coming, for no one of us felt expert enough to go far out on the edge of that narrow road.

Mrs. Grace Brooker had one of the early cars also and one day her husband the late Henry Brooker - asked her to take a stranded salesman up to Miami. She invited her neighbor Mrs. Lee Lehman to go along. The way to Miami then was by going down that little hill at Coconut Grove and they manipulated it safely without landing in the bay, but a tire blew out. They had a spare in the back seat. The Passenger was not too well versed in changing a tire but willing. The ladies decided to walk back to the little village while they had a chance to see it. Left alone the man studied the situation and finally got out his pocket knife and carefully bored a hole in the tire for the part of the inner tube where the air was to be pumped in. Finally he got discouraged and came to hunt them and they managed to get Henry Sr. by phone and he sent up a new tire and a man by motor cycle to help them.

CHAPTER XXVI

Anyone who has ever fought a forest fire never forgets the experience. In the early times every one turned out to help, knowing their turn might come later. The primitive way of fighting fire was with croker sacks dipped in tubs of water or with pine boughs to bet it out. The men generally did

the actual fighting responsibility of keeping needs. If a strong out with singed hair from breathing so n

Fire fighting was remember one time w back near the woods Belle wielding a c although she was d brown velvet and w Said she was having whole life.

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the actual fighting but the women assumed the responsibility of keeping the water supply up to their needs. If a strong wind was blowing the men came out with singed hair and eye brows, and a wheeze from breathing so much smoke.

Fire fighting was the nth degree in democracy. I remember one time when I was carrying water to tubs back near the woods I came upon Mr. Krome's sister Belle wielding a crocker sack with the best of them, although she was dressed in a New York creation of brown velvet and wore a picture hat trimmed in plumes. Said she was having the most exciting time of her whole life.

When Mr. Krome came up from the Keys to stay permanently he had a truck loaded with barrels of water ready to go to a fire anyplace in the neighborhood.

Nothing funny ever happened at a fire, but once as far as I know that was a secret between Mrs. Wolfe, my aunt and me until the present revelation. The Wolfes lived where Jason Avery now lives. He was a retired preacher and she a saintly lady who missed her activities of church work, filled her days with kindly deeds to her friends and neighbors.

One day a roaring fire was coming in from the west. It was all woods then back from Redland Road with just the few strips of groves. Aunty had planted on Redland Road proper and a small acreage of avocados. Mr. Grennell had a grove and the Cotton place as on to the west and of course, on the south side of Avocado was the Fuchs home. The other homesteaders off to the west had either sold their places or moved off and left them.

Back firing was the main idea in stopping a fire

and Wally Walton and Mr. Filoon wanted to start a back fire from Aunty's fire guard. She was more experienced than they and wanted it started at least a quarter of a mile to the west, In order to give fighting leeway. The argument got hot and hotter until finally she told them if they struck a match at her fire guard she would strike one across the road and give them plenty to do to protect their own place which is acreage where the Bushnell now live. They struck their match and she struck hers and presently there was such a roaring fire as never was for that stretch had never been burned over.

Luckily the wind suddenly died down and the fire burned itself out, with no damage to the grove. The crowd dispersed and only a few stayed on to help roll back stumps that were still afire and might spread sparks later. Aunty went home tired out - she lived across from us, at the time.

Sometime about the middle of the night she thought she heard someone calling her name. She did not sleep very well and was sort of befuddled and in a half awake - half sleep state of mind wondered if it was her conscience troubling her for having struck that match in a fit of temper. Then she heard it again - Miss Lewis, Miss Lewis. By that time she was wide awake and got up and went to the back door to listen. Then she called out "Who are you, and what do you want?" Then came the answer - "I am Mrs. Wolfe. Won't you please light your lamp so I can find my way in?" Aunty lit the lamp and for extra measure her lantern and put it on the back steps. Then she began to wonder if it was already getting day light for she could see more plainly and sure enough Mrs. Wolfe was coming up through her grove.

When she got steps and Mrs. thing terrible. Henry Carter ha woods all after eral fire fight from a lame leg fair nor neigh and finally pra wanted her to k She had gotten herself and gat around burning sides and set ened at what sh direction and going back to ducted that sh place and deci

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When she got to the house Aunty met her on the steps and Mrs. Wolfe told her she had done something terrible. Gradually she unfolded the tale. Henry Carter had guarded his own little acre of woods all afternoon instead of joining in the general fire fighting. Forgetting that he suffered from a lame leg, she considered his action neither fair nor neighborly. She said she thought it over and finally prayed over it and decided the Lord wanted her to be his agent in meting out retribution. She had gotten up out of bed and gone out there by herself and gathered enough blazing faggots from around burning stumps to light the acre on all sides and set it ablaze. Then she became frightened at what she had done and lost her sense of direction and could not find her way home. By going back to the edge of the fire proper, she deducted that she was somewhere back of Miss Lewis' place and decided to try and awaken her and ask help.

Those two old ladies sat on the back steps alternately wondering if Mr. Carter would wake up and discover what had happened and if so, what he could do about it; and then laughing like a couple of mischievous school girls, over a prank.

Meantime the blaze was going up the pine trees like a giddy honeysuckle and the whole countryside was lighting up. Evidently everyone was too worn out by the day's proceedings, to waken. As the fire died down Mrs. Wolfe went home having sworn Aunty to secrecy. It was too good a story for Aunty to keep to herself so she told me and the three of us shared the guilty secret all these years.

Next morning Mr. Carter was dumbfounded at what had happened and came up and told Aunty he did not

see how such a thing could have happened and that sparks from a burning pine must have blown over in the night. I watched Aunty's face and not a flicker of change of expression did it show, she listened and said nothing.

CHAPTER XXVII

As far as I know Aunty never fancied herself as a sooth sayer. However, one prophecy she made came true to the letter. It happened thusly - one winter morning they were out, as usual to see if a new leaf had opened on one of the young orange trees or if some presuming worm or bug had taken up residence when a man came along the road. There was but one road them - Redland - and it went right by their dooryard. Every newcomer seemed to sort of loose heart after making the turn there and nine out of ten stopped to ask if they were on the right road, as if there were any other. This man was unmistakably from the north, and he wore a heavy winter suit and overcoat and was red of face and perspiring freely. They passed the time of day and assured him the Froriep place was on ahead and that he could not miss it if he followed the trail.

Any passerby was good for a whole day - conversationally so off and on they discussed him and surmised where he came from and wondered what homestead he was thinking of filing on and all the other things people wanted to know about a new neighbor. Several hours later they heard what sounded like a child's voice. He was not crying but his voice had a distinctly wailing quality. One of the aunts went out to see what it could be. Panthers were supposed to make a sound like a child crying, but they traveled only at night.

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In the front yard stood a pocket edition of the morning's visitor even to the overcoat and red face. He was probably all of five or six years old, pulling himself together he asked "Has anybody seen a man They assured him they had and coaxed him to rest and tell his story. He said his father had left him at the station with the luggage while he went to find their friends. Naturally the father did not know conditions here nor that the usual direction you got was "A right smart piece that away and a long look after the second turn" or something to that effect.

The little boy had become lonely and maybe frightened and possibly someone had suggested that he walk a little way down the trail and see if his father was coming, never dreaming he would go on and on. I don't know if they persuaded him to come in to the house or if he was hungry, but anyhow not long after his arrival Aunty's accustomed ears caught the sound of a horse and wagon coming from the north. She told the youngster his father was probably on the wagon with Mr. Froriep for we knew the Frorieps too well to ever think he would allow the newcomer to make the trip back afoot. Sure enough it was as she said and they stopped and introductions were in order, and all the mysteries of whence they had come and what tract they hoped to get were cleared up.

Aunty's prophecy was "That boy will make a fine upstanding citizen if you settle here." She admired his courage in starting out by himself to hunt his father and in controlling his crying and telling her what he wanted to find out. That child was Fritz Rutzky and you can judge for yourselves how well her prophecy was fulfilled.

CHAPTER XXVIII

Here is a bit of old time philosophy that has stood by me through the years. In the early days a Mr. and Mrs. Lamb, who lived in Homestead were highly respected people. Mrs. Lamb did fine sewing and dress making to help out on the family income and Mr. Lamb had a small horse and a dray and did hauling in and about. One day as Aunty and I were walking into town for the week's supply of groceries, we saw a neighbor walking out toward the trail in front of her house. As we drew nearer we could see she was carrying a bucket, nearer still we could see a sack of chicken feed at the roadside. Tactlessly I asked why she had not had Mr. Lamb deliver it around under the shed at the back of her house, and she said it would have cost her a dime more. Still being dumb I remarked "But you cannot carry that sack of feed back there yourself". She answered softly "I can, a little at a time." Someway that remark stayed in my mind and often I have found her philosophy was sound. What may seem unsurmountable, if taken a little at a time, becomes easy and may even prove to be a joy.

CHAPTER XXIX

Here is a tale told me by Clovis Walker, who proudly admits he was an old timer of the rugged days when Homestead was just emerging from the wilds as a town. In this day and age when a pain or a scratch sends people scurrying to a clinic or hospital this seems hardly believable but Mr. Walker can vouch for its truth. He was there.

A colored man somehow was run over by a train and his leg cut off. No one then had a car so it

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would have been utterly impossible to get Dr. Tower up from his homestead for there was also no road. Dr. Brooks, who made occasional visits to Homestead and held office hours on the front porch of Horne's Store, was not available, so it was distinctly up to a few men in town to do something for the poor man. A Mr. Cochran, kin to the Caves, Campbells and Hornes had a tiny drug store of sorts just north of where the Redland Hotel now stands and he furnished some chloroform and sterilized some coarse sewing thread and a darning needle probably borrowed from his wife, and the Mr. Nobles who ran a meat shop loaned his meat saw. With the primitive equipment at hand the men proceeded to amputate the crushed portion of the legbone. They then turned back the flesh and after accomplishing a clean cut, end of the bone they replaced the flesh and sewed it up. Two weeks later the man was up and about as if nothing unusual had happened and the most grateful person imaginable that his life had been saved.

CHAPTER XXX

Whenever avocado season rolls around I am reminded of these bits of interest to me and they may be to you. On one of our infrequent trips to Miami that first summer I visited my aunts, we saw those strange looking little alligator pears in Brady's Grocery Store and decided to buy on at fifty cents. It was not as large as the average Bartlett pear and when we decided it was mellow enough it had overreached its prime, and the very thin edible part was mushy. Mrs. Bow had bought one once, as she told us later, and had decided since the green part was so unappetizing looking, that the seed must be the edible part. She saved it carefully wrapped against the depredation of roaches and rats until

eventually she discovered her mistake.

Aunty was a thrifty soul and was not going to let that fifty cents invested go to waste, so she planted that seed about ten feet from the corner of her log cabin at the corner of Redland Road and Avocado - then called Widows' Row. It sprouted and grew and each summer she showed me proudly what it had done. Eventually the seventh summer it bore one fruit and it became a daily rite to go out and admire it.

Fearing it might drop and get bruised on the rocks, Aunty made a sort of hammock for it out of a croker sack and began to speculate if it would ripen before I had to leave. It did and she felt that was an event worthy of a Party. She invited the Frorieps and Brewers and Mrs. Bow and Mac, but it was Aunt Anna who had to decide how to use it that everyone might share it.

First of all she made a jar of boiled salad dressing and put it in a pan of water with a bit of old turkish towel dragging in the water that evaporation might keep it cool, for ice could be bought only in 300 pound blocks, and we had no way to keep it. There was also the problem of getting it out from town before it melted from the trip down from Jacksonville and its delay in the depot etc.

Next on the agenda was an early morning start. The day of the party a chicken was stewed and some potatoes boiled - By the way potatoes were a rare treat in those days. No one had lettuce to use and I think it was years later that Pearl Skill thought up sprouting celery seed for seasoning. There were eggs to be boiled and onions to be minced and Aunt Anna then thought she was ready to concoct the salad which became the basis of a party

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Then avocados menu always contain avocado halves, an lime juice or salt learned in Mexico whatever seasoning Krome who was ino his mother taught them in slivers m

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there after. We and my daughter still have a large glass bowl into which she put the finished product. The recipe was about as follows - Equal parts of boiled potatoes and avocado diced, two or three hard boiled eggs diced with a few slices saved for decoration, a small amount of home made pickles chopped. The boiled dressing was of course the finishing touch, along with the chicken. I can still see, in my mind's eye, that table set on the tiny front porch of that little old log cabin, the best table cloth and china and silver and that big glass bowl of salad, the inevitable guava jelly, not biscuits and a huge dish of macaroni and cheese.

You of this day cannot appreciate what a feast that was. Potatoes and cheese were hard to get and the usual daily fare was grits and Homestead turkey (white bacon or salt pork fried). The dessert was, of course, Key Lime pie and never have I seen such meringue as my Aunt Anna could raise in that little old wood cook stove.

Then avocados became plentiful, a common party menu always contained chicken salad served in small avocado halves, and of course people ate them with lime juice or salt out of the shell. Later we learned in Mexico they mashed them and each added whatever seasonings he preferred. It was Jack Krome who was inordinately fond of green beans, so his mother taught him to eat avocados by serving them in slivers more or less like beans.

We who lived through the wonderful age of development down in South Dade feel especially blessed in having been part of all the things that have become common now.

I remember driving to South Allapattah to see some canned Avocados at the Shafft Jelly Place and to George Cellon's to see the first mango trees placed on sale. My Aunt and I each bought two under protest for his orders were far ahead of what he could deliver. Mine went the way of hurricanes later but hers was still there until the land was cleared recently, some forty five years later.

