South Florida History

Volume 28 No. 1

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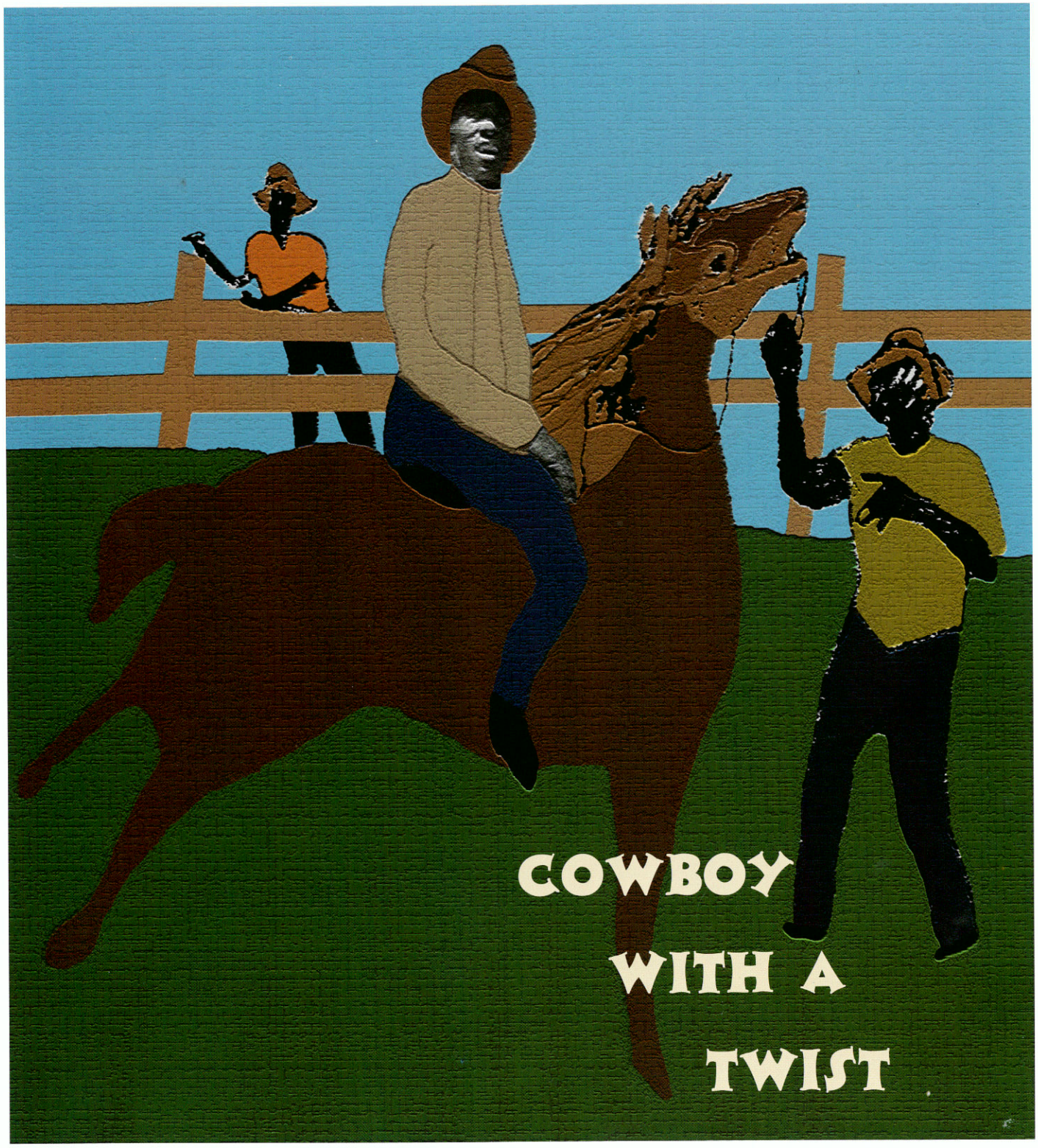

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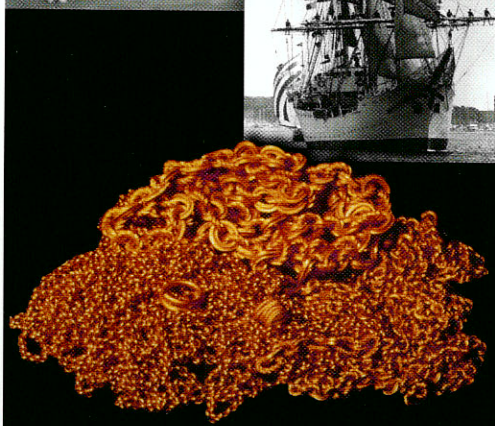

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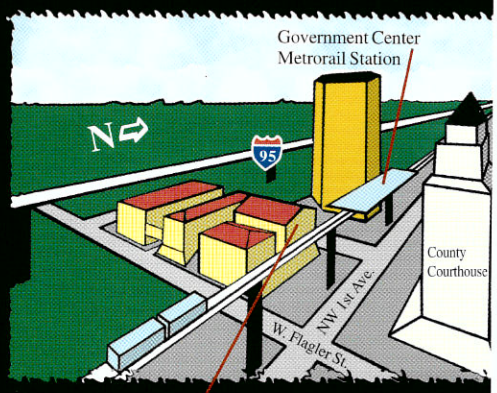

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HISTORICAL MUSEUM OF SOUTHERN FLORIDA

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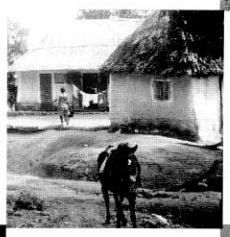
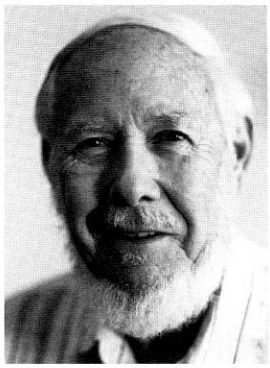
Zora Neale Hurston (photo), Ken Hughs (sketch)

South Florida History Volume 28 No. 1, Winter 1999-2000

features this issue





By Stuart McIver

There is a saying among historians that the history of a nation or even of the world is really "local history writ large." When Charlton Tebeau plunged into the Everglades and the Ten Thousand Islands, local history was indeed "writ large."

Charlie Tebeau is no longer with us, but even in death he leaves us a remarkable legacy. Part of that heritage resides in the books he wrote; part in the books written by other writers he mentored; part in the lives of his students at the University of Miami, and part in the Historical Association of Southern Florida, which in 1976 honored him by naming its research center the Charlton W. Tebeau Library. He was a power in the organization from its earliest days and edited *Tequesta* for four decades.

Dr. Tebeau was best known around the state for his *A History of Florida*, widely used as a standard textbook. For myself, I feel his greatest contribution was to the local history of South Florida. In 1955 he wrote his first book, *The Chokoloskee Bay Country with a Reminiscence of Ted Smallwood* and followed it two years later with *Floridas' Last Frontier: the History of Collier County.* He had driven the back roads of Collier and Lee Counties to talk to old timers and gather stories of pioneer life in the late 19th and early 20th centuries. Later, the days before mammoth book store chains, he would load his car up with books and roam those same backroads, stocking these paperback volumes at such venues as the Smallwood Store on Chokoloskee Island, the general store on Marco Island before it was developed, and the Rod and Gun Club in Everglades City.

"His lectures are sweetly flavored with the small minutiae of human interest, or sprinkled with humor, as well as the greater historical designs of people and places."

In 1963, he wrote *They Lived in the Park*, later reissued with a better title, *Man in the Everglades*, my personal favorite. These three books serve us still as an engrossing record of life in an earlier South Florida. His own interest in local history rippled out of them to inspire other writers to dig into the region's past.

Dr. T. mentored such important authors as Lawrence Will, the voice of the land of Okeechobee, and Arva Moore Parks, author of such memorable South Florida books as *The Forgotten Frontier: Florida through the Lens of Ralph Middleton Monroe*, a book she dedicated to Dr. Tebeau. In her introduction, she writes: "My late father, Jack Moore, gave me the love of history and the love of place. Dr. Charlton W. Tebeau taught me how to turn this love into a career and became my mentor along the way."

I was lucky enough also to claim Charlie Tebeau as my mentor. He encouraged me, taught me many research skills and business skills. He also taught me how to gain the trust of the sons and daughters of pioneers who lived far back the swamps and woods.

"Don't rush them, don't crowd them," he said, "and whatever you do, don't wear a three-piece suit and a fancy hat when you go out there. If you take your time, they'll talk to you."

Just before school opened for the 1966 fall semester, *Esquire Magazine* selected 33 "super-profs" from universities and colleges around the country. To the surprise of no one who knew him, Dr. T. was named as one of the 33.

In the *Miami Herald,* columnist Mike Morgan wrote: "His classroom manner is casual, informal. Never reads a lecture. Roams the front of the class, hands sometimes in pocket, or slouches against a wall. And lectures as if he were handing out some freshly arrived, exciting intelligence. His lectures are sweetly flavored with the small minutiae of human interest, or sprinkled with humor, as well as the greater historical designs of people and places."

Charlie Tebeau was an original. Following Esquire's lead, make that "super-original." Rest well, old friend.

You know you're in a world far removed from the early Florida of Charlton Tebeau when a scholarly academic press sends you a review copy of a book bearing the startling title of *Kick Ass*. The publisher of the volume is University Press of Florida, and the title begins to make sense when you realize the author is the esteemed novelist Carl Hiaasen, whose books delight countless readers, particularly me.

The 467-page book is a collection of Hiaasen's *Miami Herald* columns, taking us from 1985 to the recent past. Subject matter is wide ranging — murder and mayhem, hurricanes, tourists, corrupt politicians, corrupt cops, drugs, the Everglades, Big Sugar, Big Development, Big Sports, guns. In other words, the stuff of the everyday lives of South Floridians.

I'm used to reading his columns over a morning cup of coffee, sometimes laughing out loud, sometimes chortling at his harpooning of Florida malefactors, and sometimes seething at his exposures of the harm done to the land where we live. In book form, however, the columns lack the punch-in-the-nose quality that a daily newspaper can bring to a columnist's message. When they're from

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The Historical Association of Southern Florida is a nonprofit cultural, educational and humanistic institution dedicated to providing information about the history of southern Florida and the Caribbean, and to the collection and preservation of material relating to that history. Association programs and publications are made possible by membership dues, gifts from private sources and grants from federal, state and local agencies.

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the past, either they've become mellower or the reader has.

By now, you're asking: What's a collection of end of the twentieth century columns got to do with history? Simple. The stuff Hiaasen writes about today is the history of tomorrow. And, in Florida, tomorrow comes very quickly.

The fight to save the Everglades will be significant history a century from now, as will the migrations from the Caribbean and Latin America. Hurricane Andrew will take his miserable place in our history books beside the hurricanes of 1926, 1928 and 1935.

Scholars and popular writers will read some of these columns as part of the task of trying to piece together what really happened and what people really thought in an earlier age. With Hiaasen's gloriously off-the-wall view of the world, they will all too often find themselves baffled.

Of the practice of swimming with dolphins in Florida Keys attractions, he wrote in 1990: "Add this to the list of bizarre things that South Florida tourists can worry about: getting goosed by Flipper." Might be hard to visualize a half century from now.

Or his hilarious 1986 account of Geraldo Rivera's efforts to make an undercover purchase of cocaine for a television documentary. "So guess what happened. The bad guy recognized Geraldo. And why not, since this time his entire disguise consisted of Brylcreem and a pair of sunglasses. He might as well have worn an ABC blazer and had Barbara Walters on his arm." Bewildering to future scholars but still part of our 20th-century life.

Still, I don't think the author would like it if I said: "Hey, Carl, you're history."

Well, Carl, you are and so was your grandfather. The first Carl Hiaasen to hit Florida came here from North Dakota in the boom years of the Roaring Twenties. As a leading attorney, he played an important role in the early development of Broward County, but he did not (as the book's introduction claims) found Fort Lauderdale's first law firm. Rather, he joined the city's most important firm as a full partner.

I only talked to the first Carl Hiaasen once, but I still remember our conversation vividly. In 1983, I interviewed him for a history of Broward County I was writing. Mr. Hiaasen was well into his eighties when I called his law office for an appointment.

"I usually get in at six in the morning," he said. "How about meeting me at seven o'clock before the day gets too busy?"

His knowledge of Fort Lauderdale and Hollywood from the 1920s on was voluminous and his mind raced along faster than my ball-point pen. Sharp and lucid, he took me through the rise and fall of Joe Young's dreams for Hollywood-by-the-Sea.

Years later, I wrote a short history of the little Broward County city of Wilton Manors. And who was it who bought the first house in Wilton Manors? Carl Hiaasen, of course.

Let's take a look now at another South Florida author, the late Thelma Peters, a contemporary of Charlton Tebeau's and a respected historian who once served as president of the Florida Historical Society. Her roots go far back into the area's past. She graduated from Miami High School in 1922, the year the first Carl Hiaasen moved to Florida. Her Ph. D. in American History was earned at the University of Florida. In early September of 1926, she married Tom Peters, the son of the man known in earlier Dade County days as "the tomato king." He left his name on the South Dade municipality of Peters.

Continued on page 31

a closer look at the member museums... don't read this page without a pen and your favorite calendar!

HISTORICAL MUSEUM OF SOUTHERN FLORIDA

Miami-Dade Cultural Center, 101 West Flagler Street, Miami, Phone: 305-375-1492 Fax: 305-375-1609 E-mail: www.historical-museum.org Open Monday Through Saturday, 10 a.m. - 5 p.m.; Thursdays until 9 p.m.; Sundays, 12 noon - 5 p.m. Closed Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's Day. Adults $5; Children 6-12 $2. Members Free.

