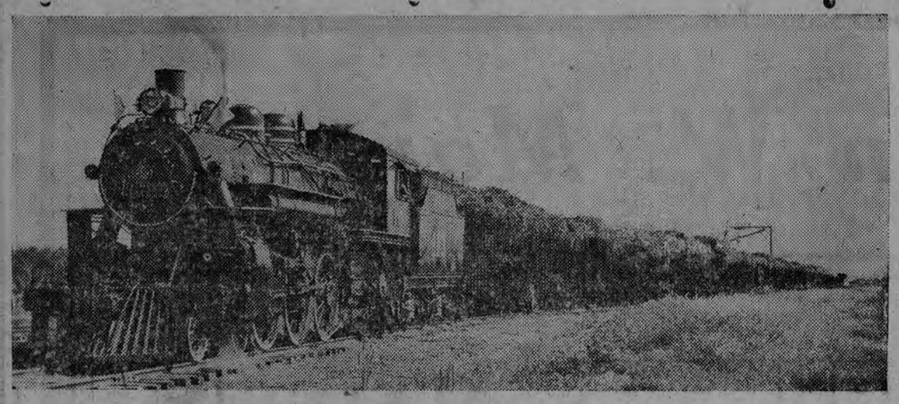
INITIAL RAILROAD TRAIN TO ENTER MARTIN COUNTY



Here is the first Florida East Coast Railway train that entered Stuart from the north when the railroad was completed to this city and across the St. Lucie River railroad bridge.

Obstructions Caused FEC's U-Bend Here

Many times the question has been asked why the horseshoe bend was made in the building of the FEC Railroad from Jensen Beach to Salerno. Oldtimers have told us that there were several factors in the decision.

First plans called for the railroad along the Indian River from Jensen Beach to Sewall's Point and then across the river to Alicia (now Salerno) and straight to Hobe Sound and Jupiter. The company found numerous obstructions along the Indian River, especially at Ankona and Jensen Beach. Land owners had extensive acreages of pineapples and had established wharves and warehouses along the river and steamers carried their freights. Actually, the growers cared very little whether or not the railway was built or would ever enter their neighborhood. The railway people decided, if the obstructions were continued, that they would build the railway from Fort Pierce to White City, where, at that time, a large settlement had been established. From White City it would follow the St. Lucie River to the forks and then across the river and run in this way south to Palm Beach.

When once the construction of the railway bridge was decided upon the steamers brought the material and landed it at the place where the town of Gosling was then established on what is known now as Lighthouse Point. Here the company built a large wharf and at once commenced to build the bridge so the trains could run on to West Palm Beach by the following winter. By then Henry M. Flagler had built his magnificent hotels at Palm Beach and expected to open them in time for the approaching tourist season.

The residents up along the Indian River then began to realize what they were missing in potential commercial development and began making overtures to the rail company to reconsider former plans of building along the Indian River. But, by this time, the St. Lucie River bridge had progressed too far to change without great loss of money, time and materials, the time element being of prime consideration. However, the new Al Fresco Hotel at Jensen, which had been in operation a year, was doing a thriving business so officials ordered that the railroad be laid to Jensen and thence to the new bridge. Thus the gooseneck curve in that 5-mile stretch—which remains today.

ALBANY WAS BICYCLE PATH

In 1906 Frazier Creek and Poppleton Creek were crossed only by 4-ft.-wide board walks on posts stuck in the mucky soil. During the next year a 4-ft-wide walk of rock was made from the railroad to the creek and on out to the property of John and Tom Taylor, thus making available the use of bicycles and making the walking something better than on the surface sand.

JACKSONVILLE, ST. AUGUSTINE AND INDIAN RIVER RAILWAY

Jensen, Fla., April 21, 1894.

Mr. J. R. Parrott,
Vice-President,
St. Augustine.

Dear Sir:

Replying to your favor of April 19, regard to finishing up construction work. Can not think of what payrolls you mean except it be for the St. Lucie River bridge work and for the section gangs south of Jupiter. It was not until April 5 that the work was turned over to me and the force was disorganized and mutinous. The men were clamoring for pay, claiming that since Mr. MacLennan was through with them he should pay them. This has not been done yet nor has a definite pay day been fixed, and almost every day brings a fresh crop of trouble from that source. So it was not until April 7 that I got the men to work.

Since then I have put in 8,000 yards of sand in the St. Lucie trestle, 1,100 yards between Alicia (Salerno) and Potsdam, 5,300 yards between Hobe Sound and West Jupiter; raised and surfaced 11 miles of track, put in sidings at Stokes and Potsdam, and distributed telegraph poles and timber for section houses and crossings from Stuart to West Palm Beach. Besides this there have been a great many little jobs incident to the completion of the line and many due to the fact that the road is being operated, such as picking up low joints and sags on unsurfaced track, gathering two carloads of lumber scattered from Dan to Beersheba,—or rather from Gomez to Jupiter.

The change in schedule of 208 did not go into effect until April 9. On April 10, owing to a special and the regular schedule trains, all the forenoon was lost. Engine 9 has not been steaming well and yesterday was dead until the afternoon, blocking Engine 12 for part of the morning. I am advised that Engine 9 is dead again this morning.

As I wrote you yesterday, I am through with Engine 9 and have sent her to Lake Worth with time to be charged to operating department from now on. Engine 12 I will need for the rest of the week between Jensen and Alicia. By Friday next I will turn the road over to the Operating Department, though except for a lot of odd jobs that must be done at once but can easily be done by the Operating Department, it can be turned over at once.

I had intended taking one or two days gathering up track material and ties, but this can be done by the Operating Department. The contractor did absolutely nothing toward picking up material. In fact, from the time the rush commenced on the St. Lucie River bridge, 50 per cent of all of the work done outside of that had absolutely no permanent value. Mr. Carter has not been engaged on any part of the line except the bridge, and as soon as he turns in his estimate he can go. But this he certainly should do.

Mr. Baker has been kept to finish the work laid out at West Palm Beach and as soon as I hear from you on what more there is to do there I can fix a date to relieve him. If there is nothing more to be done he can go at once. Messrs. Ord and Rodd will be through by the end of this mnoth.

Yours truly,
(Signed) Chas. O. Haines,
Chief Engineer.

Life in Eden Was Rough Half A Century Ago

The difficulties of the first residents of the east coast of Florida before the Florida East Coast Railway was built are well illustrated in the following letter, written some 50 years ago. Modern travel offers a striking contrast.

Eden, Florida

Dear Mother:

We have no idea of the date. Somehow we lost count and do not even know when Sunday comes, but when the mail boat gets here John Capron will tell us.

Father and Clint got off at last for the Keys. They hated to leave us so short of grub, but to go to Titusville meant a week at least. We had nothing but Indian pumpkins, flour, sugar and a very little fat, but we told them to go on and we would get along as they would surely be back in a week or 10 days.

We got along very well at first. I would boil the pumpkins and then mash them and fry them in cakes, and I'd make flapjacks with the flour. So we had pretty good living for a while, but our grease gave out and I had to put the pumpkin cakes and fritters on a dry griddle and sort of bake them. The coffee meanwhile was getting lower. I would put a teaspoonful of coffee in the pot with the old grounds and as the boys said, "Let 'er bile." We were getting in a pretty desperate fix and as a heavy east blow was on, we wondered if father and Clint would ever get back, for they had been gone three weeks.

Then one day, while little brother and I were washing the dishes, Hal sang out, "I see a schooner!" We all flew down to the dock and it was not long before the Zephyr anchored and a small boat came ashore, and joy oh joy!—they had all sorts of good things to eat. You know, mother, how I hated pork. Well, they had a piece of that, the kind that comes in brine. I was so tickled, I thought it was the nicest thing I ever saw.

I hustled around and got dinner ready for them, and as they ate, they told us some of their experiences. The wind was so heavy they could not leave after they got the boat loaded. Finally there was a let-up in the wind and they made Miami. There were only two families living there — the Peacocks and the Brickells. They made the folks very welcome. The wind had gotten heavy again so they had to stay several days. Then as it seemed to be better, they started on and were making good time, for the little boat is a good sailor and rides the seas like a duck. All at once the rudder dropped off. It was terrible and with such a sea running they rigged up a long oar they had and Clint steered with that while father steered with the sails.

They are both wonderful sailors and did not lose even a banana. Father said that it was nothing short of a miracle their being saved and the boat not damaged. The slips are unloaded and the rudder is made. They go up the river tomorrow for some more good things to eat, so I must close this letter and send it along. Love to all the folks.

LUCIE.

CELESTIAL RAILROAD DOCK AT JUPITER, 1891

The Seminole Chiefs standing on the dock, left to right, are Cyprus Tiger; Jimmie Gopher and Billy Stuart. Jupiter was a gathering place for the wily aborigines as far back as before the Seminole War.

Seaboard Came To Indiantown 25 Years Ago

This years marks the 25th anniversary of the Seaboard Air Line Railroad's service through Indiantown to the many markets that receive the products of the community's expanding agricultural and livestock developments.

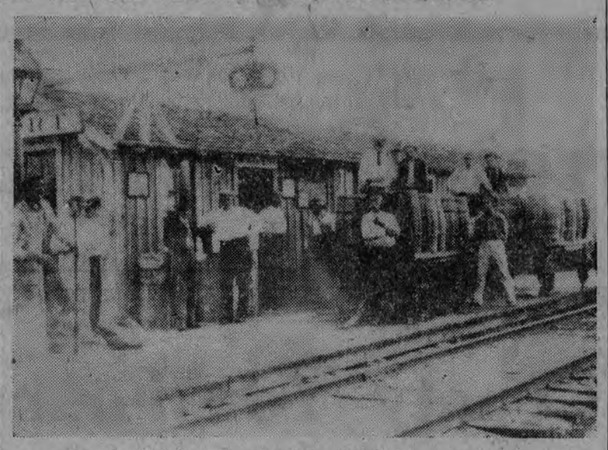
The soil in the Indiantown section of Martin County lends itself to diversified crop production, and is especially well suited to growing sweet corn, peppers, squash and cucumbers. This variety in crop production has given the Indiantown area a greater importance in recent years and has also enhanced its attraction to growers of winter crops.

The Seaboard has been interested in Indiantown over a long period of years and has had an important part in the development of some of the improvements there from the planning stage to working actuality. The Seaboard began operations through Indiantown in January 1925 upon completion of the line now connecting Coleman and West Palm Beach, giving that section of Central Florida fast passenger connections and also through freight service to markets for the area's agricultural output as well as its other diversified products.

The line opened a passenger station in Indiantown on May 23, 1927, and during the first two years of its operation a number of agents were stationed there. In the order of their service, these were J. C. Gatewood, J. E. Stough, R. D. Reid, R. E. Stokes, C. C. Crook, F. P. Williams, J. S. Adams and E. V. Jorgensen.

P. W. Tillis, the present agent, commenced his assignment at Indiantown Oct. 22, 1929, and has served the community and line continuously since that time.

AT THE OLD FEC STATION THAT BURNED



Barrels of fish are readied for shipment over the comparatively new FEC Railway line through Stuart at the old FEC station here in this 1902 scene.

SELLS DATES FOR ARC

In 1918 the late Mrs. L. H. Toussaint of Waveland made frequent trips to Stuart to sell fresh dates, put up in attractive boxes, for the benefit of the Red Cross. Several dollars were realized each time. She said the fruit was going to waste on the ground except for what the family could eat of the abundant crop.

New With 1950!

FILLING A NEED FOR A TRULY MODERN TRAILER PARK.

HART'S TRAILER PARK

ON U. S. No. 1, IN STUART

ACCOMMODATIONS FOR 65 TRAILERS

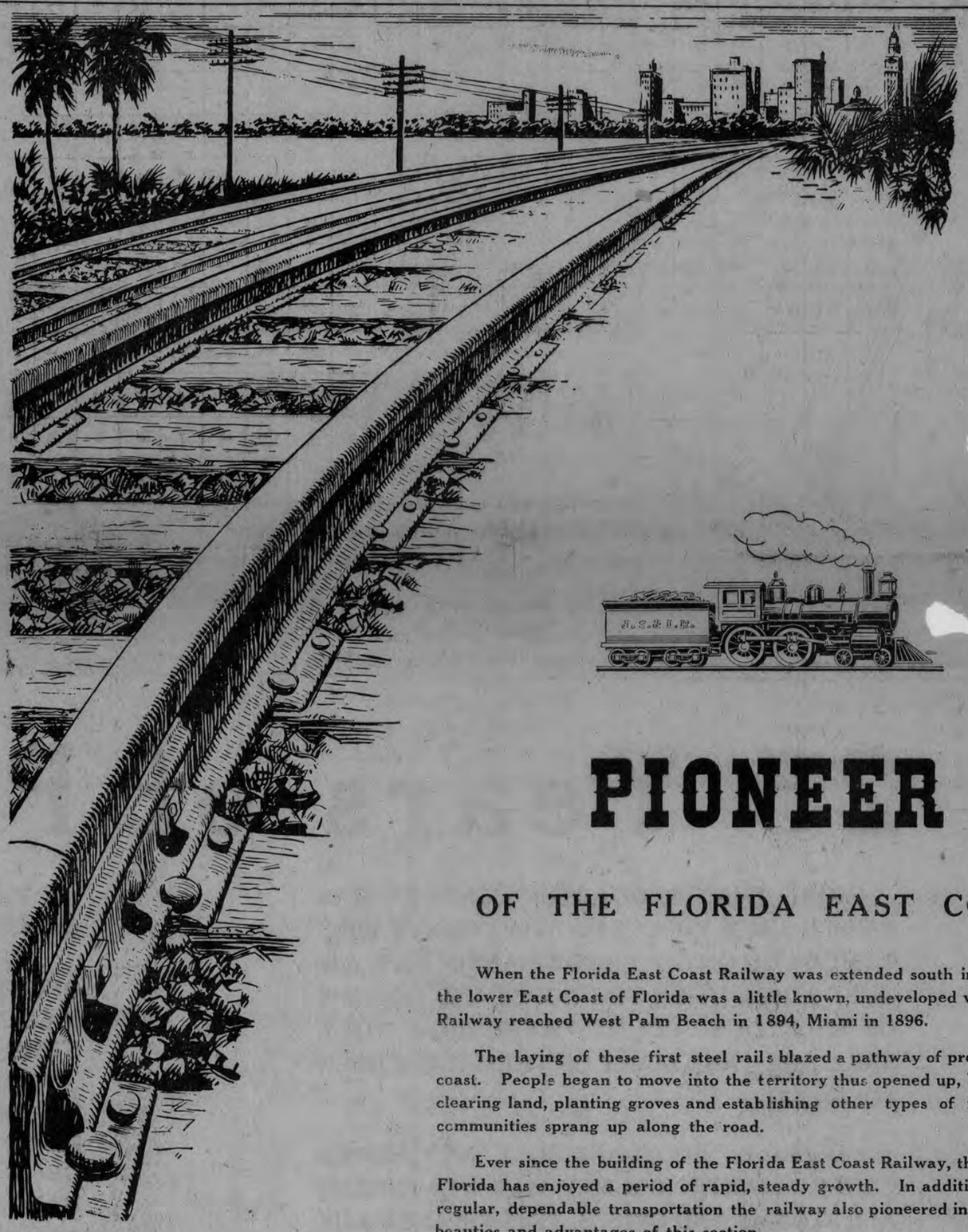
ALL MODERN FACILITIES

CANAL FOR BOATS

$15 A MONTH

BILL AND EDNA HART

PHONE 9162



PIONEER

OF THE FLORIDA EAST COAST

When the Florida East Coast Railway was extended south in 1892 and '93, the lower East Coast of Florida was a little known, undeveloped wilderness. The Railway reached West Palm Beach in 1894, Miami in 1896.