There use to be heated discussions as to the desirability of the peach mango or No. ii. The Kosels were partial to Sunddashas, each person who grew a seedling was sure it was a prize winner. Small boys rolled mangoes as you do lemons to soften them and sucked them out of the skins never thinking of mango poisoning. Most people just retired to the privacy of their kitchens, and if they had a sink, let the juice run down their elbows into it.

The first formal presentation I ever witnessed was at a luncheon given by Mrs. Barney Waldin, Sr. She had her table set with Irish linen and Havalind China and cut glass and sterling silver, but when it was dessert time, she handed each of us a dish towel and led us to her outdoor pump where a smudge pot emitted thick black mangrove fumes to keep the mosquitos away. There on the table was a cut glass punch bowl of mangos, and many small peeling knives. As guests we just peeled and ate and washed our hands and mouths as needed, and she kept on bringing out more turpentine mangos as fast as they supply got low. It was a treat never to be forgotten. May your mango and avocado friendship be as close and lasting as mine.

CHAPTER XXXI

One evening at that all important chicken feeding

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time we found a note from Mrs. Bow on the door. She was having a recital at her home and wanted us to come. After a hurried supper we lighted the lanterns and started for the Bow home on Widow's Row. She had her few chairs supplimented by field crates lined up in the hallway of her little house and in the breezeway she had a curtain hung. All her lamps were grouped about in that breezeway. She gave a preliminary talk on the program she had planned and then proudly drew the curtain to reveal a brand new victrola. That was something! But before the first record was adjusted the lights began to flicker and one by one they went out as she went frantically from one to another trying to trace the trouble. Finally something dawned on her and she called out "Mac did you fill the lamps when I told you to?" He said he did. Then she asked "Did you have the oil can filled when I told you to?" and he said "yes, mother, I filled it myself." Then in a blistering tone she asked "Where?" and little Mac said in a wee, faint voice "At the pump."

Well that ended the party for without lights she could not manipulate that new fangled plaything she had planned to surprise and entertain us with. No one felt justified in depleting a lantern of fuel when it was a necessity in order to get home later.

CHAPTER XXXII

Before the F.E.C. was finished, the trains ran to Knight's Key Dock and from there it was possible to continue on to Key West by boat or ferry, so the trip was considered quite the swanky thing to do. That was probably the reason Frank and Pearl Skill chose it for their wedding trip. They returned to spend the week end with Mr. and Mrs. Henry Brooker,

Sr. who lived west of Florida City, on what is now Palm Avenue. Since Frank was obliged to be back in Miami for work Monday Morning, they were to walk into Florida City and catch the 3 A.M. train. As they trudged along, he carrying the two suit cases, they heard a train whistle far down the road. Frank dropped the suit cases and told her to stand guard over them while he ran to flag down the train. That was a routine procedure in those days for trains stopped anywhere to load or unload freight or take on passengers, who could not meet the train at the stations. Schedules were more flexible than now. Pearl stood there in the midst of the pine woods, and all she heard was calls of night birds and croaks of frogs and sometimes a faint rattling in the grass or bushes. After one more wild look over her shoulder she grabbed both suit cases and sprinted after Frank and, in fact, beat him to the station.

In spite of their frantic signals the train sped by and it was some time before it dawned on them it was a special carrying higher-ups, and that the regular train would not be along for another hour. It stopped as expected, and all ended well.

CHAPTER XXXIII

Sometimes when the current goes off you might draw comfort from this tale of early days. It was a long time ago that the Loveland family came from Chicago and stopped off at Miami, before coming down to take up a claim in the homesteading district. They lived first southwest of Miami in what is now the Coral Gables area. It was then considered way out in the sticks. In those days it was sometimes possible to get a piece of ice over the week ends for it came from Jacksonville in three hundred pound

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cakes wrapped in burlap and packed in sawdust.

Eventually the Lovelands decided to make the final plunge into the wilderness of South Dade and filed on a homestead west of Florida City. The dim trail petered out more than a quarter of a mile from their claim, and after one or two trips by car they decided a mule and wagon would be much better for transportation.

Everything had to be carried in piggy back from the end of that trail so even a week's supply of groceries and chicken feed was an undertaking for them. Mr. Loveland was busy trying to get the required acre of land cleared and set out to Government requirements, so Mrs. Loveland took over the task of grocery and chicken feed transportation and it meant several trips per week since food would not keep.

Finally she acquired an orange crate with its sectional division and worked out an idea of her own. She placed the crate upended on a small earthen crock in a tub of water and draped it with a crocker sack which hung down into the water. The process of evaporation worked its magic for her and she could keep cooked food over night and butter remained hard enough for table use and a can of cream did not sour as soon as it ordinarily would.

That extra shelf was as wonderful to her as your most exciting refrigerator gimmick, for it gave her space for as much food as she usually had on hand and saved her at least one trip to town weekly. Other people had long been using the inverted plant pots and saucers as a place to keep butter moderately hard and some used a can of water with a

piece of cloth dripping to keeps plants watered, if they were to be away over a weekend. Mrs. Bow had an Indian water jug hung in her breezeway and kept water reasonably cool, but Mrs. Loveland's invention topped them all.

CHAPTER XXXIV

The Fuchs family cannot qualify as old timers exactly because they bought their place rather than homesteading it, but I remember how Mr. Fuchs used to drive along the side road with Richard beside him when they used a mule and wagon for transportation.

One day Aunty and I happened to be out near the corner when they passed and Richard sang out "How do Miss Lewis" and then evidently asked who I was, while I was asking who they were. Next came loud and clear "How do niece". I met Mrs. Fuchs at a party Mrs. Froriep gave to introduce her to the group. We must have made a sorry impression because we were driving the donkey and a rain overtook us. We stopped and walked into a shed near Bauer's store where some fertilizer was stored. The donkey evidently felt the injustice of being left outside so tried to get in also. By the time she had rubbed her nose over fertilizer sacks and our dresses we were not fit to go to a party, but we hated to miss it so went on. It had not rained a drop up that way.

CHAPTER XXXV

Margaret Waldin came into the community some years later than my first visit down. We were introduced to the bride at a party at the Brewer home. The party had been planned as a surprise for Mrs. Spencer, but when Louisa Booe walked over through

the woods to tell over and have the trip because ever starched a ing it because destroy a dress trips but nothing even the news t day surprise in

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the woods to tell her Mrs. Brewer wanted her to come over and have lunch, she was not willing to make the trip because her dress was not ironed. No one ever starched a good dress until just before wearing it because the silver moths would completely destroy a dress in a few hours. Louisa made two trips but nothing would persuade Mrs. Spencer, not even the news that it had been planned as a birthday surprise in her honor.

As I said Margaret Waldin was there and we all fell in love with her. She was convent educated and all that afternoon was helping one or another of us with difficult embroidery stitches. We learned much from her that day.

Sometime, maybe a year later Aunty suggested we walk over and see the Waldin place. We happened in when her relatives were up from Key West and they had brought along a phonograph. We spent a delightful afternoon listening to the wax records. Aunty however, was more interested in the grove setting as Barney Waldin was advocating using dynamite for blasting holes in which to set trees.

Mrs. Waldin was one of the charter members of the original Repertoire Club and a musician of sterling worth. She was a hard worker in her home and never neglected that for any other interests. I still feel guilty over an extra day of work I unintentionally made for her.

Don Ferreyra was clerking in a store in Florida City where he sold fruit and gave me a sample package of some perfumed starch. After reading the folder that came with it and testing the aroma I decided it was nothing I wanted, so passed it on to Hager who washed for me. I did not know she

also worked for the Waldins, and that she was devoted to Margaret. It was her next duty to wash and iron the clothes of the expected baby - Barney to us- and wishing to be extra nice, Hagar took that starch along and used it, on those baby clothes. I remember hearing the Waldins tell how she could not at first trace down that horrible scent, but when she did she was aghast and with her own hands personally re-washed, boiled and aired those garments and ironed them herself for fear the same thing might happen again.

CHAPTER XXXVI

This tale I heard at a coffee and I am passing it on to you with the permission of the only surviving one of the ones concerned in this hilarious tale. I always think of her with the deepest respect and affection as Ish. As a family they were Mr. and Mrs. Ishmael who came into Florida City in those very early days when the village was called Detroit. Her friends in Kansas tried to convince her she would have no use for her black taffeta Sunday-go-to-Meeting dress, but she brought it along anyhow. Lacking closet space, she hung it back of the bed room door. Then, as now, Ish was a wonderful cook and one day a man appeared at her door asking if she would sell him a loaf of her bread as the aroma had tantalized him for days. She sold him a loaf and without any effort on her part she found herself with a thriving bakery business.

Her equipment was primitive - three lard cans in which to mix and raise the dough, and an assortment of tins and a small wood cook stove, in the oven of which she could bake six loaves at a time. She also had requests for cakes and pies and her labors

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kept her up until two o'clock mornings. Being civic minded and having the only porch in town she offered it as a place for a Sunday School to meet. "The minister" as she called her husband built some benches of scrap lumber. One day a Mrs. Cormack, who had opened a general store of sorts, came for bread and in the conversation she learned he was a preacher. She asked if he would like to add a church service and pointed out a nice stump in the yard where he could stand to preach, as there would not be room for him on the porch. Mr. Cormack in turn, allowed he knew a man who was better at praying than he, so they teamed up together and church services started thereafter with the singing of Old Time Religion - all nineteen verses of it and, although Ish was too busy with her baking to attend services, she sang with them from her kitchen - living room - bedroom.

Once there came a Sunday when she did have time to attend, so she donned the black taffeta and stepped out her own front door into what served as a church. After the service the dress went back on its hanger behind the door.

A few weeks later Ish and her neighbors Mrs. Edward Stiling, Mrs. George Reynolds and Mrs. Maybelle Rue decided to walk the ties to the City of Homestead and - optimists that they were - do a little shopping. There was no road then, so you walked the ties unless you had influence enough to ride the work train or hand car. Again the black taffeta came off its hanger for the expedition of great promise and scant accomplishment.

As soon as a roadway was worn down along the tracks Mrs. Rue acquired a car and to celebrate

invited her neighbors to go to Miami Beach. What excitement and what planning! Ish wrote a friend in Miami to send her a bathing cap and that friend, being a real one, included red garters and sandals. Again the black taffeta came off the hanger - this time to be transformed into a bathing suit. Ish made (for those times) a short plaited skirt and bloomers. The neck of the bodice was modestly low, and the sleeves long. Heavy stitched bands were at the throat and wrists. The day came and they made their way by the circuitous route of Krome Avenue, west to Redland Road, north to about Coco Palm and then back winding around in the general area of the old road to Cutler. Eventually they crossed the famous old Collins Bridge, and arrived at Smith's Casino and rented a dressing room. Mrs. Stiling, Mrs. Reynolds and Mrs. Rue, having less complicated outfits, went out first and joined others gaily bobbing on the guide ropes.

Ish clothed herself first modestly in a complete set of old underwear, and then donned her gorgeous costume - red cap, black suit, red garters over her long black silk stockings and red sandals. When she emerged she fancied her appearance so much, she decided it would be a shame to hide all that glamour in deep water, so she sat down on the sand where an occasional wave would wash over her. There was possibly a dozen persons on the sand. In a few minutes a lady whispered, "Your suit is split down the back". Ish paid her no mind, deducting she was nosey or jealous.

Presently Ish became interested in watching little black things floating in the water, but she was never able to catch one as the waves washed in and out. When the bathers began coming out of the

water a lady stopped of your suit is out time and made a suit an appropriate and a wave to come suit. There she lovely suit but the bands. When her went into spasms of the situation red a few seconds plain made a sand went ahead and Ish ing's shoulder. up the rear, and Rue marched militarily to the casino.

When they appeared or less in their again. Ish was all the joke on herself

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water a lady stopped and said, "Lady the whole back of your suit is out." Ish was really indignant that time and made a sudden move to face about and give an appropriate answer. It took just that movement and a wave to completely disintergrate her lovely suit. There she sat with nothing to show of that lovely suit but the heavily stitched neck and arm bands. When her friends saw her they naturally went into spasms of laughter, and then the seriousness of the situation dawned on them. They conferred a few seconds and then as Ish put it "They just plain made a sandwich of me". Mrs. Stiling, tiny, went ahead and Ish dropped her arms over Mrs. Stiling's shoulder. Mrs. Reynolds heavy set, brought up the rear, and discreetly spread her skirt. Mrs. Rue marched militantly ahead to clear their path to the casino.

When they appeared on the beach clothed and more or less in their right minds, the people laughed again. Ish was always a good sport and could take the joke on herself in her stride, so all ended well.

CHAPTER XXXVII

In Memphis high white canvas shoes were in stype and I brought down a pair, with me, one summer and of course that meant white stockings also. We wore cotton ones then. It dawned on my aunts that mosquitoes were easier to see on white hose than on the black ones. Most respectable people wore them.

When I left at the end of the summer, I left my white ones and sent four more pairs for them to dole out to Mrs. Brewer and Mrs. Froriep.

A little while later a Mrs. Marsh who lived south

of Longview Corner invited the group down to spend the day. The road had just been cut through from Avocado to Mowry Street, but it was hard rough walking since it had not yet been worked over - merely cleared. The ladies started early and as they passed another guest's home, she joined them and the procession moved along. Mrs. Marsh expected them to arrive shortly after nine I heard, but by ten was getting nervous that something had happened or that they had gotten the date mixed up somehow.