SPECIAL EVENTS

HARVEST FESTIVAL

Saturday & Sunday, November 18-19, 10:00 a.m. - 5:00 p.m.
Dade County Fair & Exposition Center,
Coral Way and SW 112 Avenue

If you've started shopping for that perfect holiday gift, you might want to stop by the 24th annual Harvest Festival presented by the Historical Museum of Southern Florida. More that 300 craft artists will display items ranging from wood crafts to toys and miniatures, quilts and much more. Also, enjoy historical reenactments, a display of antique engines and cars, folk arts, delicious food and great entertainment. Admission is $6 for adults, $2 for children (5-12). Call (305) 375-1492 for more information.

UPCOMING HISTORIC TOUR

METRORAIL TOUR OF GREATER MIAMI

Saturday, June 10, 2000, 10:00 a.m. - 12:00 p.m.

For a comprehensive tour of our multi-cultural county, hop on the Metrorail with Dr. George and travel 20 miles around Greater Miami. From WWII camps, historic waterways, farms and racetracks, to the many ethnic neighborhoods of Dade County, you will hear about the people and places that made Greater Miami what it is today. Meet at Dadeland South Station at the rail entrance. Members: $10; Non-Members: $15; plus $1.25 rail fare. Reservations are not required for Metrorail tours.

SPECIAL EXHIBITIONS

FLORIDA COWBOYS

Now - August 20, 2000

The romance and traditions of the cowboys of the American West are a distinctive and beloved part of the American culture. This exhibit will show how Florida shares this heritage in ways both common to the American West and unique to Florida. *Florida Cowboys* will showcase more than 100 black-and-white photographs by photojournalist Jon Kral that depict ranch life from the 1970s to the 1990s, along with historic and contemporary artifacts such as saddles and whips.

RITMOS DE IDENTIDAD: FERNANDO ORTIZ'S LEGACY AND THE HOWARD FAMILY COLLECTION OF PERCUSSION INSTRUMENTS

September 2000 - January 2001

In celebration of the singular sound of the Latin beat, Ritmos de Identidad/Rhythms of Identity presents the legacy of percussion arts in the Americas. This dynamic and energy-filled exhibit features 100 traditional and contemporary handmade secular and sacred percussion instruments from the U.S., Caribbean, Central and South America. The exhibit also includes photographs, memorabilia video, and music.

PERMANENT EXHIBITIONS

GATEWAY OF THE AMERICAS

Visit the newest addition to the museum's permanent exhibit, *Tropical Dreams: A People's History of Southern Florida*. Using computers and audio and video components, explore the last fifty years of southern Florida's development, a burst of activity that produced more changes in the area than any other time period since its settlement.

TROPICAL DREAMS

The heart of the Museum's exhibitions, *"Tropical Dreams"* examines 10,000 years of South Florida and Caribbean history through the use of multimedia presentations. Tropical Dreams also provides hands-on, interactive learning experiences for children including play stations complete with period clothing, tools and toys.

Fort Myers Historical Museum 2300 Peck Street, Fort Myers (941) 332- 5955. Open Tuesday through Saturday, 9 a.m. - 4 p.m. Closed Sundays and Mondays and most holidays. Admission is $6 for adults and $3 for children ages 3-12. Museum members are free.

Collier County Museum 3301 Tamiami Trail East, Naples (941) 774-8476. The Collier County Museum explores the people, places and everyday events that have shaped Collier County's heritage. The museum and four-acre historical park are open Monday - Friday, 9 a.m. - 5 p.m. Free.

Clewiston Museum 112 South Commercio Street, Clewiston (941) 983-2870. The Clewiston Museum, founded in 1984, is a growing museum, collecting and displaying items, large and small, important and trivial, which reflect the past of Clewiston and its surrounding area. The Clewiston Museum is open 1-5 p.m. Tuesday through Saturday, with seasonal adjustments. No admission fee is charged; however, donations are encouraged.

Boca Raton Historical Society Town Hall, 71 N. Federal Highway, Boca Raton (561) 395-6766. The Boca Raton Historical Society operates a museum and gift shop at the old town hall, 71 North Federal Highway, Boca Raton. Hours of operation are Tuesday through Friday, 10 a.m. - 4 p.m.

Florida History Center & Museum Burt Reynolds Park, 805 North U.S. Highway 1, Jupiter (561) 747-6639. The Florida History Center & Museum is open all year. Examine artifacts from early Florida inhabitants in the permanent museum collection and view the traveling exhibits. Open Tuesday through Friday, 10 a.m. - 5 p.m. and weekends 1-5 p.m. Closed on Mondays. $4 adults; $3 seniors; $2 children. The Jupiter Inlet Lighthouse is open Sunday - Wednesday, 10 a.m. - 4 p.m. (must be 48" tall to climb.) For information: (405) 747-8380. $5. The Dubois Pioneer Home is open Sunday and Wednesday, 1 p.m. - 5 p.m. $2.

Florida Cowboys Exhibition Explores Life on the Ranch

© 1998, Jon Kral

Worn hands and faces help to tell the story of *Florida Cowboys*, the latest exhibition being presented at the Historical Museum of Southern Florida. This special exhibit features more than 100 black-and-white photographs by photojournalist Jon Kral.

Florida Cowboys explores the lifestyle and traditions of Florida's long and colorful ranching history, incorporating Kral's contemporary images and artifacts such as whips, saddles, boots and spurs.

Kral's photographs capture a little-known way of life that reminds viewers that there is more to Florida than sun and sand. These photographs are featured in Kral's new book, *Cracker: Florida's Enduring Cowboys*.

In conjunction with this exhibition, the Historical Museum will offer special cowboy-themed educational programs for children, such as Cowboy Camp-Ins for birthday parties, camp groups and scout troops. Camp-Ins allow children to spend the night in the museum, right among the artifacts. An interactive educational program featuring Kral is also planned to accompany the exhibition.

Florida Cowboys will be presented at the Historical Museum through August 20, 2000.

Following its presentation at the Historical Museum, *Florida Cowboys* will travel to other Florida museums, including the Museum of Florida History, Orange County Historical Museum and the Tampa Bay History Center.

Florida Cowboys is produced by the Historical Museum of Southern Florida with Historical Museums Grants-In-Aid Program assistance provided by the Bureau of Historical Museums, Division of Historical Resources, Florida Department of State, Katherine Harris, Secretary of State; sponsored in part by the State of Florida, Department of State, Division of Cultural Affairs, and the Florida Arts Council; and with the support of the Miami-Dade County Cultural Affairs Council and the Miami-Dade County Board of County Commissioners and the members of the Historical Association of Southern Florida. ***- SFH***

Historical Association's Annual Membership Meeting

On Thursday, April 27, the Historical Association of Southern Florida held the 60th Annual Membership Meeting. The day's events featured a presentation and discussion of the facts, myths and mysteries surrounding the Miami Circle, led by Robert Carr. Guests also enjoyed a light lunch and a tour of the Florida Cowboys exhibit with John Kral, the photographer who documented the lifestyle of Florida's cowboys. Also, HASF's Nominating Committee announced the 2000-2001 Slate of Officers and Trustees:

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The Historical Museum's young professionals group, the Tropees also announced their 2000-2001 Slate of Officers and Executive Council Members:

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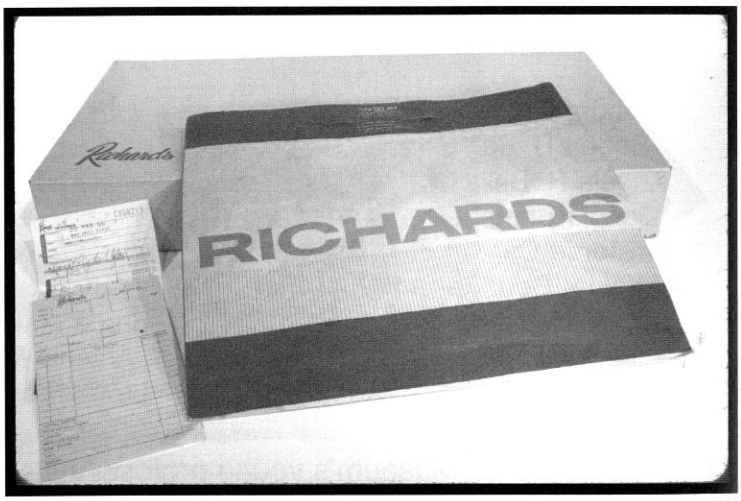
Collections

What's Old and What's New: Recent Acquisitions to the Object Collections

By Noelle Shuey, Curator of Object Collections

When asked to picture a typical museum artifact, many people might conjure images of prehistoric tools and Victorian clothing. A common misconception about history museums is that everything in them is over fifty years old (including the staff!). However, that is not the case in many museums and certainly not at the Historical Museum of Southern Florida. True, HMSF's collections comprise a wealth of "old" material which dates from 10,000 years ago up to World War II. Yet, few people realize that HMSF also collects a wide range of objects which originated, not only just forty or fifty years ago, but perhaps just yesterday. After all, whatever we do or make and use today becomes history tomorrow. A few examples of such "new" artifacts are the following recent acquisitions that represent two dynamic aspects of modern South Florida life, business and politics.

In South Florida's very lucrative, but highly competitive retail industry, many stores have come and gone over the years. One defunct department store that many Miamians may remember is Richards, which closed its doors for good on January 12, 1980. These merchandise/service receipts, gift box and paper shopping bag all bear varying logos with the Richards name which were used in the mid-1970s.
Gift of Dottie Yates HASF, 2000.5.4, 7, 8, 10



It may look silly, but this fuzzy red hat was one attention-getting way for enthusiastic Democrats to show their support for the John F. Kennedy-Lyndon B. Johnson ticket in the 1960 U. S. presidential race. The donor, along with other self-proclaimed "Kennedy Girls," donned this unique chapeau for Democratic party events. Tucked into the striped hatband is a bumper sticker stating, "Citizens for LBJ." Kennedy-Johnson won in November by a narrow margin, defeating the Republican ticket of Richard Nixon and John Cabot Lodge by less than 120,000 popular votes.
Gift of Dottie Yates HASF, 2000.5.2

NASK water was produced in 1962 during the time of the Cuban Missile Crisis. NASK stands for Nuclear Attack Survival Kit. This canned water was processed by Chalet Suzanne Foods, Inc. of Lake Wales, Florida according to U. S. Navy specifications to ensure that it could withstand both freezing temperatures and the possibility of having to float. The water was to serve as a basic survival aid in the event the Soviet Union did not call back ships carrying nuclear missiles bound for Cuba. Tense negotiations between U. S. President John F. Kennedy and Russian President Nikita Krushchev ultimately put a last minute end to the threat.

Authentic surplus cans of NASK water, in limited supply, are sold for $15.00 each by Chalet Suzanne Foods, Inc. Partial proceeds from sales benefit the Cold War Museum in Fairfax, Virginia. The Cold War Museum was founded by Gary Powers, Jr., son of Gary Francis Powers, the U2 Pilot shot down over Russia and imprisoned there as an accused spy for two years during the Cold War.

Gift of Chalet Suzanne Foods, Inc. HASF, 2000.7.1

Florida's cattle industry traces its roots back to the sixteenth century, when Spanish explorers brought Andalusian livestock with them to the New World. Today, Florida boasts more than 21,000 ranches and two million head of cattle. This scarf represents the Florida State Cattlemen's Association and commemorates the American National Livestock Association's 53rd Annual Convention held in Florida on January 4-7, 1950. The donors obtained the promotional item from the Dr. John G. Dupuis family, who in the early 1900s founded the White Belt Dairy located in northwest Miami. The souvenir scarf, which bears colorful images of ranching and Florida scenes, is currently on display, along with other cowboy paraphernalia, in the exhibit *Florida Cowboys: Photographs by Jon Kral* at the Historical Museum of Southern Florida.

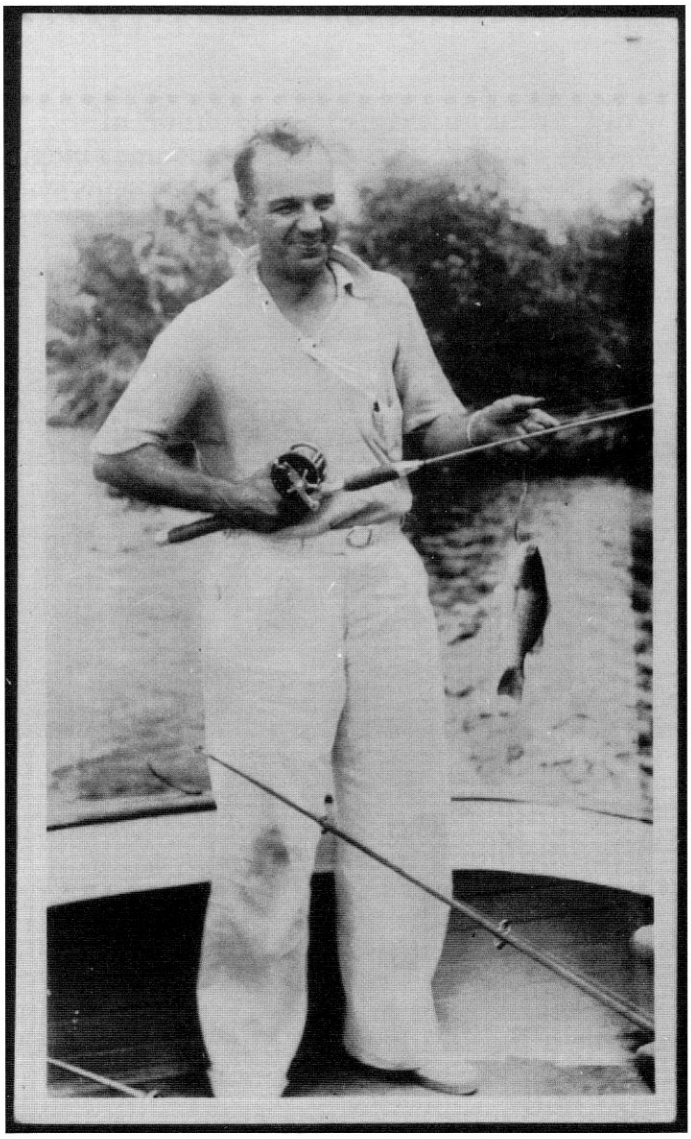
Gift of Bill and Dari Bowman HASF, 2000.4.1

The permanent collections of the Historical Museum of Southern Florida grow primarily through donations. If you have any artifacts pertaining to South Florida or Caribbean history that you would like to donate or have information regarding historical objects available through the community, we would like to hear from you. Help us preserve our shared heritage by contacting the Curator of the Object Collections at (305) 375-1492 or objects@historical–museum.org.

