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Orlando in the long, long ago and now

Kena Fries

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HISTORY OF THE FIRST
SETTLERS OF ORLANDO

ORANGE COUNTY
HISTORICAL COMMISSION

In The Long, Long Ago

ORLANDO

--- And Now

BY

KENA FRIES

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ORANGE COUNTY
HISTORICAL COMMISSION

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ORANGE COUNTY
HISTORICAL COMMISSION

ORLANDO
In The
LONG, LONG AGO
..... AND NOW



BY
KENA FRIES

ORLANDO, FLORIDA
"The City Beautiful"

ORLANDO
IN THE LONG, LONG AGO . . . AND NOW

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By KENA FRIES

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ORLANDO, FLORIDA

Dedicated
to
MY FATHER
and
ALL HIS FRIENDS
of the
LONG, LONG AGO

Donation

Miss Elizabeth Godfrey

Ca 6/76

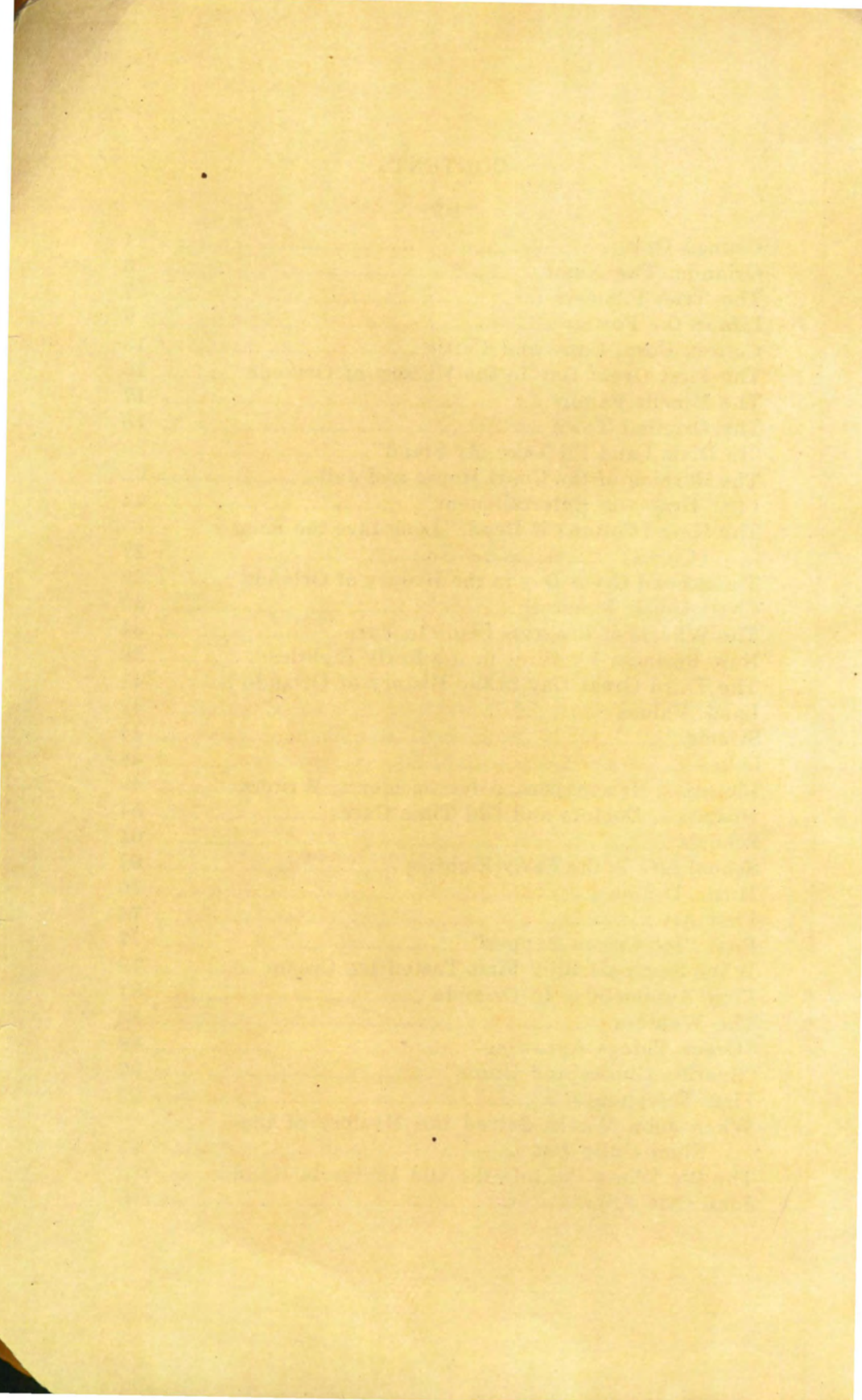
FOREWORD

The author is a life-long resident of Florida and has personally watched the growth of Orlando and participated in its development. Statistics have been verified by U. S. Government records and statements about Orlando checked with at least three early settlers.

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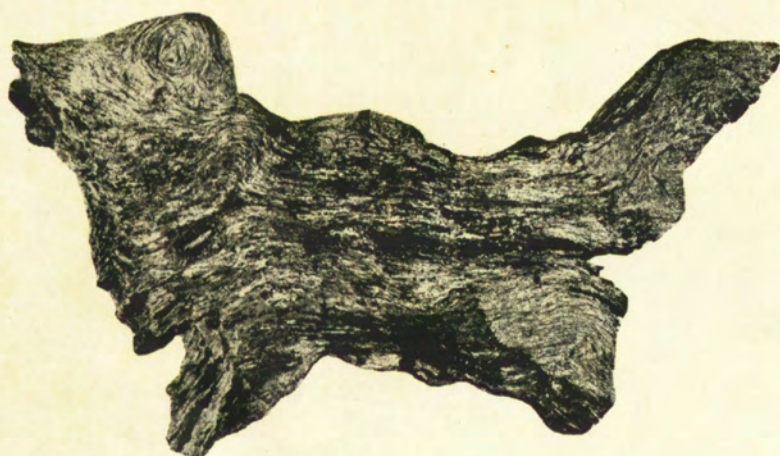
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Nat for sale

ORANGE COUNTY
HISTORICAL COMMISSION

Property of Eliza W. Duke



CHIP FROM COUNCIL OAK

CHAPTER I

COUNCIL OAK



ON the west side of Pine Loch Lake, where the old trail wound its way thru the pine woods, there once stood an immense live oak, said in its glory to have been the largest live oak in all of central and south Florida. It was known as "council oak", the gathering place of the Seminole warriors. Here it is stated on what seems to be reliable authority, was planned the Dade Massacre and many other sudden attacks on the early settlers.

More than fifty years ago it was struck by lightning, and for many years after that the old, gray skeleton stood like a mighty Sentinel, while the soft summer breezes and the tropical hurricanes sang of the long, long, long ago.

In the beginning of this century some thrifty vandal cut the old giant into fence posts and fire wood. In September 1904 while spending the day with the late J. M. Aldens we rowed across the lake. I picked up a chip with the most peculiar markings and shape, closely resembling a watch dog.

Often as I sit looking at it, I close my eyes, and my mind's eye sees not the Orange county of to-day, swift high powered cars rushing along brick and asphalt highways, between miles and miles of the Golden Apples of the Hesperides—vast tracts of early vegetables—carpets of rich green, brocaded with luscious red strawberries—beautiful homes with every modern luxury and comfort, while overhead the monotonous drone of the aeroplane hums tales of latest inventions.

Then the magic touch of the little chip softly murmurs reminiscence of the long, long ago, when

"The warriors in their glory, Through the virgin forest roamed. And beneath the live oak, old and hoary, They passed with locks uncombed, And an eye that mocked at capture, And scorned a prisoner's chain". Thru dense hammocks, jungles—thorny briars and entangling vines,——swarthy red skins, stealthily creeping towards the swamps of Lakes Monroe and Jesup—the Econlockahatchee creek, or southward to the Withlachooche river—or the Coontee-Sassahollober (Big Cypress).

Small clearings—log cabins with mud and stick chimneys—patches of corn and cotton, sugar cane and sweet potato—here and there only the ruins of a home burned by roving, hostile savages, after the family had fled to Forts Gatlin, Maitland or Christmas—overhead the vultures enjoying their ghoulish repast of man and beast.

But over both pictures the same blue, blue sky, with little fleecy, flocculent clouds, glorious golden sunshine, stately palms whispering of coming civilization and Christianity.

"Where the Indian wigwams stood,"

"The Sabbath bells are ringing". Sigma.

On the west side of the lake, the Alden home was the old homestead of Francis Epps, favorite nephew of Thomas Jefferson, with whom he had spent his youth at Monticello.

Three of Francis Epps daughters married three Shine brothers from Tallahassee. T. J. Shine was clerk of the circuit court, leader in all activities of social and civic welfare. Captain of the Orlando guards, who after his death changed the name to "The Shine Guards".

CHAPTER II

ORLANDO—THE NAME



MANY versions have been given and many tales told. Who named Orlando? Who was Orlando? Where was the battle fought? Where was Orlando's grave? Were there two Orlando Reeves?

All are true, more or less, yet no two agree.

My father, the old surveyor said to have known every light wood stump and "government blazed tree" in old Mother Orange, which then included all of Seminole and parts of Osceola and Lake, gave this account, told him in the early seventies by grayhaired, widely scattered pioneers (Father had a special interest in the name Orlando, see last chapter). Half obliterated "blazes", Indian totem marks, buried lightwood knots, old maps and records, pioneer traditions were his delight. Constant travels, surveying lands and locating homestead corners, stopping at the owners' homes and hearing from them of the first white settlers, their struggles and difficulties, hopes and success.

In the late eighties this same narrative was verified by another old pioneer, agreeing in every detail.

ORLANDO REEVES

In the first half of the last century there stretched across Central Florida a wide band of forts and rude stockades, supposed to be a day's travel apart. Not in a certain number of miles, but the distance that could be safely covered in the hours of bright daylight. Hammocks, swampy jungles, large live oaks, and gnarled saw-palmetto roots constituted great dangers, being favorite hiding places of the Red Skins.

In 1835 the Indians were boldly attacking isolated homes, killing the family and burning the house.

It was full moon in September, 1835; a company of U. S. soldiers reinforced with several cowboys were trailing a band of hostile Indians that had been located in the Lake Jessup swamps. Hotly pursuing them all day, the setting sun gave warning of approaching night. The Captain's command. "We camp for the night at Sandy Beach Lake," (the name given in old records to Eola).

The requisites for man and beast were all there. Water, firewood, and grass, open country, lakes on three sides, now known as Eola, Olive and Lawsons. They were then much larger and connected by little creeks or "runs". On the north, the "big hill" sloped down to a sandy beach. Quickly camp was pitched, ponies tethered and fed. Soon coffee pots bubbled and frying pans sizzled. The hasty meal over, the tired soldiers lay down to sleep. All, save one, Orlando Reeves, the sentinel, paced slowly back and forth in the bright moonlight. The hours dragged slowly by, drowsiness was overcoming him, when suddenly he stopped, rubbed his eyes. Strange he had not before noticed that log near the bushes. Back he went, then retraced his steps. Now there were more logs, suddenly they began rolling toward him. Realizing they were Indians stealthily creeping on the sleeping camp, he gave the alarm, knowing full well it meant death to him and fell pierced by more than a dozen poisoned arrows.

Fierce warwhoops, mingled with hastily given commands; a furious battle ensued. Advancing, retreating, attacking, repulsing along the south side of the lake up to higher ground among the pines. Arrows whizzed, guns boomed, white men wounded, red men dying. Somewhere near Orange, Pine and Church streets the final blow was struck. Realizing they were conquered the Indians fled, closely pursued by the soldiers until they disappeared in the swampy "bay head" south west of town. Twenty years later, when Mr. Hughey homesteaded the tract of land southwest of Lake Lucerne, including the "bay head", it then became known as "Hughey's Bay".

Returning to camp and finding Orlando cold in death his comrades hastily made preparations for the burial. On a small knoll, southwest of Lake Lawsons stood a tall Pine, a landmark on the trail. Here they dug a grave and tenderly wrapping Orlando in his blanket laid him to rest, while one "said a prayer". Then covered the grave with leaves, pine needles and lightwood knots. On one of these knots (his 'buddy', who had remained with him and heard his last words) with his hunting knife rudely scratched the name "Orlando Re——s", the first two and the last plainly distinct for many years, the other not clear, but said to have "peared ter be 'eve'."

The east flushed gloriously rose and gold, the birds sang a requiem as the soldiers resumed the march, sad at heart and swearing bitter vengeance on the foe.

The place became known as "Orlando's grave". Travellers along the trail, pointing to the pine would say: "Thar's Orlander's grave an' not far frum hit is a small spring, a right smart camping place".

In 1857, after the county seat had been moved to the new location, the question of a name came up, several names being proposed. The old postoffice had been Jernigan, the little settlement frequently spoken of as Fort Gatlin. It was then during a heated discussion that Judge Speer an ardent admirer of Shakespeare arose and said; "The place is often spoken of as Orlando's grave, drop the last word and let the new county seat be called ORLANDO. It was unanimously adopted.

* * * *

In the long, long, long ago Orlando Reeves, hero and martyr received the first Christian burial rites and had the first simple grave marker within the present limits of the city that bears his name. And now Orlando has skilled morticians and we take our choice of being turned into dust or ashes.

Orlando was said to have been a young man "tall, lanky, wiry and dark complected, some sort of a furreigner". Eagle eyed and "quick on the trigger".

6 ORLANDO IN THE LONG, LONG AGO, AND NOW

In regard to another Orlando Reeves there lived in west Orange a pioneer family by that name, friends of Judge Speer. A son born in the late fifties was named Orlando, as often happens, after the most interesting topic of the day.

* * * *

Many, many years ago, father showed me the pine and told the story, which he often repeated to any one interested. Years later, when city engineer he came home one day, silent and depressed. "They cut Orlando's pine this afternoon. I pleaded and begged, in vain. As the old giant crashed to the ground tears filled my eyes".

"A land without memories is a land without history". If there had only been a chapter of D. A. R. in those days to form a cordon around that tree and place a lasting marker there!

CHAPTER III

THE TRUE PIONEERS



MOSQUITO, Florida's ninth county was established December 29, 1824. County seat, Enterprise, on Lake Monroe. In 1830 the population in State records is given as 733. About 1828, a few squatters, bringing their slaves, cattle and hogs settled on this side of the St. John's river. The Indians gave little trouble, a few trinkets pacified them.

June 19, 1835 the first open hostilities of the Seminole war took place near Hogg's Town settlement. Some white settlers whipped a party of five Indians, whom they caught stealing cattle. The fray was on. One Indian was killed and another fatally wounded; and three whites seriously wounded. August, the 11, 1835, a dispatch rider was killed in revenge. His body was cut open and sunk in a pond.

The Seminoles sent out the war cry and prepared to defend themselves and their lands. Homes were burned, families murdered and soon the settlers began to realize the horrors of Indian warfare, and fled to their old homes or the nearest fort. The Indians captured their stock and many of their slaves. Then followed battles wellknown in history.

