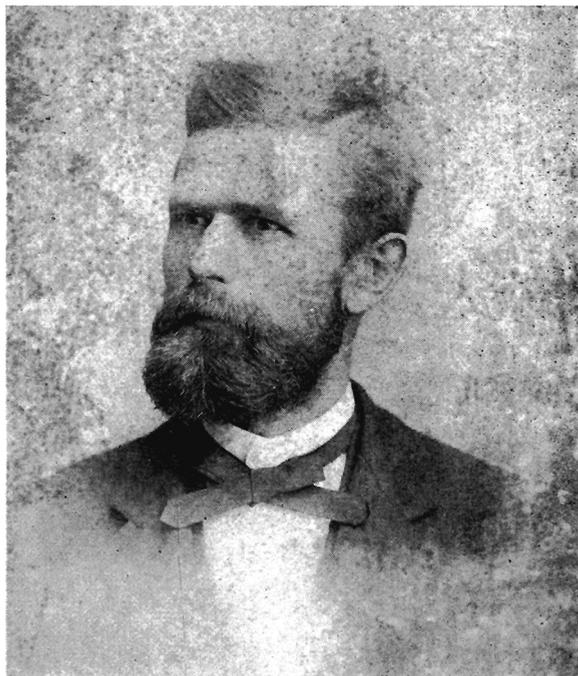


HENRY T. GIFFORD

SARAH — his wife

The Giffords were the first permanent settlers in Vero Beach, moving here from Randolph, Vt. with their three children.



CAPTAIN FRANK FORSTER

German-born world traveler, who sailed his own sloop down the Indian River and settled among the islands north of Vero Beach.

STORIES OF EARLY LIFE
ALONG BEAUTIFUL
INDIAN RIVER

Compiled by
ANNA PEARL LEONARD NEWMAN
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FOREWORD

THIS is the story of the Indian River Country as it was related to me by those who should know, the early settlers themselves.

In the days when wild life was abundant and the mosquitoes thicker than it is possible for the inhabitant of 1953 to imagine, the beautiful Indian River lay sparkling in the sun, while turtles and alligators basked in the sunshine and the woods abounded with deer, wild boars, bear and snakes. Down this intriguing River came restless souls, seeking new adventure and opportunity in a section of the United States that was as alluring as it was repelling.

After the war with the Seminoles, the rich soil of South Florida, the balmy climate and the abundance of fish, oysters and turtles, caused many a homeseeker to determine to find out for himself, if the lands lately opened to homesteaders by the Government, were as paying a project as the bulletins put out by many land companies, would lead one to believe.

To these hardy pioneers, we of later date owe much. Their determination and courage set a fine example to the following generations. To their tenacity of purpose we are the debtors, for they opened the way for the phenomenal growth of this section, that has been of great benefit to all.

We pay tribute to their stout hearts, and are humbly grateful to them for the heritage they have left us.

-P. L. N.

Vero Beach, Florida

WHAT I REMEMBER

By F. Charles Gifford

THIS, the city of Vero Beach, county seat of Indian River County, is a far cry from the wilderness into which in 1887 the Sheriff and Selectman of Royalton, Vermont, first came on a hunting expedition. He had been advised by his physician to seek a warmer climate, so— leaving his wife and small children at home, H. T. Gifford and daughter Nettie Mae, who was just out of Academy, started out that autumn to look for a promising place to locate.

They traveled by train from Randolph, Vermont to New London, Connecticut, and by Sound Steamer to New York, where they boarded a Mallory Line boat for Jacksonville, Florida. There they took a steamboat up the St. John's River as far as Sanford. From Sanford to Titusville there was a primitive railroad called J. T. & K. W. (Jacksonville, Tampa and Key West) an ambitious name! This they took to Titusville and from there traveled by boat on down Indian River, stopping along and camping. At Ft. Pierce they made permanent camp. This place consisted of one little store in which was a telegraph wire from St. Augustine to Jupiter. Frank Everett was the telegrapher and the store belonged to P. P. Cobb. It was an *immense* room, eight by twelve feet, and had wooden shuttered windows and a door.

Father and sister Nettie Mae, camped on the river bank near the store. Three families comprised the population of Ft. Pierce, the Carltons, Russells, and Hoggs.

There was a log school house, and a young man from Kentucky was teaching school, but he quit because the boys were so unruly. Nettie Mae was asked to teach, which she did, so successfully, that those same unruly boys cried when school was out.

While she was teaching, Father went on South to Palm Beach, which he said was too sandy, then on down to Miami, where a few families lived. The land there was too rocky, so he decided to go back to Vermont.

When he stopped at Ft. Pierce on his way North, he met a Mr. Bass, who had settled east of the old place we know today as the Weill's home place and he prevailed on him to come up for a week's hunting. They had a great hunt, and one day saw a wild cat and four kittens. They killed two cats and what game they ate.

In their hunting, Father saw this land where we still live, investigated, and decided to homestead. Bass had 160 acres south of this. The Government allowed 160 acres of high land, for which you paid \$50. High land was owned by the Government and overflowed low land belonged to the State. Each child could enter 80 Acres. State land sold for \$1.00 per acre.

Father cleared a little and built a log cabin north of the present home, and built a palmetto shack north of where 19th St. and Highway No. 1 now runs. He cleared out a road to the River and left Nettie Mae in Ft. Pierce while he went North after the family, in the fall of 1888.

My oldest sister, Cora, and husband O. I. Morse, and their three children came along with my parents, driving a covered wagon to New London, then all the family came by Sound Boat to New York. There we had to wait several days for passage to Jacksonville. We finally got on a cattle steamer, the Mallory Line "Amazon." It had only two staterooms, and our family now consisted of Father, Mother, Baby Sister (who was 3 years old) and myself (then 9 years old), our hired man Britt, horses, wagon, tools, household equipment and my older sister's family of five, two adults and three children.

Conditions on the Amazon were very primitive. Meals were served on tin plates with a spoon. If you wanted to wash, a sailor dipped water from the side of the boat. Sanitary conditions were

also bad. Toilets were a hole in a rough board, with a six or eight inch pipe run down near the water line on the outside of the boat, and was washed out with a bucket if, and when, washed. The odor from the horses on the steamer also added to the unpleasantness.

We came through a severe storm between Cape Hatteras and Jacksonville. No children were allowed above, and we all had to stay below in the hold. Early morning about daylight, water came through the hatch and we thought they were washing the decks. The waves were, and we got wet.

There was yellow fever in Jacksonville in '88, and we came on this boat to avoid quarantine. Of course we could not go on shore. The St. John's River steamer "Everglades", was brought alongside and everything was transferred in the daytime, as, it was believed, yellow fever was carried by the night air. There were no lights in Jacksonville at that time, and there were only gas lights in New York City.

In due time we landed at Enterprise Junction, where we loaded all our belongings onto a box car for Titusville. There we unloaded everything on the River Bank at Sand Point, and camped ten days waiting for a boat to come on down to the Narrows, as the section from Ft. Pierce to Sebastian, was then called.

We came down on a big barge, "Frost Line" after loading up all the family, stock and a two-months supply of groceries. It was a decked barge and hired for the trip. We tied up at the foot of what is now Osceola Blvd., in Vero Beach, early one morning, November 21, 1888. We took off the horses first; had to make a gangway to get them off, then removed the wagon a piece at a time, and reassembled it on the shore. We caught fish for breakfast, then loaded up and started for the log house; had to circle to the South through the marsh to get over on dry land. The mosquitoes were thick.

Nettie Mae was here from Ft. Pierce to welcome us. She had up a little white flag on the house, which said ("Love, Welcome Home.")

Mother had packed the lamps, some ammonia and salt in a tin box. The ammonia had broken and the salt had eaten all the brass fittings on the lamps so that we couldn't use them. Poor Mother was quite upset. In those days matches were put up in a round wooden box. Cut nails were also precious. Emergencies had to be prepared for.

Horseflies, mosquitoes and sandflies made the livestock miserable. We dug a surface well, two feet deep, and dipped up the water. We cooked outside over the open fire, keeping three fires going around the door so the wind would blow the smoke either way. We slept under netting tucked under the mattress, and the mattresses were made from palmetto fronds.

This was our introduction to Florida pioneering!

II

GETTING SETTLED

THE following days were very busy ones. There was land to be cleared and crops to plant, also food to get. All meat had to be hunted, trapped or fished for. Sundays varied some from the regular routine. In the mornings we would wash, fish in the afternoons, get supper, then to bed early for the more strenuous days of the week. Thus time passed. We had to go to the post office at the Narrows for our mail. It was located on Gem Island, just south of the present Winter Beach Bridge. L. W. Dawson was the Postmaster. He had a wife and children and ran a little store. Mrs. Dawson made the first sea grape jelly I ever ate, and was it good!

It took a day to go by boat for the mail, and it took two days to go to Ft. Pierce by boat, one day each way. We used sailboats and if the weather was bad we often had to get out and push the boat. One time we had to walk home from Crawford's Point. Crawford's Point was later named Oslo.

On certain nights we hunted turtles for food and eggs, dressed them by camp fire on the beach, cut the meat up and put it in bags, then carried it home on our shoulders. Oysters, fish and game were the mainstays.

There had been a banana plantation at Oslo in 1884 and some were still growing when we came. A company by the name of Baugh & Barnes Co. had started the plantation but didn't make a success of it, so had abandoned it.

Frank Ayers' father came about ten months after we did. He was from Eastern Virginia. He built a palmetto house and brought his family, so Frank and I were boys together. We had great times hunting, with only one gun between us. One day we decided to go bear hunting. We heard one in the palmetto. He was getting the heart of the palmetto to eat. The way the bears would do this was by beating the fronds down with their paws until they got to the center which was very tender and good. This beating of the fronds would make quite a noise, and could be heard a long

distance. Well, we shot at him, but our shot was not large enough to hurt him, as they were only bird shot, so he went lumbering away, leaving two early teen-agers with fluttering hearts.

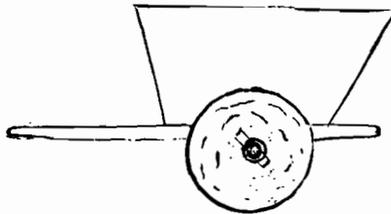
We fenced our garden with palmetto roots to keep out the rabbits, but the deer didn't mind that, and enjoyed our garden more than we did. There were plenty of them too!

Mother had a stroke June 1, 1889 and was an invalid from that time until her death on November 7th, 1894, aged 52 years.

Mother and Father both had good educations. Mother was quite a student. She liked poetry, wrote some, and sketched some too. Both Mother and Father had taught school and were able to give us children a little better than the average. With the exception of two years up north, all the schooling I had was what they taught me. I always say: "I grew up in the school of hard knocks."

The Morses went back north inside of two years time. It was too rough for them here.

Neighbor Bass was a Civil War veteran, not too well liked, and quite a character. He was married and had an adopted child. He believed in getting the other fellow to do the work; said he wasn't able. Once he told Father and Mr. Hughes that he knew where a bee-tree was, so Father and Mr. Hughes cut down the tree while he looked on, and when it was felled there were only a few mud-daubers in it. Another time Nettie Mae was coming home from Ft. Pierce with him in his boat. The tiller on the boat came loose and wouldn't stay in. He first had to get the necessary adjunct to the repair job by taking a big chew of tobacco, then with an old claw hammer with one claw missing, and some rusty nails he finally got it fixed. One had to be prepared for any emergency in those days. He once built a wagon here, the only one I ever saw without any metal. He cut off two sections of logs, roundways, for wheels, cut out the center, (see drawing) used a sapling for the axle to fit in the hole of the wheels, made wood pins of hickory to hold the wheels on, fastened the tongue to the axle and put a box on top to hold things.



People were rough and one didn't ask too many questions as to why they came here, etc.

A man that used to work for Father occasionally, named Abraham Valkenberg, told us a snake story once that I cannot vouch for, only to say that he told the truth, sometimes. He had a small skiff, and one day was poling it up the river in the early morning toward Bethel Creek, when he heard a noise like a hen clucking. Looking up he saw a big snake swimming across the creek. Its head was about 8 feet above the water and big as a barrel. Its body was about 12 or 15 feet in circumference and he estimated it to be about 265 feet long. The Creek at this place was about 60 feet wide, and when its head got over to the woods, its tail was still on the ground on the other side. Wondering if such monsters still exist, I think they would probably have been burned in a forest fire before this.

The first post office in Vero was in the Gifford home. We got the mail once a week. Then our hired man Britt got a contract for \$13 per month to carry the mail Star-route to Vero by row-boat, an all day's trip and bad rowing when the wind was against you. We rowed up to Dawsons for the mail before that time. We got the post office in 1889 or '90. Five people signed a petition for it. The Postmaster General said the name should have no more than four letters. Mother picked out the name Vero. Echo was between Vero and Oslo. Father was the first postmaster of Vero and I was acting postmaster until I was appointed.

There were Beacon Lights on the river for steamboats to run at night. There were lights on each shoal. Father filled six lights each night. He filled them every other day and got \$10.00 for each light from the Government.

Under the Lighthouse Department we were furnished soap, towels, kerosene and matches for our own use and to take care of the lights. These lights were set on top of pilings (three of them) and were twelve to fourteen feet high in a wood frame nailed to the top of the pilings.

The Coast Guards received \$50 per month and were furnished everything but their food.

III

THE TRADE BOATS

ONE of the things so very thrilling to us children were the "trade boats" that used to ply the River. They were "Floating Stores" and plied the River between Ft. Pierce and Titusville. They had their headquarters in Cocoa. These boats were shelved all around and high enough for "headroom", and took three men to run. The men lived on the boat. A man in Cocoa furnished the groceries and the boat stopped along the river and sold to anyone. Folks went out in skiffs and bought whatever they needed from household articles such as needles, to salt. Practically anything could be obtained from these boats, things you wouldn't expect. The men slept on mats at night, moved on to the next place, and next morning dropped anchor for another day's trade. When a family had done their trading with a boat, the boatman would give the children some peppermint candy after the groceries were paid for.

Mr. Alf. Michael used to work on one of these boats, with his uncle, Mr. Walter Kitching.

Later the boats got to carrying "wild cherry bitters" and there was so much drunkenness that it kind of broke up the business. There was no "shine" or "bootleg" in those days. Everything was wide open of course, and you didn't look into folk's affairs too closely.

THE DIXIE HIGHWAY

Highway No. 1, first called the Dixie Highway, was built from Sebastian to Ft. Pierce by my Father and Mr. Hughes. They cleared out the palmetto and brush 10 feet wide, measuring the road north from Ft. Pierce, set up mile posts made from saplings squared off on the top, cut in Roman numerals about one-half inch deep and painted them with lamp black. For all this Father received \$22.50

per mile. This original road was located about the same place as No. 1 now runs, only going through Royal Park golf course and coming out near where Frank Ayers now lives. It crossed over the ridge just north of Oslo, where there is a break in the ridge, and followed the west side into Ft. Pierce.

THE RAILROAD

The railroad was built in time to handle troops for the Spanish American War. The terminal was in Ft. Pierce one winter, and Palm Beach one winter, during the building. We hauled cross-ties and supplies with the team to build it. The surveyors stayed with us, came down from Melbourne by boat. They took notes during the day and at night drew maps. There was no grading; they just cleared and laid the ties. These boys named the stop at Gifford for us, but later we got the train to stop here, and they called it "Tie-pile near Milepost 228". This was Vero's first name. Freight was put off here, but no passengers. They were put off at Gifford.

I was the first Railroad agent here, the first ticket, freight and express agent. We caught the mail "on the fly" for some time. If they could not "throw off" the freight, they would stop and unload it. We had no depot, just a rhineboard siding shack, with a sawdust floor and open on one side.

Almost everyone that came here in those early days either fished or hunted oysters. They hauled the fish from the River and packed them in barrels. After the railroad was finished people began to come here in numbers. Father offered one acre of ground free to anyone that would come and build a 10 x 10 foot shack. He wanted people to come, but in one year's time only one person took advantage of the offer, a Mr. Jandreau, but it started things and after that year he sold more land. The first sale was to Mr. Otta-way Roach for \$15 per acre. He never sold any land for more than \$35 per acre.

The only way to make quick money was by fishing and the selling of fish and oysters. Oysters were shipped to Cocoa which

was a tourist center. Later they were shipped to West Palm Beach. Express shipments accelerated these businesses, and many men would come down and work all winter at them.

A little sawmill was brought here on the freight train, but most lumber, for a long while, was brought down the River by boat from Titusville, later by freight. Eau Gallie had a little sawmill, and to show how scarce the necessities were, the owner needed grease for it, and went to a merchant there and asked for some lard. The merchant wouldn't sell it to him, for, said he, "It (the lard) is for food, and not to be used for machinery." We used possum and coon fat for grease and rattlesnake oil for guns.

Our weather forecasts were given to us by the freight trains in those days, five long whistles was to let us know that we would have frost, or cold weather.

We sold honey to the trainmen also. When they wanted honey, the train would whistle three times and leave a jug, next time the train came by, the Giffords had the honey ready for them.

The train used wood. Lighter wood was piled on the tender. We had wood racks by permit of the railroad company. The engineer would load up a cord, or as much as he needed, and leave a little paper signed. It was the same as money. Cordwood Smith also sold wood to the Railroad. I would keep the money for Cordwood. Self-styled banker, Gifford had a store and folks left their money with him for safekeeping, and he used it, with their permission, but didn't have to pay interest. He always had it ready for them if they let him know a day or two ahead of time.

An incident with Armour & Company shows the method of business dealings of that day. They wrote "Charles Gifford, according to our statement you are overpaid \$175," the answer: "It is just as I thought. I didn't need the money, and knew that I would need more meat later on, and it was safe with you."

After the turn of the Century, several families came and settled. The first ones were the Reams, Harris, Roberts, King and Jones families. They were all related. The Kennedys and Chessers settled north of here. They were relatives of the Ayers family, and from Eastern Virginia.

FIRST SCHOOL

The first school in this area was at Oslo, in 1898-9, and was taught by Miss Fannie Penny, who later became Mrs. Chas. Gifford. She boarded with the O. O. Helseths for \$8 per month, for room, board and laundry. She was paid \$25 per month for teaching. We had a poll tax at that time of \$2, and everyone had to pay the tax or you couldn't vote. This money paid the schoolteachers. This was Brevard County, with Titusville the County Seat. The County extended down to Stuart, and south of Stuart was Dade County.