John D. Pennekamp

This important Florida Pioneer is a man to whom Floridians will be forever indebted.

By Arthur E. Chapman, Ph.D.



John Pennekamp should be remembered as a dedicated contributor to journalism and conservation and a Miami legend, living on in the tangible legacies of the parks which he helped to create. Not only was Pennekamp a "Father" of Everglades National Park, but also of a state park that bears his name.

As a pioneering journalist, he served for 52 years with the *Miami Herald,* ending his career at the age of 80 on January 1, 1977. His tenure with the *Herald* clearly indicated that Pennekamp was three composites in one; first a newspaperman, second a man totally committed to community involvement and the reform of city government, and third a man especially concerned with the conservation of Florida's unique environment.

As a boy of 14, Pennekamp became a copyboy for the *Cincinnati Post* to help support a family of six. When World War I erupted, he was sent to Camp Chillicothe, Ohio. There he contracted a near fatal case of Spanish influenza.

With this background, he arrived from Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1925. Miami was a booming town of 100,000 where speculators made millions from a great land boom. It was also fast becoming a trade and transportation center. The purpose of his move to Miami was to report to the *Post* on the activities of businessmen from Cincinnati. But once here his sweetheart, Irene McQuillan, joined him and he never left.

He arrived was just in time to witness the FEC rail embargo, the sinking of the 240-foot Prins Valdemar, the closing of the Port of Miami, and the the terrible September 1926 hurricane.

A relaxed Pennekamp fishing in the waters of his beloved park. ***Hasf, courtesy of Tom Pennekamp 1981-105-1.***

Everglades National Park, mangrove tunnel. ***Hasf, Miami News Collection 1989-011-13409.***

His first permanent position in Miami was as a city editor for the *Herald*, a five-cent newspaper produced in a small building on South Miami Avenue and run by Col. Frank B. Shutts. With the support of Shutts, he soon became managing editor, responsible for both the news and editorial sections. His beginning salary was $50 a week, and he promptly reorganized the staff of 40, assigning "city beats." He had them work up sources and contacts especially with regard to the rampant political corruption, and illegal land sales, and he remained very suspicious of the law enforcement system. His improvement of standards created a center of profit that quickly topped the *Herald's* main competitor, *The Miami News*, owned and operated by James M. Cox, a former Ohio governor.

The only other competitor, *The Miami Tribune*, which was known for sensationalism, was purchased and closed by the Knight brothers when they bought the *Herald* in 1937.

A typical Pennekamp editorial:

> In Miami's wild and woolly growing-up days, gambling was so general that at least one race track bookie was operating from a place on the ground floors of every downtown block. They weren't bothered much; "stiffs" appeared in courts on a fairly regular basis to pay their bosses' fines which were, in fact, a form of tax-like tribute, and when a case "got out of hand," a simple technical error in the warrant or along the legal way often was enough for an order of acquittal.

In September, 1937, Colonel Shutts sold the *Herald* for $2.5 million to 39-year-old John Shivey Knight and his brother James. They, like Pennekamp, had the highest of standards and so they began a process of importing talent which soon made the *Miami Herald* one of the finest newspapers in the country.

Now Pennekamp was totally free to run the paper the way he felt best. His way was to be highly stressed, smoking up to four packs of cigarettes a day, drinking endless cups of coffee, and never bringing newspaper problems home. "I never consulted my wife on any stand or news story. That's probably why we got along so well."

At the age of 39 in 1940, Pennekamp suffered a massive heart attack, which forced a one-month layoff off of all work and the elimination of the cigarettes, cigars and coffee. Never one to quit or give up, in two years he rose to the position of associate editor, where he controlled both the policy and the editorial page. In 1942 he began a new column, "Behind the Front Page," depending upon managing editor Lee Hills to control the policy of the paper.

It was with the power of his editorials that Pennekamp spearheaded city reform and supported conservation. Strangely, as his influence in our community expanded, it declined within the *Herald*.

Yet, he remained the premier spokesperson for the people in the Supreme Court Case of Pennekamp vs. Florida, a case of law that is still frequently quoted in both law and journalism textbooks, a case about which he once said, "I would like to be remembered for more than anything else."

Pennekamp had led the fight for press freedom by criticizing the decisions of judges. This led him before the Supreme Court in the 1940s. From such editorial positions he never backed down, strongly supporting concerns with road construction, the reorganization of city and county government, and the creation of the Orange Bowl. Pennekamp also wrote more typical stories about the arrival of the Duke and Duchess of Windsor in Nassau, the crusade for pasteurized milk, the sensational execution of James Horace Alderman (he killed three federal prohibition agents) and the assassination of Chicago Mayor Anton Cermak.

Times have a way of changing. World War II came and Miami just burst with daily change, and the *Herald* changed

Miami's "Conservationist of the Year," John D. Pennekamp gets a peek at a new signpost designating a street in his honor on Watson Island. ***Hasf 1980-227-5015***

President Harry S. Truman addresses the crowd at the dedication ceremonies for Everglades National Park, Dec. 6, 1947, Pennekamp 4th from Right. ***Hasf, courtesy of Tom Pennekamp,1981-105-3.***

as well. The Knights merged with Ridder and the younger Ridder executives were groomed to take over positions held by long-term Knight people. So, the *Herald* slowly slipped away from Pennekamp and the others who had helped shape the city and the newspaper.

It was, however, the issue of conservation that has earned lasting tribute. In his editorial column, he developed the technique of using an unidentified visitor in his office, or someone he met on a trip. With this technique, he then targeted his favorite public officials. He also used the travelogue to support his causes, for example on April 12, 1949, he wrote,

> "We were in a fast, shallow cruiser, guided by Dan Beard, the Park Superintendent. Our course through Coot Pond, Coot Bay, Whitewater Bay and East River to the Park's biggest rookery. Also the most spectacular show in Florida."

So by use of homey, often rough-hewn vignettes, examples and lengthy quotes, he made his points. Pennekamp had a total indefatigable belief in what he wrote as he developed an almost artistic touch in building very gradually a case for or against an issue. His sense of correctness then made him a devoted ally as well as a most dangerous foe. He was instrumental in the creation of the Everglades National Park. He also helped find the necessary support and funding to make it a reality and then did the same thing again for the creation of the park that bears the name, The John Pennekamp Coral Reef State Park, the only underwater park in the United States.

Because of his position, Pennekamp was selected to serve on a number of advisory boards, planning committees and state parks boards for almost 30 years. The University of Miami awarded him the Doctor of Letters Degree on May 2, 1976. It was an event that meant much to him, as he had never been able to attend college.

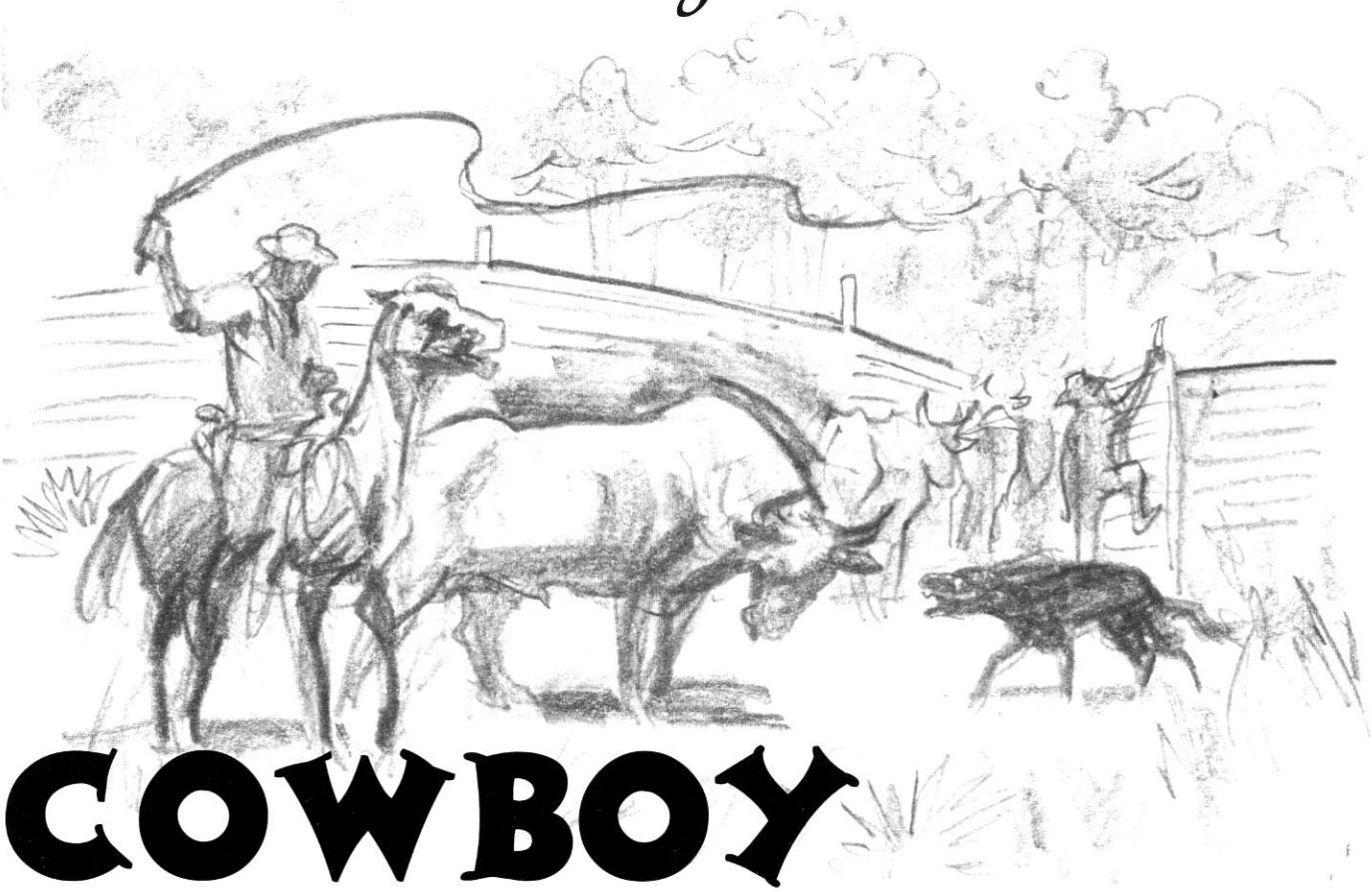
Pennekamp once remarked, "I always did what I wanted to do, and I wouldn't want to change anything. Now I can look back and see the result of what I've done, all the way down the line." He also said, "Be honest and upright, and that's all."

"That's all" to him meant:

1. A newspaper must support needed reforms in the interest of the public.
2. If necessary, the editor must be involved in these reforms but must not be a "joiner" or an ally with certain factions.
3. The newsroom and editorial office should work as one to bring about these necessary changes.

That's all, just be honest and upright and that's all. It is a legacy that should not be forgotten.

In Florida's frontier days, the men who owned and ran the cattle industry called themselves 'cattle kings.'



COWBOY WITH A TWIST

By Stuart McIver

Illustrated by Ken Hughs

In the early 20th century, a cowman came into prominence with his own take on the men who rode the Kissimmee range. Said Lawrence Silas, "There ain't no servants in the cow business. Every cowhand figures himself a king."

Silas' philosophy came from a different well spring. He was the sixth of 13 children of former slaves. After the Civil War, his father, Tom Silas, accumulated a herd which at one time included 3,000 head of cattle. The genes, skills and character traits passed on by his father launched Lawrence on to a remarkable career as a cattleman.

Born a slave, Lawrence's father, Tom Silas had come to Kissimmee Prairie in 1873, after the end of the Civil War, probably from Georgia. Tom settled in the Lake Marian area, north of Lake Okeechobee, and went to work as a cowhand on the ranch of Readding Parker, noted for his fairness in dealing with blacks.

At the Parker ranch, Tom Silas made a deal to take part of his wages in cows. Parker allowed Tom to use some of his bulls to increase his herd. Gradually Silas built up his herd by keeping the cows and selling the bulls back to the Fort Drum rancher. The 1885 Brevard County census reported Tom Silas with 3,000 head, the third largest herd among ten cowmen in the Lakeview area near Lake Marian.

When Parker was stricken with Bright's disease, a serious kidney ailment, Tom Silas joined other Parker family members to keep Readding's cattle operation going during this difficult period. One of the Parker sons, Henry, ran the family's Arcadia ranch and played host in the 1890's to the famed artist Frederic Remington, who came to Florida to paint the state's "cracker cowboys," as the painter called them.