In 1840, no new county having been taken from Mosquito; the population was only 73. This and the fact that U. S. soldiers, joined by many short time volunteers, found in this section deserted log cabins, some times only burned logs and a few old orange trees, proves that settlers had crossed the St. Johns river in the 20's.

The only battle fought in the present Orange County was in the swamps of the Wekiva river. Isaac Childs, private Co. A, 2nd Regiment of Dragoons, was killed by the enemy at Wekiva July 29, 1840.

In 1842, after peace had been declared, many returned to their old homes. Among them Elam Lee who claimed by squatter title a large tract east of Lake Lucerne. He had seven children, four of whom played a prominent part in the early history of Orlando. They were Eli, Hiram, Riley and Ellen. The family lived in a small one-pen log house, dirt floor, near Lake Davis. A few years ago, the descendants of Riley and Ellen tried to regain possession of the fashionable residence section of Lucerne and Cherokee, claiming the first deed transfer illegal, not having been signed by all the heirs of Elam.

The first permanent settler, whose descendants still live here, was Aaron Jernigan, who came in 1843. The second was W. H. Holden, who also came in 1843. He was a stock man from Virginia, in a short time moved to Watson Island, later returning to Orlando. He imported the first full-blooded bulls, Champ and Victor, Brahmas, raising the grade of the native Florida cattle. W. H. Holden married Nancy Mizelle. His daughter, grand and great, grand children still live on the old family homestead on Lake Holden.

Many more moved in, as the population in 1850 was 466. In 1840, the Sarah Spaulding, the first steamboat on the St. Johns river going south made occasional trips between Jacksonville and Lake Monroe. The accommodations were eight berths, four on each side opening into the saloon. Curtains were drawn at night.

Mosquito was changed to Orange county Jan. 30, 1845.

CHAPTER IV

LIFE IN THE FORTIES AND FIFTIES



TOLD by Mrs. Martha Tyler, at the beginning of the century.

"My father was Captain Aaron Jernigan, a brave soldier. Father moved to Florida in 1843, bringing his cattle, an old white gentleman and some negroes. The following January he moved mother and us children down. We had seven hundred head of cattle.

"Our nearest neighbors were at Fort Reed, which was a mile from Sanford. My father settled on a place two miles and a half south of Orlando. It is now owned by Mr. Overstreet. Mr. Arthur Quinn and Dr. Spear lived near Fort Reid, near old Mellonville, which is now called Sanford.

"Well, we were again among the Indians—but we had the fat of the land. Deer were fat and plentiful. Father brought home fine fat deer one time, and another time five big wild turkeys. I have seen mother have a large dishpan full of wild dried turkey breasts. Fish were plentiful. We raised sweet potatoes and sugar cane. One time we made twenty-three barrels of sugar besides the syrup. We raised corn, cotton, pumpkin, watermelons and muskmelons. We killed a beef every two weeks and the cattle were always fat. We put this fat up like lard. We would get from forty-eight to fifty pounds out of every beef we killed.

"A man came from Apopka one day and wanted a beef father had penned. Father told him he could have it for fifteen dollars, or for two cents a pound dressed. He

wanted it killed and dressed, and paid \$16.75 for just the quarters.

"In 1849 we were fortified on the north side of Conway, right against the peninsula, from the Indians. There were Mr. Marston and his wife, and eleven children; Mr. Lee and his wife and seven children; Mr. Lowry with four in his family; Cousin Davis with his wife and two children; Uncle Wright and Aunt Nellie with four grandchildren; Uncle Willoughby Minshew and his wife and eight children; Uncle Isaac Jernigan and his wife and ten children, and father and mother and us eight children. There was also an orphan boy. Mr. Pool and his wife and four children, and there were two negro families with six in each. Old man Daniel Thomas and his twenty negroes were there and they built an addition to the fort.

"There was a company of regular soldiers stationed at Fort Gatlin. There were also a company of volunteers. We were in that fort twelve months before the trouble was over enough for us to scatter again to our homes.

"There were plenty of varmints in the woods, such as bears, pumas, wolves and wildcats. We had nine bull dogs. I have seen seven wolves come right up in front of the house at two o'clock in the afternoon, when the sun was shining bright. One day they appeared thus, and put their forefeet up on a log and stood there and howled. Our dogs did not notice them. I saw three otters run through the woods in open daylight once. Father and Uncle Isaac took their dogs one day and chased a tiger (better known as a puma) within hearing of the house. The dogs finally treed it and it was shot. He measured nine feet from tip to tip. He had been eating our pigs and probably some of our calves. My father once killed a bear that we got eight gallons of oil from, and the meat was fine too.

"We sold our best cattle to drovers who would drive them across country to Savannah or Charleston. One time mother sold Mr. Harvey Dudley two hundred beef steers—eight year olds—for \$15 a head. Father was away from home, so mother attended to the business.

Mr. Dudley sat down at the cow-pen gap and paid mother the money, and he must have had fifty thousand dollars left. Anyway, it was the most money I have ever seen at one time. He had his saddle bags stuffed with it.

"Orlando was woods and the deer and turkeys fed all about where the city now stands.

"The first little log house ever built in Orlando was built out of pine poles with the bark left on them. It was about twelve feet long and eight feet wide, and one had to stoop to get in at the door. There was a counter on one side, and a few cigar boxes full of sand with candles stuck in sand, stood on it. A box of tobacco and a barrel of whiskey stood in one corner. That was in 1850."

"As for the life in the fort during the time so many people were penned up there, there was only one fight. It was between two old women, one had a butcher knife and the other a firestick, but they did not get nearer than twenty or thirty feet of one another."

The little store building was built by John Worthington, the first permanent resident and storekeeper in the present city of Orlando. Vision the stock in trade and then slowly wander down Orange avenue, and realize the changes time has wrought since the long, long ago. Then try, if you can, picture Orlando at the close of the century. Mrs. Martha Tyler was an interesting southern woman, old, only in years, young and active in mind, ever happy to tell of the long, long ago; the joys and sorrows, births and deaths, times of hardship and plenty, back-woods trails and city streets, old pioneers and late comers.

In 1924 she unveiled the marker placed on the site of old Fort Gatlin, by the D. A. R. Orlando chapter.

Mrs. Martha B. Tyler died March 1, 1926, aged 87 years. She was the last survivor of Fort Gatlin, established in 1838, three miles south of Orlando.

* * * *

In an old scrap book was found this poem written in the long, long ago by Sigma, an old time newspaper man.

TO THE PIONEERS OF SOUTH FLORIDA

"We hail them; Hughey and Holden, Yates, Barber and Summerlin—

Their harvest is rich and golden. And bountifully gathered in—

Hendry, Patrick and Lanier-Hancock and Speer and Bass—

Each dauntless pioneer; began in the wire-grass;

And, wresting the land from the gopher, they planted the trees that gleam

With the treasures of ancient Ophir, and Pactolus magic stream.

Through the long, dark years of waiting.

With their noble wives by their side, and with courage never abating,

They watched for the turn of the tide;

And, now in their lives declining,

Their evening sun is shed.

On fruitful branches twining

Like laurels above their head.

Let us wind them a wreath of honor,

From the yellow jessamine—

Yes, drink to their health and honor,

In shaddock and orange wine."

CHAPTER V

COTTON, CORN, CANE AND CATTLE



THE fifties came. Fear of sudden Indian attacks ceased. Fort Gatlin and Jernigan appeared on the maps, and in the government records. Squatters had moved further in the wilderness. "When I kin see a light shinin' through the woods at night, hear a dog bark an' roosters crowin' in the mawnin' hit's gittin' too crowded for me, an' I up an' gits."

May 30, 1850, a postoffice was established in the Jernigan neighborhood, southwest of Orlando. "Jernigan" with Wright Patrick, postmaster. As the Sarah Spaulding running between Jacksonville and Lake Monroe made only occasional trips, the mail came in once or twice a month. In 1852 the Darlington began making regular trips, Jacksonville to Enterprise, bringing mail and passengers.

Worthington, Lovell, Hull, Patrick, Mizelle, Barber and Judge Speer, the outstanding leader of the fifties, all new and permanent settlers moved in, many of them bringing their slaves, and cattle. Large tracts of land were cleared and cotton as king held imperial sway.

Orange county cotton, long staple, had a high reputation in the market for fineness and length of fibre. The usual yield was a three hundred and thirty-three pound bale from three acres of pine land. Short staple, when tried, did well, producing on a good land an average bale per acre.

South, east and west of Lake Lucerne cotton fields stretched far and wide on every side.

Corn and cane were the principal provision crops.

Small patches of rice and oats were occasionally grown. Collards, pumpkin and onions the only vegetables. Corn on pine land averaged ten bushels an acre, on hammock soil much more. The price, from one-fifty to two dollars a bushel. It was cribbed with the shuck on, to preserve it from weevils. The shuck was used as roughage for mules.

Sugar cane was planted on land too wet for other crops. On rich land and properly cultivated could be depended on to ratoon for five and six years without replanting, and yielded from twelve hundred to two thousand pounds of sugar per acre, besides the molasses from the drip.

Sweet potatoes, when grown on cow-penned pine land made heavy crops. The main crop was planted in May; in the fall "stand-overs" producing large potatoes early next spring. "Brooker" potatoes sometimes weighed as much as twenty pounds. Another large, mealy potato was known as the "nigger killer."

A description of the Florida prairies written in 1873 by Robert La Martin: "The prairie lands are vast plains or beautiful savannas—dressed in luxuriant verdure and living green—dotted over and anon with clusters of trees, oasis like, from one to ten acres, with a growth of palmetto. The prairies are the favorite resort of herds of cattle, with deer and other game, which roam and feed upon its fragrant herbage."

Large and small herds of cattle ran at large on the prairies, thriving on the rough grass, increasing in numbers most satisfactory to the owners. The stock received little or no attention except once a year, in spring when the calves were still sucking. Then a roundup was made and the young calves branded and ear-marked. The cattle readily sold at five dollars per head for stock and ten to sixteen for beef cattle.

* * * *

The homes of the early pioneers were usually built on the banks of, or near a large lake or creek. The house, either a one or two room log cabin separated by a wide open hall, made necessary by the projecting logs at the corners. The size of the rooms depended on the length of the logs to be found in the neighborhood. No windows, a hole cut in one wall gave light in the day and was closed at night by a heavy wooden shutter, hung on home made hinges, sometimes simply strips of tough hide or leather. At one end a mud and stick chimney served as stove, for the family cooking. The roof was covered with shingles, split by hand from blocks of fat pine wood. Wooden pegs were often used when nails became scarce. The furniture was home-made, except here and there a few cherished pieces brought from the old home in Georgia or the Carolinas. Mattresses were filled with pine needles, shredded corn shuck and cured gray moss. The pride of the housewife's heart—gaily colored patch work quilts, from the simple "log cabin" pattern, "windmill," "four and four," "Jacob's ladder" to the elaborate "Star of the East," truly a work of art. The pieces, all alike, small diamond not more than an inch on each side, the center diamond a dark red, then in ever widening circles shading into orange, lemon, pink, rose and white. The one I once saw, a treasured heirloom was said to have six thousand pieces.

That many of the early day pioneers were highly cultured and well educated was proved Father often said, by their aristocratic bearing, courtesy and that he had often seen in the early seventies, rude book shelves filled with well worn volumes of classics, poetry, history and science.

* * * *

THE FIRST GREAT DAY IN THE HISTORY OF
ORLANDO, 1856

COURT up to this time had been held at Enterprise, a long day's hard travel to Mellonville, then across Lake Monroe, often by row boat. December 29, 1855, the eastern part of Orange had been established as Volusia county, and an election had been called to elect a new county seat for Orange.

Fort Reid, Apopka and Fort Gatlin were all in the race. Apopka in the lead, near Clay Springs at the head of the Wekiva river, navigable for small steamers to the St. John's about sixteen miles below Mellonville where connection was made with Jacksonville boats and they with sea going steamers. The surrounding country, high unbroken pine woods where the buzz of saw mills was beginning to be heard. A cotton and grist mill nearby.

The election day came. Few votes had been cast at the Fort Gatlin polls; no one seemed to care very much what the result would be. Then Judge Speer, well versed in law happened to remember a U. S. soldier votes wherever he is on election day, and rallied a number to help win the battle, and Orlando, as ever since, "came out ahead."

February 9, 1857, Aaron Jernigan was appointed postmaster. The name was changed to Orlando, September 19, 1857.

Then came the question of a court house. Out in the pine woods near the old Church street depot stood an old deserted two-pen log house, no windows, dirt floor. In the east room the first county officials opened their offices. Joshua Mizelle, judge; James Hughey, clerk of the court; Bob Patrick, tax assessor and collector; David Mizelle, sheriff; W. A. G. Roberts, surveyor.

October 5, 1857, Benjamin F. Caldwell deeded about four acres, to be the site of Orange county's court house, and to be known as the original town of Orlando. The consideration was five dollars. Attorney for Caldwell, John G. Speer; witnesses: Thomas Harris and John Worthington.

CHAPTER VII

THE MIZELLE FAMILY



MORE than eighty years ago came the Mizelle family destined to play an important part in the newly formed county. David Mizelle, Sr., was of French descent, the name originally Moselle. He married Miss Anne Pierce from Georgia, daughter of an English colonist. The young couple settled in Alachua county and raised a large family. In 1857 they came to Orange county and settled near Winter Park.

One of the sons became the first county judge, and also by "An act March 10, 1845, acted as superintendent of the common schools and had charge of the public school funds." He lost his life at Gettysburg. Another son, first sheriff, and a son-in-law the first county surveyor. During the feud, Sheriff David Mizelle, Jr., was killed from ambush at Bull Dog slough. As his horse stopped to drink, eleven guns "barked" simultaneously and the sheriff fell dead. The two deputies succeeded in bringing his body back to Orlando. Hilyard Jones made the coffin and box, and the interment took place on the family homestead. The Lodge from Apopka conducted the services, it being the first Masonic funeral in Orange county.

When in later years his wife, "Aunt Angeline," sold the homestead she reserved in perpetuity "one acre to be the last resting place for all members of David Mizelle, Jr.'s descendents."

Go out the east Winter Park road and on the left hand will be seen several large cedars planted by Aunt Angeline in the long, long ago. Under and around them are buried many generations of the well known pioneer's family.

* * * *

THE ORIGINAL TOWN



SOON after court house number two was finished, John Worthington realizing the need of accommodation for the judge, lawyers and all attending court, built a large frame house, facing east on the site of the present court house. Wide, undressed boards, the cracks covered by batten strips, no windows, only the usual holes with heavy wooden shutters. On each side of the hall, running the length of the house were three rooms. Across the west end another open hall separated the dining room and kitchen from the main part. All the cooking and baking was done in the fire place of the stick and mud chimney. The furniture and bedding was simple, mostly home made.

Worthington sold it to W. A. Roberts, first county surveyor; he to Bill Patrick, who sold to W. L. Lovell. He named it "Lovell's Hotel," and by that name it has passed into history.

After the sale Lovell and Patrick failed to agree on boundary lines. A long litigation followed. Robert R. Reid, a lawyer from Jacksonville, was engaged to settle the dispute, and for his services was paid that part of Orlando known as "Robert R. Reid's addition to the original town of Orlando."

There was also a romance, Reid fell in love and married Mary Lovell. They left Orlando soon after.