The laying of these first steel rails blazed a pathway of progress down the coast. People began to move into the territory thus opened up, building homes, clearing land, planting groves and establishing other types of industry. New communities sprang up along the road.

Ever since the building of the Florida East Coast Railway, the East Coast of Florida has enjoyed a period of rapid, steady growth. In addition to providing regular, dependable transportation the railway also pioneered in advertising the beauties and advantages of this section.

The East Coast of Florida today enjoys railroad transportation facilities second to none,—a modern double track system, much of which has recently been relaid with heavier rail and otherwise improved. Within recent years the Florida East Coast Railway has also invested many millions in new equipment,—Diesel-electric locomotives, stainless steel coaches, Pullmans, dining cars and lounge cars of the latest design. Over its shining rails swift, comfortable streamliners now link communities, such as Stuart, with all principal cities of the East and Mid West the year around.

And this railway is your only entirely self-supporting form of transportation. Not a dime of your tax money goes to create or maintain any of its facilities. Instead, it pays substantial property taxes to your community and county. Practically its entire personnel have long been residents of the East Coast of Florida and are vitally interested in and constantly working for the further development of this section.

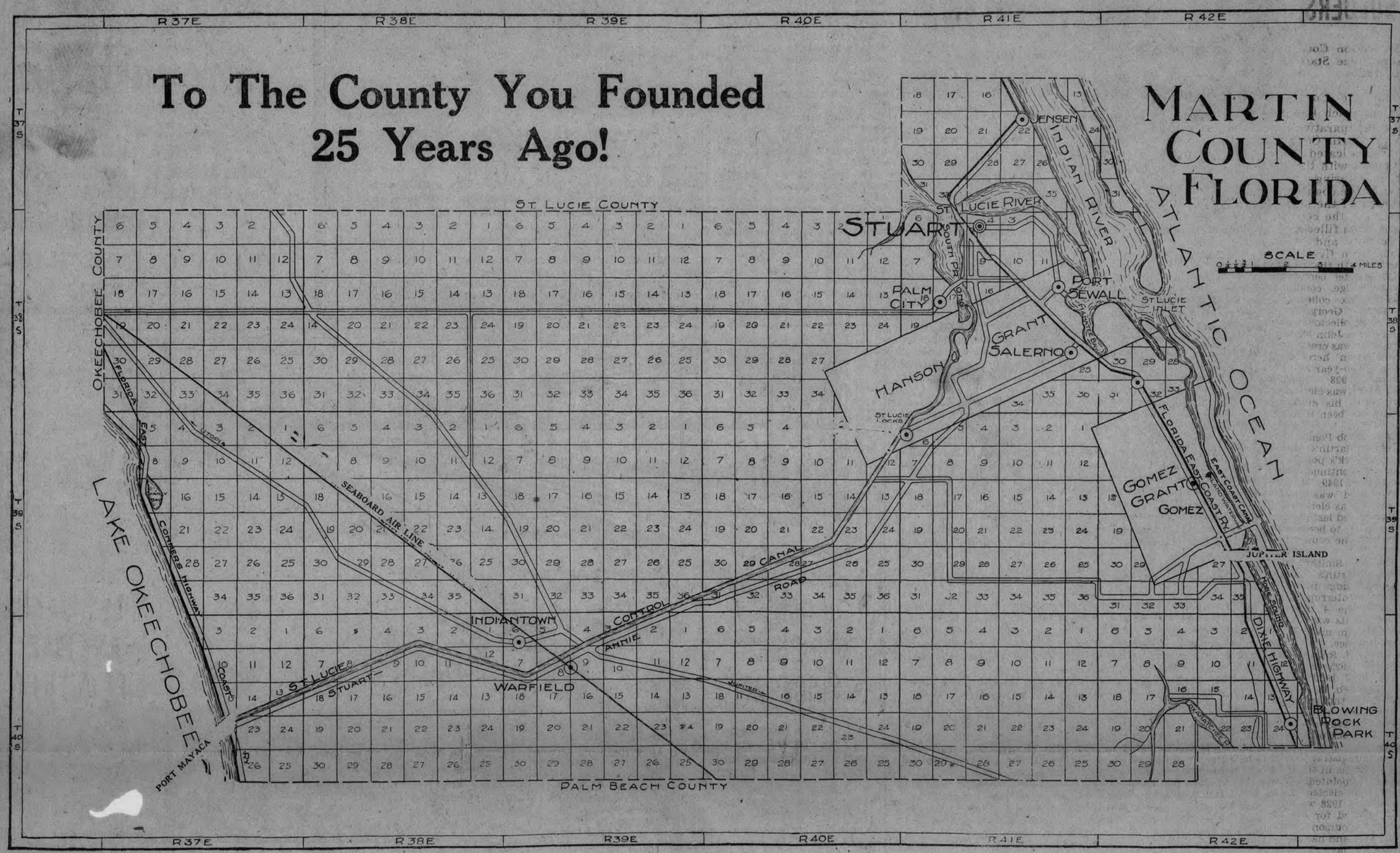
Write for this Booklet

An interesting 32-page booklet, "The Story of a Pioneer", giving a brief history of the Florida East Coast Railway and its part in the development of the East Coast of Florida, will be mailed upon request. Address — George L. Oliver, Passenger Traffic Manager, Florida East Coast Railway, St. Augustine, Fla., for your copy.

FLORIDA EAST COAST RAILWAY

A Florida Industry and Institution

Welcome, Governor John W. Martin



25 Years of Progress

MORE THAN A QUARTER CENTURY HAS PASSED SINCE INFANT MARTIN COUNTY WELCOMED YOU ON GOVERNOR MARTIN DAY, AUGUST 5, 1925. THEN THE HOPES AND DREAMS OF THIS YOUNG COUNTY WERE HIGH. THEY STILL ARE—AND MANY OF THEM HAVE BEEN FULFILLED.

DESPITE "BOOM-AND-BUST AND HURRICANES," MARTIN COUNTY HAS WEATHERED ALL STORMS AND CRISES. IT IS FINANCIALLY SOUND. IT IS THE HOME OF NEARLY 8,000 FINE AMERICANS, WHO, THROUGH BUSINESS, FARMING AND RANCHING, ARE LIVING GOOD LIVES.

THE PROMISE OF THE FUTURE IS BEYOND CALCULATION.

THROUGH GOOD ROADS, ADVANCEMENT OF UTILITIES, AND WATER CONTROL, THE AGRICULTURAL AREAS ARE SEEING GREAT STRIDES FORWARD IN 1950.

THIS COUNTY COMMISSION IS DEDICATED TO CONTINUING THE POLICIES WHICH EXPERIENCE HAS PROVEN MAKE FOR STEADY GROWTH. WE ARE COMMITTED TO SOUND FINANCIAL MANAGEMENT, TO GOOD ROADS AND BRIDGES, TO EXPENDITURE OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS FOR THE GREATEST PUBLIC GOOD.

THE MARTIN COUNTY OF 25 YEARS FROM NOW WILL TELL HOW SUCCESSFUL ARE OUR PROJECTS OF TODAY.

MARTIN COUNTY BOARD of COMMISSIONERS

ARTHUR E. SIMS, Hobe Sound, Chairman

ARNOLD BAUER, Stuart

CHARLES LEIGHTON, Palm City

RANSOM TILTON, Jensen Beach

C. M. FLETCHER, Indiantown

Most Martin County Offices Have Seen Little Turnover

4 DIFFERENT JOBS HAVE HAD BUT 2 HOLDERS

30 Have Served on County Commission Since Start in 1925

Other than the County Commission on which there has been a comparatively large turnover, Martin County voters have indicated little dissatisfaction with their county officers during the first 25 years of the county's existence. Four of the nine offices other than the county board have been filled by only two persons and the maximum has been five.

The four offices with the least change in this quarter century are the county judge, county surveyor, county tax collector and county clerk. George S. Moore was the first collector, being appointed by Gov. John Martin when the county was created. In the first election here in 1926 Moore won a two-year term to serve through 1928. That spring L. C. Kickliter was elected to the office, began his duties Jan. 1, 1929 and has been there ever since.

The late James Robb Pomeroy received Governor Martin's appointment to the clerk's post in 1925 and served continuously until his death Oct. 6, 1949. Miss Phoebe B. Cleveland was appointed the next day as clerk ad interim and was elected last May 2 for a two-year term to become the second clerk in the county's history.

The late Judge E. J. Smith, Jr., was Governor Martin's appointee for county judge in '25 and served without interruption until his death June 4, 1939. Judge Arthur R. Clonts was appointed to replace him and has filled the position since.

The late William H. Roat was appointed Aug. 10, 1925 as the county surveyor and held the office until he died Feb. 18, 1943. From that date until this spring the office was vacant until for the first time a surveyor was elected. James E. Brock of Stuart was chosen.

The assessor and registrar jobs have had three persons in them. H. L. Snyder was appointed assessor in 1925, was elected in 1926 and served until 1928 when Roy Ricou was elected for four years. In 1932 A. C. Courson won the race for the post and has remained there to this day.

W. H. Earle, now of Salerno, was appointed in '25 as the county registrar of voters. He held the office until early in 1932 when he resigned because of outside interests and J. P. Blakeslee was appointed to replace him. Blakeslee won the 1932 election and remained in office until February 1943 when he left to serve in the armed forces and his wife, Zola, was appointed by Gov. Spessard Holland as his replacement. Mrs. Blakeslee has retained the position ever since.

Four different men have filled the jobs of sheriff, superintendent of schools and prosecuting attorney. Governor Martin appointed the late J. B. McDonald as superintendent in '25. Edward Mapp defeated McDonald for the post in the 1926 election and served through 1932 when J. A. Jamison was elected to the first of three terms that kept him in the office through 1944. Roscoe H. Rollins was elected that year and is there today.

T. H. Getzen was appointed by the Governor as our first prosecuting attorney and served through 1928 when O. C. Strieby was elected. Strieby suddenly left town without explanation in the fall of 1929 and never returned so T. T. Oughterson was appointed to serve a year until Arthur R. Clonts was elected in 1930 and began his duties Nov. 21, 1930. Clonts held the job until 1939 when he was appointed county judge at which time Oughterson was reappointed June 14 and has retained the office to this day.

Bert Babcock was Martin County's first sheriff when appointed in '25. In the 1926 balloting the late Marion McGee defeated him and held the job until 1932 when Riley Christensen was elected to the job. He held it through 1944 when he decided against seeking re-election and G. M. "Dick" Hancock was elected. Hancock is in the office today.

The County Commission has had 30 different men serving on it since the first meeting Aug. 5, 1925. Two men have served at two different times, there have been two father and son commissioners, four deaths in office, two resignations and one suspension. The board always has had five members, but until 1943 the terms were for two years. Now they are for four.

The original board as appointed by Governor Martin in 1925 included H. N. Gaines, Fred M. Powell, Carroll Dunscombe, Warner G. Tilton and Howard A. Eells. All but Dunscombe were elected to regular terms in 1926. A. T. Hogarth defeated Dunscombe for the fifth seat. In 1928 Gaines on May 26 took a leave of absence because of illness and when several months later he died R. L. Wall was appointed Sept. 4, 1928 to replace him. Wall served without interruption on the board until this year when he decided against seeking another term and Charles W. Leighton was elected to his seat. Wall resigned Sept. 1 and Leighton was seated a week later.

Except for Wall there was a complete turnover in the '28 elections and 1929 began with Fred W. Hildebrand, B. P. Pitchford, Phil Y. Cason and H. E. Downs joining with Wall to form the commission. However, Pitchford resigned a few weeks after starting his term and was replaced by C. H. Munch who finished his term. In April 1929 Downs resigned and Dunscombe was returned to the board to finish Downs' term. Hildebrand died in September 1930 and was replaced by Kirby Smith on Oct. 31. The election that year put Thomas Taylor and W. F. Fredricksen on the board.

Smith died suddenly March 26, 1932 and was replaced by Fred W. Hildebrand, Jr., who won a term of his own in the elections that year along with C. B. Arbogast, H. L. Miller and Tilton for a second time. These four and Wall formed the board from Jan. 1, 1933 until May 11, 1934 when Arbogast was suspended by the Governor at that time and Chester M. Homan began the next day as his replacement for the balance of '34. Arbogast was elected to another term that spring along with Tilton, Wall, Hildebrand and R. I. Hamrick who replaced Miller at the dawn of 1935.

For 1937-38 Roger G. Spicer and W. A. Palmer were elected in place of Tilton and Arbogast. Arthur E. Sims replaced Hildebrand in the '38 elections and has been on the board ever since. O. D. Quinlivan was elected in the 1940 balloting to replace Spicer on the board and held the job until his death last April 9.

The 1942 vote gave membership to G. Warren Shipes and D. W. Rowell in place of Hamrick and Palmer, and Clarence M. Fletcher replaced Rowell in the '44 election. Fletcher is serving today. In the 1948 election a tie in the voting in Jensen Beach resulted between Shipes and Ransom R. Tilton, son of the two-time former commissioner, and it was necessary for the county Democratic executive committee to meet and break the deadlock in favor of Tilton.

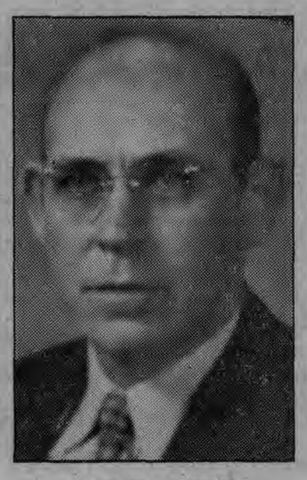
Last May Arnold M. Bauer was elected to replace Quinlivan whose place had been vacant since his death and Bauer took office in June.

MARTIN COUNTY'S PRESENT OFFICIALS

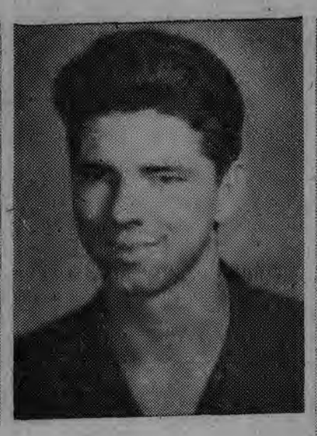
ARTHUR R. CLONTS

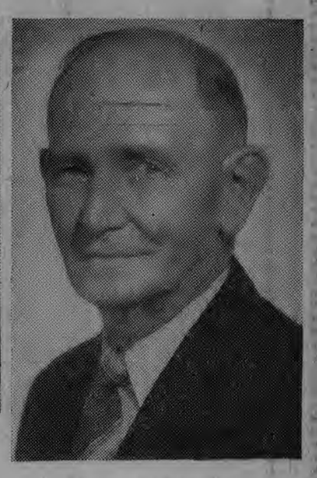
CHARLES W. LEIGHTON

C. M. FLETCHER


ARTHUR E. SIMS

ARNOLD M. BAUER


RANSOM R. TILTON


L. C. KICKLITER

MISS PHOEBE CLEVELAND

MRS. J. P. BLAKESLEE

A. C. COURSON

ROSCOE H. ROLLINS

JAMES E. BROCK

G. M. HANCOCK

T. T. OUGHTERSON

MARTIN COUNTY TAXES INCOME BEST SINCE '27

Martin County's tax collections for 1949 were the highest in 22 years, harking back to the plush boom-time days of 1926 and 1927 when the all-time collection records were set. At the same time 1949 marks the seventh straight year that assessed valuations have risen until today they stand at the highest point in the county's history and are nearly three times those of plush 1926 when the all-time collections record was set.

