



Memories of Florida

E. Stuart Hubbard

Transcribed and Indexed by

Mary E. Murphy-Hoffmann

Lynn A. Hoffmann

Memories of Florida, Christmas 1951, vol. I



[PRELIMINARY]

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- Preface -

These sketches, drawn rather from memory than from the exact date of the historian, are dedicated to my six children and their posterity. What they are and will be depends much upon the roots from which they draw physical characteristics and spiritual and cultural traits. They are, and will be, composite, the blending of inheritance contributed by all branches of ancestral families, tempered by the influence, spiritual and social, dominant in their parents and grandparents.

Truly, God visits the sins of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate Him, and shows mercy to them that love Him and keep His commandments. We must thank God and our ancestors for the mercy He has shown us. There has been no mention of insanity, crime or divorce recorded in the memory of our family.

From these sketches you may sense something of the back-ground on which you have been built and are building.

May God continue to bless our family.

E. Stuart Hubbard

"Heartsease"

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Christmas 1951

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "E. Stuart Hubbard". The ink is dark and the handwriting is fluid and personal.

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MEMORIES OF FLORIDA

E. Stuart Hubbard

Christmas 1951 Volume 1



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SOUTHWARD HO!

During the Civil War, many Northern soldiers fell in love with the South. Its mild climate, its beautiful forests and rivers, the romance of growing exotic fruits and vegetables, winter and summer, the charming Southern families (if one could break through the wall of hatred of Yankee conquerors and despoilers), and the quaint, so human darkies, all charmed and fascinated the adventurous of spirit. Times became hard up North. Fortunes were awaiting pioneers who could furnish working capital, labor and know-how.

And so, Uncle Ambrose and Uncle Walter persuaded Grandfather Benjamin H. Hart (who brought his bride from Hempstead, Long Island, to LaGrange in 1838 and built "Heartsease") to explore the St. Johns River banks, select a favorable site and establish a family colony.

They came down in the early winter, secured a sail boat and set out from Jacksonville, stopping at settlements or landings as they progressed southward up the broad river past Green Cove Springs, Picolata, Toco, Federal Point, Orange Mills, Palatka, Buffalo Bluffs, San Mateo as far as Welaka. In all their search they found no land and community that pleased them so well as Federal Point. For here was dark, rich, moist soil where crops and fruit trees grew most luxuriantly. There was a group of New England Yankees living there and developing the community. There was water protection from frost and freeze. There were cool breezes drawing across the point of land in the wide, winding river.

Soon, other relatives and friends joined the original family settlers. "Three Oaks" was Grandpa Hart's winter home and orange grove. Uncle Edmund settled just north while Uncle Ambrose and Uncle Walter located on the cove to the east. Cousin Carrie Clowes, the artist, bought the six acres, now "Rose Lawn". A cousin, Samuel Searing, had his grove, across Commercial Avenue from "Three Oaks", while Miss Mary Cornell's grove and cottage (later Aunt Lina Howland's) were almost opposite "Rose Lawn". Cousin William Evans and his sister, Mrs. William Dorr, located still farther southeast on the cove, while Uncle Gideon Nichols settled on the land next to Deep Creek at the north end of Commercial Avenue.

At this time Uncle William was too young to join the Southern movement. Besides, he was interested in a college education and the sciences, especially astronomy.

Your grandmother, Louisa, was her father's close companion in his winter trips to Florida. With abundant black hair, large, dark blue eyes, vivacity, a friendly social nature, a liberal education as a leader in music, with her beautiful

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trained voice, her guitar and facility with melodeon or organ, devoutly religious--she did not lack friends or interest in this new land of hope and development.

And so, within a few years' time was founded the thriving community of Federal Point where I was born and where I and my sister, Edith, spent many happy years in childhood, in youth and in visits in later years.

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THE RIVER HIGHWAY

In the early days, travel in Florida was mainly by boat on the rivers and creeks.

The St. Johns is one of America's great rivers, one of two that flows north. It drains a great watershed, with its many creeks and branches. Sulfur Springs contribute much water from the underground drainage of the central ridge. It rises and falls with the ocean tide up to Palatka, eleven miles above Federal Point. Its Indian name is Welaka, river of lakes, so named since, from the sea for a hundred miles to Palatka, it is a succession of broad reaches from three quarters of a mile to several miles wide, while its upper waters have Little Lake George, Lake George, Lake Monroe and smaller lakes with a narrow winding, connecting stream.

As settlers planted orange groves along the river, transportation expanded rapidly. The first Mississippi style sternwheeler, flat bottomed, shallow draft boats were joined by graceful side wheel steamers. I remember the excitement caused by the first screw propeller steamer to come up the river when dredging had deepened the channel and when submerged logs had been largely removed. There were day boats from Jacksonville to Palatka and return, catering chiefly to the thriving tourist trade in winter, but competing for freight wherever incoming supplies or outgoing oranges and produce could be carried. Every settlement and many private groves had their wharves jutting out into the river. A white flag was raised to signal the night boat each way each night, between Jacksonville and Sanford and Enterprise on Lake Monroe. These steamers had state rooms for sleeping and served sumptuous meals. The meals served on some of the smaller boats left much to be desired. Steam boats burned pitch pine (lightwood) which was picked up at wood-docks along the river. There was a seemingly inexhaustible supply of heart wood lying in the pine woods which blanketed most of the country. This was cut into four foot lengths and split when too large to handle. One of the entertainments for passengers was watching the Negro deckhands toss the sticks of heavy wood to each other in a human chain from dock to deck while the wood man, children, hound dogs, pigs or cattle enjoyed the excitement from wharf or shore.

I remember the delight of smelling the coal smoke of the first coal burning passenger boat which made the day trip. She was one of several that ran excursions or had summer runs in Northern waters and served the South in winter. Among these were the John Sylvester, the Eliza Hancock, the Vigilant, the Governor Safford. The Crescent ran from Jacksonville to Crescent City, on Crescent Lake, one day, returning the next. The Star was the mail boat between Crescent City and Palatka. These boats were named for the two lakes, Crescent and Stella.

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Federal Point was served by a succession of mail boats which ran from Picolata to Palatka and return. We would watch from our river front, down the river, for the mail boat, which rarely was exactly on schedule, and race the quarter mile with ink still wet on last minute letters, or clothes partly buttoned, to get mail or ourselves on board. There was great temptation to linger at the Point. This was discouraged, even to the use of a sharp switch used by my waiting father, when chores had been left undone.

The sleepest hours of my life were spent when we were going North, or seeing family or friends off on the night boat. The boat was due at ten P.M. If freight was heavy, she might not come 'till two A.M. It took her only twenty minutes to reach the wharf after appearing round the bend at Orange Mills. So, before we had the telephone to Palatka, we would assemble at Squire Tenney's house at ten o'clock and watchfully wait for the glowing lights of the City of Jacksonville, the Sanford or the Seminole to appear before going out on the windy, perhaps, rainy wharf. The five or six hours, lying stretched out on the settees in the cabin, were more comfortable. The sunrise on the river when approaching Jacksonville could be ample compensation for our discomfort. Today there are no boats or steamers, freight or passenger, on the St. Johns River runs.



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OLD MAN MITCHELL

In the Southern states during slavery days there were two distinct classes of slaves, the field hands and the family servants. The field hands were, as a rule, more uncouth in manner, less reliable and lacked the loyalty and devotion to the owner's family found in the highest tradition of house servants in the best homes on plantation or in city mansion.

The training of the family servant started, often, when the boy or girl were chosen as playmate attendant for the young children of Massa and Missus. Naturally, they were the cream of the crop in heritage and type. Their ancestors, likely, had been royalty, chiefs or medicine men in Africa.

Those who won favor started as cook's helper, stable boy or nurse's assistant. Finally, if worthy, to become a cook, coachman, valet, gardener, or mammy--as much a part of the family as any of their white folks.

There stands out in my earliest memories the personality of "Old Man" Theodore Mitchell. Mitchell was born a slave--was raised and trained as a house servant until, when about 18 years old, he became a soldier in the Union Army under Colonel Shaw. When my mother showed him a picture of the monument erected to the honor of Colonel Shaw and his colored troops, Mitchell said: "My Lawd, dats Colonel Shaw hisself---only his hoss was black, not white. I was by his side when he was shot. His foot hit me when I tried to catch him when he fell."

After the war Mitchell worked in some of the leading Southern families. He told many tales of hunting and fishing parties and trips when his responsibility was rowing or driving, safely home, the whiskey-weary scions of the aristocracy.

To Mitchell, the ritual of gracious living was as important and sacred as the liturgy of the Church is to acolyte or priest. His waiting on table in white apron, over fresh clothes, was something to see and to admire. The dinners which he cooked were in the best Southern style. The chores he performed were done faithfully and correctly, according to his understanding. But as coachman, he was most impressive.

When we were children, the orange grove was the main producing unit. Little horse power was needed because the groves were hoed between the trees. Our means of land transportation was a pair of graceful marsh ponies, Zaida and Hassan, product of the wild herds that roamed the Coastal marshes, and Donna, our donkey. A light weight, natural wood surrey, the first carriage on the Point, was the family coach. Our friends lived in the orange groves along the river shore between the Point and Palatka. When your grandmother wished to make calls, Mitchell would curry and polish the ponies, hitch them to the surrey,

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dress in his black, long tailed coat, put on his white gloves and high hat and drive to the fountain on the front walk to receive his passenger. From then until we reached home Mitchell was moving in a different world--a world of aristocratic glamour and pageantry. With stiff, straight back, whip and reins held just so in white gloved hands, eyes front, completely ignoring every one, no matter what greetings his colored friends might call or mischievous pickaninnies taunt him with, he was in his realm, aloof from everything but his proud profession. When spoken to about scenery or people he replied most graciously, with dignity. One had to appear "high hat" when driven by Mitchell, if only to live up to his ideals in the social drama.

Steady of habits, with regular work and good wages, with a comfortable cottage on the south side of "Three Oaks", Mitchell was the cynosure of feminine eyes. For many years his romances were a source of interest, amusement and concern, especially to your grandmother.

At one time it was known that two widows were courting him. One day when Mitchell was driving the family to "Moonstone" and "Esperanza", to call on the Johnsons and the Warners, the ponies trotted through a cross roads settlement in the pine woods. My mother asked Mitchell, "Does one of the widows live in that corner house?" He replied, "Yes, ma'am". "Are those her children?" "Yes Ma'am". "How many are there?" "Eight, Ma'am". "Now Mitchell, what would we do with all those children on the place?" Little was heard of the widows after that.

'Shepherd' was the affectionate name many of the church members called Mitchell. He was a faithful church member and supporter. One Saturday he asked your grandmother to sell him a rooster. The visiting preacher and several church brothers were to dine with him on Sunday. Come Monday, my mother asked him how the dinner party went off. Mitchell looked sadly thoughtful until the joy of telling a good story brightened his eyes. "Mrs. Hubbard, I spent all morning roasting dat chicken. I had boiled onions and sweet taters wid gravy. De preacher an de elders sat down at de table. I brung in de chicken, de onions, de taters and de gravy, an' whiles I was in de kitchen getting de biscuits brown, Mrs. Hubbard, dem folks picked dat chicken so clean dere was only de frame lef for me."

At seventy, Mitchell was still straight of back and erect in posture - heritage of African porters who carry all burdens along foot paths on their heads. One day my father told Mitchell to go down to the Point and fetch a 60 pound tub of butter for the store, supposing that he would use the wheelbarrow. Presently, we saw Mitchell coming up the walk, straight as a statue, hands at his sides, the tub of butter balanced securely on his head. He found it easier to carry 65 pounds on his head, the quarter mile, than to bother with the wheelbarrow.

Time wore on. Old Man Mitchell, in spite of the will and urge to serve, gradually developed infirmities. As the dream of being cherished and

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cared for by a younger wife faded, he demonstrated the wisdom that should come as the reward of a long life of faithful, devout service to ideals and one's fellow man. 'Shepherd' owned a cabin and garden close by his church. He chose, of his godchildren, a young daughter of Ward Johnson, of one of the outstanding colored families, to be his heiress. He arranged that she should inherit his home, if she would take care of him till he died. This she did, most lovingly and faithfully.

And so passed, to his reward, a real Christian gentleman.

* Ballard *

Treat ma daughter kindly
an see you do no harm.
An When I dies I'll leave to you
ma house an little farm;
Ma hoss, my plow, ma sheep
ma cow, ma hog an little barn,
An all de little chicken in
de garden.



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UNCLE EDMUND

When we children, come from the dining-lounging room or the warm, friendly kitchen, out onto the north porch of "Three Oaks", we looked down a broad avenue between green orange trees to lofty pine wood, hammock pasture, a quarter mile distant. To the right, tall, graceful date palms, several pine trees, green shrubs and magnolia partly screened Uncle Edmund's house. Beyond the house the ridge of the packing house added detail to the view. In front of the packing house a tall, spreading mulberry tree arched the avenue.

Along the avenue were planted sago palms (cycads) with narrow, green funereal leaves, while rising here and there above the green, various species of palms, feathery bamboo, fragrant, deep green rhyncospermum, pears and persimmons (naked in winter), banana clumps and exotic ornamentals broke the near horizon. While, to the left, through the green leaves of our magnolia tree we could see the forest front along the river shore.

The river bank at "Three Oaks" was high land, clear of wild growth, except for a corner next to Uncle Edmund's place where a strip of swampy hammock began. This strip gradually widened along his river front until it became several hundred feet wide where it joined the woodland pasture. In this strip nature had provided a sublime backstage setting for a great lover of trees and the exotic. Towering a hundred feet above the river shore, fifty feet above the swamp growth, rose one of the noblest, healthiest, most accessible groups of cypress giants man has been privileged to see.

When Spring sunshine awakened sleeping vegetation, a faint, rosy green haze tinted the moss draped, rugged tops of the cypress whose bows formed a lofty canopy supported by great, gray-white columns which rose above the under-growth. If one parted the brambles which lined the swampy strip and picked one's way among wild iris, white St. Johns lilies and the stump-like cypress knees through the mucky swamp, to gaze up along a massive trunk, it was like looking up a great cathedral column. It would require a chain of six average people to reach around the base of one of these noble trees.

Scattered among the orange trees in unexpected places were Pinto peaches, Suranany cherries, a shrub bearing little, purple, mouse-like fruit, date palms with fruits of disappointing flavor, yellow Cutley and red strawberry, as well as large white guavas, ripe horse bananas or, happily, a forgotten cluster of little Hart's choice bananas, oranges of many varieties (we were allowed to eat the dropped or cracked ones), white and purple figs and flowering, fruiting cactus. There were many sweet scented shrubs--mimosa, starry jasmine, cape jasmine and others, unknown to us children, imported from all over the world. There were palms whose seed sheaths resembled tropical canoes and whose blooms were of intoxicating sweetness. There were palms with long, cruel thorns, and there were deep green monkey puzzle trees.

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In such a children's paradise lived Uncle Edmund Hart, Aunt Belle, Cousin Dora and Cousin Lucy.

Uncle Edmund was the oldest of Grandpa Hart's seven children. He remained at "Heartsease" during the Civil War to help on the farm while Uncle Ambrose and Uncle Walter fought through the South as far west as the Mississippi River. He learned to grow and propagate fruit and ornamental trees in Grandpa Hart's nursery. He studied botany with Grandma Louisa.

He inherited his father's love of adventure. Once, in the rush of haying, he begged off to go sword fishing off Cape Cod. He is mentioned in family diaries as sailing in the West Indies on government business, hence, his knowledge and interest in tropical plants peculiarly fitted him to pioneer in the importation and dissemination of trees, plants and shrubs new to the United States.

The part of the family holdings where he settled was ideal for his work. The giant cypress trees and the pines furnished protection from wind. The big stretch of water, down and across the St. Johns, gave excellent frost and freeze protection. The mucky hammock and the deeper clay-bottom, virgin soil were almost unique in their fitness for the growing of a great variety of species. The scenic setting, half surrounded by majestic forests, added enchantment to the spot, both for him and for the many horticulturists who came to see him and his collection of trees and plants.

The importation of exotic plants became a profitable vocation for Uncle Edmund. He loved it so much that he became a noted authority on semi-tropicals. Among the varieties that he originated are, Hart's Tardiff (a very late type orange like Valencia) and Hart's choice banana (a dainty lady finger type).

Uncle Edmund had a ready wit and an active pen. Besides writing freely about fruits and ornamentals for publication in newspapers and magazines, he contributed newsy rhymes for the Palatka Times Herald:

"Last week our good friend, William Sprague,
as limber as a lizard,
Fell from his ladder, skinned his nose and
almost burst his gizzard".

"The weather's hot, and all the wimmin'
to cool their bones have gone a-swimmin'
To hear the screamin' and the yellin'
they're having fun beyond all tellin'."

"Oh, Lucy, spare that roach, Smash
not another bug,
Go seek thy downy couch and thy
snowy pillow hug".

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Such were the items appearing when Mr. Sprague fell, while picking mandarins, when the ladies at the Point bathed in the river, when his daughters kept him awake hunting roaches. His column was scanned, first, when the mail boat brought the weekly paper.

Uncle Edmund found recreation in books of adventure, travel and exploration in other frontiers. I loved to browse in his library for tales of South and Central America, Africa and the islands of the seas. He, also, loved to fiddle. Squire Tenney was a fiddler, too, but preferred to play violin or cello with others. Uncle Edmund soloed, especially jigs which he could play more rapidly and vigorously than any one in the neighborhood.

When it became apparent that he could not live much longer, Uncle Edmund thought of the future welfare of his favorite trees. He feared they might be neglected and fail to attain their best growth and perfection. So, he dug holes at intervals around them and buried fish there--gars, gizzard shad, crabs and sting rays which the shad and mullet fishermen would, otherwise, throw away. This, with the mulch that he provided profusely, helped his precious trees to thrive long after he was gone.

Many famous horticulturists came to see and to learn from Uncle Edmund and Grandpa Hubbard. We would sit and listen to discussion of plant species, botanical names, habits of growth, habitat, soil needs and to the fascinating stories that go with such conversations.

Uncle Edmund gradually wasted away. He was sensitive to the solicitude of friends as to his health. One morning, at the post office, George Wilkinson asked him how he felt. He, rather impatiently replied, "I haven't felt of myself yet!"

And so, at the turn of the century, he left his precious plants and trees, his orange grove, his books and his business with nurserymen to his daughters, Dora and Lucy and to his wife, Aunt Belle.

I wish that I might have been with him when I was older and could have absorbed more of the knowledge that he acquired in his varied, active life.

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NO SPOT IS SO DEAR TO MY CHILDHOOD

"The Kingdom of Heaven is like the grain of mustard seed, which a man took, and sowed in his field, which is indeed the least of all seeds, but when it is grown, it is the greatest of all herbs, and becometh a tree so that the birds of the air come and lodge in the branches thereof"

"Stuart! It is time to ring the bell!" my mother's voice called "Yes, mamma", my voice answered--my mind still deep in a thrilling scene of "Jack Ballister's Fortunes".

"Stuart! It is two minutes of seven. Hurry!" "I'm going!"

So down fell St. Nicholas out the front door, I dashed down the steps, past the great climbing Soprano rose and the white camellia down the front path, past the sweet violet-red amaryllis border, the sweet-flowered rhynchospermum and purple-flowered pluroma shrubs, the palms and orange trees, around the flowing fountain, through the long, formal oval, down the avenue, lined with date palms, cocoa palms, Washington Robusta and cabbage palms; crepe myrtle, elms and, magnolias to Commercial Avenue, through the big gate, felt rather than seen in the darkness, shut with care, up the street to the church gate, through the iron rodded gate, up the church steps, feeling for the lock with the key, through the door to the bell rope, and, at seven sharp, the church bell rang out its invitation to evensong or hymn-sing, with half an hour's warning. Simple routine as far back as I can recall.

When the Point was settled it had no church building for white people. Of course there had been family prayers and informal neighborhood services ever since our family came to the Point.

Meanwhile, up north on Staten Island, the Sailor's Snug Harbor was a spiritual haven for Captain Edwin Smith (your grandpa Hubbard's mother's brother). Here he learned to love the Episcopal service. Here he became an Episcopalian.

When Captain Smith came to the Point and found no church building, he opened his large upper room for church services. He started a subscription list to raise money for a church to be built on a lot given by the Hart family from the northeast corner of "Three Oaks".

So began the ministering of St. Paul's mission to generation after generation of faithful Christian people at the Point.

Here was the spiritual and neighborly meeting place of young and old, of family and friend, of winter visitor, of backwoods churchmen and women. To the congregation came ministers of varied talents - some English, with the

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thorough vocal training of the English choir boy. The visitations of Bishop Weed were cherished by everyone, especially by our household where he usually stayed.

Cousin Willie Evans, read the services, as lay reader, when a priest was not present. Later, good Dr. Lattin, with long gray beard and spectacles, was lay reader, my father taking his place when Dr. Lattin was needed in his medical profession.

For many, many years Grandma Louisa was organist and soprano, Grandpa Hubbard, tenor, Frank Tenney, bass, with us children with others in the front choir stall until we went away to school. Squire Tenney played his violin or cello. Visiting musicians were welcomed to assist, such as young Sprague (son of William of epic fame), who played the cornet which he held with his finger-less left hand, to our amazement.

Your grandfather was a perfectionist in the mechanics of music, the tempo must be right, phrasing and pronunciation correct. His tenor was true and telling when singing by note with others. He could not carry a tune by ear or from memory.

The music of the seasons was followed and rehearsed at choir practice. If there were no evening service, the people would come for a hymn sing, choosing favorite hymns until voices failed.

When I returned at sixteen, after finishing school, I sang tenor, or bass if needed, while Aunt Edith sang soprano and solos. It was a wonderful opportunity to learn the words and tunes of our church music and to train the ear to harmony.

In due time the need for a resident clergyman became so urgent that the people bestirred themselves to raise money to build a rectory.

Now, money for such purposes is hard to get. It was especially scarce in the little community of the Point. The orange crop of '93 was the last profitable crop for many years, as the hurricane of '94, followed by a freeze in December and another in February, ruined most of the crop and froze back the trees. Another freeze in '99 killed every citrus tree to the ground.

However, the winter residents and tourists were generous in their gifts. The Van Wycks, Wheelers, Priests, Paynes and others contributed directly and through the many benefit entertainments and projects so energetically initiated and carried on by the earnest people.

When we came to "Heartsease" in the Summer, a vaudeville team of Edith, Stuart and our mother, entertained whenever we called on friends or when friends called on us. We sang "Good Ol' Sweet Ham", "Carve Dat Possum", "Cock-Coo", and other songs to organ or piano accompaniment--

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passing the tambourine about, afterwards. People showered down for the rectory fund.

One of the darkies found an alligator's nest, by the river-shore, with 42 eggs in it. The eggs were like long, large hen's eggs. The inside was mostly yolk-stiff and hard to blow out when a hole was made in each end. I nearly burst my cheeks blowing them empty, Edith painted appropriate sketches of alligators, darkies, palm trees, etc., on the empty shells. She strung pink or blue baby ribbon through them, tied in a loop with bows, to hang up for display. At 25 cents, they paid for several windows.

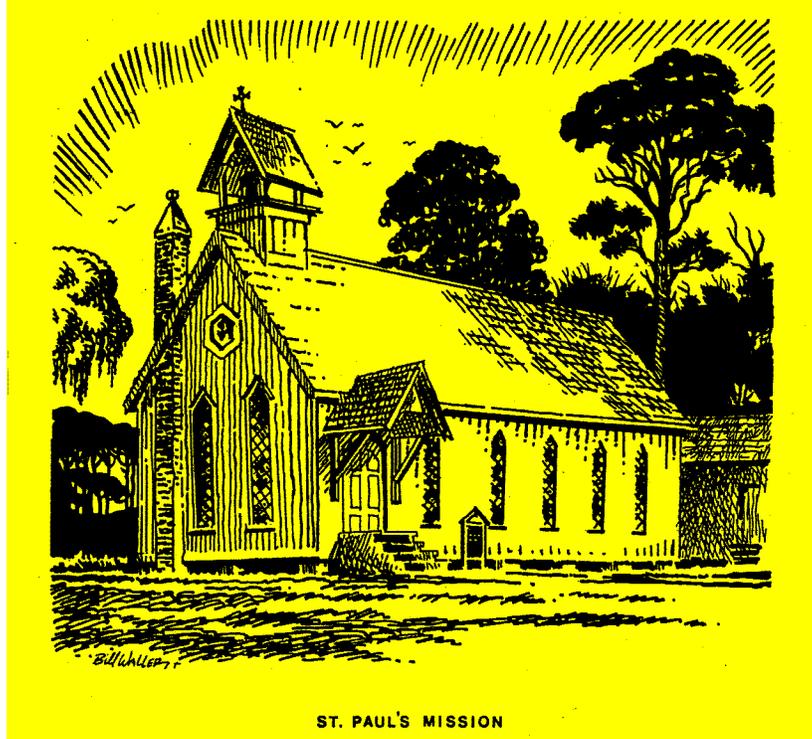
Our family gave the lot across from the church. Grandpa Hubbard drew the plans and superintended the construction. He did much of the carpenter work with the help of other men of the congregation in building and furnishing the cozy home.

Many ministers and their families have lived in the rectory. At other times it has been rented and, so, has contributed to the maintenance of the church.

This little mission church, St. Paul's, Federal Point, like many other small churches in poor communities, can put to shame many large parishes, in wealthy communities, in the spirit of appreciation and support by their people. Year after year its Sunday School or woman's auxiliary offerings have won the banner for proportionate giving,

At Christmas time your grandfather decorated the church most beautifully. The Gothic windows, over the altar and on sides and end were arched with ten foot, feathery date palm leaves. Pine branches and magnolia leaves filled corners or brightened lamp brackets.

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Grandma Louisa was responsible for flowers on the altar with varied assistants. One cold, winter Sunday no blossoms could be found. Your grandfather climbed a soft maple tree and cut sprays of gorgeous red maple bloom. The altar was, thus, beautifully adorned. Roses, white Easter or St. Johns lilies, red amaryllis, white magnolias or sweet bays, hibiscus, gladiolus, ferns and many flowering shrubs, palm leaves, wild flowers and foliage plants made the church sweet and beautiful.

Sunday school and Bible Class, taught by ministers or faithful men and women, stressed the meanings of the catechism, the bible stories and the church services. Itself a mission, St. Paul's appreciated the worth of missions, giving freely of money and sympathy for missionary work at home and abroad.

And so, through the years, responsibility for helping to carry on God's work, regularly and faithfully, gradually absorbing the teachings and Spirit of Christ and His church, living and working in a Christian family in a homelike congregation, seeing babies grow to childhood, to youth and maturity, to ripe age in their church, observing the Christian influence on their development and lives, seeing them faithfully take up the load and carry on the work; their children with them; these have indeed, been dominating inspirations in molding my character and influences to you and yours.

Come to the church in the wildwood



Come to the church in the vale,
No spot is so Dear to my Childhood
As the little brown church in the dale.

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FRONTIER SELF-SUFFICIENCY

Your Grandpa Hubbard was a true pioneer in a new frontier. His formal education ended with high school. His experience was that of an active, intelligent, restless youth on a hilly New England farm on which his father operated a small sawmill with waterpower from the brook that flowed so noisily and swiftly, through the hemlock arch across the road from the house at Maromas, Connecticut. He was skilled in the use of broad ax, blacksmith tools, logging, carpentry, horsemanship, cattle and the many details of the self sufficient farm-living of that day,

There was little money on such a farm to buy labor or materials. You did for yourself or did without. And the greatest joy in life came from desiring, planning and creating for one's self and for one's admiring family and friends.

Such a personality with such talents found, in Florida, opportunity for expression and achievement limited, only, by time and the daily routine of living and providing the necessities of life. Along with these constructive qualities your grandfather was possessed by an eternal optimism and steadfast forward urge that carried him cheerfully through countless disasters and discouragement's to many gratifying successes and achievements. These successes were, of course, due in large measure to the patient, sympathetic companionship and team work of your grandmother Louisa.

The settlers first built cabins in their clearings and plantings. Then, as income permitted or family funds provided, comfortable two story houses were built. Water came from rain water in underground cisterns and drive-well hand pumps until artesian wells became possible. A six inch well was drilled at "Three Oaks" in the nineties, before the '95 freeze.

At that time Grandpa Hubbard was manager of Uncle Walter's estate with profitable orange, lemon, mandarin, tangerine and loquat grove and strawberry patch. There was need for irrigation and household water but little money. So he rigged a derrick with wooden hammer to drive the four inch casing 90 feet to rock, forged his own drills, improvised a grapple to retrieve a drill that parted from the rope at the bottom of the well, and struck sulfur water at 192 feet. The well still provides the J. V. Atkinson family with water. (My sister while chatting with a surrey driver in 1951: "You is Miss Hubbard from Federal Point? I used to work for your father. I worked on dat 'tesian well on de corner. Dat sure was hard work.")

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THE NORTH DOCK

Federal Point was served by a cooperative community wharf located at the south end of Commercial Avenue. Competition was keen among growers as orange shipments increased in volume. The dock charges became considerable. Space was often lacking. Cartage was necessary and the vision of a personal dock and the challenge of its construction compelled Grandpa Hubbard to design, engineer and build a wharf in front of "Three Oaks". This was no mean feat as deep water was 600 feet from shore, while the channel was only a couple of hundred feet offshore at the Point. Also, the water was too shallow, most of the way, for the big steam pile driver.

A powerful hurricane in 1894, raised the river above all previous records. Grandpa Hubbard had driven the first pilings on the shore before the storm. He had established a level a foot above previous record high water. Seeing the waves washing above this level he waded out through the orange grove, with oranges and lemons whipping out at the ends of twigs blown horizontal by the wind, to the river shore where he chopped a mark with an ax on the pilings so that the planks on the wharf were always above the water.

Again, economy and independence demanded that your grandfather build the wharf himself. So he made a raft of large logs that had been lost from rafts towed from distant woods landings to up river sawmills. (The salvaging of logs and lumber from the river was one of the adventures that brightened the busy days). At one end of this raft he erected a double derrick with a section of log for a hammer for each row of pilings. These hammers were raised about 5 feet above the pilings by two Negroes who pushed down on a long lever to which the rope which raised the hammers was fastened. When the lever was released, the log fell on the piling driving it down into the river bottom.

The wharf was of extremely economical construction. The pilings were yellow pine saplings 7"-10" in diameter. They extended about 9 feet above mean-tide levels and 3 or 4 feet into the hard bottom. The pilings were sharpened wedge shaped, knife sharp, spaced about 6 feet apart by about 8 feet so that the wooden car-rails, on which the freight car ran, were nearly over them. The rails were made of two 1" x 6" cypress boards with lath spacers between them.

The 2" x 12" x 16' cypress plank running lengthwise between the rails rested on 2" x 12" cross plank laid flat on each pair of pilings. A hand rail of 1" x 4" cypress added a sense of security on the high, narrow dock and prevented people from being blown overboard on windy days. When the long runway was completed to deep water a commercial pile driver, named Hercules, drove the long, heavy pilings for the broad head of the dock. This first steam-hammer pile driver I had seen, was a marvel to a little long haired boy.

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The head of the dock was roofed to shelter freight from rain. A store room protected freight from weather and river passed by, a runway extended from the packing house to the shore end of the dock. Freight was carried on a four wheeled car, 6' x 10', which was pushed by one or more men.

This wharf was a center of family and neighborly interest. Extending over a wide stretch of water of varying depths, it provided excellent fishing much of the time. Many afternoons and some mornings a number of colored women and children, and sometimes men, sat along the wharf with legs hanging over the car rail, long bamboo or cypress poles rising and falling as bites or catches required, a constant current of conversation, its character depending on the personality of the persons present, furnished as much of fun and human interest as is now provided by radio or television.

Railroads and trucks have done away with river freight and passenger boats. No trace remains of the North Dock of "Three Oaks".

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ON A SUNDAY AFTERNOON

When we were children our family lived by an accepted code which restricted personal activities on Sunday to strictly social (preferably family) visiting, to walking or driving for exercise or the air, to religious or classical (not frivolous) reading, but, in no case, to sports, hunting or gay goings-on.

There was the sobering tradition that Grandma Hart made her sons take back, to the top of Araults' hill, the chestnuts they gathered on a Sunday afternoon, and scatter them on the ground, where they found them.

Perhaps I seemed stuffy and unsociable when I declined to join the jolly parties of tourists and friends on boat rides but stayed at home reading, resting or day dreaming while strolling through the orange grove or the woods, or chewing sugar cane or devouring watermelons with the Tenney boys and George Wilkinson, Jr.

But, living up to a code no doubt has its character building value.

Perhaps once a year I took my favorite trip. The Warners and the Johnsons lived in their orange groves seven miles, and more, up the river beyond the Dancys, around the bend on the way to Palatka. The Warners came from a family of textile manufacturers from Utica, N. Y. The Johnsons were of the Boston aristocracy, as was, also, Mrs. Stevens, who lived at "Graylocks", between "Esperanza" and "Moonstone".

Some Sunday, when wind and weather favored, I would eat a light lunch after morning service perhaps a soft boiled egg, home made bread and butter, drink a glass or two of milk and relax for half an hour in preparation for an athletic test of strength and endurance.

Starting in midday heat, up to 90°, and rowing a boat at top cruising speed for two hours required perfect digestion, soundness of heart and lungs, toughness of hands and seat and, near perfect oarsmanship. For it took almost exactly two hours with moderate tide and wind to row the seven miles, be it midday or after dark, in which ever boat I used.

The only pause would be to eat a couple of oranges, to drink cool water from a jug or to listen in deep darkness for tug or night-boat or for floating islands of water hyacinths whose location might be sensed by the chorus of frogs resident on them.

It is interesting that of the three boats used none was speedier than the other in spite of being of quite different types. The *Isis* was a lovely round bottom boat with deep prow and skeg, built by John Van Wyck. She was easy to keep straight on her course and had little lag between oar strokes. The *U and I*, also

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built by John Van Wyck, was a flat bottomed skiff, riding the waves rather than cutting through them. The *Sprite*, nicknamed the *Fright* because of extreme crankiness and a determination to turn, bow to rear in one length if one stopped rowing. She was so light that she nearly stopped between strokes but surged ahead with each pull of the oars.

My Father taught me the science and art of rowing a boat easily and, almost, tirelessly. When using the oars absolutely even effort must be applied to each blade or the boat will wander off its course. If wind or tide tend to force the boat off course, a compensating increase of pressure must be maintained on the oar opposite the pressure.

When facing the stern one must select a fixed object a house, a tree by day or a beacon, a shore light or a starry night that is directly astern, in line with the course to be steered. This requires constant balance of energy on each oar and of body, to trim the boat.

The wrists must be used to tether the oars, keeping the blades vertical for full force against the water on the pull, but slipping them out of the water to horizontal when swimming them forward just above the water, to dip them, again, with a turn of the wrist into the vertical position. This permits keeping the hands at nearly a constant level, as the blades should rise and fall but little, remaining just buried on the pull and just above the surface on the return.

The push of the legs and the bend of the back join with the pull of the arms in driving the boat forward. The legs, back and arms relax on the return swing, resting for a moment before the next effort.

Much rowing from six years, undoubtedly, contributed to broadness of shoulder and trimness of waist and hips along with setting up exercises done faithfully, morning and night for many years.

Starting out under a blazing sun with little breeze, nature's cooling system enabled one to maintain the same steady speed as in the cool of the night. Dark strips stained the seat where sweat dripped from my elbows as they glided forth and back with the rhythmic sweep of the oars. But the copious cooling perspiration evaporated through thin clothing, muscles were loose, the human machine performed perfectly.

Finally, reaching the boat wharf at "Esperanza" an Airedale would trot out on the runway to greet me followed by Sam, Helen, Ethelreda, or Mr. Warner. Usually, however, I would stroll up the walk under the lofty, moss draped live oaks to find every one taking a Sunday afternoon siesta. A phone call might bring Melville Johnson down from "Moonstone" in his little motor boat.

After resting and visiting awhile Mr. Warner would ask if I would like to see the grove and the packing house. I surely would.

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The packing house, built to handle a larger volume of fruit than we grew, was one of the most modern of its day. We had colored men and women brush our fruit clean in tubs of water. The Warner's washer was power driven (as were his wrapping machines) by a turbine which was turned by a six inch artesian well just above river high tide. The packing house was at the end of the "Esperanza" wharf from which all fruit was shipped and all supplies brought in.

Mechanical training with textile machinery undoubtedly helped the Warner brothers in designing and perfecting their wrappers. This machine placed an orange on a sheet of paper, folded the paper up around the orange, twisted the paper snug and passed it to the packing bin. It was discarded when printed wraps were adopted and women were highly trained to wrap and pack with one motion.

Mr. Warner wished to operate a packing house in the mid state orange section. He asked me to go in with him and run the packing house since Sam did not take to such work. I declined in favor of helping your grandfather, with three months in the fall buying apples with Uncle William.

We strolled through the grove testing ruby bloods, Honrasasar, Parson Browns, mandarins, tangerines and navels, examining the tree-high broad wind breaks, with piles of pitch pine behind them ready to fire in freeze or frost.

A method of arching brace-grants from side-root to the trunks of the tree (which consisted of several sprouts growing from the roots of trees frozen to the ground in the '99 freeze) was fascinating.

We discussed details of fertilizing, labor, cultivation, irrigation, mulching, packing, varieties, markets and all the problems of a fruit grower.

Then came supper, like as not a picnic on the lawn with the old colored mammy hovering over us.

Finally, at eight o'clock as twilight deepened, I would say good bye to all on their boat dock, ship my oars and pull for home.

The point of land on the west shore, which hides "Three Oaks" from "Esperanza", could be seen, even on moon less nights, at eight o'clock in the spring. On rounding this point the beacon off "Three Oaks" beckoned me homeward, giving a light to align with a star, over the stern, by which to hold a steady course towards home.

Were the wind and waves calm and still, the sounds of the night would echo across the broad water from either shore a dog barking at a squealing pig, a hoot owl, the whistle of East Coast train or river boat, the splash of a striking trout or the tinkling of myriad's of frogs on shore or on rafts of hyacinths.

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If the breeze blew fresh, the hiss of white caps, the purling of water under prow or stern and the spat spat against the sides of the boat drowned the sounds of the night and centered attention on navigation and oarsmanship.

Such long, solitary trips as these gave a chance to ponder and think deeply on the problems of life that the modern youth rarely has, with radio and television to amuse or feed the mind, mainly, with the trivialities of pleasant, easy things.