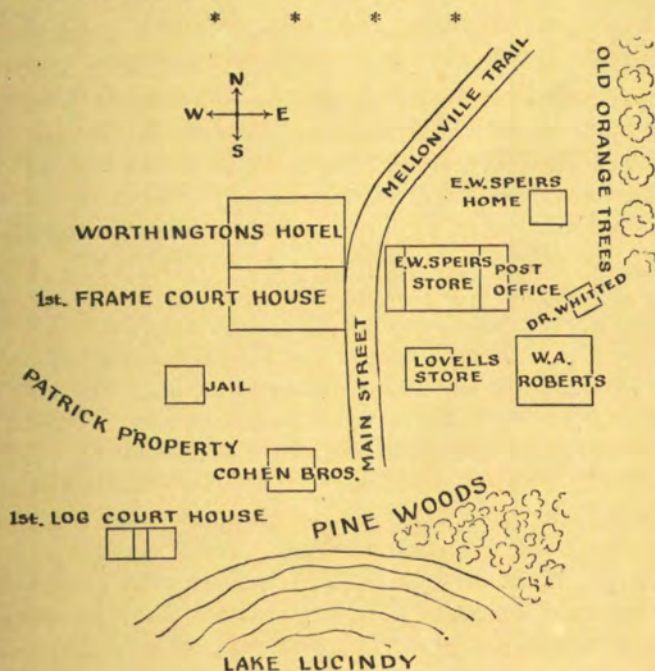
Across Main street from the court house were two log houses built in the 40's by Marsten, for dwellings. In the 60's, the one, the long way facing west was occupied by E. W. Speir, merchant and postmaster. The other, the long way north by W. Lovell. To the east, was a very old,

small log house, around which grew several large bearing orange trees. Between Orange and Main the Cohen brothers' (Charley, Mike and Jake) store.

Northwest of the court house was the jail, built of square hewn logs, on a solid foundation of the same. A small, narrow opening on one side, near the roof let in a little air, but hardly any light. When it was finished, before it had any occupants, the children of that day got the thrill of their young lives by being captured and locked up by the good natured custodian. Just as eager and happy were they to get in, as ever any prisoner to get out.

Near the corner of Robinson and Rosalind was Lovell's cotton gin. Huge mounds of hulls, where cattle stood around contentedly chewing, while children joyously slid down the sloping sides.

On Ivanhoe run was Dan Hall's grist mill, sold to Doyle and Brantley.



"IN DIXIE LAND I'LL TAKE MY STAND—TO LIVE
AND DIE IN DIXIE"



1860—The population of Orange county had more than doubled in the last ten years, being now 987. The slaves sang as they worked in the cotton fields. Cattle buyers drove away large herds and left behind large sums of money. The sun of prosperity was shining and the future seemed bright. But on the far horizon clouds were gathering in the southern sky, mutterings of coming trouble were heard. Then suddenly came a clap of thunder that echoed and re-echoed all over the Southland, Fort Sumter had been fired upon, the war had begun. The South in the defense of southern rights rushed to the support of the Confederacy. As President Davis called for troops, aging men and mere boys entered the army, leaving behind equally brave and heroic women to fight the battle of existence. They spun, wove and dyed the yarn for the gray uniforms, and "knit their soldier's feet to fit." March the 19, 1861, the postoffice at Orlando was discontinued. News of great battles came at intervals. Prices rose. The lack of coffee and salt and other imported articles was severely felt. Corn bread, grits and sweet potatoes the daily menu. Some of the slaves faithfully "tuk keer ob ole miss an' de chillun", others ran away and joined the Union forces. Mrs. Roberts, like so many others, "bought a horse and went to farming near Fort Christmas."

The Confederate troops in Florida surrendered May 20, 1865. Slowly the men in ragged and faded gray came straggling home, broken in body and weary of spirit, poor in this world's goods, but rich in the knowledge they had given their best to the Lost Cause, and faithfully served under the Stars and Bars of the eleven Confederate States.

Provisional government had been established, high and unjust taxes imposed. The whites grew poorer, their property sold for taxes. The negroes having been franchised and holding many important offices "got the big

head" and refused to work. The cotton fields had grown up in tall weeds. The cattle and unbranded calves had been rounded up by unscrupulous and dishonest men, driven to St. Augustine and other ports, there sold at high prices, and this led to what is known as "The feud of the late sixties." Much has been hinted and many distorted statements made. No doubt wrong was done on both sides. "Let sleeping dogs lie" but there are two widely told stories I wish to correct.

It has been stated that a certain man.....was taken out in a row boat, weighted down and sunk in Lake Conway. The truth as reported to the sheriff's office by the three deputies, Jack Evans (later second sheriff) Joe Moody and Bill Duffield who had been sent out to search for and arrest..... They spent several days in the swamps before finding their man. Night overtook them south of Conway. Exhausted and afraid to travel after dark, they decided to camp on the lake. Having no means of holding the prisoner safely, they picked up a few pieces of heavy scrap iron at the nearby blacksmith shop and tied them to the prisoner's ankle, telling him that trying to get away would be useless. On waking next morning they found.....missing. Tracks on the edge of the lake showed an attempt had been made to escape, either by wading or swimming. Later the body was found in the lake and the rumor spread that he had been brutally murdered.

There were two brothers, Orlean and Elmo Wright. Orlean not returning home, search was instituted and his mutilated remains found near Osceola and South street. His stomach had been cut open with pocket knives and the bowels emptied on the ground. The custom of the Seminoles when showing contempt had been adopted by his slayers. "They dug a grave right there, and after putting him in, shoveled his bowels up and put in with him."

The name Orlean Wright, and mention of the grave at this spot has been confused with Orlando Reeves and his burial more than thirty years before.

Postoffice was re-established December 4, 1866. Civil government re-established July 4, 1868.

* * * *

CHAPTER X

BURNING OF THE COURT HOUSE AND JAIL



THE date set for the 1868 fall term of the circuit court was drawing near. The bitterly fought "cattle stealing" case was first on the docket. Hard feelings on both sides, angry threats, wild rumors of retribution and vengeance were freely circulated. Men dared not leave home after dark; loaded guns were ever ready to bark, pocket knives were sharp and handy.

The best legal advice available had been engaged. The "rustlers" had secured the services of a New York lawyer, Van Ness. The plaintiffs depended on southern talent, E. K. Foster. "Wilk" Call, later known as U. S. Senator Wilkinson Call, and his partner, Franklin Roberts.

The Main street residents were sleeping soundly, when Mrs. Ed Speir woke from a troubled dream. Smoke and the glare of the fiercely burning court house filled the room. Out rushed the men in their night shirts, climbed on top of the stores, fighting the flames with blankets and quilts, dipped in buckets of water brought from the well, where the windlass slowly drew up one bucket as the other went down. Hillyard Jones had charge of the fire brigade. The heat became terrific, the sparks flew, the court house caved in, but Speir and Lovell saved their stores.

"Get the postoffice records and the money from it and the store," said "Uncle Ed." Sallie Mizelle and little Sarah Roberts, sister and niece of Mrs. Speir, went around the back way, to the store, gathered up the books and money and safely brought them to the house.

Mrs Harper - Mrs Taylor

While there was well founded suspicion as to who set the fire (bottles of crude turpentine and inflammable rosin being found on one side of the burning building) they had no positive proof, and open accusations meant danger to life and property.

Three weeks later, one evening as the Spier family sat on the porch, a well known dog owned by the suspected "fire bug" came sniffing down the sandy street. Mrs. Speir, who like so many other pioneer wives seemed to have prophetic visions, turned to her husband and said, "Mr. Speir, if you will watch tonight, you will catch your man." A few hours later the jail burst into flames.

In the long, long ago, this was the first fire in Orlando's business section. —————and now, where the old log stores stood, stands the up-to-date fire station; the firemen's uniforms have superseded night shirts, high pressure water mains the old bucket line, the eighty-five foot scaling ladder the hand and foot climb up the log walls, to the shingled roofs, paved streets the deep sand, the phone the human voice calling for help.

CHAPTER XI

THE FIRST DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENT



A few charred timbers in a bed of ashes, and deed book "D" was all that remained of court house number 2, and its priceless historical records. Reconstruction and "carpet-bag" rule had sent a wave of lawless unrest and despondency over the hearts and minds of the pioneers. There was no money in the treasury.

In the spring of 1869 a few leading men met with the county commissioners, and then was born that spirit of civic enthusiasm and hearty co-operation that ever since has been the keynote of Orange county's progress.

It was decided that the four largest settlements, Orlando, Mellonville, The Lodge (Apopka), and Lake Jesup each "get up an entertainment," with paid admission, the proceeds to form the nucleus of a new court house building fund.

Orlando "got up" the first. Weeks of hard work, program planning and rehearsals. Mrs. W. H. Holden and Mrs. Stockton made the costumes and stage curtain. Captain W. S. Pitts was stage manager and director. There was no newspaper, telephone or radio, but the news spread far and wide.

The eventful day came. Before day light whole families left their homes, riding in dump carts or on horse back. From the shores of Lakes Monroe and Tahopgaliga, from Lake Apopka and the Econlockahatchee creek, they came.

In the evening after supper had been eaten, the audience gathered in front of Ed Speir's store on Main street and overflowed to the old court house lot. Rough pine

boards, laid on boxes and blocks of wood, served as seats. The front porch of the store was the stage, the store, dressing room. Old acquaintances were renewed, new ones formed. Mothers nursed their babies, and exchanged recipes. The men smoked, "chewed terbacker" and spit, discussed—and cursed the latest doings of the "scalawags."

Suddenly came the sound of a fiddle being tuned, the orchestra began to play. The cheese cloth stage curtain, shivered, shook and slowly parted, "The Pyramid of Beauty", stood revealed. Nine matrons in the front row knelt on the floor, back of them, seated, seven young women and brides; five beautiful young ladies stood behind them. Three school girls on a bench. A golden haired cherub crowned the top, little Miss Cora Holden.

Orchestra members: Ed. Speir, Tom Heidt, violins; Will Roberson, guitar; O'Conner, flute; Jim Parker, bones.

PLAYERS

Mesdames Speir, Holden, Stockton, James and Banard Hughey, Mizelle and Roberts. Misses Mizelle, Mary, Ishmalow, Sarah and Ada Roberts, Jo McLain, Virginia and Susan Ivey, Sallie, Eliza and Mary Hughey, Mary Hull, Sarah and Missouri Powell, Mary and Cora Holden, Ed. Speir, Stockton, O'Conner, John Holden and children.

PROGRAM

Music—"Pyramid of Beauty."

Tableau—"One Hundred Years Ago"—Mrs. Hughey, Sr., old time dress and poke bonnet. Miss Jo McLain, pink flowered dress, hoop skirt, low neck, baby sleeves.

"FIELD SCHOOL"

Mr. Stockton, teacher, thirty pupils, all giggling as a boy back of the teacher tickles him with a long straw, which the teacher thinks a fly and slaps madly, but fails to get.

"OLD BOB RIDLEY"

Song and dance—Jim Parker.

"THREE GOSSIPS"

Miss Sally Mizelle, Huny Smith; Miss Jo McLain, Sal Dillard; Mrs. Stockton, Rachael Rice; all sit gossiping; one leaves the room, the other two "tear her to pieces. She returns, another leaves, and so on all choice bits of scandal, and local hits.

"PICTURE GALLERY"

Country Girl—"Now what must I do, Mr. Picture Man?" Look your purtiest." "I needn't do that, 'cause Jim Jinks says I am putty enuf fer anybody, and you needn't think you are going to get my picture."

"TOO LATE FOR THE TRAIN"

Ed. Speir, stove pipe hat, valise, Mrs. Jim Hughey, full skirt, tight waist, white neckerchief, black straw hat. John Holden, son, white blouse, blue trousers. Family arriving "way ahead of time" to catch the train, then get excited and lose it after all.

Of course there was music between the acts. Orlando made about two hundred.

At Lake Jessup the "Pyramid of Beauty" was repeated with local talent. Dr. and Mrs. Taylor were stage directors and program committee. There were tableaux from the Bible, as well as comics. An old woman wearing glasses and toothless gave a long rambling monologue. Players, Gwynns, Jelks, Watts, Lawtons, Mitchells, Browns.

Mellonville and The Lodge also gave splendid programs.

Society events in the long, long ago took three days, balls at the Martin House, Mellonville were equal to the New Year Ball at the Rosalind, in importance. The guests left home early in the morning, traveled all day, danced all night, reached home next night, happy and tired.

The new court house when finished served as church and school house, dance hall and general assembly room. The total cost was \$1,250.

CHAPTER XII

THE KING IS DEAD (COTTON)—LONG LIVE THE KING (CITRUS)



WITH a population of 2195, 1870 marked the beginning of a new era. While the scars of wounds (both physical and mental) inflicted by the late war had not healed, and owing to the political strife of reconstruction days the county was in a state of deep depression, and in the hearts of many of the widely scattered settlers hope seemed dead, convalescence had set in. Orlando was beginning to "sit up and receive visitors."

The town now had three small store buildings of logs, with hardly stock enough for one; new court house, Lovell's Hotel, postoffice, regular mail service to Mellonville, a union church and the hope of a new re-established public school in the future.

Many new settlers were coming in, all planting orange groves. From an old report to the Land and Immigration office at Tallahassee, "Orange county—the county is now studded with Orange groves, varying in extent from one to one hundred acres, and it is impossible to supply the demand for sweet seedlings of the usual age and size, for transplanting. This county bids fair to become one vast orange grove, and that without fear of overstocking the market, as the demand for Florida oranges is greater than the supply. Lake Monroe being the head of navigation for large steamers gives us rapid transportation to Savannah and Charleston.

Cotton planting was dead, owing to the lack of labor, but the orange fever was rising rapidly.

The Randolphs, Montagues, Pitts, Epps came in the late sixties. Father came in 71 and soon made the ac-

quaintance of all the old, old, old pioneers. In 1875 came Captain B. M. Robinson, still active and interested in all civic affairs, and known as "Orlando's best beloved and honored citizen." He married Miss Randolph.

In 1873 came Jacob Summerlin. He bought two hundred acres of land including all of Lake Eola. His activities and help are mentioned in several other chapters.

C. A. Boone came in '72, a most versatile man; teacher, hotel clerk, orange grower, hardware store, dairy, citrus nursery, city clerk and tax assessor.

1875, L. P. Wescott, his energy, intelligence and capital were devoted to the interests of Orlando, altho a few years later he said, "I sometimes fear I made a mistake in not settling at Maitland, it seems to have a more promising future." He bought from Jacob Summerlin several acres at the corner of Central and Osceola, then known as East street. Here he planted all then obtainable varieties of citrus and other tropical fruits, among others two olive trees, that when cut down in the destruction boom of 1925 had grown into massive, gnarled old trees, one of the landmarks, in the grove then owned by the Fairbanks.

The evening of their arrival, as Mrs. Wescott and Mrs. Summerlin sat on the porch looking out in the darkness, across the other side, back in the woods a strong fire was raging. The small son, raised in Detroit, seeing the bright light caused a big laugh, innocently asking, "Is that the city over there?" Perhaps Walter Wescott too had a vision."

Professor Benjamin Gould, '75, Norman and Sam Robinson '76.