Mr. Marsh took his surveyor's instruments out to the road to take a look and came back reporting the ladies were on their way and that Mrs. Brewer was ahead and wearing white stockings and black shoes. Mrs. Marsh felt sure he was joking to keep her spirits up, as such things did not happen here.

After half an hour or so she sent him out again and he came back saying they all were wearing white stockings and black shoes. At that she really was ready to junk her dinner plans.

Eventually when they did arrive she broke out into wild laughter for sure enough they were all taking precautions against horse flies and mosquitoes by wearing white stockings

Skirts were long in those days and we held them high when walking the trails for fear of getting grease stains from palmetto leaves that had brushed against wagon hubs.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

My aunts invited the Brewers and other neighbors in for New Years' dinner in 1908. You, of this day

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and time cannot imagine what that entailed. The house was one room, and so small the table had to be put outside at night that the cots might be brought down from over the rafters before anyone could go to bed. Mornings everyone had to get up on time in order to have the table back in the house for use at breakfast.

When you had company you cooked early and then cleaned up your one room, got the table back indoors and got ready. After dinner, everyone went outside and the conversation was largely fertilizer, chickens and the need of roads. If any road had been started it meant that later, the group would walk down to see just how far it had progressed in the past week.

Aunty never could make up her mind to kill a chicken, so having company meant she had to walk some distance to find a man to kill it for her and then she had to carry it home.

Firewood was a problem also and everyone formed the habit of picking up every faggot along the way when out of the house. Once in a while someone would want work and my aunts would have some wood chopped, but colored help was scarce in those days and the men getting their own places started were too busy to come and work only when in dire need.

Among the things I had sent them for Christmas that year there was a plum pudding. They made a sort of ceremony of making the sauce by a recipe inclosed with the pudding and everyone sat at the table or hung over the little cook stove enduring the heat until it was finished.

Entertaining was more work in those days, but

more fun for everyone appreciated any sort of thing that was out of the usual humdrum schedule. Anyone who could think up a surprise of any kind was lauded to the skies.

Aunt Anna thought she would brown the sugar in her corn starch pudding one time, and when it tasted all right she even dared to add a spoonful of jelly in the bottom of each dessert dish and what a salvo of applause she got for the innovation.

I remember one time at the Froriep's, when it came time for dessert she handed Otto a crocker sack tacked to a broom handle and told us to all fall in line. Otto swung the crocker sack from side to side lustily to knock off sandspurs along the edge of the path and led us to a banana bush where there was a bunch of ripe bananas. She had wrapped it in mosquito bar for fear they would drop off on the ground. We were told to eat all we wanted and then when we got back to the house she brought out a cake and put the layers together with whipped cream. The purchase of the cow had been kept a secret as a big surprise.

It was Aunt Anna who thought of adding herbs to make a canned roast beef stew more palatable and it was Mrs. Ewing who invented carrot preserves, before anyone in the Longview neighborhood had fruit to use. Someone else thought up making raisins out of tiny tomatoes and what we knicknamed preserved figs out of yellow tomatoes someone raised one season. All these things may seem silly now but were the saving grace of the early days.

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CHAPTER XXXIX

It was a fall morning, a Friday and rainy and the sky had a peculiar yellowish tinge and there was some wind, but the Galkins family, Orvie, Addie and Mary had been invited to have dinner at Mrs. Bow's. In those lonely days an invitation was so welcome that they had no idea of not making the effort to be at her home on time. There were no roads, just a rough trail through the woods, but they set out early on foot to walk from their homesite west of Florida City to Mrs. Bow's place on Widow's Row.

It was well on toward dinner time when they arrived, more or less water logged, but happy to be there. The rain had poured down most of the way as they made the trek. As soon as they were rested a little someone remarked the storm must be about over but Mrs. Bow said it had not really begun for she had interpreted the three blasts of the train whistle as a warning of a hurricane, that morning. At that season it meant hurricane, while at cropping time it meant threat of frost. In fact three shots or three of anything was the way people asked for help or gave warning then.

Dinner over they could not but notice the wind was freshening, and by mid afternoon all idea of getting home ahead of the gale was abandoned. Supper time arrived and they cooked it together in the little log kitchen where a black snake used to chase rats along the poles.

After supper, worn out with excitement, they agreed Mary should be put to bed and to induce her to go Addie went in and laid down beside her

and tired out, she too fell asleep. Hours later she was awakened by the sound of dishes rattling in the kitchen. She got up and went out there and found Orvie and Mrs. Bow making a snack and it was midnight. They laughingly told her they were having an all night impromptu recital since he had brought his 'cello piggy back on the trip.

After the snack and half an hour listening Mary seemed restless so Addie went in and again laid down beside her and again fell asleep. Again she was awakened by the sound of rattling dishes and that time it was a predawn snack and the storm was raging outside. The storm, the impromptu recital, the snacks had continued throughout the night and the dawn showed the damage done by the hurricane. Not only had the pine trees been blown over but water was everywhere so they felt as if they were on a small island.

It was Wednesday, I believe, before the water went down enough to allow the Calkins family to make the homeward trek. Trees had fallen across the trail and had to be circumvented, either through their branches or their high flung roots. There were two ways of getting around such a situation - you could make your way around either end of the fallen tree or if someone in the party had a stalwart back he would lean down, grasp his ankles firmly and you would scramble up on the tree trunk, and then slide down on his back and to the ground. Of course to mount the tree trunk the process was reversed, and then the gallant swain rushed around to assume the same position for your descent. That day the Calkins had a weary trip back to their own little private bit of heaven.

Later came the task of clearing away the fallen timber to make the trail passable for them when

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bringing in their groceries on foot. It was heavy work with no mule and wagon to haul off the branches, but the task was accomplished by the old timers of that section for that trail was their one link with others who were doing a like service in other neighborhoods.

Noone who lived through those experiences would trade them for anything the present time has to offer. Friendships were made which have endured through the years.

CHAPTER XL

For a long time Florida City - then called Detroit was a mythical place. We heard some city folks had moved in down there, but there was no road leading directly to the place and besides we had heard the people were definitely "High Hat" and we felt we were not wanted.

The first residents of the village that Aunty remembered meeting, were Mr. Stiling and his daughter Octavia. It seemed they had walked out one Sunday to see what lay beyond their so called city limits, and eventually came out at her corner. They were fascinated by the capers of her donkey which was her newest possession, and of course the pride of her life at that time. She liked the people much and wrote me she wished they lived nearer.

Gradually we learned the names of the people although we did not meet them. The town was nicely laid out, we heard, and they had a city hall that doubled or trebled as school and church. Eventually the road was made and the principal ride your high particular could take you on via motorcycle was

south on Redland Road, east on Palm Avenue and north back into Homestead proper and then on to where ever you lived. At night it was a fairyland ride for the glades were as full of fire flies as the sky with stars.

One time we heard of an entertainment to be held in the city hall and decided to brave it out. We had not heard all the details of a recent disturbance really a sort of duel - between the town folks and those of the Longview neighborhood. We arrived at the appointed hour and there were few people there inside the building, but many clustered about in groups outside. Knowing none of them we went inside and sat down. Finally it dawned on me there was no piano in the place and I began to wonder how they were going to put over a concert that way. One of the higher ups came in and spoke to me and presented me with a chocolate candy bar - a rare treat in those days. Another long wait ensued, and finally a piano was moved in, thereafter the program went without a hitch, but we never cared to venture again.

Years later something very funny came up. A man who was down to crop for the season saw his opportunity and seized it. He had written a cantata of sorts and offered to organize a chorus if each member would buy a copy of his composition. The idea was to give it on the percentage basis at the end of the cropping season. We all heard about it, but no one seemed much interested.

I had been married just a few months then and my aunt and I were working up a business peddling fruit in Miami twice a week. On this particular day I was shockingly arrayed in a shirt and overalls belonging to my husband and was picking fruit from a low ladder in the grove. I saw this swanky car drive in so I

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just sat on a low step of the ladder hiding out. It worked very well until I saw they were taking advantage of the fact they thought no one was home and were picking fruit and putting it in the car. I walked out with what dignity I could master and they recovered poise enough to explain their errand.

The chorus had assumed such proportions that one piano seemed inadequate and they had come to ask if I would play second piano to help out. I was in an awful position trying to decide if it would better or worsen the feeling between the two communities. The larger of the two men sought to come to the rescue by saying his wife would gladly loan me an evening dress for the occasion as it was to be a full dress affair. I told him what I wore would make no difference if I was playing second piano and after more thought I agreed to do what I could. The fruit peddling and my Saturday teaching made a rehearsal impossible except Sunday Afternoon, so we agreed on the time. When I got to the little church down there only two ladies came and although we waited an hour no one else appeared. They were distinctly hostile in their attitude, but I asked them a few questions about the cantata.

Monday Night I was in a quandry but decided since I had promised to help out, I must go. Wearing a lovely concert dress of Memphis days and what little jewelry I possessed, I arrived half an hour before the program, as they had said we should. Going in I spoke to the man who had written the so called cantata, which suddenly was announced in the Miami papers of that morning, as an oratorio along with the news that a special train was bringing Model Land Company people down. Soon the little dressing room was so jammed I went out into the church with the

idea of sitting at the piano the remaining few minutes. No chair was at the piano, but two little girls made room for me on the front bench. Promptly on the stroke of the clock the chorus filed in. Ladies in evening dresses and men in what I guessed were rented evening clothes. The director took his stance and began telling the audience the story of his life from his earliest infancy it seemed to me. After forty five minutes of that he pulled himself up as tall as possible and said he might as well come clean with those assembled - that he had been fool enough to go out into the sticks where a woman claimed she could play the piano and she had promised to help and they could see what she had done - stood them up, but worse yet, the other pianist was so insulted, she also had not come. When they were leaving they could reclaim their money at the door. When he paused for breath I arose and remarked, "If it is I you are talking about, I have been here since half after seven, and if someone will place a chair at the second piano the show can go on."

The poor chap fell back into a seat almost in a faint and his nephew took the baton and we were off to a good start. By the time the second number was under way someone had gone next door and brought the other pianist in after telling her the hilarious tale. Could you believe it, we became firm friends from that night on and things between the communities cleared up. Nothing like a good laugh to clear the atmosphere.

CHAPTER XLI

Christmas in 1907 - Often I have heard my aunts tell of that first Christmas down here. The climate did not get them in the right mood for the holiday

season and besides As the day grew cold and pessimistic about things I thought the Brewer's sister Betty Christmas in their mas, Mrs. Brewer to have dinner with others in the neighbor took the door open to make room for the fold saved up news of the panels of the dishes to go around tins do, and the g

Two things however - her silver clock love and look forward occasions, for she was heirloom cut glass had bought a cow nice cold snap had cream sweet for wh

The dinner was days, chicken was only question was, it go farthest. O number of guests was right moment.

Mrs. Brewer was had made a small g had a tiny tree decorated on her living room

season and besides there were no shopping facilities. As the day grew closer they got more and more blue and pessimistic about it all. I had sent a box of things I thought they might like to have, and Mrs. Brewer's sister Bessie had sent her a box to make Christmas in their home. A few days before Christmas, Mrs. Brewer walked down and invited my two aunts to have dinner with them. She had invited the few others in the neighborhood in and as usual Mr. Brewer took the door off its hinges to serve as a table, to make room for them all. It was quite a trick to fold saved up news papers to fill in the low spots of the panels of that door. There were never enough dishes to go around, but no one minded making pie tins do, and the guests took their own silver.

Two things however, outstanding, were on that table - her silver coffee urn which we all learned to love and look forward to seeing on all important occasions, for she was generous in loaning it and her heirloom cut glass punch bowl. She and Mr. Brewer had bought a cow named in honor of her sister and a nice cold snap had made it possible for her to keep cream sweet for whipping for the eggnog.

The dinner was the usual company dinner of those days, chicken was the festive meat always, and the only question was, how was it to be cooked to make it go farthest. Of course it really depended on the number of guests who were sure to turn up at the right moment.

Mrs. Brewer was agile with her crochet hook and had made a small gift for each and every guest and had a tiny tree decorated with home made decorations on her living room table.

I do not recall who the other guests were except the Spencers who had lived near the Brewer family in Pennsylvania at one time.

It was a Christmas that always stood out in the memory of those who attended.

CHAPTER XLII

There is probably not one family of the old Red-land District that does not have at least one treasured memory of some kindness George Ransom showed during the time he was rural carrier, on the one and only route we had. I sincerely hope those tales will be passed on to another generation.

In the very earliest days, I have been told, that W. A. King sometimes brought the mail down from the camp up near Rockdale. He got it as far as Black Point or on rare occasions to Horne's Store at Homestead. The accumulation of mail coming on by boat to Cutler was eventually tossed into a packing box approximately at the corner where where the Spice Park is located.

Passers by sorted out their own and their neighbor's mail. To save time it was often tossed out in the general direction of the path leading to the little log shack where the owner lived. But which ever was your fate, it was wonderful to get the mail at all.

When we finally got a star route we were overjoyed but our delight knew no bounds when George Ransom was actually a full fledged carrier with a stated route and more or less time scheduled.

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uinely friendly and kind. He would pass out bits of news as he sorted out your mail, and was never stuffy if your box was cluttered up with offerings some passing neighbor had left. A pet cream box was the make-do box and people who raised pole beans or some fruit they did not need often shared with friends along the road via their rural boxes.