Readding Parker died in 1891. By that time, Tom and Lizzie Silas had 13 children to raise; Lawrence was the sixth. Tom was determined that they receive the education he never had. Since there were no schools for black children in their rural area, he built a school, then hired a teacher to educate his children. Some went on to college at Tuskegee Institute in Alabama, and one went to dental school in Nashville, Tennessee to prepare him for a career in Bartow and later in Tampa.

"He owned several thousand acres of land when he died and over 2,000 head of cattle," recalled Lawrence, who was fifteen at the time of his father's death in 1902. "He left thirteen head of children and no will. Mama couldn't hold what he left together. After he died, Mama sold his 2,000 head of cattle to Akas Bass for $18,000. That was a lot of money in 1902."

Like his father, Lawrence had to build his cattle business from scratch. He had two important edges his father lacked; a measure of education and the advantage of learning the business from an expert - his father. He was riding the range with Tom Silas before he was ten years old. He didn't like to stick too close to the Silas home near Kenansville, where he might have to work on the farm.

When Lawrence started in the business, central Florida was all open range. There were no fences. "I remember when the cattle would graze all day in the lake marshes near Kissimmee," he recalled, "and pass through town at sundown on their way to sleep in the pinewoods. Next morning they went back through town on their way to the marshes. Nobody said a thing. The cattlemen were the bosses."

It was a hard life. "If it rained you put on your slicker," said Lawrence. "If it rained at night, you put your saddle on a log, sat in it with a blanket over your shoulders and with your slicker over your head. If it rained all night, you slept sitting up all night."

After his father's death, Lawrence went to work for other cattlemen. In those tough days his wife, Sarah, took in sewing to supplement the family's income. Lawrence rode his herd and did butchering for meat packing firms like Swift and Cudahy and for ranchers like Irlo Bronson, of Osceola County. Silas told the noted black author Zora Neale Hurston, who wrote a story about him for *The Saturday Evening Post:*

"It was sort of lucky for me when the Lykes Brothers took a liking to me. From that day on our friendship ain't ever changed. They was just plain Florida crackers with nothing but grit and git to start off with, but they ran the business into the millions…Now they own steamship lines, lumber and I don't know what all. We was friends when they was poor, and we're still friends now they are rich. None of them Lykes boys ain't changed a bit."

Soon Silas was running crews of eight to ten men for the big cattlemen, riding herd on as many as 12,000 cows on occasion. A man whose booming voice carried authority, he had little trouble supervising mixed crews of black and white riders. When Zora Neale Hurston asked how he managed to keep his men happy, he gave her an answer out of John Wayne's old West:

"Well, I try to deal fair and then a little more than fair with my men. When work is plentiful, I pay 'em what is right. When work is slack, if any of them come to me in need, I let 'em have the money. I eat what they eat. I sleep where they sleep. I don't ask a one of them to do nothing I wouldn't do ownself. And then I don't ever use my power of hiring and firing to beat no man out of his manhood."

"If one of my hands don't like what I got to say about his work, he can invite me out. I'll go out in the swamp with him and give him satisfaction. The rest of the crew can stand around and see fair fighting done. If he is a good cowhand and still wants to work for me after we settle our differences, it is all right with me. 'Course, no man ain't got no business running no cow crews

unless he can take care of himself."

"There ain't no servants in the cow business. Every cowhand figures himself a king."

Lawrence Silas, confident to the point of cockiness, lost very few of those fights. His nephew, Claude Woodruff, of Kissimmee, recalls him as a man who stood about five-eleven and in his prime weighed over 200 pounds.

Life on the range could be dangerous. Cowmen had to be alert to the threat of wolves, bears, snakes, rustlers and worst of all, cattle stampedes.

"There ain't no way to stop a stampeding herd," he said. "As long as the cattle were standing or moving about, maybe lowing, there ain't no danger of a stampede. But let 'em lie down and everything gets quiet, real quiet. If one heifer gets to her feet and sniffs the air, every other animal will get up. Now if just one animal breaks, you've got a stampede on your hands."

"Stampeding cows will run through a camp, run over you, run over your wagon, run over your horses and knock 'em down, run through a pole fence, breaking their legs and sometimes their necks. Run into a bog on top of one another and drown themselves. After the stampede, all you see in the bog are horns sticking out of the water and the mud, like a forest of dead tree branches. I've seen horses after a stampede, with all the hair worn off one side by cattle hooves."

In 1949, the Florida State Legislature voted that the time had come for the open range to give way to fencing. When Silas enclosed his herd at his Lazy S ranch, some 50 miles of fencing were needed for his Angus, Santa Gertrudis, Hereford and Brahmin cattle.

Silas was still an active cowman into his eighties. He died in 1974 at the age of 87, in Kissimmee, today the gateway to Walt Disney World; in the heyday of Tom and Lawrence Silas the capital of the Florida cow country.

Thelma Peters Fantastic Takes Sabbatical Journey in the Caribbean

Introduction by William M. Straight, M.D.

One of the keenest delights for serious students of history is the discovery of a manuscript by one who has personally experienced the events about which they write, and is able to describe it in an accurate, detailed fashion that seizes and holds the student's interest from beginning to end. Such a manuscript is the source of this book by Thelma Peters of ten months travel, through the Caribbean islands with a brief side trip to Caracas, Venezuela.

Thelma Peters, a teacher of Latin American History at Miami Edison High School, was given a small stipend and leave from the classroom to increase her knowledge of the Caribbean islands and thus to enliven her classroom teaching. In 1951-1952, she traveled (mostly alone) from island to island by local transportation, while visiting out of the way places. For the most part, she shunned the usual tourist attractions and often stayed in the homes of local residents. During this time, she kept a daily diary. From the diary, she shared her experiences with her students and forty years later wrote this book. When asked why she waited so long to write the book, she confided to Howard Kleinberg, a fellow Miami-Dade historian, "It would have been difficult to write it just after her journey because (on the trip) she had lived with some black families on the islands and it wouldn't have been widely accepted in that segregated era to write about such relationships."

Thelma Peters and horse Jocko.

As a keen observer of details, she describes the personalities, lifestyles, beliefs and prejudices of those with whom she came in contact. Her style of writing is engaging, vigorous and sometimes jarring to sensitive readers, but should be viewed in the context of the Caribbean local customs of fifty years ago rather than being edited to conform with today's predilections. In brief, this manuscript is an invaluable resource for serious students of Caribbean history and is written in an engaging style.

Thelma Peters (1905-1996) was born Thelma Peterson but became a Peters upon marriage to her high school sweetheart, T. J. Peters, Jr. With her family, she came to a twelve and one half acre, narrow strip of land along today's Southeast Second Avenue just across from the entrance to Barry University. She graduated from Miami High School (1922) and went on to Brenau College in Gainsville, Georgia. She later earned her M.A. degree from Duke University and a Ph. D. in American history at the University of Florida. In 1926 she began teaching at the William Jennings Bryan Junior High School and in 1930 moved to the Miami Edison High School where she taught psychology, geography, English and history during her twenty-seven years tenure. She also taught a year at the University of Miami and was the first chairwoman of the social studies department at the Miami-Dade Community College.

She had boundless energy and radiated infectious enthusiasm, particularly for Miami-Dade County history. We are indebted to her for collecting and preserving much of what we know of life in early Miami-Dade County. Her publications include four books: *Lemon City, Pioneering on Biscayne Bay*, 1850-1925; *Biscayne Country*, 1850-1926; Miami 1909; and a novel, set in the Bahamas, *The Cove of the Silver Fish.*

Following is chapter 9 from Thelma Peter's book, *Fantastic Journey.* The chapter details her stay in Haiti.

Chapter 9
Haiti

There was pale light from the porthole when her voice came up from down under, "In a garden I'd know. In a spy thriller I'd know."

"Good morning, Mary. (Mary Lott, a friend of Thelma's mother, had travelled with Thelma to Great Inagua and was continuing on the journey to Haiti). What on earth are you talking about?"

"The word 'mole.' What does it mean? He said we would be there at dawn."

"Well, we're into French now. It means a rocky breakwater. The St. Nicolas Mole is at the very northwest corner of Haiti. It is where we make a left turn into Haiti's big gulf and head southeast toward Port-au-Prince. Remind me to take the map to breakfast."

"Let's stay put awhile. It's only six thirty."

An hour later, our slept-in clothes straightened, shoes on, we went on deck to look at Haiti. It was a golden morning, the air soft, the sea calm, and we were under escort of some noisy gulls hoping for a garbage toss. I knew we had passed the mole and were "inside," for we were paralleling a picturesque shore and not far out, either. As it happened, we were having a preview of the whole day, which would prove as unexpected and memorable as had been the sweet music of the night before.

After breakfast Mary and I found a place to sit on deck, she with a book, and I with my drawn work. The *Wissama* had no chairs so we settled for a bench on the bridge deck, in the shade of the wheel house, not really comfortable, but the view was good. In fact it was so good that we did little besides enjoy the panorama: little seaside villages, stilted old docks, drying nets, cane fields and ox carts, boats with square sails that looked like kites — all of it set off with greenery against a backdrop of lavender mountains.

Once the captain pointed out a curl of smoke and said it indicated a charcoal pit. He said charcoal was used everywhere for cooking and he feared all of Haiti's fine forests would end up in the charcoal pit. When we passed the sizable town of St. Marc he showed us where we were on the map.

We ate lunch and dinner with the three white officers, Captain Albury, and the two engineers, both of whom were named Newbold, and all three of whom were from Spanish Wells. The captain explained to us that we'd reach Port-au-Prince too late to clear customs, so would have to spend the night on board.

It was already twilight when we first glimpsed the lights of Port-au-Prince, and we proceeded slowly for almost another hour before dropping anchor. It was delightful on deck, the lights festooning the harbor and twinkling on the mountains, and, close by, the ringing of a church bell.

Mary and I went early to bed but when I heard Mr. Duncanson tuning his violin, I was out in the areaway again. It was a relaxed time for the crew. Mr. Duncanson played several songs and then I put my hands out for the violin, sat on the bench and played "Finlandia," which I felt I could remember, though I had scarcely played my violin in recent years. If I slipped on a note or two my audience was not critical. The crew seemed surprised and smiled and nodded when I had finished. I noticed the captain standing in the shadows watching me. I was enjoying myself, but I didn't want to be a show-off, so I told them good night and went back to the cabin.

Because it was stuffy in the cabin, I tied the porthole open with my scarf and we left the door open. For a time we could hear the men playing cards at a table about twenty feet away but they were quiet and by eleven all lights were out. Not that Mary and I had a good night. There was a good deal of roll to the boat and the sound from overhead was like the breaking up of wooden crates. But we did not get seasick.

We were out early the next morning, watching the semicircular city come on stage as the fog lifted. By the time we had finished breakfast the *Wissama* had been moved and tied to a dock. Soon the customs agent came aboard and took his seat at the dining table where at once he was served coffee and a sweet roll, obviously a part of protocol. He was black, good-natured, regarded Mary and me with some curiosity, and, when he had finished his coffee, stamped our passports.

One of the crew carried our luggage, but Captain Albury himself went with us along the dock to the street to make sure we found a cab. We tried to thank him for indeed he had been most considerate and kind, but he shrugged off our words. Still, from his boyish grin, I thought he was pleased.

"Mon Reve," I told the cab driver and he nodded. Almost at once we were caught up in the cacophony of car horns and bicycle bells and the press and

excitement of a city with a population greater than that of all of the Bahama Islands put together.

Several of the Americans we met in Inagua had been to Port-au-Prince and some had also been to the Citadel, and the advice they gave us was not only helpful, it was reassuring. Mon Reve was their favorite hotel. They said it had once been an elegant private mansion and a lot of the elegance remained. Mary and I loved it the moment we saw it — the gables and gingerbread, the squared center tower that rose three stories, the substantial iron and stone fence that separated it from the street, and the charming garden to one side. We told the cabbie to wait.

Mon Reve was run by a middle-aged couple, he British, she American, the Joel Renters. Mrs. Renter welcomed us, said she remembered the Ericksons very well, and showed us a large room on the second floor front which had the lattice-trimmed balcony we had observed from the street. It had two double beds, each under mosquito netting, and was light and airy. The price was five dollars a day each, and that included meals. Mary and I exchanged glances and we said we would take it. I ran downstairs for our luggage and to pay the cabbie.

When our luggage had been brought up and Mary and I were alone, I gave her a hug. She seemed pleased, too. "We've lucked in again," I said. "Mon Reve, My Dream."

"Our friends in Miami won't believe it," she said.

The location was good, too, opposite the Champ de Mars, the large park and parade ground near the impressive presidential palace. Even as we shook out and hung up our clothes the army was drilling not two hundred feet beyond our balcony.

As we became better acquainted with the house we realized that it had neither screens nor glass. Openings had French doors, some solid wood, some with built-in louvers for ventilation, and most doors seemed to be always open. Meals were served either in the garden or on the open porch. We had certainly arrived at the Land Beyond Winter.

As for the servants at Mon Reve, we soon found all were French speaking and all were black.

We asked for an early lunch and ate in the garden, much of which was neatly paved in a repeating design of bricks and small stones. Several huge trees grew out of old flower beds — mangoes, star apples, Spanish limes. The tree shading our table — and Mary was excited about this — was breadfruit. It not only had large, many-lobed leaves, but bore a round, segmented fruit, an important food in the Caribbean.

All about us was beauty. Overhead was a flawless blue sky, and beyond the Champ arose a green mountain. Little breezes caressed our bare arms and there was not one mosquito. Perhaps they came only at night. It was easy to see why the Americans of the salt company enjoyed coming to Haiti — it was in such contrast to their flat island with its stunted vegetation.