The same year George F. Drew was elected Democratic governor of Florida, and things "began to pick up."

CHAPTER XIII

THE SECOND GREAT DAY IN THE HISTORY
OF ORLANDO



MARCH 1875 the town of Orlando was incorporated.

W. J. Brack, mayor; James Hughey, clerk; J. W. Williams, marshal.

J. Montague, E. W. Speir, W. C. Stubblefield, E. A. Richards, C. A. Boone, J. B. Cohen, aldermen.

The number of duly qualified electors was twenty-nine.

Captain Pitts moved the town be made two miles square.

An average of seven and a quarter voters to each square mile.

And now—the city limits have been extended, and there are 11.94 square miles, and the unbelievable thing has come to pass, women have the vote. The registration at the last city election 1937 numbered 4470.

CHAPTER XIV

COURT HOUSE REMOVAL

Told by one of the Summerlins



IN 1870, General Henry S. Sanford, former U. S. minister to Belgium, came to Florida and bought a large tract of land. He planted an orange grove a few miles out in the country, known as the Belair Grove. He is said to have brought to Florida the first Villa Franca lemon trees. He next laid out, and platted a town site, which he fondly hoped would in time become the Metropolis, if not of all Florida, at least of central and south Florida. Situated on Lake Monroe, a mile from old Mellonville, across the lake from Enterprise. Here he built the Sanford Hotel, a famous tourist resort for many years. A wharf, grubbed out the streets, presented a picture brought from Belgium to Holy Cross church, then his ambition grew and he decided the county seat must be moved from Orlando to the new town.

Simple enough, just call a meeting and settle the matter right then and there, and he would build a fine, new court house. Meetings were called, it proved to be more difficult than he had anticipated. Some were in favor of the move, but always there was the report of one Jacob Summerlin, the cattle king of South Florida, opposed and working against the move. So after many futile efforts the General decided if the mountain would not come to Mohammed, Mohammed would have to go to the mountain.

Early one morning he left Sanford for the tiresome, long day trip to Orlando. On his arrival he stopped at the only hotel the town then boasted. High brow and high hat he walked up the steps; there was no bell and his re-

peated knocks failing to bring the landlord to the door, he sat down to rest. On the floor, at the south end of the piazza lay a man apparently asleep. Shirt open at the throat, cow boy boots, saddle bags under his head for a pillow. A lucky chance to find some one who probably knew the trouble maker and could give an insight to the man's character and the best means of bringing him to terms. The General crossed the floor and in condescending voice and pompous wave of the hand, began to ask a few questions.

"You seem my good man to be a native, so perhaps you have met the self-styled cattle king, Jacob Summerlin?"

"Wal' no, I have never met him, but my wife knows him purty well; got acquainted with him a number of years ago, before we moved to Orlando, and I've heard considerably 'bout him and his doings."

"Then tell me, what reason has this ignorant cattle man when he defies me, General Henry S. Sanford, late U. S. minister to Belgium, in my efforts to move the county seat to the new town, where it properly ought to be?"

"Wal' I reckon he thinks Orlando a purty good place, and people sorter used to tend court and do their trading here."

"I care nothing for what he thinks, he will find his stubborn opposition and insolent refusal to agree, will gain nothing, for I say the county seat is going to be moved to Sanford."

Up rose the simple native, and with flashing eye and in a clear ringing voice he spoke.

"You may be General Sanford and agoing to move the court house, but I am Jacob Summerlin and I say, there on Main street, Orlando, stands the Orange county court house and there it will stand when you and I, our children and grandchildren have long since passed away."

He lay down and resumed his quiet meditation.

General Sanford entered the hotel, was assigned a room by the clerk. After supper he approached Mr. Summerlin in the most friendly and confidential manner; diplomatically and tactfully explained the great progress that had been made at Sanford, its natural advantage and great possibilities, his knowledge of the world and the latest trends in civilization and civic progress; his willingness and ability to finance the removal and erection of a fine court house that would be a credit to the whole county. When he retired that night he felt sure of the outcome.

Early next morning he interviewed all the county commissioners, repeating the advantages and offer made to Mr. Summerlin. The commissioners met in the old court house. After the regular routine was finished, new business was called for.

On one side of the room sat Jacob Summerlin, a native born Floridian. He knew the conditions of the times, he knew the old, old pioneers, he knew the simplicity of their lives, their honesty, and integrity, their poverty and helplessness, their failing hearts and courage.

On the other side sat General Sanford, a yankee, almost "a furriner", having long lived across the ocean; egotistic, imperious, unaccustomed to physical labor, and rude living conditions, a stranger to hardship and despair. He had seen the mental picture of a wonderful city bearing his name.

The General arose, restated all he had previously promised, in eloquent language pictured the rising city and in glowing terms described the benefit to the whole county from the change.

Mr. Summerlin sat quietly and silent, a look of strong determination on his face. When General Sanford sat down, he rose and asked if General Sanford had finished his speech.

"I have," came the curt reply.

"Then I will make my offer," said Mr. Summerlin, "the county seat has been located here by the free will of

the majority of the settlers, the land has been deeded for that purpose. I stand here, ready to build a ten thousand dollar court house, and if the county is ever able to pay me all right, if not that is also all right with me."

The offer was unanimously accepted, and ten years later was repaid in full.

Sixteen years later that court house was removed and a brick court house built, a perfect architectural gem. That now stands silently waiting its doom, while further down the street stands the new court house, number six.

And Sanford, county seat of Seminole, has a fine, new court house all its own.

Court house number three was sold to Hiram Beasley for \$611.50. He moved it west to Orange avenue, where it became the first printing office in Orlando, the first home of the Weekly Orange County Reporter.

CHAPTER XV

THE WHEELS OF PROGRESS BEGIN TO TURN



DURING the last years of the '70s many more settlers came and it proved a hard problem to haul sufficient supplies from Mellonville and Sanford. Mr. Brantley built a wharf and store on the southwest side of Lake Jessup, thereby shortening the haul several miles. In 1878 he formed the Lake Jessup, Orlando and Kissimmee river railroad company. The road was surveyed. It was intended to locate the depot at the intersection of Summerlin and Robinson avenue. A small deep water hole, or pond and the pine woods beyond would take care of the "engine needs."

But Dr. Shelby protested vigorously. The screeching whistle, the jangling bell, the chu-chu and heavy smoke would be very annoying so near his house (Senior High Site). The rod-riders under the cars and the no ticket passengers on top of the freight cars would help themselves to his oranges.

Then a change was made, after passing thru the deep sand hill cut Mount Vernon and Mills southwest on a high bank crossing a shallow lake it would swing west to the Speir property, he having no objection. In that case the town would have been located between Eola and Park Lake. The road was graded, but no rails were ever laid. Mr. Brantley went to New York to buy rails and rolling stock. He took cold, it developed into pneumonia. He died, so did the railroad.

In 1881 the South Florida was finished to Orlando. In 1883 it was completed to Tampa. This road connected at Sanford with the De Barry line steamers.

Next, the Tavares, Orlando and Atlantic, surveyed by

Fries and Needham, was built, and for some time carried more passengers than did the South Florida. Later the T. O. and A. was extended to Oviedo. This was spoken of as "the dinky" and the "coffee pot." So slowly did it run, that a Rollins student claimed, he left Orlando, tired of the snail pace, got out, walked a few miles, sat down and learned his lessons for the day, then took a nap till he was awakened by the train, and rode the rest of the way.

Orlando was known as "Orlando, the Phenomenal City."

In January 1883 the first sidewalks were laid, from the depot to Orange avenue, then north and east on Central as far as Osceola. May 10, 1883, Jacob Summerlin gave a circle of land around Lake Eola for park purposes, at the same time stating that if it was not improved in a certain time it would revert to his heirs.

The English colony at Conway and the New England settlement northwest of town brought wealth, and money began to circulate more freely.

In 1880 the population of Orange county was 6618.

CHAPTER XVI

NEW BUSINESS VENTURES IN THE SEVENTIES AND EARLY EIGHTIES



IN 1874 Mr. Jacob Summerlin built a home on Main street. It was the largest private house in town, wood ceiled and furnished according to the time. Newcomers found no place to stay. Mr. A. N. Harrington suggested to Mr. Summerlin that he remodel and open it as a first class hotel. Harrington became the first clerk and manager. Mr. Summerlin then opened Central avenue through his property and built a home on Eola. Since then, enlarged and remodeled it is now the apartment house on the corner of Central and Liberty.

Mrs. Summerlin had also seen a vision of the future. I remember spending the day with the Summerlins. After dinner, sitting on the porch, she said to my mother: "Mrs. Fries, I sit here and I see to the east, the orange trees cut down, further out the pine trees crashing to the ground, houses facing a street where travel rushes by. When I spoke of it one day, Dr. Pilley (a long ago physician who boarded with the Summerlins) looked at me suspiciously and asked if I felt well. He seemed to think I was delirious, developing a fever."

E. A. Richard came from Boston in 1869, engaged in gun and blacksmith business in Orlando. He grubbed ten acres of land for Mr. Summerlin in payment for the five acres, now the Overstreet property. In 1881 he built a house on Court street and opened the first undertaking parlor in Central Florida.

In the long, long ago, when a death occurred friends of the family made a rude coffin and box, and the corpse was lovingly laid to rest on the very best sheet and pillow

the family owned. The body was taken to the grave on a wagon, drawn by a mule or oxen. A pine board, or light wood marker placed on the spot. The interment usually took place under some large tree, magnolia, cedar or oak, on the homestead. The first public grave yard was situated at the corner of Main and Pine. When the street was clayed, notice was printed in the papers requesting all bodies be removed. At the end of six months those remaining with some form of marker were disinterred and buried in a common grave in Greenwood.

In September, 1887, Mr. Richard formed partnership with Elijah Hand, the first professional embalmer in Orlando. Mr. Richard was the father of the first twins born in Orlando. Mr. Hand was also the father of twins. His son Cary is known as a tactful and skilled mortician. He has the only crematory south of Jacksonville.

In 1882, Mrs. Bassett, whose husband was connected with the Reporter, opened the first millinery store. The idea of a store to sell only hats and "that boughten ones." and different for summer and winter. It could never pay. In pioneer days hats were made of palmetto and corn shucks, very artistic and trimmed with beautiful flowers and long feathery plumes of the same material. The palmetto buds were cut, opened and dried in the shade, split with tools made of needles fastened in a wooden handle, "splitters," of different sizes. The finished hats were dampened, suspended in a barrel, a tin plate filled with sulphur placed under, lit and then the barrel was carefully covered with old quilts. The hats bleached snowy white.

Then there was the sunbonnet, paper "slats" in stitched rows, large curtains at the back, ruffles and strings in front, white for babies and small children, but mostly of dark colored goods.

Mrs. Bassett's store was on Pine near Court.

The prophesy failed, hat stores did pay, and soon Mrs. Dick opened a millinery store on Orange and employed professional milliners. Had spring and fall displays.

* * * *

C. G. Bennett was the first florist and green house owner. He made the first bridal bouquets and funeral designs. At the first flower show in Orlando, March 1895 he received the blue ribbon for an easel on which rested a floral picture, a spray of roses in a frame, all made of various flowers and greens.

* * * *

"CONWAY AND SPELLMAN" COFFEE ROASTERS

"The only coffee roaster in South Florida
Coffee roasted fresh every day."

* * * *

MUSIC TEACHER

"Miss Archer—Lessons given on reed organ. Prices moderate."

* * * *

"RANTLET'S CAFE"—David Rantlet, proprietor.
South side of Church, east of South Florida depot.
Mrs. D. Rantlet, fancy goods and notions."

* * * *

Rantlet's cafe was the first high toned eating place in town. Here too for it had always been in the negro vernacular, "rustyrunts", there being two near the depot. "Koffey" sounded suspicious and unappetizing, and it soon closed.

* * * *

Now we have cafeterias, tea rooms, grills, taverns, night clubs and a few "rustyrunts."

* * * *

"SOUTHERN HOME SCHOOL FOR GIRLS"

Miss H. Barbaroux, Principal
Assisted by a corps of competent teachers.
Primary, intermediate and senior courses.
Young lady parlor boarders.
Science, French, Literature and Music.

The school buildings are large and commodious, and most beautifully situated in the midst of a large orange grove, on the banks of beautiful Lake Eola. The grounds are spacious and shady with ample room for exercise and recreation.

School year begins September 27, closes June 10."

* * * *

"The competent teachers" included Miss Julie Barbaroux, Miss Maria Lindsay and Miss Georgia Madden, later known as Georgia Madden Martin, the well known writer.

* * * *

That was in the long, long ago when Miss Barbaroux saw the vision of the present Cathedral School for girls on beautiful Lake Eola. The principal and all the teachers were devout Episcopalians.

* * * *

These advertisements are taken from old papers.

Early in the eighties came Algernon Haden, an Englishman. He had lived in India and Burma, travelled extensively in the tropics, visited the Azores and Canary Islands. He came to see Florida, not expecting to remain, but "got Florida sand in his shoes"—and stayed. Everybody was planting orange groves. Before he had decided to plant one he remembered the pineapple, fields he had seen. The climate was perfect, the crop matured in a short time compared with oranges. He bought land on Reel street (Westmoreland) sent to the islands for plants. There was no need of sheds, the weather had been perfect for many years. The plants grew, produced enormous fruit, which sold at high prices, and seemed in every way preferable to orange culture. Then came severe cold weather, and most of the plants died. He then planted an orange grove. Some years later George Russell bought the few remaining plants, sent for more plants and began the pineapple industry under sheds.

Mr. Haden was ever a starter. With his brother-in-law he formed the Artificial Palm Company, for many years a paying proposition. He next bought the telephone exchange. For fifty years he was an ardent Orlando booster, a loyal American citizen, then while on a visit to England he passed away, and was laid to rest in his native land.

* * * *

On the north side of West Church street was J. L. Mairson's dry goods store. Mrs. Mairson was short and fat, trying to conform to the hour glass fashion of the day she was often sadly out of breath, lifting down the heavy dress materials. One day Mother came in. Mrs. Mairson was all smiles. "We have a new poy, he iss a vera goot poy, he take down the goods, he put them back, he fill the lamps, he shine the glass Ja. Newton he iss a vera goot poy."

This same conscientious and painstaking fulfillment of whatever he undertakes has made Newton Yowell a shining light in business, civic and religious circles. "Ja, Newton Yowell is a "vera goot man."

* * * *

CHAPTER XVII

THE THIRD GREAT DAY IN THE HISTORY OF
ORLANDO

?

WHEN THE VOTES HAVE BEEN COUNTED, AND
TELEPHONES, TELEGRAPH AND RADIO BROAD-
CAST THE RESULT THAT ORLANDO HAS RE-
CEIVED THE MAJORITY AND WILL HEREAFTER
BE KNOWN AS

ORLANDO

THE CAPITAL OF SOUTH FLORIDA, THE FORTY-
NINTH STATE IN THE UNION.

In a large volume published in 1886 giving the di-
rectory of Florida's largest cities, beginning with Jackson-
ville, Orlando is for the first time called "city."

ORLANDO

The phenomenal city.