In the county's 25-year history total county tax collections exceed $6,500,000. Income has ranged from $548,502.61 collected in '26 to $87,122.11 collected in 1933 when the depression was in full swing. The 1949 income was $495,736.50 as Collector L. C. Kickliter's office achieved an enviable mark of 100 per cent collections for the sixth straight year. This contrasts sharply with 15 years ago when only 38 per cent of the roll was collected for two straight years. However, starting in '37 the percentages rose steadily until they hit 99.5 in 1943 and then 100 in '44 and stayed there.

Assessed valuations this past year totaled $15,787,912 but total taxes assessed were $495,736.50 as compared to 1927 when the assessed valuation was $5,222,852 and taxes assessed totaled $703,563.90. These are differences of more than $10,500,000 increase in valuations but more than $200,000 decrease in assessments.

(From The Stuart Times of June 6, 1913)

LOOKS LIKE INCORPORATION

At a meeting of the citizens Wednesday night the special committee composed of J. C. Hancock, A. T. Hogarth and Curd Schroeder reported on the boundary lines of the new city of Stuart and the report was adopted. The said committee was then ordered to go ahead and get signatures calling for an election to incorporate the town, and this they will do at once.

The city limits touch the county line on the north and run as far south to Ernest Stypmann's place. On the west it takes in the Webb and Hower subdivision, and runs between Harry Dyer's place and the McQuarrie homestead.

Don't hesitate to sign the petition, Mr. Voter; let's incorporate and get on the map. Remember that Stuart is now the only important place on the East Coast that is not incorporated.

12,180-Acre Gomez Grant Deeded For Aid to Spanish Government

The Gomez Grant is somewhat of a mystery to the average Martin County citizen. No one seems to know just what service was rendered the Government of a sufficiently important nature to warrant a grant to one individual of so much land as is comprised in this area.

The exemplification of patent filed in the office of the county clerk at the court house shows that the Spanish governor pro tem, Juan Jose do Estrada, did grant in 1815 to Eusebia M. Gomez 12,180 acres of land "on the shores of Jupiter Island and of the St. Lucy River," for services rendered the Government, but what these services were is not stated in any of the early literature, so far as known.

In a voluminous abstract to property formerly owned by Kirby Smith, covering more than 100 years, appears the following matter which must be of great interest to anyone seeking information as to the antecedency of this part of the county:

"Florida dates its settlement by Europeans from 1564, when a French colony was established near the mouth of the St. John's River. This colony was shortly destroyed by the Spanish, and thereafter, until 1763, Florida was almost exclusively a Spanish province. In 1763 Spain ceded Florida to England, and practically all Spaniards withdrew to Spain, Cuba and other Spanish colonies. In 1783 England transferred East Florida again to Spain, whose territory it remained until finally ceded to the United States in 1819.

"During all the Spanish occupation the territory was harassed by Indians. (Doubtless it was at this time that Eusebia M. Gomez rendered his signal service to the government—by saving a settlement from massacre, or some other act in which a warning prevented disaster.) The Spanish were alternately at war and peace with the various tribes, but for the most part the history of Florida runs a parallel course with that of other Spanish colonies, and presents a prospect of almost incessant friction and warfare with some one or more of the Indian tribes."

The historical abstract goes on to say that in 1763, at which time there were but 600 inhabitants besides the soldiers, the English took possession and held it until 1783. The English were at peace with the Indians throughout the whole period.

In 1783 England relinquished Florida to Spain without reserving any rights for its colonists, and these were compelled to evacuate with all their portable goods. The reoccupation by Spain proved a blight over the sparsely settled country, and the English moved away as the Spaniards had done before.

Time passed on, and after the English evacuation there was no further attempt to colonization by the Spaniards. They were busy repelling attacks from guerillas, according to this record, and meeting raids from the American colonies, being almost constantly attacked on all sides. "The contemporaneous records disclose that the country about the Gomez Grant was unsettled in 1835, and certainly remained so until after the Seminole war . . . After the Seminole war it was but a few years until the Civil war, and no settlements of any importance between Fort Pierce and the present site of Miami came into existence in that period. Following 1865 came the reconstruction period, and the material prosperity of Florida was deferred for this further period, and it was not until the railroad was built to Miami that settlement of the east coast became an established fact."

John Lee Williams explored the east coast of Florida in the period between 1833 and 1837, and afterward wrote a book about his findings. From this book, published in 1837 and entitled "The Territory of Florida," the following excerpt is made:

"After passing the Florida keys, Jupiter (or Gomez) Island next presents itself. It is 25 miles long and from half a mile to 2 miles wide. The eastern side presents a beach sloping off half a mile to low water mark. The ridge of sand hills is high; behind this is a space covered with small oaks and palmettoes, while the western side terminates in hammocks, and where the island throws projections into Hobe Sound the hammocks are of such extent that they might form small farms of excellent land. This side of the island is rocky near the shore. Four miles from the south end several fruit trees still remain that were planted long since; among these are cocoanuts, oranges, limes and plumes. Several old fields indicate former settlements. Several dangerous reefs of rocks lie in front of this island.

"St. Lucie Island was formerly connected with Jupiter, and the whole was granted to Don Eusebius Gomez on account of public services rendered the Government of the province. A few years since, the high waters of St. Lucie River forced a passage through the coast at the place called the Gap on the old charts, and about 4 miles south of the black rocks. In 1831 a mile in front of the north end of the island was torn away by storms. This island is 16 miles long and extends from Jupiter to Indian River Inlet; at the north end it is 3 miles broad. The surface of this island is exactly similar to that of Jupiter."

The records show that the Gomez Grant has been situated in:

St. Johns County (county seat, St. Augustine), from July 21, 1821, to Dec. 29, 1824.

Mosquito County (county seat, New Smyrna, and Enterprise from Jan. 29, 1835, to Feb. 24, 1843), from Dec. 29, 1824, to March 14, 1844.

St. Lucie County (county seat not named by statute), from March 14, 1844, to Jan. 6, 1855.

Brevard County (county seats, Fort Pierce and Bassville), from Jan. 6, 1855, to Dec. 8, 1866.

Dade County (county seats, first Juno and afterward Miami), from Dec. 8, 1866, to June 30, 1909.

Palm Beach County (county seat, West Palm Beach), from June 30, 1909, to Aug. 4, 1925.

Martin County (county seat, Stuart), from Aug. 4, 1925, to present time.

Elias Simmons Brought Family Here in 1889

Five generations of Elias Simmons' family have been residents of Stuart since he came here by boat from Titusville in 1889. With this hardy pioneer were his wife and three daughters, Minnie Belle, Maude and Clara. They landed at Sewall's Point and later found quarters on the river at the north side of Poppleton Creek.

A craftsman by trade, Elias turned his hand to boat building to produce some of the finest craft on the river. One which he built for W. A. Selser was later sold to the Sunrise Inn and used for years as a ferry for the hotel guests from the Inn to the ocean beach.

Simmons was also interested in bees and had one of the first large apiaries in this section, shipping extracted honey in barrel lots.

A prized possession of one of his grandchildren is a letter from President Grover Cleveland thanking him for strawberries and roses which had been presented to the President and his wife by Simmons' first granddaughter, Mrs. W. B. Zeigler, now of Miami Beach.

"Grandpa Simmons," as he was affectionately known in late years, lived to see his first great-great-grandson, James Feinauer, now of Palm City. His first grandson was Homer Witham who lost his life fighting for his country in World War II and for whom Witham Field here was named.

Elias' eldest daughter, Mrs. Belle Ross; a granddaughter, Mrs. George Smith (of the hospital staff), and great-granddaughter, Mrs. Clarence Feinauer, are still residents of Martin County.

BOOM DAYS SURVEYOR

WILLIAM H. ROAT

"My footprints and blueprints all over Martin County" was the slogan of this colorful character whose name is in small letters on most of Martin County's official plats. Batching in the rear of his office, now occupied by J. E. Taylor's realty firm, Roat was official main street greeter for many years. Everybody liked him!

MILES-HANSON GRANT WAS GIFT IN 1813

The Miles or Hanson Grant, as it should be called if one wishes to be complete and correct about the tract's name, is a 17,970-acre rectangular area of land south of Stuart and Palm City that originated more than 1[illegible] years ago.

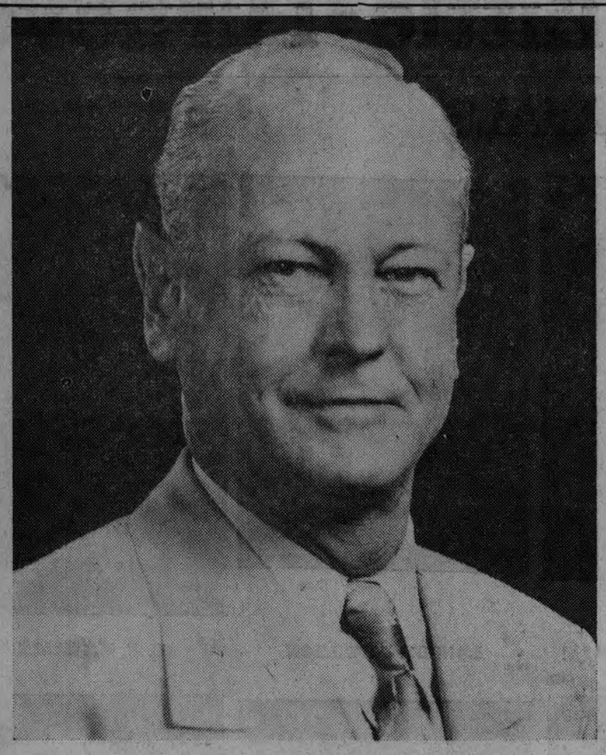
The Spanish Government was supreme in Florida on July 18, 1813 when its Governor Kindeland granted the whole tract to Samuel Miles. Miles in turn conveyed all of his interest in the Spanish gift in equal parts to three parties. He sold an undivided one-third interest to Col. John M. Hanson on Aug. 14, 1823, sold another third to Francis Miles and deeded the final one-third on April 3, 1824 to Dionosia Segui. Frances Miles conveyed his one-third to John J. Hedrick Nov. 3, 1829.

After Florida was conveyed to the United States the claims of the three owners, Segui, Hanson and Hedrick, were confirmed by the U. S. Superior Court for the District of East Florida. In later years Hedrick's interest was sold to John G. Fallagant of Savannah, Ga., and Hanson's third became vested in Rufus K. Sewall.

NO, THIS IS NOT THE FREEZE OF 1898

One bright, sunny morning in 1934 Stuart residents thought all the machine-guns in the world had been turned loose on their windows. Hailstones as large as hen eggs pelted down for an hour or so leaving piles of melting ice over the landscape as shown above. Practically no damage was done but such a sight in Florida created as much excitement as a circus in town. The Florida cracker kids really loved it!

JOIN IN THE FUN IN NEXT SATURDAY'S COUNTY-CITY BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION HERE



A Personal Message From
MARVIN H. ROWELL

Martin County has twice honored me, first by one term in the House of Representatives in 1947-1948, and again by nominating me to this high office for 1951-1952.

I deeply appreciate the confidence which you, the people of Martin County, have placed in me, and will do my very best to fulfill and bear out your trust.

The Martin County of 25 years ago and the Martin County of today are vastly different. Much progress has been made—yet there is still a great deal to be done to bring this area into its full possibilities.

Good roads tapping the farm areas of our County and the bringing of utilities to the agricultural section are among the most important projects of the future. These, coupled with all-important water control projects, can bring to Martin County as much progress in the next 10 years as it has seen in the last 25.

I have done, and will, do my best to accomplish constructive progress for this County.

Here For Half the Life of Martin County

ROWELL FURNITURE CO.

Takes Pleasure In Congratulating Martin County on this

25TH ANNIVERSARY

And In Honoring Hon. John W. Martin, Our County's Founder

BACK 12½ YEARS AGO, WE CAME HERE FROM PERRY, FLA., IN SEARCH OF A GOOD CLIMATE FOR ONE OF OUR CHILDREN. HAVING BEEN IN THE FURNITURE BUSINESS IN PERRY, WE OPENED A SMALL FURNITURE STORE IN THE LITTLE FRAME BUILDING ON FLAGLER AVENUE WHICH LATER BECAME DR. DAVEY'S OFFICE.

YOUR PATRONAGE SOON PROVED THAT WE MUST HAVE LARGER QUARTERS, SO WE MOVED AND DID BUSINESS FOR SEVERAL YEARS IN THE KRUEGER BUILDING STORE NOW HOUSING ANTHONY'S GROCERY. OUR FIRM KEPT EXPANDING, DOING BUSINESS NOT ONLY IN MARTIN COUNTY, BUT IN ST. LUCIE, INDIAN RIVER, PALM BEACH AND SEMINOLE COUNTIES.

LAST FALL, JUST BEFORE THE DESTRUCTIVE HURRICANE OF SEPT. 26, 1950, WE HAD PURCHASED AND MOVED INTO OUR PRESENT HOME, THE ROWELL BUILDING, WHEN THE HURRICANE HIT AND RAISED HAVOC. YOUR SUPPORT THEN, AND YOUR CONTINUED PATRONAGE SINCE, HAVE BUILT AN EVEN BIGGER AND BETTER FURNITURE BUSINESS, HOME OWNED AND HOME OPERATED.

THERE IS ALWAYS A FRIENDLY WELCOME FOR YOU AT ROWELL'S. THE FURNITURE NEEDS OF OUR HOME FOLKS COME FIRST WITH US, AND WE ARE ALWAYS GLAD TO ASSIST IN SECURING WHAT YOU WANT AND NEED IN THE WAY OF HOME FURNISHINGS.

WE CARRY AN EXTREMELY LARGE STOCK, THE ENTIRE SECOND FLOOR OF OUR BUILDING BEING USED FOR WAREHOUSE AND STORAGE SPACE. PLEASE VISIT US ANY TIME YOU ARE IN STUART.

AT THIS TIME WE WISH TO THANK ALL OF YOU WHOSE FRIENDSHIP AND PATRONAGE WE HAVE ENJOYED THROUGH THE YEARS, AND PLEDGE YOU IN RETURN THAT WE WILL CONTINUE TO TRY TO MAKE THIS STORE GROW IN SERVICE TO YOU.

ROWELL FURNITURE COMPANY

ROWELL BLDG. PHONE 61

STUART LEGION POST FOUNDED IN JUNE 1919

The first apparent effort to organize a post of the American Legion in Stuart was made June 1, 1919 when C. M. "Zack" Blizard called to order a meeting of about 40 servicemen from Stuart and vicinity. The meeting was held in the basement of the Methodist Church with Blizard presiding. A committee consisting of L. F. Geiger, E. M. Boynton and Blizard was appointed to apply for a charter from the State commander. Blizard was elected delegate to attend the State convention at Jacksonville June 10 and 11. The following temporary officers were elected pending the receipt of the charter: Post Commander, Dr. John A. Newnham; Vice Commander, I. Leroy Ricou; Post Adjutant, Blizard; Post Finance Officer, Geiger; Sergeant at Arms, F. W. Loy.

In addition to the officers the following signed the charter: Earl J. Ricou, John D. Baker, Bryant McLendon, Jackson H. McDonald, William C. Johnson, C. F. Hancock and E. S. McCulley.

During April and May 1922 N. J. Hickey was engaged in taking a census of the former servicemen within the north end of Palm Beach County with the intention of reorganizing the post and after a conference between Hickey and State Commander Jerome E. Wideman and Post Commander Neil Watkins of Palm Beach Post, May 25 was tentatively set as an assembly date.

A solicitation of the business men of the city procured about $80 as an entertainment fund and on May 25 Harold Johns Post was successfully reorganized. About 25 men enrolled and in recognition of Hickey's efforts he was elected post commander.