As we ate we got our ducks in a row. It was December 12, and time was running out. My priority was to climb the Citadel, Mary's went beyond the Citadel to a sure way to get home. So after lunch we walked to town, less than a mile, impossible to get lost as long as we went down, not up, and kept the twin towers of the Cathedral in sight.

Captain Albury had told us to see Mr. Roy in a steamship office near the Cathedral if we wanted to go home by ship. We found him without trouble and learned that a passenger ship under the register of the Dominican Republic would stop in Port-au-Prince on the eighteenth and arrive in Miami on the twenty-first. Perfect! There were no outside double cabins available, but Mr. Roy could give us two singles for the same price — $80. We got out our money.

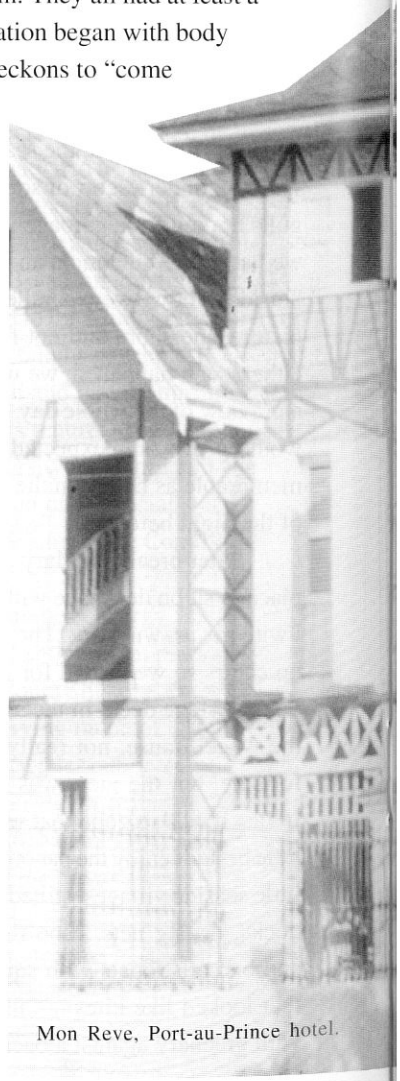
Next we went to the airline office and bought roundtrip tickets to Cape Haitien, to go on the fifteenth, return on the eighteenth, price $16. Now that it was all laid out for us I was greatly relieved. We headed for the Iron Market, the beehive of Port-au-Prince and one of the greatest bazaars of the Caribbean.

And we were adjusting to a black world. In Inagua the blacks greatly outnumbered the whites, but here everyone was black. When we saw a white face it was like coming upon Dr. Livingstone in Darkest Africa.

Our fears that we would not be able to communicate with the market vendors were largely in vain. They all had at least a smattering of English. But communication began with body language — smiles and ingratiating beckons to "come closer, come see."

The older adults in the market had been exposed to nineteen years of Americanization, which probably accounted for their English and their canny appreciation of American currency. In 1915, the government of Haiti had broken down so completely and the economy was in such disarray that the United States sent in the Navy and the Marines to straighten the country out. Call it Big Stick or Good Neighbor, the effort worked, though not all American lessons in democracy and fiscal responsibility endured. Some permanent improvements from the Occupation came in the form of better roads, hospitals and schools.

The Iron Market, identified by its lacy iron towers, was two square blocks under roof — that was the nucleus. An impromptu market, booths, carts, even displays on the ground, spread



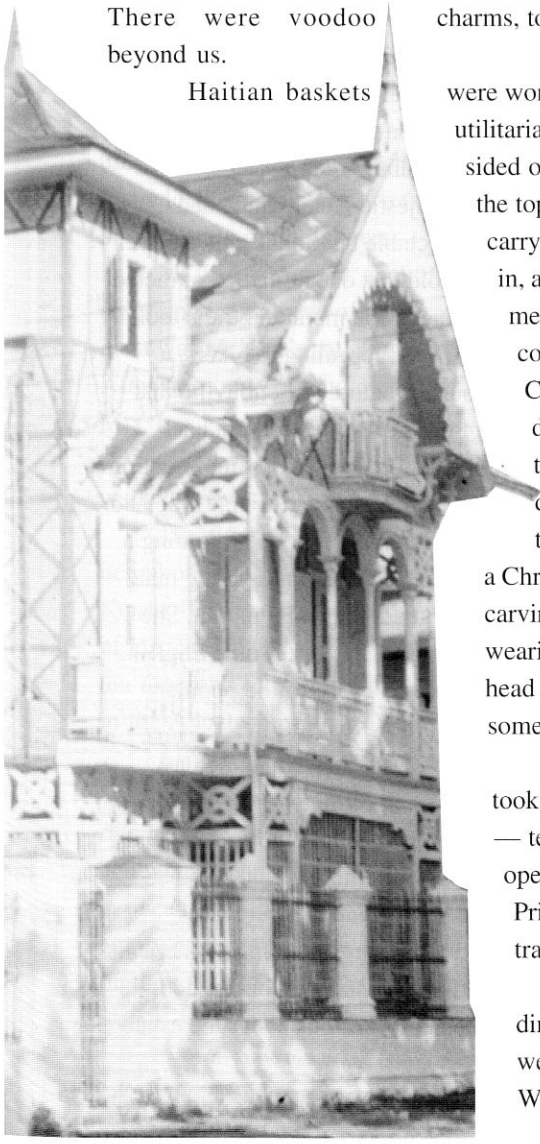
Mon Reve, Port-au-Prince hotel.

out into the streets around the market building.

Inside or outside, everything essential to life in Haiti was for sale: fruits, vegetables, candles and charcoal, plucked chickens hanging by their feet, pigs squealing in pens, hardware, new and old, old bottles, even feed and flour sacks, some of which, already made into blouses, still bore labels such as Full O' Pep. We saw piles of sandals and shoes made from tire casings. One booth had imports from Japan — cheap celluloid dolls, combs, firecrackers and sparklers.

Then there was all the food vending — cooking going on over charcoal fires — stews, soups, plantains frying, sausage sizzling, coffee boiling — all of it along with the smoke and the steam making a rather nice blend of odors.

Mary, who had been married to a medical doctor for forty years, and was into tropical botany, was captivated by bush medicine. She could identify many leaves, roots and seeds. She asked a vendor what breadfruit leaves were used for, and the woman clasped her head and groaned. There were green papayas which had been scored so that they were oozing a white goo. The woman told us that the white goo was for indigestion — at least we thought so — she laughed and rubbed her stomach. There were voodoo charms, too, but that was quite beyond us.



Haitian baskets were wonderfully sturdy and utilitarian. I bought a straight-sided one with a handle across the top, to take to Petie to carry her garden tools around in, and for me to use in the meantime for souvenirs I could not resist. I bought Christmas cards, all hand done, no two alike, for ten cents each; small dolls made of corn husks that would look cute on a Christmas tree, two wood carvings, and a rag doll wearing a tray of fruit on her head and looking just like some of the market vendors.

When we were tired we took a cab back to Mon Reve — ten cents each. This opened our eyes to Port-au-Prince's wonderful transportation system.

That evening at dinner on the open porch we met the other diners. With two of them we talked at length — both seemed to be rather permanent residents of Mon Reve. One was Mr. Bickham, a black about thirty-five, very smooth, well-educated, bilingual, and from New Orleans. He represented the United Nations as an adviser to the Haitian government. The other was Miss Hall, a come-hithery girl from England, who worked at a downtown office. We were not long in finding out that Miss Hall was dating Mr. Bickham. The other three diners seemed to be commercial travelers. Mrs. Renter said that at the moment there were few American tourists in Port-au-Prince, the season was too new.

As for food at Mon Reve, there was always plenty, though sometimes too overpowered with garlic for my taste. There was fish or mutton, beans almost every meal, rice ditto, very tasteless chayote, slices of avocado, and my first breadfruit, truly a vegetable, for it was something like mashed potatoes and squash combined. One dessert we liked was soursop ice cream. And one evening the cook really outdid herself — the dessert was a chocolate eclair, frosted white all over, decorated as a white rat, peanuts for ears, eyes and mouth done in chocolate, and with a curved tail made from a strip of orange peel dipped in chocolate. The French have a flair — even Haitian-born French.

The first morning at Mon Reve we were awakened by the staccato sound of hooves beneath our balcony, and I threw back the mosquito netting and peeked out the open doors — a boy was driving a small herd of sheep toward town and it wasn't even sunup. This was the beginning of a fascinating parade of country people coming down from the hills. One man balanced a pyramid of nested baskets, another had a dozen stalks of sugarcane over his shoulder, a third was draped with live chickens. Donkeys bore sacks of charcoal or bunches of bananas. Women in full skirts, peasant blouses and bandanas, carried trays on their heads — trays of fruit, or eggs, or — in one case — heavy china cups and a coffee pot. The chitchat of the women floated up to us in a singsong lilt.

And we learned that not all were headed to market. Some were door-to-door peddlers. The milk woman was one of these. She rode a small donkey, sitting well behind the panniers which held large cans of milk. She had an improvised dipper — a tin can on the end of a stick, would stop at a house, ring her bell, measure out milk to order in a container furnished by the housewife, and never leave her seat.

That morning Mary and I again walked to town and found new areas to explore. We came upon the several cockpits near the harbor, small arenas marked off by crude planks, where cocks were fought — the passion of boys and men. We had read that sometimes steel spurs were placed on a cock and that he would fight to the death. There was no fight in progress and we were glad — it seemed too repugnant to even think about.

And we were finding the ugly side of Port-au-Prince, the slum areas. On one almost naked hillside the little shacks rose one above the other like piles of tinker toys and one could

imagine in an earthquake that all would come tumbling down. And we were seeing people in rags and young boys completely nude. I told Mary that in rural Cuba we had seen many pantless boys, but they always had shirts that came at least to the belly button.

Eventually we came to the cemetery. The old part of it had some impressive monuments, marble slabs, marble angels, large stone crosses. But we walked on to acres of wooden crosses on untidy rough ground where a man was digging a grave. As we were leaving through the main gate a young man passed us bearing a two-foot black box on his shoulder — one man, one coffin. We watched him move toward the new grave.

In my notebook December 13 is this record:

New to life and finding death
But a small hour older,
Father, gently bear the box
On your drooping shoulder.
Fold away the warming earth,
Drop a flower, a tear,
Two eternal mysteries
Lie forever here.

That same afternoon we went to Petionville when we found that the limousine service passed the Mon Reve and the price was only ten cents each way. Petionville was several hundred feet above the level of Port-au-Prince, spread over the crests of the nearer mountains, a residential, not a commercial area. Here were some of the better tourist hotels, as well as the estates of some of the wealthiest Haitians. Petionville had also been the preferred place of residence for the Americans in Haiti during the Occupation.

Almost at once after we left the Champ our road began to climb and it suddenly became a Christmas delight — on each side was a continuous planting of fine large red poinsettias in their full glory. Mary almost swooned. "Gorgeous!" she cried. "I must tell my garden club about this. We could have the same thing in Miami."

This was Mary? Clearly her days of mourning were beginning to pass and she was feeling better.

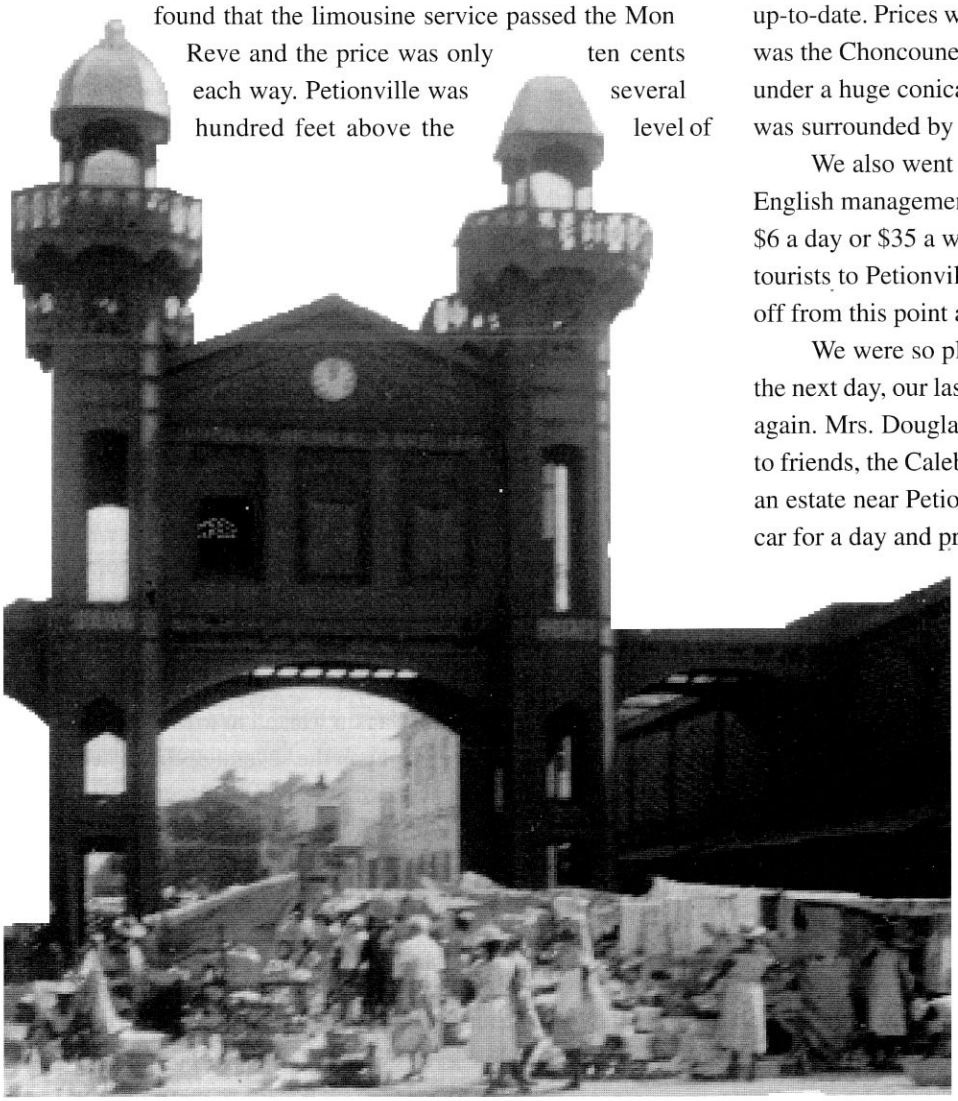
We walked through the beautiful park of Petionville, a park with tall Italian cypress, pink and purple bougainvillea, oleanders, allemandas, and precisely trimmed Australian pines, all of it overlooking the city and port far below. Mary was so taken with the beauty around us and the perfect climate that she wanted to visit a hotel to get prices, said she might like to bring her sister, who lived in California, here for a visit.