As the second hour of rowing neared its end and the beacon light grew brighter, my pace increased. The fastest speed was made over the last mile.

Morning came too soon after such a trip on a Sunday afternoon.

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JULIUS MANN - PREACHER PRETENTIOUS

The highest aspiration of our colored neighbors was to preach. The easy way of life of the preacher, the respect and reverence earned by the leaders in this profession are, indeed, alluring. Failing this, a man longed to have a business of his own and to employ others,

Julius Mann preached when he was permitted. He was a great preacher in the eyes of Julius. Preaching, however, even when supplemented with fishing up Deep Creek for bream and catfish, could not provide him with food, shelter and a preacher's garments. So, he worked in orange grove, packing house and field, as necessity demanded. When possible, he helped in building barns, fences or houses with saw and hammer.

Now, Julius had friends in Jacksonville. The inspiration and temptation of the great city occasionally lured him to leave his cabin and sojourn awhile in Jacksonville. When hunger or home brought him back, he spread himself in telling his farm hand neighbors of the wonders of the city and of his exploits while there.

One dark night, at about midnight, the night boat, *City of Jacksonville* landed at Federal Point. A weary Julius, with whiskey on his breath and in his brain, shuffled up the gang plank onto the wharf. In the darkness, he steadied and guided following the hand rail. On reaching land, the rail ended. What little light the stars had given vanished in the shade of the spreading live oak trees which canopied the street. Unsteadily, he groped his way along the side walk. Suddenly, he tripped, fell forward and was gripped under his arms by a snorting monster, breathing hot vapors into his belly. Lifted off the ground, he was carried away into the darkness. Frantically wrenching himself loose, he fell, trembling, among the cows and calves gathered on this cool, breezy, sheltered spot to sleep the night out. He had fallen between the spreading horns of a Spanish cow. It seemed, to his uncertain mind, as though "Ol' Debbil" himself, with something of justice, had him, sure.

There was joy in the colored community when the story spread, even to the white folks. Julius was seen, but seldom heard, for some time thereafter.

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JULIUS MANN - CONTRACTOR - BUILDER

The great city of Jacksonville was swept a holocaust of fire about 1900. Three quarters of the city were quickly destroyed.

Workmen of all kinds poured into the city as into a vacuum to rebuild its houses, stores, warehouses, churches, offices, hotels and all the structure of a metropolis. And among the many, Julius Mann was drawn away from the Point and from the thoughts of his neighbors.

One night, Julius arrived on the night boat. He lost no time in displaying new clothes and evidences of unwonted prosperity. He boasted that he was a contractor-builder of houses. This seemed doubtful to his people. To his white folks, it was, surely, beyond his talents. Still, his assurance and his evident affluence called for proof to support his claims.

One day, another colored citizen arrived from Jacksonville. "How about Julius? Is he building houses on contract?" everyone wanted to know.

"Dat Julius. Ha! Ha! Ha! He is sho nuff building houses for folks. He's building back houses. Ha! Ha! Ha!"

There was joy on the Point.

Still, Julius Mann, thereafter, was regarded with more respect, he had succeeded within the limits of his talents.

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GREAT UNCLE CAPTAIN SMITH

One of the earliest settlers at Federal Point after the Civil War was Captain Edwin Smith.

We knew him, when little children, as a tall, slender bachelor with a long, slim, white Pharaoh beard. He lived in a large building which he built near the wharf on Commercial Avenue soon after coming to the Point, He used this as a store. It later became a hotel. He had given up operating the store by the time we came along as Squire Tenney ran one next door in connection with the post office and the public wharf.



The store was the reason for your Grandfather Edwin Smith Hubbard coming to Florida as he came down to help run the store for his uncle and godfather, Edwin, for whom he was named.

The title, "Captain", was earned when he was a captain of sailing ships. He, also, formerly ran a ship chandler's shop in New York City. He wrote a pamphlet titled "God's Law For a Vessel", which I have among my literary treasures.

Captain Smith needed some one to help run the store and help work ten acre orange grove and truck garden a half mile up Commercial Avenue. So he sent for his nephew, Edwin who had finished high school, lacked money to study

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for his chosen profession, the Congregational ministry, and suffered from catarrh in the Connecticut Valley air at Maromas.

Thus, your grandfather and grandmother, Louisa Abigail Hart, became acquainted.

Captain Smith lived alone in his big house after his nephew married and moved to his bride's home, "Three Oaks". He cooked his own meals and occupied himself with the care of his grove and garden.

When I grew big enough, my mother would send me down, occasionally, with a covered dish of hot dinner. I would knock on the door and hear a chair pushed back and his footsteps come towards me along the hall, echoing on the bare, plaster walls. Then the key would turn in the lock, the door would open and Captain Smith would give me a cordial, courteous greeting and take the proffered covered dish, place it on the table of his front room office, open his iron safe, take out a cigar box and give me a nickel, a dime or, on Christmas, a quarter all the while hunting a theme-less tune. My mother objected to his "paying" from his scanty funds as the '95 freeze had frozen his precious orange trees to the ground and his strawberries and garden truck were his only source of income.

Captain Smith practiced organic gardening as fully as possible. Besides the rank growth of weeds and grass he worked into the ground or used as mulch, he secured all the cow and horse manure he could get. His main source of manure was the droppings which littered the street where the local milk cows and the woods cattle pastured, and where the saddle horses, buggy horses and the horse and mule teams traveled or were tied near the store.

Each morning and noon Captain Smith pushed his wheelbarrow gathering, with his shovel, the manna-like fertility scorned by the faddists of the new commercial fertilizer era. His land was fertile. His crops flourished.

Captain Smith was warden of St. Paul's mission church. passing the plate was his prerogative. He became interested in the church at the Sailors Snug Harbor on Staten Island before coming to Florida. The first church services were held in his large, upper room. He passed around the subscription list to raise money to build the church on land given by the Hart family on the northeast corner of "Three Oaks".

Captain Smith provided interest for us, children, during long sermons, by using a leafy switch, which he gathered along the way, to shoo away the flies which alighted on his bald head during the service. A hungry galliniper mosquito would call for a louder, more vicious swish, to our great pleasure.

When Captain Smith died he left the hotel to my father and his grove to the church. He stipulated in his will that he should be buried in a certain spot in his grove and provided money for a modest monument. A mound of soil, four

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feet high, eight feet wide and ten feet long, crowned with the stone is always to remain as his resting place, whoever may own the land.

Once, while Frank DuPont was renting the land from the church to raise potatoes, I went to see the stone and mound, now overgrown by low bushes. I was startled to see some large bones half buried in the sloping soil. I mentioned the bones to Frank DuPont, when I saw him. He chuckled and said that a yearling had died on the place and he had half buried it in the side of the mound, hoping that, perhaps, some one would find it there. It was also said that these bones were left to keep superstitions darkies away.

And, so passes the memory of an interesting character, a sturdy individual, a pioneer who wove some of his independence, his adventurous initiative, his quiet, religious faith into the pattern of our family. May he rest in peace.

(Captain Smith's account books of his purchases for his store and his sales of fruit and produce are on file in the Yonge Historical Library at Gainesville, Florida.)

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GIVING AND RECEIVING

Recently, in teaching Sunday school, I asked the group: "Which is more blessed, to give or to receive?" A six year old miss raised her hand. "Both", she said. "Right", I answered. For my memory carried me back to a Sunday afternoon in my late teens. So I told the children this story:

When I was a young man in Florida, one Sunday afternoon I saddled my horse, Duke, rode through our orange grove to the gate, opened the gate and closed it without dismounting, cantered up the street, around the corner into the road leading to Orange Mills and East Palatka. We traveled past Uncle Ambrose's, Uncle Walter's, the Brown's, the Dorr's and the Evan's groves, which lined the river cove. Then, on through the pine woods past the May's and Cole's places, by then reverted to second growth yellow pine until, five miles from our gate, I turned into the Dancy lane, nearly half a mile from the river.

Opening and closing the gate against the wood's cattle, I dismounted at the Edward Dancy's steps.

The family soon appeared, cordial and gracious, with the greetings given a young gentleman come to call on three charming daughters.

There were Mr. and Mrs. Dancy, Edward Jr., my age, Lallie, Georgia and Martha, and little Davis, not yet ten years old.

We gathered in a cheerful group on the broad verandah, while I cooled off after my brisk ride, and chatted about this and that.

Presently Davis went to one of their small orange trees, just recovered from the '99 freeze, pulled a golden orange, walked with it up the steps and eagerly, though bashfully, reached it toward me.

Thinking of the very few oranges on the Dancy trees and the many in our groves I said "Wouldn't you like to eat the orange? We have so many at home".

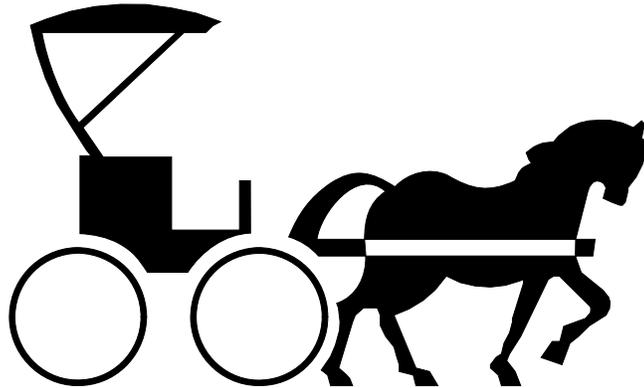
A cloud of disappointment covered the expectancy on Davis' face. But his mother gently nudged my arm and said "Take it. If a child likes you he is happiest when he can give you something".

This truth flashed into my soul. I turned to Davis and said "Thank you, Davis, I will enjoy this very much after riding way up here".

His face brightened. I learned how blessed it can be to receive as well as to give.



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DONNA - OUR DONKEY

There came a time when we were small children, before the '94 hurricane, the '95 freeze and the building of the north dock, when our parents seemed to be mysteriously excited about something that concerned us children.

Finally, one evening, after mail boat time, Papa and Old man Mitchell came up the front walk, around the splashing fountain, leading a large, long eared, nervous, dejected donkey. Ma, of course, had maneuvered us to the front of the house in readiness for the surprise, if the donkey really came. And what a surprise! A real, live, beautiful donkey, yes, for our very own.

Her back was covered with dark brown, curly hair, providing an always ready hand hold for small fingers to grip. The color paled to light gray on leg and belly, her nose and inside her long, expressive ears. We named her Donna, for she was a lady in fact and in demeanor.

Now Donna was weary. She had had a long, hard journey, all the way from Lake City where Uncle Ambrose had bought her. She had been driven into a railroad car, jolted over the rails a hundred miles to Palatka, unloaded, led to the dock, pushed down a narrow, springy gang plank unstable in the swells of a high wind, and tied to the flag staff in the very bows of the small mail boat. This had been a busy trip for the mail boat. She had criss-crossed the river many times to leave the mail, passengers and freight at most of the landings between Palatka and the Point. The wind blew hard, the waves splashed in Dawn's face, the boat pitched in the rolling, white capped waves and threw Donna staggering as the boat scraped along the docks with piercing, squealing sounds as her gunwale chafed on the pilings. After two hours of this she had firmly refused to walk a step up the steep gang plank had to be pulled and pushed up off the boat, onto the Federal Point dock and all the way ashore by the combined efforts of deck hands, Papa, Mitchell and any others who could get a pulling or pushing hold. She ever after took a dim view of docks and boats.

Donna soon became an important part of the family and its activities.

Papa bought a small English saddle and a bridle for formal riding. Much of the time, however, we rode Donna bareback with only a halter rope and a switch to guide and encourage her movements.

Aunt Edith, being taller, rode in front while I sat behind facing the rear, and, we would make Donna carry us all over Three Oaks and Uncle Edmund's place. The exercise and adventure were tolerated for a time by Donna. Sometimes she would tire of our extended, aimless wanderings, walk resolutely into an orange tree and scrape us, screaming, off her back as she pushed her way under a thorny branch.

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One day after an unusually long, tedious trip, as the evening shadows lengthened and thoughts of ears of corn or sweet potatoes in her feed box possessed her, Donna was carrying us at the far end of Uncle Edmund's avenue. Suddenly Donna kicked up her heels, stretched out her neck, headed for home and galloped at unsuspected speed the length of the avenue, swung around the corner to the barn and stopped at her stall, we, children, frantically gripping her curly hair, bouncing with every bound while screaming at the top of our lungs. All of both families ran out to see--and to laugh.

When tender grass and Jerusalem oak tempted Donna to indifference to all but its succulent enjoyment, the only way to start her off on our journeys was for me to reach aft, grasp her tail and pull resolutely up.

In spite of all the trials and indignities, we, children, subjected Donna to, she never showed the slightest inclination to bite or kick us. She always treated us with affection and proper respect.

Papa bought an axle and a pair of high, wooden spoked wheels. On these he built a stylish cart with seats facing front and back and with very thin wood arched over the wheels for mud guards. This cart was finished in varnish over beautiful, natural wood with tan cushions and a tan whip. With Donna in the shafts and Papa, Mamma and us, children, sitting under a big cream colored umbrella, we were as stylish in our way as was Mitchell with the ponies and surrey.

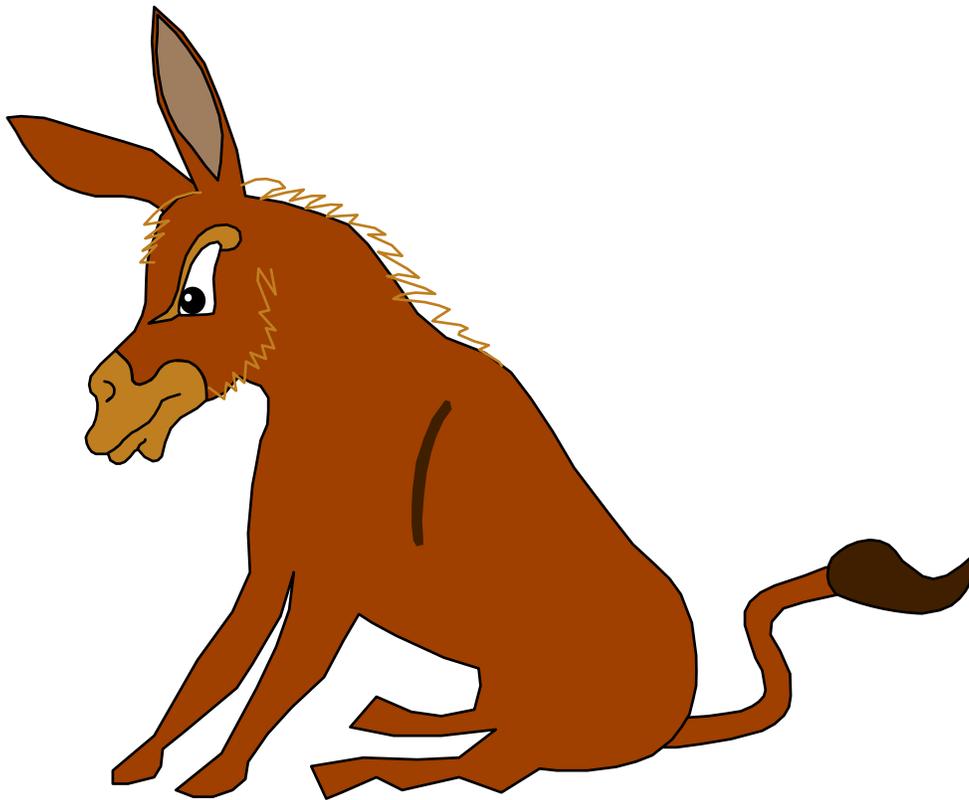
Donna had her idiosyncrasies. Her pasture was the grove south of the house between the ditch from the fountain and Tenney's pasture. There were many varieties of oranges bearing in this enclosure. Donna never touched an orange on any tree except a special blood orange--the thinnest skinned, most luscious of all. These she ate more freely than we approved. She was fastidious in her habits. The only spot she fertilized was by the ditch bank between two trees. These trees were an ever remembered object lesson in the effect of over fertilizing with nitrogen, for they suffered, extremely, from scale and die back, while the only others thus affected were in the chicken yard.

One summer when we were North, at "Heartsease", we received word that Donna was missing and could not be found. Then the mail brought word that Donna was all right. It seems that Mitchell missed her. He hunted all over "Three Oaks" and Uncle Edmund's place. He inquired of everyone if she had been seen on the Point, at Merryfield (now Hastings), or elsewhere. She had disappeared completely. After many days Mitchell happened to hear a sound from the ditch between Uncle Edmund's place and "Three Oaks". Upon investigating, he saw two long ears move among the ferns which lined the ditch banks. Donna had entered the ditch where it was shallow and broad. She had browsed on the rich vegetation which lined the ditch, advancing into the deepest part where the banks narrowed. There she got stuck so that she could neither go

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forward or back out. She was a weak, gaunt donkey. Otherwise she was unharmed.

When old age finally claimed Donna, she was buried in the grove between the stable and the church. Her monument was the mound of tall, green grass that flourished above her for many years.



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HARVESTING THE GROWTH OF A THOUSAND YEARS

In the early days of Florida the harvesting of timber was the most important industry. Small, local saw-mills were frequent along the rivers and creeks, many railroad towns were built around their saw-mill. The Cummer Lumber Co. of Jacksonville and the Wilson Cypress Co. of Palatka turned out millions of feet of the world's finest lumber heart pine and clear cypress. They owned tug boats that towed rafts of logs from far and near. They owned great tracts of timber. Their products were shipped by rail, by steamer and by three masted schooners.

One of the joys of childhood was watching the small dot of a smoke-crested tug with its towering masted schooner, spied way down river, slowly grow into majestic size as they proudly plowed their way up the river past us to shrink in the distance as they passed from sight around the bend on their way to Palatka where the schooner's hold would be filled with lumber. Our greatest thrill came when the returning schooner anchored in front of "Three Oaks" to receive her deck load from a huge lighter and we could row out, with a gift of oranges, to visit the captain and sniff the scents of the sea and the tarred rigging. Shoals at Orange Mills prevented full loading of schooners at Palatka. These shoals were said to be the saw dust from the original mills at Orange Mills, burned during the Civil War.

These saw-mills had used the virgin forest of the nearby flat woods long before the Civil War. There were specimens of the original yellow pine in protected places--massive trunks towering branches to great heights. The second growth stands had grown up to eighteen inches, or more, in trunk diameter--so thick that the trees twinkled past each other as one rode through the woods. Forest fires and grazing cattle had consumed all low bush and tree growth so that the distant view was limited only by the blending of the countless trunks.

Cypress grew in the ponds which occasionally spot the flat woods and in the slashes which extend from the deep swamps drying up in dry seasons.

The lumber from such cypress trees tended to be closer grained, harder wood than that which was cut from the great trunks of the swamp cypress which grew in tidal waters, never suffering from lack or excessive depth of water nor from forest fires. Much of the year they rose from a watery floor, the dense canopy of swamp trees and vines, which grew at levels below the majestic, spreading branches of the giant cypress, shading out such growth as might otherwise tolerate the water covered soil. The water level in the dry seasons never left the mucky soil so dry as to permit burning or to stint the supply of water for the forest growth. The root system of the slash pines, the soft maples and the hardwood trees breathed through the bulbous butts which swelled large at the base of their trunks. The cypress have developed a means of their own to

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secure air when their roots are submerged. In addition to the buttress-like ribs which rise from the main roots for a way up the trunk as in the elm, they thrust pointed knobs up from their roots to above the high water level so that they can always breathe through the bark of these "cypress knees".

Thus has nature adjusted the cypress to her environment in the tidal or spring fed swamps of the South to grow in uninterrupted vigor for a thousand years or more.

Great areas of swamp had remained untouched by man, until the end of the last century, protected by the very mud and water that nourished the cypress tree. Logging was by log cart on hard ground or by pull boat or donkey engine which snaked the logs for a quarter of a mile from the edges of the swamps with steel cable and steel cone fitted and fastened to the end of the log for glancing off the trunks and stumps past which the cypress log was pulled.

Pine grew on or near firm ground. The log cart, with two wheels, head high, straddled the log, heaved the butt of the log off the ground and carried it, suspended, except for the nearly balanced tip, to the mill to be sawed or to the water to be rafted to a saw mill. Log carts were pulled by one or many teams of mules or oxen according to the size of the log and the depth of sand or mud.

With labor at seventy-five cents to a dollar a day, the finest heart pine and clear cypress brought the mills so little, as long as the timber could be easily secured, that there was little incentive to solve the problem of logging the deep swamps.

As the supply of timber in Maine and Michigan became exhausted, their logging business looked for new fields to harvest, The demand for cypress increased the price, likewise.

An experienced Northern logger named Hodges established himself at Federal Point and amazed the lumber-men by purchasing the great swamp east of Deep Creek and Moccasin Branch and commencing logging operations. "How," they wondered, "could he get the great logs out of that impenetrable swamp?"

Green cypress is so full of sap that the logs will sink in creek or river. It is necessary to kill them, at least six months before logging, so they can dry out and become buoyant. Axe men waded into the swamp, often up to their knees in mud and water, to cut a notch clear around the base of the cypress tree. The cambium layer of bark being severed, the return flow of sap, enriched by photosynthesis of leaves and air, ceased. The tree died and was dehydrated so that the logs floated when dumped into the water.

Meanwhile, a camp was built on an island of higher land a half mile up Deep Creek. A strange pile driver was erected on steel rails which were laid on cross ties supported by pairs of short pilings driven into the mud. A small steam

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locomotive was unloaded from a lighter onto the track. Car wheels were built into log oars. The railroad was pushed into the swamp as the pile driver, which extended beyond the end of its supporting oar, drove pair after pair of pilings, and the rails were laid on the cross ties ahead of the wheels of the pile driver.

A tall, sturdy tree was selected alongside the track. Riggers climbed it with spurs, cut off the top and fastened bracing guy cables, some fifty feet or higher, to this mast. They, also, fastened a heavy steel trolley cable to the mast, out a lane through the swamp timber far into the swamp end stretched the trolley cable to another mast which was rigged at the end of the lane.

One quiet day, we heard a distant thunderous crash. The giant cypress trees had become seasoned and were being felled and cross cut into logs. And what logs they were--six, eight, ten feet in diameter and ten feet or more in length.

A steam donkey engine was set up at the base of the moat. A cable was run through a trolley pulley suspended on the trolley cable. A lane was cut through the weed trees from the main lane to the felled tree. The cable was fastened to the log, the signal given. The donkey engine turned a winch, winding up the steel cable. As the slack was taken up, the cable, extending from the trolley cable, far up in the air, eased the end of the log off the ground, swung it in line and air, eased the end of the log off the ground, snaked its bumping way up the side lane, over roots, cypress knees, fallen logs to the main lane, then up the main lane swaying in the air to a log car upon which it was gently lowered by the donkey engineer.

The donkey engine had its shrill whistle to signal the ground crew its actions. The ground crew, way off out of sight of the engineer, used the man with the farthest reaching voice to call the signals to give or take up slack and to finally pull out the lug. Preacher Frank Fordam, grandson-in-law of my old mammy, Aunt Katy, had the voice, the intelligence and the responsibility for the job. His voice pierced the trunk muted swamp above the noise of donkey engine, log train and other voices, clear and telling. (Frank told my sister, who practiced operatic solo, that she and he were the only ones whose voices could be heard all over the Point).

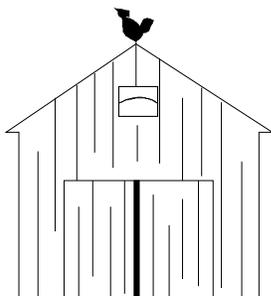
When the cars of the log train had successively received their loads of one huge or several smaller logs it puffed its way to the creek where the track, tipping towards the water, helped roll the logs, with a great splash, into the stream. Men with pike poles steered the logs into place in the long raft where they were herded and held in position by the outside logs which were chained, end to end along the sides and to form a pointed bow and blunt stern of the raft. The raft, when completed, was towed by the company tug to the sawmill.

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The swamps were filled with many fine, great trees of other species: gum, elm, ash, maple. These were not logged as there was no paying demand for them.

Thus was man able to harvest the cypress crop of a thousand. and years growth.

I do not know if the other species have been logged in the deep swamps, But along the shores of creek and river not a single tree stands today that could furnish commercial logs for lumber or veneer.



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ME JOHN

My mother had a long succession of household helpers. Sometimes they were old colored Mammies with slavery-life training, some were young daughters who worked for little more than meals and training. Her main reliance was on the persons of a succession of young boys, from 9 to 16 years old. These were more certain to be on hand everyday than their mothers who saw to it that the boys went to work while they were prone to find excuses and fail to appear when most needed.

Recently, in preaching the Sunday School sermon to the first, second and third grades, I told this story to secure their interest and attention and to teach the consequences of breaking the Ten Commandments.

When I was a youth in Florida, my mother had a young colored boy as a house servant. His name was John Schuman. We called him Me John because he always said me instead of I when talking about himself.

Me John set the table, washed the dishes, swept and cleaned the house, filled the wood boxes and learned to do the many chores of a country home.

One day my mother bought a basket of ripe, red strawberries. She placed them in the ventilated cabinet on the porch till she could hull them for dessert. When she finally came for them she found a hollow instead of a rounded mound of berries on top of the basket. Puzzled at first, she caught sight of a nervous, self-conscious Me John sweeping the porch, rolling the whites of his eyes in apprehensive glances at the basket of berries. Investigation disclosed a trail of strawberry hulls leading to the wood pile.

"Me John, did you eat the berries on top of this basket?" my mother asked "no, ma'am, me ain't et no strawberries," John denied.

"But John, when I put the basket in the safe it was piled up with big berries. Now, it is sunk down. The big berries are gone. How could that happen?" she asked.

"Me sure don't know, Miss Hubbard. Oh! Me remembers. De two Johnson boys came up from de Point goin' to Miss Dora's. Dey mus' have taken dose berries," said Me John, rolling his eyes while standing, first on one bare foot and then the other.

"Now John, you know perfectly well that those boys did not eat those berries. How could they know the berries were there? They wouldn't go to the wood pile. I will tell your mother about this", my mother said.

"Oh, Mis' Hubbard, please doan tell my mudder. Po'ter will beat me terrible," begged Me John.

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Now, Me John's mother was Mrs. Schuman whose present husband was Porter. And Porter was very, very tall. And Porter was long of legs, slender of body, one eyed and strict in punishing his step-children for their many childish sins.

So Mrs. Schuman was summoned and told about the berries, "Who do you think ate those berries?" my mother asked.

"John done it, Mis' Hubbard. John done it. Porter will tend to John. He won't never steal no more berries, Mis' Hubbard. He sho won't steal no mo' berries!" Mrs. Schuman declared,

"Oh, Mrs. Schuman, don't let Porter hurt John too much", my mother pleaded.

Next morning a drooping, limping Me John dragged his weary way up the back steps. "What's the trouble, John" my mother asked.

Porter beat me terrible, Mis' Hubbard. Porter beat me terrible. When me turned off de street into de yard Porter was waitin' fo' me. He had a big strap in his hand, Me John dolefully related, while leaning listlessly against the door jamb. But as he proceeded with the stirring story his manner changed, he came erect, his eye shone, he leaned eagerly forward, dramatizing the chase.

"Me started to go aroun' the corner ob de house, Porter close after me. He went into de back do' through de house, out de front do', around the chicken coop, aroun' de well, into de house, under de bed an' Porter stretched his long self clear over de bed un' catched me comin' out de other side. I sho' gave him a chasen. John's expression changed from eager excitement to dejected slouch. "An' Porter took dat strap and beat me terrible, Mis' Hubbard. Jes' look at ma back an' ma legs. We cain't hardly walk dey hurts so. An', Mis' Hubbard, me won't nebber steal nuthing, ever, no mo." And he never did while he was with us.

Our Uncle Ambrose was visiting us at the time. He was a vastly amused spectator of all these goings on. And he was an idol to Me John as he to all children and adults as well. His personality was genial and compelling; his quiet sympathy and understanding drew everyone to him; his humor and mischievous play with his friends was timely and delightful; his fund of stories inexhaustible; his telling of them fascinating.

That afternoon Uncle Ambrose strolled across the verandah towards Me John, a fish pole in hand with dangling line and spare hook.

"Is you goin' fishin Cap'n. Hart?" Me John asked.

"Yes, I would like to catch something big, but I have no bait. Now, if I could have a big, red strawberry to bait my hook with, I'm sure I could get a bite", said Uncle Ambrose with solemn face and twinkling eyes.

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"Oh, Cap'n Hart! Oh, Cap'n Hart! You couldn't ketch me wif no strawberry! Me won't nebber steal nuthin agin. No Sur!" said Me John half hanging his head, half grinning as he enjoyed the attention and joke on him by his adored teaser.

Not only did we never know of anything being missed while Me John was with us but he later became a professional house cleaner in Jacksonville. A profession where a man must be both courteous and absolutely trustworthy.

So you see, children, we must not covet or desire other people's things, as Me John coveted my mother's berries. For, if we do, we will be tempted to steal. And, if we steal we will be tempted to bear false witness against our neighbors, as Me John did when he said that the Johnson boys might have taken the berries. We know that our fathers and mothers will be hurt if we do wrong and break God's Commandments. We do not honor them when we steal or lie or blame other people for things they do not do.

But, if we really learn what the Commandments mean, if we know that we will surely be punished for breaking the Commandments by doing what they tell us not to do, we can be sure that we will be forgiven for doing wrong if we are sorry and learn not to be tempted to do the wrong thing again.

And, as Me John was happy and proud of being trusted and faithful so we are happiest when we are trusted and loved for honoring God and our parents and doing to others as we would like them to do to us.

GRANDPA HUBBARD'S BOATS

E. S. Hubbard built him a boat.

Great snakes--it was the bier

It was afloat in one day

And its name was the Gondolier.

(E. H. Hart, Palatka Times Herald)

My father's avocation in his younger years was the designing and building of boats. This was natural, since he was born by the Connecticut River where boats were the main source of transportation and port. His uncle, Edwin Smith, was a sea captain and designer of ships; and boats on the St. John's river were used, almost, exclusively for freight, passengers and for pleasure.

With drawing board, rule and flexible strip of wood he would spend many leisure hours charting the curves and angles of his dream boats. He then, would fashion models from laminated layers of cypress, varnish them and line the walls of his library with them. His models were of the hulls only as he was fascinated with the problems of buoyancy, were bow resistance, stern suction, appearance and all the factors which make for success or failure in each type of craft.

The Pioneer

My first memories of boats at "Three Oaks" are of the *Pioneer*--Grandpa Hart's Whitehall, round bottomed boat, worthy of first mate of a clipper ship. When "Three Oaks" was purchased Grandpa Hart had larger sturdy, serviceable boat built by a famous builder for use on the St. Johns. She had a center board and a mast which could be raised for sailing and cleats for three pairs of oars and a rudder with tiller for steering, She could carry eight or nine grown persons comfortably. She was named the *Pioneer*.

The Buccaneer

We have pictures of a cat boat, the *Buccaneer*, that my father built before I can remember. Old Man Mitchell borrowed her one evening to sail five miles up the river to "Oak Villa" to call on a widow. When he started homeward in the night, the wind had vanished. He explained his weariness next day: "Mis Hubbard. Dere wa'nt no oars in dat sail boat. I had to row her home wid my walking stick. I sho is tired this mawning."

The Gondolier

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The *Gondolier* was built to provide a smaller, light weight boat useful for fishing, driving our cows from their river pasture, and other routine uses including shooting water moccasins. These big, sluggish water snakes infested the river. They would come ashore to shed their skins but spent most of their time swimming in the river catching fish, tadpoles and frogs or lying on the logs and bull-rushes which line the shore. We were constantly on guard against them when near or in the river.

My father rowed the *Pioneer* around the Point to Charlie Brown's saw mill, in the cove beyond Uncle Walter's place, selected wide cypress boards, took them home and seasoned them.

One morning he set up two saw horses, brought out his design, his tools, lumber and galvanized nails; fashioned and built a graceful easy rowing skiff before night-fall hence the rhyme with which Uncle Edmund proclaimed the feat.

The "great snakes" was in recognition of my father shooting over twenty moccasins within a few days after launching the *Gondolier*.

The Dahabiyet

The river from the Point to Deep Creek, two miles to the north, is shallow for some six hundred feet from shore. Poling a boat is often easier than rowing, as one can face forward and look down into the water to see sunken logs and holes in the eel grass and to look off for drifting logs and lumber and for our cows--reluctant to start home for milking.

So Grandpa Hubbard designed and built a boat especially for this purpose.

She was flat of bottom, broad of bow with an extra long, tapering stern, narrowing to a point. This was designed to permit the pole to push. From nearly amidships when used on either side, thus tending to keep the boat on a straight course. Without skeg, the long, straight bottom kept her on her course while contributing to buoyancy for extremely shallow draft. Also, the law by which a wedge passes through water with less resistance when pulled blunt end forward made poling easy.

Her name was *Dahabiyet*.

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The Shark

The New England dory is a remarkable boat in picturesque-ness of design and in seaworthiness.

My father had a beautiful, long cypress board upwards of two feet in width. With the dory in mind he cut the board in two pieces full width at one end and tapered to a point at the other. From these he fashioned the whackiest craft ever. The two wide ends formed the sides at the stern while the two points rose to make a high, pointed bow. There were narrow strips to form the gunwhale and a narrow tapering bottom to which the sloping sides were fastened. Exactness of description is unwanted since no one would ever wish to build another boat like it.

She was very light. She was extremely seaworthy. (When the river was roughest I enjoyed taking her out and riding the wave like a gull.)

But one had to part his hair in the middle to keep her on even keel or she would tip over on one side or the other most alarmingly, then rest complacently on the wide, flat side with the narrow gunwhale keeping the water out.

She would turn end for end in a length is space if one stopped rowing. Papa named her the *Shark* for her sharp, up-curving bow.

One day, during a heavy gale from the South, I glanced at the river and saw the *Shark* drifting rapidly down the river from the head of the North dock where I had tied her, alack, with a granny knot.

I called my father. We grabbed two pairs of oars, ran 600 feet out the dock, climbed into John Van Wyck's beautiful round bottomed *Isis*, untied her and took off after the, now distant, *Shark*.

We sped down wind and overtook her--drifting sluggishly due to a half load of water that had leaked or rained in.

We turned the *Isis*, made the *Shark's* painter fast to the ring in the stern of the *Isis* and started the long pull home.

The wind was so strong, the waves were so high, that we could make no progress against them towards the head of the North dock, in deep water, pull as hard as we could.

The wind lifted the blade of my left oar on the back stroke and blew it violently aft against my father's head.

So, we headed diagonally across wind and waves into the shallow, eelgrass muted water under the lee of the cypress swamp, were we made some progress towing the water-logged *Shark*.

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Even so, the going was too stiff. We tied the *Shark* to a cypress knee and returned for her next day.

The Frolic

When I came home from school at sixteen my father looked forward to a happy partnership, he planned for recreation as well as active farming.

Nothing could add so much to our pleasure and independence is a boat big enough to carry the family and a few friends, overnight if necessary.

So he designed and built a thirty six foot cabin cruiser--all by himself.

He built a shed with pine sapling posts and a roof in front of "Three Oaks" near the river shore. Under this shed he laid the keel, set up the frame and completed the boat, all but installing the motor.

Years before he had cut and sawed white oak knees at his father's mill at Maromas. These he used in the most important angles such as the stem and the stern.

The stem was a 6 x 10 heart pine stick, about 5 feet long. He carved this into a pointed prow, curved at the bottom and grooved at the proper angle on each aide to take the ends of the planking, according to his detailed drawing.

There are two main types of hulls for such boats--round bottomed and skip jack. My father chose the skip jack because all frame pieces could be straight edged while the ribs of the other type must be cut or bent into curves. Starting at the stem all the planks were vertical on edge. As they extended aft an angle developed about a third of the distance from the deck so that the bottom gradually spread outward until nearly horizontal--some 4 feet wide from the keel, while the sides were nearly vertical and about three feet high amidships but less at the stern.

There was a five foot front deck, covering the gasoline tanks, a four foot stern deck, cabin enclosed the rest. The front and sides of the cabin were of window frames. The sashes dropped into the sides in hot weather. There was a toilet and lavatory on one side, aft, an ice box and pantry opposite.

The cabin was lined with seats on each side, wide enough for 6 to sleep on when extended.

The six horse power, one cylinder, two cycle engine was aft of amidships, leaving a comfortable area forward, or space for carrying some freight.

She was buxom of bow, impressive in cabin size and trim of stern. Her hull entered the water easily with her sharp prow, her rapidly flaring bottom planed over the water; her long flat run slipped easily over the water leaving

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scarcely a ripple, except for a modest bow wave. The design was so successful that the little six horse power motor drove her as fast as most boats her size having twelve horse power motors.

My father had never run a gasoline engine though he had ridden in sundry gasoline launches and had studied the mechanics of the different types of motors.

When the boat was nearly finished he came north with my Mother. He took me to Maromas with him to visit aunt Fannie and to see Uncle Elmer and Uncle Clement who ran the Cutaway Harrow Works at Higganum. We took the train up the Connecticut Valley to Holyoke Massachusetts, to see a six horsepower motor advertised by the Barker Company at a very low price. The factory was a small one but the motor seemed to be well built. It was later shipped to Federal Point and powered the new boat.

At last the boat was finished except for installing the motor and small details. Her hull was painted with copper paint against worms, then with the finish coat. Her hull and housing were a light gray--the interior finish was natural varnish.

A sloping ways was built down into the water. Rollers were placed under her. With many grunts and "heave ho's", by the assembled neighbors she glided by stages into the St. Johns River, christened, *Frolic*.

After her hull had swelled tight, she was hauled up a steep plank ways, alongside the dock, by a windlass. The motor was installed the shaft run through the stern post, the stuffing box packed and tightened; the two-bladed propeller screwed fast the rudder shipped, and the exciting moment for starting the motor, finally at hand.

My father studied the directions, put gasoline in the tank, oil in the base of the motor, hooked up the battery; primed the motor and, at the third pull of the crank, a healthy put-put put gently vibrated the boat. A happy grin spread over my father's face. The boat was built, the motor ran. He had done it all himself.

Eagerly, we slid the Frolic down the steep, greased ways into the river, turned her bow up stream, pulled up on the crank and started off at so brisk a pace that the jaws of the "doubting Thomases" fell as they gazed, open mouthed, at the so big boat slipping swiftly and easily through the water with as little disturbance as a small launch--the "iddy bitty" motor driving her easily and steadily along.