Lacking news of importance, Mr. Ransom sometimes had a funny story to tell, and his passing brightened the day for everyone along his route. Although his home and his church were his paramount interests in life, he had other outlets.

One outstanding civic interest was in the Men's Chorus which was one of the most praise worthy projects ever launched in this community.

His love of children was a trait we all recognized, and every child on the route knew and loved him. My most poignant memory of a kindness to my aunt was when he came miles out of his way to tell her of the passing of her friend Catharine Barr. Personally I still feel a warmth of gratitude when I remember how he came and brought his harmonica and along with Harvey, added volume, three little boys did not have the strength to give in the King Cole scene of my opera. They played behind the curtain and I doubt if he ever told he gave the assistance so generous and kindly was his nature.

When he had served many years and retired a reception was given in his honor, and eyes filled with tears when people realized he would no longer be a part of their daily life. I feel this a most inadequate "Lest We Forget" but it would be impossible to recount all the things we treasure of one who

meant so much to the community at large.

CHAPTER XLIII

Here is a bit that may amuse you. When my aunts came down to stay Aunt Anna immediately hunted up a pot hole Aunty had told about, almost opposite where I live but far back from the road. She went about making a garden and naturally got many compliments. Aunty was jealous of the attentions Aunt Anna was winning, and although she had never planted anything in her life she secretly ordered a package of wax bean seed. Aunt Anna wondered what was going on one morning when Aunty started out before having her coffee and was rushing toward the garden spot. Seems someone had told her beans sprouted in so many days, and she aimed to be among those present when hers did. In a few minutes she was on her way back, and Aunt Anna finally made out she was Yelling "Where's that trowel?" She took it and went out to meet her and Aunty panted - "Those fool beans came up upside down and I want to turn them over before the sun ruins them." Aunt Anna, laughing, went along and already the skins were dropping off. It took Aunty months to live that one down.

CHAPTER XLIV

There were many expression that puzzled Aunty when she first came to board with the Hornes while looking for a homestead. She got use to them referring to Yankees with an adjective in front of the word and accepted their term of "Making Tomatoes" instead of growing them, and learned what "Two Looks" meant but the one she could not understand was "Right Smart". They used it in so many ways, but the one that really was the last straw with her was when she asked Mr.

Horne how much for orange trees. As That was not definite time she went in high coffee cans asked him to show meant when it ref

Another saying "No Force" and she ing with her first really feel she h treme limit of sp I. Remember how crates, etc. and ter being picked? a crying need of she utilize some a press and she h gather and wash e he could get it t What a task we ha and demijohn was a keg. Finally M when it should be

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Horne how much fertilizer she should give her young orange trees. As usual he said "Oh Right Smart". That was not definite enough for her so the next time she went in town she took along one of those high coffee cans we used to get our coffee in, and asked him to show her exactly what "Right Smart" meant when it referred to fertilizer.

Another saying in common use was "He Ain't Got No Force" and she learned the meaning of that dealing with her first colored help. Only once did she really feel she had seen colored help at their extreme limit of speed. It happened during World War I. Remember how we could not get freight cars, nor crates, etc. and crops had to rot even sometimes after being picked? Well Mr. Urban told us there was a crying need of vinegar in Key West, and suggested she utilize some of the grape fruit that way. He had a press and she had the fruit so I was delegated to gather and wash every obtainable container. He said he could get it to Key West through some pull he had. What a task we had undertaken. Every bottle, jug and demijohn was filled and in addition a barrel and a keg. Finally Mr. Urban thought the time had come when it should be filtered.

All winter Aunty had been the only person who seemed able to get colored help at will and such good natured help. They brought their lunches in tin buckets instead of bags, and sang in the packing house as they ate at noon.

Mr. Urban never kept his appointments very well, so when the filtering day arrived, Aunty suggested that we go ahead without him and thought it a good idea to put the keg on the table and begin on that. With a mighty heave we lifted and the thing went up

to the ceiling of the low built packing shed. We were absolutely stunned at that. She then gave the barrel an experimental shake and it too, moved and then reaching up she took down a couple of bottles from the front row and those behind were empty. We knew then why she had been able to get help.

It was not so funny a few days later when an officer appeared at our front door asking the whereabouts of an old colored man named Carter who lived in the shack north of the grove. When I realized he was to be made the scapegoat of something no one was really to blame for I just told that officer the tale. He laughed until the tears ran down his cheeks, and left and we never heard any more about the great bootlegging deal in Aunty's grove.

CHAPTER XLV

Very early one morning Mr. Brewer dropped Mrs. Brewer off at Aunty's path and went off to his day's work. Mrs. Brewer came jauntily up the path with her work bag swinging from one hand and a covered dish in the other.

As soon as she was in hearing distance she began telling us our neighbor was to be married the next day and that she thought we should all go to help her do the last small things toward getting ready, as she had no kin here at the time. It took only a few minutes of united effort to make us ready for the trip. Aunty fed the chickens, Aunt Anna got together the making for our share of the lunch, and I tidied up the room. Then with our work bags, we started forth. From the corner on we took a sort of double Indian file formation with two in each road rut that we might better carry on a conversation.

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Our reactions pared notes. The ning to build a r steads they had o colored maid to o shack. I thought honeymoon, and th lovely cotton cre fashion, when I

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There was much to discuss - where would they probably live. His homestead had the better house but hers was nearer town. Then what should we do when they returned? Would a neighborhood pound party be in order or a sort of reception at the Guild Hall, or a series of dinners until each had entertained in turn. We gathered at Mrs. Bow as we went along, and told her the sketchily planned future entertainments in honor of the newlyweds.

We found the bride ironing, heating her irons on the little wood stove. Although the house was like a bake oven we felt a distinct chill in the welcome but we were there and determined to do our good deed. We took up our posts near the ironing board and each in turn took a freshly ironed article and looked it over for any needed repairs. After finishing a particularly hard piece of ironing, the bride to be mopped her brow and said "Well anyway this is the last ironing I shall ever have to do".

Our reactions varied we found later, when we compared notes. The others thought they must be planning to build a new shack on whichever of the homesteads they had decided to live on, and install a colored maid to do the work, and live in the old shack. I thought they must be going north on their honeymoon, and that she planned to convert to the lovely cotton crepes that were just coming into fashion, when I left for Florida early in the summer.

None of us vouched any answers however, and soon the ironing was finished. The hostess then pulled her old tin coffee pot to the front of the stove and said she would heat up the coffee left from breakfast (that was putting it mildly, as we all knew she started from scratch only Sundays) and then

let the fire die down as she wanted the house to cool off. Such a proceeding was entirely contrary to the usual way of doing in those days, but we accepted her excuse along with the cold biscuits she had left from breakfast. They and the can of roast beef and Mrs. Brewer's cottage cheese and some ripe guavas made the lunch.

After that Mrs. Brewer said we would love to see her new clothes and she rather reluctantly displayed a lovely gray suit and blouse, and a white hat. Just as she was about to take down a beautiful summery looking dress from its hanger, we heard wagon wheels approaching. It startled us as it came from town and we had heard nothing passing that morning. There was no reason for such a thing to happen as no one had gone by and passers by were even a source of intense interest. As it came nearer we saw that it was Mr. Horne's little horse and wagon that he used to haul things from town to his homestead.

It was a recent purchase on his part, and still an object of interest to us. As they drew nearer we could see it was the hostess' son driving and beside him sat a tall stranger wearing a gray suit and panama hat. We turned as one well trained chorus to remark on that, but the hostess and the summery dress had both disappeared out the back window, and we knew she was dressing under the shelter back of her little cabin.

We silently gathered up our bags and filed out slowly just as the outfit turned into the yard. Looking back we saw our hostess coming serenely around the corner of the house, but not even glancing our way. We realized introductions were definitely not in order, so we took up the homeward trek.

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Once out of ear shot Mrs. Bow remarked she guessed that solved all the problems we had discussed. None of us ever exactly knew when or where the wedding took place, but the next time we walked into town the little house was closed and each trip thereafter the yard looked more and more overgrown, and the place more deserted. The sequel of the story came out some years later, but that is another tale.

CHAPTER XLVI

Perhaps a tale of early entertaining would be interesting. Since there was no place to hold gatherings, and it was a crying need to earn money for road building, anything that was offered was gladly accepted.

One summer all the Kosels, except Florence, then probably in her late twenties, had gone back to Long Island to grow strawberries to finance next season's cropping. She was holding down all four homesteads as the idiom was then. They lived in the original duplex, one section was theirs and the other the mule's, and it had a long roof and the space between the sections was utilized as wash shed - packing house in season, general place for household tasks and many other things.

The only part with a floor was part of the mule's section of the building and that was solely to keep the machinery from rusting in case of hurricane and high water.

As usual we all walked to the place having fed the chickens early. The three families from this immediate neighborhood were there and actually the Bernickers and Rutzkeys and Bierfreunds had walked

from way up on Silver Palm. Mrs. Bierfreund was a lonesome little bride just over from Germany and since I could understand and translate for her she clung to me all evening. The supper over and conversation lagging, as we sat on improvised benches and old crates, etc., someone suggested dancing. Annie Roberts had brought her harmonica and Dan his fiddle. Mrs. Kosel was doubtful, but they agreed to put the machinery back as it was if she would let them move it out. The floor was rough and uneven but the fun was kept boiling and since Mrs. Kosel cooked out of doors much of the time there was always a smudge going. Their mule Mike learned to give the ever present smoldering log a kick if the smoke died down. So much food had been brought that the party lasted all night as was usual in those times. Each one not only donated but also paid for what was eaten while there and money was accumulating.

That is what led to the wild idea of building a place where entertainments could be held on a larger scale and money earned faster we hoped.

There was once a famous party at Dan Robert's place. We took pains to hang lanterns all along the trail leading in so that people could find the place and long before we turned off the main trail we could hear the moise of the party already well under way. The Roberts had one room ceiled more or less and all the babies were placed on the bed and each mother was responsible for keeping her pot of smudge going near her child. They all seemed to know their own babies cry, and a set dancing might pause momentarily while a mother scurried off to attend her child and someone else was found to take her place.

The room was small and the crowd was larger out-

side around bon fire and a stew on five gallon freezer ground and used up. There was an improv were on sale in pa.

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The train was s four A.M., so we w lanterns by two th main trail we coul the north and as w that is now the co could see others c head of us in the

We gathered on spirits. Mr. Brev to hide the lantern brought a small ha timbers to hang hi

side around bon fires and a coffee pot was on one fire and a stew on another and they had acquired a five gallon freezer some place and it was filled, ground and used up methodically time after time. There was an improvised table where cakes and pies were on sale in parts or whole.

If you never have seen such a "frolic" as they called them you cannot picture in your mind the fascination of it all. People were in high spirits and glad to be together and everyone was friendly.

CHAPTER XLVII

Probably the most important event of each homesteader's life after his own proving up day was the completion of the F.E.C. to Key West. Every able bodied man down here got his start working on the railroad and every one knew the progress from week to week. Finally summer came and they began having Sunday excursions to Key West, and we were among the ones who boarded the train for the first one.

The train was scheduled to leave Homestead at four A.M., so we were up at two and on our way with lanterns by two thirty. As we stepped out into the main trail we could see other lanterns off toward the north and as we neared the bend in the road that is now the corner of Krome and Avocado, we could see others coming from the east and some ahead of us in the direction of Homestead.

We gathered on the platform and all were in high spirits. Mr. Brewer had decided the safest places to hide the lanterns were under the depot and he had brought a small hammer and a few nails to put in the timbers to hang his and his neighbor's lanterns.

He made several trips under to accomodate others who had not planned that far ahead.

Of course the train was not on time, and it was all of seven before it actually pulled in, and it was crowded with people from Miami and farther up the road. Again it was Mr. Brewer's foresight that saved the day for us. He had brought along a strong rope and a leather strap. As soon as the train was about to start he told Mrs. Brewer and Aunt Anna to sit on the top step of the back platform and he fastened the strap around the two of them and the hand rail of the steps that they might have something to steady themselves against, and he placed Aunty and me on the opposite side of the platform and tied us securely in place with the rope. That is how we rode all the way to Key West regardless of showers or sunshine.

Part of the way it seemed as if our feet could almost touch the water, the road bed was so low. There were almost no houses on the Keys at that time and we saw only the strange vegetation and birds. It was a most wonderful experience.

When we finally reached Key West it was in a down-pour of rain that lasted all day. Soon the restaurants were crowded to capacity and every sweltering awning had its full quota of people trying not to get soaked.

It was mid afternoon before we could even get into a restaurant, and then coffee was all that was left to sell - that thick black Cuban kind, but we were thankful to even get that for no one had thought to bring lunch. We had had visions of eating Spanish food in Cuban Restaurants which we had heard so much about.

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others who
After the coffee break we took a carriage and
went to see a cigar factory that was open for in-
spection and then drove to the cemetery because we
wanted to stand beside the grave of a boy from our
home town who died in the Spanish War. We had hoped
to take a picture to send his mother.

When we reached the main part of the town again
some trainman Mr. Brewer knew told him confidentially
that a train was making up and if we went to the de-
pot they would honor our tickets, although it was not
part of the excursion. Since the rain was still
pouring down, we decided to take the advice offered
and got aboard just before the train was to start.

We arrived in Homestead four hours later, retriev-
ed our lanterns from under the depot, and with the
Brewers started our trek out to the shack. It was
almost daylight before we reached our shack and heard
the others making their way homeward.