Reaching Orlando the traveller is met by energetic
hack drivers, urging the visitor to stop at "The Magnolia,
Charleston and Summerlin hotels, all well kept and rea-
sonable in price." The city has two railroads, daily mails,
express and freight offices, telephones, two newspapers,
ice factory, schools, four churches, owning their own build-
ings, and several others worshipping in halls and private
homes.

Walking down the sidewalks of Church street, lined
on both sides by substantial business houses, Orange ave-
nue is reached and the newcomer looks north on another
prosperous business section. Truly, Orlando is a flourish-
ing city, well worth the name PHENOMENAL.

CHAPTER XVIII

LAND VALUES



OCTOBER 5, 1857, Benjamin Caldwell sold the business heart of town for five dollars.

1859 Patrick traded the property between Main, Central and Rosalind to W. A. G. Roberts for an old horse and considered he got the best of the bargain.

Father was offered the land from Central to Pine, from Orange west past the railroad for twenty dollars, but on asking advice was told it "wus a terrible price for sech a little piece of ground when he could git a hull hundred and sixty acre homestead fer nothin." Father used to add, "I had the money in my pocket, but took their advice."

Jacob Summerlin is said to have paid twenty-five cents an acre for his two hundred.

"Mr. James L. Giles stood on the avenue at the post-office this morning, (then on Orange avenue.) "See that lot over there?" said he to a friend; "I mean the one on which the fire is burning," indicating the old Metcalf property, on which the debris was being burned, preparatory to starting building operations. "That lot", said Mr. Giles, "gave me my first start in life. It was the first lot I ever bought. I was such a kid I had to apply to the court to be made a free trader to be able to sell it. I paid two hundred and fifty for it, held it eight months and sold it for \$800. And that was my first capital." It is interesting to know that the Metcalf lot sold for \$10,000.—Daily Reporter-Star, July 11, 1912.

Letter received by Father in 1889.

Mr. J. O. Fries,

County Surveyor,

Dear Sir:

Your name has been handed to me as a good surveyor and a reliable and honest man. I have heard and read a great deal about several parties who have become rich in Florida. I am planning to go down there soon, and knowing exactly what I want, with your wide experience you will probably have little difficulty in locating the same. I want a full one-hundred and sixty homestead, not more than half a mile from center of town, located on a large lake, good fishing and bathing beach. About fifty acres good bearing Indian River orange trees, 50 acres red, pencil cedar hammock, thirty-five acres pasture land, fifteen acres truck farm soil, ten acres banana vines, and coconut trees, which I have read grow wild there, and by the way I almost forgot, a friend wrote me he was making big money in the newly discovered phosphate mines, so would like a phosphate mine somewhere on the property.

I am willing to pay for this information \$5.00, and five more for staking the boundaries. Hoping to hear from you soon, as we have already started packing.

Very truly yours,

FRANK W. D.

P. S.—My son Dick says, "Tell him to see if there is plenty of game in the woods, deer and turkey.—F. W. D.

When friends who had read the letter asked: "Mr. Fries, what did you tell him? He knew exactly what he wanted, didn't he?" Father replied, "I did not answer him, so suppose they have started unpacking and reading more dime novels and real estate circulars."

CHAPTER XIX

STREETS



THE original town of Orlando was four acres and the first streets extended only to town limits. They were named after some natural characteristic. On the north side Oak, cut through a magnificent grove of live oaks, west Court street, south Central and east Main. South of Central, unbroken pine woods extending to Lake Lucerne, so the next south of Central was Pine.

The road leading to the historic old log house, the east room the first court house, the west where the first religious services in Orlando were held, as well as the first public school was named Church. Jackson, third south matched third north, Jefferson.

In 1881, Capt. T. J. Shine moved in from his orange grove and built a house, "way out in the woods", north of town, on the straggling road, now the main thoroughfare, Orange Avenue.

Capt. Shine's father-in-law was Francis Epps, favorite nephew of Thomas Jefferson, so he named the street. 200 Orange was then "way out." Later another street was opened, Washington.

In 1873 came Jacob Summerlin, the cattle king. His wife's health required a high, dry atmosphere, a change from the wet prairies of the southwest. He bought two hundred acres east of Main, including all of Lake Eola. East of Summerlin was the Shelby homestead and east of that the Bumby homestead, entered in 1873 by Joseph Bumby, an early English settler. He was an energetic man, planted an orange grove, built a log house, became the mail carrier between Orlando and Mellonville, horse back, at first, then by wagon, taking passengers and freight. "Bumby's Express" was the first rapid transit between the

two settlements. Since that time in the long, long ago the Bumby family until the third generation have been prominent citizens and leading business men and women.

To the south of them the Stebbins. A full 160 acre bearing grove when the big freeze came. The Stebbins came from New England bringing Colonial Mayflower treasures and a large library. The son Lucius told me that after the freeze not having means to bring back the trees and the tract growing up in wild cherry trees, he for several years sold the "Ayer's Cherry Pectoral" company bark and fruit enough to carry him through the hard times of the late '90s. Adjoining them was the Davis homestead, now the original section of Greenwood cemetery.

North of Summerlin was the Ed. Speir homestead; next the Norman Robinsons, late state chemist. Out on the sand hill he had a small laboratory, where he made the first cement blocks and built the first fireproof building in Orlando, on the north side of Pine, between Court and Main.

When Mrs. Norman Robinson employed Father to sub-divide and plat her property, she named a rambling trail; the upper end almost impossible in deep sand, the lower a mud hole, "Broadway." When people laughed she said, "I have seen in a vision this street, a broad avenue, tree lined, leading to a beautiful park, with handsome homes all around it." The vision has been fulfilled, today Park Lake speaks for itself.

It was on the high bank of the drainage ditch, emptying into Eola that Edwin Beeman (the mascot of the San Juan) in 1898 gave his famous command. The Shine Guards were in camp on the southeast side, drilling to join the troops at Tampa. The Spanish-American war was on.

Edwin had organized a company of "sojers", armed with toy pistols, umbrella handles, broom sticks and other death dealing weapons. The "sojers" were crouched in the ditch, high on the bank stood Edwin. In a clear, ringing voice he shouted "Fire, aim, shoot, run". Away across the quicksand marsh ran the "sojers" up to Rock's bakery, corner Orange and Central.

Today the brave little captain sleeps in Greenwood.

The "sojers" are bald headed business men and well known society matrons.

The question has been asked, "why was the first street east of Main called West, and another half a mile further out called East. West was the west boundary of Jacob Summerlin's property, as East and South on the other sides.

East Washington was Nall, Summerlin from Livingston north was Silliman, Hyer from Livingston north was Eva street, named by Mr. Sam Robinson in honor of the writer's sister, Eva Fries. Colonial was Sweet avenue, named for Charley Sweet, early alderman and later mayor. He was public spirited, enthusiastic, wide awake, ready to aid in every movement, dramatic entertainments for churches and schools, Fourth of July celebrations, political meetings and barbecues. The street next west of Orange was Gertrude, named for his sister, now Mrs. Harry Newell.

From South to Central was Depoline. When some one twenty-five years ago stated they had heard it had been the route first selected for the South Florida railroad in 1881, and the name a misspelling of "Depot Line", Father laughed. The city clerk at that time wrote a fine hand with many flourishes; he prepared the city map for the printers, and they misread the name "Deep Deene". When the map came, it was "Depoline," so there was nothing to be done about it except to let it stand.

Westmoreland was Reel, who in 1882 opened a livery stable on the present Yowell-Drew corner. The livery stable is remembered by old residents as the Sanhedrin of Orlando, the supreme council where all matters of importance were debated and settled.

"Uncle George," an old time negro, was a well known character. He proudly stated he "hed druv fer every purty bride an' evry big dead man in Orlando." He drove the bus for all picnic parties. The Sorosis Club always engaged him to drive them to Winter Park, when Mrs. Comstock, (a member) gave a lunch. It took two hours and four horses to take us there. Half way Uncle George would say, "Does yo' all know Mis Comstock has a poty-cochy to her house an' I'll show yo'all whut it is when

we gits dar." That big word porty-cochy was a joy to him. We often wondered if he used it at "prarmetin'" to impress the congregation.

Lucerne Terrace was Elam, boundary between Elam Lee and James Hughey, Holden and Jernigan, the two first permanent settlers.

Hughey came in 1855. He owned the land south and west of Lake Lucerne. Planted cotton fields as well as orange groves. His cotton fields were often submerged in rainy seasons, so he opened the big ditch through Lakes Minnie and Davis into the sink hole, the first drainage system in Orlando. He was clerk of the circuit court for sixteen years.

His daughter married C. A. Boone who built their home in the woods, and cut a straight road to Church street. It was named Boone street. At the same time a new street was opened west of Gertrude. The Iron King had for some years been the favorite cook stove. Mr. Boone's hardware store had just taken the agency for the Garland. The colored advertisement card: "We sing the praise of the GARLAND STOVE", by a three generation chorus, surrounded by a wreath of tropical flowers had caught the popular fancy, so if one was Boone why not the other Garland?

Fries street running north from Robinson was closed. The summer of 1912 came a heated controversy. New members of the city council advocated renaming all the streets, substituting letters and numbers. While not unanimously adopted, the names of the old pioneers who bore the burdens and cheerfully trudged along the trails between Orlando and Mellonville, Fort Reid and Lake Jesup, who laid the foundations that have given Orlando a name on two continents, a name that has drawn residents from every part of the globe, were stricken from the records, and Spanish and French, circles and courts, drives and terraces, boulevards, places, lanes and roads came in fashion. History, sentiment, romance and poetry of the long, long ago were swept into the discard.

A few years later the Country Club subdivision was laid out, and all the streets named after newcomers and young men.

CHAPTER XX

LAKES



THE old name Sandy Beach was changed to Eola in the early seventies by Bob Summerlin, in memory of the beautiful young girl, his bride to be, who died from typhoid fever two weeks before the appointed wedding day.

Park Lake was first known as Manning's pond. On the site of the Park Lake Presbyterian Church, Mrs. Manning, a widow established what may be called Orlando's first public laundry. A few wooden barrels, cut in two, served as tubs, an iron wash pot, the bushes as clothes lines, a "flat iron" heated on the coals made up the equipment. When Dr. Givens homesteaded that section it became known as Givens Lake. Later a wilderness of guava bushes grew upon the southeast side, it was commonly called Guava Lake. Prof. Norman Robinson bought twenty acres in 1875, and renamed it Leora in honor of his wife. In 1912 it was changed to Park Lake.

The northwest part of Ivanhoe was a separate lake. A public road ran between the two. It was dredged out, and now there is talk of again making a road across.

Lake Dot, if ever mentioned was spoken of as "the mud hole with the big alligator." Holly Lake was renamed Lorna Doone by the Fletcher girls.

Lake Lucindy, in honor of Barnard Hughey's wife, put on style and became Lucerne.

Lake of the Woods was named by the "Beeks girls." They were very progressive and on the muddy banks grew the first celery ever known in Orlando, some even saying the first in Orange county.

Lancaster was Fairbanks. Weldona, Lake Minor. Cherokee was Minnie, before that Lake Eva. Lawsons, Hardeman, an early settler. Highland, Wood's Lake. Lake Olive for Mrs. Newman.

The famous Sink Hole has lately been changed to Greenwood Lake.

LIBRARIES, NEWSPAPERS, ADVERTISEMENTS,
WRITERS

IN the early eighties the first lending library in Orlando was opened to the public in a small room on the north side of Pine street, across from the Magruder arcade by an Englishman named Joyce. He had settled in West Orange. Finding the growing of citrus required a long time to become profitable he opened a library in Apopka, but soon moved it to Orlando where it was eagerly welcomed. It was the day of the Sea Side Library, when all new fiction as well as classics were printed on cheap paper with simple paper covers and sold at ten cents a copy. Mr. Joyce had them bound and numbered on the back in gold. Best sellers, "The Yellow Aster", "Trilby", "Looking Backward", "Moths", "Romance of Two Worlds", and "The Diary of Marie Bashkirtchief", always had a long waiting list. Mrs. M. E. Braddon's thirty-seven, and Charlotte M. Braeme's forty-six thrilling love stories were in great demand.

When the proprietor joined the English colonists' exodus from Florida he sold out. Our family bought several books. The total number in the library is not known, but a copy of "Houp-la" by John Strange Winters bears the number six hundred. On the inside cover are the rules. In an oval medallion in large green letters, "ORLANDO CIRCULATING LIBRARY."

1. Monthly subscriptions of twenty-five and fifty cents will enable subscribers to take out one or three books. All subscriptions must be paid in advance.

2. A deposit of thirty cents will be required from all except monthly subscribers.

3. Any person seriously damaging any book will be charged thirty cents and allowed to keep the book.

Then came the Sorosis Club Library. In 1892 the Sorosis Club received from Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Alden a large number of books, including complete sets of Dickens, Scott, Thackery, Bulver and other English authors, besides a large number of odd volumes, asking they be considered the nucleus of a public library. Other members of the club and their friends gave more books. A catalogue was made and the library work organized. At first the club members took turns as librarian, Wednesday afternoon, three to six; Saturday ten to twelve, three to six. The subscription price one dollar a year, extra copies five cents, over due books, two cents a day fine.

The Library was first opened in the old Armory building, then the club moved it to its own building on Pine street. When that was sold Mrs. M. O. Overstreet generously gave the use of the Overstreet garage apartment. After the change was made to a paid librarian the salary was five dollars a month. The following members acted as librarians: Miss Mollie Ray, Mrs. Victor Starbuck, Miss Lilla Shine, Mrs. Florence Beardall and Miss Kena Fries. The last years the pay was raised to twenty dollars.

When the Albertson Library was opened the Sorosis Club gave some thousand volumes, requesting that all books not desired be given to schools and small country communities.

That was in the long, long ago—and now Orlando has a magnificent library building, a trained librarian, assisted by a staff of capable workers. The public schools also have good libraries and there are several private loan and lending book stores.

* * * *

The first newspaper was "THE NEWS", a small sheet published by a young man and printed on a hand press. In December 1875 M. and B. A. Russell and Charley Munger issued the first number of the "Orange County Reporter", a weekly, mailed out on Friday mornings. The Russells soon sold their interest to Harrington. To Harrington and

Munger should be given the honor of establishing a paper that still brings the news to the citizens of Orange county, having outlived more than a dozen rivals. It carried little advertising, legal and a few professional cards, doctors and lawyers.

When a death occurred large cards printed in heavy black type giving name, time and place of funeral, were prominently displayed in store windows and the post-office.

There were no picture post-cards, few, if any Christmas, and Easter greetings, so the stores resorted to gaily colored cards advertising their specialties. These cards were treasured by children and often pinned on the otherwise bare walls of the pioneer cabins. From a large collection I select at random.

A spotted frog, seated on a toad stool growing in a bed of cat tails. One paw holding a bouquet of pink roses, the other a bottle of "Hoyt's German cologne", the contents cascading over the flowers. "This card is perfumed with fragrant and lasting Hoyt's German Cologne. Price twenty-five, fifty cents and one dollar.

Sold by Bruce, Rogers and Co., S. E. corner Church and Orange, dealers in drugs, patent medicine, chemicals, toilet articles, perfumery, etc."

* * * *

The card distributed by the first shoe store bore the picture of a gloriously beautiful girl, supposed to be Miss Emily Livingston, a long ago belle, who later became Mrs. Edward Hudnell.