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For many years the Frolic was a source of satisfaction and pleasure to my father and mother and all who enjoyed the many day or overnight trips she safely made up and down the river.



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FISHING FUN

Before the '94 hurricane and the North Dock, Papa had a boat dock for row and sail boats and shallow draft launches. This dock was built near the middle oak of "Three Oaks" at the end of a foot path that ran from the avenue, to Uncle Edmund's place, through the orange and lemon grove to the river shore.

The runway extended some eighty feet out from the shore to three or four feet depth of water at mean tide.

On the south side, near the shore, your Grandfather had built a boat house to shed the *Pioneer*, the large round bottom boat Grandpa Hart brought South with him over twenty years before. This house consisted of roof, ends and sides with a long, cypress pole windlass with long handles at one end, which raise the boat easily by block and tackle hooked into rings at bow and stern. Here the *Pioneer* hung high above the waves out of the blistering sun and stormy winds.

I used to like to crouch on hands and knees and gaze down into the clear water with near-sighted eyes looking for the bream and bass that sought shelter from the hot sun in the cool shadow of the boat house.

Papa had built a six foot landing on the north side of the runway, two steps lower, so that ladies could step easily, with their long skirts, into row or sail boats.

One day my sister and I were kneeling on this landing looking for fish below us when one of us chanced to look up. A wild shriek startled the other and Papa, who was picking lemons close by, saw his two, long hared children, petrified with fear shrieking hysterically while a huge water moccasin, head above water, long body sinuously propelling him forward, changed his course when a few feet from them, swam to the bulrushes south of the dock and oozed out of the water to sleep off the lethargy of digesting his fill of fish in the warm sunshine.

Papa quickly quieted us trembling youngsters, hurried to the house, got his gun and blew off the head of the sleeping snake whose headless body was last seen wriggling frantically backward into deep water.

Naturally we were all always alert for snakes as the bite of a water moccasin is very serious if not always deadly.

One peaceful evening, as the long shadows fell, Mamma joined us fishing on the boat dock. Papa worked near by in the grove. Our black cat, Eyes, hunted chameleons and tree toads. The fish bit easily.

Suddenly, Mamma exclaimed, "I've got a bite. I've hooked a big fish. Oh, Ned, come quickly. Come! Come!"

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For, as she pulled up on her long bamboo pole a big black head rose from the water followed by a long, heavy, twisting, struggling body. Mamma lowered the pole but her catch kept the line tight in its mad endeavor to escape.

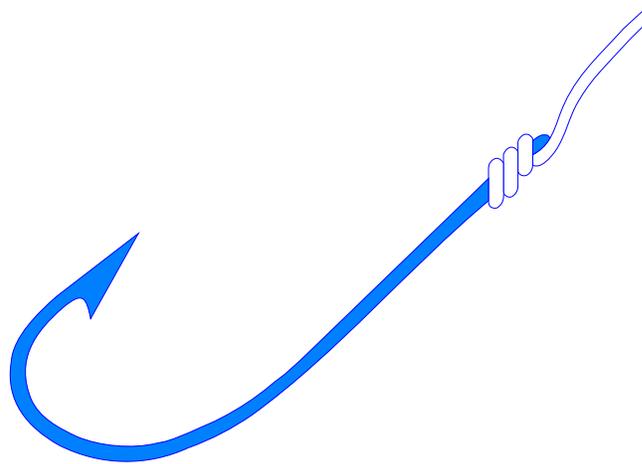
Papa came running, took the pole, raised the big eel from the water and started for shore behind Mamma who was leaving there, and fast.

As she reached shore Mamma looked back. To her horror the great wriggling thing hung just behind her head as Papa ran forward, pole and line before him.

And so they proceeded, shrieks in front, chuckles behind, until Papa dropped the eel into the loose sand of the avenue, grasped the sand-dried body firmly, released the hook, held the subdued eel high in the air and said, "I had to get it to the sand before it broke the line. It was too slimy to hold."

Mamma was the great tease of the family, schooled in competition with six, ruthless brothers and sisters and with sundry incorrigible cousins. After suffering from her subtle sense of humor during courtship Papa made Mamma promise not to tease him after their marriage.

Mamma felt justified in easing up a bit in the truce after enduring this greatest episode of Papa's fishing fun.



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FLOWERS

The great golden disk of the setting sun sank beyond the forest trees of Palmetto Bluff, across the calm, wide river.

In the east, the round moon, magnified by the refraction of the humid air, took unto itself the light of the departing sun as it rose above the belfry of the church and the saplings and the towering forked trunk of a solitary pine on the Sam Searing place.

Two small children, a girl with long dark hair flowing to below her waist, bangs across her brow, and a boy with golden hair down to his shoulders, straight across his forehead, stood hand in hand gazing up at the side of the kitchen lean-to where, among great, dark green leaves of the moon-flower vine, long swelling buds of spiraled white and pale green reached out towards the rising moon.

As they stood waiting and watching amidst the twilight, bounds of nature and neighborhood calming down for the peaceful, restful night, the long buds, with faint jolts and quivers, little by little swelled in thickness the spiraled lines rose into ridges. The firm, pointed tip loosened revealing fragrant depths within the opening flower. And, as we watched, not daring to glance aside for a moment lest we lose a movement in the birth of the blossom, there suddenly opened out, saucer-like, then flat and round, a pure white replica of the silvery moon whose rising seemed to signal the awakening of the sleeping beauty.

As the musky sweetness of the opening flower spread through the dewy air, a great moth came fluttering in search of the nectar which nature's invitation bid it take in return for fertilizing the seeds which should grow into generation after generation of moon flowers, all acting in response to urges of life and living that have developed through past ages in nature's wondrous ways.

Flowers formed a basis for interest and pleasure for us children that now a-days is largely supplied by radio, television and the movie.

Our mother was an ardent botanist. She loved flowers for their beautiful selves. She recognized their species. She knew or learned their family names and took pleasure in classifying them. Flowers were an important, frequent topic of conversation. My father responded to my mother's intellectual enjoyment of flowers. His keen, orderly mind, his longing to give pleasure to his "Daisy", added interest and zest to his search for new or rare varieties and species of wild or cultivated flowering plants and shrubs.

Uncle Edmund was a professional lover, importer and propagator of flowers. And Florida, land of flowers, gave ample opportunity for the enjoyment of them.

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Nature is lavish with its flowery perfumes in the semi-tropics. The rugged palmetto provides a perfusion of creamy, amber blooms that spread a heavy, sweet scent, exquisite in quality, penetrating and wide spreading in the flat woods and hammocks.

The yellow jasmine, festooning the shrubs and the tree trunks of the hammocks has a fragrance all its own.

The magnolia, king of Florida's flowers, is almost overpowering in its concentrated, heavy scent when one buries one's nose in the deep cup of an enormous bloom to inhale deep draughts of this essence of Florida's charm.

The sweet gum, the sweet bay, the wild grape, St. Johns lily, the lowly blackberry, the gallberry and many other trees, shrubs or lowly plants sweeten the air in ever changing pattern as one passes varied kinds of vegetation in swamp, hammock, piney woods, sand hill or prairie.

Man has added much to Florida's own perfume with exotic flowers.

Once, when sailing the upper St. Johns on the side wheeler, *Sanford*, enjoying the musky swamp odors brought by the water rippling breeze as it swept to us from a towering cypress swamp, there came the rich, purer lung filling scent of orange blossoms. No sign was there of ought but wilderness. The steamer soon slowed one paddle wheel, swung sharply around a point of swamp, and there, up the reach of the river in the next bend, was a broad, deep green orange grove, source of the un-looked for odor of orange trees in bloom.

To live, to work, to sleep in the midst of many orange trees is to enjoy a season of soul satisfying fragrance. When there was added near my window, a luxuriant hedge of double white gardenia, bending with its mass of blooms, heavy with its own rich fragrance, when honeysuckle and jasmine added their special flavors to the airs of the night, heaven itself could scarce add to the surfeit of smelling satisfaction.

The orange tree is one of nature's loveliest. At bloom time it's deep green, glossy foliage is brightened by the pale green of tender growth, clusters of snow white starry petals enriched with yellow stamens, give promise of fruit to come, while golden globes of luscious, thirst quenching, fruit, cooled by nature's means, gladden the eye. No wonder everyone who experiences such loveliness craves to own and live within our earliest memories of the St. Johns river, as we waded along its edge at low tide or poled or paddled a boat over the flats, bring the delight in finding a plant of water lettuce gaily drifting along its lonely way. Water lettuce was delightful in the freshness of its pale green, fleshy leaves, resembling table lettuce, and in the jewel-like drops of water that lingered in the creases in its leaves when they were splashed or wet with rain.

About 1890 we were en route to Jacksonville on the river steamer. Mr. Fuller of San Mateo, some five miles south of Palatka, was keeping fresh in

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water on the table in the upper saloon specimens of rare and beautiful aquatic plants and flowers. Among them was a strangely graceful floating plant with dark green, glossy leaves whose stems swelled into round bells like bantie's eggs and whose spike of hyacinth-like bloom was so delicately beautiful that every one was charmed with it and eager to know its name and its native habitat.

Mr. Fuller explained that he had secured the first specimen to be imported into this country from the Orient. He had placed it in his pond where it had increased so rapidly that he feared he would have to clear out the surplus and dump it in the river.

Imagine our delight not many moons later to find that the plant that came drifting gaily along in the breeze was not water lettuce but hyacinth. Also, imagine our feeling when, within a very few years, a mass of many acres of drifted with the tide against the railroad bridge at Palatka, delaying the mail boat over two hours as she slowly forced her way through them in charge after charge, only to be stopped short as they massed in front of her bows.

Water hyacinths increased from this single importation until creeks were completely closed by their ever expanding mass, great floating islands drifted with tide and wind from one bay or cove to another as they gradually drifted down to the sea. Water fences were pushed over by their wind driven mass. Boat docks and landings were shut in by great floating fields so that boats could not start out from them or, when returning, be able to land, blocked by a great sea of hyacinths that had drifted in while the boat was away.

In desperation, the government attempted to destroy them. Boats were equipped to spray caustic chemicals in an attempt to kill them. Soon bloated cattle, feasted for buzzards, were seen floating among the singed plants which they had grazed. The cattle men stopped this futile attempt to check the expansion of the hyacinths. A boat was equipped with machinery to crush and destroy the plants as it passed through them. This failed.

Today, the water hyacinth blocks many streams and lakes. It is a major menace to fishing, boating and transportation.

Wide dissemination was due to the beauty of this flowering plant. A single spike of its pale blue, lavender shaded petals, centered with pale yellow rising from its graceful, exotic leaves is of exquisite beauty. A group of them is charming in pond or stream. A hundred acres in full bloom is lovely beyond words. Like the airplane 'twere better had it never been introduced to civilization.

Florida is, indeed, a land of flowers. Flowers were an ever present joy and interest to us as we grew up.



UNCLE PETER MOORE

The personality of the Negroes who worked for us through the years varied with the origin of their ancestors.

There was Tom Williams with aquiline nose and profuse side whiskers, evidently from Ethiopian or high altitude stock. There was Bob White, short, very black with the flat nose and big nostrils of the steaming coastal jungles. And there was uncle Peter Moore, tall, with magnificent shoulders and chest, a powerful man at seventy.

I first remember Uncle Peter when I was a little, longhaired boy, of Little Lord Fauntelroy style. He was one of several who picked lemons near the river shore. I liked to play around among the orange, lemon, persimmon and fig trees where the men were working.

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A loud humming noise came from next where Uncle Peter was working. This was followed by a plopping splash in the river. I excitedly asked what the noise was, Uncle Peter said, "Dat's a hum bug. It's scared and flies plump into de ribber."

I ran to the house and told my parents that there was a buzz bug in the lemon trees; that it flew into the river when it got scared. This puzzled them until they made inquiry and learned that Uncle Peter made the humming noise and threw a lemon into the river to divert my attention from mischief.

Captain Smith had given me a quarter to buy a Jack knife when I took him a plate of dinner for Mamma.

The darkies shoes often pinched their toes so they cut slashes in them to give their toes room. When standing on the ladder their toes showed through these holes about level with my very near-sighted eyes.

In looking for something to cut with my new knife the long, needle sharp lemon thorns were handy so I cut one, felt the sharp point, saw a black toe and tested the point in the toe. This was too much for Uncle Peter. He took me gently but firmly in his big arms and carried me to the house for safe keeping.

One day I found him picking oranges for Uncle Edmund down by the cow barn.

He finished picking an orange tree. When he came to the next tree he found a great wasp nest, six inches in diameter, black with trembling wasps. I was well acquainted with the quickness with which they would fly out when disturbed and the fiery pain of their sting. Most men would have left the tree or have burned the nest and wasps with a torch on a long pole.

To my fascinated surprise Uncle Peter quietly approached the tree, rubbed the palms of his hands briskly together, softly humming his "buzzy bug" hypnotic drone, reached out a big, black hand and gently plucked the nest from the tree, wasps with it, and laid it in the branches of another tree. Not a wasp left the next. All the while he hummed his buzzing drone.

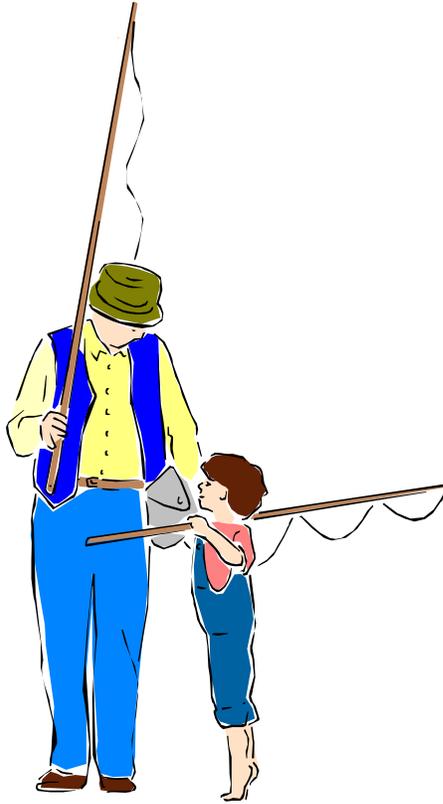
His quiet dignity, his self control and the respect his people showed him, his way with animals and insects indicate that he would have been a witch doctor or chief in Africa and, undoubtedly, he was a descendent of such and had learned something of the craft.

The ribs of his great chest were joined by heavy bone. The bottom ribs were broken loose from the rest with a scar showing.

Uncle Peter said, "One day I was workin' on a raf' when an ornery nigger got mad at me an' hit me wid de back of an axe and busted two ribs loos'. I jes grabbed him by de shoulders and butted him senseless."

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It was a privilege to have been with a man like Uncle Peter Moore when a little, impressionable boy.



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BY THE GRACE OF GOD AND GOOD SEAMANSHIP

The steam launch, *Una*, was a source of pleasure to many of the people of Federal Point. She was the means of contact for Mr. Hodges with his cypress logging operations up Deep Creek and the outside world. Some fifty feet long, with cockpit forward and seat encircled space aft of the boiler, fire wood storage, engine, galley, etc., she was supposed to have room for forty people. Life preservers for this number were kept on the wooden roof which covered her from bow to stern. The cockpit and after space were enclosed by curtains or windows in cold, windy or stormy weather.

Mr. Hodges was very generous in his hospitality in taking residents and winter visitors on pleasure trips or when he went to Palatka. Even the fare to Palatka by mail boat was lacking at times for some people, after the '95 freeze.

It so happened that Crescent City put on a celebration and invited people from the surrounding country to come and join in the festivities. Mr. Hodges wished to attend, He let it be known that he would be glad to take, as his guests, any from the Point who would like to go.

As the hour for sailing approached, Commercial Avenue began to trickle people with lunch baskets. The trickle swelled to a stream until Mr. Hodges' brow furrowed deeply with concern. All the seats were occupied. Extra camp chairs filled the open space aft. Forty came and more followed. The water line of the *Una* sank from sight with the heavy load of pleasure hungry people. How could he say who might go and who stay behind, especially when special friends came last?

But finally all were seated, somehow. The lines were cast off. The engine turned the propeller, and we were off.

The trip up to Palatka, around the Devil's Elbow, past San Mateo to the mouth of Dunn's Creek was uneventful, except for the joy of a crowd of friends off for a holiday.

The passage of Dunn's Creek is always interesting. Somewhat wider than Deep Creek, it still is a narrow, winding stream through deep swamp all the many miles to Crescent lake. Four blasts of the whistle warned the railroad and highway bridges to open their draws for our passage through.

Entering Crescent Lake, we found a long, broad, crescent shaped sheet of water with an island and Crescent City at the far end.

Crescent City was the center of a sizable orange, turpentine, logging, farming and tourist industry. Crescent Lake fishermen shipped quantities of fish. Captain Miller's steamboat line operated the steamer, *Crescent* to Jacksonville and the *Star*, as mail boat, to Palatka.

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As we neared the dock three whistle blasts announced our coming. Lines were tossed to eager hands, a gang plank was slid aboard. The *Una* rose high in the water as the last passenger climbed ashore.

There was a brass band. There were speeches and the usual activities of such festivals. To a little, country boy, the people, hound dogs, mules and saddle horses, base ball and lemonade were of great interest. The naphtha launches, sail and row boats tied to the main wharf, and to private wharves along the shore, were, also, interesting. But above all, the cracker girls made the deepest impression on my memory. There were black haired girls with the dark complexions of Spanish heritage. But my eyes were fascinated by the flaxen hair and pale complexions of some of the young girls. It seemed as though their blondness resisted, fiercely, the southern sun. Their shapeless cotton dresses were striving to be gay and pretty but were utterly lacking in the style of the tourist or the big town society girls.

The grannies and pappys, the tired looking wives, the youths and boys from the backwoods, all were fascinating in their strangeness to a boy from a community where style, beauty and standards of living and accomplishment were so different.

Suddenly there was anxious activity by leaders of the different excursions. A very dark cloud was riding on the western horizon. Distant thunder rumbled. Shelter was lacking for so large a crowd. The *Una* provided shelter for us while a top-heavy, shallow draft Oclawaha River boat, the *Okahumpka*, from Palatka, whistled for her passengers.

When we all had been hustled on board, the first gust of the approaching storm were stirring the heavy air. Lines were cast off. We headed out into the lake just after the Hart's line steamer moved out to the center of the long, curved stretch of wind swept water. Directly up the lake a white wall of rain hid water and shores. The black arch of cloud flashed light with frequent lightning. The thunder crashed, its echoes rolled from shore to shore.

The speedy launch, heading directly into the storm was quickly enveloped in the tremendous downpour of tropical rain driven horizontally by the wind. The *Okahumpka*, out in the lake, was hidden by the rain.

As the powerful wind rushed up the shallow lake, it drove the water before it in high, steep, crest-breaking waves. The fast, heavily laden *Una* began diving through the waves.

The whistle started to blow--continued blowing steady, terrifying blast. It seemed to the frightened people, a signal of distress to the steamer out of sight in the storm.

Then Alfred Evans, young, agile, ready for daring action, climbed out on the gunwale, pulled himself up over the edge of its roof, braced against the wind,

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rain and spray and lifted the big box of life preservers off the whistle cord where it had been blown by the wind or tossed by the plunging boat.

The engine bell rang half speed. The *Una's* bow, at reduced speed, rose with the waves and dove into the trough to rise on the next comber. No more water threatened to douse the fire.

Steam loss from the whistle was stopped. Alfred lowered himself, drenched, from the roof, hero of the trip.

The sky gradually lightened.

The wind and rain slackened.

The *Okahumpka* became faintly visible, steering a parallel course to ours, waves splashing white against her blunt bows.

The waves became swells without whitecaps.

The sun broke through the clouds.

Babies stopped crying, women ceased trembling. Men's faces lost their strained expressions.

Mr. Hodges vowed, never again, to take on board passengers in excess of the legal limit.

We were all most thankful to reach home safely, saved by the Grace of God and good seamanship.

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A LAND FLOWING WITH MILK AND HONEY

Such was the home at "Three Oaks" in the new land of promise.

Your Grandpa Hubbard provided the family with both honey and milk, with its butter, cream, pot cheese, buttermilk and clabber.

The bees were of temporary tenure as they were a tedious detail with ants and other hazards to be met and overcome.

The hives were between the house and the river, set on a concrete floor to discourage ants, shaded by an arbor of split cypress pickets and vines.

One of my father's unique contraptions was a wheelbarrow, the floor of which rested flat on the ground so that he could slide the hives, heavy with honey, on and off without lifting high or jarring them. The engineering included: angle boxes under handles and wheel fork. To see it was to laugh but it served its purpose well.

Extracting time was of great interest and delight to us children. The heavy combs of amber honey, tangy with the flavor of palmetto and sweet with orange bloom, were uncapped with the keen knife of the apiary. The honey oozed as the thin blade sliced the face of the comb. The waxy cappings were placed in a milk pan to be drained and then reduced by heat to wax which was pressed into balls for sale.

We, children, hovered about with fingers or pieces of bread to wipe up drippings, or, occasionally, to pick a dripping slice of capping from the pan to extract the honey from the cells by tooth pressure or oral suction.

These were not the docile Italian bees. They seemed to be ever alert for darkies working in the nearby grove, who feared them, from painful experience. Grass remained unmoved, oranges and lemons un-picked adjacent to the hives, of the bees were finally dispensed with.

The cows were a permanent part of "Three Oaks" ' economy. Even after Papa moved from "Three Oaks" to "Rose Lawn," he kept milk cows, if only to provide milk for his aged cat, Timmie. One day, however, the Women's Auxiliary met with the F. P. Ladies at "Roselawn". Refreshments included a pitcher of condensed cream, brought by the ladies. Our first stepmother, Lillie S., doubtfully poured what was left into Timmie's dish. To her delighted surprise Timmie lapped it up with relish.

Next day a sign appeared on the gate post. "Cows and calf for sale". Thereafter, the can replaced the cow, with bottled milk brought from town on shopping days.

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The first cows I remember were Bossy Belle and daughter, Nellie Bly. They were milked and stabled overnight in a cow shelter next to Uncle Edmund's place.

Old Man Mitchell or some other factotum milked in the morning. He then put a rope around Bossy Belle's horns, another on Nelly Bly, opened the gate and conducted them down the avenue through Uncle Edmund's grove to his woods pasture. Bossy Belle always led while Nellie Bly followed Mitchell.

The orange groves and cultivated fields were fenced. The pasture was fenced against the street but was open to the river. There was little wire and Bermuda grass or bush pasture in the pine and hammock woods, the main forage grew beneath the surface of the water on the flats which stretched five hundred feet out into the wide river. The eel grass grew luxuriantly up to the surface at mean tide. Its leaves were three quarters of an inch wide, thick succulent, with snails eggs and other aquatic life on them. There was salt from sea tide sand other minerals, vitamins, hormones and antibiotics in the watery pasture and woody growths. Such forage, supplemented by crab grass and cane grass hay and small sweet or Irish potatoes sprinkled with cottonseed meal produced rich, wholesome milk and yellow cream.

Each afternoon the cows were conducted back to the barn after they had been located. Finding them was sometimes difficult. If they did not choose to come home they were prone to hide in clumps of palmetto, behind a jutting point in the river or to refuse to come in from far off-shore. Bossy Belle would hold her head perfectly still if in the woods or keep her bell submerged if in the water so that we could not hear its heavy, unmusical notes and locate her. A boat was kept handy to row or pole towards the small herd when they saw fit to ignore the coaxing or threatening calls from ashore. When the boat started towards them they would reluctantly start for shore and be waiting at the pasture gate with heads ready to receive the ropes, token of captivity. For, they were docile as could be as they paced the avenue with graceful dignity.

One Sunday evening when our man failed us, I went to the woods pasture for the cows. They contrarily started for the river and waded out belly deep some distance from shore. To their surprise and chagrin I splashed in after them, circling beyond them waist deep, waving a long switch and telling them, in no uncertain terms, what I thought of them. They looked back at my determined motions and, resignedly, headed for the pasture gate.

A water fence extended out into the river from the boundary line of Uncle Edmund's on the north and "Three Oaks" on the south to keep the cows from straying past the Weltons and Wheelers or the Tenneys. Posts were driven into the river bottom, barbed wires were strung beneath and above the water. These required occasional repairs after storms had used drifting logs to batter the fence and pull the posts.

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Uncle Edmund had a special delivery for his milk that fascinated us children. For many years Tom Williams was his chore man, living in the cottage by the pasture.

Tom was evidently of Arab extraction or Ethiopian. He was bronze black with aquiline nose and bushy side whiskers, straight and graceful. He and Uncle Edmund's handsome, broad backed, black horse, Jack, were kindred spirits for Tom had worked in a circus and loved horses.

At milk time we would watch down the avenue from our verandah. We were often rewarded by seeing Jack's head come into the avenue from the barn, then his body and, standing straight and graceful on his rump, Tom Williams, reins in one hand, pail of milk in the other. Jack would swing into an easy lope, Tom rising and dropping with the movement, squatting low to pass under the branches of a huge mulberry tree that shaded the road, then straightening his legs to full height, leaning his body on the curve to the kitchen steps then before Jack slowed or stopped, sliding upright to the ground, pail held high to gracefully skip up the steps with the evening delivery of foamy milk.

Churning was a routine part of our household economy. Sometimes a dasher churn was used. A tall crock was fitted with a round wooden cover which had a hole in the center through which a home made wooden dasher handle passed. Or a quart or two quart jar of cream was rocked on the lap, sloshing the cream from end to end of the jar or impatiently shaken when the butter was slow coming while fishing, baseball or tennis had to await the coming of the butter.

Milk was never pasteurized nor was there ice, in the early days, to cool the milk. It was kept in a ventilated safe in a breezeway. Cream rose rapidly; clabber formed soon. Nature's processes were wholesome. The cows, blends of Jersey and other dairy breeds with Spanish cattle, gave milk rich in butter fat and creamy in color and substance.

Store butter came in pails. In summer heat it could be poured when weighing. We much preferred the pats of butter my mother decorated with fern leaf designs, kept reasonably cool in the breeze.

In spite of frequent repairs of fences, failure of choremen to appear Sundays or other inconvenient times, straying cows to be hunted in the woods and swamps and the routine care of milk and its products, we were, indeed, fortunate to have had this wonderful food. With the natural sweets of honey and cane syrup we lived and grew strong in a land flowing with milk and honey.



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SOUNDS OF THE SUMMER NIGHT

In a frontier farming community before the days of phonograph, radio, autos and electric appliances; far away from the clang of horse car bells or the clatter of hooves on cobble stones, the sounds which penetrated the stillness of the nights were of interest, sometimes of concern, to people of whatever age.

Webster considers noises to be sounds of unpleasant nature. The frogs which lined the river shore were noisy or melodious according to the mood of the enforced listener. From dusk till dawn of a quiet night a steady, rhythmic chorus of tinkling voices formed a background of sound against which the casual, infrequent and unusual added its solo or discord. The bull frogs from time to time shouted their deep, staccato notes, sometimes abruptly interrupted as night prowlers frightened or captured a frog. The chorus, incisively clear in front of our house, faded in the distance. One could sense its continuous, unbroken chiming from sea to river's source.

Before the coming of water hyacinth the snakes, raccoons, herons and other hunters kept the frog population down to moderate numbers. The hyacinths provided an ideal home for countless millions of frogs. Floating where animal could not prowl, drifting from place to place, they could bring to our shore a tremendous number of happy singers. But with a change of wind or tide floating them away, the comparative quiet of the shore frogs seemed peaceful in contrast. In the darkest night boatmen could locate the floating islands of hyacinths by the voices of the frogs resident on them.

The next most vocal night singer was the chuck-wills-widow, a species of whip-poor-will. Strangers, when first hearing one are excitedly enchanted by the glamour of listening to a whip-poor-will. Then heavy eyelids demand restful sleep. But outside the window sits a big bird, vibrant with the urges of spring, constantly shouting in hammer-like notes, not even pausing for breath between syllables--chuck-wills-widow, chuck-wills-widow.... Another tireless singer alights on a near by tree and sings duet with the first or responsively if the first bird feels conversational.

The song of the moon struck mocking bird singing his hear out on the chimney top, rising like a skylark now and then, high in the air to better broadcast his melodies, can add harmony to pleasant drams. Not so, the chuck-wills-widow. The very urgency, noisiness and impudence of his ceaseless call arouses wrath and impatience.

An Englishman, engaged as caretaker of an estate, lived alone in a lonesome orange grove. He wrote a despairing letter to the Palatka Times Herald. He was charmed by the beauty and quiet of his surroundings by the fragrance of the blossoms, by the quaintness of the darkies. But those ----- birds were driving him crazy by their ceaseless racket. If he drove one away from one spot it would soon start up near by and be answered by others incessant clamor,

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near and far. He could not sleep. He might go mad if he could find no way to get his rest.

Fortunately, our orange groves did not provide the protective seclusion of the woods where these birds lay their several mottled eggs on the leaf-covered floor, blending in colors and markings with their surroundings. We were too far from their haunts for them to gather near the house.

The most startling noise was that of either the laughing owls or Hoot owls. Their social conversations, heard far off in swamp or woods, was amusing and picturesque. There is humor, expression and friendliness in their talk when several get together; their loud calls echoing through the forest or across the water of lake or river.

One still, cool night, my hair rose on my head, lifted startled from my pillow, as the hunting call of a gray fox sounded thirty feet from my window from our tall pecan tree. After the first shock I was interested that he should come so close to the house. I wondered if he had startled some bird or animal into movement so that he might catch and enjoy a feast.

In the middle of another still, cold night John Van Wyck and a stag party were sleeping soundly in the cabin of the *Ariel* in the lagoon of Salt Springs near Lake George. The night before we had slept little, shut in the closely curtained cabin during a steaming rain, fighting a host of mosquitoes. With the cold clearing the pests were gone. Suddenly a terrifying, diabolical voice laughed raucously right about our heads. Will Van Wyck sat erect and exclaimed "What in hell was that?" The boat rocked with the chuckles of those who were well acquainted with laughing owls. This one sat on a cypress tree towering above the launch.

Towards midnight one felt rather than heard the rhythmic, thudding beat of the paddle wheels of the night boat, still thudding beat of the paddle wheel miles away, as she wheeled steadily up the river from Jacksonville. Gradually, the pulsating sound grew louder. If the rhythm varied in power at each turn of the great side wheels we knew that it was the *DuBarry* for she had a walking beam which linked the piston of the long stroke, up-right cylinder to the shaft which drove both paddle wheels. The heavier thuds came when the paddles were impelled by the full thrust of the long piston. If the vibrations were continuous we knew that the *City of Jacksonville* was approaching, as she had separate engines, one for each paddle wheel so as to make the sharp turns in the upper river more easily by slowing, stopping or reversing one wheel while the other swung her bow swiftly around the bend.

Soon the sound of hissing water added an undertone to the loud bent of the paddles as water fell in cascades into the foamy, swirling path which the vessel made as she plowed swiftly through the amber, swamp-stained water, the bow wave, or bone, breaking into hissing foam. Then the sound of voices in talk

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or banter or the singing of deck hands told of the human interest alive on the craft as she traveled through the night, blazing with bright lights, which shone from lower deck and upper saloon and stateroom windows, the red or green navigation lights showing as she approached. Truly, each boat deserved the name "She", so individual was her personality.

One still night, when a huge moon illuminated the outdoors in bright moonlight with deep shadows, my mother became conscious of a strange ringing, vibrating sound which seemed to come from just outside her window. Aroused with curiosities she crept to the window from which she saw a telephone wire which stretched from the corner of the kitchen to the warehouse, some 150 feet, vibrating in the moonlight--a big rat walking steadily, step by step, along the wire which it gripped securely with its feet. The dining place of our rats was at the barn and chicken yard where feed was stored and, sometimes, spilled, their most secure sleeping place was our attic until we could endure the noise of their movements no longer and eliminated them, for a time, with trap or shut-in cat. At the barn the rat snakes could enter any place available to the rats. In the attic the rats felt secure. One night, however, we heard a slithery thud on the floor above our heads and the squeak of a captured rat. A big rat snake had, also, found its way up the vines to the porch roof, up the slope of a gable, through a rat hole into the retreat of the complacent rats. There was comparative quiet for many nights after this. We welcomed Mr. Snake but kept the screened trap door at the top of the spiral attic stairs closed.

Frequently, in the summertime, after a hot, muggy day, we would go to bed and sleep the sound sleep of tired workers from grove, field or house. Then, later in the night, the muffled rumble of distant thunder would arouse us to reluctant semi-consciousness. An eyelid would crack open to learn if the fluttering glow of lightening were north or south or west of us--if the storm might be approaching us, demanding shutting of doors and windows. Our consciences searched our memories lest something for which we were responsible was unprotected.

On one such night, I was abruptly awakened by my father's voice, "Stuart, did you cover up those beans?" I groped in dull memory to realize that I had left the barrel of seed beans, half full, open to the sky in the Martin field where I'd been planting them. "Why, no Papa, I did not think of rain." My father said, "Go right down there and cover them so they will keep dry."

Now, the Martin Place was over half a mile down Commercial Avenue. There were woods cattle roaming the streets, snakes and other more or less mythical hazards lingered in the subconscious mind to cause a deep distaste towards such a dashing trip through the lightening flashes and black darkness of the approaching storm. But seed was precious in these lean years. Property must be protected. Duty must be done. So, up I got, slipped on a minimum of clothes and hurried through the grove, down the street, into the furrowed field to lay the barrel on its side, covered with weighted burlap. Once started, it became

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an adventure, rather than a hardship. Why worry when little Boy Moore walked through dark streets and woods, unafraid, when only ten years old. I, thus, learned a lesson in responsibility for the care of property and realization that daring and doing a duty gives satisfaction while conscience makes one miserable and sleepless who dreads and shirks doing the thing that, probably, is unnecessary but which may result in loss if not done.

Sometimes, along towards midnight, we would be rudely awakened by a loud, staccato banging of wood on wood out in the river in front of the house. Mullet fishermen were driving mullet into the long net they had formed into a semi-circle on the flats where the fat mullet fed. Mullet swim in large schools of tens to hundreds. They, thus, are the easy prey of their fish, reptile, animal and bird predators and rush wildly and leap high out of the water to elude them.

The fishermen row or pole a distance beyond the open side of the net, then proceed slowly toward the net, banging loudly on the side of the boat to frighten the mullet, driving them directly into the capacious net which is, then, pulled into a closed circle. The larger fish are caught by their gills in the fine meshes of the net.

There was little sleep until the drive was completed.

Senator Hardee of Cocoa said that the mullet were so plentiful when he first settled on the Indian River in Indian days that, then rowing on the river at night, they had to keep their lighted lantern on the bottom of the boat lest it attract the schools of mullet which, in leaping at the light, might fill and swamp the boat.

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LAMED FOR LIFE BY A CYPRESS KNEE

When Grandpa Hubbard came to Federal Point to help his Uncle, Captain Smith, he was a tall, broad shouldered, narrow hipped youth with the strength and agility of a healthy New England farm boy. He was, however, no ordinary youth. His mind was eager to explore and to comprehend new scenes and situations. His adventuring spirit compelled him to do and to dare when others were content to drift with the tide of ordinary thought and achievement. A fast runner, a strong swimmer and oarsman, an expert ax-man a fine marksman with shot gun and rifle, he was ready to take part in baseball and other neighborhood activities: and to perform all the kinds of work demanded on a pioneer farm.

Except for the swampy northeast front of "Three Oaks", there was little mucky land where vegetables could be grown easily.

Grandpa Hubbard saw where such land was easy to clear of prairie or saw grass and to drain to produce great crops.

Rumor told of an area of such land hidden in the great cypress swamp between Moccasin Branch and Deep Creek. Hunters had seen it. Since it was but three or four miles from "Three Oaks", across Deep Creek cove, Grandpa Hubbard determined to explore and see this marsh or prairie land. It might be possible to drain and farm it.

So one morning, early, he took his rubber boots, lunch, drinking water and a compass, mounted on the end of a staff, and, accompanied by his man, Patterson, rowed his boat to Moccasin Branch, pushed and pulled it through bonnets and over logs a quarter of a mile up the branch as far as it was possible to take a boat.

Alligators slid off the bank at their approach, turtles tumbled, splashing, off logs and lazy moccasins eyed them resentfully before finally slipping under the water.

A cypress swamp was flat, level, mucky ground interlaced with large and small roots. The shadow cast by the canopy of cypress tops, extending high above the denser growth of hardwood saplings and lofty trees, shaded out all undergrowth except for a few lilies, bushes, climbing vines and, on slightly higher levels, scattered palmetto clumps. Such growth was of little hindrance in passing through such a swamp. Progress, however, was exceedingly slow and difficult. Roots grew interwoven at the surface to get what air they might at low tide or in drier seasons. But between the firm, though slippery, footing of the big roots there were spaces covered by small roots that would collapse when stepped on, letting the foot of the explorer down deep into the oozy, black muck.

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Running aimlessly through the swamp were sloughs where the water almost always covered the forest floor. Mud fish and small fry churned around in them when disturbed. One had to flounder hip deep to cross such drainage areas unless fallen moss-covered logs bridged the deeper parts.

And, rising above the forest floor, up out of the water, rose cypress knees, anywhere from a few inches in diameter and height to three feet tall, tapering from a broad base on a giant root to a sharp, hard, knobby point. For this was primeval forest, untouched, almost unseen, by man.

Giant trunks eight, ten, twelve feet through, of solid wood, the growth of a thousand years, towered up out of sight through the dense undergrowth of deciduous trees which were, often, shaggy with air plants and ferns.

The day was hot, muggy, overcast. Progress was slow and tiring. Except for the compass, pointing always north, the pair would have become lost in the maze of trunks and meandering sloughs.

Finally there appeared ahead a lessening of the gloomy shadow of the swamp. Soon glimpses of open land and sky were seen between the trees. Finally Grandpa Hubbard and Patterson stood on the edge of a wide expanse of saw grass surrounded by cypress swamp.

But there was no time to linger. The dark clouds of a cold front loomed in the West. It began to rain. It had taken much longer to cover the three quarters of a mile from the boat to the saw grass than had been planned.

And so they started, hurrying, back for the boat, guided by the compass.

Suddenly, Grandpa Hubbard slipped on a slimy root, falling backward, his left hip striking the sharp point of a cypress knee on the sciatic nerve.