That trip was the conversation for the rest of
that summer. Recently I made the trip by car and
found it not nearly so interesting and exciting as
that one of long ago when the people disapproving
of such things as Sunday excursions had stayed in-
doors with closed blinds to show how they felt to-
wards people who would thus desecrate the Sabbath.
The town was as deserted as a ghost town.

CHAPTER XLVIII

The accepted call for help in homesteading days
was three shots and three toots of the train whistle
in the fall meant a hurricanewas coming, and the
cropping season frost was expected.

My aunts decided since they had had so little

practice with firearms they might get a revolver reversed, so Aunty brought down a police whistle which I had had on a wheel once. It was so shrill it made many a pedestrian buckle his knees, to my delight when I was in back of him on my wheel.

After Aunt Anna came down, one evening they got into a discussion as to the merits of that whistle. Aunt Anna thought it would not be heard far enough to be of any use in case they needed help. To prove it she gave a mighty blast on it, in jig time there were lanterns coming from the east and from the west where their only neighbors lived at that time. It was an embarrassing moment, of course, but an excuse for making up the fire and putting on a pot of coffee and breaking out a box of Unedas which constituted a party in those times.

When anyone was making a trip to Miami any Neighbor for miles around felt free to ask him to shop for anything under the sun. Mr. Froriep was planning one such trip and someone listed skeins of embroidery thread. The clerks in Burdines giggled over his pronunciation of the word "Skein" and it made him both angry and embarrassed..

He packed all the extra articles in one suit case he had brought along for that purpose. When he got off the train at Homestead he forgot that suit case and it went on merrily down the line, by work train as far as that went and then by ferry to Key West. He knew only too well it might take days to get it back.

Arriving out to his home he got more and more angry and excited for he knew people would be awaiting his arrival - or so he thought. Really there was just one person there, an itinerate preacher, and

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oward noon did Mr. Froriep have a deeper aversion. He used to say all they ever did was eat up all his chicken. Seeing that the worst was happening he tossed the reins to his son and started through the house using language no one is ever supposed to use or hear in polite society.

The preacher, shocked, followed him out to the barn to try and calm him down and reform him too maybe. Mr. Froriep turned to him with a grin and said, "I had to get her first or she would have gotten me" and then plaintively "It's the little things that make Lena mad, and she gets so awful mad." They both roared with laughter, and Mrs. Froriep came out to the barn, and heard the tale about the suit case and she joined in their laughter, and said it might cure people of asking others to do their errands.

CHAPTER XLIX

My folks usually tried to save the really big news as a surprise for me upon arriveal for my annual summer visit. Once it was that we now had phone service. Expense of wire work and box was met by prorating it all among those who formed the original phone company. Expense for poles was eliminated by fastening the wires to any convenient pine tree along the route.

W. A. Frazier, who came with the original group from Kansas, was the man who knew about installing a phone system, so he did the work and central was at his place west of where the Experiment Station now stands. Mrs. Frazier was the operator and there were I think five lines running to five different neighborhoods. When the Fraziers wanted to spend a day away from home she just threw open all lines and we had a wonderful holiday of ringing a number and talk-

ing to whoever we happened to get on whatever line. Each of us owned our own box, and was our own repair man. We have been given a box of fuses and we replaced them as needed. Just held up the conversation if one blew out, replaced it and went on talking.

No hurricane happened along, so we really had very satisfactory service for several years. Later when the regular system was brought down from Miami, some of us had both phones and for convenience sake the boxes were always placed side by side on the wall, preferably by a front door as neighbors who were less fortunate came to use the phones.

What was considered a neighborly act then was to take a Miami message to relay on - You just held a receiver at each ear and listened and repeated until both parties got their message through.

After we had regular service Lena Knowles was the head of the office at Homestead, and I feel sure she would have taken it as an insult had we called by number. She knew them all by memory, and we just told her who we wanted to speak with and she connected the lines. One stunt was, when cropping season was not taking up most of the lines, to connect up several of us for a nice morning visit. Another helpful thing she put over as if you wanted some special friend Lena would tell you where she was and connect you with that phone instead of the one you had asked for. It was a nice friendly way of running a phone office, and we still miss the informality of such service, who knew it in its heyday.

CHAPTER L

Here is a bit from bootlegging days that I think

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rather amusing and maybe typical of that era. Mr. and Mrs. Earl Martin had a charter boat anchored down on the Keys area, and since the water was shallow they had it somewhat off shore and serviced it by means of a skiff and outboard motor.

Their car developed trouble on a return trip from Miami on this certain day and they arrived back at their Keys location very late in the afternoon. Both thought the boat should be serviced and ready for use on an early charter the following morning. Fate seemed to be against them that day for trouble developed in the outboard motor and as they worked frantically the boat drifted so they were completely befuddled when finally after dark - they were ready to return to shore. They tried this inlet and that, and got stuck in the mud on a sand bar, and both got out to push off. Once when they had decided it would be wise to anchor for the night Mr. Martin discovered they were on a mud bank right off shore from a cemetery he recognized. He thought that sight might not be conducive to Mrs. Martin's comfort if she happened also to recognize it.

None of the visible lights seemed familiar until at last one appeared that although a little off beat appeared to be one they could count on maybe. Frantically they steered toward it fearing each moment they would run out of gas. Again they got stuck on a sand bar, and when they both got out to push, a shark brushed against Mr. Martin from under the boat. He grabbed his wife and threw her into the boat, and followed her into it. The Martins were nearing the place where the light was flashing, and suddenly a voice challenged them. Mr. Martin explained who they were and their plight, and after mutual confidence had been established, the men turned their own spot

lights on to guide the Martins in to the wharf. Then explanations were made. The men were there to meet a boat with a load of something they had ordered and to while away the time the men were playing dice on the pier. Since there was no electric or other lighting on the wharf naturally, each man in turn threw and then flashed on his flash light that he and the others might see in that short blink what had been thrown. It all worked out more or less rhythmically and that is what the Martins had taken to be a repeating blinker.

CHAPTER LI

When the school annual recently carried Mrs. Fred Redd's picture, it took me back to the first graduation from the Homestead Schools. It was of the World War I era. Utley was the one and only graduate. I listened so intently I can still repeat parts of her essay, on things pertaining to home economics. At that time suspicions were rife the country over and therefore I was delighted when the party the Fuchs gave in honor of their daughter's graduation stressed the patriotism they felt. It was one of the loveliest parties I ever attended, and I was there only because the guest list included all Utley's teachers, the members of the school faculty and the school board, all with their wives or husbands and even children in some cases.

Tables were set on the front lawn between the avocado trees and benches built for seats. A flag pole had been raised and as we drove into the place we saw the beautiful red, white and blue symbol waving proudly. When it came time for dessert I think every one felt like standing at salute for in came trays of individual cakes in the school colors and atop of

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each a small silk American Flag. Each guest proudly wore his flag, and the rest of the afternoon and probably the same as we treasured it as a souvenir until time made it disintegrate, but the memories are forever.

CHAPTER LII

Aunty had a very keen ear musically and it stood her in good stead at the time when rock breaking around trees was in vogue. At first people did not try to line up their trees, but rather hunted a "soft spot" and set them that way. They were either set on top of the rock or a very small indentation made and then they raked up trash to hold them upright. Naturally as roots began to spread they needed some place to go, thus rock breaking came into the picture. Men who took the work agreed to break it in a circle of a given circumference and depth at an agreed upon price. Aunty finally decided it was the right procedure and then one day a man came by asking for work and she hired him to break rock in what she called "The upper grove", an acre opposite where we lived.

He wanted to come back the next day and begin but she was afraid someone else might hire him so insisted he start at once. That day's work was absolutely according to agreement. After he had quit for the day we walked up and she measured around the hole and probed for depth. The next day he did almost twice as much work as on the first and it made Aunty suspicious. After he left we tried out some of the trees and found he had made the circles of the size agreed upon, but the depth was not there. They wrangled over it and the next morning, but she could hear him chopping steadily, and although she made

several trips up that grove she could not exactly catch him at whatever he was doing to outwit her.

After that afternoon's hour of investigation she sat thinking awhile and then suddenly went outside and pulled several picks from under the shack, and tried each one out. She was convinced in her own mind that the different pieces of rock could not make the difference of tone she found so therefore it had to be the pick. Having convinced herself on that point she waited until the man left that afternoon and then instead of measuring the holes she went about hunting the other pick he must be using. Found it in the palmettos bordering the acre of grove. It was a light one he was using in place of the heavy one needed.

Next morning when he stopped by to get her pick she was ready for him. She accompanied him up to the grove, and took her seat on a log near by. That day's work was perfect, only the man gave out at noon, and never came back except to collect his money.

Others complained how they got cheated, but she never gave away the secret, which she had learned the hard way. It was simply the change of tone in the light pick and the heavy one that had enabled men to put over the deception on the unsuspecting ones, but never again on Aunty.

CHAPTER LIII

The need for amusement for children was behind the organization of the original Boy Choir of the Redlands. It soon developed into an affair where both boys and girls were welcomed and small children were taken over by Florence Kosel and her kindergarten equipment. The Guild offered the use of the hall free of charge

and everyone who value offered their such pulling together for that little hour of singing of varied classes taught art and exercises, Gladys and Octavia Lehmann etiquette. Children carrying their shoes to be clean and dry from their neighbors from her neighborhood almost in the area - almost

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and everyone who could add something of cultural value offered their services. Never have I witnessed such pulling together as a community as was put forth for that little old Boy Choir. From the original one hour of singing it soon emerged as a whole afternoon of varied classes. Lucy Warner Jordan came and taught art and French, a Mrs. Colby gave Sweedish exercises, Gladys Walton gave folk dancing and games, and Octavia Lehman taught ball room dancing and etiquette. Children walked miles to attend, often carrying their shoes in their hands that they might be clean and dry. People who could brought the children from their neighborhoods, Grace Brooker brought from her neighborhood west of Florida City and People almost in the Perrine Area brought those from the area - almost nearly a hundred all told.

It was a most cosmopolitan bunch of youngsters all eager to learn and all well behaved. The greatest threat a mother could give was non attendance at next Saturday's choir session. The Guild furnished refreshments one Saturday of the month and Dr. Soper, missionary rector at the time often came and brought guests from Coconut Grove and it was he who began offering prizes for various achievements.

The one afternoon that stands out brightest in my memory was when Octavia decided to teach the kids ball room manners. She asked if any one knew how to introduce people. She went on to explain it would not be considered very polite to introduce a dancing partner who would not be suitable in maybe height or general appearance. Carl Schumacher volunteered to show how it should be done. He went outside and returned bringing in Sherman Ward a six foot , twelve year old. Marching him proudly up to Mrs. Lehman he said, loud and clear, "That's him". Octavia had the

grace not to laugh and then told them that next Saturday she would give a prize to the one who did it best. All that week we were introduced over and over whenever we met any of those children so eager and earnest were they in their desire to do it nicely. After the usual dancing class, Octavia lined them up two by two at the door and each in turn - pair by pair entered and walked over and introduced his partner to her. Largely the form was "Mrs. Lehman I want you to meet my friend", but the very last pair came in in what I still consider the acme of non chalanbe. Cyrus Jordan aged maybe five and with long curls walked across and after passing the time of day with Octavia said "I would like to present my friend Wallace Byrd if I may". Octavia assured him she would be glad to meet Mr. Byrd, and Cyrus walked back and after a few seconds I suppose of explanation to his partner, they came together. Cyrus started off "This is the friend I wished to introduce to you Mrs. Lehman Mrs. Lehman - Mr. Byrd. Wallace clicked his heels like a professional actor and made a low bow and then asked for the pleasure of the next dance. The other children were staring with open mouths, but Octavia never wavered. She waltzed around the room beautifully with her small partner and he seater her and thanked her and asked if she would care for refreshments. Well that little bit of real teaching and acting spread through that group of children and afterwards, when Dr. Soper brought his friends, they always exclaimed at how beautifully the children did in their social duties.

It was that which gave the Guild ladies the idea of promoting good service at parties by appointing two or three to help serve each week and at the end of a given period rewarding them with some small gift. Many a small boy and girl polished off their company

manners right there ask Henry Brooker h an award he won the in tune and tone on ago.

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manners right there in that old Guild Hall, and if you ask Henry Brooker he will tell you he still treasures an award he won there for singing the scale perfectly in tune and tone once Saturday Afternoon long, long ago.