Compliments of
Hudnall and Vaterlin
dealers in fine boots and shoes
Orlando, Fla., and Sanford, Fla.

Three small girls dressed in blue, red and yellow, each holding a doll against a gold back ground. TROIS PETITE MAMANS."

SHUTZ BROS.
Dry Goods
Clothing

Shoes

Orlando, Fla.

* * * *

Mr. C. A. Boone's hardware store, a gorgeous garland of flowers, advertising the GARLAND stove, and later a small sheet of popular music, on the back page a three generation chorus singing the praise of the stock in trade.

* * * *

"August Flower and German Syrup,"

L. P. Lawrence

Corner Orange and Pine streets, Orlando, Fla.
Druggists and Chemists, Prescriptions carefully compounded.

* * * *

"The ORANGE LAND", Sherman Adams, editor and publisher, the third paper passed out in the severe cold winter of 1884-85.

In 1885 L. C. Vaughan began the weekly Sentinel.

The RECORD, an evening paper, was for a short time published by James Irving Crabbe, an Englishman, a brilliant, eccentric and sarcastic writer. He always referred to his rival across the street, the Reporter-Star, as, "our highly esteemed contemporary, the "Ripsnorter", which still snorts on.

* * * *

While there are many in Orlando who at times have written "po'try", there are three outstanding names. In the long, long ago, Will Wallace Harney wrote poetry, considered by many comparable with the beloved Sidney Lanier. One of the widely advertised and enjoyable attractions at the first "Fair" held at the old fair grounds (near the present A. C. line depot) was a small boy, standing on a table, who in a clear, ringing voice and with dramatic personality, recited a poem, written by W. W. Harney. The boy was "Sammy", son of Mayor M. R. Marks.

A native son of Orange county was the late lamented V. S. Starbuck, recognized by the Literary Digest and other standard magazines as a poet of great merit. His mother gave my mother the original copy of his first poem,

composed when a young boy, working in his father's truck garden, on Livingston avenue. The sun was hot, he was tired, so taking a rest in the old wheel-barrow, gazing at the sky the poetic inspiration came which in time produced exquisitely beautiful lines.

Ernest Wade, a musician and piano tuner, an old resident and eccentric genius, wrote several musical compositions and strange, elusive poetry, a thread of melancholy sadness, awe-inspired questioning of the great hereafter running through them.

Louise Clarke Pynelle, a famous writer of "Befoh' de Wah" stories, the best known "Diddie, Dumps and Tot", taught in the public school and gave lessons in elocution, music and dancing.

Miss Georgie Madden, (later Mrs. Martin) author of the once popular "Emmy Lou and Her Book", series was a society belle and taught in Orlando's first boarding school.

J. K. Duke wrote "Castle Green", first published in the Reporter, later in book form.

Mrs. Norman Robinson was another gifted writer, her best work "Manton Heatherwick", dealt with various phases of life in the long, long ago.

Miss Sallie Magruder's delightful juvenile, "The Three Little Pioneers", is a book enjoyed by grown-ups as well as by children.

Mr. J. O. Fries wrote for many papers and magazines. He compared his experiences, surveying in the Land of the Midnight Sun with the Everglades of Florida, the Eskimo with the Seminoles, geological formation, flora and fauna.

Also the trip made to New York and Philadelphia in interest of his official Orange county map. The difference in travel and accommodations from 1871-1889.

CHAPTER XXII

HOSPITALS, DOCTORS, OLD TIME REMEDIES AND CURES



IN the long, long ago, "during the last years of the war between the states, the wise and practical idea was entertained by the Surgeon-General of the Confederate States Army to erect a grand Sanitarium for the reception and treatment of all the pulmonary patients from our various armies. Reports of the suitableness of different localities was ordered——".

And now—the Tuberculosis Sanitorium at Woodsmere fulfills the hopes of the Confederacy and proved the wisdom of their plans.

The first hospital in Orlando stood on the site of Dr. P. Phillips' stately residence on the north side of Lake Lucerne. It was a large three-story wooden structure, originally built for a tourist hotel, Mrs. Livingston, proprietor.

Along came Dr. Dexter, a "magnetic healer", "the world's most famous physician", (according to his own statement). He rented the building. Patients flocked from everywhere to "the healer". His mere touch worked miracles—for awhile, then his powers began to fail, the patients relapsed, doubted, then denounced him. But he succeeded in magnetizing, hypnotising or mesmerizing—whatever it was, a rich widow, owner of at that time a most magnificent home. He persuaded her to sell, and after a hasty ceremony the happy couple left. The building burned down soon after.

* * * *

Then came the little Church Home and Hospital on Anderson street, under the auspices of the Episcopal Church. A few small, unceiled cottages, the property of an old almost helpless widow who agreed to deed her property to the church for a certain sum every month, so long as she lived.

Major operations came in fashion. The colored people were deeply impressed as well as terror-stricken by "whut tuk place thar." Aunt Liza, our "cullud lady", gave this account to my mother.

"Law, God A'mighty Mis Fries de doin's an' goin' ons at dat dar hossipile is suthin' obstraciously turrible. My gal Pearlina she knows case she wuks dar, an' Jim he do so too an' dey bof say de same. When dem doctors gits holt ob sum poo' critter ter bobbycue dey alls tells Pearlina ter fill up de wash kittle an' de tea kittle an' de big cook pots all full an' git dem ter bile twell dey spits, den Jim sta't totin' dem in, an' Pearlina fills dem up agin. An' Pearlina don't like hit a bit case dem doctors takes her kitchen table for a bobbycue stan'. An' Jim he say, dem doctors ties a white cloff roun' de poo' helpless soul's haid, so dey can't see nor hear whut's goin' on an' den dey scalds 'em with hot water, des lak dey wus fat hogses an' den dey all bobbycues dem. An' when dey alls done Jim hes ter tote 'em ter baid, an' he say, dey des hollers an' goes on a heap wusser dan when ole Aunt Sally got 'ligion' an' de debbil hed ter let 'er go arter pestering de poo' ole critter eber sence slabery time. Hit's all de Gospel truff, case bof Jim an' Pearlina say so, an' dey's bof scairt plum ter deff".

"But dey alls nebber gwine ter bobbycue me, case I sees dem doctors acomin' I's gwine run an' git in de big swamp, case I 'druther mess up wid de gaters an' de moc-casins wid my eyes open big dan wid dem docters an' my haid all wrop up in a white cloff".

It is true, a rude pine table was used and all the sterilizing done on a wood burning, iron kitchen stove.

This was in the long, long ago, but before that time the first major operation performed in Orlando was an

appendectomy. An extension dining room table was used, the center leaves taken out and two boards placed lengthwise to bear the patient, the ends holding the various equipment needed. There were no trained nurses, so the doctors (all long since dead) had to take turns during the critical periods.

The operation took place early on a Sunday morning. No church bells rang for Sunday school, no ten o'clock bell. Children sent to neighbors to "ask time, our clock must be wrong," were met by others coming to ask the same question. The Episcopal, Presbyterian and Methodist bells had been requested not to ring. The traffic had been stopped two blocks each way on the corner of South Orange and East Jackson. At this time the automobile had not been born, or hard surfaced streets dreamed of as possible.

And now—well, the Orange General does not ask that traffic be stopped every time there is an operation.

The surgeon came on the early morning train from Atlanta and left on the next.

DOCTORS

One day in the sixties a man riding an old black mule stopped in front of Ed. Speir's store. The saddle bags were well filled. Both the rider and saddle bags received a warm welcome from all. The rider was Dr. Whitted, from Volusia county, Orlando's first physician, the saddle bags held drugs and simple surgical instruments. Until his arrival home remedies and cures were all that stood between life and death.

Soon Ed. Speir opened the first drug store in the little one-room log store that also held the postoffice. Dr. Wilson, a Kentuckian, was the first registered prescription clerk.

Dr. W. A. Shelby came next. He homesteaded the one hundred and sixty acres east of Lake Eola. On Shelby hill he built his home, and planted a large orange grove.

The house was a long, rambling structure, shaded by piazzas from the summer suns and heated by generous fireplaces during "cold spells." Mrs. Shelby was a much beloved school teacher, and it is a happy coincidence that Senior High now stands on the spot once occupied by the old house.

Dr. Shelby's pills are still sold. For many years the mascot of the "Blue Drug Store" was a cat, "Dr. Shelby", and it was with genuine regret old residents heard that he too had passed on.

Dr. R. H. Peak came from Mississippi in 1881. His life had been saddened by the tragic death of his only child and loss of a beautiful young wife. He came to Orlando to forget his own sorrow in helping others. Forming a partnership with Dr. Mullins, they soon had a large practice, and were owners of Peak and Mullins first class pharmacy. Dr. Peak was the first doctor who employed a nurse in his office. He was a great believer in Nature (possibly a forerunner of the "Naturopaths.") He made a medicine from the berries of the saw palmetto, (*Serenoa serulata*). This applied at the base of the brain and gently massaged down the spine worked many permanent cures.

And Dr. Peak's "back to nature orange grove" was praised by some and ridiculed by others. He did not believe in chemical fertilizers, but in nature's method of decomposition. In those days of the long, long ago there was no incinerating plant or systematic disposal of garbage and cess pool contents. Here and there on the outskirts of the city were "dumps."

So Dr. Peake contracted with the city council that the space between his trees be used as dumpage grounds. The city was small, the refuse scanty, but rich and Dr. Peak's grove flourished more than most. Then came the late eighties when discarded hoop skirts and gasoline stoves could be seen, bidding a last farewell to the passing Mid-Victorian fashions, and it became a problem how to pick the fruit. Said problem was solved by the "big freeze."

Dr. Peak ever had a tender heart for little children. A poor family having a sick baby moved to town. For many months it was carefully treated and nursed by the good doctor; when it died, he not only paid for the little casket, but for the cemetery lot as well, saving the child from the potter's field.

* * * *

HOME REMEDIES AND CURES

Fresh cotton seed, chewed to a paste and applied to a bald head, produced a vigorous growth of hair in a short time.

* * * *

Two remedies for "rhumatiz." The first by a long ago "native." Yaller jasmin root tea, but be keerful to git it just right. Ef too weak hit don't do no good, an' ef hit's too strong, hit's more'n apt ter kill ye.

An infallible cure "fo de rhumatiz", given by an old time slavery Mammy," "Ye' fin's a stump wha a hoot owl libs, an' den yo's got ter git a lill piece of flannel whuts bin wo'n by a preacher, an' den de fust time de tunder an' lightnin' go off real good an' loud an' hit rain good an' ha'd, yo' puts de flannil in de stump, an' when de rain's gone yo' gits hit an' wrops hit ovah de 'flicted pa't, an' de very fust time de ole owl goes hoo-hoo-hoo de rheumatiz has ter go right ovah ter de stump."

Something in the eye. Give the patient the strongest onion and the dullest knife in the house, hold the head down and the copious flow of tears will soon wash out the offending matter.

* * * *

Surface bleeding was stopped by spider webs, the dustier the better, the dust making it less porous.

Bleeding from vein or artery diminished rapidly when juice from century plant leaves and balsam stems were freely applied.

Remedy for green poison (gangrene) in those days of long, long ago, was the warm stomach of a freshly killed buzzard. A young man out on the prairie on a hot August day, was thrown on a jagged light-wood stump when his pony stepped in a hole. His hip was badly torn as he fell helpless on the ground, near the pony dying from a broken neck. It was two days later when his brother found him unconscious, the wound green, filled with maggots and flies. The buzzards enjoying the dead pony. Quickly he shot one, tore it open, emptied the stomach and pressed it over the wound, and forced a little whiskey down his brother's throat. As soon as one buzzard poultice cooled another was applied. The young man recovered.

The theory was this. The buzzard eats decaying carrion without bad effect, in a few hours the contents of his stomach are purified and clean, the good God having supplied it with a juice that counteracts "green poison."

A live chicken split open and applied in the same manner, in connection with crushed onions and milk cured snake bite. Then of course there was always whiskey, and "mad stone" for dog bite.

* * * *

T. B., then consumption, was of two kinds, galloping and piddling. The treatment of both was the same. As a small girl I saw the first case, galloping consumption. It was in July. The patient sat in a tightly closed room, no windows, only a heavy wooden shutter. In the stick and mud chimney a blazing fire of fat light wood, oozing pitch. The sick woman, warmly wrapped in a bed quilt, sat panting for breath while being urged to eat a dish of bacon grease and navy beans.

Many years later I saw another case, this time the piddling kind. The windows closed, the same pitch pine fire, on the hearth next to the wood, a tin plate holding a "chunk of fat pork", in which was stuck innumerable light wood splinters burning briskly. In the dish was a nauseous mixture of grease and tar. Every three hours a spoonful was scraped up and given the rebellious sufferer. He died.

Then there was always "bottle medicine." Favorites of the long, long ago. "Dr. Biggers' Huckleberry Cordial cures everything except death." "Simmons' Liver Regulator", "Shiloh's Vitalizer, never fails to cure", and "Perry Davis Pain Killer", a marvelous medicine.

A young man used to come around complaining that once when sleeping on the ground a spider had crawled into his ear and kept on spinning webs inside his head, making him unable to remember anything. He had twice been sent to the asylum but returned as "perfectly harmless."

One day he came around, more doleful than ever, his head was now so full of spider webs, his eyes were unable to see and his ears to hear. Begging Mother to do something for him, he sat down and began to cry. A bright idea came to Mother, giving him a teaspoonful of "Pain Killer" and a glass of water she told him it would burn up "the old spider." He danced around for a while, then felt the spider shrivelling up. After a hearty meal he left, quite cheerful. Several months later he came back to thank Mother, the spider had never given any more trouble and he was working. Three years after Father met him, he had bought land, planted an orange grove, built a log cabin, married and had two children. Never had a return of spider web trouble.

SCHOOLS



IN the year 1863 the first public school in Orlando was organized in the west room of the old log court house. Dirt floor, board seats, no backs, a small blackboard, and Webster's blue-back speller the principal text book. Mrs. Julia Buchan, a widow from Mississippi, was the first teacher. Thirty pupils, six Buchans, five Roberts, Holdens, Patricks, Hugheys, Iveys, Capplemans, Hulls, Lees.

Then came Mr. O'Conner, Mr. Faison, Miss Jo McLain, Miss Carrie Rossiter, Mr. C. A. Boone, Professor Gould, Mrs. Fernandez, Miss Crowe, Miss Stamps, Mrs. Shelby, Miss Myrtle Harris, Mrs. Pynelle, Professors Dugger, Sanders, Smith.

Several of these teachers taught more than one term.

After the log school house came the court house, and in 1872 the Union Church on South Main street.

In 1869 the county school board was reorganized and W. A. Lovell, the first county superintendent. He was succeeded by Mr. Burrell from Fort Reid. No examinations were held, the superintendent asked the applicant a few simple questions and gave them permission to teach. The age limit was never asked. Any child able to walk to the nearest school was accepted, as well as those past twenty-one. Young men who during the time of and after the war between the states had received little or no "book larnin'" often attended, especially if the teacher happened to be a pretty young girl.