The pain was terrible. Wet with sweat and rain, though he was, the cold sweat of intense pain drenched him. He nearly blacked out.

When he was able to start on, helped by Patterson, the left leg was partly crippled by pain and numbness. Progress, slow before, was much slower now.

At last the channel of Moccasin Branch was reached. But no boat was in sight. And the stream had drained with the out flowing tide so that little water remained.

So they struggled down stream until they found the boat, high and dry. They had come in at high tide. They must wait for the tide to come in, again, before they could drag the boat over many logs that blocked the channel.

And now the cold front passed. The rain stopped. They had to sit, drenched to the skin by rain and sweat, bodies tired out, for hours in the wet

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darkness until the water rose enough to let them float out into the St. Johns River.

But the river was different now from the glassy sheet of quiet water they had crossed in the early morning. The strong, cold wind of the clearing had been blowing straight up the fifteen mile stretch from Picolata for hours, driving big, white capped waves before it.

Grandpas Hubbard and Patterson rowed the boat the three miles home to "Three Oaks" in the trough of this rolling sea with cold spray splashing on the battered sciatic nerve.

A light was shining in the window. Your Grandma Louisa was anxiously awaiting the return of her Ned with her little Edith and her baby Stuart sleeping.

She got Grandpa Hubbard to bed with hot coffee and hot blankets.

For a week Grandpa Hubbard lay tortured in bed, delirious at times.

When he finally got up, he could use his left leg only with great pain in the injured nerve--one of the great nerves of the body. Gradually the pain lessened the leg became more useful. Gradually the muscles of the left leg shrank to half their normal size. Grandpa Hubbard never, again, walked without a decided limp--without pain or the dread of it.

Much of his work he did seated. But he meticulously, shoveled out the cross furrows of his potato fields, himself after the cultivators went through, as he dared not risk the careless job the field hands might do, resulting in water damage to the crop.

After a long, hard day's work, the nerve was naggingly painful. My mother understood the cause of Grandpa Hubbard's impatience at such times and gently humored him and waited on him.

To us children, and to others he might seem to be ungallant and cross. It was only in later life that I comprehended the great handicap and trial this accident caused him.

Now, the great cypress trees are gone. In fact, all trees usable for lumber or veneer have been snaked out of the Deep Creek--Moccasin Branch swamp. One can easily explore the saw grass prairie from the new highway #17, which cuts its northern tip, without risk of being lamed for life by a cypress knee.

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BOY MOORE

My mother had a winning way with little boys. They were her favorite and main reliance as household helpers. She had the patient, sympathetic understanding of their potential abilities the faculty of forgiving and overcoming their weaknesses that won their undying loyalty and affection and, what was equally important, made them competent, reliable workers and Christian characters for life.

The '99 freeze was a terrible catastrophe. The wind blew a gale from the northwest up to forty miles an hour. The temperature dropped to 160 when the wind died, Oranges on the trees were Frozen solid, trees were killed absolutely to the surface of the ground. All citrus income stopped. New income must be found. George Wilkinson entered the post office, shivering, hugged the roaring stove and whimsically said, in his English accent, "After the '95 freeze dollars looked like wash tubs. Now they look like cartwheels". Economy was essential.

My mother's helper, Lincoln Hawkins, had graduated and gone North with one of the winter families to Boston. A new apprentice helper was needed as my mother spent much time managing our store which was, first opened as a commissary to supply our field hands and ourselves with fresh, economical food. With the coming of Mr. Hodges and his logging camp up Deep Creek and the expansion of the early potato industry, the population of the Point grew. Money flowed more freely; others asked if they, as well as our hands, could buy at our store. It became a country store with a varied supply of the simple necessities of life. It took considerable of my mother's time.

Of the many boys whose parents would have been proud to have had their sons work for my mother, one was so appealing in personal charm that he was taken on trial. Recently he said, "I was nine years old when I started working for your mother. I've been working for the family ever since. I hope I always will."

When I came back from school, the winter of 1901-'2, Boy Moore was a well trained house boy nine or ten years old.

Boy was, and is, a complete personality, He was living with his father, Nelson Moore, back in the woods near Deep Creek swamp, over a mile from the grove land, where he waited on table. Host children would have been terrified to walk through the woods in deep winter darkness. not Boy.

Boy had a little 22 rifle with live ammunition which he could handle efficiently and competently.

When asked if he was afraid he said, "No, I se not afraid. I has my rifle."

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School claimed Boy for a time. Then Aunt Belle and Cousins Dora and Lucy needed someone to help with their winter guests, The Van Wyck's, and to help with their truck garden, orange grove and ornamentals.

Boy had an intelligent, inquiring, understanding mind. He possessed the rare faculty of getting along with emotional, vacillating women--of learning, teaching and doing while keeping the respect and friendship of his employers and his fellow workers. He was honest, dependable, calm and courteous. A controlled, twinkle lurked in the depths of his eyes compelling confidence in his intentions and performance.

The Tabors of Glen St. Mary's nursery bought many palms and ornamentals from Cousin Dora. Boy learned the tricks of digging them and of propagation. What he learned he comprehended. For many years he helped the women struggle for a living in their, sometimes, impractical fashion.

At last the place was sold to the Atkinsons. Boy helped my father from time to time with potatoes and rose garden.

Uncle Edmund owned land near Deep Creek swamp. Boy bought a piece of this land, built a house and grew potatoes and garden truck on the land. He married a fine girl, Willie Hay. They had four children.

When Cousin Dora's estate was settled I took over the mortgage on Boy's place. During the depression wages were low, work was often lacking. With growing children to feed, clothe and educate Boy could do little more than make token payments on interest and mortgage. When he received his soldier's bonus his first thought was to pay off the mortgage and better furnish house and wardrobe.

After my father died Boy kept his eye on "Rose Lawn" and my step-mother, Frances. He would keep track of his time cleaning up the place and keeping the house, roofs, water system in order and a supply of fire wood on hand. He took suckers off the cyads in the front yard, planting them in a nursery. He sold surplus rose bushes and rose blooms on trips to town with his vegetables.

We had absolute confidence in his honesty, ability and faithfulness in working for our best interests.

Boy bought another place on the William Evans place by Mays swamp.

After World War II Boy came up "Two Falls" and helped with the apple harvest. He got along harmoniously with William Edwards and his colored crew. He was in charge of a nailing crew of men and white women. His tact, ability and personality overcame any prejudice. All worked harmoniously and efficiently.

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Boy worked for J. French, Jr., who built a house on the Cole place and operated a business in Jacksonville later he built a motor court near Ocala. Boy landscaped the motor court, painted and did light plumbing and maintenance work. He drove home occasionally and kept an eye on "Rose Lawn".

Boy Moore is an example of the development of character and skill that can come when children have the opportunity and privilege of working with sympathetic, understanding Christian people, one of the tragedies of our labor dominated civilization is the forbidding of employment of children under 14 years of age, even under ideal circumstances.

The "mustard seeds" when planted in good ground, is the strength of the America which we know and love.

Note: Francis wrote the following on receipt of the first installment of "Memories".

Dear Mr. Stuart. I received your Memories of Florida. It is a well done job. I enjoyed every word in it since reading it I have been living in the past beginning in 1899. One incident I remember the morning of the freeze of '99 my sister carried me down to the post office. And I saw the two Wheeler Brothers, Mr. Preist, J. F. Tenney and Frank Tenney standing around the wood stove cutting oranges and I could hear the knife blade cutting through ice in the orange & Mr. Tenney said the fruit is all gone.

There is just a few of us left that remembers how Federal Point, Orange Mills, Esperanza or the Warner Section use to look.

I prize this gift of Memories of Fla. as one of my most valued possessions.

Francis E. Moore

(I stopped at Tuskegee University when passing through Alabama at Thanksgiving '52 to see Boy's son, John. He received his degree of Master of Science in Agriculture in August and was teaching there.

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BOB WHITE-SAINT OR SINNER?

Grandpa Hubbard planted forty acres of early potatoes each year. These were cultivated with one horse cultivators or middle quarters. His regular cultivating horses were Prince, an aged, flea bitten, white gelding with silvery mane and tail, flat, sloping, slatted sides and a vertebra studded back, keen as a sharp-edged board, and Dolly,

Now, Prince had lived a long life. He was wise in the ways of working. Perforce, he had to pull the middle buster to the other end of the row. For him, there was no hurry. He took his time. And, when the day's work was done his field hand need be carried but a short way on his back for, much as men liked to straddle or side sit their horses to the barn and rest their weary legs, a short ride on Prince's cutting ridge became too painful to endure, and sitting sideways was like balancing on the edge of an undulating board, precarious and painful.

Dolly, however, was a young, flat backed, round bodied beauty of a chestnut mare with a track record.

Her stride was long and elastic. Her one great ambition in life was to get to the other end of the row as soon as she could, be the row long or short. She fairly flew.

Our two main field hands, one year, were a very tall bean pole named Porter and a short chubby, not fat, black darkey, Bob White.

Porter was split to above his middle, His hands dangled down to his knees. He had a glass eye. His expression was habitually dour. He endured life in a proper sort of way. He was a reliable worker.

Bob White's people were obviously, from the steaming, equatorial jungle. He was ebony black with ivory white teeth. His nostrils were ample to admit the volume of air required in a humid climate. His cheek muscles were round and full like an adult tom cat's. His body was longer than his legs. His fingers were limber and nimble. His grin was captivating; his melancholy moods, distressing.

One evening, when Bob White slid wearily from Dolly's back at the barn, he said, "Mista Hubbard, you orta let me work Prince and give Dolly to a long legged nigga like Po'ter. Dat Dolly, she sta'ts for de othar en ob de row an' all I kin' do is hang on to de han'les and keep ma feets from draggin'. You sho orta let Po'ter work dat Dolly."

Poor Bob was torn between two compelling urges. The social position of his family--his wife and two young daughters--demanded that he be a church member in good standing. The preacher coveted the contributions, small though they must be, the elders, responsible for the financial health of their church, with the preacher could shame a back-slider into acute distress.

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For Bob's other urge was to make music. And music of fiddle, of guitar and of banjo was a great sin according to church discipline. And Bob was a natural banjo virtuoso. The mouth organ, or harp was tolerated. For, did not David play the harp? But these stringed instruments, along with dances in which the feet were crossed, were sinful. And sinners could not be church members.

One day, when Bob was in the melancholy mood of righteousness, I handed him my banjo. His eyes and his hands reached out towards the instrument. His face glowed with the affection and inspiration one sees when lovers meet. He took the banjo lovingly, reverently in his hands. His little fingers lingered on the trembling strings. His thumb gently picked sweet notes in stirring rhythm to our fascinated delight.

And then his eyes lost their luster. His happy grin was muted by instincts from within. He sadly, gently handed me the banjo saying, "Ah caint play hit. I'se jined de church. De preacher would tho me out if I played hit." Sadly, wearily he went home to his prideful wife and lusty, debonair daughters.

Not long after, Bob stopped by the house. His eyes shone with expectancy and eager anticipation. I sensed what he craved. I brought the banjo. Again he took it unto himself. He eagerly tuned and tried it. Then, with out any inhibitions he held us entranced while he and the banjo filled our ears with such music as only a darkey with a banjo can make. Bob White had sold his soul to the devil, for a time. The music within him must be served. If it was a sin, he had earned the right to ease his soul for a spell before he became a saint again.

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DEEP CREEK

Everyone must have a choicest spot, a closest friend (far away), a favorite trip to round out the fullness of ones possessions. Though they may be seldom seen or experienced, the mere feeling of their reality and the ever available memories of their charms make for a fuller life. Such was Deep Creek to us at the Point.

No where was the water glassier--the reflections of sky and forest clearer. Nowhere else was one so completely away from the tedium of the daily routine. Nowhere else were the sounds, the odors, the trees and the wildlife so different, yet so charming. One always knew (though sometimes falsely), that the fish were always plentiful, bit more eagerly and were fatter in Deep Creek.

Deep Creek flowed into a deep, broad bay of the St. John's River a mile from the northern end of Commercial Avenue. By river from "Three Oaks" we followed the straight line of the shore for a mile or more north to a tall, dead cypress tree, killed by nesting ospreys, on Boynton's Point, then swung eastward into Deep Creek bay, steering for a shadow in the wall of the swamp forest where two tall, gray pilings formed the gate posts of a log boom. This boom swung open into the river with the ebbing tide and swung shut with the rising tide permitting the water hyacinths to float out of the creek, preventing their entrance, thus tending to keep the channel clear of their impenetrable mass.

Passing through the guarded entrance one gazed at the channel of Deep Creek. Here, it is some two hundred feet wide, straight for a quarter of a mile where it seemingly ends in a forest wall. Along the shore the broad, glossy-green leaves of bonnets, which flourish in the sediment which settles as the Creek broadens, brightened by the taller, golden knobs of their yellow flowers, sway to the wavelets of the wake of the boat or to fish, of unknown size, rubbing against their stems. A great dragon fly may rest upon a golden bloom. Closer to shore, the upward pointing leaves of saggitaria exhibit the perfection of the green of their foliage and the whiteness of their yellow-centered flowers.

The shore is true cypress swamp, perhaps a foot above high tide, submerged by flood tides. Along the shore, bushes and the low branches of the trees reach out for the open sunlight, screening the shaded expanse of the forest floor. In their endeavor to escape the shadows for the sunlight they grow out, out over the water until storm or ax topples them into the stream where they form refuge for fish--hazards for anglers.

The forest is entirely deciduous except for bay, live oak, palmetto and a few shrubs. Even the cypress, though conifers, shed their tiny, feathery leaves in autumn to glow with faint, hazy pinkness of new foliage with coming springtime. The growth, nowadays, is of second growth trees of modest height--cypress, gum, oak, ash, elm, hickory and others with slash pine and live oaks only where

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the land rises in one spot called, the Island. In my memory I see the great spreading, moss-festooned tops of the virgin cypress trees high above the oldest virgin gum, ash or oak. The aspect of the woodland was wild and weird compared to the more commonplace growth of today.

Proceeding up the creek the channel bends sharply to the left for a short distance then proceeds eastward in a series of stretches and sharp bends which seem endless before it reaches the end of navigation, some five miles up stream, at the Hastings landing. True to its name, the channel, when cleared of fallen trees and logs, is deep enough now for shallow draft boats to carry freight from Hastings, as did the Evans line years ago, and for sizable tugs to have reached Hodge's logging camp on the Island, a mile upstream.

When my mother first sailed these waters in the *Pioneer* the scene was, indeed, primeval. There were, still, flocks of parakeets. Alligators were plentiful (some even in my day), lying on the bank or on a large log or appearing as three black dots as they floated, motionless, in the still water, only their nostrils and two eyes above water. Turtles sunned themselves on logs or ashore; moccasins lazed likewise or draped themselves on low brush over the water for easy access to the stream. As the boat quietly rounded each point white and blue herons, a water turkey, ducks might live added charm to the wild scene. The forest might suddenly echo with the staccato hammering of a giant woodpecker, big and black as a crow with brilliant red head and ivory beak, or ring with its cry.

Far overhead the piercing call of an osprey would raise all eyes skyward to see the great fish hawk circling over a spot in the stream with motionless wings as it singled out a fish sunning itself near the surface. Suddenly the wings would furl. From a height above the tallest cypress tree, down it would plummet striking the water with a great splash of sparkling spray and rise on flapping wings with a fish grasped in its talons. Perhaps, if one were lucky, a new piercing scream would come from the sky. A bald headed eagle would fly swiftly at the osprey which would briefly try to out fly its pursuer shrieking protests then, resignedly, drop the fish and return to its fishing. The eagle with a few swift, impelling strokes of its wings would drop down faster than the falling fish, turn on its back, talons up, catch the fish before it struck the water and fly off to its own nest and eaglets. Meanwhile, the bright flash of a kingfisher would catch the eye as it made its more modest dive after a smaller fish.

There was always the hope of seeing stag, doe or fawn or bear, for these found refuge in the great swamp--deer grazing at night in the cowpenned fields or more open pine-woods; bear marauding pig pens or carried off armfuls of roasting ears from corn fields. Bears were said to lay down all the ears they were carrying if they lost one ear, pick it up, then the rest and proceed to the swamp.

The water was dark amber, though clear, stained by the roots and decaying vegetation in the swampy soil. When potatoes became the great crop

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at Hastings the drainage from the fields carried rich solubles of the fertilizers down the creek. The enriched water nourished the fish which abounded, fat and luscious.

In the early days, before seiners stripped the spawning beds in the river of black bass (locally called trout), it was possible to catch several beauties ranging from two to ten pounds on a spinner while rowing up Deep Creek or along the river flats.

Once, in the early days, Grandma Louisa and Cousin Carrie Clowes, the artist, stowed lunch and painting gear in the *Pioneer*, placing a long barreled, muzzle loading target pistol ready at hand: for they were good shots and felt secure in the wilderness when so armed. They stepped the mast, unfurled the sail and sailed to the mouth of Deep Creek. Then, the sail was furled, the mast lowered, oars shipped and they rowed up the winding creek to a choice spot which was sketched in oil by Cousin Carrie while your Grandmother read a book or wrote letters.

While thus engaged they heard the report of a gun, several different times, echoing in the distance through the silent forest. Finishing the sketch, they proceeded farther up the stream enjoying each vista as they rounded bend after bend. Suddenly Cousin Carrie exclaimed, "Look, look, on the trunk of that great tree leaning over the water!" There sat the body of a large alligator with its tail skinned and stripped of meat. A pile of juicy steaks was laid on fresh leaves awaiting the return of the hunters. Looking upstream and listening intently, there was no sign or sound of man or boat. So a large steak was quickly stowed under the stern seat and they rowed on upstream. As they rounded the second bend Cousin Carrie said, "Lou, what is that floating in the Creek? Why, it is a water turkey". Sure enough, a warm, freshly shot cormorant was drifting downstream. It was, also, stowed under the seat and the girls turned the boat around and hurried home with their prizes. (They deplored the wanton killing of such harmless, useless birds as the cormorant).

Reaching "Three Oaks" , they proudly displayed their prizes saying, "See what we shot!" The astonished family admired and wondered. Uncle Edmund, abruptly, stopped chewing, put his hand to his mouth, looked at something he held in his palm and said, "Lou, did you say that you shot this gator?" "Why, yes Edmund," she replied. Eyes twinkling, Uncle Edmund said, "Now Lou, that pistol shoots bullets. This gator was killed by a shotgun, for here is a buckshot I bit in this steak." While somewhat taken aback, the girls were, then, able to tell all of their adventure. (Our Louisa comes honestly by her mischievous spirit).

Before Hodges lumbering operations disturbed the solitude of the Creek and-the great swamp, a report came that a bear had been raiding the farms and had been seen on the Island. This came as a welcome invitation for a holiday adventure. Everyone was invited to hunt the bear. So Papa loaded us into the

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Pioneer on the appointed day with lunch, oranges and water and rowed along the shore, around the Boynton Point and up Deep Creek to the Island.

As we glided noiselessly through the water, gun handy, nerves, especially of us children, tense with excited expectancy, parents doubting the possibility of seeing the bear, something big pushed its way through the rustling palmetto leaves as we children, trembling, held our breath. A black head appeared--crowned with the long horns of a Spanish bull. Other cattle moved about in the bushes. We went home happy, we had been thrilled by a bear hunt. We had enjoyed the greatest of treats--a day up Deep Creek.

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FREEZES

The climate of Florida is semi-tropical. Were it not for freezes and the fear of them, such fruits as the mango, the avocado and the pineapple could be grown on the east banks of the St. John's River and many a northern lake where the warmth of the water protects tender plants against occasional frosts. But a freeze is a terrible tragedy to tender trees and plants; a paralyzing, frigid terror to the darkies and whites, who live in unlined shacks through which a gale can force a draft of frigid air. And such folks have no warm underclothes or overcoats.

When Florida was opened up to northern settlers after the Civil War the shores of the St. John's River were dotted with seedling groves of sweet and of sour oranges. There were few trees budded to superior varieties. Seedling fruits varied greatly in size, shape, quality and other characteristics as each tree was an individual, while the budded or grafted trees were really a part of the original tree of the bud or graft and bore fruit like the original, superior tree.

Many of these groves had seedling trees which bore the favorite oranges, mandarins, tangerines, lemons or grapefruit of their owners. Hence, the Dancy tangerine, the May's grapefruit and other varieties were selected by neighboring growers as the best of their kind to bud into their sour root stocks or inferior sweet seedlings.

Land promotion companies soon began to flood northern cities with alluring literature describing the delightful climate, the prolific orange groves and the fortunes awaiting anyone who would buy their land and plant an orange grove. As there was no means of transportation to areas south of Jacksonville, except sea ports, since railroads had yet to be extended southward, locations for groves were restricted to the banks of the St. John's and along the railroads in the northern part of the state.

By 1894 so many groves had been planted in this area and many younger groves in the steadily expanding southern sections of the state that northern markets were over supplied with oranges and low prices brought hard times to many marginal orange growers.

A new experience discouraged some poorly located growers in 1886 when a freezing wind blew out of the north and killed many young trees and the small wood on large trees throughout the commercial orange section. There had been rumors of such freezes and worse that had frozen orange trees in the dim past. Promoters made little of them. Still, this small freeze helped the promoters of new sections to the south recently reached by railroad.

In 1894 my father and mother took a trip between m Christmas and New Years. They left me and my sister with Uncle Edmund's family. It rained. Then the wind shifted to the northwest blowing a gale from across the river, then, as the sky cleared, from up the long reach of the river. It grew cold. We piled

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blankets and quilts on the beds. When we arose in the morning the grass around the fountain was transformed into festoons of glittering ice crystals. There was a sheet of ice in the rain water barrels. Oranges and lemons had ice crystals in them. Tender foliage was stiff and blackened.

To youngsters, it was an exciting experience. The old folks were tense and depressed with the evident loss of the fruit still on the trees, with sorrow for the loss of prized tender plants. For Uncle Edmund was a professional and enthusiastic importer, propagator and lover of semi-tropical trees and plants. We were charmed when Aunt Belle made ice cream custard, filled flat saucers, placed them on the ice in a rain barrel and soon gave us ice crystallized ice cream which we ate with our feet in the oven of the roaring kitchen stove.

When it became warm again the leaves of the citrus trees curled and fell, the small branches and twigs browned and died. The oranges that were not immediately picked and shipped to a, soon, disgusted and demoralized market, fell to the ground and rotted.

During January adventitious buds sent out pale green, tender new growth from the still live larger branches of the citrus trees. There were signs of blossom buds. Hope for some income from a small crop grew in the ever hopeful hearts of the people.

Then in late February, again it rained. Freeze warnings were broadcast by the weather bureau. Again a gale came with the clearing. Thermometers dropped steadily to below the December level. Ice again festooned the grass at the fountain. But there were no oranges on the trees to be frozen. Grown-ups were too depressed to think of freezing ice cream. It was realized that the trees, now full of sap would have their tops killed down to the big limbs and trunks and that young trees would be killed to the ground.

The summer of '96 my sister and I were taken north to the family home, "Heartsease", where we were to live while I went to high school at Riverview Military Academy, Edith to the Quincey School. Thanksgiving time '98 we came down with very severe coughs which were finally diagnosed as whooping cough. This left us so weak at the beginning of winter that we were bundled off to Florida to recuperate, much to our delight.

Sometime In February the weather bureau sent out freeze warnings. My father, who kept the government weather records at the Point, studied the temperature lines on the weather map. These showed the formation of a tremendous high area progressing down the Mississippi valley with extremely low temperatures in the Dakotas. There was some fruit on the trees, which had made considerable recovery from the '95 freeze. All hands were rushed to the groves to pick all fruit possible before the freeze should strike. Of course it rained steadily, as it always does before a freeze, and grew painfully cold so little

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fruit was picked before the wind shifted to the northwest, blowing a 40 mile gale. The skies cleared in the evening and hope fell in the hearts of everyone.

A pile of fire wood was brought for the dining room fireplace. All wood boxes were filled for stoves and fireplaces in kitchen, parlor, and bedrooms. Blankets, quilts, shawls, everything warm, were piled on the beds.

Every half hour my father or I wrapped up, slipped from the blazing fireplace, out through the door into the roaring wind to read the thermometer. Each reading was lower. Each time the wind had lessened slightly. Starting in the thirties the mercury passed the freezing mark. Down, down, down it went, past 25°, past 22°, past 20°, to 18°, the lowest in '95. As morning neared the watcher felt the wind die down; saw the mercury drop to 14°, an unheard of temperature for Florida.

Again a large area around the fountain was carpeted with gleaming ice festoons. There was ice wherever there had been water. As I went out on our dock over the river the distant horizon was hidden by the vapor rising from the warm water. The ripples from the dying wind were visible for but a short distance, disappearing in the drifting fog which rose from the surface of the steaming river. There was water in the bottom of our boat. This was frozen over, powdered with white snow--the only snow I have ever seen in Florida.

Oranges, dropped on the floor, hit hard as stones; were as hard to cut as a ball of sherbet from the freezer.

The cows lowed in vain to be milked. No darkies appeared for hours to do chores or housework. Roaring fires and warm beds were their only protection from the cold until the brilliant sun warmed the frigid air to bearable temperatures.

Except where faucets had been left open so that artesian water ran constantly, there was no water for kitchen or livestock as all above-ground water pipes were frozen solid--some were burst. Only northerners knew how to prepare for such cold, and they were prone to forget, in Florida, to take precautions.

The Wheelers and Van Wycks were spending a few days at Daytona. The hotel had no central heating. Colored room-servants were at home, paralyzed with cold. Hence, there were no fires in the rooms. Guests all stayed in bed dressed in all the clothes they had with them, the rugs from the floor piled on the beds. When they reached home the Wheelers found the pipes under the houses frozen, burst and water flowing onto the ground.

My Uncle Edmund had died in '98. He was spared seeing, not only his grove frozen to the ground, but many of his precious palms and ornamentals were killed outright, others to the ground or back to the big branches.

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This freeze was peculiar in that it was most severe in northeast Florida. It came diagonally across the state from the northwest so that much of the west coast and southern Florida escaped severe damage. Will Van Wyck, who was staying with us, sent south for a box of oranges from an unfrozen grove. They tasted mighty good to a thirsty boy when there were none of our own.

There was depression and despair in the hearts of orange growers. Many had come south, had put all their savings into a modest home and an orange grove. Many of these people left Florida never to return. Some sold their buildings, the land being, then, useless. Some let the buildings fall into decay--the vines, bushes and trees take possession. Some obtained work in lumber camp, saw mill, as carpenters, fishermen, steamboat men, vegetable growers and soon many became successful, early potato growers. A few, our family included, had enough capital and hope to bud the sprouts which came up from the roots of the orange trees and to nurse them up to fine bearing trees in four or five years. A hard lesson had been learned.

An English family, the Ingalls, thriftily squeezed many of their oranges before the juice evaporated from them or they spoiled and made barrels of orange wine. This wine was the sole local source of liquid stimulant for the population for many years to come and became very potent.

The trees had always been budded above ground. The freeze had killed all wood down to the earth. There was not a single sprout of anything but the sour or seedling stock which grew up from the roots of the frozen trees. Any improved varieties must be brought into our area from groves which had not been killed.

Now it happened that our family attended the Centennial Exposition of Philadelphia in 1896. Cousin Carrie Clowes bought a beautiful orange there. It was so delicious and attractive that she saved seeds from it and planted them in a pot at "Heartsease". From one of the seeds grew a thrifty orange tree. She took budwood from this tree and budded trees in her grove at Federal Point. These bore such fine fruit that she budded more trees as did my father. She named it Centennial. The freeze killed the tops of these trees completely. So my father wrote to Uncle William at "Heartsease" to cut all the twigs of budwood possible from this 23 year old potted tree and mail them to him. From these he budded many trees to Centennial. This tree now 76 years old, still is the source of orange blossoms for weddings at "Heartsease".

The trees my father and many other brave growers budded when the sprouts came up from the roots of the frozen orange trees are still producing for those who have cared for them.

There has never, since, been so disastrous a freeze in Florida. Never have the trees been frozen to the ground. It has not been cold enough to freeze

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back the big trees. It is the custom to pile a bank of earth up around the base of young trees to above the bud and old trees not protected by fires.

Old timers still watch the weather maps, listen for freeze warnings and fear, deep in their hearts, for the big freeze that some winter will, again, kill most of the citrus trees in northern Florida to the ground.



INGALLS HOME

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HURRICANE

There are two terrors that may strike and destroy the habitations of men-- earthquake and wind. We, children, had seen the destruction that each of these had wrought at Charleston, S. C., as we journeyed on our yearly trip to and from "Heartsease" and Maromas. Earthquake left great cracks in the walls of Charleston's ancient and modern homes and business buildings.

Hurricane smashed the sea wall; undermined great stone sidewalk slabs, tilted them askew and piled them upon each other along the fashionable promenade. A schooner lay careened, high and dry ashore. These sights and the awe with which our parents talked about them impressed us greatly, like the fairy tales of dragons and ogres.

We were assured that Florida was out of the earthquake zone. One reason for the annual pilgrimage north was the dread of the hurricane season-- August -- September. For at this season the heat of summer and the steady trade winds in the Caribbean Sea brew whirling masses of humid air which spin their way northwest over or past Cuba towards the Florida coast, gradually veering to the north and east, normally passing up the Atlantic Coast north of Bermuda. They are prone to occasionally swing westward and northward so as to strike the coast of Florida or northward leaving a path of flattened forest and demolished buildings in their wake before their curving course takes them out to sea again or their force is diminished over the land.

In '94, my father had plans for a much needed packing house and steamboat dock. These would take all the capital available as well as his time so the trip north was shortened or given up. We were at "Three Oaks" when the hurricane season came.

One day there was talk of hurricane warnings by the weather bureau. Grown-ups became nervous and touchy. The heat and humidity were oppressive. Haze spread across the heavens. Ragged clouds began to race across the sky. The wind began to sigh in the pine trees. The palm leaves rustled like rain. In spite of the muggy heat, windows and doors must be kept closed. Though it was day, it became very dark. And then came the rain. Not just the big rain drops of a thunder storm. The air seemed to be filled with a rushing mass of water, atomized by the howling wind, yet full of stinging rain that pelted the clapboards, roof and windows with a din which made conversation difficult.

And then the wind shifted to the west; it blew at us directly from the river shore. Soon great waves raged at the shore. The tremendous rainfall raised the river. The wind pushed the wide waters up against our shore, up onto the land, across the orange grove, under the house. There was an unbroken sea of water a foot deep up the avenue to Uncle Edmund's place.

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As the wind tore the crests from the waves it picked them up in massive drops and sheets, added them to the rain and hurled them against the house. The large window panes in the library visibly bent inwards with the pressure of the gusts of wind and water. Women were kept busy mopping up water that blew in every smallest crack around the windows and doors.

In the grove the green oranges were blown so that they pointed inland on twigs which hung horizontal as the oranges rose and fell, whipping and vibrating with the flow of the wind. Many were blown off. Many were scarred by thorn and branch.

As we looked through the streaming window panes and the rain filled air the breaking crests of the waves mysteriously disappeared. Soon a heaving carpet of floating water hyacinth was driven up into the orange grove where it settled with the receding of the waters to form a fertilizing mulch. With the hyacinths came countless fishes seeking protection in the root mass. Some of these we gathered up and ate. Our mongrel dog, Sampson, (so named for strength or smell) ate so many aging fish that he took sick and died, to us children's sorrow and our flea-sensitive father's relief.

At the height of the storm my father took an ax and, bracing himself against the gusty blast and rushing waves, forced his way out to the river shore to cut a notch in the first piling of his new dock at the highest mark made by the waves. He thus established the record high water mark above which the floor of the dock should be built.

Gradually the wind shifted and abated; the rain slackened and stopped. My father stepped into his boat, the *Diabeah*, which he had brought from the shore and tied to the back steps. He took his pole and poled the shallow flat bottomed boat up the avenue to see if all was well with Uncle Edmund and his family; to ask if they would like a boat ride. They declined.

It was days before the river carried the great rainfall, which drained from the flat-woods, down to the sea and resumed its normal level. It was days before travel through the woods became possible after water in the creeks and branches drained off the roads and the occasional tree, blown down across the road, was cleared away.

Fortunately, the center of the storm did not pass over us. The forest and shade trees were not flattened as happens at the center of most such tempests. We were happy to survive with so little loss from this, our only, Florida Hurricane.



THE HURRICANE OF '28
IN THE AFTERMATH OF PERIL AND
DESTRUCTION, FEDERAL POINTERS FOUND
THAT THEY WERE A CLOSER COMMUNITY
THRU THE DANGERS THEY HAD SHARED.

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THE WILKINSONS

Adjoining Uncle Edmund's was the George Wilkinson place. It was a source of interest and good fellowship second, only, to Uncle Edmund's place. Here one found a genuine welcome from Mrs. Wilkinson, a friendly English sense of humor in Mr. Wilkinson, boyish companionship in young George, while the four daughters were, to a small, growing, near-sighted boy, just girls.

In the early days of the Point, two young Englishmen from a great industrial English city, came to the Point to seek their fortunes growing oranges. Harry bought land back, near Deep Creek. George chose a parcel of very good land opposite Uncle Edmund's woods pasture, north of Cousin Carrie's place (now "Roselawn"). It stretched from Commercial Avenue to School Street.

We, children, seldom saw Harry, his wife and their one child, George, since they lived practically out of bounds, while the George Wilkinsons were on our donkey back route to the Weltons and Dwight Wheelers, down Commercial Avenue.

George Wilkinson had been well educated in English schools, especially in literature. He greatly enjoyed reading novels-read aloud exceedingly well in his broad English accent, books and magazines for him were a ready refuge from the trials and disappointments of freezes, floods and hard times. He played a good hand of whist and enjoyed being with people and matching wits and humor in repartee.

Mrs. Wilkinson was a fine example of the mysterious ways in which God performs His mercies. For she was as different from her husband in background, education and social graces as can be imagined. She came from the backwoods, could neither read nor write. She shunned social gatherings, sensing, no doubt, her differences in speech and social training. She was said to have a quarter Indian ancestry. But what she lacked in formal background she much more than made up in human sympathy and understanding and in her instinctive and experienced knowledge of humans, of animals and of growing things. No home had more frequent, friendly calls by the neighbors; at no other place was there such genuine, generous hospitality, nor was there greater correctness in thought, word or deed in family training and living.

The literary and intellectual ability of George brought to the family the latest knowledge in scientific horticulture. His wife's green thumb and knowledge of native lore in animal and plant life made practical the methods and recommendations proposed in the literature. Here, indeed, was a partnership fitted to endure and survive the vagaries of climate and market in a new land.

With horse, cows and pigs, guinea fowl and chickens, sugar cane, Irish potatoes, yams, watermelons, bananas, figs, guavas, persimmons, grapes,

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pears, berries, a fine garden and roses, they still had substance when their orange trees were frozen to the ground. and there was no cannier fisher than Mrs. Wilkinson--she was ever sought as a companion on fishing trips up Deep Creek or along the river shore.

Young George, a year or so older than I, brought me a happy companionship for ramblings in the woods, and groves, wading along the river shore or skirting it in poled or rowed boat. He, like his father, was a fond reader. We shared our enthusiasms of Indian, Australian and frontier tales of adventure. We hunted with bows and arrows. We made spears of palmetto stalks with a feather of the leaf to guide them when thrown like a javelin. It was George who cheerfully accompanied and abetted me in my enthusiastic, tough often, visionary schemes. It was George who invited Francis and Louis Tenney and me after Sunday School to slip through Cousin Carrie's woods into his mothers, melon patch, to each pick a melon, then to retreat to the needled carpet under the tall pine tree and gorge ourselves with the hearts of the sweetest of melons; or, in the autumn, to raid their own patch for the largest, juiciest stalks of white sugar cane which we would peel, cut into plugs and chew until we could swallow no more--then see who could broad jump the farthest.

Young George was a tall, gangling boy, He grew to be six feet tall with black, straight hair, a prominent adam's apple and a ready smile, The oldest daughter, Mary, was tall, well proportioned, dark haired--a fair brunette. Lillian was slender, with the black hair and lithe grace of an Indian maiden. Alice had the fair skin and flaxen, wavy hair of an Anglo Saxon. Maggie, the baby, was a brunette like her mother. They added much to the square dances and games at the club and to the Sunday School and parish activities.

There was always something of unique interest for us, children, at the Wilkinsons. The guinea fowl challenged us with their incessant racket. Once, we were amazed to see chickens with their feathers curled up and forward, resembling the tightly curled hair of a short cut coiffure. We persuaded our parents that we must have one of these frizzled hens. When she molted in summer the hot sun burned her bare skin a brilliant red, to our amazed delight. Once I found, in their commercial rose garden, a bush bearing blooms whose many petals were all of bright green.

They did not have an artesian well. Their household water came from a drive-well hand pump and, for softer water, an open well dug in the back yard--the water some five or six feet down. A pail with a rope, was tossed expertly into the water then, as it filled, pulled up hand over hand, emptied into the iron kettle to be heated for laundry or for scalding a hog at butchering time or used to water birds and animals.

As the nights became frosty and the sugar cane became heavy with rich sap, we all looked forward to syrup boiling. It was said that everything gets fat at boiling time. Family and friends drink the sweet, cloudy juice, mules and cows

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are fed tops and skimmings, dogs lap the spillings. The canes were cut close to the ground, topped to remove the leaves where the sap was thin and hauled to the mill where they were fed between two closely spaced rollers which turned as a mule or team, hitched to a long pole, tread round and round the mill. The rich juice squirted and bubbled from the cane as it was wrung through the rollers. Nearby, a big kettle was supported on brick walls between which firewood was laid so that the red flames flowed around the black bottom and sides of the kettle. The sap which filled the kettle boiled gaily at first with clouds of white steam. Gradually the steaming bubbles became more sluggish as they released their steam. Constant stirring became necessary to prevent burning on the bottom. The foam on top must be skimmed off to remove particles of fiber and impurities from the thickening syrup. These skimmings were poured into a barrel. A dipper dipped deep in the barrel into this foam covered liquid brought up a thin, sweet-sour near-beer for the first day or two. After it stood some days the children and more cautious shunned it. The lusty men and older boys tested their capacity for alcohol, sometimes with exciting results.

When the boiling syrup tested right, the fire was drawn, the cooling syrup was dipped and poured into cans, jugs and barrels according to the needs of the customers, A goodly supply was put away for the long winter's use. Some was boiled down to sugar consistency for delicious brown sugar. It was not safe to bung or cork tightly as the syrup worked in warm weather and could explode a tight container with messy results to the surroundings.