First we visited the Choncoune Hotel which was very modern — we were even shown the kitchen and thought it quite up-to-date. Prices were $10 a day or $56 a week. Next to the hotel was the Choncoune Night Club with very Haitian decor — it was under a huge conical thatched roof, and the circular dance floor was surrounded by a raised circle of dining tables.

We also went to the nearby Majestic Hotel which had English management, equally respectable but not as glitzy, prices $6 a day or $35 a week. We were told that one thing that attracted tourists to Petionville was that some of the mountain trails took off from this point and these were very appealing to hikers.

We were so pleased with our adventure to Petionville that the next day, our last full day in Port-au-Prince, we went back again. Mrs. Douglas Erickson had given us a note of introduction to friends, the Caleb Elliotts, an elderly American couple who had an estate near Petionville. We asked Mrs. Renter about renting a car for a day and presto, in five minutes there was a young man out front in a middle-aged Plymouth. She called him Bo, said he spoke some English, and suggested we go on to the popular mountain resort of Kenscoff.

We started out as we had the day before, up the poinsettia road. Bo knew exactly where to find the Elliott estate. Only Mr. Elliott was at home, a genial man, probably in his seventies, who was unflapped by having two strange American women arrive unannounced on his doorstep. He began to walk us about the estate



The iron market in Port-au-Prince.

and almost at once he and Mary had established such a rapport over orchids that I became a tagalong. There were orchids hanging in trees, orchids on the three open porches, and then the orchid house, where Mr. Elliott and Mary got so deep into cross-pollination that I wandered off to see the badminton court.

But it was not all orchids. He showed us a swimming pool that had been built more than a century ago when this was a French estate: round, nineteen feet in diameter and seven feet deep. He also walked us across the grounds to the stone balustrade which protected the drop-off end and we had a dazzling view of the city.

But our driver was waiting. Now we headed much higher into the mountains. I kept thinking of western North Carolina and Mary kept identifying tropical trees. Up and up we went, into crisper air, into forests of pine. Kenscoff was at five thousand feet, with many small hotels and summer cabins, and a few fine estates. It was an up-and-down town with scarcely enough flat ground for the native market. We asked to be taken to the Chatelet des Fleurs which we had heard about. It was a small hotel, built of limestone, with some scattered cottages within the terraced grounds.

We went in and met Mr. And Mrs. Lee, who not only ran the hotel, but had a flower export business. Kenscoff was famous for flowers. The red soil and frequent cloud cover seemed to make this an ideal place for roses, gladioluses, snap dragons, delphiniums, carnations and many other kinds of flowers. There were many local growers of flowers, the Lees coordinated the marketing and shipping of the flowers.

Mr. Lee walked us about the grounds. We saw glorious roses and bright beds of gerberas, but the thing that surprised me most was Mr. Lee's small orchard, peach trees about to bloom. After our tour we bought postcards in the hotel gift shop and Mrs. Lee gave us a small bunch of violets.

"I'd love to spend a week here," I said to Mary, as we walked to the car. "Some day, some day."

The zigzag boundary which separated Haiti from its larger neighbor, the Dominican Republic, was about forty miles east of Kenscoff, in even higher mountains. In fact, the Cordillera Central of Hispaniola had the highest elevation in the West Indies, over ten thousand feet, considerably higher than any elevation in the Appalachians.

As we continued our drive, Bo told us that one time when he was hiking down the trail from Kenscoff it began to rain and he got under a tree. Suddenly about a dozen girls and women came down the trail and got under his tree and at once took off their dresses and put them in two large empty gasoline tins they were carrying. He said they were on their way to a party and did not want to get their dresses wet.

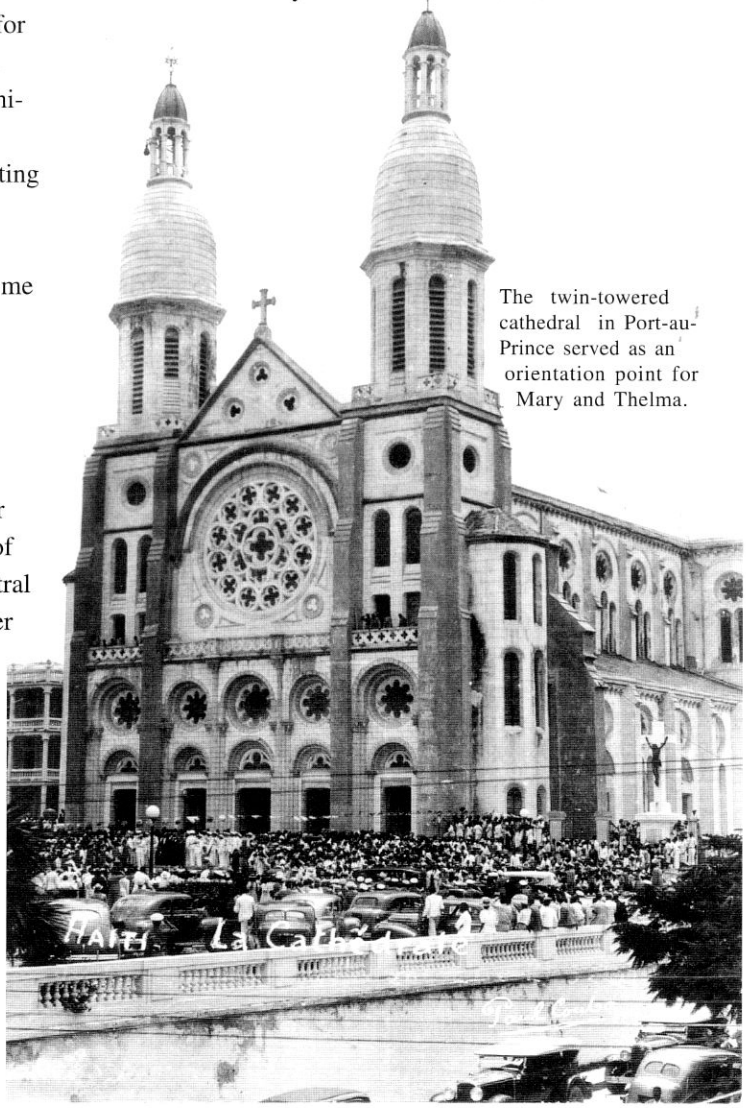
"Were they naked?" Mary asked.

"Oui, Madame." He was laughing as he remembered.

In our drive through the country we were seeing good examples of an indigenous Haitian architecture — wattle and daub. House walls were formed by weaving vines, twigs or roots into upright poles much like weaving a basket. Then into the wattle was worked several inches of mud or plaster — the daub. When the daub had dried it was painted, usually a bright color. The better houses had two rooms, three or four windows and one door — no glass or screens, only shutters. Roofs were thatch or corrugated iron. These wattle and daub houses were quite superior to the many one-room, dirt floor, palm thatched hovels we saw. Paint one yellow or blue, sweep the ground around it clean, add a mango tree and a few banana plants, one goat, one sooty-black wash tub, a couple of naked toddlers and that was the picture we were getting time and again on this beautiful sunny day.

Back at Mon Reve we decided Bo had made the grade as a driver and we asked him to come the next morning and take us to the airport.

As we paid our bill the next morning, Mrs. Renter offered to keep some of our stuff for us until we returned, and we were glad to leave behind our collection of souvenirs and my typewriter. We were ready when Bo arrived.



The twin-towered cathedral in Port-au-Prince served as an orientation point for Mary and Thelma.

As we waited at the shed-like airport where a few people were beginning to gather, Mary asked me why going to the Citadel was so important to me. What a question! After Saba, the Citadel was my most compelling goal.

So I told her that in my Latin American history classes we studied about Henri Christophe who had been one of the world's cruelest dictators, and that the fortress he built, the Citadel, was sometimes called the Eighth Wonder of the World. I patted her arm and told her sweetly that it was wonderful for her to want to share this trip with me. She looked like she needed a little assurance, for our plane was bouncing its way across the field toward us.

Christophe, a former slave, had become a general during the revolution by which Haiti broke free from France. Two years later, 1806, he was elected president of the Republic of Haiti. But with his meteoric rise had come an insatiable thirst for power and a rich life style. His support came from former slaves, the Blacks; his opponents were mulattoes, the Browns. During the days of the French plantation system in Haiti it was common for white masters to have black mistresses, thus spawning a large mulatto class. Some of these, like Alexander Petion, were educated in France and had their careers advanced by their white relatives. Petion, a gentle, poetic man, could have passed for white.

Every mulatto felt superior to any black. Petion unified the mulattoes and gained control of Port-au-Prince and the south of Haiti. Christophe could not break Petion's hold so he withdrew to the north and consolidated his power around Cap Haitien. In 1811, he proclaimed himself King Henri I and created a comic-opera nobility which included the Lord of Lemonade and the Lord of Marmalade. He built for himself a fine palace, San Souci, at Milhot, a few miles from the sea.

But Christophe's greatest achievement was to build La Citadelle, his fortress atop a mountain near San Souci. The cost was high in lives lost and impoverishment of the people. His bestiality and extravagance not only made history but inspired the American playwright, Eugene O'Neill, to write his famous play, *The Emperor Jones.*

The plane held twenty-eight but it was only half full. The black pilot helped with the loading and we were soon off and climbing. The time to Cap Haitien was forty minutes, over mountains, some a mile high, all the way. We took a cab in from the airport and found Cap Haitien a much larger city than we had expected. It was wedged between a mountain on the west and the harbor on the east and had been forced to grow lengthwise. Again we relied on Erickson advice and went to the Martin Pension. It was on a downtown street where most of the buildings were two-storied, with galleries overlooking the street.

We had been given a thumbnail sketch of the Martins: a mulatto couple in their middle years, proud of their French ancestry, who sometimes went to France to visit relatives. Mr. Martin headed the vocational school in Cap Haitien, had once attended Columbia University. Mrs. Martin, Suzanne, ran the pension.

It was early afternoon and the maid, who answered our knock, took us into a large and plain room which obviously served as dining room and lounge. Mrs. Martin soon came and introduced herself. She was sprightly and outgoing, could have passed for white, spoke English haltingly. She said she liked knowing Americans, that she had been to our Johns Hopkins

Christophe's tomb and the never completed palace.

Hospital a few months before and they had restored her health. She spoke fondly of the Ericksons. We told her we needed a double room for three nights.

"Come," she said, and we began to learn the eccentricities of a very strange house. It could only have evolved over time, for there were split levels, dark corridors, half-flights, and a large, open-sided porch that seemed cantilevered on. The first thing we noticed about "our room" was that the partitions stopped eighteen inches short of the ceiling. Its furnishings consisted of two cots, a washstand with old-fashioned pitcher and basin, one chamber pot, one naked light bulb, several wall hooks, not a single chair.

Then Mrs. Martin again said, "Come," and we followed her down some steps and along a passageway to a door at the rear of the house which opened onto a brick-floored patio, where the wooden chairs in the shade of a genip tree made a rather charming spot. But she was indicating the outhouse at the far side of the walled enclosure and showed us the light switch at our elbow by which we could turn on the light before proceeding, so that we could better see our way, and would we please always remember to turn it off when we came back in? I saw dismay on Mary's face but she said nothing. We were here and here would be.

The outhouse was not exactly like the one I had known as a child. This one sat atop one of the open ditches which made the sewer network for the city, collecting and guiding all waste into the bay. The next day we saw how smaller ditches emptied into larger ditches, and that what seemed to make the system work was a sufficient flow of water. We crossed some of the ditches on little bridges, and encountered the sewer sweep who patrolled the ditches with a large brush broom to break up any clogging.

To contribute to the necessary flow of water the Martin Pension hired a boy — the son of one of the maids and about eleven — to stay near the outhouse, where his chore was to toss a couple of pails of water into the ditch after each use of the outhouse. Besides the three servants, the five regular boarders, the Martins and ourselves, the boy had quite a lot of toilet habits to keep up with. Mary and I called him — behind his back — the Royal Flush.

That evening the dining room came alive — not only did we meet the regular boarders, three blacks and two mulattoes, who made their home at the pension and had jobs in town, but several others who came in only for the night meal. But the most interesting person was Mr. Martin — tall, personable, well-dressed, excellent English. As Mary and I were finishing dessert he joined us at our table and said that he had recently been in Miami to see the Hill Brothers, and asked if we knew them.

"I believe they are coffee dealers," I said.

"Yes. Coffee. Coffee is big business around here. And we enjoyed Miami. Mrs. Martin and I stayed at the Saxony Hotel on Miami Beach."