An average of seven pupils was required, if not the school was discontinued. "Orphan schools" were allowed

ten dollars a month payable to any one willing to teach, and if possible board around. Twenty dollars was considered a good salary and forty-five the limit. J. T. Beeks came to Florida in 1875 and settled at Lake Irma. In 1878 he was elected superintendent and moved to Orlando. In 1868 his left leg had been injured by a pile of timber falling on it, necessitating amputation above the knee in 1883.

As he drove around visiting the country schools, his coming was a great event, especially to the excited children, admiringly watching him getting in and out of his "top buggy," hitching and unhitching his horse and entering the school room walking on "boughten sticks." Father having been elected county surveyor, he and Mr. Beeks occupied the same office, in the old, old, old court house. Office assistants or secretaries had not been heard of at that time, so the two men assisted each other, or when both were absent, the door was closed, a note stating when they expected to return.

Written examinations were held. No definite time was appointed. The candidate went to the court house, was shown a table, handed five papers, arithmetic, geography, grammar, history and a miscellaneous current events; spelling and reading were oral. Father and Mr. Beeks looked over the papers and saved the most amusing answers. This was the gem of their collection.

"What is physical geography?"

"Physicals and Goggrafy have nothin' to do with each other. Physicals is what you takes when you is sick, and goggrafy is what you learns outen a book."

One day when father was alone, two young men came in, engaged in a hot argument. The landlady at their boarding house used to ring an old cow bell when the meals were ready. They disagreed, one saying, "The bell done rung." The other "the bell has ringed." Looking daggers at each other, and finding Mr. Beeks absent, they asked, "Mr. Fries, who is right?" Father diplomatically assuming a solemn and scholarly mien, answered, "Gentlemen, both

statements are equally correct." Satisfied, and once more friends, they went back to work, clerking at W. G. White's dry goods store, corner Orange and Church.

In the eighties a number of one teacher, one-room school buildings encircled Orlando. They have all long since "moved to town," and are now known—Rock Lake and Ivey's as West Central; Formosa-Princeton avenue—Rowena-Marks street—Hulls, DeLaney—Cherry Hill (south of the Orange General Hospital) and Clear Lake as Grand avenue schools.

* * * *

A boarding school for "young ladies" was opened in the '80s, Miss Barbaroux principal, situated in the old Summerlin Hotel, on Lake Eola.

SCHOOL LIFE IN THE EARLY EIGHTIES



IN October, 1881, a very proud and happy little girl entered the Orlando Public School. A beautiful hair ribbon, three new books and a slate, from which at the end of a long string, dangled a slate pencil. Sometimes a new pupil would have a slate with two strings, the second securely tied to a small piece of sponge. This was always greeted with a derisive laugh, for didn't the good God give every little girl and boy ten chubby fingers and a little pink well ever flowing with an abundance of "spit?" Soon the sissyfied owner threw away the offending slate wiper and resorted to natural methods.

A slate pencil was a wonderfully useful article. It would write and "cipher", if laid flat and carefully rubbed back and forth gave a silvery sheen to the whole slate, held straight up and pressed hard etched the owner's name on the slate. The big girls used to hold a slate pencil in the flame of a kerosene lamp and "frizz" their bangs before coming to school. The barefoot boys found them "mighty good scratchers" when the ground itch became unbearable.

That was in the long, long ago, where today could you find a silvery slate autographed by the owner, and with either one or two strings, except possibly among the antiques in the Wright sisters' shop, out on Rock Lake.

And now, the pupils have scratch pads and note books, ever sharp pencils and fountain pens.

The school house stood near the present Tremont Hotel, on South Main street. New settlers having moved to Orlando and vicinity, and the pupils numbering thirty-seven another room had been added and for the first time

two teachers were employed. Mrs. Shelby, principal, and Miss Myrtle Harris, assistant. There were Bumbys and Davises, DeLanays and Richards, Beeks, Gore, Livingston, Shine, Johnson, Ives, (aunt of Sidney and Marion), Moreland, Wescott, Boatwright, Speir and Fries.

School "took in" at half past eight (sun time) and "let out" at four. Six hours was the school day, three months the full time. "Little recess" morning and afternoon, "big recess" at noon.

East of the school house was the "grave yard." Neat picket fences around family lots, pine board head stones, lightwood knot markers. Here and there tin can flower holders and shells. This long, long ago custom still prevails, go out to Greenwood and see for yourselves. North stood a small cottage, where lived Mrs. R..... Her life was dominated by two strong passions. A fervent love for all things Southern and a bitter hatred of all things "Yankee." Dinner finished, we would gather around Mrs. R..... seated on the porch in an old-fashioned rocking chair, playing Dixie on a squeaking accordion. Childish trebles rising high "In Dixie Land, I'll Take My Stand", and giving the "Rebel Yell" with all the strength of healthy, young lungs.

In 1882 better school accommodations being found necessary, a four thousand, ten per cent bond issue election was called, but failed to pass.

The winter of '83-'84 the Methodists had started the Wesleyan Academy, and obtained the public school contract. There being four rooms, naturally called for four teachers, although there were only seven pupils left for one of them. The building stood on the present City Hall lot. On the second floor was a small balcony, where hung a bell calling the school to order. The principal was an "old-time Methodist" preacher.

That winter the first circus came to town, and pitched tents south of the old depot, near the school house grounds. A grand parade laboriously came down the deep sand of Church street and stuck at the corner of Orange avenue.

The preacher crowded the pupils to the other side of the room and preached a doleful sermon on the sinfulness of "show people." It fell on deaf ears.

At one o'clock he stepped out to ring the bell, when suddenly, with a suppressed chuckle the door slammed shut. Accidentally, quite accidentally, of course. Downstairs, across lots fled the happy children, soon followed by the other three teachers, leaving the preacher to meditate in solitude on the sinfulness of show people and the wickedness of the rising generation.

That was in the long, long ago—and now, the Methodists after having moved several times, have a large and well-known college at Lakeland, and the old school building has also been moved and is known as the Willola Hotel.

'84-'85 found the school quartered on West Church street, in the Masonic Hall and the first little Baptist church on Garland. The principal, a Canadian, Professor Robert Smith, university graduate, should really be called the Father of the graded system, and higher education in Orlando. (Before that the pupils "recited in any class they fitted in.") The beginners in the church, the intermediates downstairs and the highest grade upstairs in the Masonic hall. He introduced Latin, botany, drawing and sepia painting. Nellie Beeks, daughter of the county superintendent, was the star artist. She was very talented and in later years a great help to her father in the office.

The severe freeze of '84 came. At "big recess" the boys gathered brush and wood and built a roaring fire, around which we sat and ate our dinner. Cold sweet potatoes, ditto fried bacon, hard boiled eggs, soda biscuits, and occasionally a pickle or cookie, finishing with oranges. Through a hole cut in the top of the orange it was sucked dry and then thrown into the fire "to pop."

Some brought their dinner in a tin pail, and some in a paper bag. Afterwards exciting games of blind man's buff, tag, you're it, and drop the handkerchief, then school again.

That was in the long, long ago—and now twelve large brick buildings, including the vocational school, air-conditioned, furnace heated, cafeterias, rest rooms, auditoriums await the pupils.

On the north side of Church street between the railroad and Orange avenue stood "Kuhl's Kandy Kitchen", the mecca of all the girls and boys when school "was out" for the day. On the left side, as you entered was the soda fountain, presided over by Ben Bartlett, brother-in-law of Mr. J. L. Giles. The front of the fountain was a marble slab, about three feet long and a foot high. Six flavors, lemon, banana, pineapple, raspberry, sarsaparilla and "Don't Care", the last as mysterious and tantalizing as the Sphinx of Egypt. Many were the opinions of the crowd. "May be it is mixture of all the others?" "I think it's quinine or red pepper, just April fool like." "Or only plain water with no sody in it at all."

Some time the owner of the required nickel would proudly brag, "I am going to ask for 'Don't Care'," but when the question was asked, after a few minutes of silent meditation, courage failed, "I'll take raspberry." That was the favorite, why waste money on what grew at home? On the right side of the room, shelves holding jars of peppermint sticks, gum drops, and pink taffy, or "pulling candy." In the middle two small tables where ice cream was served.

Kuhl's Kandy Kitchen and the owner's friendly and cheerful greetings were known far and wide.

That was in the long, long ago—and now go down Orange avenue and gaze at the glorified, mirrored, decorated soft drink palaces where every thing from nut sundae to fried chicken is served.

* * * *

Next in importance to the teacher was the water bucket, with long handled tin dipper that stood in the corner of every schoolroom, usually on a wooden block or empty soap box. It was the duty of the big boys to see that it was filled every morning and noon. Germs were unknown in those days of long ago—now there are sanitary fountains and paper drinking cups.

* * * *

No postage stamp collector of today feels more interest or experiences greater thrills than did the girls of long, long ago, when the wonderful "button strings" flourished. Buttons were begged, traded, bought, and I fear sometimes simply appropriated from older members of the family's garments. A button with a shank was worth three buttons with holes. "A whole set" was the ambition of every collector.

The above mentioned Mrs. R— was the leading character in one of Father's favorite reminiscences.

He was on a survey at Umatilla (then in Orange county) when he met a gentleman in search of a promising location, both as a home and investment. Being told of Orlando, he came, looked around and found Mrs. R—'s property very desirable in every way. She was willing to sell and the price agreed on, the papers ready for signature, when the gentleman happened to remark; "This is certainly a change in climate from Iowa."

Up rose the infuriated Mrs. R—. "You, you miserable Yankee, git, and that purty quick", then turning to the dog, "sic him, sic him". The dog sicked, and the gentleman ran. Fortunately his hat blew off, and the Florida dog never having seen a "stove pipe hat", stopped to investigate. The owner reached his hotel, bare-headed and sadly out of breath, sat down and wrote the following letter.

Orlando, Florida,
Magnolia Hotel, March 22, 188—

Mr. J. O. Fries:
County surveyor.

Dear Mr. Fries:

Acting on your advice I came to Orlando and it proved to be all you claimed, a thriving little community with bright future prospects. I found a location reasonable in price and desirable in every way, but just as the agreement had been made it suddenly turned too warm, I might say too hot for me, and I have decided to seek a cooler and more northern atmosphere.

Hoping to have the pleasure of continuing our acquaintance sometime and somewhere, but not in Orlando.

Very truly yours,

In later years whenever Father happened to be in the town where the gentleman had settled, he was cordially welcomed. The host would solicitously inquire about Mrs. R—'s health, and if she still had a temperature above normal, to which Father would respond by asking "Have you found a Florida store where they sell stove pipe hats?" Then they would both enjoy a hearty laugh.

That was in the long, long ago, but not so very long ago the gentleman's daughter was a most brilliant and beloved president of the Florida Federation of Womens Clubs.

MUSIC AND DRAMA



IN the early '70s *Romeo and Juliet* was given, Mr. Will Randolph and Miss Fanny Shelby taking the leading parts. The proceeds were used to build the small Union church near Main street.

A dramatic society was organized by Charley Sweet, who acted as coach, stage manager, director, make-up, costumer and advertising agent. In an old diary written when Father was spending a short time at the homestead: "Charley Sweet came out from Orlando to see me about scenery and costumes for a play, *Charles the XII*. He is energetic, enthusiastic, and tireless in his efforts".

This play was so well received, that the management of the "Sanford Fair" asked him to bring his troupe and give a performance. A music teacher at Apopka was also invited to bring his class and give a concert following the play. All numbers were vocal selections. The little program printed on cheap paper is blurred, only a few names distinct. "Soprano solo, 'I'm a merry, merry Zingara', Miss Lovell." and a chorus, led by Professor Combs; "Polly, put the kettle on and we'll all take tea." The Sanford paper wrote in glowing terms of the entertainment, praising the beauty of the young ladies and the talent shown by all.

That was in the long, long ago and now—Orlando has a "little theatre", and the plays given are often said by winter visitors to equal many professional performances seen in the north.

In 1883 Orlando had what it does not have today; "An Opera House", not simply a theatre, movie palace or audi-

torium, but a real Opera House, standing on the east side of Court street across from the Magruder arcade.

Over the front door, in large letters was painted "ORLANDO OPERA HOUSE". Bills stating doors open at seven, performance begins at half-past, were pasted on a sign board. The double doors opened directly into the auditorium. Walls and roof unceiled, kerosene lamps with tin reflectors nailed on the studding and kerosene foot lights.

In this building were held, or given, plays, concerts, spelling bees, auctions, political and public meetings, church suppers, balls, lectures, Chautauquas, skating rinks and religious services. The only thing never on record is bridge parties,—you see Orlando had not arrived as yet.

St. Luke's Church (then not much larger than a present day living room) needed money for the building fund. Miss Emma Thursby, the great singer of that day, happened to be visiting her brother at Melbourne. Being a devout Church woman, and hearing of St. Luke's needs, she consented to come over and give a "Grand Opera Concert". Since then many other famous singers have appeared on the Orlando stages, but Miss Thursby was the first "real big voice" ever heard in this section.

The concert was a glorious treat to most of the audience, coming from all central Florida. Of course there were some who did not think much of such "unearthly screeching".

Later, Father had for twenty years a colored man who in his youth had been employed by Mr. Thursby at Melbourne.

As a musical critic, he was an authority—in his own opinion. "Shu, dere ain't nobuddy in Orlando kin sing like Miss Emma; deed an 'taint. She allus singed like a hull bunch of mocking birds, sometimes whispering soft like, but when she singed the song wid de white shawl ober her haid, yo' could hear her holler plum crost de Injun river". (Mr. Will Branch, please give us the name of the "white shawl" song.)

"I specs when she git ter hebbing de good Lord gwine ter say, 'Miss Emma, please ma'm don play on de golden harp when yo' sings, jes let yo' own voice go, while we all sots back an' lissens.' Miss Emma, she sho could sing and holler".

The same winter the first ambitious amateur performance was given by the ladies of the Presbyterian church; the "Cantata of Queen Esther". Mrs. Munger, Mrs. Hills, Mrs. Abbott, Mrs. Sam Robinson, Miss Stubblefield and Mr. C. K. Needham.

Concerts became the fashion. Soloists, Mrs. Randolph, "Fiddle and I wandering by". Miss Lilla Shine (Mrs. F. B. Stoneman of Miami) "Go down Moses". Miss Belle Caldwell (Mrs. Hauselt) "Tit for tat". Quartet, Mr. Potter, (brother of Bishop Potter) Mr. Needham, Captain Shine and Mr. Capers King. Mrs. Chas. Switzer was a great favorite. The Switzers lived at that quaint old place "Bonnie Burne" on the east Winter Park road. Miss Jennie Sweetapple and Mr. Needham, duet. A piano solo played by A. S. Joyner "The Overture From Zampa" was by the news reporter given as "Overture to Tampa".

Then came comic operas. Patience,—Miss Mary Flemming, Miss Lela Shine (Mrs. Beggs) and the late Judge Cheney, star performers.

The first piano in this section was a Chickering, brought down by W. H. Holden. The first in Orlando, Miss Alice Summerlin's, the second Mrs. Gould's.

Miss Summerlin attended lay services of the Episcopal Church at the home of Mr. Epps on Pine Loch and later in the old, old court house. A gifted musician, she one day said "Father we can't sing the chants and the hymns drag, we must have music". So Mr. Jacob Summerlin gave a small reed organ, the first church organ in Orlando. It was placed in the court house and used by all the different churches. As it was given to the little struggling mission, it was moved to the first small church, in the long, long ago, where now stands the stately Cathedral on north Main street.