Palatka was an important stopping place for tourists. The overnight Ocklawaha river boats hailed from Palatka, providing a beautiful sail up the St. Johns to Welaka where they entered the narrow, winding Ocklawaha with its swift current of sulfur water which flows from beautiful Silver Springs, the river's source. The Putnam House was a favorite hotel for winter guests and transients. These northern visitors thrilled to the opportunity of buying outdoors' roses in the wintertime. Hotels and others used roses on tables and desks and roses were in demand for parties. For many years George Wilkinson was a familiar figure on the mail boat and in Palatka as he carried a large basket on his arm, delivering or peddling roses from his many rose bushes which he grew between the orange trees and in a fenced in rose garden. There might, also, be a basket with eggs, berries or other fruits and vegetables to be replaced with groceries on the return trip.

When I became a watermelon enthusiast I went to Mrs. Wilkinson to learn how to grow them. She showed me how she dug a hole some 15 inches across and 10 inches deep in the plowed field or hoed garden. In this hole she placed a peck of rotted manure, then mixed it thoroughly with the excavated soil to form a small mound or hills in which to plant the watermelon seeds. When the seeds came up and the vines began to run she had a barrel quarter full of manure--cow, horse, and poultry--filled to the top with water which bubbled with the decomposing manure. The contents of the barrel were stirred with a hoe, dipped out with a bucket and poured from a dipper into a shallow trench dug around the

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hill some six inches from the plants. This soaked-in liquid manure was then covered as the trench was filled with soil. Ashes and commercial fertilizer were, also, put in the barrel to blend with the rotting manure. The garden was kept hoed-clean of weeds until the vines covered the ground which became dotted with green mounds as the young melons grew from blossom to long or round beauties. Mrs. Wilkinson taught me how to know if the melons were ripe. Thumping, of course, was a first test, especially since there is not much else to go by after the melons leave the vines. The higher the tone pitch, the more ringing the vibration the greener the melon. To be ripe, a normally grown melon should thump dull and with a low tone--not too dull and low or the melon is over-ripe. In wet seasons, however, the flesh may be so full of water, so torpid, that it never loses its ringing, high tone. In dry, rapid growing conditions the melon may be so open textured and hollow as to thump dull and low in tone while immature. In such cases the curling tendril should be brown and dead, the rind on the bottom should strip off, brittle, when scratched with the thumb nail, the heart should shatter when one's weight is applied down with straight arm pressure. The first melons to bloom and set ripen before the later ones.

Many such mysteries of nature I learned from Mrs. Wilkinson--mysteries of fish, of birds, of angle worms and varmints, examples of friendly, sympathetic generosity.

George Wilkinson's place is now the home of Bruce Gray, For me, in memory, it will always be peopled with the Wilkinsons.

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ORIGINATING A NEW ORANGE

One day my father came to the house with eager steps, face glowing with the anticipation of telling my mother of the find he had made and of showing her a beautiful naval orange which he had found growing on a tree which he had budded to King orange. Naturally, it should be bearing King oranges, not navels.

Several years back he had bought by mail a bundle of bud wood sticks of the new King orange. With buds sliced from these sticks he had budded shoots that grew up from the roots of the trees which had been frozen to the ground in the '99 freeze.

Now, the King orange is of the kid glove, tangerine type, quite distinct in fruit and foliage from round or naval oranges. All evidence indicated that this naval bud was a bud sport from the King bud-wood.

My father was a keen student of the citrus family. He knew well the scientific theories and practices concerning the ways whereby nature cross-breeds the various types of citrus trees, pomelo, lemon, and lime, orange, the little red-fleshed fruit which contributes the red in blood oranges and the fingered citron from which the naval orange derives its naval end.

He knew that a flower growing on a twig, when fertilized with pollen from another variety of the species, sometimes transmits the characteristics of the new fruit of the cross, down the stem, to the leaf bud or buds next to the stem of the new fruit. This is especially true of citrus since, with this family, the stem is part of the flower while with pome fruits the stem of the flower and fruit is separated from the twig by the abscission layer.

It had been observed that buds cut from twigs next to fruits sometimes developed into trees that produced fruits radically different from those of their parent tree.

He concluded that this naval tree was a bud sport from King stock.

After watching the growth and fruit of this tree for several years, my father found it to be distinct from any other naval orange variety known to the industry. It ripened earlier in the season, was tender of flesh, had but several seeds and was ruddier of skin than other navels.

And so, he sent specimens of the fruit to the biennial meeting of the American Pomological Society. "Surprise Naval" was awarded the Gold Medal for the best new variety of fruits submitted.

"Surprise Naval" was so enthusiastically admired by those who tested it that my father believed that he could profit from the sale of bud wood and nursery trees.

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So, with his usual directness and vigor, he set me to work gathering sour oranges from the sprouts that had come up after the freeze from the roots of the original "Three Oaks" root stocks. I then cut them into halves and removed the many seeds. These he planted a few inches apart in rows south of the house in Donna's former run, When the seedlings had come up and grown to pencil size my father slit the bark, slipped a bud under the bark and wound string closely around the shoot and bud. Later, when the buds had grown fast to the cambium layer, the strings were cut and the seedlings cut off above the buds which grew into Surprise Naval nursery trees.

The memory of the killing freeze of '99 compelled my father to provide protection for these precious nursery seedlings and trees. So he took men to the swamp on Uncle Gideon Nichol's place, at the Deep Creek end of Commercial Avenue, felled great cypress trees, sawed them into four foot lengths. These he split into four foot shakes or pickets 1/2" thick.

He then went to a cypress pond where he cut 12' cypress poles some 5" in diameter and peeled the bark from them.

Then he rowed across the river to Bridgeport and secured, from Renz's sawmill, 12" pecky cypress boards for cat walk, roof supports and six inch boards for the side frame to which the three tiers of pickets were mailed.

This structure enclosed over an acre, its walls breaking the wind of freeze or the in flow of frosty air. The top was covered with panels of pickets which were spaced 3" apart for protection from frost or freeze. The panels 4'x10' were supported by catwalk boards, laid flat. The ends of the boards rested on 1"x 6" boards nailed on edge at the tops of the cypress poles which were set about 10' apart each way.

During the warm seasons these panels were removed and piled so that full sunshine could force the growth of the trees.

When winter came, four men put the panels in place--two men to lift them up to the other two who walked the catwalks, 10' above, with much waiving of arms to maintain precarious balance on the foot wide springy boards. The panels were laid across the 10' space, ends resting on the catwalks.

Piles of lightwood were made in regular pattern throughout the shelter ready to be lighted in case of freeze. Fortunately, no freeze occurred during the many years the shelter remained, In fact, there has been no freeze since '99 that has frozen more than the small wood in the tops of the trees or split the bark on the trunks of small newly set trees

There is always human interest when dealing with men. The marketing of these nursery trees was no exception, As well as providing much needed income, the contacts with orange growers all over the state broadened my

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father's acquaintance and made many friends. The Surprise Naval trees were advertised as three foot or four foot sizes.

An order came for three foot trees. Soon after they were shipped an indignant, sarcastic letter came from the grower who said, "We have never seen such small, puny trees. You should be ashamed to ship such stuff"!

Now, my father always expected to be meticulously honest. He was exceedingly jealous of his reputation.

After examining his position long and searchingly he replied, in effect, "I am sorry that you do not like the trees I sent you. These trees were three feet long or over as advertised, according to nursery custom. There must be something wrong with your liver for you to write such a letter. You had better see a doctor".

My mother, when she saw this letter was horrified "He will be insulted, receiving such a letter, My father insisted that no man in good health would write such an unreasonable, irritable letter.

Some weeks later, my father received a very apologetic letter from the grower thanking him for calling his attention to his health. He did go see a doctor. He did have a serious liver condition of which he was not aware. He had been cured and was most thankful. The trees were doing fine. He would be pleased to meet my father. They met and became fast friends.

The large, commercial nurseries soon supplied the demand for Surprise Naval trees from stock budded from bud wood secured from my father's tree and nursery.

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THE CLUB HOUSE

When I returned to "Three Oaks" , aged sixteen, after finishing school the problem of recreation was acute.

At "Heartsease" I was a member of the Junior Tennis Club and had contracted for the club with George Burhans to construct a clay court on a lot which the club purchased on the Whitehouse property, Our members felt that the Poughkeepsie Tennis Club, of which the youngsters were junior members, did not treat them fairly. So we formed our own club, built our own court and were beginning to enjoy the court, the small club house and our freedom when I returned to Florida. I had taken part in dramatics, was a member of the Rivers view Glee Club and enjoyed neighborhood social and athletic activities.

The only social events then at the Point were occasional dances over Painets or in Folsom's packing houses which had ceased to be used after the '95 freeze killed the orange trees back to their trunks. There was a duplicate whist club which met in the homes Thursday nights, and occasional readings of Dickens or other authors by George Wilkinson with his English accent. These did not satisfy the exuberance of youth for the many young people of the Point nor the social urges of the grown-ups.

I interested six or eight Tenney, Wilkinson and other boys and girls in learning to march, We used the book of military tactics which I studied, as sergeant, at Riverview Military Academy. We marched by fours, single file, executed, squad right, right oblique, to the rear and all the other maneuvers. As the twilight faded on Tenney's pasture, the full moon gave light enough to, still, read the very fine print of the manual.

This was the period when physical exercise was the rage. We ordered wooden dumbbells for the community, made racks for them on the wall of Folsom's packing house and I drilled the assembled neighbors, aged from ten to seventy, in dumbbell exercises until excess energy was exhausted. We then played games, spin the platter, going to Jerusalem and others. One New Year's eve it was decided to see the New Year in, Meeting at eight, by eleven we were weary and had pretty well run out of ideas. There was no music--no radio, no phonograph, no band or piano to dance to, The freeze, two years before, had cut off nearly all income. Only northern winter residents and boarders had spare cash. Finally midnight struck. A wild burst of noise greeted the New Year, Then we soon went to rest our weary selves.

It became evident to all that a suitable building was needed--A club to organize its financing and construction and the social activities of the community. And so, the Federal Point Literary and Social Club was formed, Tenneys, Browns, Hubbards, Wheelers, Atkinsons and others were elected trustees. I was its first president.

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My father drew up plans and, with Frank Tenney, superintended and helped with the construction, The work was done by the men of the community, The lumber and fixtures were bought with money contributed, largely, by our winter friends and from the proceeds of entertainment, food sales and the usual money-raising schemes. The building was about 25 feet by 60 feet "with a stage and dressing rooms at one end. The floor, on which my father spent many hours of hard, meticulous work planing and sanding by hand, was glassy-smooth-- a fine dance floor. The dark blue stage curtain drew up at the sides into draping folds. The room was heated in winter by an air-tight, sheet iron stove. When the drafts were opened it roared, glowed red and threw out great heat. Its attendant adjusted the draft for safety while heating the hall for the meeting. It could be safely left if the draft was nearly closed.

The need of culture, as well as fun, was planned for in organizing the meetings. Originally, the programs provided for readings, recitations, music, drama, games and dancing. This plan provided interest for the adults, good literature and fun for the young folks, an experience in planning and taking part in programs, an opportunity to meet together. Young folks were with their parents-- properly chaperoned. Federal Point had the reputation of having the best times of any river town.

It took ingenuity to plan and stage suitable programs, Squire Tenney played violin or cello, his son, Frank, the violin, as well as singing solos and bass in a chorus. My mother sang and played the organ and the piano that the club purchased. My sister sang operatic selections and ballads, I played banjo to accompany my songs and the choruses, We all took part in plays, charades and in group games.

I used to sing a college Song-Dunderbeck. It went something like this:

"There was a fat old Dutchman and his name was Dunderbeck

He sold the neighbors sausages, sauerkraut and speck,

He kept a great big butcher shop--the finest ever seen,

And he studied up and built-himself a sausage meat machine. *Chorus;*

Oh, Dunderbeck, Oh, Dunderbeck, how could you be so mean.

I'm sorry you e'er invented that wonderful machine

For pussy oats and longtailed rats shall never more be seen For they'll all be ground to sausage meat in Dunderbeck's machine,

One day a little boy came a'walking down the street, Sent by his mother to the shop to buy a piece or meat. And while he stood a'waiting, he whistled up a tune.

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And the sausages began to hop and dance around the room,
(Chorus, Oh, Dunderbeck)

But something got the matter, the machine it would not go, So
Dundersbeck he crawled inside, the matter for to know. His wife she got the
nightmare and some walking in her sleep, She gave the crank an awful
yank! and Dunderbeck was meat. (Chorus: Oh, Dunderbeck-----)

One day it dawned on me, "what a theme this song is for dramatic acting".
So I took a big dry goods box, bored holes in opposite sides, made a crank from
a broom handle, made link sausages from brown dress lining and sawdust,
chose a plump boy, a small boy and a tall girl to enact the scene, while I sang the
song with banjo. The stage business of the shop, assembling the machine, toy
dogs, cats and rats tossed into the grinding mill while links of sausages were
pulled out the side, sausages attached to invisible thread leaving the counter to
dance about-quickly retrieved by an irate butcher, a starry eyed, night gowned
figure turning the crank, while the plump butcher slowly slithered, kicking his legs,
over the edge into the machine while sausages came out the side: all
accompanied the progress of the song in realistic action. The act made a hit.

My sister adapted Shakespeare's Pyramus and Thisbe to the boys of the
neighborhood. Some of its passages, occasionally, come to me, still. The stage
business of wall, moon, lion and Roman costumes all called for ingenuity, making
and doing.

Grandma Louisa found a cute dialogue sketch in Harper's or a similar
magazine. My sister directed its staging, It called for Gertrude Wheeler, sixteen,
to impersonate a ten year old Miss who dined, formally, in a hotel with me, a
young bachelor. Evening dress with tails, corsage and flounces, dignified waiter,
brown roasted chicken (bouncing off the platter when I attempted to carve) and
appropriate efforts at correct social conversation and deportment, all held the
attention of the appreciative audience.

The dancing was mainly square dance figures--all in one big set. The
dance floor was often filled--two or three couples at each head, six or eight
couples on each side. Everyone danced--from gray bearded Squire Tenney to
ten year pianist or a three piece colored band with harmonica, banjo and guitar
played lively tunes that made feet and skirts fly when twenty couples swung
partners. There were occasional waltzes and two steps, a grand march, the
Virginia reel and a short Home Sweet Home waltz.

Cotillions were popular at that time. So we gave several with the many
ingenious figures which brought the diffident boys and girls, bachelors and
wallflowers, together regardless of age or preference. One popular figure had
the men kneeling before the stage, The girls stood on the stage. Each girl, with a
fishpole, line and marsh mallow tied on for bait, angled for the man of her choice
who attempted to catch the bait in his mouth. Powdered noses and cheeks

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resulted, One morning our young house girl, Matilda White, enthusiastically told of a party the colored folks had the night before. She said, "De gals had poles an' fished fo de mens wid dose candy owls, you has in de stot tied by dere necks to de lines. It sho was fun to see dose big moufs tryin' to catch dose owls". Our cotillion musicians had, evidently, adapted the latest in social style to their party, where only marching, no dancing, was permitted by church discipline.

Later on, an ample kitchen was added along the north side of the building. The potato crop brought good times. So many barrels of potatoes, so many bags of fertilizer and boxes of oranges were piled on the Federal Point dock that even with enlarged head, it could not hold all the incoming or outgoing freight. Agents of emission merchants, fertilizer salesmen, winter guests from the North filled the hotel, run by the Tenneys. Shad fishermen lived at the Point. The club house was the center of social activity and interest for miles around.

When the streets and roads were paved and autos replaced horses and mules, people from a distance could come, more easily, to the Point. The people of the Point could, also, go elsewhere. Then the highway bridge was built across the St. John's at Palatka; the school at the Point was closed--children drove to the Hastings central school. The older generations passed on, the younger generation grew up. Local leadership could not compete in interest and amusements with the movies, the radio and the commercial entertainment of the towns, and with the automobile. The hotel was closed. The dock was no longer needed--rail and trucks carrying freight and mail.

The club ceased to hold meetings, society tended to stagnate. The club house badly needed repairs. So little interest in its use was shown that it was sold and torn down. The Point was without a social center.

Several years ago this lack of a place where the people of the Point could meet became so critically evident, especially to the women of St. Paul's Mission Church, that a strong campaign was organized to raise \$4000. for a parish house for the church. equipped with a history of generous support of the Church and the Women's Auxiliary and with the heritage of cooperative accomplishment in the Social Club, the families of the Point, in two years, raised the money, built and equipped the parish house, even to a quick freezer. When the last board was nailed on, it was paid for, This was done by the hands and through the spirits of the people of the Point.

America is rich in the possession of communities like Federal Point where the people crave the finer things of life for themselves and their children pull together and earn and build and achieve for themselves, The hope of our nation, in this era of government giving, lies, largely, in the leadership of the youth from such communities whose self reliance and pride in accomplishment act like a leaven in the helpless, spiritless populations of so many of our towns and cities.

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To me, the club provided invaluable training in social activities and leadership as it did to so many of the youth of Federal Point.



THE CLUB HOUSE

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FLEAS

"Every flea has his flea". Anon.

Surely, every domestic animal in Florida has its special flea if conditions are favorable for them. But most fleas can put up with the human species or try to adjust themselves to it.

My father was especially sensitive to and intolerant of the attentions of fleas. They seemed to single him out as especially choice. He would become agitated, then wrathful and declare that the current cat or dog was giving him its fleas and that the owner or custodian of the pet, forthwith, must use powder or soap and water to de-flea the animal.

One cold day, after the fleas had responded to the spirit of springtime, my sister's cat, Rastus, became over populated. A bath was decreed. So she got the special soap, doused and lathered the howling black, yellow eye feline, rinsed him, and, before she could rub him dry, he escaped. Next day he developed blind staggers, fell all over himself when he tried to walk and ran into chair and table legs. He had a fever for several days, much of the time being comforted in my sister's lap. When, finally, he recovered his equilibrium his head had become permanently twisted to one side so that he would leer at one with the most comical expression even though otherwise expressing all the emotions of affection, hunger, concern and cat feelings. We never after wet-fleaded a cat in cold temperatures.

It so happened that my father required some pecky cypress boards for the Surprise Naval nursery shelter, So he took the oars and rowlocks from the porch, stepped into and untied his rowboat and rowed the two miles across the wide river to Bridgeport, where Mr. Renz operated a small cypress tank factory. The pecky lumber was unfit for tanks but long lasting and very cheap.

The lumber was in stacks under the lofty, spreading oaks which canopied the small point of land where the dwelling was located, the mill being in the bend of a cove on the south side of the point. The boat wharf was at the tip of the point some distance from the house and the mill.

We were well aware that there were both hogs and dogs at Bridgeport. When the air was still and humid the sound of barking dogs, squealing hogs and men's voices would spread across the river in amusing cadences, The dogs welcomed or challenged my father when he walked ashore from the wharf. The hogs were rooting in the dry land or searching for acorns all over the Point.

While inspecting the lumber and closing the deal for his requirements, my father became aware of the activity of many, many fleas on his person. Deeply concerned he hurried to the boat dock out over the water. He had no hog or dog fleas at home. It was unthinkable that he should take them home with him, So he

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undressed, garment by garment searched out every flea, dropped them into the river, tossed the defiled garment into the boat and, when entirely naked, stepped quickly into the boat, pushed it out into the river and dressed himself, flea less. He then headed for home. My father was equal to any emergency that might arise.

My mother and sister went to Lake City one hot spring day early in May to see old Mrs. Thompson and family--the Thompsons with whom Uncle Ambrose first went into business after the Civil War. My father remained at home alone.

Then, the weather turned very cold. Next day, my father and his cat, Isaac, huddled the open fire for company and warmth.

Now, it seems that cat fleas remain on their hosts all winter without increasing greatly in numbers. With the coming of hot weather they largely leave the cats for cooler quarters in rugs or cracks in the floor leaping upon their food supply when hungry, returning to their lairs when fed. At this time they multiply greatly and are exceedingly active.

This cold spell attracted the fleas to the warm hearth, back onto Isaac and to my father, They tickled and they bit incessantly.

My father did not meet his wife and daughter when the mail boat landed at the dock. They found him sitting by the fire, weak and dejected, with a high fever--the psychological and pathological results of nervous, lonesome discomfort and the bites of many fleas.

The family routine was resumed. My father was put to bed to be nursed back to normal. The floor, rugs and furniture were thoroughly de-fleaded. Isaac was washed with flea soap. My father's allergy to fleas was, there after, better understood and considered.

The agility of fleas is unbelievable unless experienced, it seems that a stray pointer type bitch chose the seclusion of the space under our tool shop and carriage house to have pups. It was hot, dry springtime. The sand under the floor, which was raised some 15 inches on brick piers to guard against termites, was powder dry as was the drive-way under an overhang in front of the building. It was necessary for me to use this driveway to reach the stable to feed the stock. I found that my legs swarmed with fleas after walking past the shop. So I dashed at a swift pace under the overhang and inspected my trouser legs when beyond the shop. Several fleas were crawling on them seeking a way to reach my skin. They had made a shoo-fly landing as I ran.

My cousin, Cora Hart, second daughter of Uncle Walter, was an exceedingly proper, fastidious young lady. Anything coarse, bucolic or ill-mannered was abhorrent to her. Though she had lived when very young at the point with her parents, she could remember little of Florida life when she

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accompanied me on the Clyde Line steamer *Apache* as I was returning after the apple season at "Heartsease". She was to spend the winter at "Three Oaks" ,

When we disembarked at the Jacksonville dock we started to walk up the side street toward Bay Street to get rid of our sea legs and to see the town. Suddenly rapid foot steps approached behind us. Cora felt something pushed firmly against her waist. a raucous squeak came from the thing. She jumped sideways against another boy who thrust a dusty powder puff in her face. She shrank from the promiscuous powder against still another youth who said in most solicitous, polite tones, brush the lady off, brush the lady off while he thrust a big turkey feather duster into her face, He was quickly followed by another tormentor who atomized perfumed mist in her face.

By this time Cora was ready to collapse with mortification and indignation. If this was southern courtesy she wanted none of it.

I quickly explained that this was carnival--all in fun. So she must make the most of it. she reserved her opinion of Florida.

We took the A.C.L. train for Palatka. The train made stops at Magnolia, Green Cove Springs and other lesser stations. At Bostwick, a most primitive backwoods community, several tall, lean, straight tailed, long nosed razor-back hogs were scavenging along the track among the baggage trucks, hound dogs and train gazers, One of them reached forward a gaunt hind leg and vigorously scratched its ear. Cora eyed the razor backs with a scornful, disgusted expression. "What awful pigs", she exclaimed. "Cora", I said, "Those pigs have fleas". I reached behind my shoulder blade and scratched, saying I believe I feel one now

Cora writhed in her seat. "Why Stuart, this is awful". She then sensed that I was teasing. But she fidgeted all the way to Palatka.

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THE RACE WAS TO THE SWIFT

When one looks down the St. Johns river from "Three Oaks" the broad stream seemingly narrows until two opposing points of land leave but a narrow bit of river between them with the horizon the sky. Behind the western point set in a deep cove on the widest stretch of the river lies Green Cove Springs, famous for the beauty and volume of its sulfur springs and as a winter spa.

One winter's day there appeared a challenge in the Times Union by the yachtsmen of Green Cove Springs to all sailors of boats to compete for the championship of the river at Green Cove Springs.

Now Federal Point was favored by having two of the nation's best cat boat racers-John and Bill Van Wyck. For the Van Wycks of New Hamburg had lived largely for the joy of sail boating and ice boating on the Hudson River, They had won their share of prizes against the stiffest of competition from the yacht clubs of Newburgh, Low Point, Poughkeepsie, Hyde Park and beyond. They built their boats and they sailed them,

John and my father had recently built a cat boat of a sensationally new type--a pumpkin seed of the *Swift* class. She was but some 14 feet long, six feet wide with a depth of little more than a foot from keel to deck, slightly rounded of bottom, rising slightly at the stern and to a thin edge at her broad, rounded bow, Her forward deck rose not a bit from cock-pit to stem. Of slight draft, she skimmed over the water before the wind, Close hauled to windward, the side which submerged as she heeled to the breeze, and-her center board kept her from skidding to leeward, straight up wind on the tack. Her side beam which extended nearly her whole length gave her stability to carry a huge sail for her length, And racing classes were rated by the length of the hull. Her name was *Swift*.

So John and Will Van Wyck eagerly accepted the challenge and invited my father, Alfred Evans and me to sail the 35 miles down to Green Cove Springs in the *Swift* for the race.

The skies were clear, the trip was uneventful except for a brief stop ashore for lunch in a wild hammock opposite Tocoli.

The people on the waterfront of Green Cove Springs, looking up the river, saw a large, white sail rapidly approaching, with five men apparently sitting in the water as the curve of the distance and the waves of the brisk breeze hid the low hull. They gazed with curious apprehension down on the flat, varnished deck as the freak boat landed at the long wharf.

After a look at the springs and the town we slept soundly in a cracker boarding house with most primitive accommodations and were fresh and ready in the morning when the challenging craft sailed in from up and down the river or

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the local sailors raised their mainsails and jibs with creaking of blocks and racket of oars, anchors and gear.

So I stood at the end of the long wharf and saw the three classes of boats maneuver at the starting line and get away on the first leg of the triangular course.

First the shortest boats were away. Then, after the time allowed them by the handicap for their greater length and, supposedly, greater speed, the middle sized boats swept across the starting line. and, finally, two large fishing sloops from the ocean fishing fleet took after the lot which was strung out for several miles on the long reach south toward a distant beacon.

Rounding the beacon the boats had to beat their way northeast to windward, criss-crossing the course, Each time they came about they were nearer the second marker. The whole width of the river was used by the racing craft as they tacked back and forth, some using the middle and western side of the river for a long tack with a short leg on the eastern side, others keeping closer to the course which was well across the river from the start.

And by the time the second beacon was rounded by the leaders it was evident which boats were destined to win.

The drama of jockeying for the start of each class was fascinating. But, all the while I kept glancing down the course to see how the *Swift* was doing. and each time she seemed to have increased the lead which John Van Wyck's expert handling had given her at the start. At least, *Swift*, with a comfortable lead, came about, first, beyond the beacon and started her tack, beating her way to windward towards the second marker.

It is difficult to be certain when tacking sailboats cover a wide stretch of water which is really ahead. It was evident, however, that *Shift* was, at least, holding her own against boats of all classes, But when she was nearing the second turn, one of the fishing sloops, heeling far over in the stiff breeze, with a white bone in her mouth, came up from deep in the western cove, came about and, passing beyond the mark, squared away for home with a fair wind filling her big sail and jib and the spinnaker sail, quickly sprung opposite the mainsail.

Shortly afterward *Swift* rounded the beacon and came skimming strung out over a wide area.

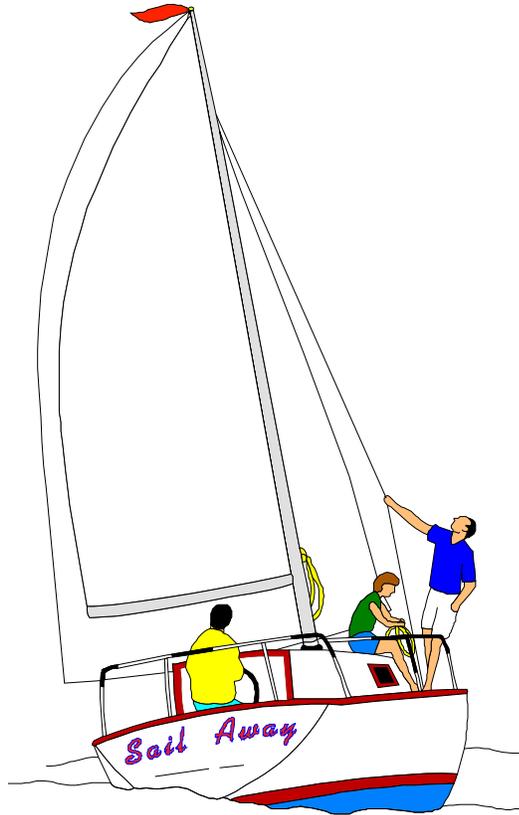
The captain of the big sloop was well acquainted with the vagaries of wind and tide. He had kept well within the deep cove where the incoming tide eddied rather than flowed upstream as it did in the eastern channel and the breeze blew unhampered by the eastern shore. He gained not a foot on the *Swift* before the wind.

There was mild applause as the big winner sailed gracefully by.

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It was up to me to wave and cheer when the little *Swift* raced past the crowd far ahead of all the local boats and the big strangers. For the crowd looked on in stunned amazement at the speed of this freak boat and the skill of her skipper and crew.

The race was, indeed, to the *Swift*-the swiftest sailboat on the St. Johns river.



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A GREASED PIG TALE

When at sixteen I returned to the Point, after finishing school at "Heartsease", baseball became a dominating interest for recreation, There were just enough boys and men to form a nine. all enjoyed the game, There was Frank Tenney Perhaps thirty five years old. Frank so loved baseball in his younger days that, it is said, he tramped the twenty three miles along the sandy road to St. Augustine to play ball. His two boys, Francis and Louis, were younger than I, and were baseball enthusiasts. George Wilkinson Junior, Alfred Evans, Jeff Ballard, Orin Brubaker, Leon Parker and occasional winter guests and shad fishermen- were needed, as the years rolled on, to round out a team.

For several years we younger boys spent many of our evenings practicing in Tenney's pasture or throwing and catching whenever there was time and space. As soon as supper was over, after the long ten hours of hard work in orange grove or potato field, I would grab my ball and glove and run eagerly the quarter mile to the Tenney's pasture where several boys would soon gather to play ball or practice until darkness made us quit.

After several years we aspired to form a team and to challenge the teams of Hastings, Palatka, Crescent City or any other available rivals. But we had no uniforms or equipment, There just wasn't enough money for many of us to send away and buy uniforms, bats, balls, chest protectors, masks, etc. Money must be raised somehow -- but how?

Then we began to hear our colored boys talking about a baseball game to be played near the Odd Fellows Hall between the colored teams of Hastings and Federal Point. There would be a picnic, sports and a big crowd--to hear them tell it.

As I worked through the long hours, a vision gradually took form in my mind. where there was a crowd of young darkies out for a good time on pay day there would be a chance to get some of their money for our ball team. What did darkies like better than hog meat? Why not cash in on this chance? There were often greased pig contests mentioned in the papers. Why not get a shoat, take it to the picnic, charge twenty five cents a chance, grease the pig, turn it loose and let the chance-takers chase the pig, the one who could catch and hold it to take it for his own.

I confided this scheme to young George Wilkinson. He accepted it with enthusiasm, Where would we get a pig? Then, one still dawn, as I stepped out on the verandah there floated across the misty river the shrieking squeal of a hog, the barking of dogs and a man's shouts. It all spelled hogs.

So, on Friday afternoon George and I took a big croakus sack, embarked in the *U AND I*, rowed across the wide river, and bargained with Mr. Renz for any pig we could catch, price \$1.50.

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There were a number of black or spotted hogs of razor back type rooting or eating acorns under the live oak trees about the house and sawmill and among the palmettos at the edge of the hammock. Mr. Renz got a few ears of corn, called his hogs, subdued his dogs and left the rest to us.

We wanted a partly grown hog, big enough to provide meat but not too heavy to carry, yet lively and spirited to furnish good sport when greased, We had never tried to catch a razorback, But the one that was slippery with grease.

So we picked out a likely shoat, maneuvered to corner him against the mill and dove for a leg. With a snort and a squeal the porker slipped between us and headed for the woods. He tried coaxing him with corn. Hungry as they were, they eyed us auspiciously, alert to our every movement. Finally, we found a tamer, less active, though a trifle larger hog, put on a determined, all out chase and finally fell on and held it while it shrieked, squealed and kicked until we crowded its wriggling snout and kicking legs into the sack where it gradually subsided with occasional kicks and unhappy grunts.

When we could stop panting, we wiped the sweat from our eyes, paid Mr. Renz, each took an end of the bag and we carried the hefty box, slung between us, to the boat.

On reaching home, weary, we carried our prize to our empty pig pen to rest it up for the next day's chase. It was not the slender, athletic type of pig we had planned for. Still, there was a lot of meat and we knew it could run.

Early the next afternoon, George and I bagged our hog and carried its aptward weight the mile to the Odd Fellows Hall where James kindly let us put it on display in his vacant pen.

And then we looked for the crowd--for the eager, hog-hungry ball players and sports who should crowd up and pay a quarter to have a chance to catch a fine hog. The crowd was slim and scattered. The Hastings team had failed to show up, A few of our friends came over to gaze un-enthusiastically at the dejected hog. James Wilson said, "Dat's no pig, Dat's a sow, She going have pigs bym by, She caint run fast, no how."

We never opened the can of lard to grease our sow. No one had or would invest a quarter to get their good clothes greasy. Even if a few had been good sports, it would have taken many quarters to have repaid us for our hog and left something for our ball team.

So we again worked our much tamed sow into the sack. She seemed much heavier as we dejectedly toted her home than when we hopefully lugged her out to the picnic grounds.

Back into the pen she was dumped. As we swallowed our pride and disappointment we began to realize that darkies still love pork. That in a few

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weeks time daily ears of corn and house scraps would put her in fine shape to be converted into pork which could be sold readily.

And so we were able to buy several bats and balls from the proceeds of this wild venture in financing our ball team.

What was of greater value: we learned to discount the reliability of the tales our darkes told or their ability to make heir plans succeed. We also were much wiser in the ways of razor back hogs. We were prone to appraise all the factors that might effect an alluring project before undertaking what might become a wild goose chase.

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ROW YOUR BOAT TO THE BALL GAME

At last a good potato crop brought in some cash to the Point. Economy was still necessary. But baseball uniforms became a must, as the youths of the Point felt that they must appear as a credit to the town when they should play a return game with a Palatka team and venture farther afield, perhaps even, to Crescent City.

So my mother ordered a bolt of blue-gray covert cloth. The team contracted with Mary and Lillian Wilkinson to tailor the uniforms so that we could step out on the Palatka ball field in natty suits of blue with red F P on our chests and red stockings. All that could be had at the Point were red cotton women's stockings with faint flower patterns printed on the ample legs, much to my discomfiture. At a distance the effect was natty.

There was no steam or gasoline boat to take us. We had no money to charter a boat from Palatka nor to spend the night there if we took the mail boat up one morning and back the next afternoon. The long road to East Palatka and the ferry across seemed a weary, dreary trip with slow wagon teams. The river was the highway.

Now it seems that the old Whitehall boat, the *Pioneer*, that Grandpa Hart had brought down after settling at the Point had been recently sold to Francis Tenney after hanging over the driveway in the tobacco barn for many years. Francis had patched and repaired frame and planks and painted her so that she was sound and ship shape.

My father recalled how he and his Louisa had sailed and rowed the *Pioneer*, with other couples, to Palatka and back for dances. Why not row up and back in the *Pioneer*? With three pair of oars, taking turns, we could make it up in three hours, play ball and get back home soon after dark. So eight of us embarked in the *Pioneer* the morning of the game, fresh and gay, and reached Palatka on schedule. Jeff Ballard rode horseback from Hastings to East Palatka ferry, while one or two took the mail boat and stayed overnight.

The river was calm. Time passed quickly on the way up. By spelling each other at the oars, three at a time, we were fresh and ready for the game after eating our lunch under the live oaks at Palatka.

As a ball player, I was more an inspiration and leader than a useful player. For my eyesight was so faulty that I could not be sure on judging the ball in fielding or at bat, My best use was in pitching, as my control was good. I had developed a wide out-curve, a fair in-shoot, a drop and a very deceptive hide-away ball, but fielding and batting were uncertain. So, Roy Clark, our captain (Katherine Wheeler's fiancée) kept me on the bench where I enjoyed watching the game, except for the consciousness of the young folks of Palatka and those cheap women's stockings.

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Our team lost to Palatka, but by a creditable score. It rained much needed competition and confidence.

The long pull home was enlivened by playing the game over, at least its high spots: by the natural banter of a care free bunch of boys and by relaxing, even while pulling at the oars, into the comfort of well earned weariness and the satisfaction of accomplishment.

This game welded us into a team. We planned and played our future games with confidence.

When Louis Tenney, who became our catcher, began playing ball with us he was so young that he was afraid to catch a hard base ball. He became captain of the University of Florida base ball team in 1912, the foot ball team in 1913 and president of the student body for two years. After graduating he played on one of the Brooklyn Dodgers' farm teams for two years When he married his wife insisted he give up professional baseball.

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THE FIRST CRUISE OF THE FROLIC

My father built the cabin launch *Frolic* to open to us something of the world outside the Point, to help satisfy our cravings for new scenes, friends and adventures.

Soon after she was built my father invited Alfred Evans and Mr. Spooner, from Boston, to go with him and me down the sixty miles of river to Jacksonville and, on, some twenty miles, to where Three Sisters Creek meanders northeastward through the coastal marshes to Fort George inlet and the inland waterway northward to Fernandina and beyond.

My mother assembled provisions for the trip. These were stored in the ice box and pantry shelves, the ice to be picked up at Jacksonville when refilling the gasoline tank, he got off to an early morning start with the oatspaws of the awakening-freezes ruffling the glassy stillness of the river as the last wisps of vapor dissolved into the sun-warmed air.

As we rounded the head of the North Dock and skirted the eelgrass-covered flat which extended far out into the wide river, ducks began to struggle to rise in the quiet air, reluctant to take off without the aid of a stiff breeze into which their wings could find lifting support. The staccato beat of the wings of the first to rise as we approached them and the flowing water flung behind them by their flailing feet increased to a mighty roar and a shower of spray as thousands of the heavy fowl rose progressively in a dark cloud stretching ahead for a mile along the edge of the flats. Power boats had enabled duck hunters to decimate, somewhat, the immense flocks which originally fed in the St. John's River each winter. There were still great flocks of them in the wide reaches of the river far from Palatka and Jacksonville.

We steered for the black beacon on the east of the channel at Racy Point, passing the red beacon off Nine Mile Point far to the left, and plowed our way down the river to the steady put-put put of the single cylinder, six horsepower, two cycle engine at a speed of seven miles an hour, unless wind or tide helped or hindered. Gradually, Tocoli, with its King's Highway to St. Augustine, Solano, and its heavily timbered flat woods surrounding the home of Delius, the composer, Picolata, the home of Capt. Fitzhugh and the Palatka mail boat, the broad creek leading to the logging camp at Colee were passed on the east shore and we saw Federal Point sink below the horizon as we steered between the points of land where a water horizon's seen from Tree Oaks.