I hope I concealed my surprise. I did a quick double take. Of course, his touch of color was easily interpreted as a Miami Beach suntan.

He said Suzanne had told him I was a schoolteacher in Miami so I told him about my sabbatical, that I taught Latin American History and was trying to learn more about my subject. Then he asked if my school had vocational classes and I told him about Miami Edison's boat building class and all the activities at the school farm. He said he was having quite a success with auto mechanics and office management, as well as with agriculture.

Then I asked him the important question, how should we go about arranging our trip to the Citadel. He absolutely beamed. "I'll get in touch with Gabby first thing in the morning," he said. "He is the best. He will arrange everything."

"Everything that happened the next day had a touch of magic."

My anxieties over the trip were relieved. People really are wonderful. Later Mary opined that as foreign women we were sitting ducks.

"Maybe so, Mary. But we have to trust," I said. In my mind I knew Mary could be right.

Before retiring Mary and I made a trip out back past the genip tree, and we remembered to turn off the light. When our own light was out and we were quiet, I listened to the sounds in this odd up-and-down, half-shut, half-open house, where little puffs of soft air drifted over the partition and down on me. It was all really strange that I was here at all, among people of another race and language. Then I amused myself by remembering some of the toilets I had utilized since leaving home. I must have, for entered in my diary for December 15 is the following verse:

In travel, I can see,
There are many kinds of plumbery,
Two things I ask, else I blush,
That you're private, that you flush.

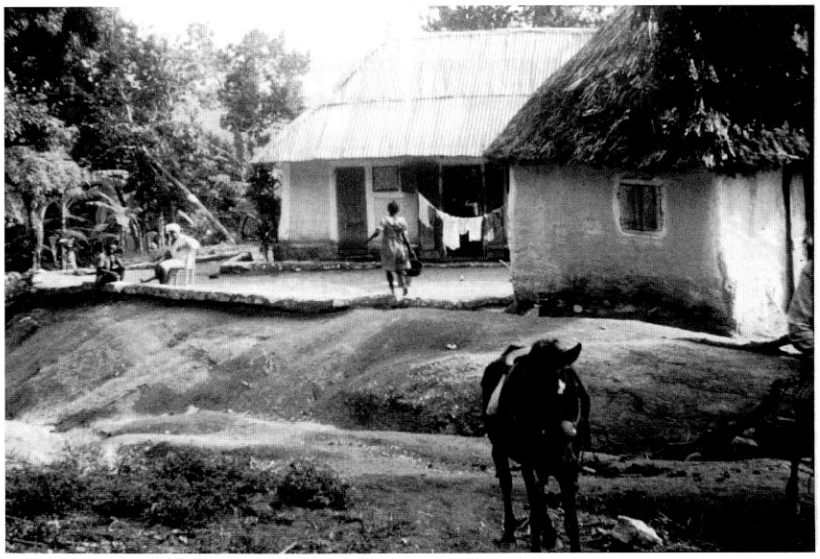
Everything that happened the next day had a touch of magic. We awakened to the delightful odor of fresh bread coming from the bakery across the narrow street. The smell floated in through the always-open doors into a house with little glass and no screens and where wide overhangs were expected to take care of rain. Haiti has no winter, but occasional firecrackers in the street proclaimed the Christmas season.

Midmorning Gabby came and we settled on our trip to the Citadel. He was black, skinny, fortyish, glib, and seemed proud that he had been mentioned in a travel book by Sydney Clark. The way he laid the trip out for us was reassuring, at least to me. And the price, less than twenty dollars each, seemed fair.

Mrs. Martin, who had noticed my drawn work, showed us a linen dress in which lacy drawn work ornamented the blouse. I loved it! She told us where there was a shop that sold imported linen and off we went, Mary and I. We found linen yard goods, 108 inches wide, in delectable colors, and I bought a yard and a quarter, all I would need for a dress, and paid $6.50. I planned to make it like Mrs. Martin's so I carefully sketched out the drawn work, and the style of the dress.

Then there was the wedding. How often do traveling Americans in Haiti actually get to a big wedding? Mrs. Martin insisted that we attend, that one and all were welcome at the church, and the bride was one of their good friends.

After the mountain on the west had laid a benevolent shadow over the city, Mary and I started out to walk to the church, a pleasant time to be out and about. The Catholic Church, Cap Haitien's largest, was beginning to fill. We went in and found seats somewhat away from the central aisle. The interior was not as richly ornamented as the cathedral in Port-au-Prince, but the white walls and high blue ceiling were very pleasant.



Jocko resting along the trail to the Citadel.

At six the choir began to sing and between songs the organ played "Traumeri" and "Humoresque", two of my favorites. Almost everyone was black and women outnumbered men. The women looked very neat in nice dresses and store-bought hats. At six twenty the bell began ringing and simultaneously the organ played the wedding march. Three robed priests, two altar boys, and about seventy guests came down the central aisle to front seats. Among them were the Martins, he in a white dinner jacket and black tie, she in a semi-evening dress. Several in the party seemed quite light-skinned.

Then came the bride, so petite that we could only see the bobbing of her veiled head, for everyone now stood up and crowded the aisle and we were just not pushy enough. To our amazement, some even stood on the pews. But we saw her at the altar and she was very light, and the groom a cafe au lait. Following the ceremony there were photographs and no formal recessional. The bells began a joyous ringing and we surged out into the streets with the others to watch the line of cars receive the wedding party and drive off to a reception.

It took some doing but we were ready — hats, camera, bag lunches — when the car came at seven thirty the next morning, Gabby on the front seat with the driver. I was excited, Mary a bit grim but hanging in. D-day had arrived.

It was a sweet Sunday morning and already there were church goers on the street, mostly women and girls. I thought how neat they looked, when I knew that many must have come from homes so pathetically shabby and overcrowded.

We headed south past the sisal factory and through miles of sisal fields until we came to the town of Milhot — at the edge of the mountains — a mostly wattle and daub town beside a stream, but with one large domed church.

We were taken to the police station to register. But was it really to register? The police sergeant seemed to have the horse concession, the horse barn next to the police station. There were six or eight horses waiting and twice as many "hopeful" boys eager to be hired. Gabby selected three horses and chose Luis to be our horse beater. I asked him what a horse beater was for, did he really beat horses? He said, "Yes, horses expect to be beaten, but the beater does more, he looks out for the horses." Still another person, a teenager, was allowed to join our party — the Coca Cola entrepreneur, who was willing to walk three miles up a mountain on the expectation that we would buy his bottles when we got to the top. So we started out, five people, three horses. Sometimes Gabby rode the third horse, sometimes Luis led him along while Gabby walked beside Mary or me.

My mount was Jocko, small, mangy, unshod, underfed. I stroked his neck and talked softly to him, hoping he would sense I had a long acquaintanceship with horses.

As we were leaving the town we passed along in front of Christophe's palace, San Souci, a magnificent ruin. It had been damaged in an earthquake in 1842 but the stately entrance steps and much of the center part of the building was still rather intact, that is, it was like a stone carcass plucked of its meat.

We soon began the climb along what Gabby said was a recently built jeep track. It seemed to be too good to be true and it was — it ended in less than half a mile and we were into the old,

badly eroded trail. And I began to appreciate Jocko: a more faithful animal never lived. Carefully he calculated the hard places — I fancied I could see his mind at work — then he moved slowly and carefully, slipping, sliding, into mud a foot deep, over loose and rolling stones, around boulders as large as a house, but never down all four feet at once. I could only sit tight, admire and encourage, and I dared any other horse to beat Jocko.

We were always in the woods — but not just wild woods — a mixture of fruit trees — guavas, bananas, oranges, mangoes — with an under layer of coffee bushes, and over all, huge banyans, and oak trees laden with air plants, ferns and moss, veritable overhead gardens.

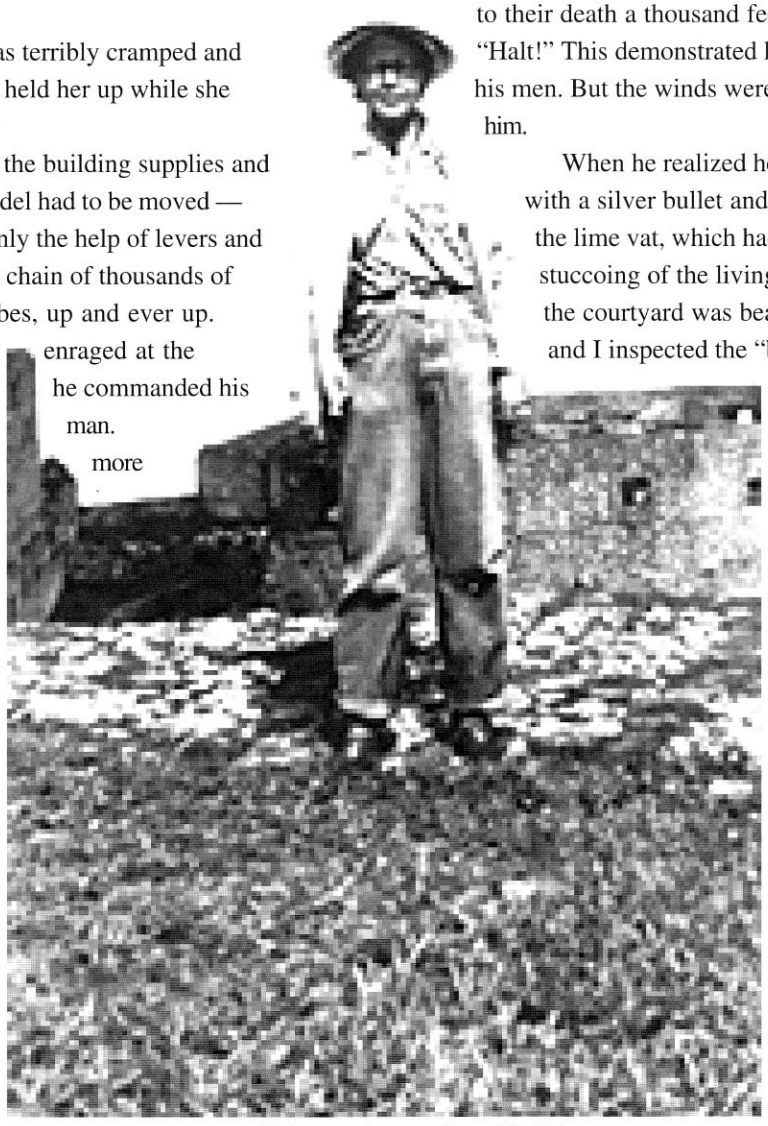
We passed several clusters of farm buildings. At one wattle and daub there were a couple of bushels of coffee berries spread out to dry on a flat place in front of the house, and a hen seemed to be doing yeoman duty, for she was scratching among the berries, keeping them turning.

Farther along we saw a man and woman crouched in front of their shack, she washing his head. The bucket of water she was using had leaves floating in it. Were the leaves a "cure" or a voodoo charm?

Once Mary said she was terribly cramped and Gabby helped her down and held her up while she walked and stretched a bit.

It was up this trail that the building supplies and all the armament for the Citadel had to be moved — moved by manpower with only the help of levers and rollers. One could imagine a chain of thousands of ants passing along sugar cubes, up and ever up. When Christophe became enraged at the slowness of the "ant chain" he commanded his soldiers to kill every tenth man. Presumably this evoked more energy. But there were many other deaths — from heart attacks, falls, and from being crushed. The price of the Eighth Wonder of the World was high.

Our first view of the Citadel came as we looked straight up the trail and saw what looked like the stone bow of a ship. We had gotten beyond big trees, the vegetation was lower here, and the flank of the mountain very close on our right.



Thelma at the top of the Citadel

Then we came out on a wide terrace at the base of the overpowering stone wall. Several horses were tied there in the care of their beaters and Luis and our horses joined them. We walked a ramp to the one door, passed through it onto a drawbridge, through a second door and we were inside the Citadel, which rose tier on tier of rooms about a large courtyard. Many of those rooms had no flooring, mere wrecks of what they had been when, Gabby assured us, there had been room for ten thousand soldiers in this fortress. At the outer edge of the fortress were the catch basins for rainwater. We were also shown the remains of an ingenuous system of ventilation.

The Citadel was never quite completed. Within the courtyard, a building had been under construction — a three-story living accommodation for Christophe and his family in case they had to make a last stand. It was still uncompleted.

Christophe liked to personally drill his troops on the broad flats of the parapet. One day, when he had a visiting dignitary whom he wished to impress, he gave a "forward march" to his soldiers and let several files go over the edge to their death a thousand feet below before he said, "Halt!" This demonstrated his power and the discipline of his men. But the winds were beginning to blow against him.

When he realized he was doomed he shot himself with a silver bullet and attendants threw his body in the lime vat, which had been made ready for the stuccoing of the living quarters. Now that area of the courtyard was beautiful with red hibiscus. Mary and I inspected the "blob" — the old lime vat that had hardened into a ten-foot long white rock, with all that was left of the bestial Christophe somewhere within. Mary snorted at me when I said, "So die all tyrants!"

Next to the blob was a neat tomb — Christophe's "tomb" so one did not have to think of him encased in the lime.

We saw some fine bronze cannons, green-patined, dating from the eighteenth century and many other cannons lying about unmounted. Cannon balls the size of bowling balls made a great pile in the

courtyard, and many more were in some of the rooms.

We saw another group of visitors wandering the vast ruins but did not meet up with them. We sat down on a wall to eat our lunch and yes, each of us had a bottle of Coca Cola from our little entrepreneur. When I gave him a dollar for our two bottles his eyes shone. An Englishman joined us on the wall and he also bought a cola. He was traveling the world alone, had simply hiked up the mountain on his own. We swapped him a banana for some chocolate.