If there were six children in a community, and a house was available, you could have a school under either County or State. Our first school here was in a little one-room house across the road from us, on a lot Dad gave. The first teacher was Miss Addie King, Mr. Nick King's daughter. School teachers were hard to get in those days. The King family lived across the road, and had a flock of children. The Reams family lived down the Ridge, and the Harris children all came here to school. These families had all moved over here from John's Island. The building that we used for school was later moved to the depot, and a coincidence is that the first picture show was also in this little building.

It took two days to get a doctor, Dr. Holmes of City Point, who would come by sailboat when called.

Eli Walker lived at Quay (later Winter Beach) in the late 90's, and we would go courting together. Previous to this, a Spaniard named Head came here, and while hunting, found the island west of us and planted a grove. Eli later bought him out. This is the Walker place west of town on King's Highway. Water was waist

deep between Vero and his place. Hutchison's corner was the last high ground and water stood ankle deep between town and that corner. Eli had a road built by his work-hands so that he could drive through to Gifford.

There was a lighthouse, and a House of Refuge over on the Beach which was called Bethel. It was located on Bethel Creek on the Island. These Coast Guard stations were approximately 10 miles apart all the way down the East Coast, and were built in strategic places where land was narrow and accessible. One man and family manned a lighthouse. They had a boat here at Bethel, but no crew.

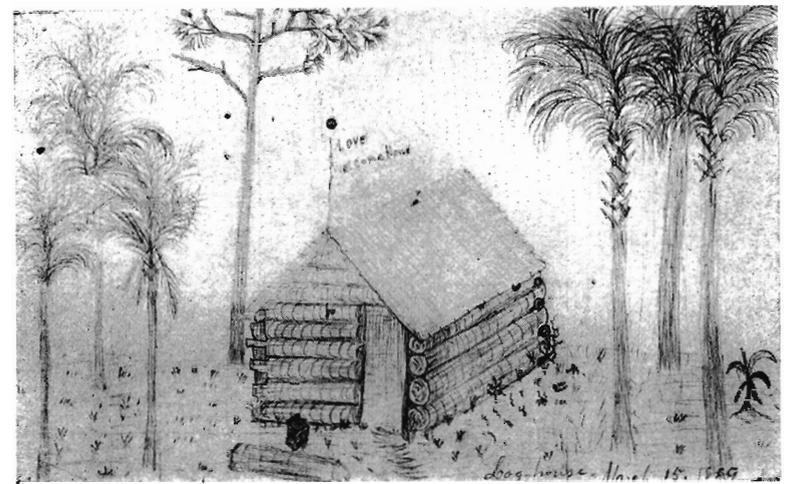
Nettie Mae baked bread for the oystermen and fishermen. Everyone tried to help others get along. Nettie Mae married Mr. Fred Prange on Oct. 10, 1893. They had two boys named Ralph and Carl. Ralph was drowned when they lived on Paradise Island. They didn't find the body for several hours. After that they couldn't stay on the Island any more.

Paradise Island was very fertile. They grew beans and potatoes, and shipped them by boat until the railroad came, then shipped by rail. Carl still owns the Island and lives in Orlando.

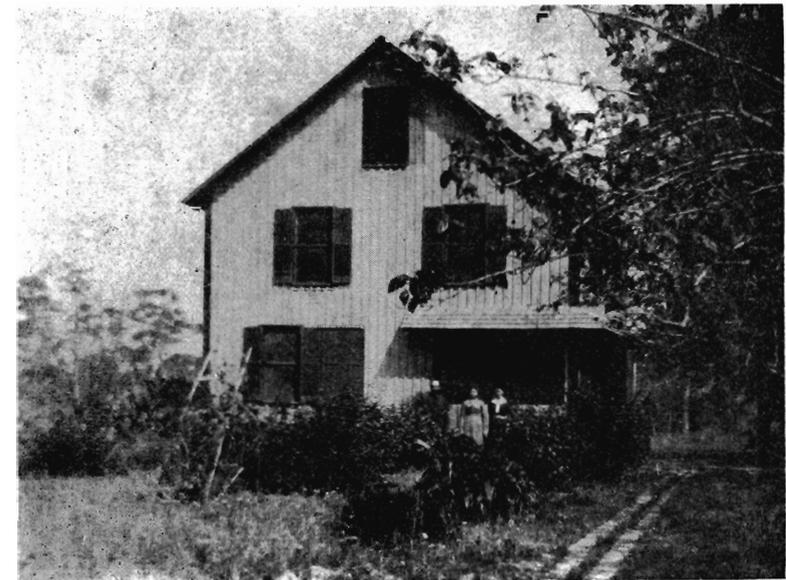
On going over the trail to the Beach one day while they lived on the Island, they heard a noise, and investigating, found two bear cubs. They took them home and kept them until they grew up and became such a nuisance that they sold them to Mr. Tucker in Ft. Pierce. He kept them for a long time.

Bears patrolled the beaches looking for turtle eggs. When we were hunting turtles and discovered a bear, it would stand up on its hind legs and look at us. We would clap our hands to scare it away. We also had turtle nets set in the River. Turtle was a main article of food for the natives then.

On June 21, 1900, F. Charles Gifford and Miss Fannie Penny were married. Miss Fannie was the daughter of a sailor and former ship captain, who had moved down to Canaveral three years before



Mrs. Sarah Gifford's own drawing of their home in 1888, the first residence constructed in Vero Beach. This building was razed when the home shown in the picture below was constructed a year later.



The first frame house in Vero Beach was built in 1889 by Mr. and Mrs. Henry Gifford as their home. The lumber was brought by sailboat from Jacksonville.



Water tank on the west side of the Florida East Coast Railway right-of-way at the north city limits of Vero Beach. The railroad was not double-tracked until 1925.



First railroad depot in Vero Beach which later was added to in the construction of today's station.

Fannie was born. Captain Penny had been all over the world, but he liked Canaveral, and came down from Long Island, N. Y. with his wife to make their home there. At that time a Capt. Burcham was head of Canaveral, and he had a large family of girls who have married and settled in that community. A Captain Wilson was the Postmaster at Canaveral. I know, because I wrote many letters to Fannie at Canaveral. It would take a week for her to receive a letter from me. I once wrote her a letter while she was at Oslo, teaching, and addressed it to "Miss Fannie" and imprinted a replica of a penny on it. She received it.

Miss Fannie would come down by sailboat from Titusville or Sand Point, as it was called, to St. Lucie, and Mr. Summerlin would haul her and her trunk up to Oslo. This was the years of 1898 and 1899, and by 1900 I had fallen in love with her and decided that she could afford a husband on the extra \$17.00 per month which she earned, and so with Father and the Preacher going along, I hired a boat, and we went up to Canaveral. We were married, had our dinner, and came back in the afternoon. This was on Wednesday the 21st of June 1900, and our Golden Wedding also fell on Wednesday in 1950.

There was a Mr. Irvin that owned land on the Island, at what is now known as Irvin's Cove. He built a house out of oyster shell burned for lime, and sand. He used wood for forms and poured it in like concrete, and moved the forms up as the concrete hardened, until it was built high enough, then roofed it with palmetto fronds. The house held up very well, lasted for years. Mr. Irvin lived like a king. He sold the larger turtles that he caught and kept the smaller ones for himself. He had venison and everything that was native here. He made nets from ropes and put floats and sinkers on them to hold them down. He had a handmade canoe and would paddle all around, a very resourceful person. Irvin's Cove is south of Riomar.

We built a barn 20 by 40 feet, framed it with poles and siding cut at our own saw mill. The roof was made of palmetto fronds. They lasted until the barn burned on June 28, 1905. Father dropped dead while talking to friends that day, not from worry from the burning, but his heart just gave out.

My father was an honest and hardworking man, did not drink and always paid his bills, even though it might take him awhile. My father was 67 and my mother 52 years old when they died.

My sister Ruby Sarah, was 3 years old when we left Vermont. She grew up here and married Nathan O. Penny, Fannie's brother.

IV

THE ISLANDS

JOHN'S ISLAND was named for John LeRoche, one of two brothers from Merritt Island who came here looking for a warmer place to grow vegetables. As John's Island is surrounded by water, it seldom had frost. On the island was a school, church and cemetery, and the post office was called Reams. They had a bulkhead there, and a white flag would be hoisted as a signal to steamboats to come in for passengers.

During 1894-95 there were two bad freezes, one in December and one late in January, which killed two crops of vegetables. Flagler gave to any farmer who would plant, beans, seed and fertilizer. It was not a loan, just an out and out gift, but good business for Flagler, for the people were in hard straits, and he was foresighted enough to help. This freeze killed fish in the River by blinding them and they starved to death, and were washed up on the shore in windrows like hay. People hauled them away by the wagonload for fertilizer. There were so many you didn't have to move the wagon to load it. Only the mullet and trout didn't freeze, and the buzzards had a great feast; they flocked from everywhere, the trees were full of them, and for a year and a half the stench was still here after a rain. It was the worst freeze on record, but it did good in some ways for it got rid of the catfish and toadfish which were worthless.

Prange's Island was called Paradise Island. Fritz Ulrich lived on the first Island north of the present bridge in Vero. Ralph Bragg lives there now.

John's Island and Pelican Island were bird preserves. Gem Island is just south of the east end of the old Winter Beach bridge. There was a post office called the Narrows on it. It was the first settlement, about the time that the Michaels came. L. B. Dawson was the first postmaster. He was a Connecticut Yankee, kind hearted and generous. Come and say that you were hungry, he would give you two weeks rations. You were supposed to pay for them, but some folks didn't.

Pelican Island was the farthest north and Paradise Island the farthest south in this group called the Narrows.

Orchid Island now belongs to the Dales. There was a post office called Orchid on the peninsula. It was run by Captain Forster.

There were at least two families at Sebastian when we came, the Kroegel and Parks families. Ercildoune Inn was at Sebastian. There was no inlet at Sebastian in 1888, and the one at Ft. Pierce was north of the present Pepper Park. The old House of Refuge was there.

P. P. Cobb, one of the old residents of Ft. Pierce, was just such a man as L. B. Dawson of Gem Island. You could always get rations from him. They were two men who never turned you down if you were broke or stranded. It was told of Cobb that he and another man owned a boat together. They got into an argument and he tried to buy the other fellow out. The man wouldn't come to any agreement, but Cobb wanted to pay for everything he had in it. One day he went down and found it turned bottom up, so he measured it off and had it sawed in two and told the man he could have either half he wanted.

Another story about him was that somebody brought some cucumbers into his store to sell, but they were too ripe. "What do you think they are worth," he asked.

"Heard they were worth \$2 per bushel," was the reply.

"One half bushel \$1.00; I'll give you \$1.50 traded out," he replied, and took the basket out and poured them into the river. He was a good man and wanted everyone's good will.

Capt. Hogg, Mrs. Harry Hearne's grandfather, brought lumber and wood blinds from Jacksonville to build his house in Ft. Pierce.

There were lots of fish in Indian River in those days. The story was passed around of a man in Ft. Pierce who made himself a shirt of "hickory stripe", and gathered the sleeves at the hand as a protection from mosquitoes. The shirt had a plunging neck-line and was gathered at the waist with a cord when the man went fishing. He would then go swimming in the River until his shirt was filled with fish and go ashore and empty them into a basket. ✓

The first commercial fishing here was established by a Titusville man who came here and took the fish to Titusville for shipping. An iceplant had been established in Ft. Pierce and Sebastian in 1900, and the little shack at the Stop here had sawdust to keep the ice for the fish.

St. Lucie is almost as old as Ft. Pierce. A Senator Quay and his friends from Pennsylvania used to come to St. Lucie. Ft. Pierce dates to 1845, the Indian War days, and was named for General Pierce. Remains of an old whipping post used by the Spaniards is just south of Ft. Pierce on the ridge. ✓

Wild life has changed with the years also. There used to be great flocks of bright colored Carolina parakeets come through. They would feed on the thistle bloom. They would pull off the bloom, then fly up into the trees and tear it apart. They added quite a tropical touch to the place but after the railroad came they disappeared. There were many marsh birds and aigrettes, and people hunted them for gain until a law was passed against shooting them. River ducks were also much more plentiful than now.

Life was never dull. We kept a rack over the front door for the gun. When you heard a noise you first got the gun, then opened ✓

the door, for you never knew what you would see; but no one ever stole anything. You could leave a house alone, and if anyone stayed in the place while the owners were away, they only ate what they needed and left the rest alone. It was a kind of unwritten law that nothing should be stolen.

Once we had an epidemic of rats. They ate everything. It was after the railroad came, and a man from White City had to go to Titusville to get a title straightened out, so he got a lot of cats up there and when he came back he got off at Gifford with the cats and sold them for ten or fifteen cents apiece. Father took the wagon and brought several home and turned them loose here, but finally a disease hit the rats and they disappeared.

The first colored folks came here with the railroad as section hands. Jeffries at Gifford and a few others took up a little land and made a settlement.

Folks came. Mrs. John Knight's father, Mr. Reed of Ringgold, Georgia, drove down, took days. A man from Montana drove a cayuse covered wagon down here. He repaired guns and watches, and traded along the way, and when he arrived here he got a barge and ferried the ponies across the River near Prange's place and lived on the Island awhile, then moved over to Oslo. He was a single man, had long hair, was named W. A. (Buck) Martin, a very interesting character. There were "gun-toters" and rough people that came here in those days, but you just didn't ask many questions.

St. Lucie County was formed in 1905. Plant started the Atlantic Coast Line, and Flagler the Florida East Coast. A competitive rivalry existed between the two. Flagler was building the Royal Poinciana Hotel in Palm Beach and invited Plant to come and see it.

Plant replied: "I'd like to, but how do you get there?"

Said Flagler: "Take the train and follow the crowds."

Early families along the East Coast included Richards of Eden, George Sears of Wabasso, Conklins of Micco, Halls and Parks of Sebastian.

In 1887 the method of transportation to Miami was by boat. At Jupiter there was a railroad with a dinky engine and cars. It was a wood-burning engine and the road was called the Celestial Railway, because of the names of the stops along the way. Beginning with Jupiter, there were Venus, Mars and Juno. The rest of the way was an inland water route as it was down to Jupiter from Titusville. Some boats went out the inlet at Stuart and down the coast to New River and the rest of the way on the inland water route; or the larger vessels could go all the way outside.

The first bank was organized in Vero in early 1914, by Judge James E. Andrews and was called the Farmers Bank. The building cost \$7,000 and was where the present bank stands. The First Federal Bank was organized in 1917 and located where Simmons Store now is, in what was the first building of any size in Vero. The First National Bank building housed that bank, four store-rooms on the ground floor, sixteen suites of offices and an assembly hall on the second floor. It was considered a masterpiece of architecture and construction which no other community of this size in all Florida could boast. This Bank closed its doors, as did also the Farmers Bank, when the "boom" burst. The First National Bank never reopened.

The first telephone line in Vero was a line ordered from Montgomery Ward & Co., and was just a local line in town with six phones on it. This became the Indian River Telephone Company from Melbourne to Ft. Pierce. It was sold eventually to the Bell Company. I was a stockholder in the first telephone line.

C. G. Redstone of Eau Gallie, built the first bridge over the Sebastian River. Prior to that, there was a self service ferry, a barge with a hinged flange on each end that slid upon the sand when it

landed, and you secured it, then drove your car or wagon on it and propelled it across the river by pulling on the wires that were fastened from side to side of the river. When you were over you secured it again and drove off. If it was on the opposite side upon your arrival, you walked up the river to the railroad bridge over it, and down the other side and brought it across. This was on the present highway No. 1, then called the Dixie Highway. At Stuart you were ferried over by sailboat, and later a motor launch. Mr. Redstone said he lost \$300 in building that bridge over the Sebastian River. He came to Vero in 1913 and started the Redstone Lumber & Supply Co., a branch of his Eau Gallie concern.

Ercildoune Inn, atop the bluff on the south side of the Sebastian River, was a low rambling structure, with a commanding view of the rivers and lands beyond.

In early 1913 two dredges started digging at the Indian River, in the main outfall canal, which was to be almost 7 miles in length, and an average of 80 feet in width, a part of the great ditch system that takes care of the natural rainfall in the Indian River Farms.

One of the first farm cottages in Indian River Farms was built by Mrs. Watts, later to become Mrs. C. G. Redstone. Dr. M. J. Barber, Mr. D. F. Zigrang, Dr. W. H. Humiston, Mr. E. J. Ingham and Hans Clemann, were among the first ones to build on the Farms. Judge J. E. Andrews in 1914 started to build his lovely country home on Osceola Blvd. and Kings Highway, which has now become Route 60 to Tampa. It was finished in early 1915 and was one of the show places in the early days of Farms activity.

Hutchison, Hill and Young were the moving power in those days, to be followed a little later by Herman J. Zeuch of Davenport, Iowa. Other real estate firms followed quick suit and Vero soon became a beehive of building, buying and selling. Much praise goes to these first men for the unlimited amount of energy, time and

foresight that went into this project. Their children live in and around Vero Beach today.

Fellsmere had approximately one dozen houses in 1912. Miss Emma Hall, now Mrs. H. T. (Banty) Saunders, recent State Representative, taught the first school in Fellsmere in 1913. She taught the Vero School in 1911-12. "Banty" as he is familiarly known to his friends, sold lumber in Fellsmere in 1905. The lumber yards and town were started all at once. The town was laid out according to plan, and it was the first development of its kind in the State.

There was a little settlement west of Sebastian, called Kitching.

A two-story school house was erected in Vero east of the railroad tracks in 1913, and a little schoolhouse out in the Farms area in 1914.

The Woman's Club was organized in 1915, and it has done more to foster and promote the cultural side of Vero than any other organization of that day. It was started as a library, donated by Myron D. Hard, and a sizable library he had too, so the first sign over the door was "The Myron D. Hard Memorial Library." The fostering and growth of this library has always been the Woman's Club's first concern, until today we have a library that is a credit to any town of its size. Miss Margaret Lane was the librarian for many years.

We had three chautauquas in Vero in 1919-20-21, which shows the progressiveness of our little town. They were a high type of entertainment and gave the homesick settlers a little taste of better things. Then, also Mischa Elman was sponsored by the Woman's Club one year, also Thierlieu Lieurance and his wife, gave us a wonderful performance one year. The Club also sponsored a series of concerts as early as 1917-18-19.

Choral societies were organized and a wonderful community spirit was manifested in many ways.