Each land mark, as we passed by, became the topic of discussion, speculation or reminiscence. Birds, passing boats, saluted with three blasts on our conch shell, the freshening wind, the weather prospects, the changing tide, all provided material for interest and conversation. There were oranges or water from a cool jug if thirst developed, There were sandwiches and other appreciated

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food ready when hunger demanded. And the cushioned seats were always ready to be stretched out on for a nap.

And so we passed through the widest stretch of the St. John's with Green Cove Springs and Magnolia, with their hotels and saw mill, on the west shore. Around the bend we passed Mandarin on the east bank and Doctor's Creek to the next until we finally saw the tall buildings, the masts of ships and the railroad bridge of Jacksonville in the distance ahead.

After a short stop at Jacksonville for supplies we proceeded down the river past the Clyde Line docks and the steamship *Apache*, Cummer's lumber yard and sawmill, with three and four masted schooners loading the finest of yellow pine and cypress lumber, until, with falling breeze and setting sun, we tied up at a wharf on the west bank to cook supper and spend the night.

This wharf was used mainly by fishermen. They were busy taking the days catch from their boat, packing shad, sea bass, flounders and other good fish in ice to ship to Jacksonville by the morning mail boat. We bought their biggest roe shad for fifty cents, My father dressed it, expertly removing the back bone, salted it, spread the two great halves and the roe on a platter and placed them on the roof of the *Frolic* for the dews of the still night to keep moist and fresh.

After supper we soon extended the seats, made up our beds and fell asleep to the soothing spat-spat-spat of the ripping tide as it flowed steadily past the hull of our cozy cruiser.

About two o'clock, my father became conscious of a strange grating sound recurring now and then, Though he listened carefully he could not locate or determine the nature of its source, He thought of the shad spread invitingly on the roof above. Possibly a crane or other water fowl was smacking its bill while devouring our breakfast. So he crept stealthily in his bare feet to the open hatch in the stern, peered over the edge of the roof in the brilliant moonlight and found nothing but the undisturbed shad. Puzzled, he quietly returned towards his bed past sleeping Alfred and Spooner. Again the strange sound broke the stillness, It came from Spooner who was gritting his teeth together in restless sleep. Later, his wife said she had had to get used to this strange habit of her husband.

At sunrise we awoke. We soon had the seats, cushions, sheets and pillow ship shape for the day, The odor of broiling shad and frying potatoes and bacon and steaming coffee sharpened our hungers, The bread and butter were readied and we satiated our appetites with the most delicious of fish and crisp shad roe The uneaten portion was carefully placed in the ice box. Strange to say, it did not appeal to us much for lunch or supper. We ate it more as a duty than with relish.

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Getting under way, we passed the high bluff on the east bank, scanning the flat marsh on the west shore for the mouth of Three Sisters Creek. This we found marked with beacon posts, the tide flowing up its narrow, winding channel. The *Frolic* sped except for a low treeless mound which rose slightly above horizon. the marsh. In due time we would our way through the seemingly endless sea of grass until we came to the little island which we found to be an oyster shell mound made by the Indians as they, through the long past, left the shells of the oysters they ate at this camping place.

Salt water fishing was planned as one of the aims of our cruise, so we dropped anchor off the mound, broke out our poles and lines, baited with shrimp and eagerly cast the baited, weighted hooks into the flowing water of the creek. Nothing happened. We fished in deep water in the channel. We dropped our lines into the shallowing water by the sloping shell bank. Finally Alfred pulled up a grunting toad fish. I caught a small catfish. Papa pulled in a small crab. Then Spooner called, we've hooked something big, it's heavy. Slowly, steadily, he lifted his long bamboo pole. Out of the water rose a cluster of oysters. His sinker had dropped into the open mouth of an oyster which had promptly closed its shells on it. Disgustedly we upped anchor and proceeded to St. George Inlet, a rather narrow lagoon which empties through a shallow channel into the Atlantic Ocean not far north of the St. John's River. Three Sisters Creek is joined to this inlet and proceeds north to Fernandina.

Fort George Island rises from a Coquina rock base into a lofty, wooded hill--the highest land on the coast south of Atlantic Highlands, New Jersey. Here once lived fabled Kingsley with his Negro princess wife in a kingdom of his own.

The rocky, steep shore of this island seemed to be a likely place to catch sheepshead. So we hooked the anchor behind a slab of rock, baited our hooks and began pulling in beautiful, banded sheepshead as big as our two hands. They bit eagerly and fought stoutly as we brought them to the deck. But we had other bites. A constantly growing swarm of sand flies gathered around us in the wind-sheltered lee of the island shore. They crawled up our sleeves, down our necks, under our hat brims. They bit painfully, incessantly, in spite of handkerchiefs, on our foreheads and closely buttoned sleeves. We could not let. endure this torture, so we hastily lifted the anchor aboard and anchored out in the wind-swept lagoon, free from the intolerable pests. We had enough sheepshead for breakfast and found the firm, white meat of these beautiful fish more palatable than the heated-up, oily shad.

After supper we pulled in the skiff which we towed behind the *Frolic* and rowed to the narrow sand spit which separates the lagoon from the sea. The bench is one of the finest. with no people within miles, we stripped in the bright light of the full moon and hurried down the wide beach into the rolling surf which crashed lazily as it swept up the firm sand to smooth out into foam and to reluctantly flow back to be pushed in again by another comber.

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Thoughtlessly I did not remove my glasses. A big wave roared toward me. I dove through it. As I regained my feet, my glasses were gone. I could see little without them. Frantically I squatted down, passing my hands over the smooth, hard sand. At the first pass I brushed across the curving bows. They had miraculously hung to the sand where they fell. The brilliant moonlight; the white glistening shells and sand the sparkling foam of the dying waves the horizonless ocean rolling in towards the beach, all combined to make an enchanted scene. One could not but wish for feminine companionship in such a perfect setting.

We awoke at dawn to see the pearl end pink of the sunrise increase into splendor until a speck of the sun's fire nicked the far distance where sea and sky had blended in misty uncertainty. Swiftly the great disk of the sun rose from the depths of the sea, defying the direct gaze of mortal eyes while all the world of birds crabs and animate things scurried about attending to their daily routine of living.

The oranges, coffee, oatmeal, fried potatoes with sheephead and bacon were delicious, indeed, to us hungry men.

Soon we weighed anchor and started homeward on the flood tide. We would our way through Three Sisters Creek, past the fishless shell mound, our distant land mark the high bluff on the St. John's. As we approached the great river the ebbing tide increased the flow of water from the marshy channels until the creek was a swirling stream racing towards the lowered level of the river. Our seven mile speed was increased to ten miles, We fairly flew down the stretches of the narrow creek and around the sharp bends, the river bluff bearing now on the port, now on the starboard side. Suddenly the *Frolic* nearly threw us to the floor, as, with a jolting lift, her bow rose from the rushing stream, coming to a sudden stop, a third of her length high and dry on the firm, grassy land. The steering rope had jammed as we swung sharply to round a bend. The water was dropping an inch every few minutes. we must free her at once or the *Frolic* would be hung there until the next flood tide. Alfred, Spooner and I jumped quickly from the bow to the marsh, lifted and pushed the broad, high bow while my father reversed the motor. To our immense relief, grunt by grunt, we pushed her back and off the land, jumping frantically aboard lest we be left attended as the big boat was swept downstream. All went well for a mile or so when, with a grating jolt the *Frolic* again came to a stop. This time, in the middle of the stream. Her skeg, at the back of her keel, had caught on an oyster reef. So I jumped off the stern into waist deep water, shoes and all, lifted on her transom, and, after several scraping lurches, she slid off into deeper water while I scrambled over the edge of the stern deck.

We soon sped from the creek into the broad river where we set our course for home. Federal Point gradually rose above the horizon as the sun set and twilight faded into star-studded, beacon dotted darkness. The light which my

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mother placed in "Three Oaks" ' window welcomed us to shore while our women folks gave us the real welcome home of returning adventurers.

Such trips broke the monotony of frontier life and compensated, fully, for the long hours and exhausting work of the builder of the *Frolic*.

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THE FIRST TRIP TO ST. AUGUSTINE BY AUTO

At the turn of the century a new invention the automobile or horseless carriage, became the marvel of every wide awake person. The Olds, the one cylinder Cadillac, the White and Stanley steamers, the Buick, the Pope-Hartford and others advertised their claims of superiority. Then, in 1906, Uncle William bought a Rambler which I ran for the family in the summertime.

The great test for all these autos was the Glidden tour. This annual competition was run over a cross-country tour of some six hundred miles of easy and difficult roads. Few cars survived the tough hills, the sand and the mud of the rough roads of that day. The winners were considered to be the best in their class.

About the year 1908 the Glidden tour was routed through the South, say from Washington to a coastal city, The only car that came through the grueling test of red clay, sand, ruts, and slippery slopes was a little four cylinder car, the Mets roadster.

This little auto was low in price and evidently the toughest, most reliable of any for the type of roads and trails of Florida. So it seemed to my father, whose adventurous spirit responded to the challenge of conquering the roads to St. Augustine, to Jacksonville, to Palatka and, wildest dream of all, even to take my mother nor He to "Heartsease". If the Mets could travel the Georgia and Carolina roads on the tour, it could take him north over the same roads.

So my father ordered a Metz roadster. In due time it was puzzled up the gang plank from the *Crescent* onto the Federal Point dock. The instruction book was read. Gasoline was poured into the gas tank, water into the radiator, The primer was pulled out, the crank spun and the curious crowd parted to permit my father to start her up and: drive her home.

The Metz transmission was of unique design. The chains from the rear axle ran on sprocket wheels on a cross shaft on which a small friction wheel pressed against a large smooth faced disc which was on the end of the motor shaft. When the small wheel was near the center of the disc and pressed firmly against it the small wheel turned slowly, in low gear. When it engaged the disc at its widest diameter it drove in high speed. There was diminishing speed as positions were taken towards the smaller diameter center of the revolving disc. To reverse, the small wheel was slid past center to where the surface of the disc moved in the opposite direction.

The Metz was very light in weight. With no top or windshield. As was customary in those days, no rear axle gears or rear transmission, about 3 inch tires and simple run-about body, it was easy to move but it lacked traction with its smooth tread tires.

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When I came to the Point for my spring vacation my father was eager to show me his new prize. "We must make the first run to St. Augustine, only twenty miles from Hastings." So we hurried through breakfast, kissed and waved goodbye to my mother and purred smoothly over the firm wheel ruts of our clay bottom roads through the woods to Hastings. To be sure, the road rambled in places around stumps and trees to avoid deeply rutted, muddy spots where the iron tires of the potato wagons had cut deeply. We had to slow down for high pine or palmetto roots or for lazy woods cattle or to stop to let a frightened team pass. The power was there ready to carry us swiftly wherever the road permitted.

Then we rolled east to Deep Creek, still on clay bottom land, up the sandy slope to the pine woods and the deep sand in the wheel ruts. The Metz slowed and slowed, the wheels spinning as they lost traction for the small, smooth surface of the tires which pressed lightly on the shifting sand. Out I got and pushed with slippery feet. The Metz grudgingly plowed ahead a few feet till she and I eased the pushing strain, I to blow, she to idle smoothly. Gradually, by putting bits of palmetto leaves and sticks under the wheels in the worst spots, pushing for a start, then hopping onto the running board we passed the sandy stretch onto firmer footing and kept her rolling in, spite of rooty bumps and winding ruts until we came to a steep, sandy slope beyond a branch near a farm shack on a clearing along the road. Here the sand was so deep, so loose and the grade so stiff that it seemed we would never get up to the level land.

Finally, after some two hours of happy riding and hot, dusty, sweaty work, we rolled across the bridge into St. Augustine.

My father looked up land titles in the court house, We enjoyed a hearty dinner of seafood, We drove through the narrow streets-- dogs and children dancing excitedly alongside. And then, earlier than we had planned, apprehensive of the hazards of the return trip, we headed for home.

By now we had learned better how to keep her moving in spite of bounces and turns. he had more weight over the rear wheels. We made the trip home with less slipping and stopping. Still, traveling the road to St. Augustine in the best cross-country car of that day was no easy pleasure trip. My father did not, again, talk of taking my mother north in his Metz roadster.

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EUGENE KING-LOVABLE RASCAL

Certain individuals seem to have a natural affinity for each other. Often persons of vastly different personality and talents are driven to each other and form a team, the ability and goodness of one appreciating the goodness, in spite of the great deficiencies, of the other. So it was with my father and Eugene King.

King was of medium a height, thin and wiry. the dome of his thinly haired skull was ample but his face narrowed to a small lower jaw accented by the loss of all but a few scattered teeth, brown from constant contact with chewing tobacco. These King displayed freely when he grinned in appreciation of my father's friendly humor or sheepishly when caught in some stupidity or rascality, King was of dull black complexion.

King was in his forties in the nineties. He was born a slave. His right hand bore acute witness to the fact for his forefinger was a short stub ending in a large knob.

"King, what happened to your finger?" I asked.

King gave an expressive grunt "When I was a chile I was playin' in de yard wid Massa's chilluns. Dis boy, ma age, tol me to put my hand on de chopping block. An like be - - - if he didn't raise de ax and chop off, da finger like it was a chickens haid".

King was a rascal Not a grand rascal or a - - . rascal. He was a simple unholy lovable rascal, He sinned often in the eyes of the moral, the truthful, the pure of heart and tongue, the efficient and wise, the religious, As often as he sinned he was forgiven. For had he done or been other than he did or was he would not have been King. And life would have been lacking in color and hair shirt-like stimulation without King to justify the correctness of righteousness. And King was a talented field hand within his narrow limits.

King needed two controls social and industrial. My father employed, supervised and compensated him in earning his living. The queen held a stiff rein on him socially.

Now, in his many contacts with the fair sex King had been caught and held fast by the Queen. Again, a natural partnership for life joined these two human personalities.

The Queen was ebony black. She suffered from "de misery" much of the time, so could not work steadily the beauty of face or form had passed her by. She could not hope to capture handsome, self-reliant, capable mate. She could love the genuine forthright nature of King, She would provide the positive authority needed to keep King busy and on the straight and narrow path and her two very widely crossed eyes could see in all directions, even around corners it

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seemed, to spy out any signs of philandering. Her temper and vocabulary could cow King into submission to her will, we called her "Pet".

King was possessed of a vocabulary of cuss words that was the admiration of the other field hands. He used them as naturally and freely as a technician uses the terms of his trade. To a stranger they were blasphemous, obscene, unprintable. From King's curling lips they seemed but a part of King.

One hot spring day, after potato digging, we were planting corn out by the colored church. we were planting in the old plantation way. I led with a hoe, chopping a hole with one stroke in the sandy soil, Percy Fordam, sixteen, handsome of face, physique and smile, followed strewing a small handful of aromatic nitrate, fish, cotton seed, phosphate and potash fertilizer about the hole, leaving a clean spot for the seed. Sukey, (Isiah Schuman) tall, awkward as a hound pup, broad of grin, full of mischievous humor, dropped three large white grains of corn in the hole. King pushed the pile of soil back into the hole covering the corn and firmed it with his foot. It was my responsibility to set a steady, rhythmic pace so that the team moved steadily along but not too fast for accuracy or endurance in the hot sun. A bull bat zoomed from the sky with a startling roar of wings.

As we moved steadily along, the boys and King maintained a constant battle of wits or a succession of stories, chatter or song.

Sukey;- "King, yo ought to be shamed of yo self cussin' so much. I bet yo' a quarter yo' caint go ten minits without cussin'".

King:- "Go on, Dats my quarter".

The boys changed the subject. They talked of other things. Then Percy gave King a sly verbal dig in a chronically sore spot. Sukey added his aggravating gibe. King worked his quid of tobacco faster, the while contorting his lips, finally emitting a stream of tobacco juice and a stuttering flow of cuss words calculated to blast his tormentors to shame. With a whoop of laughter, dropping of buckets, slapping of thighs the boys demanded their twenty five cents while King added another stream of oaths to cover up his discomfiture. No money changed hands for King had none. Twenty-five cents was a quarter of a day's pay and the Queen was either on hand to get the groceries at our commissary and what cash might remain from King's wages or was waiting for him when he reached home Saturday evening. There would be no money to pay foolish bets.

My father's family did not swear nor my mother's. I never heard my father say anything profane or obscene that would have shocked my mother. He could, when exasperated, express himself in tone and inflection so strongly that a culprit would shrink with shame or, if innocent with outraged pride. In King he often found an outlet for his feelings. He might hit his thumb when nailing boxes. Shaking his hand with the pain, fearful of having a sore thumb, he would say,

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cuss it, King"! And King would cuss the hammer so thoroughly that the pain was eased and feelings soothed while my father's record remained clean.

King believed that he could perform any kind of work and understand orders and directions perfectly. In fact, his talents were limited, mainly to the use of ax, hoe, scythe, wheelbarrow, shovel, clippers and lifting. If told explicitly what to do and how it should be done he would express complete confidence in his understanding of his orders and his ability to do the job. We learned, by sad experience, that the tree or plant we wished to have left was sure to be the one King would cut down or hoe out from among the worthless ones unless we stood over him and watched closely. And he could start to do something correctly and soon be making a botch of it.

My father once went to Jacksonville on the steamer *Crescent*. Mr., Johnson of "Moonstone" and his second wife were, happy, on board. They joined in the welcome conversation of friends who seldom see each other, Mr. Johnson opened a bag of oranges which he proceeded to cut into halves with a keen knife and to remove a strip of the yellow, irritating rind around the cut edge for eating out-of hand. Now Mrs. Johnson was a lady from the north. They had been recently married, Mrs. Johnson provided the cultural companionship so essential to Mr. Johnson's welfare and happiness in the orange grove home on the bank of the beautiful river. She, in turn, expected from him the solicitous attentions of the gallant gentleman that her husband was. Mr. Johnson prepared and handed his wife the blossom end of an orange saying to my father rather wistfully, "In an unguarded moment I told my wife that the blossom end of an orange is sweeter and juicier than the stem end. I have been eating stem ends ever since".

"By the way", Mr. Johnson asked my father "A darkie, Eugene King, has been working for me in the grove. I need someone to prune the orange trees. He says that he can prune them, that he prunes Mr. Edmund Hart's trees. Can I trust him to prune them? Does he know how?"

My father's eyes opened wide in surprise at the idea of King pruning a tree. "Mr. Hart wouldn't dare let King have a pair of pruners in his grove. He has never pruned orange trees and would be sure to ruin them", my father said. I thought so', said Mr. Johnson, "I told King that it was all very well if Mr. Hart has him prune his trees, but that he was not going to prune my orange grove."

King was an expert with ax and grub hoe in digging out yellow pine and lightwood stumps when clearing land. The pine woods had been logged of their virgin pine before the Civil War. a second growth of trees from saplings up to eighteen inches in diameter had grown up. and the heart of "lightwood" of the original pine stumps still remained, extending deep and solid into the sand and clay. These stumps, new and old, had to have their great tap roots, which were like giant molars with massive divided roots, cut off below plow level. This required digging a wide hole alongside the stump fifteen inches deep and wide

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enough in which to swing an ax almost horizontally. There were no stones or particles of sand larger than mustard seed in our soil. An ax can strike into the soil without being dulled or nicked.

King could swing the heavy, long, straight handled ax with power and accuracy in the hot sun of summer when most white men could have collapsed with the heat and effort. Every time the ax bit into the solid heart wood King would grunt, letting the air, compressed in the tense effort, escape. He would cut under his chip then slanting downward until he had chipped out as far as the under cut, then under cut again. When a notch six or eight inches deep had been made he would split down through the stump removing a slab to expose a fresh straight surface to be chopped into, This was done on opposite sides of the stump, the worker kneeling with one knee on the bank with the other foot in the hole. This is the hardest of work, so hard that less tough, expert ax-men would dig holes on two sides of the stump and keep lightwood fires burning against the tap root until it was burned through at the desired level.

One day King came to work at sun up. We noticed that he frequently stepped from the packing house where he was mixing fertilizer to look down the path to the street "Dat Sister", he said "gwine bring me ma breakfast. It wa'nt ready when I lef". Sister was a nine year old niece who was living with King and Queen. As the morning progressed no Sister appeared. Come noon, still no Sister with lunch. At two o'clock my father said "Haven't you had anything to eat yet?" King said "No suh, I hasn't had nuthing to eat all day. Dat trifling chile must be off playing whilst de Queen is up Deep Creek fishing what are you going to do about it"? my father asked. "Boss, when I gits home lse gwine eat me a hell of a bait", King exclaimed.

When we were little children King was as careful and kind to us as a shepherd dog with its sheep. He was courteous to his white folks, liked by his neighbors. But always he was expected to be a lovable rascal.

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A SAGA OF THE ST. JOHNS

At the end of the Civil War the youths who had formed the armies and supplied the sinews of war found themselves confronted with the problems of choosing a career, of locating a home, of satisfying the desire for romance and the passing on, through a family of their own, the best of their aspirations.

Many of the boys in the Union army had passed through the southern states and had learned to love and appreciate its climate, its land, its lakes and rivers, its people and its way of living. Many returned home to find parents and family gone or struggling to exist in the hard times that follow wars, with little opportunity for young men, untrained except as soldiers. Florida, with her resources, glimpsed but scarcely touched, beckoned these adventurous spirits. . coaxed them to come and grow up with her.

And so there streamed into our state room the North, the South, the East and the West men of varying character and background - some with no special talents at all, What did they find? How were they received? What did Florida do with them and for them? Suppose we take one of these boys and see what Mother Florida has done for him and his aspirations.

This saga is not so much concerned with the exactness of dates and details as with the pattern and the weaving of the fabric which has become the posterity of Ephram Taylor.

Born of parents of English ancestry at Hempstead, Long Island, Ephram ran away from his village home to the seaport of New York. Like many boys of his time, the sea seemed to offer freedom from the discipline of home and school - the adventures of the ocean and foreign lands. He wandered along the water front, fascinated by the tall masts of the sailing ships, the funnels of the steamships, the smells of the tarred rigging, the rough talk of the sailors. And so, he found himself aboard a sailing ship, sails driving her steadily southward, Gruffly he was ordered to help the cook. He started at the bottom to learn to be a sailor before the mast.

The ship proved to be a whaler. Twice he rounded the Horn. It was three years before he, again, landed in New York. Here he found the excitement of a nation engaged in a bitter war. He was quickly drafted. He served in the army until discharged when peace finally ended the bitter struggle between the North and the South.

Returning home he found his parents dead, his three sisters scattered - no sure abiding place for him.

While hospitalized, he was tended by a volunteer nurse, an English girl Mary Charlotte Wright. They married.

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The lure of "beyond the horizon" beckoned. The young couple wandered on until they reached the St. John's River. Here, Florida in the making took them with all her crudeness had the hardships and terrors of a wilderness. What the young couple found of the joys of youth, what they found in the beauty of this untamed stream with its forest, its teeming wild life, what their hopes were, their strengths and their weaknesses we do not know.

It seems that fishing offered more to Ephram than other ways of life or of earning a living. There was other work in plenty to be done - hard physical labor. There was little money to pay for such work and the most skillful were employed first. And Ephram lacked skills except for catching and selling fish. And, perhaps, the freedoms of the fisher's life held him.

When moving up and down the river in his boat, stopping where conditions favored, living in shelters or cabins or camps in a country where housing was lacking to shelter the flood of fortune seekers who poured into the new frontier, the couple became acquainted with families up and down the river. When selling the catch, when buying supplies, when needing help with the two baby girls that were born to them, they found friends along the river. At Federal Point, Squire Tenney with his store, his leadership and his human friendliness formed an attachment for the little family. Edmund Hart and others helped them when in need.

Finally the mother succumbed to the hardships of this rough life. Ephram was left with his two lively girls to be cared for and brought up to be all that a young father wishes his daughters to be.

He knew a family named Merryfield who were good young people - the husband was from Maine, the wife from Pennsylvania. They had, also, found shelter, when they first came to the Point, like the Taylors, in make-shift camps and former slave cabins until they could acquire land, three miles back in the woods, and build a house at what was to become Merryfield's station when the East Coast railroad was built, (The railroad changed the name to Hastings when it moved the station to the road-crossing to the north).

The Merryfield's took the two young girls into their family while Ephram adjusted himself to his loss. Squire Tenney agreed to take Lizzie, the older daughter, into his family to help with the care of his young son, Frank, and to become his ward. Then Ephram resumed his fishing way up the river above Lake Monroe on Tick Island. Here he built a palmetto thatched camp for himself and little six year old Becky. Only one other family lived on this lonely island which was inhabited by rattlesnakes, moccasins, alligators, bears, panthers and the wildest of wild life. The settlers and tourists who swarmed into Sanford and Enterprise, the terminal of river navigation for the Steamer *Dictator*, provided ready market for his catch. And the water fairly boiled with the finest trout and mullet.

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But living on the island was tedious and hard for little Becky, left alone while her father was off fishing. One day she went to the river shore to wait for her father's return. She sat on the ground, then lay down in the shade of a live oak and fell asleep. As Ephram approached the landing, facing forward fisherman fashion pushing his oars, he was horrified to see a great alligator walking up the bank, body high off the ground on short, stiff legs. It had almost reached the sleeping Becky. Frantically rowing and shouting he frightened the gator so that it swung around in mad haste to reach the river, striking the awakened Becky with its long, scaly tail, inflicting a wound the scars of which she has always carried as a mute witness to the dangers of the wilderness.

Not long after this frightful experience Ephram found a big cotton mouth moccasin sprawled under Becky's bed. He decided that this was no place for his little girl, much as he loved to have her with him. She must not continue to live alone with Ephram along the river shore, nor could she be expected to endure the torture of mosquitoes, sand flies, red bugs, ticks, scorpions, fleas and deer flies and the hazards of wild animals and reptiles and malaria which endangered the lives of children in a fisherman's camp.

At Cartersville near DeLand lived a thrifty Scotch family, the McBrides. They were almost self-sufficient with their farming, hunting and fishing. The McBrides agreed to take Becky into their family. She lived with them for awhile, But little Becky longed for her sister, Lizzie. So, one day Ephram and Becky came up the Merryfield's path to ask refuge for Becky while Ephram arranged with Squire Tenney to take Becky, also, so that the sisters could be together. This he was able to do, And so Lizzie and Becky Taylor grew up in the family of J. F. Tenney by the dock and store at Federal Point. Here they could see all the activities of trading at the store, the bringing of letters to the post office in the morning before mailbox time, the coming for mail in the morning; the landing of the *Dictator*, and other river boats. Then they could go to Sunday School and church attend school and meet all the people who came to and lived at Federal Point. And so they grew to be healthy, handsome young ladies with the culture of a Yankee village in a Southern state.

Ephram returned to his Lake Monroe fishing. He had made many friends who were solicitous for the future of his daughters. They induced him to homestead a section of fine land. He filed his claim, built his cabin and lived the required time on his land. When he finally applied for the title to his 640 acres he was told that title had already been given to another homesteader who, unknown to him, had filed claim to this section and had been living on the other side of the tract. His friends rallied to his rescue, raised several thousand dollars and helped him contest the claim, without success.

As time passed, the fame of the virgin forests in Florida spread across the nation, It reached a family of mill men in Missouri. One of these, Charles W. Brown, came to find opportunity in his profession of lumbering. The progressive settlement at the Point pleased him. He bought a location on the Cove between

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the Dorr and the Walter Hart groves. Here he built a saw mill on a wharf which extended out over the river, borrowing from Edmund Hart to buy a steam boiler, He also built a steamboat wharf which ran out to deep water in the Cove. He planted an orange grove.

Romance drew Charles and Lizzie together. They were married and lived the happy, busy life of a young couple.

Charles prospected the woods and found fine pine and cypress timber up Deep Creek near the Minorcan settlement of Moccasin Branch. He bargained with families such as the Turners, Masters and Yelvertons to cut this timber, raft in and tow it down Deep Creek and around Federal Point to his mill in the Cove beyond the Point.

Charles scaled each log, Lizzie recorded the tally as to the owner of the log and its board feet, These tallies were given to Squire Tenney who paid the loggers in merchandise from his country store.

Now the boat landing near the mouth of Deep Creek was at the north end of Commercial Avenue, a mile or more from Tenney's dock and store. Squire Tenney was accustomed to hitch up his horse to his farm wagon and cart the combined purchase of the shoppers, from up Deep Creek, to the boat landing.

One day he was alone at the store with no one to drive the horse and wagon or to wait on store should he make the delivery. A new arrival from the Cotton Country of South Carolina, Mrs. Walter Atkinson, was standing near, So the Squire said, "LuLu, can you drive a horse?" She answered eagerly, "Why yes, of course I can if its hitched, so the Squire found a way to deliver his groceries and the young Atkinson couple were paid for the service with much needed supplies.

Then came wind and hurricane. A raft scaling \$2400.00 worth of logs had just been received from Turner's Landing up Deep Creek when the '94 hurricane struck. The river rose way up over its banks. The raft broke up. The logs were scattered along the shore, up on the high land and through the swamp which adjoined the mill yard. The roof of the mill was demolished. The loss was staggering. Then, before the damage from the hurricane had been cleaned up, a second great wind came from another direction and blew down the repaired sawmill shed, Then the freezes in '94 and '95 froze their young orange grove with its crop of oranges. These losses were too great for the young couple to repair. They gave up sawing, Charlie Brown mended the beacons off Orange Mills, Federal Point end Nine Mile Point for many years. He did carpenter and other mechanical work. He acquired land, cleared it and raised potatoes. He was civic-minded and became active in local community activities.

The year 1892 found the country in the midst of a depression. In South Carolina the price of cotton dropped to four cents a pound, cotton seed to one

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cent, Yet, in Florida the orange industry was prosperous and expanding. There was work to be done. There was money to be had for hard work.

And so a tall ambitious, energetic young cotton farmer left the family plantation to work for William Dorr in his orange grove. He bought a small grove and house next to the Ingalls near Deep Creek. He brought his wife to this new country. They were Walter and Lulu Atkinson.

Before the Civil War the Atkinsons were prosperous planter on a large plantation in South Carolina, The war caused them grievous loss.

When work in the grove was caught up Walter asked Squire Tenney if there was any work he could do. The Squire said, "I don't know of any you would want to do. I do have an acre of land that I want grubbed. But that is mighty hard work Walter said, Where are the tools? I'll grub the land for you." Doubtingly, the Squire gave him ax and grub hoe. Much sooner than the Squire expected Walter came for his pay. The field was finished. So Walter was given other work.

One day the *Governor Safford* landed Dwight Wheeler and his wife, from Bridgeport, Connecticut, on the dock, Dwight looked at the pile of luggage and asked Squire Tenney how he could get it carried to his home half way down Commercial Avenue. Walter, standing near, heard, stepped forward and said, "I will be glad to take it for you, Mr. Wheeler."

From this meeting sprang a strong and lasting friendship. Walter acquired large acreage, a good home and became the leading potato planter on the Point. Walter and LuLu were blessed with one son, Ralph.

Two years after Walter Atkinson came to the Point his younger brother, John, appeared seeking his fortune and recovery from illness in the warm winter climate so enthusiastically praised by his brother. He worked and saved, John V. Atkinson and Becky Taylor soon met, fell in love and were married. They secured the Lieurent place opposite the Boyntons on Commercial Avenue. They put all their savings in their cherished home and young orange grove.

And then the big freeze of '99 killed their orange trees to the ground. They had no money, no heart to rebuild it. The only source of money to be found in the stricken community was in Hodge's logging camp and for garden produce.

So Johnie worked all the week in Deep Creek swamp for seventy-five cents a day returning home for the week-end, while Becky planted strawberries and other salable garden crops, worked them, picked, and prepared them and wheeled them the mile to the dock in a wheelbarrow were she sold them locally or shipped them to Palatka on the mail boat for sale or trade.

As the potato industry grew and largely replaced the orange crop, Johnie became the expert cooper on the Point, setting up the barrels for many of the

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potato farmers. This industry, thrift and hard work finally made possible the purchase of the fine house and the beautiful river front of the Walter Hart place.

What of the next generation of the Taylor posterity? Charles and Lizzie Brown were blessed with seven sons and twin daughters. To John and Becky came five daughters. And the third and fourth generations of descendants of Ephram and Mary Taylor are contributing to the good citizenship of Federal Point and are bringing to communities near and far vigor, intelligence, industry, culture and spiritual strength. These qualities have been woven into the personalities of the posterity of Ephram and Mary Taylor thanks to the humanity and friendship of the people of Federal Point and the youth, vigor and varied inheritance and talents of their sons-in-law.

(The basic facts of this historic story were obtained in conversations with Lizzie Taylor Brown, Becky Taylor Atkinson and LuLu Atkinson in November 1953 and from my father, Edwin S. Hubbard, during his lifetime).

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THE SECOND CRUISE OF THE FROLIC

The first cruise of the 36 foot cabin cruiser, *Frolic*, was so successful and enjoyable to us, men, that we were anxious for my mother and sister to go on the next trip.

As an objective or reason for going, my father said he wished to see a manufacturer of wooden buckets at Crescent City as he was not satisfied with the containers he was using for picking up the potato crop.

So a day was set, Gertrude Wheeler, teen aged daughter of the Clark Wheelers, was asked to go, finally securing her parents consent, and we were off early one beautiful morning.

The familiar, wide stretches of the St. Johns past Orange Mills, "Esperanza", "Graylocks" and "Moonstone" on the east shore and "Oak Villa" and Rice Creek to the West were soon passed to the steady put-put-put of the small motor. We took turns steering as we all knew the channel and the courses to steer.

At Palatka, after passing through the railroad draw-bridge, we filled the gasoline tank in the bow, the ice box in the stern, made a few additions to the larder and started off on the real adventures of the cruise.

At Palatka, the river makes an abrupt turn to the East, narrowing sharply from its several miles of width in the lower river. The deep cove in the river's bend above Palatka was filled with great stacks of cypress lumber on docks out over the river, curing before being loaded on schooner, steamer or rail for distant markets. The musical whine of the great saws as they ripped the huge logs, the clatter of boards end timbers being piled, the thumping of logs as the "bucking nigger", muscled them into position for the saws, all created an atmosphere of human activity and commerce.

We soon passed from this noisy activity as we entered the Devil's Elbow--so called because of the narrow channel, the tall forest on either shore, the two right angle bends and the more rapid flow of the narrow river, all hazards for sailing craft in the early days.

As the river resumed its southern course, the east bank rose in sandy height as we passed San Mateo. At Buffalo Bluff we blew four blasts on our conch shell for the railroad drawbridge to open for us. We waved to the bridge tender as we passed through the draw and were soon entering Dunns Creek which flows through swamp land for six or seven miles, connecting Crescent Lake with the St. Johns River, draining the area between Lake George and the Halifax River, northward.

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As we wound our way through the narrows ever-changing channel we marveled at the canny skill of Capt. Burton who piloted the large steamer, *Crescent*, through this tortuous channel in all weather without running aground.

Again we sounded our conch shell as we neared the railroad and the highway bridges and swept through, watching eagerly to see if the fishers on the bridges might pull in a fish as we passed by.

Finally we entered a long reach of the stream at the end of which no near shore blocked the view. There was open water extending far down Crescent Lake to a distant shoreline. We soon entered the long, wide waters of this beautiful lake, treacherous in stormy weather.

Before reaching Crescent City we came to the wharf where the buckets were made. So we blew three blasts on the conch shell to announce our intention to land. My father throttled down the engine as we approached, stopped it, threw the lever that changed the fly wheel direction to reverse and pulled up on the crank to reverse the propeller and check our speed as we rapidly approached the dock. No impelling explosion followed. The motor did not start as it should. A stiff breeze on the port quarter pushed the big boat forward and into the dock with a great crash that upset our balance and the water cooler. I sprang ashore with the painter, secured it to the tie post and we climbed ashore, fortunate that no damage was done, resolved not to trust the reliability of reversing the two cycle motor to stop the *Frolic* quickly.

We found that the buckets were well built of white cedar with metal hoops, sturdy light and long lasting. So Papa ordered a good supply to be sent down on the *Crescent*.

By now it was evening. This was a quiet spot so we settled down for supper and sleep. The oil stove was lighted; the coffee pot and frying pan taken from shelf and hook. Soon the appetizing odors of supper made us chase our hunger with oranges and bananas while Mamma set the table, forward, between the side seats.

Supper finished, we settled down in satiated lethargy to a cozy enjoyment of sunset and the twilight sounds of a southern lake--one long shore lined with orange grove homes, the opposite, distant shore--all forest. With the setting of the sun the chorus of frogs started, to continue all night. A mocking bird or a blue jay argued with its mate. Dogs barked in the distance. A darkie's sweet voice floated from somewhere in uninhibited spiritual song. Bats and swallows flew high--omens of fair weather. As the darkness deepened a laughing owl sounded way off, across the lake. Trout splashed as they rose to strike at insect or minnow.

A young miss is al always a joy when a party is off for a vacation trip. Gertrude was an easy-going, cheery sort with no cause to champion and mild

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interest in her surroundings. She was a city girl from Bridgeport, Connecticut, and a good sport at roughing it.

A few Sundays before, a party of us young folks were taking a long walk along the woods road around the Point. Gertrude said, "Oh! The other day I saw a big black snake cross the street. He was as long as the road." A chorus of whoops greeted this amazing statement. Gertrude's freckled face blushed between the freckles as she said, "Oh! I mean it was as wide as the road". Again a happy chorus greeted this whopper. Gertrude was fun to have along. My father and mother were adept at drawing out her expressions of innocent ignorance and surprise at tales or subtle teasing.

We sang, sleepily, to my banjo accompaniment till my mother finally brought out pillows, sheets and blankets, then stretched a couple of sheets lengthwise of the cabin, dividing it into two cozy sleeping spaces. My mother, sister and Gertrude slept to port, my father and I to starboard.

My father, as he was wont, roused us at sunrise to see the few fluffy clouds glow with faint pink, changing into rich rose clear across the heavens in the matchless beauty of a Florida sunrise. Soon the glitter of the sun's disc pierced the tree tops across the glassy lake and the sun, itself, crept up into the glowing sky. With the heat of the sun the first breath of a morning breeze gently rippled the lake's surface confusing the ripples made by striking fish or swimming ducks.