The Woman's Auxiliary of the post was organized Oct. 7, 1923, and the following officers were elected: president, Mrs. M. R. Johns; vice-president, Mrs. J. G. Steinhauser; secretary, Mrs. E. Lowery, and treasurer, Mrs. M. G. Littman. The meeting was held at the Woman's club. Meeting nights were designated as the fourth Wednesday of every month.

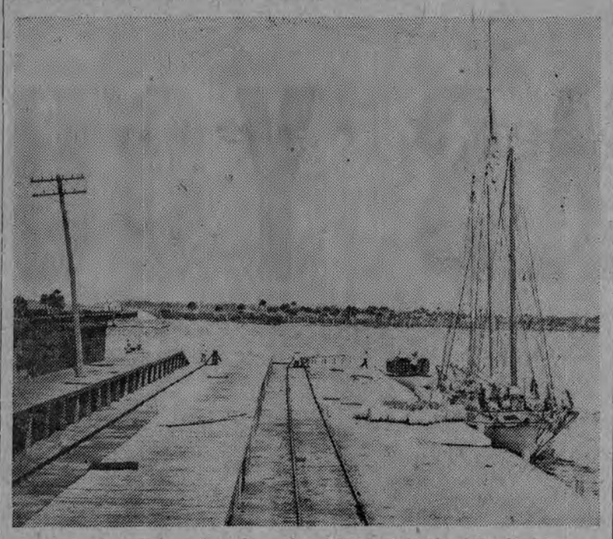
On Aug. 16, 1923, C. B. Clyma was elected post finance officer. Warner B. Tilton, J. A. Newnham and Karl Krueger were appointed trustees for the purchase of the lot on Sept. 19, 1923.

Outstanding among the many important events of Judge E. J. Smith's regime as commander was the formation on July 2, 1926 of a Voiture No. 899 of Le Societe de 40 Hommes and 8 Chevaux. The meeting was held in Judge Smith's office with T. J. F. Kennedy presiding and the following officers were elected: Chef de Gare, Jim Stockley; Chef de Train, J. A. Aigler; Commissaire Intendant et Correspondente, Kennedy; Conducteur, Arthur L. Thornton; Gardes des Prisonierres, James McBean, M. W. Davis and Charles McCrary; Cheminots Locaux, C. E. Pitts, R. W. Hartman and A. L. Johnson.

Commanders who have served from 1919 through 1950 are Dr. Newnham, Hickey, Karl J. Krueger, Thompson H. Getzen, Edward J. Smith, Hartman, Thornton, Leonay J. Maloy, Charles B. Arbogast, Kennedy, Matt W. Gindorf, Jr., Fred A. Stafford, Smith, A. O. Kanner, Dr. J. D. Parker, Dr. H. H. Hipson, Chet Homan, Tom Casey, Andy Tsimas, M. G. Littman, J. A. Jamison, Roscoe Rollins, Hugh H. Willoughby, Robert R. Brown, R. I. Taylor, Harris R. Lowery, Jr., and Roland L. Minnehan and Oscar L. Meyers.

Adjutants who have served from 1919 through 1950 are Blizzard, Littman, P. P. de Moya, Mark Casto, Kennedy, Thornton, Arbogast, J. B. Smith, J. F. Bell, Gindorf, Kennedy, Taylor, Hartman, Frank Dorris, Rollins, Tsimas, Arthur M. Dehon, L. C. Clements and John W. Keller.

RAIL AND SAIL VIED FOR FREIGHT



At the south end of the railroad bridge this loading dock supplied rail cars and sail boats with valuable produce from South Florida soil. Captain Hendrickson's Emily B, the three-masted schooner tied at the dock, made regular runs with gasoline from Jacksonville. The late Robert Fulford, well-known charter captain here, was her captain when she was wrecked by a hurricane at New Smyrna. The docks were also demolished by storms. Photo was taken in 1906.

FANTAN WAS ENJOYED BY EARLY GARDENERS

Stuart's first Garden Club began as a sewing society and no official records have been kept of its organization or meetings. However, an item in The Stuart News of 1930 reveals the great change in this organization. Today's club was the organization work of Mrs. W. R. Leach in 1944 and it is one of the city's most progressive groups.

Here is the society editor's report of the club of yesteryear:

"The Garden Club celebrated Thanksgiving Day with a community dinner. All of the members with their husbands and children were there and Mrs. Sherman William and daughter, Miss Elsie Williams. Mrs. Ethel T. Porter, who was unable to be present, sent a box of apples to the feast from North Carolina. During the afternoon bridge and fantan were played and at the close of the afternoon all the guests remained for the evening meal thus ending a very happy day."

27 MEN BEGAN KIWANIS CLUB HERE IN 1938

Considerations for the formation of a Kiwanis Club in Stuart first began to take shape in March 1938 when "a number of leading business and professional men of Stuart" with Bert D. Keck as spokesman contacted J. E. Nobles of Fort Pierce who at that time was lieutenant-governor S. E. Division 2, Kiwanis, in Fort Pierce.

At the time there was under way a movement to reorganize the Stuart Civitans Club and a meeting was held for that purpose March 21, 1938, but failed in its consummation. In addition, two replies from Nobles encouraging the formation of Kiwanis were received and sponsors of the idea immediately went into action. A prospective list for membership was drawn and an organization meeting was held at the Pelican Hotel March 25 at which the first officers were chosen.

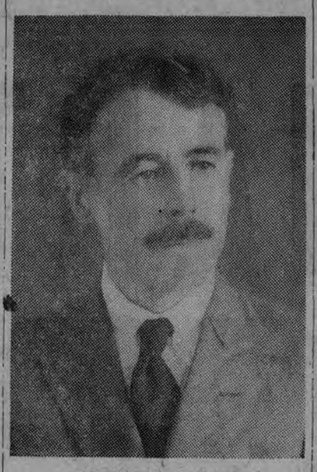
Presentation of the club's charter from Kiwanis International featured the charter party which more than 200 persons attended at the Log Cabin May 6, 1938. Simeon R. Doyle, governor of the Florida district of Kiwanis, presented the charter; Dewey Crawford, president of the Fort Pierce club, presented a U. S. Flag to J. A. Jamison who accepted it for the club, and Nobles presented a gavel and gong to Vice-President Keck who accepted for the club. C. Herold Hippler, vice-president of Kiwanis International, delivered the principal address of the evening.

Meetings for the balance of 1938 were held at Chisholm's Grill, and then for about a year at the St. Lucie Hotel before shifting again for about a year to a restaurant operated by Mrs. Lee Bass and located where the Rice Hotel now is. In 1941 the present site for meetings at Stuart Woman's Club was secured.

Charter members numbered 27. They were Dr. L. W. Barnes, Keck, L. C. Kickliter, Dr. J. D. Parker, T. T. Oughterson, the Rev. L. E. Thomas, C. W. Long, Roger G. Spicer, W. N. Cromer, John J. Moore, the Rev. T. C. O'Steen, J. Fred Evans, Earl J. Ricou, J. R. Pomeroy, Clyde Atkins, Sam A. Matthews, W. L. Sullivan, Charles O. Pittman, Jr., L. C. Clements, A. C. Courson, H. R. Lowery, John E. Taylor, Jamison, J. J. Ranney, J. B. McDonald, Marvin H. Rowell and R. Ivan Taylor. Only Kickliter, Keck, Oughterson, Courson and Dr. Parker still are in the club today of this original group.

Dr. Barnes was the club's first president for the balance of 1938. Succeeding him were Mr. Thomas in 1939, Dan Davis in 1940, Courson in 1941, Oughterson in 1942, Kickliter in 1943, I. L. Decker in 1944, William V. King in 1945, George Keith in 1946, Lon Tyson in 1947, the Rev. Phil Maxwell and later Price McD. French in 1948, Charles A. Porter and later Henry G. Kindred in 1949 and George H. Tilton this year. Charles H. Rue is the 1951 president-elect.

PIONEER, THIRD MAYOR



HARRY A. DYER

The father of Stuart's present city judge, Dyer followed J. B. McDonald and A. T. Hogarth as Stuart Mayor, having proved his efficiency in municipal affairs as chairman of the Town Council. Coming here from Canada for his health he joined his half brother, Will J. Dyer, in 1891 and homesteaded a quarter-section on the west side of the South Fork, extending to the bend of the North Fork. He married Miss Flora Frazier and their home is now occupied by his children. In 1901 he joined the staff of the Armour Fertilizer Company, retiring after 20 years as State sales manager. Business firms here closed their doors in his honor when he died in 1935.

ROTARY CLUB WAS FOUNDED HERE IN 1929

Stuart's Rotary Club is the city's oldest existing civic organization. Last Aug. 30 was the 21st anniversary of the club's receipt of its charter.

Stuart Rotary began with a preliminary organization meeting in the Peacock Arcade Aug. 6, 1929. First meeting was eight days later at Chisholm's and the charter was received Aug. 30. Although the club has met most of the time at Chisholm's, circumstances have caused temporary changes in meeting place during the years to Stuart Hotel, the Lighthouse and the old Arcade.

The club had 18 charter members. They were Kennon H. Turner, J. A. Aigler, C. B. Arbogast, Orris Nobles, M. G. Littman, H. H. Hipson, P. P. deMoya, E. J. Smith, Jr., L. E. Ashley, Webster Ordway, Dr. J. D. Parker, Andrew Lester, E. A. Menninger, Evans Crary, H. W. Cockrell, Percy Fuge, James M. Harrison and J. Franklin Bell. Of these only Littman, Crary, Ordway, Menninger and Lester still are members.

Turner was the first president. Succeeding presidents were Judge A. O. Kanner, the Rev. J. J. Fahy, deMoya, Littman, Menninger, Ordway, the Rev. W. C. France, the Rev. William Hayes, D. S. Hudson, Arthur E. Sims, John M. Law, Jr., Dr. C. A. Carriel, Crary, Fred A. Stafford, Edward Mapp, L. B. Eurit, Erwin F. Johnwick, T. J. F. Kennedy, H. C. Beckman, H. M. Saunders and the present one, Grover C. King.

Best attendance record of the club was made during President Kanner's term. The club went seven straight months with 100 per cent attendance during that year. Best individual marks have been made by Lester and Menninger; both had more than 20 years of 100 per cent attendance.

CIVITANS CLUB COLLAPSED IN '30

One of the products of the "boom" era here that collapsed soon after the boom did was a Civitans Club.

The Civitans unit was Stuart's first civic club that came into being about 1925 and died about 1930. The late J. R. Pomeroy was its last president and C. Fred Hancock the last secretary. The membership during the club's comparatively short lifetime included Hancock, Pomeroy, Dr. J. A. Newnham, J. B. McDonald, Hercules Wise, George Backus, E. A. Menninger, C. B. Arbogast, Edward Mapp, P. P. DeMoya, P. R. McCrary, Nathan Hickey, Judge A. O. Kanner, William Roat, C. J. Early and H. Edwin Rogers.

CITY'S FIRST LODGE BUILDING

Another "first" in Stuart is Woodmen Hall which still stands at Akron Ave. and 3rd St. Until its erection early in 1914 lodge groups used the Woman's Club building, the former Christian Endeavor Hall, which has since been demolished by a hurricane. Some reorganization of the Woodmen of the World was necessary when they decided to become owners of commercial property. For this J. B. McDonald was made consul commander; Cuyler Baker, adviser lieutenant; J. R. Pomeroy and George W. Parks, bankers, and Herman Bentel, chairman. Masons and Odd Fellows, their auxiliaries and other orders which have come and gone through the years have used the building on a rental basis from the Woodmen.

COUNTY HAS HAD 5 ROAD PATROLMEN

Five State Highway Patrolmen have been assigned to Martin County since the FHP was created in 1940.

First one was Raymond D. Small who patroled here from Sept. 1, 1940 until June 1, 1941 when he was transferred to North Miami. His successor was Clyde R. Pirtle who had the longest tenure of the quintet from Aug. 1, 1941 until June 24, 1947 when he was shifted to Palm Beach County. Pirtle was replaced by Warren Sutton who was here seven months until he was transferred to Okeechobee County and replaced Feb. 1, 1948 by William H. McKnight. McKnight remained until last March 15 when he was moved to Miami and replaced by Joe B. Crutchfield, the present patrolman.

Lions Club City's Newest Civic Group

Newest civic club in Stuart is the Lions Club now approaching its 2nd birthday.

The Lions organization was founded at a spontaneous meeting Jan. 27, 1949 and Walter Pannell was elected first president until the Lions International's year ended June 30. Herman Reitz, Jr., was the second president and Howard Bartlett succeeded him last July 1.

Charter members of this club which meets twice a month were Pannell, Reitz, Bartlett, John Dumich, Robert Peck, Ralph Chandler, Ralph Daniels, William V. King, A. F. McCarron, Bostick Mink, Jerry Polinsky, George Parks and Frank C. Wacha.

EARLY SETTLERS

It is usually thought that human beings were recent occupants of this country but the discovery, during the years, of human remains along with those of elephants, tigers, lions and other wild animals, some long ago extinct, indicate that man was here many thousands of years ago.

BEAUTY THAT NEVER FADES

The Beauty and Dignity of our American Pioneer Mothers as they helped to open up the new Frontiers is a priceless American memory.

There was so much they did not have which is available to American Womanhood today—modern kitchens, modern homes and motor cars, and, of course, the modern beauty shop.

Today, in 1950, the beauty shop is an essential. In this harried modern life of ours, a new hair-do, a permanent, a facial give that priceless "lift" which means so much to womanhood.

And at the Little Beauty Shop you may be sure of the most modern equipment and highly trained operators keeping abreast with modern styling.

The Little Beauty Shop on Akron Ave. was opened by Mrs. Allan N. Decker in 1944. Mrs. Decker is a native Floridian, coming to Stuart from Palatka in 1937. She operated the beauty parlor in conjunction with Bozone's Barber Shop at its former location in the Peacock Arcade from Feb., 1937, through 1940, and was connected with the Osceola Beauty Shop until 1944. She and Allan N. Decker of Stuart were married in 1939. The Little Beauty Shop is a two-operator beauty shop. Marguerite Trapnell, a beautician of 12 years experience, a former owner of her own beauty shop in Tampa, is associated with The Little Beauty Shop.

CONGRATULATIONS, MARTIN COUNTY, ON THIS 25th ANNIVERSARY—AND THANKS TO ALL OUR CUSTOMERS WHO HAVE SO LOYALLY SUPPORTED THIS FIRM IN OUR 6 YEARS IN BUSINESS.

THE LITTLE BEAUTY SHOP

219 SOUTH AKRON AVENUE STUART, FLORIDA TELEPHONE 39

WHEN STUART WAS YOUNG

THIS IS THE PIONEER GEORGE W. PARKS, Sr., GROCERY AND GENERAL MERCHANDISE STORE IN DOWNTOWN STUART (photo taken about 1902) WHERE GULF OIL PRODUCTS WERE FIRST INTRODUCED TO THE PEOPLE OF THIS AREA. UP A SMALL DOCK BEHIND THIS STORE WERE ROLLED DRUMS OF KEROSENE TO FILL THE LAMPS AND COAL OIL STOVES OF THE PIONEERS, AND LATER THAT GOOD GULF GASOLINE FOR EARLY MODEL CARS WAS LANDED AT THE GULF DOCK BY THE OLD PADDLE-WHEEL BARGE "LUSTERLITE."

STANLEY KITCHING'S FIRST STORE IS THE SMALL BUILDING AT LEFT.

GULF PRODUCTS WERE HERE...

Yes, Stuart and the area which is now Martin County, have been getting Good Gulf Products since the days of the pioneers. The old store on the river, (now Stuart Feed Store) served through the pioneer days. One of its early products was axle grease, and many and many the settler came here to get "coal oil." Sailing vessels and paddlewheel steamers brought merchandise here, and under the proprietorship of George W. Parks, Sr., this was one of the most popular of the early grocery establishments. It later became Stuart Mercantile, with Mr. Parks and C. E. "Riley" Christensen as partners.