The rain clouds were gathering and I hurried to take pictures so we could leave. Going down was harder than coming up, harder on the horses, harder on the riders. Mary and I both eventually took to our own legs in one of the steeper stretches and let Luis lead our mounts.

Still we got back safely, our car was waiting, our total expense little more than Gabby had said it would be — and that was only because we gave larger tips out of real gratitude for a wonderful experience, well carried out.

We were back in Cap Haitien by midafternoon. Mary roused out the cook and asked for a hot toddy. Since that was not something the cook understood Mary went in the kitchen and finally managed to get something the equivalent of a hot toddy, drank it and went to bed. Purring with a quiet satisfaction, I curled up in a chair on the open porch and wrote in my diary.

It was starting-home day: early breakfast, bill paid, tips all around, including the grinning Royal Flush, and sincere thanks to the Martins for their many kindnesses. Amazing how strong bonds can be formed in only three days!

With us in the taxi to the airport were three American men, cruising the islands in their own boat, now tied up in Cap Haitien, while they flew to Port-au-Prince. When we got to the airport we learned we were not going directly to the capital but in the opposite direction, to Port de Paix in northwest Haiti. That gave us plenty of over-mountain flying for our money. On the plane were Mr. and Mrs. Evans, he the Haitian consul in Jamaica, the Englishman we had met at the Citadel, and — two rows back and in the aisle — four half-grown turkeys in a basket-like pen, occasionally letting out some protesting cheeps.

Almost at once we were flying over the Citadel with excitement all around us as we talked about our trip of the day before. I took a straight down photo, hoping for the best.

By the time we landed in Port-au-Prince it was noon. We took a taxi to Mon Reve to pick up my typewriter and our baskets of souvenirs, then to the post office where there were letters from Tom and Petie, then to the rum factory so Mary could buy two fifths of rum for ten dollars, then to the steamship office to see how soon we could board our ship. Not for a couple of hours. So we dismissed our taxi, stacked our stuff in the steamship office, and went for a late lunch at the Creole Belle, an American-type soda fountain.

Then finally, finally, we boarded the *S.S.Nuevo Dominicano.*

The ship was not large but very well appointed. How next to heaven was single cabin # 42 when I closed the door about four thirty. I had the luxury of a hot bath, washed my hair, propped up in bed and read and re-read the letters from home. My very heartbeat seemed to be saying, "Going home! Going home!"

But when the dinner gong sounded I joined Mary and together we began to meet our fellow passengers. There were fewer than forty, most of them from Miami. We met a honeymoon couple from Miami Shores, Mr. and Mrs. Nelson, and in no time we were finding we had mutual friends.

The next morning early I walked the rain-soaked deck. We had rounded the mole, Cuba was on our left. I spent much of the day in the lounge working on my drawn work and chatting casually with one or another. Mary spent several hours in a canasta foursome.

That night was the dress up party. The honeymooners made a cute Lil Abner and Daisy Mae. There was one pirate, one Napoleon, one woman fruit vendor with a tray of dining room oranges on her head, and a few others in costumes. Mary and I had nothing to wear. In a way it was as though we felt forced to play at having fun.

On the main stair landing was a larger than life photograph of President Trujillo of the Dominican Republic. His country occupied most of Hispaniola, leaving the smaller portion to Haiti. An often contested boundary kept the two countries separated, the Spanish, the French. Christophe was a man of another century, Rafael Trujillo, already twenty years a brutal dictator, belonged to this century. Were they not both cut from the same cloth? To go to the Dominican Republic was like going behind the iron curtain. I resolved in the new year to do just that.

As the sun arose out of the Atlantic we steamed through Government Cut and into Biscayne Bay, the calm water flashing a thousand rainbows, Miami's famous skyline solid and welcoming. I knew Petie would be there waiting.

"As the sun arose out of the Atlantic we steamed through Government Cut and into Biscayne Bay, the calm water flashing a thousand rainbows, Miami's famous skyline solid and welcoming."

book review

STANDING AGAINST DRAGONS: Three Southern Lawyers in an Era of Fear by Sarah Hart Brown. Louisiana State University Press, 1998. 308 pages. $35.00

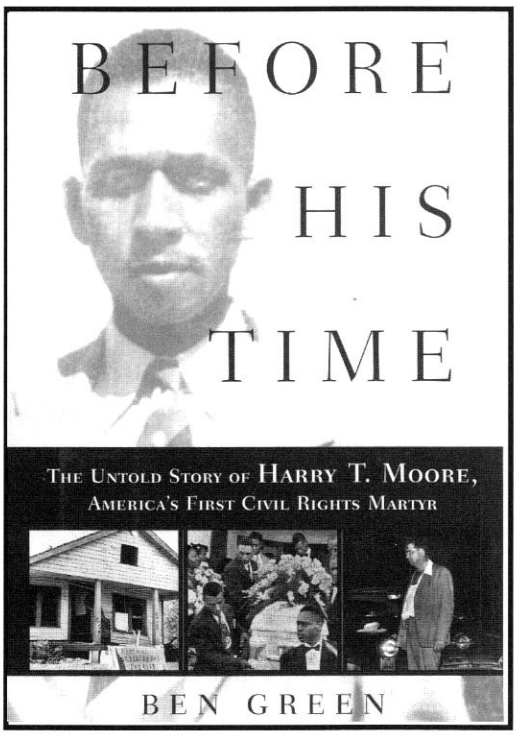
BEFORE HIS TIME: The Untold Story of Harry T. Moore, America's First Civil Rights Martyr by Ben Green. The Free Press, 1999. 310 pages. $25.00

Review by Stuart McIver

To this day, civil rights remains the most divisive issue tearing at the soul of the South. Two books by Florida writers bring to light interesting aspects of this continuing crisis.

In *Standing Against Dragons*, Sarah Hart Brown, assistant professor of history at Florida Atlantic University, examines the careers of three southern lawyers who fought for civil rights in the first two decades after the end of World War II. One of the three was John Moreno Coe, who practiced law in his home town of Pensacola and appeared on occasion in the courts in Miami. The others were Clifford Durr, of Montgomery, Alabama, and Benjamin Smith, of New Orleans.

Before His Time: The Untold Story of Harry T. Moore, America's First Civil Rights Martyr is Ben Green's contribution to southern civil rights literature. Green, a freelance journalist who serves also on the faculty at Florida State University, addresses the life and tragic death of Moore, who with wife Harriette was killed in a bomb explosion at their home in Mims, near Titusville, in 1951, long before the many civil rights killings that occurred in the 1960s.



Coe's roots trace far back into Florida history. His paternal great-grandfather served with Andrew Jackson at the Battle of New Orleans and President John Quincy Adams appointed his maternal great-grandfather marshal of West Florida. Many of his ancestors held slaves and fought for the Confederacy in the Civil War.

By his early 20s, he had emerged as a southern progressive and by 1940, the author writes, "his political opinions had become flagrantly radical by conservative local standards....He was a renegade and he knew it."

Still, it galled him when he was bounced out of local Kiwanis Club in Pensacola and his wife removed as head of her school's PTA. Those were tough times for civil rights advocates and Dr. Brown does an excellent job of presenting the problems these fearless civil rights leaders faced, particularly during the early 1950s when McCarthyism and the U.S. House of Representatives Un-American Activities Committee ruled Congress.

By the time of his death in 1973, even the conservative *Pensacola News-Journal* spoke kindly of a man they described as "a crusader for progressive causes."

Harry Moore, the martyr in Ben Green's book, was not permitted to die quietly at age 77. He was only 46 when his modest home in Brevard County was blown to bits on December 25, 1951, killing him and his wife. What a terrible way to celebrate Christmas!

A graduate of Bethune-Cookman College in Daytona Beach, he taught school and in time became principal of a black elementary school in Mims. In 1934, he organized the Brevard County Chapter of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. Harry and Harriette Moore were fired from their teaching jobs after pushing hard for equal pay for black teachers.

In 1951, in the little Lake County town of Groveland four young black men were accused of raping a 17-year-old white housewife. One defendant was gunned down by a white mob. Another was given a life sentence because of his age. The other two were sentenced to death. Herry Moore raised money for an appeal and new trials were scheduled.

Given the task of escorting the two defendants back to Lake County, Sheriff Willis McCall shot one of the men to death and seriously wounded the other. McCall claimed self-defense and two investigating panels backed him up. Moore protested, calling for McCall's indictment.

Within a year, Moore was dead. Was McCall the man

Before His Time...

continued from page 29.

behind the two murders? This issue has disturbed many in the years that followed. Green reviews the case from 1952 on into the 1990s, when Governor Lawton Chiles reopened the investigation, leading to a better understanding of the case but not to any charges. To this day, the identity of the actual killers remains a mystery, though the evidence points to the Ku Klux Klan.

What does emerge clearly, however, is that Harry Moore was indeed the first martyr of the modern civil rights movement, murdered long before the many killings in Mississippi and Alabama or the assassination of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., in 1968.

Green has written an important book, recounting not only Moore's heroic life but also the best and latest information about his tragic death. ***-SFH***

book review

A PLAN FOR THE ABOLITION OF SLAVERY
by: Moses Elias Levy. Wacahoota Press, 1999. $14.95

Review by Joe Knetsch

Historical documents, in and of themselves, are rarely things to write home about. Not so with this edition of Moses Elias Levy's A Plan for the Abolition of Slavery. Levy was one of the pioneer Jewish settlers in Florida and the father of Senator David Levy Yulee. An important developer of the new Territory of Florida, Levy also played an important role in popularizing the Territory and suggesting legislation to establish an education system. He is often known for his attempt to create a Jewish colony in the Florida wilderness outside of Micanopy, an extremely radical idea for that day and age. Nothing, though, could be as extraordinary as his plan for the abolition of slaves.

To make the setting clear, Florida was a slave territory which had strict laws enforcing this vile institution. Moses Levy, a citizen of the Territory, could have been locked up, or more likely, hanged for promoting the liberation of slaves. The era was one of many slave revolts, including the Nat Turner Rebellion just three years after the 1828 printing of Levy's anonymously published pamphlet.

His proposal for a universal form of emancipation, complete with free education, agricultural training and "a practical, substantial and religious training," was farther than most New England based abolitionists were willing to go many years later. However, such a program, in its broadcast aspects was just what evolved in the form of the Freedman's Bureau after the Civil War. This makes Levy's proposal even more important as a historical precedent.

Chris Monaco, who has won awards from the Florida Historical Society and the Florida Trust for Historic Preservation for his film documentaries, has done a grand job in researching, editing and publishing this important work. His introduction to the document is extremely well documented and highly readable.

Monaco has put the pamphlet into its correct historical setting and given us insights into the character of its complex and sometimes ambiguous author. He shows us Levy's difficulty in living within a slave territory, owning slaves and sometimes, through economic pressure, actually dealing in slave property, yet being a broad humanitarian and feverant believer in freedom. The complexities of the frontier operated on Levy just as strongly as the more publicized anguishing of Thomas Jefferson, a contemporary.

The joy of Monaco's introduction is that he shows us clearly how Levy attempted to deal with this moral dilemma by drawing on his experiences in demonstrating to the world why this evil had to end.

We are all indebted to Monaco for giving us, for the first time in the United States, a usable copy of this important document. Its importance trancends its American context, being published in England at a time when the British empire was wrestling with the abolition of slavery in all of its colonies. It also gives us a wonderful view of Levy, hitherto unknown and documented, that adds even more depth to understanding this outstanding Jewish leader, motivator and investor.

A *Plan for the Abolition of Slavery* should be on the bookshelves of everyone interested in the history of slavery and the responses to it, in addition to those of us who work in and love Florida history. ***- SFH***

editor's notes

Continued from page 5

On their honeymoon, the newly-weds headed for Bimini on the elder Peters' 170-foot yacht, the only passengers on a boat carrying a crew of 14. Their accommodations were a resort hotel, the Bimini Rod and Gun Club, owned by the Peters family.

It was not, however, the best of times to visit the Bahamas. The night of September 17, the monster '26 hurricane hit Bimini. The hotel was wrecked, but still fared better than the other structures on the island. Eleven people were killed, and many who survived (including four rum-runners) sought shelter in what remained of the hotel. The young bride spent her honeymoon cooking for the survivors and helping the sick and injured. The groom was busy burying people.

Her Bimini adventure is recounted in one chapter in *Fantastic Journey: Thelma Peters Takes Sabbatical in the Caribbean.* A teacher of Latin American History at Miami Edison High School, she took an extended trip through the West Indies to increase her knowledge of the islands. Fortunately for us, she kept a detailed diary, which she later referred to in writing her fifth and final book.

She visited Venezuela, the Virgin Islands, Jamaica, Barbados, Trinidad, Curacao and the islands beneath the wind. One of her best chapters dealt with her visit to Haiti. We are pleased to publish this chapter in *South Florida History*, along with photographs of the island of Henri Christophe.

Four of her books were valuable regional histories. Her fifth was a novel set in the Bahamas, *The Cove of the Silver Fish.*

Of her *Lemon City: Pioneering on Biscayne Bay 1850-1925*, the *Miami Herald's* John Pennekamp wrote: "She has brought back the past of this South Florida community to us in a delightful book."

And as a final aside in this column, we are also pleased to present in this issue, a profile of John Pennekamp, written for us by Dr. Arthur Chapman, University of Miami. ***-SFH***

Mystery Photo Contest

Who is the mystery man pictured below (third from the left), wearing a white hat with his head down? If you think you know the answer, send it in now to Attn: Mystery Photo Contest, Historical Museum of Southern Florida, 101 W. Flagler Street, Miami, FL 33130. All entries must be received by June 1, 2000 to be eligible to participate in a drawing where you could win a surprise photo from HASF's amazing photo collection!