CHAPTER LIV

Here is a bit that may amuse you in this era when bakeries are everywhere. A Mrs. Merck took up what is now known as the Ballard Place as a homestead. And we all marveled that she was excused from actually going to all far corners of her claim to blaze a tree because a slough ran through the back of her place and the water was deep. Mrs. Merck and my Aunt became friends, and used to visit back and forth. Aunty had a table improvised from a pet cream box with peeled pole legs and a tiny oil stove such as we used in the north to heat a flat iron. Her frying pan was a six inch toy one, relic of my childhood. Her teakettle was of that same era. Mr. Merck's cooking arrangements were even more primitive - She cooked out of doors. They both kept longing for home made bread and used to talk about it. Finally Aunty came upon directions for making yeast in quantity and wrote me to send at once - a certain kind of yeast cake required. I got it off to her. Those two early settlers got busy on their yeast project at once. They used all Aunty's supply of corn meal and walked in Homestead for more. Mr. Horne's store keeping was built on the premise that you order no more of any thing until everything is sold out, so they acquired about half a pound of meal there. That proved not enough, so they walked on up to Mr. Bauer's store at what is now Bauer Drive and Redland Road and he, luckily had meal fresh in and in quantity. They mixed it and then came the problem of putting the finished product out

to dry. They spread newspapers on all possible flat surfaces and cut up their yeast into two inch cakes as nearly as they could guess it. When the job was finished there was no place left for Aunty to sleep for the yeast cakes were everywhere. She accompanied Mrs. Merck home for the night. Sometime in the night she awoke with a start having just realized they had no way to bake the bread. Her laughter over the joke on herself, wakened Mrs. Merck and they both lay there laughing and talking until peep of dawn. Then in their nighties and kimonas they started up the road to Aunty's shack to see how the yeast was drying and pondering if they might not be able to talk Mrs. Horne into baking some bread for them, maybe once a week or so - When they were walking up the path to the shack they became conscious of a peculiar buzzing sound and wondered if bees had finally arrived in this neck of the woods. Upon opening the door of the shack Aunty used to say they saw at least a million roaches working away on their yeast. It seemed as if every roach in South Dade had received word of the feast and had arrived to partake. They looked the situation over, and saw it was impossible to salvage even one cake not already spoiled, so they decided to bury the whole mess and make sure no one found out what a joke they had played on themselves. The drawback was that, although they took it out some distance from the house and covered it with trash, it began to rise when the sun came up and it was weeks before it subsided permanently. Every time the sun and rain started it started again, so naturally the word got out and they had a hard time living down the tale.

CHAPTER LV

Amusement was scarce and every little incident out of the ordinary was cherished as a tale to tell or to

mull over when alone west of Redland Road Palm Drive. After moved into the town Every Saturday he in time for dinner little happening on on into Homestead about three or three was a Mr. Scott li land Road in the g whichever of the o the road first, he Joy had been a mus Army of the Republ had been in the Le ed the amenities o would generally wo least two hours th more ferocious. T illustrating their commands and givin general. Finally sit side by side o or the other produ their differences. trek homeward, and Joy never even gla lest she smell th that distance. N Mr. Joy's proudest play his fife at Hall.

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mull over when alone. Martin Joy took up a homestead west of Redland Road and a little north of Coconut Palm Drive. After his kinfolks the Evans and Loomis moved into the town the old gentleman was lonely. Every Saturday he would appear at Aunty's cabin just in time for dinner and would be interested in every little happening of the previous week. He would walk on into Homestead but the high light to Aunty came about three or three thirty in the Afternoon. There was a Mr. Scott living some place to the west of Redland Road in the general area of Avocado Drive, and whichever of the old gentlemen reached the bend in the road first, he sat down to await the other. Mr. Joy had been a musician, first class, in the Grand Army of the Republic in Civil War days, and Mr. Scott had been in the Lee Forces. As soon as they had passed the amenities of the occasion the conversation would generally work around to the war and for at least two hours the discussion would wax louder and more ferocious. They would be on their feet maybe illustrating their positions in battles and yelling commands and giving orders and reliving the war in general. Finally they would wear themselves out and sit side by side on the log, and Aunty felt sure one or the other produced a bottle in which to drown their differences. At last each would resume his trek homeward, and it used to amuse Aunty that Mr. Joy never even glanced at the shack, as she put it, lest she smell the whiskey on his breath even at that distance. Next to his day of proving up I think Mr. Joy's proudest moment was when he was invited to play his fife at a May Day celebration at the Guild Hall.

* * *

CHAPTER LVI

Here is a bit of my Aunt's philosophy which I consid-

er sound even after all these years.

She was considered brusque and hard hearted, but I have never known anyone less willing to involve anyone in trouble. Here is a typical incident. We liked Catherine Barr very much. One Sunday she invited us to lunch and we told only one person that we would not be home for lunch. It was a person visiting a renter in a room in Aunty's house. When we reached Mrs. Barr's home there was a note pinned on her door- "Please make it supper instead. Some friends are on the train coming from Key West, and I want to ride as far as Naranja and walk back in order to have a little visit with them - Sorry." So informal was our friendship with her that we just laughed and returned home - put the car in the garage and closed the doors as we had upon leaving. Scarcely were we indoors when we saw the person we had told where we would be, and a companion coming out of the grove each with a sack of oranges over their shoulder. They put them in a car and I whispered, "Aren't you going to stop them?" Aunty gave me a withering look and said, "If I did I would have to accuse them of stealing, and court cost would mount up. This way I know just as well never to trust them again." Maybe her idea was fundamentally wrong, and that the other might have precluded them repeating, but to her mind it was better not to force the issue.

CHAPTER LVII

The rise and fall of families and individuals is as inevitable and inexorable as the ebb and flow of the tides. Even so I feel it is not amiss to recall what two people meant to this countryside in the earliest homesteading days. I have in mind Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Brewer. They arrived a few months after my Aunt

had filed on her much earlier than

Never a letter came on the part of their many kindness of gratitude I can

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Mr. Brewer worked and they lived in during the busiest he located people papers and hunted the mules. He even the few colored people

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As soon as the war on, she began trying for the few other. Aunts attended her furniture had no pins from the hills saw horses it became coffee urn graces managed a bowl of and linens were

had filed on her 160 acres of land and about that much earlier than Aunt Anna came.

Never a letter came that did not mention some kindness on the part of the Brewers for those deeds and their many kindnesses to me, I feel I owe them a debt of gratitude I can never repay.

Thinking of them they were always "Corey" and "My Little Boy Tommy", Nancy the only dog in the whole community, the parrot Polly and her realistic imitation of a Pennsylvania cottage prayer meeting and later they added the cow Bessie, named for Mrs. Brewer's sister.

Mr. Brewer worked hard. Winters he "Made tomatoes" and they lived in a make shift shack on the glades during the busiest part of the season. Other times he located people on homestead sites, made out legal papers and hunted all possible jobs for himself, and the mules. He even found time to write letters for the few colored people who had begun drifting in.

Mrs. Brewer must have been inexpressibly lonely for she had been used to hotel life, as that was her father's business up state.

As soon as the walls of her house were up and a roof on, she began trying to make some kind of social life for the few others in this end of the county. My Aunts attended her first Christmas dinner. Their furniture had not arrived, but Mr. Brewer slipped two pins from the hinges of the door and presto with two saw horses it became a dining table? Her famous coffee urn graced one end of the table, and she had managed a bowl of egg nog and her finest sterling and linens were used. Each brought his own plate or

was glad to eat out of a pie tin. That coffee urn became part of every festive occasion as long as they lived here.

Not long after that dinner party she asked the women of the community to her home to organize the Pioneer Guild as a bridge between church attendance and no place to attend. The Guild was the second women's organization in Dade.

The one and only project was to earn money for road building. We could have the convict labor only by paying pro-rata with the county and since there were few people there were few convicts and the work progressed slowly.

The crying need became a place to hold entertainments that money might be earned more quickly, therefore as soon as humanly possible the first part of the Guild Hall was erected. That finished, people had a place to meet and each and every entertainment took a special form - first a supper, then a program and lastly supposedly a dance. Often it continued until a breakfast party. The music for the dancing was a mouth organ or fiddle, and it was all square dancing. For years the Guild Hall was the mecca of all social life in these parts.

It was through Mrs. Brewer's efforts that the first church in the homesteading area was built. It was the little Episcopal church at the corner of Redland Road and what is now Bauer Drive. I have never forgotten the sanctity and peace of that sweet little church, and I have often wondered where she found the transparencies that transformed the glaring windows into facsimilies of stained glass that made it so much more church like in appearance.

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The Boy Choir was the outcome of her plea that something be done by concerted effort for the fast increasing number of children as the countryside filled up. It filled the need for at least two years, and never did a community pull together so well.

The Repertoire Club was also organized at her suggestion and was the first music club of Dade County, and was active for fifteen years.

Mrs. Brewer had a lovely voice and had studied widely and had made a wonderful collection of songs. She was generous with her talent and no program was complete without her. She also sang at every wedding and funeral, my wedding among others.

I recall especially Ray Evans' funeral - there was no hearse, no undertaker, no preacher, and it was Dr. Tower who read a chapter from the Bible and made a prayer and it was Mrs. Brewer who sang, unaccompanied on that sad but impressive occasion in a packing house adjoining the hotel.

Later along with other homesteaders, she trudged off along on the homeward trek. From our corner she had to go on alone knowing that although it was already dusk she had the chickens to feed, the cow to milk and a long lonely night ahead of her. Mr. Brewer along with the other pall bearers was riding to Miami in the baggage car in order to help at the grave side.

The many things that Mr. and Mrs. Brewer did in the way of public service may have been more important to the community at large, but it was these kindly neighborly deeds that endeared them to the settlers.

She never came empty handed - It might be a jar of milk, or a bowl of cottage cheese or just a spray of hibiscus, but always on gala occasions her famous sponge cake.

He, on the other hand, was more generous with his mules, than people of today are with their cars. In those days distances being as they were, and mules slow and trails rough, the kindly deed more often than not meant an entire day.

Often the first intimation of a party was his "Tally Ho" and his deep voice, "Get Aboard". They always had bed and food for a chance guest, and I doubt if their welcome was even warmer to the Bishop who came to dedicate the little church, than to the Widow McLean and her pack of dogs. Theirs was simple hospitality raised to the highest degree.

Among her songs the one Mr. Brewer liked best was - "I Shot An Arrow Into The Air, It Fell To Earth I Knew Not Where." and that to me, typifies their life here in the early days. Could the few old timers get together for a day it would take every hour of it to recount their many kindnesses.

No memorial will probably ever be raised in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Brewer, but their memory still lives in our hearts, and I hope will be preserved in those of another generation by this narrative.

CHAPTER LVIII

Slumming was a pastime for Miamians in the days when they scornfully referred to this area as "The Sticks". For the most part we took it in our stride and were polite, and tried to sell the Redlands to all comers

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At that time Harvey had a good friend named Angst from Minneapolis. I had known his sister Anne in Oberlin so the friendship grew quite close. One day he appeared at my door and said he wanted me to come out and meet a friend of his Mother who was spending the winter in Miami, and suggested I bring along my famous carving knife. After peeling oranges for her, several pounds, she asked me to see the inside of my house, and dripping juice, she entered. She gave a glance - as if wearing a lorgnette about the breezeway and then asked if she might open the door on the south side. She stood transfixed and exclaimed "You have a piano" - being more or less exasperated, I said - "Don't you have them where you come from?" She evidently put that down as ignorance and illbreeding for shortly she remarked - "When I get back to Minneapolis I will send you some books so you can maybe pick it out for yourself." As they were leaving another bright idea struck her and she invited me to have lunch with her at the San Carlos Hotel. I hesitated for I had no interest in promoting a friendship with the lady. As additional bait he added that she would tell the clerk to let me go to her room to wait in case she was out and she would have the lunch served in her room to save me embarrassment.

Gradually I cooled off, and more or less forgot the incident, but in February I was in Miami. We could then park any place and facing any way, so I was facing south in front of the old Red Cross Drug Store. Mr. Angst stepped our of the drug store with three ladies in tow, and I imagine pointed me out to his mother's friend, for she came rushing toward me calling back over her shoulder "this is the lady

from the sticks who has a pinao". She at once reminded me of her invitation, but I told her I had my Aunt and Sister-in-law Annie Roberts along so could not go to her hotel. She brushed them aside and began insisting. I was still struggling to be polite when she offered as fresh bait a program at the Woman's Club instead of the tour of the big stores she had promised me. Still I was not going to her luncheon, so in strident tones she said "I demand a reason why you refuse", and I meekly said, "Because I am giving that program." Never was anyone more deflated. Then she turned on the others who were convulsed with laughter and told them if they ever dared mention the tale in Minneapolis - but she could not think of anything horrid enough to do in case they did.

CHAPTER LVIX

Just west of the Anderson Store at Bauer Drive there used to be a tiny house where someone named Alice used to live with her mother. They were connected with the Kosels by marriage I believe, and Alice worked there in the packing, canning and jelly making seasons. The mother was more less and invalid, and could not get about alone. Every morning before leaving for work Alice use to manipulate her and her chair out onto the little porch, weather permitting. There was a curtain the old lady could manipulate by use of a hooked cane she always had beside her chair. All - that is the few - who lived out that way trail formed the habit of stopping, going and coming, to pass the time of day with the Little Old Lady, and the two paths converged in an apex near their front steps. She was very ingenious in amusing herself. Reading matter as scarce as it was, so she had worked out a routine of her own. Soon after Alice

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left a hen used to come sedately up the steps and after a sort of conversation together, would go to the door. Mrs. Fredericks would reach out with her cane and open it. The hen would enter, cross the room to a trunk, fly up and lay her egg in a small box there, and come back cackling, and Mrs. Frederick would let her out and she would be on her way.

Later when the steps were nice and warm and dry a black snake used to slither his way up and coil neatly on the top step, and sun himself half an hour or so, sometimes darting his head out in an attempt to catch a horse fly. She knew the colors and habits of butterflies and birds about that doorway and never seemed at a loss to amuse herself, although she was glad of callers.

Some place I had read that rattle snakes could smell fear of humans, and I was not quite ready to accept the idea. Aunt Anna and I walked in from the west one morning to call on Mrs. Fredericks. We knew Mr. Grietzbach was a few feet in back of us with a picking bucket on his arm which meant he was maybe bringing guavas or bananas or a papaya to his friend, so we planned to just pass the time of day and visit on the return trip. Right at that apex of the path we had just passed, Mr. Grietzbach suddenly stopped and took some steps backward and then a shot rang out and he showed us the largest rattler I had ever seen and I was ready to believe that tale of smelling fear, and not striking if they missed the idea the human had not seen them. Aunty's philosophy was - "It's not snakes I am looking for."