On April 30, 1896, at 2 a. m. on a moonlight night, we heard a great whistling, and in the early morning went down to the River and could see masts over the timber, three of them. Everyone that had a boat rowed over to see. The name of the ship was Breckenshire, an English tramp boat. It had no schedule, just took on loads wherever it could. It was on its way to South America for fertilizer material from Peru, and had a crew of less than twenty under Captain Oliver.

Their observations at sunset the night before at Canaveral by their old chart showed the Bethel light in the old location, but it had been moved inland by the Government and rebuilt, on account of erosion. So they were a mile nearer the shore than they thought, and ran aground, hard and fast. The Coast Guard was at Bethel, so the crew came ashore in the life boats.

They got in communication with their agents in New York by telegraph in Quay (Mrs. Stanley Jones was telegrapher) and got instructions to take off what they could salvage and come back to New York. They auctioned off what they could and what they didn't sell, they gave away. After they had disposed of all that they could, wreckers came from Key West and Jacksonville and stripped the ship of anything that could be salvaged. They gave Calvin Reams two barrels of kerosene (he lived on John's Island at that time), a bag of peanuts, a hand-carved mahogany washstand, etc. There were no lives lost. The ship was grounded two-fifths of a mile off-shore. You can still see a part of the boiler a little southeast of the Windswept Hotel on the Beach.

Another ship went aground about 1886, the Panama. It was loaded with general merchandise bound for South America. No one knows why it ran aground. The crew dropped anchor, the Captain gave orders to throw everything overboard, which they did, the men finally got the ship off at high tide.

There was fine old wine and all sorts of cargo. It was a bonanza for the people, and folks came from as far south as Jupiter to salvage the stuff. They piled it up on the sand. There were hundreds of pounds of it, lard and cases of gingham. Folks dried the gingham and used it for everything, clothes, curtains, and tablecloths. Everything was alike. Lard and other things that could be sold, were taken to Key West and Atlanta. Men carried it across the island and loaded it on boats. Someone knocked a head in a winecask and hung up a cup, and folks got drunk.

There was only one casualty and that was a man that got out to the ship just as something was thrown overboard and hit him and he sank. There were hundreds of penny pencils raked up; they were water-soaked and ruined but folks saved them as souvenirs.

The Vero Beach Post Office was established as Vero in November 25, 1891, with Henry T. Gifford as the first Postmaster. For the fiscal year ending June 30, 1893, Mr. Gifford earned a salary of \$27.59. The following list shows the postmasters who have served at Vero Beach:

<i>Postmaster</i>	<i>Date of Appointment</i>
Henry T. Gifford	November 25, 1891 (established)
Nathen O. Penny	July 24, 1905
Friend C. Gifford	January 29, 1907
W. J. Bass	July 23, 1908
Henrietta M. Ford	June 20, 1910
James L. Knight	June 17, 1911
Joseph M. Jones	March 21, 1914
Oliver H. Linn	April 1, 1919
Guy K. Maston	March 11, 1924
Frank W. Rodenberg (acting)	April 10, 1928
Frank W. Rodenberg (regular)	March 18, 1930
John J. Schumann	May 9, 1934
Stanley V. Buss	October 15, 1943

City delivery service was established at Vero Beach on April 1, 1941. Rural Delivery Service was established on September 1, 1917.

The Vero Beach Post Office was advanced to third class on July 1, 1918, and became a second class office on July 1, 1926. On July 1, 1945, this office was made First Class.

The name of the Post Office was changed from Vero to Vero Beach on June 15, 1925.

GIFFORD'S TALL STORIES

Once I took a picture of our grapefruit stand. The mosquitoes were as thick as could be. I sent the picture to friends and asked them if they could see the grapefruit on the trees, as the fruit was still green. The reply was: "Couldn't see the fruit, but there was sure a nice flock of turkeys under the trees."

* * * *

I had the first fruit stand. It had a palmetto roof. Pelicans would fly north and would light on the fruit stand and call to the young mosquitoes, thinking they were her babies, to fly north with her.

* * * *

We used to sit around and watch the mosquitoes play games under the trees. The one that got the most oranges on its bill, won the game.

* * * *

The business kept growing and it was a task to squeeze the orange juice, so I thought of boring a hole in the tree, and drawing out the juice before it got to the oranges. It didn't work too well, so a Texas man suggested we saw off the tree and cap it, as they do the oil wells in Texas, to get the juice. That worked just grand.

DR. J. C. DuBOSE

IN 1907 the State University moved from Lake City to Gainesville, so Lake City offered to give the buildings to any church that would establish a college. The Baptists accepted in May 1907, and opened Columbia College the first of September. J. C. DuBose was one of the first students to enroll in 1908. He lived at Ft. White near Lake City, and preached at Dr. Harrell's family church. He attended the Baptist Conference in DeLand in 1911 and found that the Ft. Pierce church was without a pastor. He came in March 1911 to fill that pastorate. He preached in Sebastian, Vero and Okeechobee and other places around, founding the Vero church in 1915 with Fifteen Charter Members. He moved to Vero in 1918.

He was in the jewelry business before he went to College and because the young church in Ft. Pierce was struggling so hard, he went into business there to help out, and when he came to Vero the same conditions existing here, he again set up shop, keeping store during the week and preaching on Sunday. His son O. L. DuBose, is his successor in business. He held the Vero pastorate until 1922, and was succeeded by a minister named Winner, followed by the Reverends Kennedy, Taylor, Baldwin and Rogers in order.

The Indian River Farms Co. gave a lot for the church and gave the Methodists one in front of the library on the northwest corner, on which they never built.

Mr. DuBose rode up from Ft. Pierce on a bicycle or any way that he could get to Vero, until he finally was able to get an old car that would pull through the sand. During the week he worked at his watchmaker's bench in George Young's old store, a store that sold merchandise known as "distress stock," damaged and bankrupt stocks from New York. It was located on Depot Drive in Ft. Pierce,

at the north end of the depot. Young decided to leave Ft. Pierce and sold out to Rev. DuBose, who disposed of the stock as best he could before he came to Vero.

At that time Jim Knight had a store in Vero across the tracks, and the families that were here consisted of the Laws, Hobbs, Duncan, Wood, Mayfields, Woodwards, Weills, Wilkes, Vanns, Rices and others.

The first minister of the Methodist Church was a Rev. Boyd. The congregation met in the old school house across the tracks. The church across from the present School was built in 1917-18. Rev. Troutman was the Pastor in 1922, and he was followed by Rev. Jones and Rev. Rose.

When the Methodists changed pastors, Rev. DuBose says he preached the last and first sermons for them, preaching the old ones out and giving the new ones a proper start.

The Chamber of Commerce was organized in 1922, with Freeman Knight, President, Rev. DuBose, Vice-President and Geo. T. Tippin, Secretary. The second year DuBose was President and Fred King Secretary, then Mr. Sellard was Secretary, to be followed by E. G. Thatcher, who is still on the job. DuBose was president for ten years

Antioch Baptist Church was constituted on Nov. 3, 1908, the first church organized here. Elder Daniel B. Sheffield was the pastor, and served until his death March 27, 1915. Louis Harris was chosen as clerk of the church and served faithfully for many years. Joseph E. Jones, a charter member of the church, served it faithfully as deacon until his death March 1, 1915.

Before the first church was organized, travelling ministers would come through and hold services wherever they could, and among them was a Dunkard preacher named Rev. John Leatherman. He preached in the school house at Oslo and Quay and married and baptized folks. Charles and Fannie Gifford were baptized by him in the river at Wabasso.

VI

THE HOGGS OF FT. PIERCE

By Mrs. H. E. Hearne

CAPT. BEN and Annie Yorkstown Hogg, came from Scotland to Detroit, Mich., and when Mrs. Hearne's Mother was three years old, they came to Florida. This was the year of 1875. Capt. Hogg has been referred to by others in this book as bringing in groceries by schooner from Savannah and other places while Mrs. Hogg kept store. That was in the very early days; the first store in Ft. Pierce so far as we know. Hogg sold to Lon Carlton, and he in turn sold to P. P. Cobb, who developed it into quite a store, which ran for many years, in fact through the "boom" days.

There was a concern at Ft. Pierce called the Florida Canning Co. and P. P. Cobb worked for them until he bought the store.

The early postmasters of Ft. Pierce were Reuben Carlton, Robert Lee Brown, Miss Ella Hankins and P. P. Cobb. As has been stated before P. P. Cobb was a well-liked person and exerted a great influence throughout the early years of Ft. Pierce's growth.

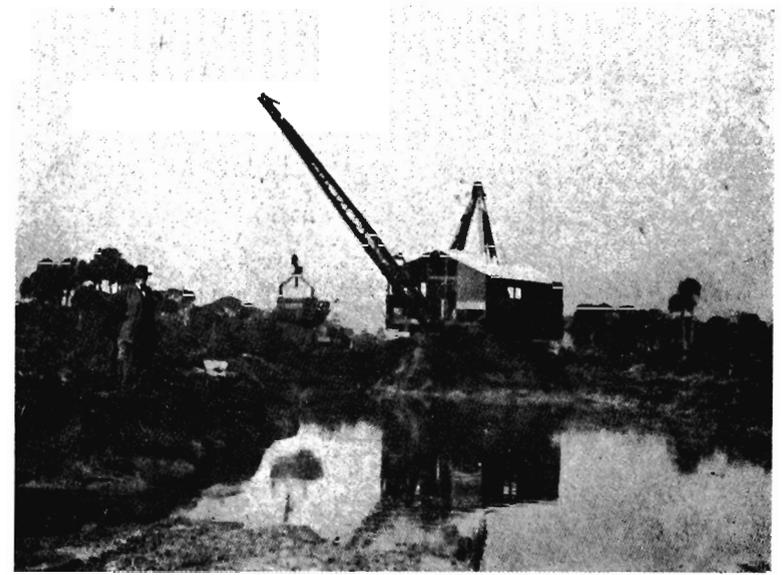
The Hogg children had to walk from Ft. Pierce to St. Lucie to school. There were three of them, Marion Tyndall, William and Alex. There were plenty of Indians, but they were friendly, and the children used to play together. An old Indian named Aunt Polly was very much loved by all, and Col. Budd just couldn't understand why she was spoken of with so much affection until an occasion arose that showed just how fine she was. Once when she heard that my mother was going to the "Happy Hunting Grounds," she walked all the way from the Big Cypress to see her.

Col. Budd was one of the early comers to Ft. Pierce. He was owner of the Budd Shoe Co., and was a dandy. He made quite an imprint on the early town.

Then there was Ben Summerlin, and the Carlton family who lived at Ten Mile Creek. Mrs. Carlton was one of the finest of women. She did anything for people who needed help, fed, nursed them, and brought babies into the world. The Reuben Carlton children were Wright, Perry, Lynn, Charles, Sally and Charlotte.

Another early settler in Ft. Pierce was Alex. Bell in 1867. He planted a grove and served in the Legislature. The area around Ft. Pierce in the 1870's was a center of pineapple production. Capt. Thos. E. Richards had a large plantation in 1871.

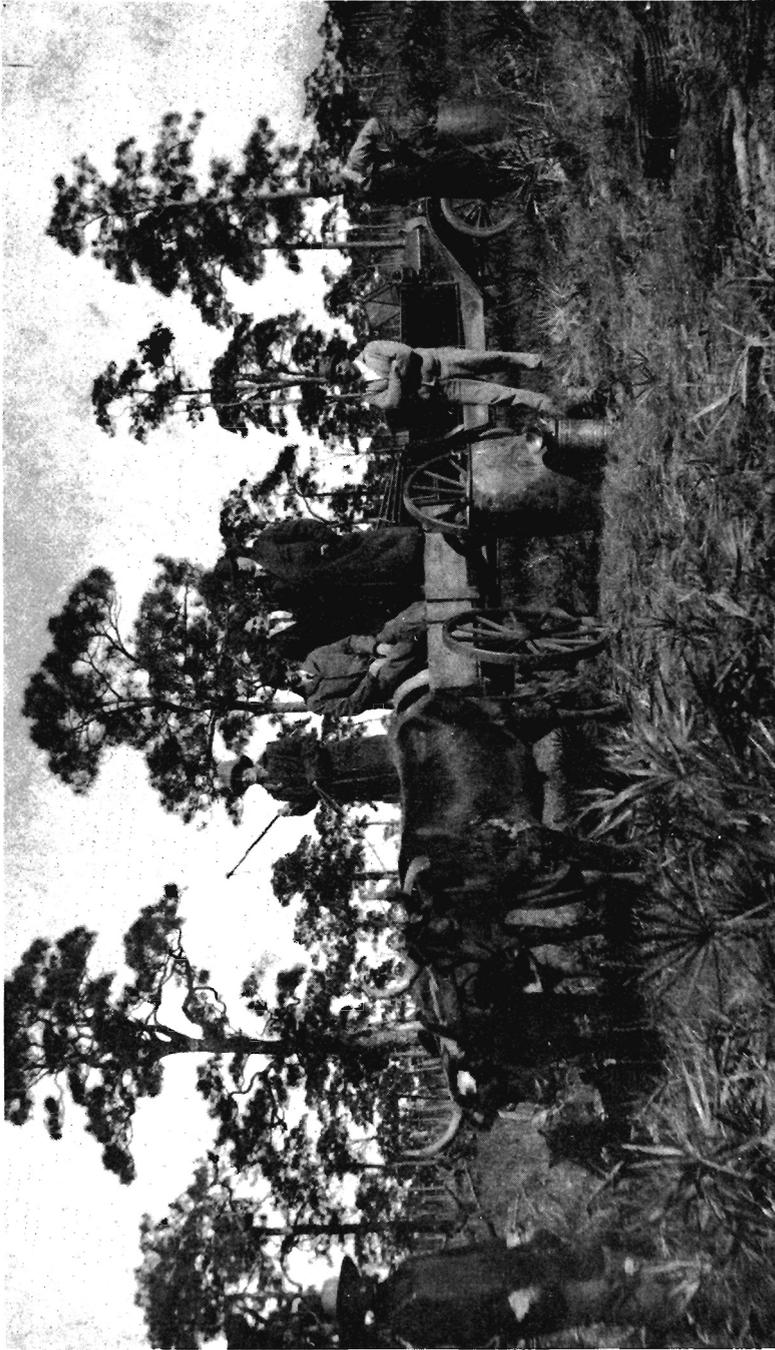
St. Lucie County was formed from Brevard County in 1905, and Indian River Co. was formed from St. Lucie in 1925.



Starting construction of the first main canal from the Indian River westward nine miles into the back country. Its location was just north of the present bridge to the ocean.



This store and postoffice was built in 1898 by the Henry Giffords directly in front of their home in Vero Beach. This structure faced on what is now Osceola Boulevard. In the wagon are Hank Huey and Cordwood Smith.



This team carried food, fuel and other supplies between Vero Beach and the dragline machine used in construction of the first canal in the Indian River Drainage District. Charles Gifford is standing by the back wheel of the wagon.

VII

CAPT. FRANK FORSTER

By Mrs. F. C. Eakin

MY father Frank Forster, was born in 1856 in Hamburg, Germany, the son of a College Professor. At an early age he ran away to sea, and sailed all over the world—a rover who finally became a sea captain.

In the 1880's he sailed his own sloop down the Indian River and took up a land grant north of the present Wabasso Bridge, on the Island, and was the first person to start growing citrus in this part of Florida. The few piling still standing, north of the Claude Michael house, are the remains of the original dock where the trade boats used to tie up.

On the shore back of the dock was my father's old packing house. The house where I was born was north of the packing house.

In 1893 when the first grove was well started, came the worst freeze Florida has ever had, and the young trees were frozen out. Father had to start all over again, replanting.

About 1890 a Dr. Herbert Enos, a cousin of my maternal grandfather, settled south of the place we now own on the Island.

My mother, Albertine Enos, had scarlet fever, and my grandfather, Rutledge Enos, who had pioneered from Enosburg Falls, Vermont, to Kankakee, Ill., took my mother down to Florida for her health. She met my father and they were married in Kankakee on July 5, 1894.

I, Mary Josephine Forster, was born (the first female white child) on the Island on January 17, 1897.

My father had a Post Office on the Island at our home. The name was Orchid. I still have the sign. This was long before the day of bridges, and all people came for the mail in boats, horseback, or on foot.

One time I remember very high water, and the people tied their boats to the pillars of the porch, and a big rattlesnake was coiled on the corner of the porch, seeking dry land.

The huge water tank for rainwater for the house, was a boiler from a shipwreck on the Coast, and my father towed it up to Sebastian Inlet and down the River to the house.

About 1915 my father sold this grove to the American Fruit Growers in Wabasso. This was the start of that company in Wabasso. In 1916 he built the present house on the Island. This property he inherited in 1903 when my mother died and my sister was born.

The first bathtub on the Island was transported by boat, as well as all the lumber to build the house.

My father (date I do not know) swam a horse across the river in many places to help get the right-of-way for Henry M. Flagler, and he got his "start" by selling all his fruit to Flagler for the dining cars, after the road was built.

I can remember, as a child, seeing schools of saw-fish in the river chasing other fish; a wicked sight, thrashing their saws from side to side.

The dining room of the present house was originally a library that was open to the early settlers.

After my mother died in 1903, I lived with my aunt and uncle in Oklahoma.

VIII

THE WIGFIELD FAMILY

Related by Miss Virginia

IN the year 1887 two men named Wigfield and Michael decided to come to Florida. They had received circulars, had bought some land on the west coast at St. Andrews Bay, and were coming to investigate their holdings. They found it under water. Mr. Wigfield came because of his health, and as they came back through the center of the State, they met a Mr. King who persuaded them to come see the East Coast. So they came down with Mr. King, and met Capt. Frank Forster, who had a little grove and was raising beans at Orchid. He talked them into buying five acres apiece from him. Then they built Mr. Michael's house first with lumber brought down from Titusville, but they didn't get the Wigfield house done in time for the family that fall, so the Wigfields lived with Capt. Forster until theirs was done. It was built just south of the Michael home. They lived there five years, until there was a storm, and the water backed up and killed some of the trees, so Dad Wigfield didn't like that and started out looking for a better place. He walked all the way from Wabasso to Ft. Pierce looking over the land. He picked out the place where Miss Virginia lives today, and homesteaded it, built a palmetto house, and planted trees, beans and strawberries.

He shipped the strawberries to Palm Beach, for the railroad was here before we moved over from the Island.