About 1926, the Gulf plant and all distributorship facilities were moved across the River to the present location, where storage tanks carry some 90,000 gallons of Gulf Products. Here marine docks service craft passing up and down the inland waterway with Gulf white marine gasoline and with diesel fuel.

On the death of George W. Parks, Sr., in January, 1943, the business was taken over by George W. Parks, Jr., and Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Morrison. Gulf Products were brought in by water on the paddle-wheeler "Gulfmist" from 1930 until the war closed down Eastern Seaboard oil traffic. For a period Gulf Products were brought in by rail, but now all fuel is brought in by truck to be distributed by us to some 19 service stations and marine dealers in Martin County.

We wish to thank at this time the thousands of persons it has been our privilege to serve through the years. It is a pleasure to announce to you that Gulf Products, good through all the years, have been steadily improved, and when you use that Good Gulf Gasoline, Gulf No-Nox, or Gulf Marine White Gasoline you are using the best that modern refiners can make for the modern engines of 1950.

Congratulations, Martin County, on Your 25th Anniversary!

We Join In Honoring Governor John W. Martin

GULF
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

GEORGE W. PARKS, Jr.
DISTRIBUTOR

GULF OIL PRODUCTS

PHONE 180

Just What Was Stuart Like 25 Years Ago?

By EDWIN A. MENNINGER

Turn back 25 years in Stuart, and let me remind you:

* * *

At the railroad station, then as now in the center of things, D. E. Wynne was the agent and Edwin K. Long was his assistant. R. Boyne McPherson in those days was agent at Salerno. Loris B. Eurit was freight agent, with his office on the waterfront in a freight station long since destroyed by fire.

* * *

Stanley Kitching had just built his new store building, one side occupied by his store under direction of Ben Eckess, the other side a drugstore run by "Doc" Black who shortly moved to Hollywood and sold his drugstore to "Doc" Bailey, with his long legs and pretty wife. It was in Bailey's store in September 1924 that I first met Cornelius Vanderbilt and his wife. Their stop-over in Stuart was unexpected. We had just had four days of torrential rain. At one time it rained 36 ins. in 36 hours. Stuart was flooded. The railroad tracks washed away at Rio. They washed away also just south of Salerno, and two FEC passenger trains carrying about 500 people were marooned in Stuart till the tracks could be rebuilt. The Vanderbilts just happened to be on one of the trains. I published a special "Flood Extra" of my newspaper and sold 400 copies. In that flood the main highway to West Palm Beach was cut when a bridge over the Earman River went out, and for several weeks autos were routed over the railroad bridge at that point.

The heavy rains made an enormous lake in the heart of Stuart (it was before 4th St. was graded and paved) and a huge lake stretched from the court house to the school. A small ditch to drain off the worst was dug from the lake's edge (where W. V. King's house now stands) to the St. Lucie River; in an hour this became a raging torrent. Water ran so fast it dug a ditch 75 feet wide to the river, undermined houses nearby, threatened extensive damage before Curd Schroeder and his crew got things under control again. The ground was so waterlogged that drainage problems were difficult. Water stood across 4th St. in deep, big ponds for more than a month in front of where John Dumich now lives and at the tennis court. The old hospital building was surrounded by water for weeks and physicians came and went in boats.

* * *

John Taylor had been running Uncle Walter Kitching's grocery, and he had plenty of friendly rivalry for Frank Minschke, who had another store down the street. Both tried particularly to get the patronage of Mrs. George W. Perkins whose beautiful home later belonged to the Shepards, then burned. Frank got an order for a dozen boxes of strawberries from Mrs. Perkins and he took them over, explaining that he was letting her have them special at $1 a box. Next day Mrs. Perkins was in John Taylor's store and saw nice strawberries for 40 cents a box. She told John to send a dozen boxes to her house, and then she went over to Minschke's to take Frank to task for robbing her. But Frank was equal to the occasion.

"Now Mrs. Perkins, you must admit the berries I sent you were the very finest. To keep you satisfied I will send some more over to your house today and there will be no charge."

Somewhat mollified, Mrs. Perkins went off. Frank skipped out the back door with a dozen boxes of berries and rushed over to the Perkins home. John Taylor's berries had arrived first.

"Stick those things in the oven for three minutes," Frank yelled to the cook, pointing to John's berries and slipping the cook a dollar.

Into the oven the berries went. When they came out three minutes later they looked very sad.

"Set them here," said Frank, "and I'll put my berries beside them. Let Mrs. Perkins decide whose berries are best."

Frank still laughs about John's discomfiture when he found out what had happened. "I sold Mrs. Perkins berries all that winter for $1 a quart and she never complained," Frank says.

* * *

Where Beckman's Firestone store is now stood a new interlocking tile house built by Mr. and Mrs. Bert Babcock for their home. Who had any idea Stuart's business section was going to be there? The Babcocks were selling Hudson autos, had just completed a one-story "flat-iron" building as a salesroom. Later a second story was added; now this is Rowell's Furniture Store.

* * *

Mrs. Lizzie M. Beyer was running a restaurant in a building next to the Woodman Hall; later it was an office supply store run by Mr. and Mrs. Charley Glass, then a church. Now it is a residence.

* * *

There were two auto camps, one built and operated by the Woodrum brothers where the present Stuart Auto Camp is. Another was being operated by John Rosbury near where Ordway Motors now stands. On the front near the street a newcomer named Bill Chisholm had a tire-recapping and mending outfit, and his wife sold hamburgers to passersby.

* * *

There was considerable gunplay and a lot of lawlessness, as Stuart was 40 miles from the sheriff's office in West Palm Beach. In one flareup with the old Ashley gang, every able-bodied citizen got out to try to catch boom days. When things got hot, Van Anglen quit Arundel and went into the real estate business. When in May 1926 I announced in my newspaper that the Florida boom had burst and the binder boys might just as well pack their sales contracts and go fishing, Van Anglen got so angry at me he couldn't speak. He was a City Commissioner, and a good one. Harry A. Dyer was Mayor. John Taylor was on the commission too. Edwin Brobston was city attorney. When I rolled quietly into a City Commission meeting one afternoon, and perched myself on a stool to listen to proceedings, Van Anglen stopped everything with a shout: "Mr. Mayor, there is a man in this room who is a traitor to Stuart. I move he be thrown out of this meeting."

John Taylor smiled and looked out the window. Harry Dyer wiped his chin two or three times, then asked Brobston if it would be perfectly legal for a spectator to be thrown out of the meeting.

"I think you have no such power, Mr. Mayor. Such procedure might bring on unexpected difficulties."

"Then I don't see how we can entertain your motion, Mr. Van Anglen," said the Mayor.

"I won't stay in the same room with him," shouted Van, and marched out the door. Six months later he got over his huff and he and I resumed a long friendship.

* * *

Bert Bittan came from Philadelphia, thought Stuart looked like a good investment, and got John Taylor to go along with him in construction of the El Bit-Lor Apartments, subsequently the Atlantic Court. Fred Walton was the contractor.

* * *

H. Edwin Rogers brought in a promoter named C. J. Earley. Another fast talker who came in to make Stuart an investor's paradise was Stanley Sparks. A third was W. I. Shuman, brought here by Carroll Dunscombe. Between them they formed enough construction companies, mortgage companies, buildings and loan and other devices for doing things in a big way, to mulct several million dollars into their projects. Some were meritorious and gave the community the Krueger Bldg., the Post Office Arcade, the Pelican Hotel and some other needed improvements. But for the most part the promoters left no footprints on the sands of time.

* * *

With the creation of Martin County, abstract companies were needed. H. K. Gustin came in with the most capital, organized the Peninsular. Earl V. Wilson came from Lake Worth and started the Martin County. Others like Bryan Cornwell and Johnny Morris were identified with one or both of these earlier, later had a part in the Stuart Abstract Company. It took fifteen years for Jim Kennedy to consolidate.

* * *

The Post Office was on the corner where the Stuart Drug Corporation front door is now. J. R. Pomeroy was the postmaster.

* * *

Riley Christensen was the town's practical joker. One afternoon in Jack Harrison's restaurant, Riley was sitting on a stool. A funnel was stuck in his pants at the waist, and Riley was leaning backwards over the counter, his head thrown far back, and he was making enough commotion to attract the attention he sought. A stranger watching the antics finally asked: "Mister, what on earth are you trying to do?"

That was the bite Riley wanted. He straightened up, looked the stranger over carefully, and explained:

"I was putting a quarter up here on my forehead, then leaning slowly forward and trying to aim so it would drop into this funnel. I've tried and tried but haven't succeeded yet."

"Doesn't look hard," observed the stranger. "Here, let me try it." He seized the funnel, put it in his own pants, took Riley's quarter and went into the backwards poise.

This was all Riley wanted. He reached across the counter for a glass of water, dumped it into the funnel and went out the door like a rabbit.

* * *

Flagler Ave. was only 15 feet wide; two cars could scarcely pass. At the lower end George Parks and Riley Christensen operated their hardware business, but customers were usually waited on by a tall white-haired bachelor, Harry Allen, who lived over the Developer office. Riley was the outside man, always called to repair windmills, install tanks, do similar heavy jobs while George Parks was busy with his Gulf oil business at a dock behind the store. Allen played the piano and liked to sing; he organized a quartet consisting of Pierce Blocker, butcher, second bass; J. H. Dunham, manager of the East Coast Lumber yard, first bass; Harry Allen, second tenor; Ed Menninger, first tenor. We put on fancy costumes and black face and sang several numbers at a home talent show in Fred Hancock's old Lyric Theatre. For the movies that were shown several times weekly, Mrs. Hancock (Fred's mother) furnished the piano accompaniment. Next door W. A. "Daddy" Ball ran the village newsstand.

* * *

Down the street Earl J. Ricou had gone into business for himself running a sort of notions counter that he called the Racket Store.

* * *

Where Mrs. Horace Atwood now lives a Spaniard ran a fruit stand. Seems to me his name was Diego.

* * *

William H. Roat had quit the oyster-bed promotion at Apalachicola by invitation of some of the authorities, and he set himself up in business in Stuart as a surveyor. He adopted the motto "By Right of Conquest," and made it stick, because for many years he was the only surveyor hereabouts. George Brockway came here for a year, and Richard F. Ensey did some civil engineering, including an atrocious job on Flagler Ave. widening, but they faded out of the picture and William H. Roat remained. For nearly 20 years he lived alone with 10,000 tracings and blueprints where John E. Taylor's office now is. One day fire gave the place a thorough cleaning, and it has been difficult to obtain maps of many Martin County properties since that day. Roat's invariable question as you walked in the front door and found him eased into a big rocker, a corncob pipe John Ashley, while a sheriff's posse surrounded his home near Fruita. In an exchange of bullets one deputy was wounded; John got away. None of the hundreds of persons surrounding the Ashley home had any idea what John looked like, but they loved the smell of the hunt. Jesse Quinn shot Frank Coventry twice; the first time Frank recovered, the second time he didn't. "Highpockets," the village policeman, was convicted of killing Charley Heisley with a shotgun, but mystery shrouded the affair and "Highpockets" got off with a short term. There were several mysterious deaths, some of them doubtless connected with the rampant liquor running between the Bahamas and Stuart's ideal harbor.

* * *

Curd Schroeder was running a grocery on the corner just vacated by Anthony's Grocery. Oscar Johnson lived upstairs. Ed Menninger thought Stuart looked like a good town, so he rented the corner across the street, brought to Stuart its first linotype and began the publication of a weekly newspaper called the South Florida Developer. It had been the weekly edition of the Palm Beach Post. The new paper staff consisted of one printer, a janitor and the editor, but the townspeople were so delighted to welcome another paper that they thronged to an "open house," and the Stuart Concert Band, led by Hershel D. Worth and Boyne McPherson, assembled that evening and gave a concert on the street in front of the newspaper office. It was a grand and much appreciated tribute to the energies of a young man who had gone into business for himself with no capital except courage. There was another weekly paper in town, the Stuart Messenger, published by E. R. Clyma and Sons, but the old man had gone off on the wrong foot and embittered many of the local politicos. The opportunity was ripe for another paper.

* * *

At least everybody thought so except E. A. Fuge, retired druggist who had unwillingly become the town banker. He told me frankly that he was sorry I came to Stuart, that he had stock in the Messenger, there wasn't room for two papers in the town and the sooner I failed and got out the better for everybody. I thanked him and departed from his office. Subsequently Fuge became one of my best friends.

* * *

P. Paul deMoya was local manager for the Southern Utilities Company. That meant he read the electric meters around town, also the water meters, and sent his reports to West Palm Beach office. When there was any ice, it was deMoya who sold it. But the arrangements then were different. If West Palm Beach had a little surplus ice, a freight car was loaded and sent to Stuart. Parked one-half mile north of the bridge, the grapevine would soon tell everybody in Stuart that ice was available, so each one of us grabbed a sack or bucket and headed for the freight car where deMoya presided with an ice pick and scales. Whatever you wanted was duly chiseled off the cakes in the car and you went home with your ice. Maybe there would be another ice car tomorrow. In all probability there wouldn't. But you could hope.

* * *

The electrical business was less troublesome, mostly because the juice was generated right here in Stuart by a diesel outfit operated by Frank Ulmer. It did not run all the time, so there was plenty of time for Frank to make any needed repairs. In fact electricity was furnished in Stuart only at night, except that as a special concession to housewives who had purchased one of those new-fangled electric irons, the current was available also on Tuesday afternoons. Imagine my trying to set up a newspaper plant in Stuart with no electricity available! I first bought a diesel outfit from H. C. Daniels in West Palm Beach, a road contractor, and installed it in a shed at the rear of the J. B. McDonald's residence. The thing would run all right, but one minute I would be getting 75 volts and the next thing I knew the diesel would take a spurt, the voltage would jump and the printing presses would try to run away with themsleves. I couldn't get a governor, so I sold the outfit to George Browning, the Ford dealer, and bought a new Kohler electric plant from George and "Bert" Krueger who were running the Central Garage. That solved my difficulties until the Florida Power and Light Company was organized and daytime juice came to Stuart.

* * *

There were only four or five telephones in Stuart. Nobody wanted one because if you had one, there was nobody you could call up. It was easier to walk over town and see the man you were looking for.

* * *

Where Jack Coleman's Texaco station now is stood a ramshackle house that was the office of Cornelius Van Anglen. Nomially office manager for the Arundel Corporation, he was secretary of the Stuart Chamber of Commerce, and if anything happened in Stuart Van Anglen was at the heart of the movement. He was a little hunchbacked man, not much to look at, but he had Stuart much at heart and his efforts went far to get the town going in the approaching pipe in his mouth, was: "And then what?"

* * *

W. A. Buckelew and Billy Rufly thought Stuart needed another lumber yard so started one where the Standard Oil wholesale depot now stands. Earl J. Woods and Arthur Henry started a lumber yard at Hobe Sound, as did Luke Horsfall. Bill Frear of Fort Pierce started a lumber yard in Stuart that for a time was run by his son-in-law, Roy Alford, but before long L. Dorsey had taken over and in time he sold the Casa Lumber Company to Henry Cabre.

* * *

Mrs. Josephine Sams was running the St. Lucie Hotel and set a new high for dinners at $2 a plate. Her husband, Jack, hustled baggage.