CHAPTER LX

Soon after the Kansas group settled in the Longview

neighborhood they began to realize what music had meant in their lives and Mr. Calkins decided to organize a band. People were enthusiastic about it, and boys like Ross Lintner and Otto Froriep used to ride from way up towards Silver Palm with just lanterns for light, way down to Calkins' place west of Florida City for two practices a week. They won their glory when Miami aimed to have her first birthday celebration. Miami had a band and having heard of what they termed this Hick Band decided to invite them to be in the parade for laughs. Our band lacked uniforms, but every male then had white trousers and shirts so they agreed to all wear them, and white canvas shoes which were normal for men then. Out on that rough unfinished trail in front of the Calkins' place they suffered, learning to play and march. Came the big day and while the Miami band was to come triumphantly down from the bridge west of Miami Avenue, ours was to swing unexpectedly around the corner that is now Burdines. What a boomerang! They so far out-played, and out-marched the Miami Band that they were the ones offered jobs thereafter for festive occasions.

CHAPTER LXI

The Repertoire Club was the oldest Music Club in the county until its discontinuance some fifteen years ago. It was patterned after a model one in Grand Rapids and another in Memphis, and only people who were willing to appear on the programs were admitted to membership, and only enough members to appear on each program at first. Some of you must remember most of the original members, Mrs. Bow, Mrs. Katherine Horton, Mrs. Brewer, Mrs. Ewing, Mrs. Jim Holcomb, Mrs. Anton Waldin, Mrs. Hiram Bird, Mrs. Lucy Warner Jordan, and Mrs. Blakesley, I think about comprised

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the list. Those who neither played nor sang agreed to bring current events of musical interest and Mrs. Ewing always wrote a paper and Mrs. Blakesley talked on art. It was one of the most wonderful groups of people I ever saw get together. Everyone did his or rather her part faithfully month by month, and once a year we had refreshments and each invited a friend as a guest and the program was made up of the best numbers of the preceeding year. Should there happen to be a musician visiting in the neighborhood who ever wanted to extend not only the invitation but her own place on the program to the guest was free to do so, and in that way we had some artists among us all through the tourist season.

CHAPTER LXII

One of the funniest incidents I recall was the famous Canker Concert, as it was called. The state or county offered no help in fighting the canker, therefore it was up to the women of this section to earn the necessary funds for suits for the canker inspectors, and the disinfectants needed.

Mrs. Bow called a meeting at her house. By some fluke Mrs. Hiram Bird, a newcomer, was made temporary chairman and she, not knowing the intricacies of pioneering times, appointed me to try and get up a program. A supper was out because people feared to go from neighborhood to neighborhood lest they spread the canker, and a dance was out for the same reason, so a concert seemed the only possible solution and besides there had never been one here. Mrs. Bow and Mrs. Brewer the other two members of the committee were not on speaking terms momentarily, so I had to walk to one house almost a mile north one day and to the other about as far south the next to

try and get a consensus of opinion. Finally Mrs. Bow said she would take the territory along Widow's Row and on east to the Princeton Area, and get together some numbers as she had a class over there. Mrs. Brewer allowed she would take the outlying districts beginning at Waldin on north and west. That left me just Florida City. I drove down there with the donkey and asked the ones who sang there or played to come in with us, but they flatly refused as the canker was no concern of theirs. That was the women folks opinion. The men thought differently, and next day two of the ladies drove their old white mule out and said they would be very glad to do whatever I suggested. In the meantime I had contacted Pearl Skill, and she had given her word to sing. I tried for the Calkins-Loveland Orchestra, but Mrs. Bow had claimed them for her own as she played the piano with them. The program was to be two soprano singers if possible - two contraltos - one tenor and one bass - one reading - one violin soloist and the orchestra number and two piano numbers.

The whole countryside was buzzing over the things, knowing the ill feeling over the canker and other things. The night came and I went in fear and trembling to see what we really would be able to offer. There was no front curtain on the stage at the school house then so the ones to be on the program had to cross to the dressing room in full sight of the audience. I was stunned to see every seat was taken half an hour before the program was to start, for we had expected maybe fifty, no more, to attend. As each program victim crossed the stage there was a loud whispering out front for most of them were hostile to all others on the program. We were packed like sardines in that little dressing room, and paying our neighbors no mind whatever lest a disgraceful

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After the first number was over and the victim returned to the dressing room for there was not even standing room out front by then, the atmosphere began to thaw and by the second or third everyone was talking and laughing and congratulating those coming off stage.

When we all went out to bow after the program such a burst of applause as we got and how those factions did pull together all through that canker fight.

CHAPTER LXIII

Do any of you remember the old swimming hole? It was where Krome Avenue and Palm Avenue corner meet, and was the most wonderful place in the whole countryside then. The canal was new and clean and the people of Florida City had floored and fenced off a section for small children and had spring boards for the grown-ups and older children. In the summer the children used to take their lunches and go there in their bathing suits, and stay all day alternating swimming or lounging, and everyone was welcome. Evenings were largely given over to adults.

There was a very attractive sort of Club House built on the bank of the canal, and it was used as a place for entertaining in lieu of the city hall. As their contribution to the peace of the countryside, the Women's Club of Florida City invited all clubs of the surrounding area to a party one summer afternoon, and I have never forgotten the beauty of that scene. Looking toward the bay was that crystal clear canal and all about were the virgin stretches of glades. The ladies had loaned their best china,

glass, silver and table linens along with cushions and drapes to make it really attractive, and had put the big pot in the little one in preparing the refreshments.

Gladys Walton, a little later thought it a good idea to start a class in folk dancing, and games and they offered her the use of that pavillion, as it was called, free. She asked me to play for the classes and we went down twice a week.

CHAPTER LXIV

Whenever a cold snap strikes us I am reminded of this particular funny incident. Mr. Krome had started a small nursery about where the Piches' now live and Mrs. Bow was doing the budding for him.

We all knew that three toots of the train whistle in cropping season meant a frost might be expected, but Mr. Krome decided to be more specific, so installed a thermometer in a partially enclosed little shelter near the nursery.

Via the railroad telegraph he got word of an expected frost a few hours before the train announced it, and somehow got word to Mrs. Bow to watch that nursery. He suggested that she check the thermometer every hour as the temperature would maybe drop rapidly once started downward. In case it neared the danger point, she was to rush to the corner, where L. R. Nixon lived in an old pole house, and wake him to come at once and start the fires. At that time when an acre was cleared for planting the logs and stumps, etc. were piled around it, fence fashion to be used for smudge in case of froat danger.

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in the evening so went across the road to check and found the thing registered just about summer heat. Naturally she was puzzled and the next hour it stood the same although she felt it was much colder. The only solution to her mind was that she must be coming down with something and had high fever. After several trips she was fully convinced this was it, so for fear she would not be able to make many more trips she wrapped Mac in a blanket and took him along next trip and bedded him down near a log. She then wrapped herself in another blanket and hoped to be able somehow to stick it out in case it really did get cold and she planned then to wake Mac and send him to arouse Mr. Nixon since she would probably be too ill to make the short trip herself.

She must have dozed off for next she heard was Mr. Nixon's frightened voice asking why she had not called him sooner. He ordered her to help light the piles and when she got back to where she and Mac had been sitting, she got a chance to tell him it was not cold at all - the thermometer never had varied a degree all night. He looked at her in amazement and stepped over to have a look for himself and a nice tabby cat leaped out of the box and into the palmettos. Evidently she had been keeping the thermometer and herself warm in that nice little weather shelterbox.

Here is another cold snap I heard long ago. It always seemed to frost most around that corner that now is Krome and Avocado, and after a killing frost one winter several of the men were gathered at the Post Office in Doubal's Store - It was really just a three quarters partition to separate a small section from the store proper. The men were discussing what it was at their particular place since many had thermometers by that time. Finally the man sorting mail

could stand it no longer and he thrust up the little delivery window and stuck his head out and said - "Don't you fellers know you can't depend on them things when you leave them hanging out in the weather? and slammed down the window.

The complaints ended in one round of laughter and everyone was off to see what he could salvage of his crop.

CHAPTER LXV

About two years after we moved down here - that is the two Aunts - Uncle Will Park was taking a trip through the Holy Land with other retired ministers. He sent a kodak picture of himself astride a donkey. That sparked an idea in Aunty's head. Transportation was a serious problem here. She decided a donkey would solve it so all that summer it seemed to me we spent the major part of our time leafing through mail order catalogues trying to find a wagon small enough for a donkey to pull or writing here and there trying to find a donkey. Meantime Aunty had a shed built and a run way fenced in being hopeful all would end well.

It was in November that Aunt Anna wrote me they had finally learned of a donkey for sale, and Aunty had gone to Miami to see about it. She bought it and a small buggy that went with the outfit. She planned to drive down alone, starting the day before Thanksgiving, but the little boy who owned Trix wanted to accompany her and see where his pet was to live, so they started out together at day break.

Aunty felt the two of them made too heavy a load so they alternately rode and walked and by night

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fall were come place in the vicinity about midway between Miami and home. Not wanting to go further they began watching for a house where they might get lodging for the night. It was all pine forest you know with few settlers along the way.

Finally a light shone through the trees and Aunty told the boy to go peek and see if white folks lived there. He shouted back the glad news they did, so she drove on up to the door. The people kindly shared their one room cabin with them. The house wife cooked supper for them and they slept on the floor with a blanket. Next morning hoping not to waken the people Aunty was about to get up when the lady of the house whispered - "Breakfast in a few minutes." She did not want to accept pay, but Aunty insisted.

Aunt Anna, not knowing when they would arrive, cooked the Thanksgiving dinner at the usual hour having refused to eat with the Brewers expecting Aunty would be worn out with the trip. All afternoon she kept putting another precious faggot into the small cook stove to keep the dinner hot, and then walking out to the trail to see if they were in sight.

It was dark when the phone rang and Mr. Bauer shouted "They just passed here" and it took almost an hour to make the last two and a half miles. Trix acted as if she had never had it so good - shelter - a run way and oats every day. She immediately began trying to show her appreciation by performing all the tricks the small boy had taught her. The wagon did not suit her fancy at all and it was a morning's job to get her between the shafts usually.

The little boy liked it so well he send a card home that he was staying a week to help. From his de-

parture on there was never a dull moment. Aunty's example set others hunting donkeys, and one especially I remember was Jane that the Chapmans owned. Nothing could change her mind as to the place she would go, so Mr. Chapman mounted a screened coop in the wagon bed for the baby and nailed an umbrella to the back of the seat with an oil cloth fly to protect the baby in case of a shower. Whoever was driving Jane into town just headed her in the general direction of the one and only trail and then with a magazine or book sat on the seat and let things take their course. Returning Jane was much swifter, but once at the glade near their home refused to cross so everything had to be taken piggy-back. Jane meantime looking on. Come morning, though she would be safely sheltered under their house which was built high because of the rising water in the rainy season.

Mrs. Cotton's outfit was much more nifty and her donkey a size bigger. His failing was his love of open spaces and although well behaved on the trail once in sight of a cleared bit, nothing could prevent him taking off to examine it closely. Mrs. Cotton always had trouble at the corner for try as she might by walking beside him to keep him from seeing the new clearing at the corner, he sensed it and shoved her firmly aside and took off to explore, again returning to the trail and waiting for her to catch up.

One funny thing happened to Aunty - she stopped at Mrs. Bow's on an errand and when she untied Trix, the donkey took off before Aunty could climb into the buggy. She grabbed the back of the seat, but the pace was too swift and when she loosened her hold she took a long dive through rut-filled with muddy water. She recovered her feet dripping from eye brows to her toes. Mrs. Bow looked on in horror, and then dashed

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indoors to phone Aunt Anna to stop Trix at the bend of the road. She need not have bothered for about where the Ballards live, Trix glanced back over her shoulder, and seeing no driver, carefully turned about and trotted back to meet Aunty. She stopped contritely with drooping ears while Aunty climbed in and trotted beautifully all the way home.

CHAPTER LXVI

The tale of the first church wedding in South Dade is one of my most treasured ones. The little church at the corner of Redland Road and Bauer Drive had not been finished long, so there was much interest in this wedding from that standpoint not to mention that we all knew and loved the bride to be.

Mrs. Bow and Mrs. Booe and Mrs. Brewer had worked faithfully preparing a program to take up about half an hour as they realized people walking would probably arrive early and be glad to be entertained while waiting. Ed. Brooker had been commissioned to make a trip to Miami to bring down things since he had one of the few automobiles at that time. Everything was in readiness and the program started of auspiciously. - At the end of it someone came and whispered to Mrs. Brewer and after a conference with Mrs. Bow and Mrs. Booe they repeated the whole program. There was a leak in the bellows of that organ and poor Mrs. Bow had to pump fast and furiously to keep the sound going.

Again at the end of the program someone came and whispered to Mrs. Brewer and again they consulted together and did the whole thing a third time. Of course all expected guests had long since arrived. Mrs. Brewer tip toes down the aisle to try to do

something about the delay and then they heard Ed. Brooker's car coming down the road. He appeared at the door and said, "Well here's the ice cream and here's the cake, but I could not remember what else it was I had to bring." After a shocked silence of a few seconds everyone spontaneously knew he had forgotten the preacher - Dr. Jackson of Coconut Grove.