The seven Wigfield girls were, Virginia, Letha, Edna, Susie, Ora, Josie and Ella.

We moved the house over from the Island, tore it down and brought it over on a raft, loaded it on oxcarts, and hauled it to the present site and rebuilt it, with Dad and the workmen on the place doing all the work. Father certainly had the pioneering spirit. If he needed a board, he cut a sapling, hewed off the sides and there it was.

Dad was the first person to have a nursery and he also had bees. We children would go down to the railroad and get the fine white rock on the tracks, powder it and use it to scour the knives. We all learned to use the resources at hand.

Sylvanus Kitching, Walter Kitching's uncle, had a store in Sebastian, 9 miles to row in a boat.

We had an abundance of oysters, fish, etc. for food, but our parents were lonely. I can remember my mother and Mrs. Michael talking and crying from sheer homesickness for civilization.

Our nearest doctor came from Cocoa, Dr. Hughlet, and Dr. Holmes from City Point. They would go by sailboat when called. Dr. Platt was the first physician in Ft. Pierce. Later Dr. David Rose came and settled at Sebastian.

The Kroegels were here when we came, and had a bearing orange grove. We went to see them once, and they gave us some oranges. Captain Forster also had bearing guavas when we came. He brought the first Easter lilies here. I got them from him.

The Wigfield and Michael families were from a little place called Paw-Paw, near Cumberland, Md. on the Potomac, but on the West Virginia side of the River. Virginia was 10 years old when her family moved down to the Indian River Country. The Wigfields had five children and the Michaels seven when they came down. The two women and children came down together, for the men had previously come down and were arranging a place for them to live. They were met at Titusville with Capt. Frank Forster's boat, and Mr. Peter Bartleson met the Michaels with his boat.

I always loved the boats, and once when the men were contemplating a trip down to the House of Refuge at Bethel, we children wanted to go along. One man said, "Let the trundlebed trash stay home," but Mr. John Michael interceded for us children and we went along. I always resented the "trundle-bed trash" remark. Capt. Forster was my knight in armor, and his steed was his beauti-

ful sailboat, and when he got married I was a most resentful little girl.

Two Gray families lived near Quay on the west side of the River. Mr. Copeland bought the Gray place and Mr. John Michael married the Gray's daughter. The Grays had a tram road from the River. The tram road ties were cabbage logs. It ran from the boat dock through the marsh. The marsh along the river held this section back. Folks looked for more accessible land.

Mother looked after Capt. Forster while he was single, kept his house straight, baked him things, etc. He married Dr. Enos' daughter. Dr. Enos was a dentist. The Post Office at Enos was named for him. The Forsters had two daughters, one married Mr. Fred Eakin, and they live in Vero Beach. Capt. Forster loved to hunt. He would go down into the wilds that is Vero Beach today, kill a deer and bring us a quarter.

A Mr. Wier from Mississippi was one of the early settlers. They had three children, Hugh, Eula and Milton. Mr. Wier is buried on the Wigfield place. Eula married Lew Dawson. He died in Ft. Pierce. Eula went back to Mississippi. Ralph Dawson still has a grove west of Wabasso.

John's Island played a large part in the settlement of this area, for it was rich and being nearly free from frosts was a mecca for vegetable growing farmers. The vegetables were shipped by boat until the railroad came, and then were brought over to the railroad by boat to be shipped. This grew to be quite a chore and gradually was abandoned, but nearly all the early settlers landed there first. The Reams, Roberts, Poppells, Barkers, and Harris families came there.

Dawson's store was on Gem Island, and on that Island sugar apples, custard apples and sapodillas used to grow. A man by the name of John Beard operated a schooner to Central and South America, and he used to bring seeds from these tropical countries

for the folks to plant and try out. He was a big man, went barefoot and wore no hat. One time he brought a load of crocodile hides to New York to sell, thinking they could be used in the same way as alligator hides were, but he couldn't sell them and had to take them out into the Ocean and dump them.

Mr. F. C. Poppell lived on John's Island and he used to lead "singing school." When he wasn't there Mr. Gary Roberts also lived on the Island and he would take over, and did we sing! Mr. Poppell was Mrs. Troy Moody's father. Mr. Jimmie Roberts also lived on the Island. I stayed with the Roberts when I taught there one winter. The Albert Reams, Mrs. Calvin Reams, mother of Albert and Lucetta, William Reams, Mrs. Julius Barker and the Louis Harris family, all eventually moved over to the mainland, after the railroad came and the steamboats were laid off.

The Dawsons of Gem Island were outstanding people and contributed greatly to the culture and happiness of everyone, and were a good influence in the community. They came from Iowa, had three children, Louie, Ralph and Louise. All have moved away now. To folks lonely for the North, their home was a haven, with always something to read lying around, which was a treat in those days.

The Walkers, Eli, Ed, and Dave, came while the post office was still Woodley. We had the post office in our home awhile and it was called Toledo. Dave Walker didn't stay here, but Ed. and Eli did and their families are still here.

Wabasso early pioneers were Geo. King, Mr. Kieffer, and George Sears. Sears had a workshop and he loved to play jokes on folks. He had a cigar box and would tell you, if you would pay for the tax, that you could have it. When it was opened there were no cigars, but some tacks in it.

MISS VIRGINIA WIGFIELD

She was ten years old when they came to Orchid. There were five of the girls, two more were born after they came to Florida.

There was no school here then, and there came to Orchid three ladies: Mrs. Gould, the grandmother, Mrs. Cooper and artist husband, and her daughter Mrs. Fish, with her husband and child, four generations. When they went back north they persuaded Mrs. Wigfield to let Virginia go with them, which she did, and stayed until she graduated from Harmonton, N. J. high school, at the age of 17. She then came back here and went to teaching right away at Woodley, later Quay, now Winter Beach.

The next year she thought she would rather teach away from home, so the Superintendent Mr. John Sams said "he'd fix her," which he did by sending her to teach west of Eau Gallie. It was cattle country, and the day of dances. Folks came in ox wagons, packed the children in any available bed and danced until morning.

The next year she was sent to Ft. Drum to teach. Indian and cattle country. Mr. Bevell took her out there from Ft. Pierce. Mr. Holmes had a real grove, one of the first in that section, at Ten Mile Creek. They got there the first night. There was lots of water. Mr. Bevell didn't want to go any further, but Miss Virginia said she had to get there to start school, so he left her there, and went back to Ft. Pierce for fresh horses. She stayed there all night and all next day until he finally got back with the horses. They went through water all the way, it was up to the seat of the wagon as we forded a creek.

She stayed with the Joel Swains that winter. The Swains are related to the Knights of Vero, and the Harris family. Louis and Charles Harris' mother was Mrs. Swain.

The next year, she went to Titusville to take the teachers' examination, and the President of Florida Agriculture College in Lake City gave the Teachers course, which she took, and he asked her to

come to Lake City, which she did, and took a four-year normal course in Lake City. After that the college moved to Gainesville, and a Mr. Woods, superintendent from Suwannee County, asked her to come to Suwannee and teach. She taught summer school in the summertime and regular school in the winter. She taught in Columbia County one year, a place near Wellborn, mostly Mormons. She didn't like it and didn't stay, and went to another place. After that year she was asked to come to Live Oak, which she did and taught there in high school for twelve years. Then her mother died and she came back home to take care of her father.

IX

THE MICHAELS. *Related by Alfred Michael*

STEPHEN and Elizabeth Michael lived to be 99 and 97, respectively. When my father came down to St. Andrews Bay to see the land and town lots that he had bought sight unseen, he didn't like them and went back to the Gainesville area. He liked the land around that section, for there was farming, west of Palatka. He heard of the east coast area, got a steamboat and came to Titusville. He met a Mr. King on the boat on the St. John's River, and King persuaded him to stop over instead of going on to Miami, as had been his first intention. They stopped with Capt. Frank Forster. This George King was a bee-man, going to establish bees. This was the spring of 1887.

Michael stayed here, built a house, and the family came in the Fall. It took about a week for the family to come down. The Michael children were Edwin, who died later, Elmira, Almeda, Alfred, Walter, Vernon, Idell, and Claude who was born here. Mother and seven children, took the train from Paw-Paw, W. Va. to Washington, stayed all night at Fredricksburg and took the Potomac & Richmond, to Richmond, Va., then to Charlotte, Savannah and Jacksonville. Each place named was an overnight stop. Then we took the J. T. & K. W. to Sanford, and on to Enterprise Junction and Titusville.

The trains were wood-burners and would have to stop for wood. Kids were up and down the aisles. We stopped at night, and would wash our clothes. Then we would get up early, and get out before the train left to make sandwiches and buy a jug of milk.

We landed here in September and the mosquitoes were terrible. Our families were met at Titusville by two boats, the Bartleson's boat, the Eckel, and Mr. Forster's boat, the Dood. Our mothers wanted to go back to Virginia. At Sanford Mother had tried to make tea with the artesian water; it was awful, we thought. Our

water here on the Island was a hole dug down and a barrel put in it. Later we had a pitcher pump. It was hard to get accustomed to it, for it had such a brackish taste.

The woods looked so pretty that I thought it was a wonderful place until I tried going into them and the mosquitoes covered me. Homer Moore had a row-boat and we kids thought it a wonderful thing.

The Michael family planted a grove, and it drowned out. My father lived here some years, then moved to Orange County and lived there five years, and moved to Daytona where they lived the rest of their lives.

Uncle John Michael ran the first livery stable in Ft. Pierce. He was the youngest of the Michael family and my father the oldest. Uncle John also moved to Orange County. He married Madge Gray from Georgia, daughter of J. T. Gray. J. L. Gray, who was single, had a home on the Island. J. T. homesteaded.

Thinking of the families along the River, as one would come south from Titusville, there were the Pecks, Sams, Porcher, and Mims.

Mims was county superintendent before Sams. The town of Mims is a reminder of him. Then the Hardees had several children. They live all around this section.

E. Day and McGruders lived first at Rockledge, then moved to Oak Hill. Capt. Sharpes lived up the line — Sharpes was named for him. The LeRoaches moved to Merritt's Island from South Carolina. I remember the Singletons. Dr. and Peter Whitfield had a show place on Merritt's Island. Capt. Dimick was collector of port at New Smyrna. He planted a grove on the peninsula between the Halifax River and Indian River and supplied budwood for everyone. He got his citrus from Spain and Cuba.

The first money crop for the Michaels was bananas. Baugh had them, also Portuguese Joe, who lived on the Island across from Jensen at Baker's Point. Stokes lived opposite Quay on the River.

Capt. Olcott Burnham at Ankona would colonize by schooner and go to Charleston to bring in supplies. A man named Barker ran a trading post at Sebastian. He was killed by the Indians. Then there were the Hermans, father and son, both named Phil, at Herman's Bay. They came to Key West in the 40's. Capt. Burnham had the first seedling oranges. He was later appointed keeper of Canaveral light, and stayed until after the war and the place was closed. He had one daughter.

The story is that the seed for the Quarterman-Dumick grove were from oranges from a ship. The Spratts from Texas lived on Pelican Island, when the Michaels came. A Dr. Sill, the Moores, Capt. Forster, E. L. Gray at Enos, and the Dawsons—they came in '84. On John's Island, the LeRoaches had come to grow vegetables from Merritt's Island, and a little later Deborah Cleveland homesteaded. Then came Lewis Stokes about where Vero Beach now is, and there were no other families until Ft. Pierce.

On the Mainland, there was a Mr. Gibson at Roseland, who had a long dock. Cains lived on the north side of the Sebastian River, then the Parks and Walter Kitching. Walter married my aunt, and we worked on the trade boats together. The Kitchings were from England, and Sylvanus came about the same time that we did. Their children were Mae, Amy, Stanley, and Edith, these children were born in England. Cleve was born here.

In '83 the Kroegels settled on Barker's Bluff; that is why the Wigfields found oranges here, for Barker had planted them when he lived there. Then there were the Stokes, Diffenbaugh and the Frank Ayers, and the Giffords. I always say that all who came after the railroad are newcomers.

Miss Holinquist was our first teacher. She was from Charleston, and taught in a palmetto shack. Minnie Story was the second. She taught down toward Forsters on the Point. Part of the house is still there, and a Mrs. Cooper was the third teacher.

There was a Mr. Camp, from the Camp shipyards in Philadelphia, who was mentally unbalanced and a Dr. Baines brought him down here for his health. They stayed a year or so. The Goulds, Fish's and Coopers who also came for Mr. Cooper's health. Mr. Cooper later died, and Mrs. Cooper married Dr. Baines.

Mr. Moore was the first Postmaster at Orchid. Forster's dock was built for the first steamboats. Portuguese Joe who lived on the Island east of Jensen was known as a pirateer. Folks had Marsh ponies. All the cattlemen used them. Some were wild. They had been left here by the Spanish.

Ft. Drum and Bassenger were the first settlements west of Ft. Pierce. At St. Lucie and Ft. Pierce were the Paines, Jim Russell, Carltons, Bells, DePughs, and Aldermans. At Bluefield, the Morgans, and at Ft. Drum the Jimmie Knights, Holmes, Hodgetts, and Sloans. All cattle people. Billie Smith, a cross with the Cow Creek Indians, was quite a character, and was around that section of the country.

The northeast section of this part of Florida was settled around the 60's and 70's, and down here in the 80's. The Island section of this region was settled first, on account of traffic being mostly by boat. The railroad came through here in 1893-4, but I stayed on the boats until 1900. The railroad reached Titusville from St. Augustine in December, 1885. Then I was in a store in the pineapple region with Colonel Travis, who lived at Cocoa. In 1909 I married Beulah Eby from Dayton, Ohio.

In 1893 we had the worst hurricane ever here. The railroad tents were pitched near the Wigfield home, and they were all blown away, and there were no docks left on the River.

X

SIMEON PARK, of *Sebastian*

SEBASTIAN was called New Haven in 1879, and was changed to Sebastian in 1884. It is older than Cocoa.

In 1865 August Park from Danzig, Germany, landed in Ft. Pierce by boat. I, Simeon Park, was born in 1877 the first white child born on the peninsula north of the Old inlet at Ft. Pierce. There were seven children, brothers and sisters of mine, all dead now except Kate, (Mrs. L. J. Cowan) and myself. Kate lives in Daytona.

The Park home was a stopping place for people coming through in the early days: sometimes as many as sixty at a time. Park had the first store in Sebastian, and Dempsy Cain, who was Irish, stayed with Park. They served the Roseland and Micco section. The Parks lived in Sebastian in the winter, and at Blue Hole, on the east shore 6 miles north of Ft. Pierce, in the summer. The green turtle ran in the winter in the River. There was a fish cannery at Ft. Pierce, but all gradually left but Mr. Park. We shipped turtle, great quantities of them.

Mosquitoes were so bad that the cows would wade out in the river at night for protection, up to their necks, and then keep shaking their heads. One today cannot imagine just how bad they were. Game was plentiful. All you had to do was open the back door and pick out your deer. There was also plenty of wild hogs and bear. Bears never fought unless they were hurt.

We went to Titusville for trading until Mrs. Hogg put up her store in Ft. Pierce. Mrs. Hogg kept the store and Mr. Hogg ran a schooner and brought in groceries, etc.

Thomas New from Connecticut was the first postmaster in Sebastian. New married Polly Anne Gore from North Carolina.

Mr. Kitching was the second postmaster. Guterlick and Arthur Kroegel came before New.

Groceries were brought into Titusville down the St. John's River to Enterprise, hauled across to Titusville by ox team and down the River by sailboat. There was one family at Melbourne at that time.

Indians were plentiful but friendly. The old chief offered his daughter to young Simeon. Billie Smith was the Chief, and Johnny Doctor was also very friendly. They and Park hunted together.

The Indians captured a negro woman and cut her heelstrings, so that she couldn't run away. Her name was Nancy and there were half-breed Indians born, so the Indians decided to kill the half-breeds, and did kill them. If you gave the Indians a meal, the next day they would appear at the same time for another. It is still a custom with them. Just a few years ago if they had a relative in the hospital at Ft. Pierce, they would come and stay around, wash and spread their clothes out on the lawn of the Hospital to dry. They wear from nine to thirteen pounds of beads around their necks. Johnny Doctor had himself all covered with twenty-dollar gold pieces. Never knew where he got them. They would trade fur and plumes at Ft. Pierce trading post. Hundreds of them came to trade.

St. Lucie was once called Quay because Sen. Matthew S. Quay had a winter home there in 1890. In 1892 he got an appropriation through Congress for \$15,000 to straighten, enlarge, and otherwise improve the channel of Indian River from Goat Creek to the Indian River Inlet. Charter rights for 75 miles later extended to 138 miles. Quay had the inlet straightened out, so that he could see the Ocean, and it caused the inlet to close. The inlet at that time was north of the present Pepper Park and the House of Refuge was there. Hogg's store was at the dock in Ft. Pierce where P. P. Cobb's store

of later date was. Lon Carlton owned it before Cobb. The Cobbs came from New York. At Taylor Creek were the Jim Bells and Tom and Jim Payne.

Feb. 11, 1894, the Railroad had been extended to West Palm Beach, and the Royal Poinciana Hotel was opened on this same date. Surveys for the road south of Palm Beach was started in 1895, and on April 15, 1896 the first train chugged its way into Miami. The Breakers Hotel opened in 1896.

Stuart was first called Potsdam by the early German settlers.

Mr. New got sick and was ill for a long while at our house in Sebastian. He got helpless and couldn't get out of bed. Father cared for him. One day we saw him, or his ghost, out in the river burying his money. He declared he never got out of bed, and we were sure he couldn't, but we all saw him in the river. We never found any money however, anywhere.

We have lived in three counties and never moved. First Brevard, then St. Lucie and now Indian River. Brevard included everything from Titusville south to the St. Lucie River at Stuart.

C. J. Hector had the first store in Melbourne. Mr. Russell owned the Fellsmere country. Fells bought it from Russell and developed the sugar industry, but it didn't go over too well until the Porto Ricans took it over in 1941. Now it is a going concern.

The Cains lived at Roseland. We would go by boat to the Cains for a visit. Mr. Kitching changed the name of New Haven to Sebastian.

Father once caught a sea cow, or manatee, in St. Lucie River and got \$300 for it. He caught it with a seine. John Beard settled near where the Capt. Hardee home is today. He had two boys John and DuBois. He ran a schooner over to the Bahamas with pineapples. Mrs. Beard was named Cornelia, so the schooner was named for her "the Cornelia".