* * *

Jack Godbee took the agency for Willys-Knight cars. Red Walker was selling Chevrolets while his brother ran a bakery in competition with Lawson "Dotty" Zeigler. Nathan Hickey ran a peanut stand and when amateur theatricals came along, he starred as Harry Lauder, in costume 'n'everything. Hugh Cockrell sold Pan-Am gasoline. Charlie Dirr and Everett Gomez ran a tire shop where King Signs is now. Dr. J. A. Newnham and M. G. Littman bought the Stuart Drug store from D. E. Wynne. The town's only lawyer, Judge Rightmire, got too old. Edwin Brobston established himself here, soon had so much business he enlisted the aid of a young University of Florida law graduate, Evans Crary. P. R. McCrary, refrigeration engineer who had found himself a good thing in real estate in Stuart, persuaded his son-in-law, Dr. H. H. Hipson, to come to Stuart to engage in practice. The town needed him. Charley Peacock built the Oughterson Bldg., then decided Stuart was really the place to invest, so put $200,000 in the Peacock Arcade. His son, Joe, moved here with his family, opened a music store.

* * *

Dr. G. S. Ames was the town's only jeweler and watchmaker. Soon "Smith the Jeweler" opened in the Peacock Arcade and did the bulk of the business for 10 years before moving to Delray. Mrs. Florida Rembert was the town clerk. Floyd Hosie's plumbing shop was a two-story frame building where the St. Lucie Bar now stands. George J. Backus had a real estate office where the Stuart Taxi stand is today, but his chief activity was as a florist and grower of fancy flowers; he shipped great quantities for years that he and Mrs. Backus grew on their Backus Plantation on the South Fork. The Backus' insurance business was carried on by a young fellow in the office, R. A. Tunley.

* * *

G. S. Moore, Martin County's first tax collector, came here first as a farmer, lived with his wife and daughter in Tropical Farms. They moved to town when crops petered out, and Moore went into the grocery business with Roy Ricou. Later this firm became Moore and Hartman, when Ralph bought the Ricou interest and Roy became tax assessor, succeeding H. L. Snyder. Snyder was a retired preacher who also farmed in the Tropical Farms area and built a fine home there where the Van de Waters now live. Snyder set up Martin County's original tax books with the help of R. A. Tunley.

* * *

A. R. Wallace left a bank job in Atlanta to help organize the Seminole Bank. Wallace had become acquainted in Stuart because his wife's father, the Rev. Neil MacQuarrie, had been carrying on a highly successful summer Bible conference in Stuart over a period of years. The Stuart Bible conference was an event on the lower east coast and attracted big crowds. The meetings were held in a tent overlooking Poppleton Creek.

* * *

Eddie Boynton was running the garage where Ralph Ulmer is now. Bob Mack had an eating place on part of where Dewey Hayes garage is now. Henry Kindred was running a grocery for the East Coast Grocery Company. John Butterfield was delivering Sinclair gasoline. Charley Hellier was the Standard Oil man. Fred Murphy came here from Valdosta, built an ice plant which later he sold to Southeastern, of which Ed Andrews was head. Most of the street paving around town was being done by Rudolph Tomasello, the Lawrence Construction Company, of which A. Tracy Martyn was office manager, or the Rollins Construction Company. John Hoffman had the only shoe repair shop in town. Both Charley and George McPherson had big orange and grapefruit groves along Frazier Creek where many

(Continued on Page 8-C)

THE BOOM CHANGED SCENES LIKE THIS

Looking South down Flagler Ave. (before it was widened during the boom of the 1920s) the center of town looked like this. The occasion was a dedication of the new flagpole from which Old Glory proudly flew until a storm demolished the pole.

Congratulations

TO THE PEOPLE OF MARTIN COUNTY

ON THIS,

Your 25th Anniversary

INDEED, MARTIN COUNTY IS GROWING

NO ONE KNOWS THIS ANY BETTER THAN THE MEMBERS OF YOUR BOARD OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION. EVERY YEAR FOR THE PAST SEVERAL YEARS WE HAVE BEEN FACED WITH THE FACT THAT OUR SCHOOLS WERE OVERFLOWING.

AT LONG LAST, IN THIS YEAR OF 1950, WE WERE HAPPY TO ANNOUNCE THE EXPANSION OF BOTH OUR SCHOOL SPACE AND SCHOOL GROUNDS. MANY MORE SUCH ANNOUNCEMENTS WILL BE NEEDED IN COMING YEARS IF WE ARE TO KEEP PACE WITH THE RAPID GROWTH OF OUR COUNTY.

BACK IN 1900, A TINY FRAME BUILDING AT STUART WAS THE ONLY SCHOOL IN MARTIN COUNTY.

BACK IN WORLD WAR I THE PRESENT COURT HOUSE WAS STUART'S SCHOOL.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS FROM NOW IT'S SAFE TO PREDICT WE'LL NEED MANY TIMES THE PRESENT INADEQUATE SPACE.

YOUR BOARD OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION PLEDGES ITSELF TO WORK AT ALL TIMES TO SEE THAT THE CHILDREN OF MARTIN COUNTY HAVE THE FINEST POSSIBLE INSTRUCTORS AND CURRICULUM, AND ADEQUATE SCHOOL HOUSING.

•

MARTIN COUNTY

BOARD OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION

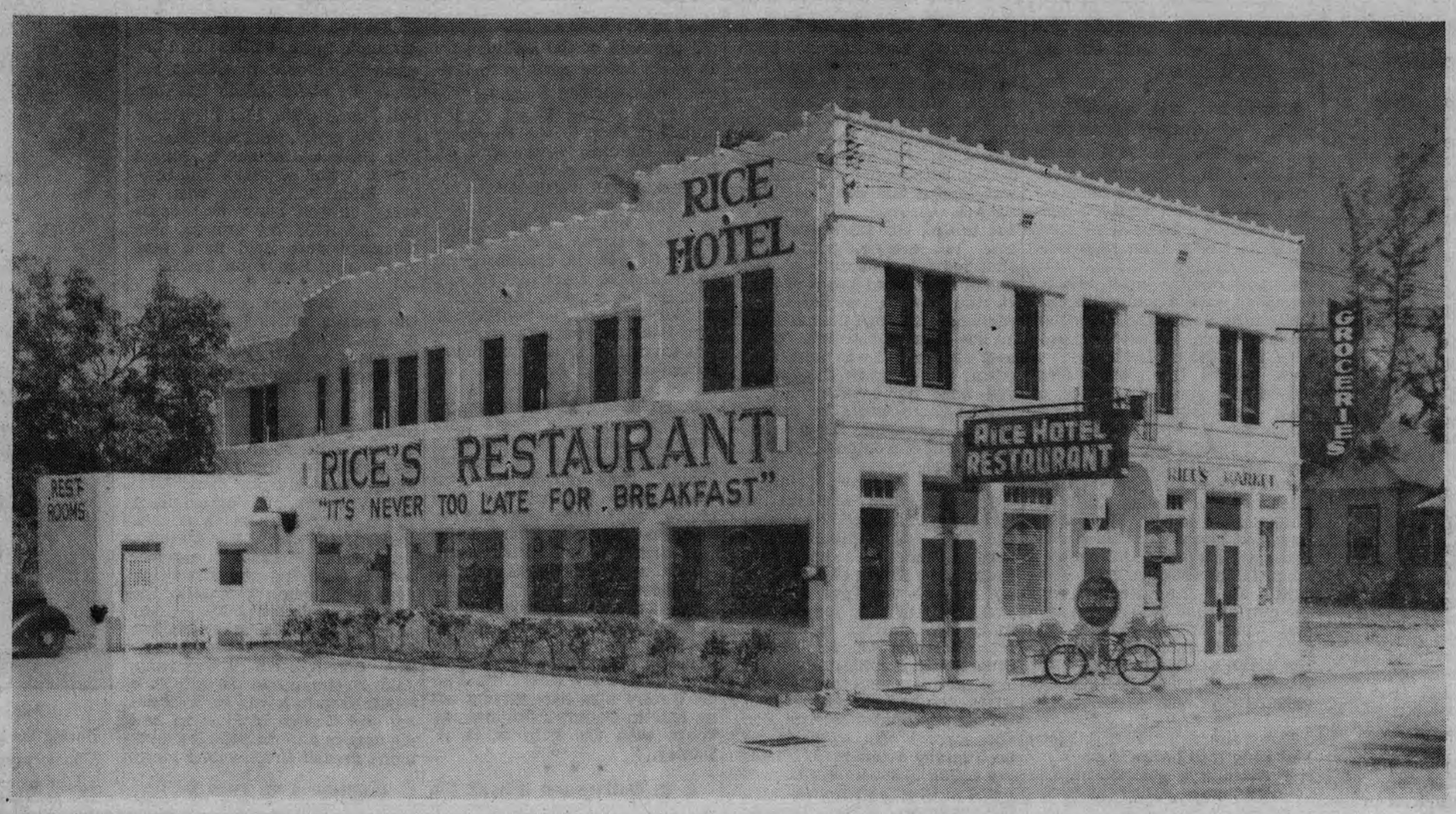
Superintendent: R. H. Rollins — Attorney: M. G. Littman

MEMBERS:

A. A. Hendry, Jensen Beach — Mrs. Sara Wood, Hobe Sound

O. D. Hataway, Indiantown

D. L. Williams, Stuart — Dr. J. D. Parker, Stuart



"IT'S NEVER TOO LATE FOR BREAKFAST" IS THE SLOGAN OF RICE'S RESTAURANT

RICE'S RESTAURANT, HOTEL GROCERY and SERVICE STATION

Have Established A Tradition In The Five Years In Which We Have Been In Business On The Federal Highway In Stuart That Tradition Is Told In Four Words

"Rice's For Fair Prices"

MEET YOUR NEIGHBORS, THE RICES

We feel that one of the finest things about Stuart is the grand, neighborly feeling in the town, and since we haven't had opportunity to meet personally all the readers of The Stuart News, we take this means to introduce ourselves.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Rice are both natives of Highlands, N. C., finished high school together, and were married in 1932. They have two children, a daughter, Polly, and son, Warren.

Mr. Rice worked in his father's meat market in Highlands until going into his own soda shop business. He sold out and came to West Palm Beach, where he worked as a butcher for the A&P for three years. He came to Stuart in 1940 and was a butcher, until he entered the Service in 1942. He was discharged in 1945 with a First Class Cook's rating.

He bought the Rob Roy Hotel in 1945, and opened the Rice's Restaurant and Hotel in November of that year, adding Rice's Market and the Standard Service Station in November of 1949.

He is a Kiwanian, member of the Chamber of Commerce, Odd Fellows, Masons, U. C. T., American Legion and Stuart Sailfish Club, while Mrs. Rice belongs to the Eastern Star, Stuart Business Woman's Club, and is social chairman of the Parent-Teacher Association. With their children, they are members of the First Baptist Church, Stuart.

Mr. and Mrs. Rice wish to thank the people of Stuart for the fine patronage which has made their business a success.

They want you to always feel welcome when you "drop in at Rice's," whether it's for a cup of coffee (by the way, coffee's still a nickel here) or for a family dinner, for groceries, for gasoline, or to stay over at Rice Hotel.

They feel that there is so GREAT a GROWING FUTURE for the City of Stuart that they intend to continue turning profits into further expansion.

ALWAYS PLENTY OF PARKING SPACE AT RICE'S

Congratulations, Martin County, On Your 25th Birthday

MR. & MRS. HERBERT RICE

The Schroeder Story

Easton, "Where did you study law?" The answer came like a shot. "Harvard, class of '82, jurisprudens, Summa Cum Laude." Of course, Easton continued to teach his term.

The lawsuit about the split of the bond money carried the building of the new school into late 1918. In 1929 Dr. Eurit and the old secretary found themselves elected trustees for another term, though no steps had been taken by either for this job.

During 1929 many of the older high school boys came to the trustees and told that they were teased at Jupiter and Fort Pierce that their school was not standard. Going into this matter it was found that some of the windows in the new primer grade buildings were too small; also some of the doors had to be enlarged. Presenting this matter to the Martin County school board, quoting the amounts necessary to make these improvements, and stating that funds were available to make the alterations, the request was granted, and the trustees effected the standardization of our school.

° ° °

BLACKBURN, HENDRY WERE FIRST PASTORS

In the late fall of 1892, Brother C. Fred Blackburn, an ordained minister of the Methodist Church, South, called on the settlers, and advised that he would hold divine services at the little pioneer school house once a month. He was born and raised in England, had a good education there, finished his theological studies over here. He worked hard to establish his congregation. He preached common sense, educational sermons, and filled his church. He was well liked by all settlers, regardless of creed. With great sorrow the settlers saw him leave in the spring of 1894. Blackburn had fulfilled his mission here in establishing his congregation. Coming to Potsdam once a month, he used the Indian River steamboats to Jensen, walked to the Toussaint dock, was met there by one of the settlers and brought across the river in a rowboat or sailboat, conditional to the wind. Gordon Parks and Henry Stypmann brought him across several times. Blackburn had a likeable personality, fine education and was a gentleman. He was followed by Brother Hendry, who was stationed at West Palm Beach.

Brother J. A. Hendry was a go-getter and builder and in his early sermons he impressed upon his congregation the necessity of building a church. He followed this by calls on the settlers to subscribe money or labor for this undertaking. By February, 1895, the building of his church was assured, material was ordered from Titusville, and in April, 1895, the building was started. Walter Kitching donated the lot. The location given embraces the present Amoco filling station of the Federal highway. Most of the young bachelors had promised labor. The writer worked for three days shingling and flooring, and by the end of May the little church with its proud steeple was finished. For the first June service Brother Hendry brought the presiding elder and these two dedicated this church to God.

His first members were Robert McPherson and his good Christian wife, Marcia. Uncle Broster Kitching, a Quaker by birth and training, joined Brother Hendry's church before Brother Hendry, who had accomplished the work set out for him and who was needed at other places, was taken away. He was succeeded by the Rev. W. B. Tresca, Rev. M. H. Outman and the Rev. Charles W. White, who had finished and graduated from the Methodist Seminary and was ordained. Brother White had passed his 21st birthday that spring of 1896.

One preacher who believed in "Hell and damnation" was Brother White. One Saturday night in the late summer of 1896, coming from Sebastian, where his manse was located, he entered the upstairs dining room of Stuart's first boarding house. Henry Stypmann and the writer were sitting in the two rocking chairs of the room. Brother White eyed Cousin Henry and then the writer and said, "Curt, can't you get up and offer your preacher your rocker?" A bit astounded at the request, he was told that such courtesy was due a minister of older years the instant he entered, but not to him being four years younger than the occupant of the rocker, and that there were plenty of dining chairs in the room. Next Sunday at morning service, working up gradually to the important part of his sermon by raising his voice, he thundered, "You young girls, beware of these 2x4 young men. They will build you an 8x10 shanty and slave you the rest of your life." Cousin Henry kicked my ankle.

About 10 weeks later some other member of his flock aroused his ire. As usual, he thundered, "You young girls, beware of these young men. Their ambition is to chew grits and bacon and fill you up on cornbread and water." This sermon was the talk of the village. Two weeks later, when Brother Charlie arrived by train from Sebastian, he was met by our old friend, Morris R. Johns, who invited him to partake dinner with him after the Sunday morning church service. Brother Charlie accepted smilingly.

After service, attended by the Johns family, they walked to the Johns home, then standing at the present Riverview apartment site. Dinner was put on the table and consisted of a large dish of grits, boiled white meat, gravy, cornbread and water. After serving, Mrs. Johns withdrew, telling her husband she disliked to treat the minister in such a way. Morris then asked Brother White to say the blessing and then invited him to help an ambitious young fellow eat his meal. Well, Brother Charlie had a very dainty appetite that meal. After the meal Mr. Johns invited him to supper, guaranteeing a good meal, but Brother Charlie declined. About 3 p. m., he came into Uncle Broster's dining room. "Curt, just think, Mr. Johns invited me to dinner today and gave me grits and bacon and cornbread and water," he said, with tears rolling down his cheeks. Expecting sympathy, there was none forthcoming, other than, that he had preached about our young men's height of ambition, his sermon had caught up with him.