Breakfast finished, we cast off from the wharf and proceeded on down the long lake towards Crescent City. As we neared the wharves of the town a single musical whistle blast announced the starting of the small, white yellow funneled steamer *Star* mail-boat to Palatka-.sister of the *Crescent* of the Beach and Miller line. As she swept by, passengers lining her rail, we saluted her with three conch shell blasts, which he acknowledged with three white whistle puffs, seen before the sound reached us.

We tied up at the Beach and Miller wharf, passed the time of day with the Millers, strolled the streets with their winter homes, facing the lake, set in modest orange groves. My sister's and my mother's practiced eyes searched out the flowers and ornamentals. My father noted details of architecture and horticulture. Gertrude and I just enjoyed ourselves as young, carefree youngsters will.

We were interested to see Capt. Miller's orange grove which lay across the lake beyond the island. So we cast off and swept across the lake steering for the covered wharf on the distant shore. The sky and wind were becoming unsettled as we landed but did not seem ominous. We found the shore to be flat hammock with tall cabbage palmettos scattered through a thrifty orange grove. We had heard of the fine quality of the fruit grown on this marl-bottomed, moist soil. We searched, in vain, for a stray orange which the pickers might have overlooked. As we returned to the wharf and the *Frolic* we found the lake lashed

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by a strong, gusty gale; darkened by a heavy rain cloud which approached rapidly from the west. Quickly we climbed aboard, cast off the line, started the motor and attempted to turn, from broadside to the wind and waves, up into the wind to get out into the wide lake away from the lee shore. The *Frolic* refused to turn but kept straight ahead along the bonnet lined, muddy bottomed shore. She was pushed to leeward by the wind blowing against her high cabin, forward, overcoming the push of the rudder. Frantically I climbed out onto the small front deck, grabbed a long pole from the roof, thrust it into the muddy bottom, held the bow fast while the propeller and rudder swung the *Frolic's* stern shoreward, her bow into the wind. The too -small motor then pushed her off shore into the open waters of the lake, now almost hidden by a downpour of driving rain. The storm soon passed as we swung around the island towards the northern end or Crescent Lake, and home.

All went well until mid-afternoon when we were past the last point on the west shore opposite "Oak Villa", with the buildings of Federal Point in sight and the North Dock jutting far out into the river, some three miles away. As we were driving steadily along into a light breeze and small waves, I chanced to see the end of an upright pole bared in the trough of a wave some fifteen feet directly ahead. I threw the wheel over to avoid striking it. Then, with a slight jar the motor raced at high speed. The *Frolic* lost headway. The screw propeller blade had struck the submerged pole, became unscrewed from the shaft and lay on the bottom of the river.

There we were, within sight and sound of home--stranded, not even a dingy to send for help.

Over went the anchor in ten feet of water. The *Frolic* swung to the anchor line, near to the breeze, broadside to the Point. We took turns blowing the conch shell with bulging cheeks, hoping someone at the Point would hear and come to our aid.

My mother noticed signs of nervous excitement in Gertrude, So she said, in an aside, for me to cuddle her and keep her distracted from what might seem to her to be danger, So we stood in the open window of the bow while I held her close and "sang her songs of Araby and tales from fair Kashmir" -- or things of such like -- until we spied a white speck move away from the boat dock in front of the Wheelers. It rapidly grew larger. We could hear the put-put of the motor of the Wheeler's launch. Soon we could see the anxious, bearded face of Gertrude's father thrust forward from the cockpit of the launch. He shouted, "Is Gertrude Wheeler there?" She assured him that she was very much all right and refused to leave the *Frolic*, while she was towed home, until we tied up at "Three Oaks"--safe at last--with a delightful, adventurous trip to remember, always.

THE TRAGIC END OF TWO INSECTS

I once made an acquaintance to whom I became intimately attached for a very brief time--whose memory will always remain with me.

One hot summer's day I was mowing the heavy growth of grass and weeds in Uncle Gideon's orange grove on the river shore, by Deep Creek swamp, when I felt the feet of a mosquito alight on the back of my right hand, quickly followed by the sharp prick of its bill thrust through the skin.

Gently resting the scythe in the hollow of my left arm I raised my right hand ready to swat the mosquito with my left. As I turned the back of my hand towards my eyes the mosquito appeared, intent on its feeding, its body several times normal in size glowing bright, translucent red in the brilliant sunshine. My poised left hand delayed its blow as I observed, in amazement, the body of the insect rapidly inflate like a toy balloon. Evidently its bill had punctured an artery. My blood pressure was filling the astonished mosquito entirely too rapidly. It braced its legs, wrenched its bill loose, rose in the air and burst, spattering the back of my hand with a shower of blood.

Our acquaintance was ended--but the memory lingers on.

One hot day, at "Heartsease", when the seventeen year locusts were filling the air with their incessant, metallic hum, I observed a hen scratching expectantly in the yard. Suddenly she caught sight of a cicada with its luminous eyes, glassy wings and bulging abdomen alight on a stalk of grass close by. Quickly, she grasped the body in her bill, violently shook her head, swallowed the body while the fore part of the insect flew swiftly off into the distance, like a disembodied spirit, its brain, its eyes, its mechanical functions freed of the encumbrance of the flesh, soaring away, light as the summer's breeze.

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THE HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY

The annual meetings of the Florida State Horticultural society were looked forward to from the time we crossed the home threshold when returning from the current meeting until, a year later, we took train or boat to the city where the next meeting was held. For, each year, a different city invited the Society to meet there and spread itself to make the members comfortable and to show them all it possessed of interest, beauty and entertainment.

For 23 years my father was a member of the executive committee with men like Lyman Phelps, E. O. Painter, H. B. Stevens, G. L. Taber, P. H. Rolphs and other outstanding horticulturists and scientists. He served under presidents such as H. Harold Hume, Myron E. Gillett, C. T. McCarthy, W. R. Richardson and others. He repeatedly declined the office of president feeling he could better serve the Society on its directing board. Through association with these great leaders in the horticulture of Florida and the incidental contacts with others he became an accepted authority as a Florida Horticulturist. When he finally declined re-election he was given a great expression of appreciation for service to the Society and was made an honorary member.

When I returned home the winter of 1901, after finishing school, the '99 freeze had so cut income that my mother and I did not accompany my father to the meeting in Tampa in '02. The next meeting was to be held in fabulous Miami which had recently been reached by Henry M. Flagler's East Coast Railroad and boasted one of his superb hotels. Though this sub-tropical city was 300 miles away we conserved our growing resources and boarded the train at Hastings in gala mood en route to Miami and the many friends my parents enjoyed from all parts of the state.

This first view of the Halifax and Indian Rivers with their luxuriant hammock growths of live oak, pine, magnolia, bay, gum and cabbage palms was fascinating as were the savannahs edged with groups or lines of tall, slender cabbage palmettos between whose trunks the blue, sparkling river with the outer line of island sand dunes or forest spread, clear as cameo or crystal, under the canopy of deep blue sky, adorned with white puffs or billows of cumulous cloud. Long lines of pelicans pursued their purposeful way in exact military formation above the waters, white, gray and blue herons waded in the shallows, mullet leaped high and glistening from the blue waters, porpoise occasionally heaved their black shapes above the water to blow, then dive in curving grace beneath the surface to appear, again, far along their course. Sea gulls soared gracefully.

Familiar names were on the stations--called by the handsome colored brakeman --Ormond, Daytona, New Smyrna, Titusville, Rockledge, West Palm Beach, Fort Lauderdale--while the scene became more and more tropical. From time to time a friend, member of the Society, would climb aboard the train to be enthusiastically greeted--W. S. Hart of Hawks Park, Mr. and Mrs. E. P.

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Porcher (founders of the Deerfield brand) and G. S. Hardie and daughter, Maude, of Cocoa. Pres. E. P. and Mrs. McCarthy of Eldred (parents of our late governor) and many others. For who was not eager to see the wonders of this new city and its tropical setting alluringly proclaimed in the flowery language of Rev. E. V, Blackman, editor and enthusiast.

After we left West Palm Beach the air was almost constantly rich with the tantalizing fragrance of ripe pineapples. For the ancient sand dunes which line the river shore for some fifty miles were the heart of the great pineapple industry then flourishing in Florida. One of the most luscious, delicious delights I have ever eaten was a field ripened pineapple, peeled and sliced on the shore of Biscayne Bay.

On arrival we were carried by carriage to the latest in hotel luxury, soon to gather in the foyer to greet old friends and meet new ones. For my father was well acquainted with all the leading men of the Society and my mother (most charming socially and an enthusiastic lover of ornamentals as well as people) was ever the center of a group of kindred spirits.

We strolled in the evening about the hotel grounds which were effectively landscaped with native and exotic palms and shrubs. We promenaded down the flowering hibiscus-lined street to the shore of beautiful Biscayne Bay. For the first time we heard and marveled at the rain-like rustling of coconut palms in the stiff, balmy sea breeze. We retired, weary from our long exciting journey to become rested for the program of the morrow.

In the morning, before the meeting, my father and I went to the auditorium early. He then left me while he met with the officers of the Society. An attractive, efficient young lady was unpacking sheets of programs and literature in preparation for the meeting. I asked if I might help distribute them on the seats and made myself generally useful. (I am surprised to find in the recorded minutes, "Aubrey Frink and E. Stuart Hubbard appointed assistant secretaries").

In 1903 there were over 800 members. Many new members joined so that they could take advantage of greatly reduced rail rates and see this newly developed part of Florida.

The highlight of the meeting was a short greeting by Henry M. Flagler. He said, "It is not necessary to travel 367 miles of Florida railroad to discover a work of merit, but the man who cultivates his five acres or ten acres industriously and soberly, that man has his reward. It is not the size of the thing we do, but the way we do it."

There were addresses on pineapples, mangos, other tropical fruits, fertilizers and irrigation, wilts, celery, ornamentals, citrus fruits, drainage of The Everglades, entomology, vegetables, transportation, peaches and pears,

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damage by cold, cultivation of orange groves, strawberries, new fruits and the many routine matters of society management.

All this was fascinating to an 18 year old young horticulturist experiencing his first meeting in Florida.

The main feature of entertainment was a sail down Biscayne Bay, to the lighthouse, on the ocean steamer *Miami*. Naturally, friends gathered in groups, young gentlemen sought the acquaintance of bright eyed young ladies, all drank in the beauties of water, shore and sky through the eye, breathed deeply of the salty sea breeze.

The Society, wisely, provided much of interest for the ladies. A committee of women who knew their flowers, trees and shrubs reported the latest or special features concerning planting and growing of these ornamentals that contribute to the beauty and fragrance of the homestead. Side trips to the most beautiful examples of park or home grounds and gardens were arranged for the ladies. Life-long friendships were formed. These meetings in varied settings each year were planned to draw and interest the family, hence the very large attendance and the valuable exchange of experience and knowledge developed in the meetings. The scientific addresses were essential in the acquisition of the solid facts of horticulture.

The down-to-earth questions, comments and contributions of the intelligent members who had come to the state from many different climes and with varied talents and background were invaluable in guiding the thoughts and operations of fruit growers. The records of these meetings still contain a background of information which can be of great value to the searcher for broad knowledge.

And so the three days quickly passed. We entrained for home. Station by station, old and new friends waved farewell as they stood watching the departing train. Who can measure the worth - economic, social and spiritual - of these meetings to the fruit growers of Florida?

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HUNDIE

While my sister, Edith, studied singing in New York with Madam Alice Garrigue Mott, she attended the girls finishing school of Miss Eva Murphy. Her sister, Marie Murphy, acquired a bull terrier pup. She named him Hundie. When he had grown to the stature of doghood Marie found him to be too much of an irrepressible, adventurous spirit to be happily contained within the walls of a young ladies academy.

Knowing the spaciousness of "Heartsease" and Edith's fondness for him, Marie consigned Hundie to "Heartsease" as Edith's dog.

This suited Hundie perfectly--except that he did not care whose dog he was if he could only spend much of his time with our cold storage engineer, Will Van Wagner. For Will Van Wagner fired the steam boiler and looked after the ammonia absorption cold storage machinery. During the long nights in the warm boiler house Will could give Hundie unlimited attention. He shared his lunch with Hundie and he loved Hundie as much as Hundie adored him.

Hundie was a mixture of white and light brown. He missed being a pure white beauty because of patches of brown on hind quarter and head. His long, active tail, also, was partly painted. But in spirit, eagerness for fun or a fight Hundie was without a rival.

In play, Hundie would wildly chase sticks and stones always with his utmost speed, his most spectacular feat being passing between the horizontal wires of the Cyclone fence that Uncle William had woven along the avenue at the top of the steep bank in front of "Heartsease". I would pick up a stone, hold it out in front of me, while Hundie danced eagerly, expectantly beneath it, his long, pink, curving tongue lolling from the side of his panting mouth, his eyes, partly closed, with crinkles of joy in their corners, shining in his broad brain-box. Then I would skip the stone across the road, through the fence, out of sight down the hill. Hundie, off with the swing of my arm, could flatten out as he sped after the bouncing stone, slackening speed not a bit as he neared the closely woven wires, bring his front legs and paws snug under his chin, flip his hind legs sideways so they swished between the wires which barely gave room for his stretched-out body, then drop his hind legs into place ready to land on the smooth sod of the very steep hill out of sight below. Soon a vastly self-satisfied dog would crawl under the fence, stone in mouth, trot, panting violently, up and lay the stone at my feet, eyes asking for another chase.

He would grab hold of a strap or a stick with his powerful jaws and hang on while I swung him around and around high off the ground. If his grip slipped and he flew away with the centrifugal pull he would come bouncing back eager to grasp the stick again with gusty growls in an effort to pull it away from my grasp

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and chew it to pieces. He would chew and chew on round stones until we feared he would wear his teeth dull.

He found his first woodchuck before he had acquired his full stature and strength. Encouraged by Will Van Wagner, he dashed between the chuck and its hole. bounced on the crouched rodent and fought valiantly until both he and the woodchuck were so exhausted that they separated, lay down, panting, then went at it again, the woodchuck maneuvering all the while to reach its hole. Finally, Will finished off the chuck with a stick, patted and praised Hundie and brought them both to the house to exhibit the dead victim and the bleeding, happy near-victor.

Hundie became a talented woodchuck dog. He learned their ways and how to take hold and shake them. Some were so big he shook himself as much as the woodchuck. But he so well rid the nearby garden and fields of woodchucks that he had to go into the distant meadows and the orchards to stalk them.

Once he surprised an orchard chuck which frantically scrambled up a low limbed tree on a steep slope and crawled out on a long bow which stretched out over the down slope. Hundie tried in vain to follow out on the bow, fell off twice, then climbed higher up the tree to a limb above the woodchuck, crawled precariously out, dropped on his prey, dragging it down as he fell and finished it off on the ground.

To take a walk along the highway with Hundie was to invite adventure, In his younger days he would attack on sight, near or far, any dog of any size and fight him most viciously and enthusiastically until he out-fought and chased his rival away to the security of its home and people or until he and the other dog were forcibly separated and subdued. As he grew older and wiser he would thoughtfully appraise the size and ability of the dogs he might chance to meet, looking with casual interest at some otherwise unnoticed object while walking beyond the trousers legs or skirts of his escort if he considered a dog too formidable to fight.

Uncle William bought thirty-five acres of hill in 1898 from Robert Titus beyond Titusville for a new orchard above the normal frost line. He had a strong, lively team of gray horses that Peter Olson drove to a long, flat platform wagon. After 6:30 breakfast Uncle William, I (during spring vacation) and several men would climb on the wagon with Hundie standing up front. With searching eyes, and dripping tongue, he would keep a constant watch for anything of special interest to him. One day as we skirted the creek in Titusville a big black cat ran leisurely across the road in front of the trotting team and started up the steep bank on her way home. Hundie took a deep, happy breath, sprang from the wagon, landed on the slope behind the startled cat and chased her till she sought refuge up the trunk of a locust sapling which grew at the top of the bank. To our delighted amusement we saw, clearly outlined against the sky, the cat with

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enormous tail leap against and up the tree, Hundie's jaws open wide, he leaped high, close on the tail and the squalling cat and Hundie scuffle for a second then part, the cat to dash up another tree; Hundie, with bloody nose, to give the cat a last laughing look and then run after the wagon to be lifted up, patted and praised.

Another morning we were passing Delamater's wagon house and stable some eighty feet from the highway. The broad door was open. In the doorway, warming and washing herself in the sunshine sat the Delamater tiger cat. Hundie took n flying leap. Cat and dog disappeared like a flash into the building. We heard shouts and out ran Hundie, tail between legs with a tall Harold after him with a brandished pitchfork. After suitable apologies to Harold we lifted Hundie to the wagon platform and proceeded to the planting, greatly cheered, for the long day's work.

It was this work party passing by each day with picks and shovels that gave the new orchard the name "Klondike". Neighbors asked Uncle William where he was going. He replied, "To the "Klondike" to dig for gold". For this was at the height of the Alaskan gold rush.

As time passed our mother greatly wished for a dog for company and protection when Papa was away speaking at Farmer's Institute meetings. So Hundie accompanied me on the Clyde Line steamer one Fall when I was returning to "Three Oaks" from my apple harvest season at "Heartsease". I lead him on leash up the gang plank and forward to the deck house in the bow where a colored steward took charge of him. As the ship sailed down the bay and out to sea I stood on the top deck in front of the pilothouse and looked down. There was Hundie gazing dejectedly at the rolling sea. I gave a whistle. He cocked his ears, looked up, saw me and danced up and down, barking wildly. From time to time I would go to see him. He would whine and bury his head in my trousers legs for joy and the companionship of his friend.

Hundie fitted perfectly into the routine of his new home, There were cats to chase, except our own black kitten whom he had to learn to let alone and finally to love. There were sundry dogs with whom he fought or enjoyed socially. There were rats to be killed at the barn. And there was, always, his new mistress to cherish and protect.

One evening after mail boat time the door bell rang. Papa had gone away for several days. Hundie followed Mamma to the door which she opened to find a short, stocky man with gray-streaked, bushy beard and friendly assurance, suitcase and umbrella in hand.

"Are you Mrs. Hubbard?" he asked "Yes," she cautiously replied "I am Homer Coxhead, from Poughkeepsie", he said. "I know the Harts. Perhaps, you remember my sister, Sister Elizabeth of the Church School". My mother admitted that she did. "I am on my honeymoon", he explained. "But my bride is not with

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me. At the last minute she backed down and we were not married. So I am taking the trip we planned, anyway. You see, I like to travel, have been in 43 of the states--but have never been in Florida. Knowing that the Harts lived at Federal Point I thought it would be nice to stop here." My mother replied, "Mr. Hubbard is away on a speaking trip. I am alone with my bull terrier who is fierce if aroused (Hundie liked nothing better than to chum with strangers, but looked impressively capable). There is no hotel so you may spend the night, my mother said.

My mother hardly knew what to make of this strange looking man with his surprising tale. But she relied on his apparent acquaintance with the family and on the psychological protection of Hundie and enjoyed the many tales of his travels and experiences as a postman in Poughkeepsie.

Hundie was kept tied by the kitchen stove so he would not ramble at night. Late one night there was a dogfight outside. The next morning, when my father came down to light the kitchen fire, he found the window smashed, the rope leading out the window; Hundie suspended from the rope. And so passed a loving companion, a joyful, adventurous spirit, having a long, happy life--spared the hampering infirmities of old age.

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LET'S HAVE FISH FOR DINNER

The family problem of meat for the daily menu was very different, in the 90s, from what it is today.

Ice was obtainable in Palatka. It could be sent down on the mail boat, a large cake packed in a crocus sack with two or three inches of sawdust completely surrounding it for insulation. There was little loss from melting, even when it lay in the hot sun on dock or deck. But it cost money. And a refrigerator cost money, and other things were more vitally needed to be bought with the little cash we had.

Food was kept in ventilated cupboards, or safes, which stood on a covered porch in the breeziest spot. Here were kept the pans of milk to raise yellow, leathery cream and to form clabber. Fresh meat, when obtainable, might be kept for a few hours in summer before going into the oven or pot for roasting or stewing. Cereals and vegetables, berries, etc., kept fresh there for awhile.

These safes were usually made with mosquito netting but were not dog-proof. My father took odd pieces of galvanized iron sheets. These he laid on the end grain of a section of pine trunk, seated himself alongside on the wide verandah and, with hammer and twelve penny nail, punched a pattern of holes close enough together to permit the free passage of air but to keep out flies, gnats, roaches, cats and varmints. Thus he saved the money for netting and could be with his Louisa while she churned or sewed in the long, calm evening.

Sometimes, on Saturdays, Mr. MacCullough would kill one of his woods cattle, butcher it and peddle the beef from a box in the back of his wagon through the settlements of Merryfield and Federal Point. Any piece of meat was ten cents a pound. The meat was cut into roasts and stew meat as the wire grass, palmetto-fed, unripened meat was too tough for steaks. Hours of cooking were required to reduce it to relative tenderness. The flavor was fresh and rich, unlike the Western beef from Kupperbush's butcher shop in Palatka. Western beef, though tender, was treated with chemical preservative of which it tasted unpleasantly.

Our main reliance was canned roast or corned beef from our commissary or bully beef hooked up from the brine in its cask.

Fish, on the other hand, were always fresh when pulled, dripping and flopping from the river. So, fish were an important item in our diet as fish were free for the taking or cheap if bought from professional fishermen.

For several years Papa had a fish trap in the river in front of "Three Oaks". This consisted of a poultry wire cage with a funnel-like hole opening into it from a wire-winged, V shaped approach. The fish swam along the wire wings to the trap then, sometimes, into the funnel and its small hole into the trap. When water

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moccasins learned to seek these imprisoned fish and water hyacinths increased, the trap became impractical. Then the building of the North Dock provided six hundred feet of fishing platform as well as the fun of fishing with bamboo pole and angle norms or live bait. Most any day a mess of bream, trout (black bass), eels, catfish or crabs could be taken with a little time and patience. When the weather was pleasant, fishing was incidental to the social gathering of winter guests like the Van Wycks, the Spooners, Aunt Fannie, Cousin May Hart, Cousin Julia Hart and whoever happened to be on hand. Then, Mrs. Wilkinson was always a welcome personality and fishing expert, The wives and families of our colored field hands were almost daily afternoon anglers unless rain or high wind and cold weather prevented.

These all used poles cut from bamboo clumps or from cypress saplings from cypress ponds in the woods, stripped clean and smooth of their stringy bark--light, limber and tough. One day Rev. Wm. Landsberger, our converted German-Jew Episcopal minister, appeared with a steel-jointed rod and reel--the first many of us had ever seen. There was great interest and amusement among the local fishers as they watched the slender clerically clothed, side whiskered priest struggle with the intricacies of rod, reel, gut leader, fancy sinker and painted, pointed dobber. Fish as faithfully as he might, he rarely got a bite while they, with their long poles, black thread for lines, simple hooks of correct size, flattened buckshot sinkers and vinegar-bottle corks spat tobacco juice on their wriggling worms and pulled in a steady stream of fish.

Crabbing was fun for little boys and girls and their doting female relatives and friends who kept them company. We could look down from the high dock into the amber-clear water and see blue and brown tinted crabs with yellow claws crawling or swimming sideways in the shallows (often sheltered against a sunken log or clinging to a piling). Our tackle was simple, a piece of string with a scrap of bacon rind tied on. This we lowered to near the surface of the water, then swung and dropped it close to the crab. He would approach the bait eagerly, reach out his big claws, draw the bacon to his mouth and hang on determinedly while we pulled him up steadily, hand over hand, and dropped him into a waiting bucket. When we had several crabs rustling and rattling around in the bucket, claws up on guard if threatened, we would carry them triumphantly home, dump them struggling into the boiling kettle on the kitchen stove, see them change to bright red, then dump them into cold water ready to crack and serve. With homemade potato bread and freshly churned butter, potatoes, buttermilk, sliced sugared oranges or bananas and golden sponge cake our young appetites were delightfully satisfied.

The bream, though so small that it took several of the hot, brown, cornmeal-crust, juicy fish for a meal, were fresh and sweet. The trout were larger, more easily boned, with white slabs of meat. The catfish, considered plebian, were really delicious. Commercial fishermen caught them on set lines up Deep Creek, shipped them on the mail boat to Palatka where they were

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processed into fillets, shipped to inland, Southern states and sold as boneless cod.

In the wintertime fish often left the flats for deeper water. The weather was often cold and windy. Fish appeared less frequently on the table. Then I might get up at dawn, walk out on the dock and look or listen for a shad fisherman's boat out in the wide channel of the river. For shad were caught from December through March. Two fishermen, equipped with a wide-sterned skiff with two rowing seats forward and a long, long gill net would stretch the net in deep water across the channel where the shad swam on their way to the spawning grounds in the upper river. The nets were marked on either end by floats with flags by day, lanterns by night. Cork floats strung along the net supported it. Lead weights along its bottom kept it flat and vertical. At night the lights of several nets could be seen up or down the river or opposite "Three Oaks" as they drifted with the tide. The river steamers, tugs and yachts were supposed to dodge around the ends of the nets. The nets were, also, supposed to be kept clear of the exact center of the navigable channel. Sometimes the nets were placed or drifted so as to be unduly in the path of a steamer so that an impatient pilot would cut right through the net often winding it up on paddle wheel or propeller. These nets were costly to the fishermen, in money and hours of off-season work. A portly Scandinavian, Gustafson, was prone to crowd the channel with his net. Men listened with awed admiration, women discretely went indoors when they heard Gustafson's voice fling curses at the captain who steered through the net while Gustafson stood in his oil skins in his boat, walrus mustache bristling, shaking his fists in violent rage at the chuckling boatmen until the steamer, with blazing lights, churned her way past leaving the fishing boat pitching violently in the swells of her wake.

Sometimes, as I scanned the width and the long reaches of the river, one or more shad boats were easily seen not far away, On still, foggy mornings one would stand still and listen intently for sounds of fishermen's voices, an oar bashing a crab or a garfish against the bottom of the boat; or oars rhythmically creaking in rowlocks, while sounds of awakening life-roosters crowing, hens chatting as they dropped from roost or tree, dogs barking, darkies singing as they started their long walk to work,- the report of a duck hunter's gun, away off, sounding "phfutt", muffled by the heavy, foggy air--distracted my attention.

When a shad boat was located I climbed into the boat, wiped the dew from the dripping seat, shipped the oars and rowed towards the fishermen, perhaps a mile or two distant.

The fishermen gave a cheery greeting. "Have you a cut roe shad, a flounder or sea bass or speckled perch?" I would ask. If I were lucky they might have a beautiful, big roe shad which a crab had nicked as it hung drowned or helpless in the net. A small cut in a shad ruined it for shipping North but did not harm it for immediate use. After exchanging a quarter for my choice of fish and chatting a few minutes while the worthless ones thrown overboard with a curse, I

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would pull for home and a welcome breakfast, my father and mother examining my prize with interest. We had fresh fish for dinner that day.

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ORANGE MILLS

Glimpses Behind the Vale of Time

Among our earliest memories my sister and I cherish the interest and excitement we felt as the mail-boat, on its way to Palatka, past the Brown, the Dorr and the Evans docks, we looked ahead to see if white flags were up, signaling us to stop at any of the wharves which jutted out from the shore before and beyond Orange Mills. Perchance Miss Powers from the Simpkins placed some one of the Dancys of "Buena Vista", old Mrs. Hazel of the Hazel grove with her daughter, Maggie Murphy, or the Cowgills and others might walk down the gang plank to be greeted by our parents who found much of present happenings and past reminiscences to pass the all too short time, on our way to Palatka. Our dearest memories contain fragments of the adventures, the romance, the hardships which, to us children, seemed to come from the haunting past filled with stirring events and exciting adventure.

At last curiosity compels me to lift the veil which obscures the past and discover what I may of the story of the river shore near Orange Mills.

The Indians knew the St. Johns river as Welaka, River of Lakes. The Spaniards named one of its longer, widest stretches Valley Lake, They built a fort at Picolata, at the northern end of Valdez Lake across country from St. Augustine. During the British occupation of Florida many of the Spaniards moved to Cuba, returning in 1783 when Spain again ruled the Country. Then they built a fort, in 1812, at the southern end of Valdez Lake at "Buena Vista", home 20 miles south of Picolata, to present the Patriot's army from passing. Then, in 1819, Spain ceded Florida to the United States.

At once Americans began to develop this new territory. The fabulous Kingsley, of Fort George Island, planted an orange grove about 1822-24 some two miles north of "Buena Vista", south of a swamp ditch cut into the banks of the river. The trees were of Spanish origin. This large planting was the first commercial orange grove in Florida. Kingsley chose this location wisely, The soil along the shore was fertile, well drained hammock backed by a magnificent pine forest, the soil was underlaid with clay from two to five feet down. The broad expanse of water, to the west across 2nd to the northwest down the river, provided excellent protection against ordinary frosts and freezes.

Soon the grove was acquired by Dr. R. G. Mays, a cotton planter from South Carolina. with easy access to river tourists, it became a famous example of the possibilities of orange culture in this newest of our territories.

Then came disaster to the new orange industry--blasting of the belief that this river shore was safe from cold injury to semi-tropical vegetation. The greatest freeze ever known to Florida swept down from the northwest. On

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February 8, 1835, the temperature dropped to 8° in Jacksonville--did not go above 21° all day or above 32° February 9th. It was 7° at Picolata. The St. Johns River was a sheet of ice for some distance out from the shore. All fruit was frozen, there was no living citrus leaf or wood left above ground.

New sources of income were needed while the orange trees were recovering, if they could recover, from this heartbreaking freeze.

And so, about 1840, Dr. R. G. Mays, his son, Sumpter, and his sons-in-law, Rhydon Cole, _____ Simpkins and _____ Call built and operated a sawmill to harvest the splendid yellow pine timber which grew in virgin perfection on their land and the few giant cypress trees near the edge of the swamps. The mill was built just north of "Buena Vista" and was named Orange Mills. The first day's run of lumber is said to have been 29,000 feet.

Soon a succession of sloops and schooners sailed up the St. Johns to carry this finest of lumber to northern and foreign ports. There is good bass fishing around the submerged piles of rock-ballast thrown overboard from sailing vessels before loading the lumber from this prolific mill. When the river channel was dredged past Orange Mills, over half a century later, it was said by steamboat captains that the shoals were composed of the saw dust from this mill. Lizzie Brown says that, in stormy weather, the river was roily with sawdust).

Meanwhile, at Tarboro, N. C., a son of the Dancy family (D'Ancy in France) was growing up on the rich plantation. He graduated from college at North Carolina. He completed the engineering course at West Point Military Academy with honors in the class with Jefferson Davis and was sent to St. Augustine to build the sea wall, which was built during 1835-42, the time of the Seminole War.

Chaperons were a nuisance to young folks in those days. So Lt. Dancy built the sea wall just wide enough for two young people to walk close together, side by side, while the chaperon must pick her precarious way on ahead. The belles of St. Augustine were all a-twitter over this charming West Pointer. Lieut. Francis Littlebury Dancy must have had a personal interest in the width of the sea wall for, from all the city belles, a little, lively, irresistible miss, Florida Reid from Georgia, married him when fourteen years old -- presented him with twins at fifteen, the first of eighteen children. When I saw her in the nineties she was still the charming center of the Dancy family at "Buena Vista" where Lieut. Dancy took his bride.

Here he built a log house and separate log kitchen. The house, typical of its day, had two large rooms separated by a broad, floored space-all under one roof. As the family increased, so also the house grew in length and in an upper story. Its moldering remains are still where it once proudly stood. The great hallway was the favorite dance floor for friends up and down the river shore. It was said, "You can always count on plenty of Dancy's at the dances." But in

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those days, infant mortality was high as is evidenced by the little stones in the family cemetery at "Buena Vista".

This new territory attracted cotton planters from near Edgefield, South Carolina. Rhydon Cole operated a large cotton plantation in west Putnam County between Interlachen and Grandin, He married one of Dr. Mays' daughters and built a fine house near Dr. Mays at Orange Mills. A Mr. Siegler operated a cotton plantation at Grandin. One day in 1851 a young man named John B. Hazel arrived at Siegler's plantation. He had driven one of Siegler's big cotton wagons from Edgefield down past Augusta, Georgia into and across north Florida. He asked Siegler if he could find work in the neighborhood. Siegler said "The only work I can give you is splitting oak rails. This is too hard work for you. Take my horse and look for work along the river shore". John returned at night. Siegler asked, "Did you find work?" John replied, "No Sir, and I do not intend to use your horse looking for work while you have work I can do for you". So he split the oak rails.

Then came Dr. Mays to Siegler's house. "Siegler, he said, I need a young white man for overseer in my lumber operations. Do you know of such a man?" Siegler replied, "Yes, Sir, I have a young man who is splitting rails for me. He is from Edgefield, S. C. His name is John Hazel. I believe he should suit you." Dr. Mays looked John over, then held out his hand saying "Young man, I was best man at your father's wedding". So Dr. Mays found his overseer, John B. Hazel found his place in this frontier country.

John B. Hazel worked in the sawmill. He bought the Sanchez place just south-west of "Buena Vista" on the river shore. In the year 1860 he married Dr. Ellen Fitzpatrick McCallum, widow of Eugene McCallum, a civil engineer who had worked in the sawmill, leaving her with three children. Ellen Fitzpatrick, an Irish girl, had graduated from the Dublin Hospital before coming to America. She was of medium height, rugged frame, possessed of an unbounded spirit, doubtless courage, and an Irish brogue. She was a practicing physician, doctoring the people down and up the river shore as far as Shell Bluff, traveling on horseback through the forest, unafraid. She dominated the scene, even in the nineties, when she entertained the passengers on the mail-boat with her spirited conversation.

The busy community farmed part of its land along with its lumbering and the care of the sprouts which came up from the roots of the frozen orange trees. One day a tourist walked ashore from the river steamer at "Edgefield Grove", home of John B. Hazel. He saw steam rising from a sugar cane kettle and a mule walking round and round the mill as the rollers pressed the juice from the sugar cane. He was greatly interested. He tasted the light brown sugar and became a regular customer for sugar for his candy factory in New Jersey. Cattle were pastured in the woods. Fenced fields were cowpenned to bring through the cattle fertility of the pine woods and swamps to the newly cleared land. Corn, sweet potatoes and vegetables were grown to feed the slaves and the families of

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the mill operators and to provide sugar and syrup for home use and for sale. (J. F. Tenney describes the meat he once had at Orange Mills, the best he ever ate). There were two orange groves at Orange Mills, the large grove of Dr. Mays where the Mays grapefruit originated, consisting of 6,000 trees and Col. Dancy's smaller grove, source of the Dancy tangerine.

Five miles to the north, on a point of the east shore, Cornelius DuPont lived in the only house. He had cleared a small amount of land, built several slave cabins and hired out his few slaves. This point was called DuPont's Landing.

Such was the east shore of the St. John's River in 1861. The five homes at Orange Mills and "Buena Vista" were roomy, handsomely furnished. The mill was profitably turning out shiploads of lumber. The orange trees, frozen back in 1835, and others planted since then, were producing heavily of fruit which sold at high prices. It was a happy time.

Then came war. Florida seceded from the Union. Most of the people left their homes along the river since Yankee gunboats patrolled the river from time to time, stripping the country of cattle to feed the Union army, ruthlessly shelling houses and pillaging homes. Rhydon Cole was said to have buried his family silver and a pot of gold on his place. The Dancys and the Hazels remained in their homes.

Col. Dancy, as he was called, was now too old for active army service, He ran a line of commissary wagons in support of the Confederate forces. He was wanted by the Yankees as a spy as well as an army officer. On one of the gunboat visitations Col. Dancy gathered together all his family and slaves, led them to the high ground, back from the river, where they all crouched or lay in the deep drainage ditches while the soldiers searched in vain for them. There they remained in terror of being discovered while the baby (later Mrs. L'Engle of Jacksonville) wailed much of the time. Finally the searching party embarked and steamed away.

Toward the end of the war, a Yankee gunboat steamed up the river. Tradition says that, when still north of DuPont's Landing, it began shelling the buildings at Orange Mills. The mill was burned. Years later, an old Union veteran who was working at "Heartsease", our home in New York, said, "I was on the St. Johns when they shelled and burned Orange Mills. It was a useless outrage".

Now Dr. Ellen Hazel, as she rode her black horse, named Lanky, up and down the river shore doctoring the people, was suspected by the Yankees of giving information about their activities to the Confederate forces. So one day a gunboat landed at Orange Mills. The officer came ashore and asked for Dr. Ellen Hazel. He arrested her as a spy. He informed her that he was taking her to Jacksonville for trial. She pleaded with him to let her go to her home to arrange

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for the care of her children. The officer refused. So she instructed a neighbor what should be done. She was well treated on the 65 mile trip down the river to Jacksonville. When the gunboat tied up, Dr. Ellen Hazel walked ashore--started up the street. The officer pre-emptorily ordered her back. "Don't you know that you are a prisoner? Where do you think you are going?" She faced him defiantly, saying in her Irish brogue, "I've needed some clothes for a long time. You can't hold me prisoner, I'm a British subject." (And how the Irish hated the English). The officer, doubtlessly relieved to be rid of this spirited woman, let her go. He feared causing an international incident. So Ellen Hazel had her trip to Jacksonville, bought her cloth and was perfectly capable of finding her way back home (even, perhaps, compelling the Yankees to return her there).

At last, in April of 1865, the long, terrible war ended. Of the handsome Cole mansion, only the chimneys and ashes remained. Mr. Simpkins met J. F. Tenney who had returned at the end of the war and was exploring the river shore and urged him to occupy his beautiful mansion at Orange Mills as it was vacant and might be plundered. Mr. John Francis Tenney wrote, "One cold, dark, rainy night a steamer blew for the landing. She landed Dr. Mays and his wife, an aged couple, who were coming home for the first time after the close of the war. Their house stood about a half mile from the (Simpkins) landing, and to reach it they had to cross a foot bridge through a small swamp. Their house had been shelled by a Yankee gunboat--and robbed of nearly all its furniture. They were formerly wealthy people, owning many slaves and a cotton plantation besides an interest in the big sawmill that lay in ashes. He gave them our lantern and saw them start off through the gloom with feelings too deep to be written in cold type."