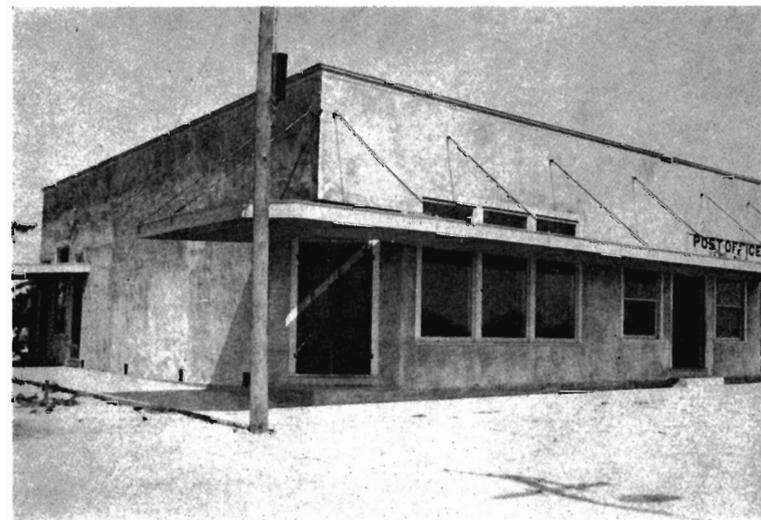
George Sears of Wabasso and I used to climb up trees and gather wild grapes when we were boys. They were plentiful.

The first store in Wabasso was owned by J. R. Leatherman. They had a three month's school term, and the teacher would take turns living in the parent's homes. H. B. Archibald was the first teacher.

Preachers used to come through and preach to early settlers, and one used to come named Hitchcock. Said Kroegel to Hitchcock, "Vel, by Gott, dat vas one goot sermon". The first resident Methodist preacher in Sebastian was T. A. Jordan. He came as a young man and stayed with J. A. Groves and daughter Anna.



Blacksmith shop, forerunner of the first garage in Vero Beach



The third post office built in Vero Beach by Charles Gifford, still standing on South Dixie Highway. The first post office was in Henry Gifford's store, and the second was in a one room shack east of the railroad tracks, near where the railroad station is now.

THE HELSETHS. *By Dr. Inga Olla Helseth.*

JOHN Helseth settled and named Viking. We would tack up river and walk five miles to see him. My father O. O. Helseth came in 1896 by train to Ft. Pierce and back up to Oslo by boat. The train at that time went as far as Palm Beach.

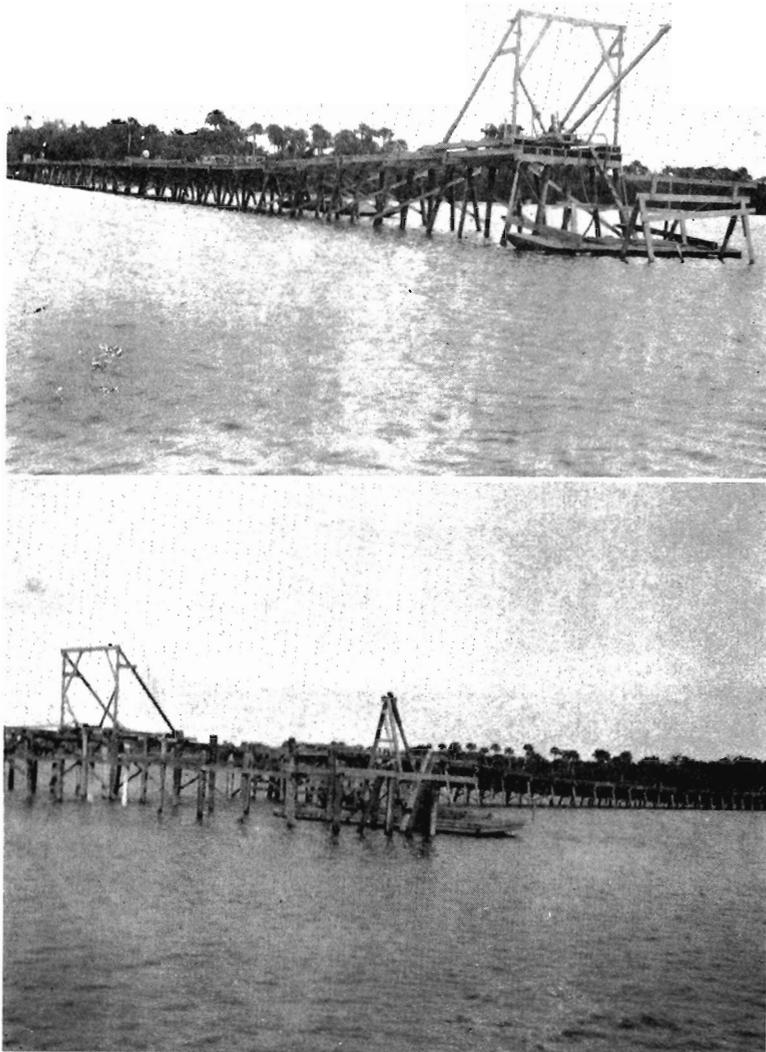
Among our first acquaintances were Mr. and Mrs. Hughes; she later married Mr. Weills. They had persimmons and mulberries. The Willseys lived in the house later owned by Cordwood Smith, so called because he sold cordwood to the railroad. A Mr. O'Brien who was Irish, had a log cabin near, and fished for a living. He is buried on the ridge near us. Gunsmith Martin lived on the beach in a palmetto shack. He was a bachelor, gathered shells, and was very odd in his ways. Another bachelor fisherman by the name of Wise, lived down on the river near the Jungle Gardens. Sembler and Hicks were fishermen at Oslo. Mr. Sembler was Mrs. Libby Fitts' grandfather.

My father named Oslo and started a post office, freight, express and passenger stop. We had a store, church and school, and he had the first Dodge agency. He owned the second Ford in these parts; Nate Penny had the first one.

They used to use lighter-wood on the river boats. If we wanted a boat to stop, we would hang out a light at night or a flag by day. In addition to the river merchant boats, there was also a dental boat that plied the river to take care of aching teeth.

Our first school had six pupils, and Miss Fannie Penny, later Mrs. Chas. Gifford was the teacher, and Mrs. Davis, Fannie's sister was the second.

Our first Methodist Church was in the house that was later added on to, and became the home of Olaf Helseth. A Mr. Hev-



Two views of the first bridge to be thrown across Indian River to connect Vero Beach and the ocean. It was constructed of palmetto logs.

elsrud came down from Minneapolis, and Andrew Helseth bought his home when he became keeper at Bethel Creek. His son lost an arm by a shark.

Mr. O'Brien also was bitten by a shark on his side, which was probably the cause of his death.

Martin called this Golden Ridge. He had a palmetto hut on the place where we live and he gave a right-of-way to the Railroad, and in return they gave him lumber to build two rooms. The present O. O. Helseth home is built around these two rooms, which was our home from the beginning. Living was difficult in those days. Daddy went to Ft. Pierce for our groceries, tacking back to our dock, then paddling up a little stream, that had been dug along and deepened, as near home as possible and carrying the things the rest of the way on his back. For articles that we had to buy by the barrel, he and another would hang the barrel between them on poles carried on their shoulders, and the children carried other things in gunny sacks. It was wonderful when we got a railroad stop. It took us six months to get our furniture down here from Minneapolis. We used boxes or kegs for seats. Mother wasn't well and longed for her rocker. One day when daddy went to Ft. Pierce he was very late getting home that night, and when he came he was carrying her rocker on his shoulders. The furniture had come.

Hunting was a principal means of livelihood as well as fishing. We killed a bear and two cubs and had meat for some time; had deer meat often. We had a garden in the hammock, and the deers were so troublesome we mounted a gun and stretched a string from the trigger so when the deer hit it, the gun would kill the animal. There was so much wild life. We trapped all around, o'possum, coon, deer, turtle, rabbit, quail, duck and fish and bear occasionally.

To keep meat when we had a good supply, we would grind it and make it into meat balls, cover it with lard and it would keep

until needed. We parboiled coon and then fried it, and had sweet potatoes, cow-peas, honey and mulberries. We kept goats and a cow. People called the goats and cow "northern foolishness". We also grew Jamaican Sorrel (Florida Cranberries). Pineapples were soon grown from Oslo to Eden, but red spider attacked the plant, and competition from Cuba became too great. Also when drainage was put in, it left the ridge, which had been called Golden Ridge and was so fertile, too dry. Even the groves which once thrived so beautifully on this ridge are poor now. The ridge had served as a dam for back waters. There was a break in the ridge at the Jungle Gardens where Willsey Creek runs through, and when water was high it would seep through a low gap at Oslo, but it acted as a reservoir and made the ridge very fertile.

Father built houses for people and was away a great deal in those early days, and mother and we children were at home alone. The Indians were so plentiful and so friendly, also curious, it was nothing unusual to see a circle of campfires at night near the house. They would bring us meat. Once mother had a lot of persimmons lying out on the studding in the kitchen to ripen, and a horde of Indians crowded into the kitchen and insisted on having the persimmons. They were not ready to eat, and they splattered them all over mother's cleanly scrubbed floor. One of the babies was so neglected looking that mother thought she would do a kind deed, so she cleaned up the baby and put clothes on it, which we later found out back in the bushes.

Mother was a wonderful helper to others. She helped those who were sick, brought babies into the world, in fact, did anything which was needful in the lives of the pioneers.

We had been here six years when Elias and Andrew Helseth came. My mother's maiden name was Seggaard. All the Helseths were from Molde, Norway.

XII

THE RICES. *Related by Clark Rice.*

IN the very early days a Captain ^{English}Rice came to this section from Texas by way of Alabama. He was a powerful man weighing 336 pounds and over 7 feet tall.

He first came on horseback to Sanford, then called Enterprise Junction. He later drifted on eastward to the place that is now Titusville. It seemed a likely spot so he decided if he could only get a sawmill he could accomplish something there. He finally succeeded in getting a little one and sawed enough timber to build himself a small house and a barn which he used for a livery stable, and he contracted to drive the mail from Enterprise Junction to the new settlement.

He and a Mr. Titus that came about the same time wanted to give the place a name, so they agreed that the winner at a game of dominoes should have the name. Riceville, if Rice won and Titusville if Titus won. The result we know, for Titusville it is. It was to become the key town of the Indian River area, for all supplies had to pass through it and be transported south by sailboat.

Captain Rice was married twice. His first children, all boys, were Ollie, Lee and Stephen Elisha. By the second marriage, three girls and one boy, Lucille, Marie, Jacqueline and Ewing.

Stephen Elisha, "S. E.," as he was to be known later, grew up in Titusville and became the first engineer on the Celestial Railway between Jupiter and Juno. This railroad has been described in detail elsewhere in this book.

Mrs. S. E. Rice, (Rosa Clark), lived near Ocala at a place called Cotton Plant. She had two sisters, Annie and Ella and one brother, Henry. She came to visit her aunt Mollie Carlin, whose husband ran Jupiter lighthouse (he was the first keeper of Jupiter

light) and while there she met the railroad engineer S. E. Rice. They were married in 1892, and had three boys, Andrew, Clark and Tipton.

S. E. could tell many interesting stories of the times when as an engineer on this road he would take hunters and let them off, one here, another there, and they would get their game and he would pick them up again. Often when they would see a bear or deer they would stop and kill the animal, then proceed on their way. He would also tell how he hauled every piece of lumber over this railroad to build the Royal Poinciana Hotel in Palm Beach.

The Joiner family (of which Mrs. Barbara Faber, referred to elsewhere in this book, was one) was Mrs. S. E. Rice's mother's family. They were Mollie (Carlin), Barbara (Faber), Clara, who also married a Faber (the old Faber Hotel in Ft. Pierce belonged to them), Dora (Clark) Mrs. Rice's mother, and Dugga, five girls.

Mrs. Rice (Clark's mother) would recall a Captain English, an Army Captain, who settled at Cotton Plant, and built a big house high off the ground, so that he could keep his buggies and wagons under the house; just drive them under, very convenient! He owned two hundred fox hounds, loved his dogs and horses — a man of leisure.

An item of interest that the Rices recall was that Eli Walker, a well known Vero Beach resident, came first to Sharpes. He rented a wagon and mule to drive down, cut cordwood and hauled to the river for the boats, later migrated on down to Vero, driving through the woods.

XIII

W. R. (RAINEY) DUNCAN

I WAS born on the banks of the Peace River in Manatee County, Florida, near Arcadia, and moved to Marianna with my parents when only a small boy. I came to Vero on Wednesday, Nov. 27, 1901.

I worked on a truck farm in the Head Hammock (now the Eli Walker groves). Began work for the late H. T. Gifford in June of 1902. Cut and hauled cordwood. Hauled fish from the river to the depot for shipment, also sprayed, pruned and fertilized Mr. Gifford's orange grove. Most of the fertilizing was done on Saturday afternoons (so that I would have to take a bath on Saturday night).

I bought a small tract of land from Mr. Gifford in 1903, and planted my first orange grove in 1904. This grove was near Oslo.

I was married Dec. 16, 1908, to Miss Clifford Anthony of Columbus, Ga. Two children were born to this union. One passed away at the age of 8 months, the other, Charles Ellis Duncan, lives in Vero Beach, being a civil engineer and architect. Ellis and Miss Nancy Shipner, were married on Jan. 24, 1948.

I served on the City Council of Vero for four years. Was a member of the Council under three Mayors, A. W. Young, Fred King, and B. T. Redstone. Was on the Council when the first water works were installed; also the first unit of the present power plant. Served twelve years as a member of the planning and zoning board of Vero Beach.

Was elected County Tax Assessor in 1928 and served in that capacity from Jan. 6, 1929 until Jan. 6, 1947 inclusive. Decided eighteen years was long enough in that office and resigned in the middle of the term. Since that time I have devoted my time to my grove interests.

When I came to Vero there was only one family living here as permanent residents, the late Henry T. Gifford and his son F. Charles Gifford and wife Fannie.

One of the early pastimes for Charles and me, was chasing the hobos out of freight cars, as there were no highways and the only way to travel was by train, boat, or walk. The hobos usually walked or rode the rods of the freight trains. There were only two passenger trains each day, No. 35 going south in the late afternoon, and No. 78 going north at the noon hour.

Since my arrival in Vero, Nov. 1901, I must have killed and destroyed a freight car load of mosquitoes, for they were really bad in the early days. At the date of my arrival there was not more than 100 acres of citrus grove in what is now Indian River County; today there are more than 16,000 acres in grove. I was in the nursery business for several years and planted out more than 1,000 acres to grove for other people.

XIV

DR. DAVID ROSE. *By Mrs. Elizabeth Rose.*

DAVID ROSE, born in Port Dover, Ontario, Nov. 6, 1854. Died in Vero Beach, Florida, Dec. 5, 1942. He was the son of Scotch parents from Inverness, and Abernathy, Scotland, who met on the boat that brought them to America.

He was a graduate of Toronto University, and began his practice in Waterford, Ontario, moving to Chicago in 1892. During his years in Chicago, he was intimately associated with such eminent physicians as Dr. Evans, whose columns in the Tribune were guideposts to health for thousands of readers; Dr. Sippy, an authority on the treatment of stomach ulcers; Dr. Bacon, for many years the leading obstetrician; Dr. Nicholas Senn, in surgery and many others.

In 1902 to avoid the rigors of the winters in Chicago, he went to Oklahoma City and built up quite a practice. In 1905 he was married to Miss Sarah Wentworth, and they visited his sister in Sebastian on their way back to Oklahoma, and so fell in love with Florida that they bought five acres of land in Sebastian. In 1908 they moved here and put out 3½ acres to grove, expecting to be able to live off that much citrus, but they soon discovered that an abundant living was not to be had on that amount of citrus, and as there was no Doctor between Melbourne and Ft. Pierce, and people learning that he was a Doctor, they began calling him so frequently that he went to Jacksonville and took the State examination and started in on general practice. He rode on horseback along trails and through the woods with his medicine in his saddlebags day or night, encouraging, cheering and giving hope to the ailing. He treated the downhearted and depressed and sent them away bright-eyed and laughing. He liked to help people

for the love of it, and often said that he would thoroughly enjoy his work if he didn't have to charge for it.

In the building of the railroad bridge across the Sebastian River much labor was brought in without adequate housing and sanitary provisions, which led to much sickness and strife, much quarreling and many knifings. One night Dr. Rose was called to care for a man who was gashed half way around the middle. The man lay on the ground. The only light was the automobile headlight. There on the ground he dressed and sewed up the wound, and the man lived to tell the tale. Many such incidents he could relate of primitive conditions facing a country Doctor.

Saturday nights and Sundays were anticipated with dread, for payday brawls were common, but though the times were crude, he and his wife Sarah were making a place for themselves in the hearts of the people, she in a civic way and he with his ministrations of mercy.

In 1927 Mrs. Rose lost her life in an automobile accident, and in 1928 he married Miss Elizabeth Wegener, who had been a lifelong friend of the former Mrs. Sarah Wentworth Rose.

When Dr. Harrell came to Vero Beach, he and Dr. Rose became the best of friends, and Dr. Rose much his senior in age and experience was able to help and advise him, and he always referred to Dr. Harrell as "my boy".

Dr. Rose was surgeon for the F.E.C. railroad for years and took his serious cases to St. Augustine and Jacksonville for hospital treatment, the nearest hospitals at that time.

Dr. Rose was a great student and lover of poetry. He loved nature and music, a sensitive soul who "had never learned to play," but his interests were wide and varied. He was as much interested in the civic life of the people as the medical, and had a great sense of humor, which changed many a frown into a laugh. When patients would say to him out of the fullness of their hearts, "Dr.

how would we ever get along without you?" his reply was always: "The sun will shine the next morning after I am gone."

In Chicago Sarah had been a leader in the Teachers' Federation. She was fearless and outspoken when she felt she was right, and she soon carried on in Sebastian as she had in Chicago and before long the Sebastian Woman's Club was born, meeting on the Rose's front porch, then later in the Town Hall. She was known throughout the County as a leader for women's betterment. She served for many years on the County school board. After her death Dr. David took her place on the board for several years.

After Sarah Rose's death funds were raised to build the Sebastian Woman's Club house, which stands as a monument to a capable and fearless leader and a tireless worker.