"Well, see," he said, "Mr. Johns invited me to supper and gave me these two pineapples. I thanked him for the pines, but declined the supper." Well, Friend Charlie was advised then and there, that he was foolish to have declined the supper invitation, as he would have sat down to one of the best meals of his young life; also he was told that the gift of the pines showed Mr. Johns generosity. They were smooth Cayennes, six pounds each, actual sales value $1 each.

Brother Charlie White stayed here one year. He was followed by Brother Walker, a bachelor about 26 years old. He was a good minister, well-liked by his congregation. He was followed by minister, well-liked by his congregation. He was followed by Brother W. J. Laine, a man about 60, T. W. Moore and T. W. Tomkies. As the years rolled by the little church became crowded. Mrs. Charles McPherson, coming here about 1897, was elected organist, much against her will. She was an accomplished player and had a good choir. She served faithfully for about 14 years. Her fine playing attracted many to the service. Her daughter, Fern, followed her. In 1907, it was decided to build a new church. A lot on the corner of Avenue D and Second St. was given by Ernest Stypmann some years prior.

Pineapple prices in 1907 were good and the growers contributed freely. This good church was dedicated in the fall of 1907. A few years later an Epworth League Hall was built to the east and by 1913 same was enlarged. On Jan. 1, 1915 fire destroyed this church and with it the Epworth League hall.

The present Methodist church was built in the summer of 1915. Mr. Glover, local contractor and church member, was low bidder and received the contract.

About 1907 the "Holy Rollers" decided to build a church located where Mrs. Frank Gray's home now stands. This church prospered a few years and slowly fell into disuse to the sorrow of Mike Rellis, who advanced most of the money. The Catholic church was built in 1916.

° ° °

SCHOONER MERCHANT PURCHASED IN 1890

As the mind drifts back upon the tide of time of the gone yesteryears, it stops with our first settler, Frank Prescott, Sr. Coming to the "Cabbage Hammock" section southwest of Palm City Farms in the year 1878, he brought with him other than rations, cattle, brood sows, chickens, corn and cowpeas, seed and sweet potatoes. My dear reader, consider yourself in this situation about 120 miles by water and 11 miles from said water to your nearest grocery.

Old Frank had never heard about rationing but had been understanding the meaning of thrift much better than most of our present growlers. In his time the essentials of life were grits, cornmeal, side meat and—most important—plenty of salt. Coffee yes, but it was green—"Rio Coffee." For daily use it had to be roasted—not daily—over a fire. Some of the old-timers will remember the little coffee roasters holding from one-half to one pound of green coffee. Think, gentle reader, if you had to turn such a contraption over open fire or wood stove, to roast your coffee before you could drink it. It took expert knowledge to roast it properly.

Frank's vegetables—"until his garden came in"—were good palmetto cabbage. There was and is today an abundance of this fine medicinal tree. He also ate pokeweed and two or three others, one of which tastes like spinach. Plug tobacco was brought in and served as chew and smoke. Navy beans were a staple. There was plenty of fresh meat near at hand: deer, turkeys abounded his hammock thicker than squirrels in a backyard; rabbits, raccoons, quail, beautiful wood ducks and fish, eager to "hit the hook."

His home was a good tight palmetto shack with a door and shutters for windows. He ground his own hominy. He also planted seedling oranges and small limes. Trapping 'coons and otter produced the money needed, as did some fine egret plumes and tanned buckskin. The price paid for the plenty, was loneliness.

Late in 1890 the F.E.C. was extended to Cocoa two miles north of Rockledge. The new Rockledge and the Indian River hotels had been built in Rockledge catering to the Northern tourist trade. About 1888, Col. Travis came to Cocoa, opened a large mercantile establishment. Grasping the importance of the new territories opening for the pineapple industry, he bought a 10-ton sloop and fitted same into a trade boat, a floating store. This was that good sloop "Sparkle," with Capt. Oliver, sailing master and Capt. Walter Kitching in command. This new venture catered to the settlers and squatters from Cocoa. Her route lay south to Jupiter, visiting the Sebastian River and the St. Lucie. The average run took two months for the round trip. About 1890 Capt. Sam Carrow brought in another sloop rigged up for trade, coming to our river once each month. These boats carried all the necessities of our early pioneer days.

Col. Travis' venture paid so well that in 1890 he purchased a 30-ton schooner, named the "Merchant," carrying a larger stock than many of our present stores. It was an occasion when the Merchant arrived. Clean clothes were donned and everyone was glad to see the jovial Captain Kitching. Goods were bought in quantity to last until the return trip. The first clerk on the Merchant was Joe Frink, who was followed by Al Michaels, today one of the largest citrus growers in Indian River County.

With the extension of the F.E.C. to West Palm Beach, many small mercantile stores were established along the line.

Our first store was built in the summer of 1894, Capt. Walter Kitching furnishing the money, Col Travis of Cocoa, the merchandise. The credit system in those days was very extensive. This store was about 20x30 feet and two stories high.

After the opening of this store, Uncle Broster Kitching, owner, was appointed postmaster, after the resignation of Otto Stypmann. To meet the requirements, he built an addition to the west, 8x20, using an 8x12 room for his post office. The location was where George W. Green's home stands today.

As trade grew, Joe Frink was sent to take over the duties as clerk. A year later Uncle Broster made him a partner.

My old friend, George Fultz, was fond of brandied cherries. Having been taught manners he ate his cherries on the back porch of the store, throwing the pits into the yard nearby. Finishing his pint of preserved cherries one day, he heard a noise in the yard and looked around to find Uncle Broster's seven-pound Plymouth Rock rooster chase his lady folk away from the pits, acting on the principle and prevailing custom of the day that women should abstain from alcohol. The rooster had picked up the brandied pits, and felt "happy." Dragging its wings on the ground for balance, the bird crowed, challenging all comers. As he was boss of the yard the younger generation stayed neutral. Finally this pepped-up fighter spied Uncle Broster's tom cat, which he sailed into, and with a couple of gigs with his spurs sent the yowling cat up a spruce pine. To their shame, the boys fed the rooster regularly until Uncle Broster banished the brandied cherries.

° ° °

RAILROAD BRIDGE GUARANTEE UPHELD

With the building of the railroad our first "Blind Tiger" arrived. The good steamer Grace Howard, Capt. Jack Howard in command, home port Sebastian, nosed up the North Fork, entered the eastern tributary of the North Fork about one mile north of the railroad bridge at a place now called Howard Creek. Some North Carolina Mountain Dew was sold to the specially favored. The common run got hard liquor, manufactured on board. One gallon of mountain dew would make from six to eight gallons of hard liquor, adding water, red pepper and juice of plug tobacco boiled in the water to give it coloring and flavor. The Indians called it fire water, truly an appropriate name, as it took quarts of water to quench that inner fire. The common drink served in the stores in those days was apple cider. In its fresh state it was good and refreshing. Hard cider was little known here. With the building of our first store, Uncle Broster gave meals. His first boarder was Samuel Boone. There was also Bill Stever, our first railroad agent. In the early spring of 1895, William McFarlan came down from Rockledge, looking for new records in his piscatorial art. In the fall of 1895 he returned, bringing his older brother Bob, and younger Lou.

Our first railroad bridge was a trestle of creosoted piling, guaranteed by a Chicago firm to last 20 years, to withstand the fiercest onslaught of the toredo borer. Contrary to this guarantee, the toredo, like our old fresh water mosquito, after discovering the victim—in this instance creosote piling—went out and called in all his kinfolk, and started boring. Millions of barnacles followed. Sheepshead nosed up the river when the inlet was opened in 1895, found the Utopia of their dreams—if the wily fish dream—a bountiful pantry. With their good teeth, which gave the name, they scraped the barnacles and had their square meal. It seems these were the first socialists of the finny tribe, getting plenty without labor. Billy McFarlan was the first one to try his hook there on his first visit. He soon was crowned champion of the school of sheepshead catchers and named "Sheepshead Bill." The creosote piling lasted five years. The Chicago firm had to make good and did. Georgia pine piles were driven, encased in large sewer pipe, which was filled with concrete. The railroad officials were sitting pretty with a safe bridge—the old one used to sway when the trains crossed and no Stuart boy would ride across. They walked to the north side where the station was located. Yes, it was safe, until the strong ebb tides played their pranks and washed away the sands from the piling and the toredoes attacked again, below the tile and concrete casings.

Monthly inspections by divers were necessary. Bill and Bob McFarlan were regular tourists, staying with Uncle Broster until he leased his hotel to George Erhard about 1911, and sold the Stuart House to Charles and Edith Glass. Bill McFarlan came here for about 25 seasons. Believe it or not, for the first 15 years he caught enough fish each year to pay for his round trip, accommodations and had money left.

Mr. and Mrs. Glass modernized the Stuart House, erecting the large front part in the summer of 1913.

Stanley Kitching with his sisters, Ann and May, came in the fall of 1894 to visit their Uncle Broster, a bachelor. While here Stanley bought the large yawl, Arrow, from Robert McPherson. In the following years he used her as a party boat for winter tourists, going south to Key West, Cape Sable, and the Ten Thousand Islands.

One Christmas, Stanley decided to go home, taking the writer along, having had an invitation from Sebastian. We left here about 4 p. m. Sunday, Dec. 22, a stiff norther blowing, with a fine beam breeze to O. K. Woods Point, from there full aft until Sewall's Point was rounded, and from there full against a dead headwind. We made the Ankona Light beacon by 8 p. m., dropped sail, and anchored. We got underway before sunup next morning, only a zephyr stirring all day. The seven-day norther had expended itself during the night. The south end of the Indian River Narrows was reached by dark. From there the good old Pole Breeze prevailed. It was about 12 miles from there to Sebastian. The boat was about 33 feet long. Setting the 18-foot pole for the push aft of the sidestays, there was a 20-foot deck walk. After pushing to the stern, the pole was dragged back to the starting point. Shifting hourly, we each walked 12 miles in this health-giving performance. At daylight, Dec. 24, we tied up on the half-mile long dock owned by Stanley's father. Its second floor held 10 guest rooms and it had a bathroom with running water, a novelty in these sticks. Sebastian then had thrice the population of Stuart. On the day after Christmas we had a dance. It may be stated that no drink other than soda pop was taken. A boy with liquor on his breath was in hard luck as no girls would dance with him. An old staid dame drank a toddy or eggnog once in a while. In the next generation, the daughters followed, but as for the granddaughters! Well, you know, "autres temps, autres mores."

° ° °

SETTLERS TOOK ROMANCE SERIOUSLY

With the influx of the many new settlers, after the building of our railroad came Carrissima, a lovely romantic young lass; she met Tom, a sturdy young farmer, who had a fair start in life. Of course, Tom paid court to the little beauty, he went to her home and in decorum spent his evenings with his adored and her home folks in the sitting-room. Tommie, during his work hours, composed some beautiful poetic sentences to tell his romantic divinity. Alas, when he was near her, it seemed that steel bands made him tongue-tied. On bright moonlight nights, they would sit in the porch swi[illegible]

Speaking of every-day a[illegible] the pines, crops, latest songs, church; conversation was fair with him, but poetic love language, no matter how he prepared, how well he knew it by heart, it would not flow, he became tongue-tied. You know what time does, it never stands still. Mother cast a curious eye upon daughter. So one night the young lovers were swinging on their porch swing, idly back and forth. The moon, about four hours up, her periphery in its full glory, reflecting a million silvery flashes upon the breeze spanked, dimpled water of the St. Lucie, silvery clouds racing across her smiling face, it was a night for romance "to stir the dumb poetry." Carrissima took Tom's hand, pulled him to the edge of the piazza as it was called then, and pointing to the large bright moon, said, "Oh, Tom, see how Luna is smiling down on us." The faint echo from Tom was, "Let her smile."

"See how serenely she floats through the fleecy silver clouds," said she.

Fainter came his echo, "Let her float."

Remembering mother's look when she went out, desperate now, she pleaded, "Tommie, do say one single sweet word to me."

Poor Tom, spellbound, stuttered, "Syrup." Sweet word or not, they married.

Romance, Amor, that mischievous boy fired his dart into John's heart, another into Helen's. After six weeks of courtship, Johnny popped the question. You know popping, takes in four words. The answer was NO. Hurt in his soul, Johnny went home, tossed around on his bed, vague thoughts of poison and sorrow filled his mind. Sleep, that friend of youth and its rejuvenation, put an end to his unhappiness.

Well, next morning, the coffee tasted bitter, oatmeal like sawdust. Little breakfast was eaten. But work, stern master, called. After 10 a. m., his stomach commenced making noises, resembling the drum roll of a 40-pound kettle drumfish attaching itself to a fish boat, giving warning of bad weather. The noon dinner was relished, the ruffled f[illegible] smoothed down.

Analyzing the disaster his calm decision said, "Try, try again." Well, the courtship continued. After two weeks of grace the question was popped again. Oh, this time it took about a dozen words. The answer was a very weak, "no." The motto said, "Try, try, again," so there was one try left. About 14 days later, Johnny, during his work hours had composed a romantic address. Told of his deep love, her eternal happiness, that her lovely feet should never touch common earth, his hands would carry her through life, etc. Well, you can guess the answer this time.

We may have lived in a wilderness, no roads, only narrow trails and the broad, beautiful river. We had romance and youth. Our mall, boardwalk or promenade was the railroad bridges. The young couples would stroll along, cool breezes fanning their cheeks, free of mosquitoes, free of cares—youth.

Note to the Editor: Not to embarrass the feelings of these youths (now grandmas and grandpas) fictitious names have been substituted. When great-granddaughter writes up the family tree, not the tiniest smudge must show. Secret is the watchword. Signed Scilentium.

Speaking of our river, it stands more than favorable comparison with the river of poetic fame, the Suwannee, beautiful but narrow. The Mississippi, the father of all rivers, is hidden by the leaves, not attractive at New Orleans, muddy. It has charm north of the Lincoln Highway. The Missouri is muddy. Platte and Ohio are fair, where the highways pass over. The Columbia at Wenatchee is broad, passes through a rolling country, but loses charm at Portland. The Colorado, seen from the Grand Canyon of Arizona 5,000 feet down, looks small and rolly. Crossing it east of the Needles it is broader, but still carries silt. The Yellowstone with its canyons and falls enchants the tourist's eye. I missed the Sacramento, but saw a lot of the Clamatto, where the first gold was found in California. The Rio Grande—there's nothing grand. To enjoy our river go up the North and South forks. You will find flora and fauna not seen by you before.

° ° °

INITIAL PUBLIC WEDDING WAS IN '94

Our first romance happened in early winter of 1894. Heebner, a northern manufacturer, with J. E. Fultz of Spruce Bluff, had formed a partnership, setting our acreage in red Spanish pineapples on the east side of Bessey creek. As caretaker, John Mc-

(Continued on Page 4-C)

THE MERCHANT, 30-TON SCHOONER, WAS A FLOAT ING STORE IN 1890

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.

TOURIST VIEWS PINES IN 1908

LOUIS C. McFARLAN

One of Stuart's early winter visitors was Louis C. McFarlan, a Pennsylvania realtor, who began winter visits here in the early 1890's. After touring the east coast of the pioneer State he decided Stuart had the best climate and fishing. He built the present Aspinwall house on Albany Ave. for a winter home and brought many Northern friends to this section. His son, William, and wife, of Downington, Pa., last visited here in February 1940.

THREE FAMOUS FIRSTS IN STUART

Although Walter Kitching has moved his trade boat stock into a fine building for a general merchandise store at the south end of the railroad bridge in 1894, these were the first three business houses to specialize. Then as now, Comdr. Stanley Kitching kept "Old Glory" flying as may be seen atop his dry goods store. Next door is George W. Parks' Hardware store and the new Post Office building erected by Postmaster Broster Kitching, brother of Walter.