There was a sudden and informal discussion and then Harvey started up his motor cycle with a roar and was off to bring a super annuated Mr. Sturgis from down in the general area of the present National Park, who was homesteading there. The guests began drifting outside when suddenly Mrs. Kosel recalled no preacher of another faith could stand in the altar section of an Episcopal Church, and she told the ladies that, they fell to and dismantled the church of its decorations and rushed them over to the Guild Hall close by, and by the time Harvey was back with the preacher all was perfectly in order. The program was given in the new setting, and the ceremony was given with dignity.

Of course after that there was the usual supper for such a rare opportunity to raise money for the roads, this could not be passed up unnoticed. Later also as usual there was the dance and possibly breakfast doughnuts and coffee.

Thus was the schedule of rites of the church completed - communion, baptism and confirmation at the dedication and now a wedding. No one even thought it should also have a funeral service and as far as I know it never had.

CHAPTER LXVII

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early times so the water train was a must. It went down every day to supply the men working on the railroad, and came up every night to be refilled at the tank set up in Homestead. We all knew those bare facts, but who ran it and where he lived none of us knew. He evidently had taken up a claim west in the area near Avocado Drive west of Redland Road and must have gone in by a blazed trail. Someone probably told him he would make time by going out the trail north of Homestead and west of Widows' Row, but none of us had any inkling of all that.

Came a time one summer when chickens seemed to be disappearing from various coops and everyone talked about that when two or three got together. Mrs. Booe announced she was going to shoot next time she heard her hens making any fuss at night, and she hoped to scare away any marauder, human or varmint as she called all wild things. One night she heard a hen squawking, and immediately went to her famous shuttered window and shot one or twice. She distinctly heard foot steps running down the trail but that proved nothing for she had not heard them around her shack proper. The next night about the same time she heard a man whistling hymn tunes and saw he was swinging a lantern from side to side. That kept up until after he passed the corner where Aunty lived, and she heard him going on westward and watched his lantern although the whistling had stopped. Later it came out he had been innocently wending his way out to his claim for the night when Mrs. Booe's two shots rang out, so as a safe guard he had decided to whistle and have a lantern thereafter when going out to his place after bringing the water train back to Homestead to be refilled. Mornings he took the shorter, blazed trail through the woods back to town as he could do it very well by daylight.

CHAPTER LXVIII

The first star route man was a friendly soul who made the daily trip with a mule and wagon and wherever he was at meal time - breakfast - lunch or supper he was welcome to come in and share the meal. His schedule was irregular because going into town he often went here and there to pick up either passengers, something a neighbor wanted taken into town and often the mail was late getting into town and coming out he always took time to visit with the people where he was leaving mail or freight, etc. He really was quite a wag and everyone like Mr. Reynolds very much.

His prices were reasonable and often, over-taking someone on foot he would offer a free ride. One winter he was amused to see the same group of ladies day after day and he was also curious as to what was going on. The truth was card playing had just gained a toe hold and Mrs. Brewer's sister Bessie was here for the winter, and the two of them and either or four others had formed the original card club here. Since their men folks left for the fields at dawn it became the order of the day to hurry up the breakfast dishes, set the house to rights and maybe put beans to soak in readiness for cooking for the evening meal and then set out to wherever the club was to meet that day - it was a daily meeting club through cropping season, and finally Mr. Reynold's curiosity got the better of him. As he saw a group of them approaching, he drew to the side of the narrow trail to let them have one rut for walking, and stopped. When they got along side the wagon he asked them gravely "Ain't you women got no home?" Although really on the verge of being angry with him they had to laugh for real -

ly he had met the weeks on end.

One hilarious trip I had been marriage sent me word so would I please donkey for transport. Lady luck was with follow that donkey logs was being taken back of it and Mr. Stiling tied porch, and at noon along and watered with nothing to do to be sure about

It had rained hard Strickland's Gla was under water most to the corner Street once I turned refused to cross and scolded and up and darkness in turning about would have also sat almost of a home. I heard the the head lights

Harvey pulled up worried and gone had left there.

ly he had met them morning and evening every day for weeks on end.

CHAPTER LXIX

One hilarious trip I made still is vivid in my mind. I had been married just a few weeks, and Mrs. Stiling sent me word Octavia was ill and at her house so would I please come and spend the day. With the donkey for transportation I knew I must start early. Lady luck was with me however, for with anything to follow that donkey would keep up with it. A load of logs was being taken to the mill so we were right in back of it and made the trip in almost no time flat. Mr. Stiling tied the donkey to the rail of their porch, and at noon took out the oats I had brought along and watered him. Knowing how slow she could be with nothing to race with, I left about two thirty to be sure about being home to cook supper.

It had rained hard west of Florida City and at Strickland's Glade I was horrified to see the road was under water from near the Old Barr place on almost to the corner and of course would be on Mowry Street once I turned that corner. Trix absolutely refused to cross that stretch of water. I coaxed and scolded and used the whip, but her mind was made up and darkness was coming on. There was no point in turning about for the road north into Homestead would have also have been under water, so there I sat almost of a mind to tie her to a tree and walk home. I heard the chug of a motor cycle and saw the head lights coming from the rear.

Harvey pulled up along side and said he had become worried and gone to the Stiling home to ask when I had left there. I did not need to explain my pre-

dicament for he knew Trix. He said he would ride across and park the motor cycle and wade back and lead her across. She had other ideas, and the moment he started she was galvanized into action and he had a hard time not getting bitten as she wanted the right of way with no nonsense on his part. And that is how we made it home - he riding slowly ahead and me trying to keep a safe distance from his back.

CHAPTER LXX

One of the phenomena to me was what they called pot-holes - they might be from the size of a dish pan to a space large enough to allow gardening if you wanted to risk the water coming in and drowning your garden in case it rained.

Going to the other homestead on Bauer, often we either had to wade at what is now Waldin and Redland Roads, and again at Epmore, for it was low both places, and easily flooded. In case we decided to take the higher path it led us in nearer the Spencer place and it was there I became interested in those so called pot holes. Along that path there was one about the size of a wash tub. Sometimes it was dry with white sand in the bottom, and at other times it was more than half full, with fishes swimming in it. Near the front door of what is now the Ballard home there was a somewhat smaller one. Someone - maybe the McClure children - had beautified it with ferns and wild flowers, and always entering the place, there was a little thrill of excitement as to whether it would be empty or filled with fish swimming therein.

Over on what is Krome near Biscayne there used to be several rather deep ones where I heard the children of the Hooker family living there tell that their

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father had a ladder down into them and raised vegetables down there because the soil was so fertile. Out in the hammocks have heard of much larger ones - as for instance the one in which the McLean's oxen fell to their death.

CHAPTER LXXI

This is a bit of historic lore that almost slipped my mind. What is now the National Everglades Park was not even contemplated, but that area of Paradise Key was the swanky-key section for pleasure trips for the well to do of the countryside.

We of the Hoi piloi heard of those marvellous palms and the oaks covered with gray moss and the marvels of being inside a hammock with envious feelings. Suddenly a rumor started that the so called Woman's Club Park of that time was to become part of the State Park Group, and that a dedication was being planned. The Women's Clubs had managed to build a sort of club house where members could spend weekends for a consideration, and the dedication was to be there. At that time the two local clubs - that of Homestead and Redland were feuding bitterly over some issue I never knew, but both were to be prominent in this wonderful dedication. The feuding seeped into the plans for the dinner. Mrs. Tom Evans, who was president of the Homestead Club I believe, fancied a typical Homesteaders dinner - a beef stew of real beef of course and not the canned roast beef of homesteading days - with vegetables and possibly cole slaw and lime or banana pie and coffee or course.

Glad Walton who was either president of the rival club or chairman of the refreshment committee

thought the visitors from more citified clubs would prefer a dainty lunch of say chicken salad and assorted sandwiches and jello with whipped cream, and lime ade in quantity. The arguments grew hot and hotter, and since both Mrs. Evans and Mrs. Walton were friends of mine I heard both sides repeatedly. The question of transportation of the food was a problem in either case - To get food there already cooked was absolutely necessary, and Mrs. Evans argued hers could be cooked at home and reheated over an open fire, also suggestive of old days. Glad argued a couple or three hundred pound cakes of ice would keep her menu perfectly.

Meantime the members of the clubs were in a quandry. Not only our clubs, but evidently up state ones for when the day arrived they had not struck a medium as to clothes, butby-lassed each other. Those up-state came in prints and kakhi suits and the like, while others of this area had been on shopping trips to Miami that they might not appear to be ignorant as to what a well dressed club woman should wear on such an auspicious occasion.

Since I was not a member I was not among those present at the Park, but my Aunt went as the guest of Mrs. Wolfe, Sr. and when they returned I got all the details of the hilarious meeting.

I do not remember how Mrs. Blakesley happened to be chairman of the program, but anyhow it was she who really started things off on the wrong foot.

She had decided the first club formed here should be first to answer roll call, and tell what they felt they had achieved, so she calls for the W.C.T.U. but before that little President Mrs. Soper, Sr. could

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be heard, the President of the Redland Club, thinking there must have been a mistake, since they were of course, in her mind the outstanding organization down here, was on her feet and reading off all the wonderful things they had done - a club house built, and furnished, scholarship established, programs to attract tourists, people who wintered regularly in the Redland Section at that time, and numerous other things. No one ever explained just why no one discovered the mistake or took issue, so her report went over on record as from W.C.T.U. On down the list it went, on and on for Mrs. Blakesley's rules of etiquette the hostess club should be last to report. When she finally called for the report on the Redland Woman's Club the President rose and announced it was already on record, but Mrs. Blakesley begged to differ with her, as it had already been approved and was on the books as the W.C.T.U., and I have ever since wondered if it had to stay that way.

Mrs. Wolfe and my Aunt were of the opinion that both menus were there for you to make a choice for yourself. As far as they knew the visiting club women never knew they had witnessed a battle royal between the Women's Clubs of this area.

CHAPTER LXXII

Huge ancient trees stretched upward to the sky unmindful of Indians passing by. On narrow winding woodland trails made soft by needles from the pine boughs flung aloft. Racoons and possums roamed the woods at will, and panthers cried at night when all was still. Quail were under foot, wild fowl swam each stream. With countless fish then every pool did teem. Willow thickets scattered down the glade sheltered the deer within their cooling shade.

Indians wandered, there was no need to store food in camp sites there was always more. The kootie root they ground to make their bread, along the shores, on coconuts they fed. One day some ships came close in to the land where Indians rested in a mighty band. Came spurts of flame and cannon's ugly roar, Some Indians fell dead along that shore. Others fled - their only hope was flight, Could they engage in combat 'gainst the white, an' might? Fled to the Glades that land of mystery, But that was before our city's history. Years passed - surveyors came to blaze the way, For Flagler's railroad - I have heard old timers say, Thrice camp followers behind surveyors came and staked off plats of land they called a "claim" - They disappeared and time went on apace And later others came to fill each place - Work once started the railroad was assured - Into the countryside land seekers poured. Along the one long trail on either side - Homesteader's shacks were scattered far and wide. Gossmans, Dan Roberts, Twedells, Frierip, Myers - Soper, Kosel, Martin, Spencer, Hunt, Hiers, Brewers, Bauer, Sullivan and Grennell. Fitzpatrick, Stewarts, Mayo, Let me tell of ladies who took claims on Widow's Row - Miss Lewis, Mesdames Finch, Merck, Booe, Bow. Exactly where the railroad came, Will Horne and Ida lived lonely but not forlorn. For they staked claims for all their Kith and Kin - They knew the Caves and Campbells soon would come in - Off to the north near the expected track, The Kings and Frees each had their little shacks, Asked why they came they each would have said the same - "We came to Homestead and that's how it got its name".

I can't remember all let me sans rhymes. List other honored Names of those early times.

Krome, Parlan, Fredericks, Bauknight, Lehman, Cap-

linger, Raab,
aker, Evans, J
Hill, Lintner,
berger, Castel
Loveland, Ewin
Waldin, Widow
Brooker, Henry
Boys, Dr. Broo
Nurdens, Newton
Beach, William
Fraziers, Allen
Lonnie Coffin,
Livingstons, Th
Richards, Lindo

The idea is to
those wonderful
on the list, pl
to honor all th
side what it is
the world.

linger, Raab, Grietzbach, Brantley Schumacher, Long-
aker, Evans, Joy, Carter, Walton, Lofton, Connet
Hill, Lintner, Moody, Plummer, Hilliard, Engels-
berger, Castellow, Yetter, Indgrin, Hainlin, Calkins,
Loveland, Ewing, Linscott, Goodburn, Cowan, Marsh,
Waldin, Widow McLean, McFarland, Lonnie Horne, Ed.
Brooker, Henry Brooker, Tom Brooker, The Knight
Boys, Dr. Brooks, Sturgis, Tower, Flora, Burdens,
Nurdens, Newton, A. A. Collins, Dennis, Hortons,
Beach, Williams, Ransom, Simmons, Eichenberry,
Fraziers, Allen, Canan, Mary Lewis, Tom Post,
Lonnie Coffin, The Mahans, The Scott Caves, the
Livingstons, The Mowry Family, Robert Rutland,
Richards, Lindgren.

The idea is to get a complete list as possible of
those wonderful old timers. So if your name is not
on the list, please call by and tell me, for I wish
to honor all those who helped to make this country-
side what it is today - The loveliest place in all
the world.

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