Dr. Harrell appointed Dr. Rose on the State Welfare Board to represent the north end of the organization. Dr. Rose later resigned on account of his health, and Mrs. Elizabeth Rose served in his stead, until the condition of his health necessitated her resignation.

Thus David Rose and his wives Sarah and Elizabeth have left their mark on the minds and hearts of the people of the Indian River country.

XV

A FEW OF THE EARLY OUTSTANDING CITIZENS *whose great worth and influence have made lasting imprints on the Indian River area.*

SENATOR A. W. Young, who exerted an incalculable influence on the early life of Vero Beach. He served in almost every capacity in the growing community. He was a complete believer in the future of Vero from the first. He was a strong advocate of every movement that would promote the growth and welfare of the young and struggling community. He will always be remembered for his tireless activity in "putting Vero on the map", as the idiom of the day would express it.

Mrs. A. W. Young was a most capable helpmate in this work. She was instrumental in fostering the birth and growth of the Vero Woman's Club, during the early and trying days of its growth, and she never lost her ambition for it. Once, when there was a crisis in the Club, she remarked to me "Well we are still the Woman's Club of Vero." She never gave up, although others all around were discouraged.

W. E. Sexton, developer, promoter and all around booster for Vero Beach came to Vero as a young man just out of university, and grew up with the place, so to speak. He developed lovely groves, started the Vero Beach Dairy, built the "Driftwood", promoted the Jungle Gardens with Mr. Arthur McKee's aid, into the place of beauty it is today, and in a conspicuous way contributed to the growth and development of the beautiful town that is Vero Beach. He was instrumental in developing the Royal Park area in the early days, making of it a place of beautiful homes, around as lovely a golf course as it is possible to find anywhere. His imprint on Vero Beach is definite and lasting.

Dr. C. H. Pettibone, founder of the Community Church and first president of the Vero Beach Rotary Club, was a retired minister from Denver, Colorado. A wonderfully kind and understanding soul, loved by all citizens of Vero Beach, church and non-church alike. A man of wide acquaintance and much ability. Interested in the spiritual and civic growth of our little town, and an inspiration to all who knew him.

Mrs. G. W. Walters, wife of Judge Walters, was a civic and religious leader for years in Vero Beach.

Dr. J. M. Cody, teacher of the largest Bible Class in this area for several years, a man of worth and integrity, and the Doctor with whom Dr. E. B. Hardee was first associated on his arrival in Vero.

Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Bartlett, who were active in both civic and fraternal as well as religious bodies.

Dr. Geo. M. Harrell was a much loved early physician of Vero.

To mention all who contributed in a large measure to the growth of Vero in all ways, cultural, spiritual, and physical, would become tedious and tiresome. Suffice it to say, that Vero Beach today is the combined result of many wonderful people working together to make a town of worth and beauty. The Atkins, Redstones, Andrews, Hutchisons, Hills, Barbers, Humistons, Buckingham, Rodenbergs, Williams and Moellers, the Hensicks and Newmans, the Bakers and Corsas and Pooles and Kings, are only a very few of the many, that toiled and sweat and fought mosquitoes, to bring into being the vision that is Vero Beach today. All honor to them!

*"Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime
And departing leave behind us
Foot prints on the sands of time."*

Chas. Harris of Vero, Fla., started with \$300.00 in 1904 and last year (1914) made a net profit of \$1,340. from his citrus trees alone, and he had a good truck farm and pineapple tract besides. Mr. Harris has lived at Vero seven years, and he made his money on land like that now being sold by the Indian River Farms Co.

* * * *

Chas. M. Boynton of Kansas City, Mo., says Indian River Farms are ideal for the raising of citrus fruits, vegetables, small fruits, or truck gardening. He found the settlers especially congenial and pleasant, and says he enjoyed every minute of his stay in Vero. He says if all the land being sold is like the farms already being developed (and it is) he's for Indian River Farms.

* * * *

Why not choose a town where you'll have no bills for coal, heavy clothing, or heartening foods? Cut down the high cost of living at Vero, Fla.

* * * *

Kirkwood, Mo.
Jan. 12, 1914.

Mr. W. C. Killeen,
St. Louis, Mo.
Dear Sir:

Mr. Frohm and I returned today from our trip of inspection to the Indian River Farms, and I want to assure you that what we saw exceeded by far all our expectations, and everybody we had a chance to speak to was delighted.

I am so well pleased that I bought the land that I had optioned, and am only sorry that I cannot handle any more of it.

Sunday afternoon, we all took a trip in motor boats across Indian River to see the ocean, and many of us enjoyed a half hour

in the water. I have seen both sides of the ocean at several times, but never before did I have as good a time as at Vero, Florida.

With best wishes, I am, yours very truly

A. W. May.

* * * *

Low rate excursions to Vero, Florida, the first and third Tuesdays of each month.

* * * *

A later bulletin. The Vero (St. Lucie County) Press. Paul H. Nisle, Editor.

Entered at Postoffice at Vero, Fla., Oct. 27th, 1919, as second class matter under act of March 29, 1921.

* * * *

Jan. 5, 1922.

The automobile law makes only a tag at the rear of your machine obligatory. Here is a good chance to advertise your town by attaching one of the nifty Vero plates which Miles McNese is introducing here. A number of cars are already sporting one.

J. C. McCann has added a new Ford to his equipment. He is interested in Beachland Casino Park, and is gratified at the interest taken in this development. Mr. McCann and Associates intend to make this amusement place one of the best in this section, and the plans provide for sidewalks, pretty grounds, beautified with flowers, and other buildings necessary to make the Casino satisfy all demands as an amusement place.

* * * *

Jan. 12, 1922

Fort Pierce has a daily newspaper, which is but another evidence of the progress of St. Lucie County. From a semi-weekly the News-Tribune branched out as a daily this week, giving this County its first daily paper. Success to the venture.

J. D. Edwards, grower of the famous "Quay Brand" tomatoes, has one of his fields on Kings Highway near Oslo. This field will be planted to tomatoes and will contain about 30 acres planted to this profitable crop.

XVI

APPENDIX

Because of the interest of the following articles, and by the courtesy of the Cocoa Tribune, I am pleased to incorporate them in this book.

"Letter written by the late J. F. Mitchell, tells of trip along the Indian River on Steamer nearly 60 years ago." This article appeared in Chamber's Journal of Popular Literature, Science and Art of London and Edinburgh, Saturday, July 7, 1894. Permission to reprint same was given by Mr. Mitchell's daughter, Mrs. Lawrence P. Abney of City Point.

PART I.

Ten years ago, when the boom in Florida was at its height, the Indian River was almost unknown except to some enthusiastic sportsmen and tourists who left the beaten paths of travel in search of novel scenes and experiences; and the few settlers along its banks were contented, cultivating their orange groves with the hope that in the future, when a railway tapped this section, the Indian River orange would become famous. The foresight of the old settlers has been amply justified, as Indian River oranges now command the highest market price of any grown in Florida. Oranges, however, do not constitute the only product of this section, as the pineapple industry, although not a dozen years old, has now a more valuable crop than even the orange; and there seems little doubt that this industry will continue as a profitable investment for a good number of years to come. Among others from different states in the Union, quite a number of young Englishmen are now successfully engaged in this lucrative business, and each year sees their numbers increase.

Taking a look at the map of Florida, you will notice that the east coast is lined by a series of inland waterways or lagoons, improperly termed rivers, which at present are being connected by means of dredges, operated by the East Coast Canal & Transportation Company, so as to give water-communication the whole length of the Coast. Nor is this all. "The East Coast Line" of railway in April last ran their first through train from Jacksonville to Lake Worth, a distance of some 250 miles, in almost a straight line, following the west bank of Indian River and Lake Worth.

Mr. Flagler made St. Augustine what it is — a city of the finest hotels in America; the famous "Ponce de Leon" and "Cordova" hotels being known by every tourist in the land. For some years his railway stopped there. Last year he extended it to Rockledge, on Indian River; and becoming interested in Lake Worth, he built one of the finest hotels in the country at Palm Beach this year, opened it, and at the same time made that the terminus of his road. Although the terminus of railway travel, next year tourists will get along comfortably far south of that, as there are two powerful dredges working day and night cutting a canal between Lake Worth and Biscayne Bay; and it is confidently expected to be open for steamer traffic ere next year.

It is not to be supposed that Mr. Flagler is spending millions in railways and hotels for tourist travel only, as this source of revenue lasts but three months of each year. The natural resources of the east coast determined him to open it up and develop the country; and a short article on this section of Florida may prove interesting to some of our readers.

Indian River is a sheet of water about one hundred and fifty miles in length, varying from one to seven miles in width, and separated from the Atlantic Ocean by a narrow strip of land with an average width of half a mile. As the Gulf Stream flows northward quite close to the Florida Coast, the shores of the river have a more equable and milder climate than the interior of the State;



The first automobile in Vero Beach was an Orient buckboard. Shown in the picture are Mr. and Mrs. N. O. Penny and their children. Mrs. Penny was the 3-year-old sister of Charles Gifford when she came to Vero Beach to live with her parents in 1888. The automobile was brought in by boat and was assembled in Vero Beach.



The first airplane to land in Vero Beach on what is now the Royal Park golf course belonged to George Halderman, one of the first successful trans-Atlantic flyers. The man on the left is unidentified, the others are G. Halderman, F. C. Gifford and Alex MacWilliam. The children in front are Kenneth, Howard and Gordon Murray.



The second school house in Vero Beach, situated where the Blue Lantern Hotel now is. The first school was a one room structure across the street from Henry Gifford's store and post office.



William H. Wigfield, one of the first settlers, and his granddaughter Elsie Mae Allen.



F. Charles and Fannie Gifford pictured during the real estate boom days of the middle '20s.

and owing to its near proximity to the ocean, with its southeast summer breezes, it is cooler in summer than anywhere in the northern States, while malarial complaints are almost unknown. The rivers teem with fish; and a large trade is done shipping mullet and the toothsome pompano to northern markets. There are ice factories on the river; and a canning factory is being built to dispose of pineapples and other fruits that, from over-ripeness or blemishes, would not stand shipment. Truck farming is engaging the attention of many; and owing to the comparative immunity from frost, this must always be a favored section in this particular. Merritt's Island situated opposite Cape Canaveral, is famed throughout the State for its early beans, tomatoes, eggplant, and pineapples. In the center of the island, sugar cane grows luxuriously in the rich hammocks; while on the prairies, dotted over with clumps of palmetto trees and small cedar hammocks giving splendid shade, cattle keep in good condition all the year around; and though there is not a sheep on the island, a farmer with colonial experience could do well sheep-raising for mutton alone, as the grazing is excellent.

Titusville, the county seat of Brevard, at the north end of the river, has a population of about sixteen hundred, its streets "shelled", lit by electricity, with good stores in brick buildings, a bank, half a dozen churches, and a jail — is a go-ahead, lively little town, doing a business with all parts of the river and back country; and while the East Coast Line passes through, it is the terminus of the Jacksonville, Tampa & Key West Railway, here connecting with the Indian River Steamboat Company, which acts as a feeder, and carries freight to and from all parts of the river.

Taking the steamer St. Lucie, we leave the wharf with a somewhat vague feeling as to what is before us. The steamer is built of iron, about 160 feet long by 25 feet beam, with a stern wheel. She was built specially for the river, which is shoal in many places, and draws only about 3 feet of water. Comfortably fitted up with good staterooms and well officered, a few days spent on board an

Indian River steamer leaves pleasant recollections to all who have ever done so. True, we make only about 8 miles an hour. If we want to go on business in a hurry, we can take the railway; but for comfort and freedom from dust, a good passenger steamer is not to be compared with railway travel, however luxurious — going quietly along watching the pompano and calelle leap with an easy grace in the air, then fall sideways into the clear cool water again. We are amazed at the breadth of the river—7 miles. It almost looks, from the low shore on the east side, as if we were going out to sea. The west side for 10 miles is lined with lovely building sites; but it is an old Spanish grant, and no title could be got to the land until recently.

Passing the Bay, the river narrows at Pine Island to about 3 miles; and the growth on either side changes to hammock—a mixture of oak, other hardwoods, and palmetto trees, from among which we catch glimpses of houses with an occasional gleam of light; and an orange grove, but partly seen, on account of the margin of virgin hummock left standing to act as a windbreak.

Making a stop at City Point for a few minutes, we notice a good sized store, more houses than we anticipated; and we learn that there are some forty thousand boxes of oranges shipped from this neighborhood alone.

A couple of miles farther down, on the Merritt Island side of the river, we call at Indianola, one of the most attractive and go-ahead little settlements on the island — oranges, pineapples, mangoes and truck being grown by the settlers, who have a public hall, and evidently enjoy a fair measure of prosperity. Getting some passengers and baggage ashore takes a minute or two only, and we are off again. Four miles or so farther on we come to famous Rockledge. Landing, we make our way to the hotel. It is now dark, but the scene is one never to be forgotten. A crowd of hotel guests, porters and boatmen are on the wharf, scanning the passen-

gers for known faces; and while there is none of that bustle and din about the place associated with hotel landings generally, your baggage is promptly looked after; and turning away from the blinding glare cast on the wharf by the steamer's headlight, our eyes rest with pleasure on the big hotel, only a couple of hundred feet away, every window lit up, and electric lights shining among the palmettos in front so softly, that no picture of the imagination can conjure up anything so perfectly in harmony with the feeling of rest after travel, except it be that which the traveller feels on coming to his own home; and the orchestra on the veranda softly playing some old familiar air helps out the comparison.

The "Hotel Indian River" is a plainly built house of three hundred rooms in keeping with the surroundings; and after engaging our room, we sit on the veranda and look out on the scene in quiet enjoyment. Under tall palmettos and huge oaks, or on the pavilion over the bank of the river, guests are quietly chatting; and the bits of color in the dress of the ladies add the one touch of life required to make the picture complete.

ROCKLEDGE

Rising early next morning we take a stroll along the footpath that follows the shore, and at once divine the reason why the place got its name, as there is no beach, but instead, a rocky shoreline extending north and south for several miles. Walking north, we passed numbers of unpretentious villas among the orange groves, till we came to a bright sandy point of land running some distance out in the river, almost a counterpart of the "Silver Strand" on Loch Kathrine. Retracing our steps, we pass another handsome hotel, "The Plaza", somewhat smaller than ours; and the railway station of the East Coast Line lies right between the two. Were it not for the tracks, however, one would never guess the neat-looking, bright, lemon-painted station was anything more than an office connected with one of the hotels.

In the season, January, February and March, Rockledge has a population of about two thousand; and during the balance of the year about two hundred. About the same number of boxes of oranges is shipped from this place as at City Point.

PINEAPPLES

After breakfast, we board the steamer St. Augustine, a day boat without staterooms, calling at all the landings on Merritt's Island, among them Georgiana, Lotus, and Tropic. Passing Eau Gallie, we come to Melbourne, so named by the first settler, an Englishman, who had lived years in Australia. This is a nice little settlement, with several stores, a couple of small hotels, and some pretty villas owned by northern people of means, who spend their winters here. On the opposite side at East-Melbourne, on the beach-strip, there are some large pineapple patches. There is nothing particularly inviting about this beach-strip in its natural state but it certainly does grow pineapples to perfection. One settler the other day sold his place for 10,000 dollars. He bought it six years ago for 50 dollars an acre. At the end of three years he had spent 900 dollars on it,

and taken 1,350 dollars out of it, besides getting the crops of the past two years. Whether he retained this year's crop, or sold it with the place, I did not learn. Of course, he did all the work himself.

Staying at "Hector Hotel" at Melbourne till evening we got on board the through steamer for Jupiter — this time, St. Sebastian. Waking at daylight, we were just in time, passing Indian River Inlet, to get a glimpse of the ocean. Calling at Ft. Pierce, a small fishing village, for wood, we proceeded on our way, the shores gradually becoming higher again, and covered with a luxuriant tropical growth till we came to Eden, famous for its pineapples. The rolling hills, or rather knolls, are cleared of every tree or stump, and in the distance the patches looked something like cornfields. All the settlers around Eden and Jensen are comfortably "fixed," as they say here; and at the latter place — which was started by a Dane of that name — there is a comfortable hotel of about fifty rooms, as well as a canning factory.

Rounding Sewall's Point, the finest building sites on the river, we turn up the St. Lucie, which joins Indian River at this point. This is a genuine fresh water river, coming from the Everglades. At first, it is narrow and deep, but gradually it opens into an egg-shaped basin, with high banks on the east side. This river is the home of the manatee, an almost extinct mammal; and the State Legislature has just passed a bill prohibiting its destruction.

Landing some freight at Potsdam, we put ashore, and get back to Indian River, where, after crossing at St. Lucie Inlet, we enter Jupiter Narrows, a tortuous passage among high mangroves of 8 miles. On a bright day the scene is pleasant, although one can never see more than three or four hundred feet ahead; but on a dull day the Narrows have a weird, melancholy look, which only a desolate un-inhabitable place can give. Suddenly emerging from the Narrows, we enter Hobe Sound, about a quarter of a mile wide, with high banks and rolling spruce pine-woods. Here quite a

number of pineapple growers are settled and doing well. At this point the principle growers are English. Nearing Jupiter, we see the lighthouse and signal station, and getting out of Hobe Sound, cross the Loxahatchee River, and tie up at Jupiter wharf — this being the end of navigation on Indian River.

There is an inlet here also, and a fine view of the ocean can be had. An old steamer lies alongside the shore, and is converted into a hotel, where fish of all varieties is made a specialty, and quite a business is done during the winter and spring catering for tourists by steamers, sailboats and launches. At Jupiter there is a railway some 8 miles in length, connecting Indian River and Lake Worth, called the "Celestial Line" from the names of the stations on the route. Till Flagler's road was built, it was the farthest south in the United States.

PALM BEACH

Taking the train in the afternoon, we rapidly pass Venus and Mars — about two houses at each place — and arrive at Juno, on Lake Worth, where a small steamer awaits our arrival, and carries us down the lake to Palm Beach.

Lake Worth has an inlet from the ocean of its own; and at present, boats coming here go outside at Jupiter or St. Lucie, run down the Coast, and come in at Lake Worth Inlet. But in a month or two this somewhat hazardous experiment will be avoided, as the canal between the Indian River and the lake will be completed. Lake Worth, rather more tropical than Indian River, is about 25 miles long and $\frac{1}{2}$ mile wide. A number of Chicago millionaires during the past few years built fine winter residences here, and spent enormous sums in beautifying their places; then Mr. Flagler came along and built the Royal Poinciana Hotel with 600 rooms. This, coupled with the railway coming in, has made the lake a sort of millionaire winter home. A stage-line connects Lantana at the south end of the lake with Biscayne Bay, the most southern inhabited part of the mainland of Florida.