WHERE DUNSCOMBE'S HOME NOW STANDS

This is the Henry Hars' place which is now the site of the home of Carrol Dunscombe. Hars is seen standing in the center of his pineapple field which surrounded his home. Morris R. Johns is at his right and A. R. Krueger at the left. Another building was built on this site and later moved back when the present home of Mr. and Mrs. Dunscombe was erected. (Mrs. Dunscombe is the only daughter of the Kruegers.) Hars, a German, who lived with his sister, sold to Harry Richards when he and his sister moved back to their native land where he died soon after returning. Richards sold to Dunscombe.

The Schroeder Story

Nulty, a red-headed Irishman, was in charge. Mac was about 38, a bachelor, he was "very deaf."

Mac led a lonely life out there, went to town once a week to get his groceries and mail, his weekly paper and a monthly magazine. He was an avid reader, perused his paper and magazine, advertising and all. Of course he got interested in the lovelorn column. Well, you know, reading all that "lovelorn woe," as misery likes company, poor Mac got kind of lovelorn and started correspondence with a northern lady. They exchanged pictures and after these beautiful pieces of photographic art of that time arrived, the divine spark was kindled. It was love at first peep. As both agreed, an early union was decided upon.

The "mail order" bride arrived one evening, with trunk and satchel and the bridegroom-to-be met her at the station. To make recognition easy, she wore a beautiful flower on her dress, and as she was the only passenger getting off, there could be no mistake.

Our bachelor crowd, as usual, met the train, and was on hand to give a willing hand with the baggage. We had no red caps here in the early days. The boys followed the betrothed couple to the store, where the justice of the peace, R. N. Frazier, waited to tie the nuptial knot. It was our first public wedding at Potsdam. No invitations were mailed, but there were plenty of guests.

Justice Frazier, knowing the groom was deaf, made the ceremony short and sweet. Placing the couple with their backs to the store, putting the right hand of the blushing bride into the right hand of her red-headed admirer, the justice stepped back two feet and asked, "Do you want this woman as your wife?" "Yes." "Do you want this man as your husband?" "Yes." "I pronounce you man and wife." I forget who kissed the bride.

Well, our new bride got along all right until the novelty wore off, then she wanted to come about three times a week into town, and later more often. Coming from a small town, she was accustomed to seeing people daily—not just once a week. This caused arguments, spats, quarrels. The final outcome was that after several months of married life, the better half decided to go back to her northern home, and it may be mentioned that with Mac, conversation was one-sided. As most deaf men do, he wanted to do all the talking and what woman can stand that? Tell me!

Mac bore up under his loss, continued his work conscientiously. One afternoon coming to town he walked down the spur siding. In deep thought about some project, he did not walk the county road, but the middle of the railroad track. The train had stopped, ready to back up. Unable to see the center of the track the rear boxcar hit Mac and killed him instantly. No blame was attached, it was an unavoidable accident.

° ° °

TALE OF THE SHORT RURAL ROMANCE

In the long ago our outlying farms, sent their farm products to our village to express them north. During winter and spring five teams came here regularly with produce. The teams coming from the "sticks" passed some houses. Boy and girl saw each other, Amor did the rest. On the seventh return trip to the sticks the girl decided to ride a mile or two with her beau. When ready to return home, she stepped on the left front wheel to jump down. The boy pulled her back to the seat, asked her to come along to cook and wash for him. After a short period of indecision, she settled back. The boy, like the conqueror of old could say, "Veni, vidi, vici;" the girl, the "die is cast." They drove towards the sunset.

Father came home, his day's work done. After a scrubbing at the bench near the pitcher pump, he went in to get his supper. After seating himself and having the meal brought to him, looking around, he missed his "baby."

"Well, Mother, where is daughter?"

"She went away."

"Away? Where to?"

"She went with the teamster."

"Which one?"

"The one that works for the politician."

"Well, so and so and so, why did you let her go?"

"She promised to be back."

Father finished the meal. It did not taste good.

Early the next morning he got on Shank's mare and rode to the boy's house. The boy was out working, his daughter was cooking. When the boy came in, the girl's father told him to harness his team, come to town and see the preacher or justice. It was finally agreed to make the trek the next day. Father had no objection to the match, but wanted same properly done.

The boy felt tenderhearted, told the father that in return for the girl he would give his brown mare and buckboard. All around it seemed a fair trade.

The weeks flitted. Months passed. A couple of years rolled by. One day the boy brought the girl back to her father, told him this was the end. He would give the girl a divorce and $100 in cash. "And you, old man, keep the mare and wagon." Again a fair trade. Youth and romance.

The days of youth are happy, carefree. Middle and old age look back upon those days, believing youth has passed, is gone. Youth never passes. It is eternal. He dies in bliss who passes away in the bloom of youth.

° ° °

BIG FREEZE FELT IN DECEMBER 1894

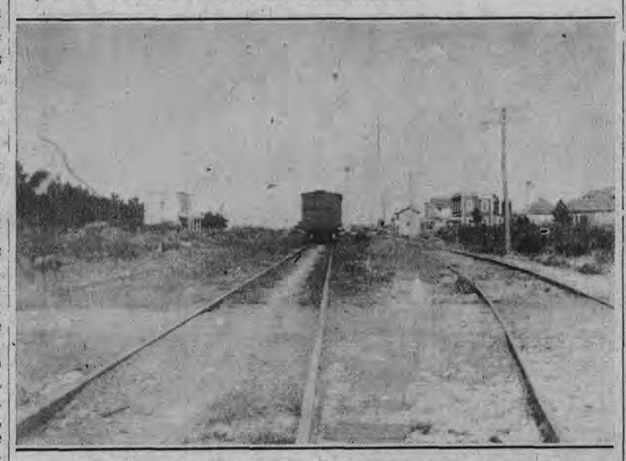
On Dec. 28, 1894, we had a severe cold snap. It did little damage, as the sap in the trees and plants was down. But it was followed by the Big Freeze on Feb. 14, 1895. Big Freeze was right. At 10 a. m. we had 28 degrees, with the sun shining, and the wind strong from the northwest. Every citrus tree from St. Augustine to the north side of the St. Lucie—with one grove excepted—was killed. The lucky grove was the Erceldown, protected by cabbage palms and hardwood hammock.

On our side of the river, lemon, limes, oranges and grapefruit trees were blooming. We had a small crop here that year. Our pineapples were badly damaged. Loss was about 95 per cent of the crop.

Millions of fish were killed, also a large manatee was washed ashore near the present St. Lucie hotel site. All mangroves on the river died a few days later. About 40 per cent of the remainder of the citrus crop of 1894 was lost. The Indian River grove owners had to cut their trees to the ground to prevent the rotting sap from hitting the roots.

The depression of 1930-33 looked bad to many. It was minor in comparison with the hard times following this freeze disaster.

JUST A WIDE PLACE IN THE ROAD



It's probably hard for most folks who live here now to believe that this is the way Stuart looked 50 years ago. The picture, looking north, shows the first little railroad station (on the site of the present one) to the right of the tracks. (It was later moved to the south end of the railroad bridge.) Also to the right is Broster Kitching's new Post Office and store building (before the Johns building was erected in 1910), George Parks' hardware store and Stanley Kitching's dry goods building. To the left is the J. D. Higginbothan building which stood where the Bamboo Room of the St. Lucie Bar now stand. Barely visible in the distance is the steeple of the first community church which stood about where Tom Collins' drive-in and service station are now.

The recent drought brought forth some requests about government compensations for loss of spring crops. There was no squeal for federal help or any other in those days. No pineapple crop, no money returns, no prospect for work.

Commercial fishing might have helped, there were not nets nor boats, though. The Florida East Coast Rwy. furnished free seeds to willing farmers. But the Big Freeze was followed by a drought, the bean crop was very small, and we just barely met our expenses. In March of that year we managed to get 500 yards of pompano gill net and a near worn out flat boat. It was nip and tuck which was the poorest, the net with holes big enough to push the boat through, or the boat which absorbed large quantities of the St. Lucie river daily Farming by day, fishing at night, but it produces grits and beans.

The fish house closed the latter part of April. My good friend, Gordon Parks, landed a job to "grub under" two acres of old pines for Henry Hars. With hunting to keep his father's family in fresh meat and fishing to diversify the diet, he pulled through the summer.

With George Fultz and Noah Parks, it was decided to work on the railway section, sending the colored labor elsewhere. The day's wages were one buck less 14 cents for hospitalization, and we worked 10 hours. Fortunately, prices were reasonable: salt pork was nine cents per pound, grits and meal 15 pounds for two bits, Eagle Brand milk, 10 cents per can. You could get Boston baked beans three three-pound cans for 25 cents. For eight years after that summer I could not look at a baked bean without shuddering. We had some Arbuckle roasted coffee, but it took a lot of imagination at being coffee and a strong constitution to drink that. Sugar was three pounds for two bits. Well, who used sugar then? Honey was seven pounds, 20 cents. "Brogans" the farmers' shoe, good for a year, were $1.50. Pants and shirts were 50 cents each. Butter was 30 cents in summer and 35 in winter. In 1895 and 1896 our weekly grub bill was one dollar and we had plenty to eat.

In mid-May Noah Parks went to work for Mr. Johns, his brother-in-law. In the year 1894, he planted two acres of smooth cayennes and one acre of Abbacas. Cost of the plants was about $12,000. These were the finest varieties known in that day, with single plants at $1 each. Mr. Johns advised his employer to shelter these pines by erecting a shed over them at a cost of about $500 per acre. His employer—an attorney in New York—who also raised truffles in his cellar—agreed.

The first pineapple shed was erected in the summer of 1895. These prevented the fruit from being sunbaked, as occurred in the open fields. Of course, the main purpose of the pineapple sheds was to protect the fields from frost and freezes. And they did. Well, Noah had his summer's work.

Alfred Bailey, an old citrus grower from San Mateo, came down at the end of May and bought 10 acres of land from Otto Stypmann. Bailey had lost his citrus grove, but started with pines. The pine slips were quoted at $10 per thousand. The writer set them out, this job lasting until September.

About the same time George Fultz got a job building a house in Jensen for some northern people. This was an all-summer job.

In the latter part of July the first slips arrived. These slips came from about 8 to 12 inches in length, were trimmed, and set in beds. A common days' work called for trimming, marking and setting of 3,000 slips per man. A good planter could set 10,000 in 10 hours but it took a strong back.

° ° °

1908 WAS BANNER PINEAPPLE YEAR

The summer rains would slop sand into the hearts of the young planted slips. To get them to grow a large teaspoonful of cottonseed meal was dropped into the heart of the plant. The object was to remove the sand and speed the growth. It took 250 pounds to the acre. Four to five weeks later the growing leaves would push out the small ball—formed by rain and dew on cottonseed meal and show the heart clear of sand. It took 18 months from planting time to bloom, which occurred in February mostly. The average crop would be 300 standard crates, weight packed 80 pounds each, a standard carload.

In those years all our planting was on spruce pine sandridges. Today, the few pines planted are on flat woods land. The spruce pineland is more frost free. A good worker could hoe an acre of young pines per day at a contract price of $2. The ordinary day's work was ¾ of an acre at a regular wage of $1.50. Of course, after the great freeze, a day's wages were $1 per 10-hour day and considerably less. Two old-timers from Jensen told that they worked for $1.50 per 60 hours—or one week. You see now why one buck per week had to feed us.

The net income per acre of pines, in the good years was large, ranging from $300 to $400, which was many times that of any northern farm production per acre. New settlers arrived rapidly. Land prices soared and by 1903 prices from $150 to $175 per acre of wild land were common. The peak of the pineapple industry was reached in 1908—with no cold snaps since 1899. The pineapple crop by that time had reached a production of about 1,200,000 crates or 4,000 standard cars. Stuart was the largest shipping point and for about four years it can be stated, the largest shipping point of red Spanish pineapples in the world. In 1908 we shipped over 1,000 carloads.

The good year of 1908 was the banner year of the pineapple industry. 1907 produced a fine crop. An experienced packer put up 120 crates per day.

The Cuban pineapple industry was nearly wiped out during the rebellion and the Spanish-American War. After the turn of the century, American money poured in there, revived this industry and by 1908 surpassed Florida's. Those were the good old days when the Republican party was near its zenith. Those good politicians protected their northern friends with a stiff tariff, but the southerners (they still called us Rebels) had no protection. Tariff duty on pines was 10 cents per crate and less.

The F. E. C. railway entered into water rate competition originating the Cuban Fruit Express. This new Cuban Fruit Express had the right of way, even over mail trains. and the minimum number of cars per train was 50. The freight per crate in a carload was 47 cents.

The freight per crate in carload lots to Chicago from our little village was 94 cents. Add eight cents of hauling and loading costs to total $1.02 per crate. But, alas, it took our pines seven to eight days and sometimes longer to get there, and by the time our shipment had arrived the Cuban Express had unloaded its second shipment.

The Fruit Express gave us a terrible wallop from which most of us never recuperated. We realized by the end of the season that we had suffered a loss of 5½ cents on each crate we shipped.

° ° °

SCHROEDER MANAGED FIRST LUMBER YARD

On Dec. 24, 1909, about 7 p. m., we had a freeze; on Feb. 5, 1910, we had a white frost. In the summer of 1910 we shipped a small crop. Conditions at that time recalled the Big Freeze of 1895 to the old settlers. In 1912 the writer had to face the question of whom to support, the pineapple crop or the family. The family won. He dropped his 16 acres of pines—curtailed by the 1908 cutting of five odd acres—took over the management of our first lumber yard owned by Lainhart and Potter. Many others came to the same decision.

Carroll Dunscombe entered the game about that time, planting extensively. He was the largest grower in the game of all times, shipping from more than 400 acres.

From 1915 to 1924 inclusive, he carried the banner. His summer payroll brought smiles to our local merchants. It carried the little town through the summer months. It was $2,500 per week and better. In the end, even Carroll furled his banner to go into real estate operations in 1925 when all pines were plowed under.

° ° °

FISHING INDUSTRY GAINS MOMENTUM

After the Big Freeze the fishing industry of the lower east coast advanced with rapid strides. In the beginning gill nets were used to catch the finny tribe. Up to 1907 there were no restrictions to the length of drift

(Concluded on Page 5-C)

OUR WORK TELLS THE STORY...

Herb Young, senior member of the firm, came here in 1925 from Boulder, Colorado. His first job here was helping to build Atlantic Court Apartments in 1925.

THIS HISTORICAL EDITION IS FULL OF STORIES AND PICTURES ABOUT THE PIONEERS, AND THE GROWTH OF MARTIN COUNTY. OUR STORY IS TOLD BY SOME OF THE MOST MODERN BUILDINGS IN "THE STUART OF TODAY."

We Have Just Completed STUART'S Newest Business Building

THE BRUNER BUILDING

On Fourth Street

•

Our Firm Is Proud of Having Constructed the Modern

ARTHUR DEHON BUILDING
THEODORE DEHON BUILDING
PRESSELL BUILDING
BARTLETT BUILDING
RIPTIDE CLUB
BRUCE & HARRY'S
MARTIN COUNTY JAIL

•

IN ADDITION TO THESE, WE HAVE CONSTRUCTED SCORES OF HOMES AND SMALLER BUILDINGS THROUGHOUT STUART AND MARTIN COUNTY.

ESTIMATES CHEERFULLY GIVEN

Paul Young, junior member of the firm, has joined with his father to follow the tradition of "the best possible job for the builder." Active in the Junior Chamber of Commerce, he headed that civic body in 1949.

HERB YOUNG *Builder* PAUL YOUNG ASSOCIATE

737 E. 5TH ST. PHONE 294 STUART, FLORIDA