The slaves had been freed. A few remained with their white folks or near them. The white families of the men who ran the mill were in desperate plight with no work or money. Ephram Taylor, a Union veteran who had married Mary Charlotte Wright of South Carolina, was living in a one room cabin. The Hazels lived in a two room house close by. Mary Taylor and Ellen Hazel bet each other which would become a mother first. Ellen gave birth to Maggie in November 1865 while Lizzie Taylor was born December 31. Maggie married M. J. Murphy of Wappingers Falls, N. Y. Their son, Cecil and daughter, Hazel, live in a house towards the river from the old house. Lizzie Taylor married C. W. Brown and still lives at Federal Point, just north of Dorrs swamp.

While staying at Orange Mills J. F. Tenney visited DuPont's Landing. He found Cornelius DuPont destitute except for his land. His few slaves were gone, his large deposits in a Charleston bank were lost in its failure, his health was poor. So J. F. Tenney purchased this tract of fine land north of Orange Mills. In searching the records at St. Augustine Mr. Tenney found that the men who surveyed this land, after the United States acquired Florida, wrote "Federal Point" on their field notes. So Mr. Tenney changed the name from DuPont's Landing to Federal Point.

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Soon the beautiful river shore became settled with families from North, East, South and west. The Warner brothers, textile manufacturers from Utica, New York, started an orange grove at "Esperanza", two miles South of Orange Mills in 1868. Benjamin H. Hart, three sons and six relatives, and others, bought grove sites at Federal Point. This section of the river shore was spared the terrors suffered by many southern communities since the people, at once, formed a strong Republican Unit, out-voted the Negroes and were not interfered with by carpetbaggers.

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PATTERSONVILLE

Fifty years ago a road branched from the Federal Point--Hastings to Palatka highway just west of the railroad at the Orange Mills crossing. This road meandered through the woods east of the fenced in estates which faced the river and east of the swamp which separates the Orange Mills section from "Esperanza", "Graylocks" and "Moonstone".

Scattered along this road or back from it, but rarely close together, were darky cabins with their pig-pens, chicken coops and sketchy barns. A fence, enclosing perhaps one or several acres of land, kept the woods cattle from the garden, the corn, cow peas, sweet potatoes, sugar cane, watermelons and whatever else the family might grow. There was an appearance of age in the weathered cabins, the cypress-shake pickets and the fruit trees, grape arbors and ornamentals. This scattering of homesteads was known as Pattersonville.

Such was the situation which James H, Millican, who married Col. Dancy's granddaughter, Lallie Dancy, found when he purchased the Sanchez tract which covered this area of fine pine turpentine timber. Jim found no indication on the tax map or his deed of any such houses or fields.

So Jim stopped at one of the cabins where a tall darky, his wife, his children, his chickens and his hound dog were lazing in the shade, "Good morning. What is your name?" Jim asked the darky who had come to the gate. "Mawnin boss, Ma name's John Reid, suh?" "Well, John, is this your place, do you own it?" "Yas suh." "Well, John, do you have a deed for this land?" "A deed, suh? Wha' fo's a deed? I ain't nebber heard ob a deed. We's allus lived here." "Well now, John, how did you come to get this place?" "Mr. Jim Dancy, he giv it to ma pappy when he was freed after de war. I doan need no deed, suh, Mr. Jim Dancy give de lan' to ma pappy." And so it was, wherever Jim stopped to inquire.

Not long after this, Mr. James Dancy, prominent civil engineer of Jacksonville, was visiting at "Buena Vista". Jim said to him, "Mr. Dancy, I have bought the Sanchez tract. There is no record on the deed or on the map of the darky cabins that are scattered through the woods at Pattersonville. John Reid and the others tell me that they own their land. That you gave it to them." "Yes, said James Dancy, "at the close of the war our slaves had no place to go -- no way to live. They went back into the woods and took what cabins there were or built for themselves. There was no objection to their doing so. There was nothing else to be done. These families have had possession of their land for half a century. I assured them that the land was theirs. No judge or jury would take it away from them."

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Jim replied, "I have no desire to take their homes from them. I was curious to know how they could own their land without any record appearing in the clerk's office in the County Court house."

It is significant that "Reid" was the name of Florida Reid whom Col. Dancy married in St. Augustine and whose family came from Georgia. There are other names, besides Reid, among the families at Pattersonville that are the same as those of settlers along the St. John's River before the Civil War.

BURIED TREASURE

The Cole place has maintained an atmosphere of romance down through the years, accented by the massive stone monument in the family cemetery. The legend of buried treasure has caused much of the ground, from time to time to be dug over by treasure seekers. James H, Millican, tells this tale,

Soon after building a turpentine still by the Florida East Coast railroad at Orange Mills at the start of this century, Jim purchased the Cole property, then the Mays' and other contiguous tracts. As he worked at the still, an old man named Baker made a practice of driving his wagon in the forenoon past the still and down the lane to the Cole place, returning some hours later. Jim thought little about it. "Perhaps he goes fishing in the river." One day Jim went to the Cole place to start his men cutting the boxes in the pine trees to collect the gum. He noticed that a lot of fresh earth had been turned up by someone digging holes. "This must be what old man Baker has been up to", Jim surmised. Some days later Jim and surveyor Harvey were running the boundary lines around the Mays' place. They had to pass through the Cole place. At that time woods cattle kept the underbrush grazed down so that one could see some distance through the pine saplings that had grown up on abandoned clearings. So Jim and Harvey observed four men, towards the river, intent on some project. As they approached, one of the men was using a slender iron rod with which he was probing down through the sandy soil into the layer of hardpan or clay. They walked close enough to see that the prober was bushy-bearded Captain Cone of the mail boat. Jim hailed them. They acted gruff and off-ish, so Jim went on to his surveying, puzzled.

Next day Jim's curiosity led him to the Cole place. At the spot where he had seen Captain Cone and his companions he found a deep hole dug down into the subsoil. "Hm", thought Jim. "That mythical gold that Cole was supposed to have buried. Hm." So Jim strolled about the place, meditating. He went to an old falling down shed, used years back by fishermen. He found an old, rusty kettle, picked it up, examined it inside and out. Then, with a grin on his face, crinkles around his eyes, he walked quickly to the deep hole; gathered up some old dark, crumbly leaf mold from under the grass put it in the kettle, lowered himself into the hole; settled the kettle down into the soil, tipped as if recently disturbed; mixed sand and clay with the mold and scrambled out. He looked in every direction to see if he was observed by anyone. He saw no one.

Next morning, as Jim expected, old man Baker drove past the still, on down the lane to the Cole place. Jim stayed at the still. Soon the head and ears of the flea-bitten mule appeared in the lane. Old man Baker drew up by the still. He appeared excited, yet cautious. "Jim," he asked, "Did you know that somebody has dug up the Cole gold?" Jim replied, "I reckon so." "Who did find it?" Jim replied, "I can't talk." Old man Baker mused awhile. 'Twas said there was ten thousand dollars in gold buried there. Was there that much?" "Not far from it, I reckon", Jim replied. Old man Baker fidgeted. "The government's

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supposed to get a part of that, isn't it?" "I doubt if the government will see any of it", Jim replied.

A stoop shouldered, dejected old man drove his mule away. Never again, did Jim see old man Baker, or anyone else, go down the lane to the Cole place to dig for treasure. No more deep holes endangered coon hunters or livestock. No more piles of freshly dug soil broke the sod as the woods-cattle, undisturbed, kept the grass and bushes closely grazed over the remains of the Coles who lie buried in the family cemetery or the ashes of the once proud mansion and anything that may still lie hidden beneath the ground that once knew happy times before the war.

- EPILOGUE -

Such is the outline of the picture of the river, its shore, the people, the houses and their wharves, the great sawmill, the vicissitudes of life with freezes, war, happy society, the tragedies of frontier life sketched in with something of the rich color of the shifting scene. There is still much detail that may be found to fill in and enrich the picture. Never can its complete drama and beauty be placed on page, on canvass or on screen.

Still, when one speeds in motor boat along the river shore, where once the settlers rowed or sailed their boats; when one gazes down the length of Valdez Lake from "Buena Vista's" shore; when one glides smoothly along the highway where jolting wagon, bouncing buggy or jarring mule or saddle horse wound their rutty ways between the virgin pines, one may sense and envision the people of the past and be thankful, indeed, for the part they once played in the building of our country and the bearing and rearing of ancestors of many of its people.

This sketch was made possible by very brief conversations with Lizzie Brown; Lallie Dancy and Jim Millican; Cecil Murphy; Dr. Young, of the Young Historical Library at Gainesville, who spent some time at the Cole place when a youth; Moragne and Elizabeth Evans Husson; John W. Griffin, historian of the St. Augustine Historical Society; the librarian of the Palatka library; my sister, Edith L, Hubbard; J. F. Tenney's book "Slavery, Secession and Success", and others, both recently and back through sixty years of memory.

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GRANDFATHER EDWIN SMITH HUBBARD

At the time of the Civil War a white farm house with its barn, spring house and out houses overlooking the broad Connecticut River nestled at the fork of a steep bank in the bend of the road which runs from Higganun to Maromas.

Here was the happy home of a family descended from early pioneers supported by the farm in the wholesome way of life of the industrious, enterprising, intelligent, traditional New England people.

Next to the river lay marshy meadows where the tasty, fine textured meadow hay was cut with scythes, raked, cocked and carted to the barn with oxen. A higher bench and steeper slopes provided cropland for corn, potatoes, vegetables and fruit, while across the highway, pastures, crop land and forest, cut by two brooks and their branches, reached up the sloping hills of the valley of the Connecticut.

Directly across the road from the house a towering growth of rich green hemlocks arched a rushing, babbling brook which flowed swiftly under the highway bridge to fall some forty feet into a small mill pond. By this pond stood a small saw mill powered by a big wooden wheel.

As time passed, the family increased until Great-Grandfather Samuel John and Great-Grandmother Frances Drusilla Smith Hubbard with their three sons Edwin, Clement and Elmer and daughter Fannie completed the busy, lively household; an infant son Ervin, died from eating percussion caps.

Most of the necessities were produced on the farm: meat, milk and its products; eggs and poultry; summer fruits and vegetables, canned or preserved for future use; herbs, apples, potatoes and roots, sweet potatoes stored for winter; and wheat, corn and buckwheat, ground for flour, meal hominy and cereal. Fish and eels in the river could be had for the catching, while brook trout were plentiful in the brooks as the clear, cold water fell into shaded pools in the woods, or flowed sluggishly in deep, narrow, boggy channels across the meadows on its way to the river. Bees supplied honey; maple trees, sugar and syrup. Saw mill slabs and tree-top wood furnished heat for cooking and warmth for the house in winter. Taxes were paid, in part, by the work of men and teams on the road. Schooling, in part, by boarding the teacher in turns with neighbors.

What little money was needed came from the sale of surplus farm products, from lumber from the woods and from custom work of the saw mill. Strong boys might find employment in the Whitmore granite quarry on the next farm. Many store supplies were taken in trade for eggs, butter, cottage cheese and other produce.

The production and preparation of all these things required skilled hands, trained in careful, deft, use of implements and tools and the ways of animals and

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growing things. There was unlimited opportunity for an intelligent, inquiring mind to develop thoughtful comprehension of the technique of using scythe, axe, hoe, cultivator saw, awl, last and needle, forge and anvil; for nearly all building and repairs were done on the place and careless, shiftless work was not tolerated. Everyone, according to one's special aptitudes, was expected to be self-reliant and to do what must be done.

One day, when all the family were away, Edwin was logging in the nearby woods. His keen ax glanced, cutting a wide gash in his thigh. Binding it hastily, he hurried home, cleaned the wound, took a large needle and thread and sewed the required stitches to close the wound.

The beauties and wonders of plant and animal life, the rocks and streams, the clouds and the stars all were studied and were joys to a youth whose inquiring mind sought out the reasons for and the identities of the phenomena which he met everywhere.

And what a setting to develop a love for and an acquaintance with the beautiful and interesting in nature. From the river bank stretched meadow, where muskrats swam the streams and pools, where bull rushes and cat tails, saggitaria, Jack-in-the pulpits, Cardinal flowers, ferns and all the moisture loving things grew in the rich silt and gravel (deposited by erosion from the hills and silt from river freshets) or left by ancient glaciers which ground their way from the northwest to melt in Long Island Sound and the Atlantic Ocean.

Up the slopes the alders of the sluggish brook gave way to soft maple, black birch and elm; then up the rocky hills, hard maple, chestnut, ash and oak, mixed with hemlock and pine, grew in soils and locations best suited to each species.

The ground was carpeted with a myriad of nature's little things: grasses, wild strawberries, violets, butter cups, blood root, anemomonies, hepaticae, wild geraniums in the spring; wintergreen, with blossoms in springtime, red berries in the fall, always deliciously aromatic to chew; trailing arbutus, trillium, fringed gentian, and many other dainty and robust beauties, all growing in rich nature's generous profusion in a perfect setting.

Then, pasture and fence row shrubs and vines and woodland underbrush of great variety, beauty and interest were everywhere: mountain laurel climbing blackberries springing up in profusion in new clearings; elders, whortleberries, viburnum, tulip trees, wild cherries, wild grape. White clematis and bittersweet in the fall, sweet fern on the high hills added beauty, and fragrance at every step.

There were squirrels (red and gray), rabbits, woodchucks, foxes, raccoons, wildcats, skunks for sport or as vermin to be shot or trapped. Quail, partridge, ducks and pigeons were game birds. Hawks and crows were predators. And the wide varieties of birds from great owls to tiny humming birds--

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all occupied their ideal spots in this natural setting for their species, with nests to be discovered, eggs to be identified.

The rocks and glacial stones were of fascinating interest to Edwin: native granite, quarried nearby: feldspar; brownstone, quarried at Portland across the river. There were limestone, shale slate, sandstone, quartz, mica, fossil bearing rocks, schist and others to identify and learn their origin and where the glaciers found them.

The woods of the forest all had their special values and uses: Oak for barn and house timbers: pin oak for the pins to hold the beams in place: hickory for wagon wheels and frames; ash for handles and wagon work; cedar for shingles, closets and chests; maple for furniture; white-wood for cabinet work; elm for stable floors; hemlock for beams, sheeting and barn siding: pine for fine trim, floors and siding; cherry for furniture; long lasting chestnut for posts and rails. They all went through the mill. Their identities, uses and their special qualities were discussed and learned at an early age.

All these things were of importance and interest to such a New England family where none of its energies or interests were distracted or wasted by intemperance, dissipation or discord.

The social side was provided for by Sunday school and church: by one room district school and Middletown High School and by neighborhood socials, activities and friendships.

This was one of the earliest farm areas settled in America.

The farm was part of a grant given the Sears ancestor by the Crown.

The farms, narrow on the river front, reached far back from the river, placing the farm houses in neighborly nearness to each other.

Discipline, industry and conformity to the rules of social conduct were taught and enforced by the school teacher with birch switch and parental backing. The fundamentals of decency, honesty and fair play were inculcated in homespun fashion. The fiber of character, thus woven, could withstand the friction and strains of life and has been a main factor in the development of our America.

The church was Congregational. Its doctrine and discipline encouraged the responsibilities, activities and decisions of the individual. Its young people were well organized. It was a spiritual and social center for the community.

Singing school taught reading, phrasing and exactness of tempo--an acquaintance with classical and religious music.

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Entertainment demanded participation in dramatics, recitations and music as well as dancing, sleigh rides, skating, husking bees and picnics.

Human nature was the same here as everywhere, varying in response to the talents, inheritance, family standards and physical equipment of the individual. There was ample opportunity for the development of the finest in manhood. Edwin responded physically, mentally, morally and spiritually to these surroundings and influence.

EDWIN MIGRATES TO FLORIDA

When Edwin finished high school there was no money for a college education, he was not needed on the farm and the only steady employment was in factories in nearby towns. So, when his uncle, Edwin Smith, wrote and asked him to come and help him in his trading-post and store and with his small farm and orange grove in Florida and asked how much wages he would expect, Edwin answered that \$18.00 a month and board was the going rate for farm help and would be satisfactory.

Captain Smith, a bachelor, agreed to this and said that the opening was for kin and might lead to Edwin's continuing in the business. He send him money and directed him to his former partner, John A. Lyon whose produce commission store was at 333 Washington St. New York City.

"Capt." Edwin Smith, brother of Edwin's mother, after sailing the seas, had been in the produce business in New York. Then he became one of the first Yankee settlers at Federal Point, Florida after the Civil War. When inspecting his prospective property the un-drained land was partly flooded by the autumn rains. He sent to Jacksonville for rubber boats so as to go over it thoroughly before committing himself and his money. He found it to be easily drained, desirable farm land.

And so Capt. Edwin Smith had purchased a building site near the steamboat wharf on Commercial Avenue and a strip of land between Commercial Avenue and School Street and had built a large building for business, home and, possibly, hotel. He traded goods or paid cash for fruits and produce which he shipped to Florida, or more distant markets.

Upon receiving Capt. Smith's letter and money, Edwin purchased a trunk, a suitcase, packed, said farewell to home and family and at 6:00 PM, Aug. 27, 1880, embarked on the Hartford nightboat at Middletown. While the sidewheel steamer glided swiftly down the Connecticut he stood on the starboard upper deck passing through the narrows, past the landing at Maromas and the marshy meadows of the home farm, beyond which the lights of his boyhood home shone through the darkness while a lighted lantern swung like a pendulum with a final complete circle as his family signaled their farewell.

Edwin slept in his cozy stateroom; the steamer plowing steadily up the Long Island Sound in company with similar white boats from New Bedford, Providence, New London, Bridgeport and other ports. At early dawn this marine parade steamed into the East River and on to its respective docks. He was landed alongside the great, new, Brooklyn suspension bridge with its rattle of steam tram trains, the hooves of horses and the iron wheel rims as the busy traffic flowed between Long Island and Manhattan.

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Edwin lost no time looking up John Lyon who secured passage for him on the steamer *City of Atlanta*, an old wooden ship which carried freight and some seventy five passengers to Charleston, South Carolina. They sailed down the bay, past the Statue of Liberty, through the Narrows, past Coney Island, to port Sandy Hook, to starboard and as dusk fell, saw the brilliant recurring flash of the light on Atlantic Highlands beacon guiding incoming ships to the great port of New York.

Among his fellow passengers Edwin discovered several from Palatka Florida whom he would know well, since Palatka was to be his county seat and shopping metropolis.

The ship had a high fo'castle in the bow, then a well deck between the fo'castle and the upper deck and bridge. Edwin observed a large shipment of sugar-mill machinery too massive to stow into the hold, piled on this open deck, high above the keel of the ship. His curiosity led him to note the direction the compass needle in the pilot house pointed, then that of the vironacle [binnacle] in the stern. He found a difference of a degree. He reasoned that the massive machinery in front of the pilot house had pulled the compass needle away from magnetic north. Sure enough, when the ship after passing Cape Hatteras, far to starboard, reached the vicinity of 'Frying Pan Shoals', some sixty miles northeast of Charleston, and the crew sounded the lead, no bottom was found. The ship then turned due west and steamed two or three hours before they got on soundings. Was Edwin thrilled.

As they neared Charleston the sea became rougher and rougher--too rough to cross the bar. Jetties had not then been built to scour out the sandy channel. So the ship anchored and rolled fiercely all night. She went in at high tide next morning. Edwin was one of the few people not seasick. At Charleston they learned that a hurricane had blown ashore at Savannah doing much damage, especially to seaside cottages on Tyber Island. A steamship, the *Vera Cruz*, had foundered at Matanzas inlet below St. Augustine with a loss of fifteen lives and a side wheeler, the *City Point*, connecting between Charleston and Palatka, was held up by high waves at St. Johns bar where there was only eight feet of water.

The steamship line transferred the passengers to rail for Jacksonville.

As the train rolled through the forest land it unexpectedly stopped. Two box cars of baled cotton were blazing on a siding. The conductor refused to pass them until the heat abated. He would not risk the heat breaking the coach windows. He explained that another conductor had recently had to pay for such damage himself for taking the risk of heat breakages. So two hours were lost.

The steamship company put up the passengers for the night at Savannah's best hotel, the old Screven House.

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The next day the passengers entrained for Jacksonville, Edwin was introduced to Mrs. Hickman, a widow of Palatka, and her daughters Mrs. Joe Kennerly and Bobby Hickman. They proved to be pleasant company.

Upon reaching Jacksonville, Edwin found that the night boat, the *Rosa*, Captain Joe Smith, a Mississippi type sternwheeler plying between Jacksonville, Sanford and Enterprise, would stop at Federal Point. So he, with his baggage, along with the other fellow passengers, boarded the *Rosa* and enjoyed the beauties of the evening sky as they steamed up the wide, low banked river to the coughing exhaust of the two horizontal engines which drove the big stern wheel, pushing the big boat through dusk and darkness, water cascading from the paddles of the wheel.

Near midnight, the *Rosa* blew for the dock at Federal Point where she landed Edwin and his baggage to be welcomed by his tall, slender, bearded uncle, Edwin Smith, into a new land of interest, romance and adventure.

FOOT NOTE: The St. Johns River, then was the only thoroughfare going south for passengers and freight as there were no railroads south of Jacksonville except the fourteen mile track from Tocol to St. Augustine. A steamboat line carried mail, passengers and freight daily each way between Crescent City on Dunn's (Crescent) Lake and Jacksonville. During the winter there were two steamboat lines making daily round trips between Jacksonville and Palatka. The Hart's Ocklawaha stern wheel stateroom steamers made overnight trips to beautiful Silver Springs. Numerous night boats with staterooms carried passengers and freight between Jacksonville, Sanford, and Enterprise. Stages carried passengers eighteen miles to Titusville on the Indian River and little stern wheelers went from Lake Monroe further up the narrowing river to Lake Poinset where freight and passengers were hauled to Rockledge.

THE DANCE IS THE THING

Dancing! Music! Society! Adventure! Wherever there is youth these pleasures must be enjoyed.

When Edwin came to Federal Point Sept. 3, 1880 there were but two larger cities on the river which boasted tourist hotels where orchestras and ball rooms were available.

So on December 28, 1880 Edwin embarked in the Hart's fourteen foot boat, *Pioneer*, with its three rowing seats and leg-of mutton sail, to attend a dance in Palatka. Frank Tenney, young Folson, Harry Heath and Harry Clark with their partners made up the party.

The wind was southeast so the four mile stretch to "Oak Villa", to the southwest, was quickly covered under sail. Where the river bends southward, the sail was furled, the mast unstepped and the remaining eight miles were covered with oars, the fresh "white-ash breeze" carrying them along at a merry five mile clip.

The Palatka girls, copying the tourists, were rather snobbish to the country youths, when introduced, though their families were not wealthy.

There were square dances and waltzes. Edwin had not learned to waltz but enjoyed the square dances with Louisa and other partners.

And then, the wind shifted to the Northwest. It began to grow cold fast. By nine-thirty the women put on their wraps, but kept on dancing. By ten-thirty they could not keep warm and the dance broke up.

The party hurried down to the boat dock shivering. The balmy southern breeze had changed to a bitter cold Nor-wester. The girls disposed themselves as snugly as they could, lying on the rear side seats which curved around the cockpit, wrapped in blankets. The three rowers, however, must keep warm with the rowing, backs to the wind.

As they rowed swiftly homeward the waves which rolled down the long reaches of the broad river crested and broke in whitecaps with hissing foam. The spray from the waves as they broke in the darkness against the lifting bow of the deeply laden boat, showered the backs of the rowers, freezing on rope and oarlock. The water which seeped through the upper seams in the hull froze in the bottom, thick as a window pane.

Edwin's hair had been closely cut before the dance. His head and neck nearly froze as the bitter wind and spray blasted against the unprotected, tender skin.

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And so (as Orion, brilliant in the fresh clearing, traveled steadily from east to west) the twelve miles of troubled water were gradually passed. Three hours from starting, the shivering, weary party scrambled onto the landing to seek home and fireside. Happily no one caught cold.

At day break thermometers read 24°. There was ice in oranges and lemons. Then it rained. Icicles, two and three inches long, hung from the fruits. No serious damage was done then.

FOOT NOTE: This tale is based on an account by Edwin. He does not mention Louisa. It can be assumed that lively, fun loving Louisa was one of the ladies curled in the stern sheets of his boat.

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CRUISE TO DRAYTON'S ISLAND

One summer's day, in 1896, a tall boy for eleven years, I stood on the upper, stern deck of the steamer *Crescent* watching, with misty eyes and trembling lip, as the North dock, the many gables of "Three Oaks" , the great cypress trees and pasture forest of Uncle Edmund's place and the stretch of the great river beyond the beacon up to Orange Mills, rapidly dwindled into indistinct distance. For, I was given to understand that I would not see them again for many long years. And I love them all. My parents were taking my sister and me North to "Heartsease" where we would remain until we finished our secondary grades of school.

Then, after Thanksgiving of '98 we both came down with severe, exhausting coughs, later diagnosed as whooping cough. The "Heartsease" folks decided that it was best for us to be bundled off to Florida for Christmas and the cold months to recuperate. Were we delighted!

As I grew stronger I worked in the orange groves which were recovering from the '95 freeze, then frozen to the ground in February, I helped in the store and did the many things that a 14 year old boy, large for his age, could do to help my father and mother.

The Wheeler brothers, Dwight and Clark, had a covered, curtained gasoline launch. One of their favorite cruises was up the St. Johns, past Drayton's Island (which divides the St. John's at the foot of Lake George) across the great lake to its west shore where Salt Creek winds for some five miles as it drains the great flow of sulfur water from Salt Springs. In March they planned a four days trip to Salt Springs, with John and Will VanWyck and Alfred Evans as guests. They invited me to go with them.

Of course I was thrilled with the idea. Second to Deep Creek, this creek and spring possessed an aura of adventure and loveliness to those who had visited them.

When I informed my parents of my invitation they reacted strangely. They were thoughtful, uncertain, evasive in their answers. My father said that the grove needed hoeing--he could not spare me for four days. I countered with the proposition that I would pay a man the four dollars wages from my savings to get my work done. Finally it was agreed that I could go as far as Drayton's Island where they planned to camp in the launch the first night, and return on the mail boat, *Fearless*, from Georgetown the next morning to Palatka and home by our mail boat in the afternoon. I have since concluded that the tales told of a previous trip when a lanky cracker introduced them to a much praised liquid which he called "peach and honey" as well as the discouragement caused by the freeze prejudiced my parents against permitting me to be exposed to the adult

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adventures of an extended trip, even though the Wheelers and Van Wycks were very fine, respectable people.

So, one morning we loaded all the guns, (for ducks and snakes) the fishing tackle, bedding, broiler and cooking utensils, provisions drinking water and other impediments into the launch and started off in a gala mood.

At school I was a minor editor of the "Riverview Student", our school paper. I had been asked to write something for it. So I made mental notes of the things of interest that appeared as we plowed happily up the winding river--a big hawk with pointed wings described as a snake hawk; the railroad draw-bridge; the high, dandy bluff at Buffalo Bluff; the buying of a beautiful roe shad from a fisherman's boat; the turning of the river channel into a short clear, flowing creek to a beautiful blue sulfur spring were the Wheelers expertly dressed and broiled the juicy, bony shad for our lunch. Then a short run up the Ocklawaha River; our speed through the tropical swamp retarded by the rapid flow from distant Silver Springs. Then on up Little Lake George (just missing a big, nearly submerged log) through the narrow, winding river to the wharf which jutted out into the east fork of the river opposite Drayton's Island. Here we secured permission to tie up for the night.

With the setting of the blazing sun in a cloudless sky the breeze slackened and died. The full moon rose above the pines and moss draped live oaks of Georgetown. The happy party began to bed down for sleep before continuing on to Salt Spring in the morning while I slowly paced the dock, in melancholy mood, yet drinking in the magic beauty of the coming night. As the sun set the chorus of frogs started tinkling along the shore, the rhythm of the chorus across the channel on the island crossing the quiet, slowly flowing water like an echo. The song and chatter of mockingbird reluctantly retiring and the hoot of distant owl. The sounds of the village were muffled by the mighty oaks and other shade and forest trees. The stars struggled to pin point the clear blue sky against the brilliance of the southern moon. Fish occasionally splashed in the quiet stream. Sufficient air kept moving to prevent mosquitoes from pestering and distracting my wistful enjoyment--wistful from the lack of feminine companionship in so romantic a setting. Even such lonely loveliness must give way to the drowsiness of active youth. So I turned in.

When I woke at sunrise there was scarcely time to eat breakfast before the *Fearless* blew the four whistle blasts of a mail boat. I shook hands with the party, reluctantly, who wished me bon voyage home.

The *Fearless* was a two deck fifty foot steamer with white passenger cabin behind the pilot house. The cabin for colored passengers, the crew's quarters and galley aft and freight space foreword took up the lower deck. The long sticks of lightwood were stored below decks near the boiler with the engine aft.

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I soon made friends with the captain. He cheerfully answered questions and told of things of interest as we stopped for mail, freight and passengers or slipped quickly by an orange grove dock, a deck hand snatching letters thrust out on a long split pole. A shad fisherman's boat would lie in the channel awaiting the mail boat, fishermen waving their arms for the steamer to stop. Standing in the bow of the skiff one would tie it to a stanchion, the boat trailing alongside. Then the fisherman would lift a couple of boxes or a barrel, dripping with melting ice, to take their catch to the fish dock at Palatka where the shad would be packed for express shipment to Fulton Market in New York City or most anywhere.

The captain let me steer the small steamer. I learned the feel of shoal water on the port side pushing the bow into deeper water to starboard and the compensating turn of the wheel required to keep her on her course; the higher waves of her wake which rolled up on the shoal, their crests breaking near shore. I learned the pulsating throb of the propeller when we crossed a shoal, jarring the whole ship, her wake piling up behind her on both sides. I steered small gasoline launches, sail and row boats. This difference was fascinating, watching the operations of approaching the wharves, making fast, putting out the gangplank, getting under way again, from the point of view of the captain, were doubly interesting and significant to a rapidly maturing youth. This all compensated, somewhat, for the disappointment of not continuing on to Salt Springs.

Finally we reached Palatka. To pass the time until our mail boat should leave I toured the waterfront, looking at the many launches, sailboats, row boats, Ocklawaha River Steamers with lofty cabins and state rooms and stern wheel housed-in to protect it from logs and limbs as it wound its way around the sharp bends of the narrow, swiftly flowing stream. There was the Tilden Sash and Blind factory. The boathouse for the Mellons' yacht; the tall, forked cabbage palm on the grounds of their winter home. And there was the genial old darky with his basket of fresh roasted peanuts on his arm soliciting customers from the passengers of the day boat, round trip from Jacksonville; and mail boats.

There were the odors and smells of street and commerce: the aromatic fertilizer warehouses, the bales of vanilla plant plucked in the pine wood to make fragrant the tobaccos of that day, rosin and turpentine, pine and cypress lumber, the mules and horses, the musky odor of the river, the pitch pine smoke from the smoke stacks of the steamers and exhausts of the gasoline boats were a part of the atmosphere of commerce and city life. Only the fragrance of boxes of oranges was missing, for all oranges had been recently frozen and gone.

Finally the passengers of our mail boat began coming down Lemon Street, down the alley past Martin Griffin's store, across the gang plank and deposited their purchases in the cabin. As the time for leaving neared the pace of the arriving passengers quickened until, with the warning blasts of the whistle men, women and children hurried down the last stretch and came panting and perspiring down the gang plank.

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Finally the whistle blew its blast to announce our passage out into the stream and we were off on the familiar trip homeward.

FOOTNOTE: Jim Millican informs me that the spring south of Welaka has ceased to flow where we lunched by its boiling pool. Dredging for an anchorage basin cut the vein nearer the river.

THE COMMISSARY STORE

After the '94 hurricane and the '94-'95 freezes, my father borrowed from the "Heartsease" family to build the North Dock and the packing house. At the same time he was pruning back the dead wood on the orange trees (killed back to the trunks or large branches by the freezes), planting strawberries as a catch cash crop, to carry us over until the orange trees again bore fruit, building refrigerators in which to ship the berries north and improving and maintaining the property. Hence he employed a number of men.

The only source of supplies for our men or ourselves was Squire Tenney's store or Palatka, by mail boat, or Jacksonville by steamer *Crescent*. So our men asked my father if he would furnish them with staples such as bacon, lard, grits, meal, flour, kerosene oil etc., as they thought Squire Tenney's prices too high. So my father divided the carriage house putting shelves on the back wall, a counter across the center and stocked up with a simple line of goods.

Operating a retail store made it possible to buy hardware, packing supplies, dry goods as well as groceries at wholesale: thus causing a considerable savings.

Soon the neighbors of our darkies, learning of the better prices selection and quality of the groceries our men were getting, come Saturday night, asked if they, also, could buy from our commissary. The women begged my mother as a special favor to get them cloth, clothing, shoes, household furnishings etc., so my father partitioned off the south end of the new packing house, lined the walls with shelves, built a grocery counter on one side, a dry goods counter on the other, a desk and office corner and invited any and all to trade with him.

At this time Hodge's logging camp, up Deep Creek, employed many men. Saturday nights were busy times supplying them with the simple luxuries of life--candy, tobacco, canned food, clothing etc.

At this time we were all raising money to build a rectory for the church. So we had a cake of ice, packed in sawdust in a burlap sack, come on the mail boat. My mother made custard from our creamy milk and eggs. Edith and I broke up the ice, loaded the freezer, turned the crank till it would turn no more, pulled out the dasher, scraped it with spoons as our reward and carried the ice cream to the store where we served it in saucers to the eager darkies along with delicious layer cake made with Pillsbury flour from the flour barrel. Our take bought doors and windows for the rectory.

A country store at that time was very different from the supermarket of today. Sugar came in 350 lb. barrels, flour and grits in 198 lb. barrels (grits and corn meal in barrels larger than flour barrels). Coffee came either loose in the green bean or the roasted beans in pound packages, beef was in barrels

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preserved in brine. One fished up chunks of the meat from the brine with an iron hook, weighing it on a suspended scales. Butter came in tin pails, ladled or poured into veneer trays--it was fluid in hot weather. Frankfurters were in 50 lb. tin cans packed in vegetable oil. Everything had to be weighed or measured. There were no factory made cigarettes. Everybody rolled his own. Even though old colored mammies smoked pipes (some white women used snuff) no woman ever smoked cigarettes. Bull Durham pipe tobacco, Prince Albert cigarette tobacco and plug tobacco for chewing or pipe were staples. Snuff was also in demand.

We greatly enjoyed the personalities of our negro customers. Andrew Jackson Sr. was a carpenter--helped my father who, in turn sold him a building lot near the colored church and helped him build a stylish house. His two sons, Andrew Jr. and Ben "Coot", came shopping with the crowd. "Coot" was exceedingly ticklish. So four young friends would deploy so as to surround him. While he held a shoe, examining it, one of the youths would dig him in the ribs. "Coot" would give a loud grunt and jump away against a ready thumb thrust against his middle. Again a grunt and a jump into a third teaser and then the fourth would prod him and he would dash, protesting, out the door while everyone present roared with laughter.

There was a very tall, very slim, very black darkie named Ben Mirack. He was a special friend of us children since he was a fine banjo player. Some one jokingly asked Ben what made him so black, Ben solemnly replied, "De truth is I drinks so much coffee dat it makes me brack". Ben asked my father if he had something he could cook his grits in. My father showed him a small sauce pan. Ben said, "Dat's too small, I wants to cook me enough grits to las me three days when I cooks hit". Looking up on the top shelf Ben saw an enamelware chamber pot. "Dere, Mr. Hubbard, dat thing up dere, now dat's what I wants. I can cook me enuf grits in dat to las' me".

My mother made a strict rule that nothing should be sold on Sunday. There was one Sunday, however, when the rule was excepted. Tom Sampson, our current plowman, came to the kitchen door in deep distress. "Mr. Hubbard, I sho hates to ast yo to open de sto' on Sunday, but I cain't go to chuch 'thout a white shirt and de bishop's comin' to preach today. I woul'n't ast you 'ceptin I ain't got no white shirt to wear, Mr. Hubbard. Friday I foun'a nes' ob quail eggs whilst plowin' in the Cap'n Smith place. I took dem aigs home an put dem in de top bureau drawer. Dis mawnin I pulled out de middle drawer to get ma fresh shirt an, Mr. Hubbard, a rat had done et de aigs in de top drawer, de yok ran down onto ma Sunday shirt and de rat ate a hole right out ob de bosom. I cain't go to hear de bishop thout a white shirt, so please, Mr. Hubbard, make a 'ception and get me a white shirt". Tom got his shirt.

My mother's special function was to select, from mail order wholesale catalogues, the patterns of cloth for aprons and dresses as well as on china. Her selections of these as well as novelties, footwear and utensils were gratefully

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purchased. Charles Broadway Rouse, Charles Williams Stores, Butler Bros. and other mail order wholesalers were patronized as well as the firm of Thomas Noony and Sons for wholesale groceries and produce in Jacksonville.

On several occasions we had pleasant surprises. One day the *Crescent* unexpectedly blew three blasts on her whistle on her way south from Jacksonville. I jumped on my bicycle and rode out the narrow runway, high over the water, to take the line as the steamer landed. The gang plank, was tossed to the sloping gang way and a deck hand pushed his hand truck up the slope, tipped his load off on the wharf head, slid down the plank, the whistle blew one short blast, the gang plank clattered on her deck. I lifted the hawser off the post, handed it aboard and, as the *Crescent* gracefully slid past the dock and away, I looked in astonished curiosity at the freight she had left. There was a grits barrel with a burlap cover bulging eighteen inches above its rim. Investigation showed a huge bunch of great bananas ready to use. It seems that Thomas Noony & Sons had received a cargo of bananas--more than their immediate trade could use. So they distributed the surplus without notice to outlying customers. We were delighted to have them. The Point gorged on bananas for several days. Noony had a standing order thereafter, to ship us a bunch of bananas when they were plentiful. Another time a half barrel of beautiful Greening apples, wrapped in paper, was put ashore and welcomed.

The store became an invaluable source of supplies and income. It provided contacts with many people and experience in quickly accurately, handling packages, figuring and making change.

Today, with an auto in every home, with many stores in nearby Hastings and supermarkets in Palatka and St. Augustine, a small store on the Brown's place provides the neighborhood with staple groceries for quick, nearby purchases.



BROWN'S STORE
FOR MANY YEARS THE CHECKPOINT
OF ARRIVALS AND DEPARTURES---NEWS-
CENTRAL, TOWN HALL, AND, OH YES,---
WHERE WE BOUGHT OUR GROCERIES!
HOW WE MISS THIS INSTITUTION!
WHERE GOOD NEIGHBORS MET.

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