Returning from Palm Beach, we cross the ferry on the lake in the morning, take our seats in the train via East Coast Line arriving in the afternoon at Titusville, after enjoying a novel tour through entirely new scenery over a route just opened, but with all the conveniences of an old settled country. Nine years ago there were no steamboats here, and it is only eight years since the Jacksonville, Tampa & Key West Railway tapped the head of Indian River, on which there has been no fictitious boom, but a steady growth; so who shall say what possibilities lie in the future for this favored section? The people are peaceful, law-abiding, and cosmopolitan to a degree, gathered together as they are from every quarter of the globe, building up what eventually will be the garden-spots of America.

Of millionaires and non-residents we have a full hand, but want more men with small capital, workers, who can live here comfortably the year round, and make a living with more ease than anywhere known to the writer. There is a good living to be made raising pineapples on Indian River. The crop this year will be from fifty to sixty thousand barrel-crates, which net about \$3.00 per crate, or, say, \$300.00 per acre. Plants bear the second year after setting out; and a carefully tended patch will pay for itself, ordinary land included, in two years. Failures will take place in this as in every other industry; but they have been so far rare, and good reason could be given for each one of them; and any young fellow with a few hundred pounds wishing a pleasant occupation abroad, could do no better than cast in his lot with the pineapple growers of Indian River.

(Mr. Mitchell was a prominent Scotsman, who came to this area to make his home, and was for years Clerk of the Circuit Court, and was known and liked by hundreds of people on the East Coast.)

XVIII

98-YEAR OLD PIONEER RECALLS BREVARD PAST

Baby carriages, not missiles, held the spotlight news at Canaveral along about 1870, according to Mrs. Barbara Ann Faber, better known in central Brevard County as Grandma Faber.

Mrs. Faber, 98 last Dec. 23, chuckled as she recounted the interest shown by the few residents of this area in the baby carriages that washed ashore at Canaveral in a shipwreck.

"The beach was littered with household goods, but we were mostly interested in the baby carriages," she recalled.

Born in Brevard County in 1853, Grandma Faber boarded with friends at Lake George, west of Titusville, when she was a school age youngster. She moved to Sharpes, north of Cocoa, as the bride of Albert Faber from Ohio.

"This country was wild when I first came," she said. "Plenty and too many wildcats, 'possums, 'coons, panthers and Indians," she reminisced. "I didn't mind the critters so much but the Indians . . . they were troublesome. The women would walk right into the cabin, pick up my sewing and start sewing. I never did know why they like so much to sew.

"The Indian men came from Ft. Capron south of here. They were always looking for whisky, and frequently walked right into the cabin waving an empty whisky bottle and grunting, 'me want-um'. I was sure glad when the government controlled the Indians."

When questioned about hurricanes before the turn of the century, Grandma Faber replied, "The only real one we ever had, blew in in 1871. First it blew the cabin down so my husband and I and the children went to the chicken house. Then when it blew down, we crouched behind the big oak trees on the place for a day and a night, but we didn't get hurt."

Mrs. Faber's father was the first merchant in Central Brevard, according to his daughter. Docks were built out into the Indian River where cargo and freight were unloaded from river boats.

When asked about her present day health, she replied, "There's nothing wrong with me except I'm a little hard of hearing and my eyes are kind of weak, but I still do my own work. Washing? Cooking? Sure, I do my own cooking and washing, too. These new fangled ways to wash are all right for some folks, but I do my own by hand."

Grandma Faber was the mother of two daughters and four sons. The younger son, George, and his family live nearby in Sharpes. "He's my baby," she said with a smile.

"How long did you say you had lived in Cocoa?" She was asked. She replied indignantly, "I've never lived in Cocoa. I live in Sharpes and have for better than 65 years."

XIX

WM. HINDLE TELLS OF TRIP IN THE FIRST BOAT BUILT BY GEORGE GINGRAS

When I left Sanford and came to Indian River on the 3rd day of May, 1885, I soon got acquainted with a young man who was a natural-born boat builder. I don't think he ever took a lesson from anyone but he kept his eye peeled. Everybody could build a boat of some kind from a flat bottomed rowboat to a common V-bottomed in those days. George Gingras was only a young man about 17 or 18 years old. He had watched a good many men build boats, no doubt. He was young. He started to build a small boat. It was a sloop 12 feet long, had a mainsail and jib. When he finished with it it was built like a regular sea-going yacht, with round bottom, ribs and planking. It was my good fortune to take a trip in her down the river with two other men, Frank Fowler and Leon Canova. Now, remember, the boat was not as long as some of the rowboats. When we got our three pup tents in the boat along with our food and blankets we did not have much room to spare. Leon was at the tiller, Fowler and I were on each side of the centerboard, sitting on the deck. The boat was so narrow that our knees were under our chins. Now you are, no doubt, wondering who this Leon Canova and Frank Fowler are. Well, they were someway mixed up with George Gingras. Toni Canova, Leon's brother, married George's sister, and Frank Fowler married Toni's and Leon's sister. Now what relation was George to them?

Well, we started down the river for a 15-day hunting and fishing trip. I think on that trip we got every kind of weather that was ever invented. We struck a gale of wind just below Melbourne where the river is 2½ miles wide and that little boat took it like a 90-footer. Of course we had to reef some. There was no cabin on the boat. If George had put one on it, nothing but a cat could have got in it. It rained, of course, and we got wet. That didn't make much difference. We soon dried out. We only wore overalls and a shirt, were barefoot, with no underclothes to worry with.

The clothes dried on us. Night overtook us in the east channel of the Indian River Narrows. We stopped at a settler's place, can't remember his name. He did not have room for us in his house. We did not care about that. His house was built on high wooden posts, so under the house we went with our blankets. We turned out early in the morning and got to the south end of the Narrows just as the sun was shining over the top of the trees. We looked over to the west bank of the Indian River and saw an old wildcat with three kittens playing on a sandy beach. They were having just as much fun as a tame cat and kittens. Well, the wind did not suit us, so we went over the west bank where the cat and kittens were playing — they left in a hurry.

Thought we would do some hunting and fishing — fishing was good but not the hunting. We tried to find some black ducks but no luck. At shore and a few hundred feet west from the river seemed somewhat higher than the back country. Back there the water was from two to three feet deep. And that is where Vero Beach is today. At night we set up our pup tents and went to bed after supper. I woke up at 2 in the morning and started fishing. Caught quite a mess, cooked some of them and waked the others. They cussed me out for waking them up but they ate the fish just the same. We left next morning and got to Ft. Pierce under a pretty stiff wind. I could only find two families living there at that time — the Hoggs and the Carltons. Hoggs ran a trading store and Carlton had a bunch of cattle in the woods. Some guy tried to show us where Ft. Capron stood. I did see some old logs which looked like they might have been part of a log cabin and a couple of old lemon trees.

We packed up our duffel and started back home without any trouble and proved that George Gingras' first sailboat was staunch and seaworthy. We were ready to put our money on her against any boat of her tonnage on the river. We never found any takers. Now that is not the only sailboat that George built. He built many more boats that were speedy. About 1906 George started to build motorboats. One of his first ones of note was the Trent Sept. She was a wonder at that time. Those who were here on that May day

and saw her, had the pleasure of seeing one of the fastest boats of that day. I am not quite sure if she was the fastest boat at that time of her class. A friend of mine who was a French scholar and subscribed to several French papers told me that the Trent Sept was mentioned in the French sporting papers.

You know of the splendid record made by his boat this last summer up north. You know that real artists are born, not made in the classroom and I believe that George Gingras is a born artist in his line.

I believe that if some man would come along that had the nerve and the money to back George, Gar Wood would have to take the second place.

Let's back up our only real artist in this county. Believe me, your Uncle will.

"A NEWSPAPER STORY WRITTEN IN 1888, TELLS OF PIONEER RESIDENTS WHO CARVED HOMES FROM WILDERNESS, MANY OF WHOM YOU KNOW."

This article taken from the Florida Star, published in Titusville, Nov. 22, 1888, and reprinted in the Cocoa Tribune, July 20, 1950. Permission was given to me to incorporate it in this book by the Tribune.

BEAUTIFUL MERRITT'S ISLE

A description of its northern portion and residents.

* * * *

"The rapidly-improving villages of Courtenay and Merritt portrayed by our Special Correspondent."

* * * *

BY WODEN GOD OF SAXON

*"From whence comes Wodensday, that is Wednesday,
Truth is a thing I will ever keep"*

At a time when the minds of people at the north are turning towards balmy climes, it seemed to the management of the Star fitting to call renewed attention to our own unparalleled section, for while there may or may not be yellow fever here or yellow fever there, certain it is that the over-dreaded scourge has never made a lodgement on our shores, nor in years gone by when typhoid malarial fever, diphtheria, and pneumonia have ravaged sections, has any contagion got footing among us. For an enterprise of this kind it will be readily seen that to steam majestically out of Titusville regaling one's esthetic soul on the languid beauties of our lovely river is hardly doing the country justice. To take sail boat

at Titusville and to coast along reed-fringed shore by little bights and bays of rare beauty and full of fascination for the lover of the picturesque is better, but to see the rural beauties of our favored land and the "stern" husbandry—our countrys' pride", one must leave the path of the genus tourist and trudge afoot through green lanes, always green, even in midwinter, by pleasant country roads and beneath over-hanging avenues of trees and visit those favored spots that the energy of man has restored from nature's sway. Of course the writer can not be expected to refer even in the briefest terms to all those favored spots.

Beginning at Banana Creek two or three miles below Titusville, thence running south thirty-five miles, varying in width from one to seven miles, lies an island which, if not famous in song and story, cherishes in its bosom the high ambition to out rival with its lovely climate and Italian skies any "resort" that has taken precedence by being first on the carpet. The writer, under instructions from the Star, proposes to report facts as he saw them, and placed as far as possible from being land poor, he can be impartial, and sincerely desires to represent things as they are.

Boarding the steamer Georgiana at Titusville, of which courteous Captain Paddleton is master, we land after a pleasant twelve miles sail at the pretty little settlement of Courtenay, at the north of the Island, so named in honor of the noble mayor of Charleston, of earthquake renown. A wide awake settlement is this. To the north lies Mr. Ed. Whaley's orange grove. Mr. Whaley was formerly a planter on the sea coast of South Carolina. Besides his orange grove he cultivates a great many pineapples and bananas. By his push and energy he has succeeded in making a very valuable place. In going south we find Mr. B. B. LeRoche, of the Sea Islands. He has a flourishing grove and is also engaged in raising vegetables for the northern market. Near by is the residence of Mr. J. H. Sams, our present efficient and popular superintendent of schools. He owns one hundred and sixty acres of land, eight hundred orange trees, two hundred bearing pineapples and has a beautiful

home commanding a fine view of the river. Mr. Sams has the education of a scholar, and the manners of a gentleman, and Brevard County is fortunate in having his services. Mr. Seabrook Sams, who unlike his brother, does not care whether school keeps or not, and certainly he need not care for he has most of the blessings of life around him. Mr. Sams' genial hospitality is well-known. Some idea of the fishing to be had in this place may be gathered from the fact that Mr. Sams left the house for three-quarters of an hour with his cast-net and returned with eleven fat mullet. He has taken with one drawing of an one hundred foot seine 2,200 mullet weighing over three tons, and it wasn't much of a day for fish either. On another occasion he took 1,700 fish at one haul. A pleasant grove surrounds his house, but vegetable gardening has engaged the most of Mr. Sams' time.

Next comes the Messrs. LaRoche Bros. They are largely engaged in truck-farming for the northern market. Their homes are embowered in trees of natural growth such as the oak, bay and palmetto, and they command a view of the river. The Messrs. LaRoche own largely of land along the river front as well as in the interior. They all have groves in a more or less advanced state, but the writer having lost his notes cannot recall the number of trees in grove form, though he cannot fail to remember the kind hospitality extended to him by these gentlemen.

We spent our first night on the Island with Mr. E. P. Porcher, formerly from South Carolina, but now postmaster at Courtenay. Mr. Porcher has roamed this wide world over and tried his fortunes in many lands, Mexico among the number, but he finds as the poet writes:

*"Where e'er we roam,
Our first country ever is home."*

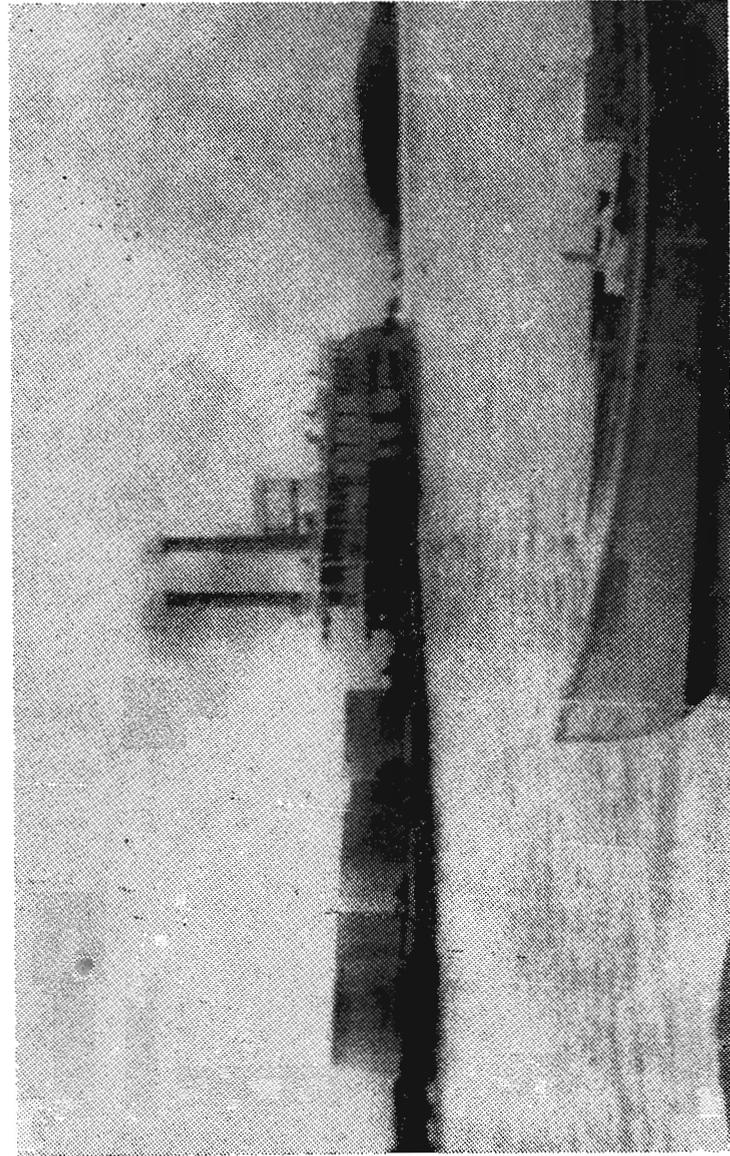
Those who remember the beautiful Miss Peck, can scarcely believe that ten years have passed since she was the reigning belle of Atlanta. Time has dealt gently with Mr. Porcher's charming

wife, and surely if happiness that rare bird, ever does rest among us mortals it should be found perched on the ridgepole of Mr. Porcher's dwelling. His present holdings comprise forty acres, three hundred and fifty orange trees, eight acres in cultivation. Mr. Porcher is taking care of the valuable property of his father-in-law, Professor W. H. Peck, of literary fame. It will be seen that most of the above-named gentlemen were planters on the Carolina coast. Those who know the southern seaboard, the cordial hospitality, the refinement of the ladies, and the high standard of honor of the men need no assurance as to the character of society at Courtenay. Mr. Porcher lately cleared a piece of land for the erection of an Episcopal church. The money is in hand and the work will soon begin.

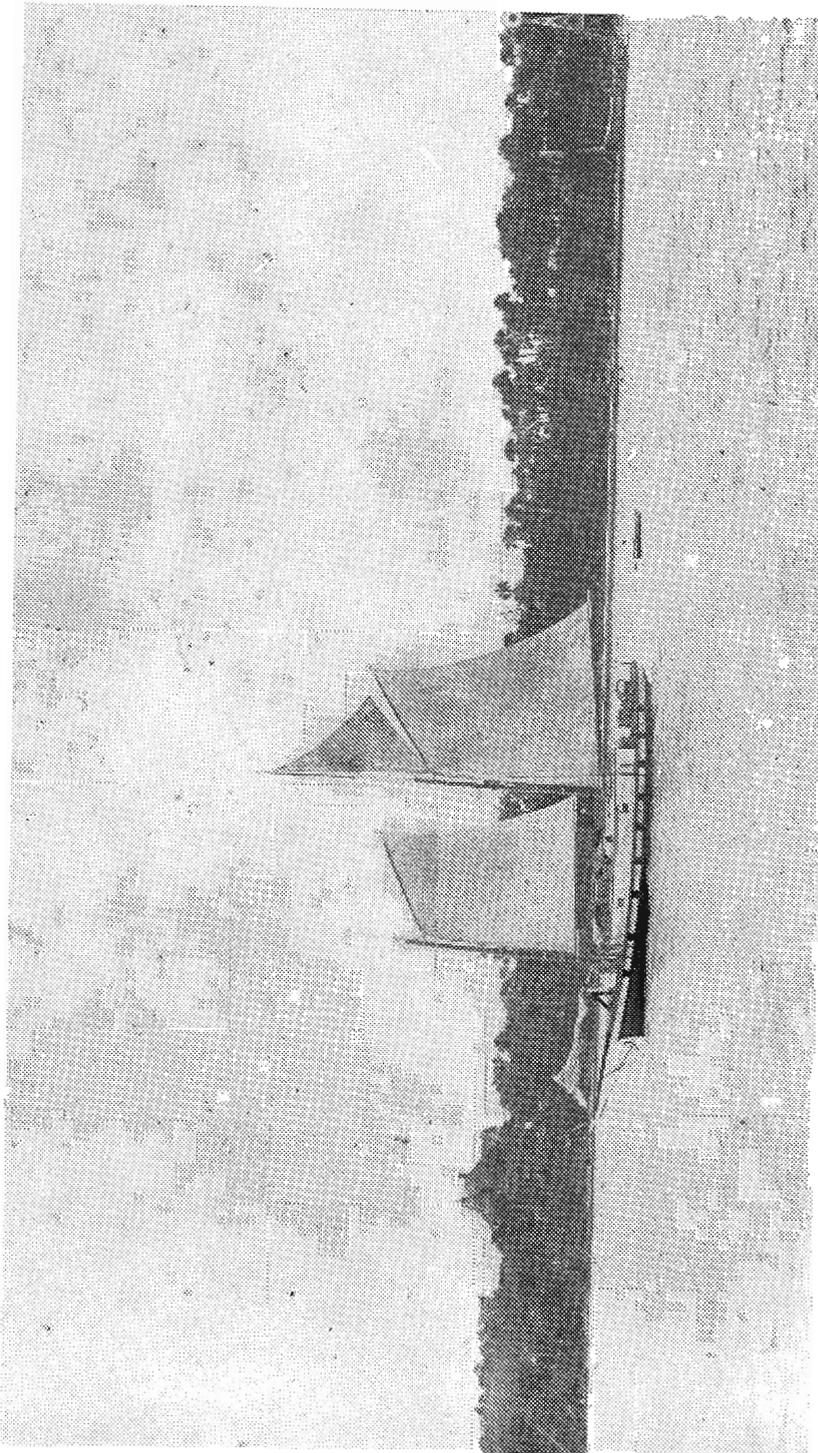
. We meet Mr. Wilson of Montreal, Canada, who owns property at Eau Gallie, but is at present in charge of the interests of Mr. H. J. Tiffin, also of Montreal, a gentleman of means which he spends most liberally, not only on his own property, but for the general good of the community. He is the happy possessor of five hundred acres, sixty-five of which are laid out in grove form. He has also a lemon grove newly started of five thousand trees. A trig steam yacht, and either alone or in connection with others, the extension of the Courtenay wharf out to the bulkhead in deep water, the building of more houses, are among his plans for the immediate future.

We inquired for Mr. Tiffin's brother and were surprised to find he was brotherless so far as Courtenay was concerned. With the LaRoche brothers, and the Sanders, Sams, Mitchell, Field, Cleveland, Lapham brothers and others, all down in our notes for visitation, it is hardly surprising that a Philadelphia brotherly love sort of idea should take possession of us and we should regard a brotherless man as a broken set.

About two miles south of Mr. Tiffin's and we come to the Sanders brothers. Everybody knows our faithful and courteous



This is the steamer St. Lucie, old two-stacker paddlewheeler that used to run from Titusville to Jupiter carrying freight, passengers, mail. She was one of three owned by the Indian River Steamship Company. In this picture she is pushing a barge loaded with fresh water tanks to supply fresh water for the settlers in the Florida Keys.



It was a gala day for the early settlers when the jovial Capt. Walter Kitching piloted his deluxe floating store up the St. Lucie River. It was a great improvement over the two earlier trade boats which had brought all supplies from Sebastian, the terminal of the railroad at that time. Goods were bought in quantities to last until the return trip which usually took a month as the Merchant delivered the necessities of life as far south as Jupiter. Captain Kitching was assisted first by Joe Frink and later by Al Michael who later became one of the largest citrus growers of Indian River County.

assessor, Mr. W. R. Sanders. He is a health certificate for the whole neighborhood and is a living contradiction of the idea that men can't grow fat in the south. He was one of the first settlers on the Island, having come there eighteen years ago. Through these long years Mr. Sanders had an unswerving faith in the future of Indian River, and in his present prosperity should speak to the over-impatient youth of the present day as the personification of Longfellow's famous line, "Learn to labor and to wait."

Of the difficulties and discouragements of pioneer life Mr. Sanders is well acquainted, and his recital of early experiences can only be equaled in interest by those of his brother, Mr. Thomas H. Sanders, his good wife who traveled the same road together and have come up through much tribulation to their present position of peace and competence. The last panther, we hear, died ignominiously one bright morning in June 1884. Mr. Jas. Sanders, then only 17 years old, while out hunting saw what he took for a wild cat perched on the fork of a tree. A monster indeed, but still a cat, and he was afraid of no wild cat. He fired at it with small shot and as was afterwards seen, wounded it slightly in one foot. Seeing the animal was about to spring, he caught up a lightwood knot that providentially lay handy, and as the panther, for such it was, came flying through the air in one tremendous leap of over twenty feet full for his throat, he crushed its skull with one desperate blow, and saw, though he could scarcely believe, the savage beast dead upon the ground. Less hazardous adventures have thrilled the pulse of readers of Cummings and Cooper. The beast was eight feet and seven inches long and weighed one hundred and fifty pounds.

Mr. W. H. Sanders has 800 trees, 300 bearing. Election was being held at Mr. T. H. Sanders. While there and among other political reminiscences we gleaned from him was an account of Senator Sharp's election in the "way back" days when he polled a total vote of eighteen.

Mr. T. H. Sanders has a fine hammock grove of about 6 acres, and last year shipped nearly 1,500 boxes of oranges. Everyone knows Mr. Tom Sanders, whom to know is to like. His fine commodious house is the social rendezvous for the young people in that neighborhood, with his cordial hospitality and two charming daughters, who play the piano well, and his wife's thorough sympathy with the pleasures of young people, how could it be otherwise? Mr. Tom Sanders has dealt extensively in cattle, and has a good many now on the range, and though he is an orange grower of the first water, he will exchange too willingly the noisy packing house for a ride over the prairies to a round-up, and the way he explodes his twenty-foot cow-whip on such occasions is a terror to greenhorns. Right here east of Mr. Sander's place is the Mitchell brothers' grove. The nucleus of what may be called the Scotch colony began with Mr. J. F. Mitchell, who came from Glasgow four years ago, and entered homestead with his brother, Thomas Mitchell. They have between three hundred and four hundred orange trees set out, and expect to locate a small settlement of Scotch friends in their immediate neighborhood in the near future.

We spent the night with Mr. S. D. Geiger, who is in charge of school No. 19. No austere ruler he, but one who loves the children. We took occasion to visit the school, and were much impressed by the quiet orderly deportment of the pupils, and the keen interest they showed in their studies. These people who imagine that the only satisfactory and reliable way of bringing up a boy, is by the hair of the head might take a lesson from Mr. Geiger's milder methods. After selling considerable land Mr. Geiger has still one hundred acres in his possession. Mr. Geiger has built him a very pretty comfortable little house, perhaps taking to heart the old bird-catcher's advice, "first get your cage". Near by is the property of Mr. Paterson, of Edinburgh, Scotland. He is planting a grove and making vigorous improvements. One mile inland from this point are the estates of Mr. R. S. S. Grant, and D. St. Clair Nesbitt,

both from Glasgow, who won't let the grass grow under their feet by any means. They have one hundred and forty-five acres, six acres cleared, five hundred orange trees, and pineapples and bananas in abundance. Truck farming is the central idea with these gentlemen at present, as their last year's venture in this line warranted its being conducted on a larger scale. They have also sixty head of cattle ranging on the island, and are in a fair way to prosperity and independence.

Mr. N. R. Johnson, also of Glasgow, came out about six months ago, and buying forty acres, is farming and fruit raising. He has four acres in garden, and among other things has five thousand strawberry plants. He irrigates by way of a windmill, having pipes to distribute the water. He is also a tenderfoot in the cattle line, having purchased one hundred and twenty head. Coming with some capital, and any amount of grit, the gentlemen of this colony have made a most promising beginning. There is room for more, and any man by industry, perseverance and ordinary judgment, can in ten years secure a competency. But just here beginning with Mr. Geiger, we found a squad of bachelors. The more natty among them spend one hundred and fifty dollars a year that might be saved by mending and patching. The rest tie themselves up with strings, and use horse shoe nails for buttons. They are very sentimental and have a vague far away look in their eyes. They blushed awfully when we took out by mistake a pair of our old Aunt's stockings. However the Messrs. Mitchell are now employed in Titusville, (that naughty town) and may have a little of the bloom rubbed off. Leaving the congenial society of these young men we soon reach the residence of Mr. W. H. Smethie, of local vocal fame. Mr. Smethie deserves every commendation for his success, as he came to the country like many of us have, without any money in his pocket, and his place and home are the creditable fruit of his own exertions. He has three acres in cultivation. We now come to Mr. Jno. R. Field's place.

Mr. Field came from Macon, Ga. in 1868 bringing his family with him. Mrs. Field being the first lady to bless the island with her presence. For two years before coming Mr. Field had chills and fever, he took quinine one week after arriving here, and has neither taken quinine nor had a chill since, nor has he known of any continued case of chills and fever in his twenty year's residence on the island.

We noticed at Mr. Fields a two-year-old Tangerine orange bud with a circumference of ten inches, a leaf of tobacco maturing from a stalk after a third cutting that measured thirteen inches wide and twenty-nine inches long, and the fourth crop coming on. Sugar cane still growing from planting of fifteen years ago, and his present crop from three to four acres is the sixth from planting. One ratoon cane measured fifteen feet; three cane made ten quarts of juice; one half acre of oranges gathered from two-year old buds netted five dollars; a paw paw tree one foot in diameter, and most beautiful, the pawpaws are attached to the trees something like the bananas to their stem. Mangoes and peaches do well in this section, also pineapples and scuppernongs. At Mr. Fields we made the acquaintance of Mr. J. R. Miot, of Columbia, S. C. who is raising vegetables, and also largely engaged in the cattle business. He is building a three room house, and Miot says he has met the one "Whose spirit casts a spell." Passing the sawmill of Messrs. LaRoche, a great boon to the neighborhood population, by the way of which has a capacity of six thousand feet per day, and is now turning out lumber to fill two large contracts, one for the new dock to be built just there, and called the Indianola Landing, which will greatly facilitate steamboat communication, and the other an order for thirty thousand feet, to be used in the construction of the Melbourne wharf, we come to Mr. S. J. Field, another brother who left Mason long ago for fairer fields. He has ten acres in cultivation and two acres of the best bananas we have ever seen. His cabbages, tomatoes, and potatoes are looking well. We also saw here a clingstone peach thirty-three and one-half inches in circumference two feet from the ground. In '87 the year after the freeze,

he sold seven dollars worth of fruit from his tree, besides supplying his own family, the tree has not done so well since, and Mr. Field thinks that this kind of peach at least needs a colder climate to yield its fruit to perfection. While inquiry was being made next morning for the boys, those young gentlemen turned up, they had been spending an hour on the river, and brought back thirty-four mullet. The Martin house is very prettily situated about a mile below Mr. Field's. The house will open Jan. 1st. Mr. Martin has nearly ten acres cleared and a very pretty garden about his house, all of which makes this house a delightful place for a winter sojourn.

Mr. J. M. Thompson from Marion, Ohio, has been here three years, owns a grove on the river front, 350 choice budded trees. Mr. Thompson has coconuts all doing well, keeps 25 cows, one of which gives three gallons of milk a day on wild grass only. He has charge of a grove for Mr. T. P. Wallace, of Ohio, who has about two acres in coconuts three years old and doing well, and is the most northerly coconut grove on the river.

Passing Mr. Lapham's beautifully-located place, where the superior quality of "Adam's ale", drawn from a spring 15 feet from the river, perhaps has a tendency to promote prohibition proclivities in the neighborhood and a lack of sentiment with the unfortunate Titusvillians who, having gone 1,500 feet for water, can find nothing better than whisky, we come to the grove of Mr. J. R. Carter, an old Confederate soldier, undismayed by the furling of the Stars and Bars. Mr. Carter hails from St. Augustine, and came here 14 years ago. He took up a homestead, on which are now eleven dwellings. He has disposed of a good deal of land, though he still has sixty acres or more — eight acres cleared and a grove of four hundred trees, three hundred in bearing, together with five hundred guavas, which, he considers more profitable than orange growing, having sold \$600. worth from sixty trees. Mr. Carter is, also, rather enthusiastic on banana culture, and says

that from a clump 10x15 feet he has cut eleven bunches this year, and that plants set out in June bore the following March, from which, we conclude, he must have the famous Hart banana, an early ripener of delicious flavor. Mr. Carter is a man of thrift who has always kept the pot boiling, and the latch string out.

F. S. Higgins, of Mass., furnishes an example of industry well applied. The divine source of man is beautifully exemplified in the wise division of the brain into two hemispheres, which enables an Irishman to start on one side of an argument and wind up on the other; but a more creditable example of this dual ability is found in Mr. Higgins, who not only aspires to be an orange grower, but a master builder and contractor. Fulsome praise of his work is unnecessary, as his ornate and tasteful buildings offer a lasting tribute to his skill. Mrs. Higgins is acting postmistress at Merritt, and they are blessed with a comfortable, pleasant home.

Mr. Nevins, formerly of New York City, expects to open the Merritt House, a beautiful three-story, twenty-two room hotel, in January.

Mrs. E. M. Baldwin, from Great Bend, Pa., has a comfortable cottage, surrounded by seven acres of land, the greater portion of which is improved. Her place is charmingly situated on a high bluff, and looks out over the river at one of its prettiest aspects. She is quite a pomologist, and had a wide variety of fruits, including oranges, pineapples, peaches, scuppernongs, and pears; and we even met our old familiar friend to dear memory "the gooseberry". We have always felt a bond of sympathy between ourselves and the famous epicurean of old who said "give me the luxuries of life, and let who will have the necessities", a feeling we believe, shared by Mrs. Baldwin, who evidently prefers the aristocratic gooseberry to the plebian cabbage and potato. Her place is irrigated by means of a May windmill. Another attraction on Mrs. Baldwin's place is an Indian mound, the sight of which makes every man an antiquarian. You can dig in there with a spade or shingle and draw out all sorts of Indian rubbish, but, as the miner would

say, "There's hardly dust enough for the cradling," the noble red men showed marked partiality for the ordinary dirt of North America in the construction of these underground crockery shops. Master C. W. Baldwin showed us some creditable drawings, including a night scene on the river. We were also charmed by the playing of Miss Mabel Baldwin, a child of seven years.

High on a bluff, with turrets reaching skyward, stands the residence of Mr. S. H. Lisk, of Portland, Me., but, unlike the castles "in the days of old, when knights were bold," this environed by fruits and flowers, and twenty of the surrounding fifty acres are in a high state of cultivation — two in pineapples, three in bananas, five in sweet potatoes, and six or seven in orange trees, besides an extensive vegetable garden, all of which are doing well. We were particularly gratified to see a beautiful lawn of Bermuda grass, which rivals any of the grasses of the north. It is Mr. Lisk's intention to extend his landing 200 ft. to deep water, with the addition of a T. Mr. C. I. Gilbert is in charge of the premises, and Miss C. I. Bean extended the writer a graceful hospitality.

Mr. J. W. Curtis of Boston, owns seventeen acres, and has 250 orange trees and a nicely furnished house of eleven rooms, so surrounded by flowers as to be appropriately called Rose Villa. Here bloom and bear the date-palms, as they will everywhere on the island. Among other flowers, we noted the Poinciana Agave Americana, grand lilies, and a great variety of roses. Mr. Curtis has a large house and offers ample accommodation to boarders visiting the island.

Of Mr. Geo. Cleveland's place our judgment may be slightly blinded by the remembrance of the most courteous and genial entertainment. The family maintains the polite and social usage of the old Louisiana regime. Mr. Cleveland controls either as owner or trustee, lands far and wide, and should be consulted by those desiring to locate in his neighborhood. At his home place are oranges, guavas, and all the fruits of the country. The greatest benefit to the material prosperity of this section, owing its origin to Mr. Cleveland, is the establishment of a guava factory that

furnishes a home market for the fruit which cannot from its perishable nature be conveyed to any distance. The factory could use ten times as much fruit as they are now raising on the island. They exercise the utmost care in preserving the jelly, each guava being carefully washed and the best white sugar used. Their reputation is extensive and orders from far and near keep them busy during the season. One is impressed with the air of happiness and content in the Cleveland family, but alas that we should allude to a darker side. Messrs. Chas. and Geo. Cleveland are handsome, urbane, chivalrous. Their pictures are sought to be sold as popular actors, but they are unmarried. Perhaps — but never mind, if we are not married at thirty — but this has nothing to do with Merritt Island — Perhaps in conclusion it would be well to generalize some of the advantages offered by this beautiful isle.

Firstly and mainly, it is less subject to frost than any part of Florida in the same latitude; then its unparalleled climate which it shares is common in this section; its exceeding healthfulness; a fact unanimously attested by those living there; its facilities for hunting and fishing; New-found harbor — what duck in Florida but knows it — the haunt of waterfowl, and the spawning ground of trout, is it not the hunter's paradise par excellence? The island is fringed by fertile hammock, varying in width from one fourth of a mile to a mile. The land in the interior is low but rich, offers excellent pasturage for cattle on its extensive prairies. The wonderful varieties of produce from the peach to vegetables of every kind; and last but not least, the excellent means of communication with the outside world. The steamer Georgiana of which the efficient Captain Paddington is master, makes daily trips between Melbourne and Titusville, touching at several places on the Island, and it is very apparent that the Captain and the company he represents are sincerely desirous of doing all they can to promote the well being of the river. We beg of the indulgent reader the privilege of another "last but not least", and refer to its nearness to the celebrated Cocoa and Rockledge region just opposite; its

religious and educational advantages, and its kindly hospitable and Christian society. They have come from many lands and left their homes and household goods behind and have brought the higher things of life, intellectual endowments, and the manners of polite and refined society; and in their new surroundings have developed a pluck and energy undreamt of even by themselves. Drawbacks were there, and overcome by the earlier comers, who have made the way easier for the settler of today. "Had you seen these roads before they were made, you'd have lifted your hands and blessed Gen. Wade." Mosquitoes and insects are sometimes very bad for a time, but they are overly dreaded. The writer has seen them worse on Harlem River in the city of New York. Hardly a case can be named of a man who has been here ten years and exercised ordinary prudence, industry and perseverance without attaining a competency for life. Philip, of Spain, said "time and I are enough for any two." Time and the seasons are on the settler's side, but here as everywhere, it must be "first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear." "He that sows shall reap, and his children's children shall rise up and call him blessed." The birds of the air rest in the fruit laden trees that he saw start as a tender bud. Facts and plenty of them, can be obtained by writing to any of the above named parties. The Messrs. LaRoche, Sams, Porcher, and Cleveland, especially assured us that they would cheerfully give any information in their power.

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