In the early '70s when elocutionists recited and dramatically gesticulated, at an entertainment a young lady "spoke a piece", "A neighborhood row". It told of a New England village where the tuning fork was used. The young folks wanted "an organ"; the deacons objected but some how the money was raised and a small organ placed in the meeting house, and with it came quarrels and religious controversy. A congregational meeting was called for prayer meeting night to settle the dispute. Everybody came, the doors were opened, grim and stern the deacons, nervous, yet triumphant the young folks walked up the aisles— but (in a sepulchral voice and far flung arms) the organ had disappeared.

A hearsay version of those two events have lead to the erroneous statement, "the little organ disappeared after quarreling as to what denomination gave the most money".

FIRST ART IN ORLANDO



IN the seventies a family moved to Orlando and pre-empted a homestead on the lake which still bears their name, Geer Lake a few miles east of town. Mr. Geer "took tin-types" or in other words he was the first picture taker in Orlando. The fashionable slang of that day being "not on your tin-type.—Now it is "O.K." or "okey dokey." Then came photograph galleries. DeWaal, Wager, and Abercrombie. The subject curled her bangs, put on the Sunday-go-to-meeting dress, or, waxed his mustache and slicked his hair. Sometimes the picture had to be labeled in order to tell if it really "was you" or some freak. But that was not the photographer's fault; yours, trying to look what you really did not look.

Now you make an appointment at a studio, and having posed in your sweetest manner against artistic back grounds, proper lighting effects, you receive a glorified portrait of yourself, which you and your friends declare "pretty in a way, but it don't do you justice, not a bit". And then presently it appears in the Sunday paper. Mrs. Geer was an artist, painted in oil in the smooth painstaking, flat manner of our grand-mothers. Her specialty was copying the old masters, Michael Angelo, Raphael and others.

She also gave lessons. In many homes were found wonderful works of her pupils. I once saw in a country home a strange looking picture, two thirds to one side of the canvas was a slightly deformed baby with the brim of a yellow hat on its head, sitting in a large rose bush of the old fashioned Louis Philippe type and underneath the name "Cupid in a rose bush".

The lady of the house explained, that her niece Susan

Jane had taken a few painting lessons from Mrs. Geer and "started the picture of a lady in a chair with a neighbors little boy standing by, admiring the baby in her lap". The lady had on a yellow hat, just like the baby, only a brim without a crown. "But Susan Jane had made the baby too large to get the others in the picture, and her Pa having had 'bad luck' could not afford to pay for more lessons, so Susan Jane obliterated the others and substituted the big rose bush by the gate and gave it to her beau for a Valentine."

Mrs. Geer was really a very good artist, and not to be blamed for her pupil's masterpiece.

The Geer home having burned down, the family moved to town, and built a house on the corner of Rosalind and Robinson. Mrs. Geer died, and the daughter was found shot one day. After that the old "tin typer" led a restless, dreary existence. Selling his property he spent the last days of his life planning a memorial to his wife, daughter and himself in Greenwood cemetery, where it may be seen in "the old part". A large square block forms the base, from each corner slender arches meet at the center, forming a funereal symbol.

The East side bears this inscription:

Erected by L. H. Geer,

Husband and Father, in the memory of his loved ones.
Sleep, precious souls. No more sorrow or pain.
But the one that is left, will be there tomorrow.
Earth has no more pleasure, without you to remain.
Tomorrow has come, no one to mourn, all is lost in sorrow.
I am now in the bourne, I promised tomorrow.

* * * *

The north side, below a palette and brushes.

Mrs. R. Geer

wife

of L. H. Geer, July 28, 1900.

A good wife and mother. And only known to be loved,

* * * *

Her brush work still lives.

The west,

In memory of Miss Lillie Geer
Daughter of
L. H. Geer,
died May 8, 1901
age 46 years

"I want to be laid next to Ma". Lillie said .
In life unassuming, In her death all is lost, Pa.

The south, below the Masonic emblem :

In memory of L. H. Geer,
died March 23, 1903,
age 75

No one to mourn, No one to caress. No one to own.
No life, Let me rest, Let me rest.

And now Orlando has an art association, meeting regularly, and art exhibitions, showing the work of Orlando and Orange county's talented artists.

THE FIRST "ICE CREAM SUPPER"



ONE summer's day, nearly sixty years ago, there spread like a prairie fire, the news that an ice cream supper would be held at a small story and a half boarding house standing on the present Cathedral school site. Children and young people asked wonderingly, "Ice cream, what's that?" Occasionally they had seen a thin white glass on mother's wash tubs in winter, a white glass that crackled and burned little hands, that explored the mystery; where did it come from? where did it go when the sun came up? Mother and daddy called it ice. And supper usually consisted of grits and "sow belly", molasses and black coffee; never any ice. Then you said your "Now I lay me down to sleep", and the day ended in peaceful dreams, unless the latest baby's inquisitive hands or the dogs had torn the mosquito netting around the bed, then you sat up, madly and triumphantly "poppin' skeeters", or Daddy started a smudge pot. But this was "awfully hot summer" so there could be no ice, and going to Orlando to eat supper was queer, too.

The long expected day arrived. A big crowd, considering that at that time only a red-hot political campaign and a barbecue could assemble a couple of hundred people.

Early in the afternoon they were all there. Pa an' Ma and the littlest baby, buddy and sis, eagerly awaiting "Bumby's Express" from Mellonville. Down where the Rosalind club now stands, oxen, mules and a few horses slaked their thirst and made their supper of the lush grass growing in the muddy marsh on the west shore of Lake Eola. On the Overstreet property parked (there was no red ticket police, at that time) two wheeled carts, "wag-gins", buck boards and top buggies, the conveyance of the aristocrats, now called "swells" and the "elite". A nice,

shining top buggy was scarcer than a Lincoln or Rolls-Royce now. The oxcart was a forerunner of the old model T Ford, and just as reliable, for no matter how deep the sand or mudhole, "it took you thar an' brung yo' back safely." Up at the house "boiled custard" awaited the coming of the ice. There was no freezer, but two buckets, one set inside the other, ice and salt packed in between the two.

Three o'clock, four o'clock,—five—six. The sun was setting when the express at last arrived. It took three days for a round trip from Mellonville, the old steamboat landing and postoffice near the present city of Sanford.

The ice, the precious ice, where was it? A "crocus sack", wet saw dust, water trickling from the bottom of the wagon. The ice, well there was just a lump, the size of a cabbage head left.

Dismay, discussion—what was to be done? The ice meanwhile getting smaller and smaller. Finally some one suggested making lemonade. Hastily a few sour oranges and Florida rough lemons were squeezed, brown sugar added, water, and soon the "ice col' lemonade, step up ladies and gents", was being served.

"It sho is a purty col' drink, fer bein' in July", said one. "Them yankees thinks they're al-fired smart, but we all knows there couldn't no buddy ever git a hull crocus sack full of ice at no time, not even in winter".

* * * *

The ice was brought down from Jacksonville by boat to Mellonville. Then by mule team to Orlando. It was the usual habit to start early in the morning from Orlando, reaching Soldier creek late in the afternoon, camp for the night. Next morning, eight or nine, arrived at Mellonville, unload, take on new freight, visit around, exchange neighborhood news, discuss politics, eat a lunch of crackers and cheese, pick up passengers, return to Camp, next day after a long, tiresome drive, late at night reach Orlando. The distance in those days was many miles more, over winding trails, around ponds, fallen timber, deep mud holes.

WHEN SEMINOLE BILLY FIRST TASTED ICE CREAM



IN 1892 William Crane Gray, rector of The Church of the Advent, Nashville, Tenn., was elected and consecrated Missionary Bishop of Southern Florida. He moved to Orlando, with his family, living first in a rented house on north Orange Avenue. In 1897 the Missionary jurisdiction of Southern Florida bought from W. R. O'Neal the property where now stands the Cathedral school, corner of Liberty and Central avenue. In 1899 the property where now stands the million dollar court house, was bequeathed by the Pell-Clarkes for a new Bishopstead.

Bishop Gray was truly an Apostle in the wilderness, not only to the scattered members of the Church did he minister, but he earnestly and devotedly labored to bring the Christian religion to the Seminoles. He made many long, weary trips from Fort Myers into the heart of the Everglades. Eighty miles through sand and mud, alligators and snakes, mosquitoes and malaria, meeting with little success at first. My father asked one of the old Indians what the Seminoles thought of the Bishop.

"Bishop he good man—preachy, preachy—all time, Injun hunttee, hunttee all time; Bishop let Injun lone—Injun let Bishop lone."

This does not sound very encouraging, but after a few years the Bishop not only gained their confidence and good will, but young Billy consented to come up and make a visit at Bishopstead.

He went to Church, walked the streets, silent, taciturn but ever watching with eagle eye. Clad in calico shirt, moccasins and turban with silver buckle. He brought a present to Mrs. Gray from his mother. A most wonderful squaw dress, made of brightly hued calicoes, adorned with many ruffles and furbelows, red and yellow colors predominating, although there were other colors as well.

It so happened that a group of young girls, the St. Ccelias, of St. Luke's church were giving an "ice cream and cake festival" at Mr. Sperry's residence on Pine street, opposite Duke Hall. In the midst of a thriving business, "Ice cream ten, cake five, thanks", with stately step and slow, in marched Billy in his usual full dress—undress attire.

Mr. Sperry welcomed him warmly, and the two sat down on a sofa. One of the girls (now a popular member of the Orange courthouse staff) served him. He took the cream, refused the cake. He took a taste, gave a hard biting chew, looked astonished, felt in his mouth, nothing there looked inside his shirt, nothing there, got down, looked under the sofa, nothing there, felt his throat, no lump there.

Visible and audible smiles around him. He knew from tribal accounts, that white people were not always to be trusted, so hurling the dish to the floor, he started for the door. Mr. Sperry tried to pacify him, gave him a wonderful match box, that opened and shut with a loud click. After a while, having grunted his satisfaction he consented to try another dish of cream. Same result as before. This time he could not be reconciled but flushed with anger strode quickly down the street muttering, "Holi-wagus-hell". When a Seminole says that, there is nothing more to be done. It is final.

Ten years later, another Indian brought his squaw to the Church Home and Hospital for treatment. She recovered after several weeks of care and skillful attention. The "white medicine man" had succeeded where the "red medicine man" had failed.

Dr. Christ is said to have had one of the most interesting and strenuous experiences of his busy life when he took Tommy Tiger to his first movie.

When Tommy Tiger saw the run away horses come tearing across the screen, he started up with a sudden dash down the aisle, "Me ketch um, ME KETCH UM". And the audience felt the impromptu extra was worth more than the whole picture.

THE FIRST AUTOMOBILE IN ORLANDO



IN the late nineties I received a letter from a friend spending the summer in Philadelphia. "I wish so much, dear Kena, that you could see the marvelous sight—A HORSELESS carriage. I have seen only one, but there are said to be three in Philadelphia. As you never come north, I fear you never will see one, I suppose it would be impossible for one to go as far as Orlando. It is said, they can make fifteen, even twenty miles an hour, the latter seems a ridiculous exaggeration".

But wonders never cease—in Orlando. Dr. Harris brought an au-to-mow-beel to town. How grand that word sounded. How immensely we admired when it passed, if not too busy trying to quiet our terrified ponies. It was a so called, "one lung" and at times that lung seemed badly affected. It wheezed and gasped, coughed and sputtered, some times its temperature rose and it plunged deliriously into a tree or fence post.

The ladies of St. Lukes guild needed money. This time to replace the white cloth windows with glass. The members "put on their thinking caps"—now-a-days they would "have gone into a huddle". Ice cream suppers, oyster stews, pink teas, C. C. C. C. lunches had lost their drawing power.

At last, one of them had an inspiration, a brilliant idea. A member of the congregation had just returned and brought automobile number two to town. Possibly it was a "two lung", any way it was stronger and not subject to hysterics. The owner kindly consented to give his services.

So on a certain afternoon a placard announced, "AUTOMOBILE RIDE" from Jefferson to the north corner of the San Juan de Ulloa, (the original name of the San Juan) ten cents; three to five o'clock. Crowds of eager passengers at each terminal. "Me next", "I was here first", Silver dimes in outstretched hands. There was no time to make change. Only one passenger could be taken at a time and no one was allowed to ride twice, even when offering a whole quarter. Between the corners "lookers on" were massed. "I just would love to ride, but it seems so unnatural and like tempting providence, I am a little afraid to try". That was in the long, long ago—now stand on the corner of Orange and Central and watch the cars go by.

And some of them they say are twelve lungers.

* * * *

"Four automobiles passed through Maitland Tuesday, which is a pretty good showing for a dull summer month".—Maitland news item in the Sentinel-Reporter, Friday, June 24, 1904.

* * * *

GREAT BUSINESS RECORD

"Mr. Gray Rush is home from a business trip to Leesburg and points around Lake county, happy in having sold two Fords in one week".—Reporter-Star, July 30, 1912.

CHAPTER XXX

THE WEATHER



THE weather, always a much discussed subject is perhaps of greater interest in Florida than anywhere else. Just one or two cold nights, then glorious sunshine again, and yet many calculations have been upset, and many a hopeful trucker left in wild despair. It is the early crops that bring big prices, replanting frequently enters into competition with Georgia and the Carolinas. The first picking of an early crop of beans netted a farmer \$40,000; cucumbers and peppers are equally profitable in the northern markets in winter. It is said that three to five days often mean the difference of large profits or loss.

And as we always have the weather with us, so do we have weather prophets. Strange to say, very often their predictions came true. "Whispering Bill Speir", one of the early traveling nursery salesmen, knew a great many. Whispering Bill received this name on account of the marvellous carrying qualities of his voice. It was not loud but could be heard far and wide. It was his proud statement that he had once stood at Mellonville, on the banks of Lake Monroe and "whispered", and said "whisper" had been clearly and distinctly heard at Enterprise on the opposite side of the lake.

Whispering Bill was the equal of the late lamented Will Rogers. His homely philosophy and knowledge of human nature, cheerful greetings and "good stories" made him a welcome visitor all over Central Florida as he travelled around in his buckboard taking orders. The great surprise of his "flower life" came when he learned that there were "ladies and gentlemen" in the vegetable kingdom. His favorite roses were the "Duck de Luxembug" and "Rainy Henryetta".

He prophesied winter weather by the various kinds of goldenrod, the time of flowering, abundance and condition of inflorescence. He foretold the "big freeze" of 1894-95. An old foreigner, living near us, based his predictions on the partridge pea and the temperature on certain days in August. As much as the thermometer registered above average normal summer heat, (taking ninety as an average), so much would it fall below thirty-two in winter. He told this in the summer of 1916. I do not know the mysterious dates, but I do know, that one day in August 1916 the thermometer registered 102 for a few hours, and in the winter of 1916-17 in February the temperature fell below twenty.

The Seminole Indians forecast stormy weather by the wild oats. Three days before a hurricane, they say, the wild oats sway and fall prostrate on the ground, then they flee to higher ground. No Seminole has ever been reported killed in the devastating storms of recent years. They also prophesy by the sawgrass in the Everglade fastness.

The summer and fall when tropical plants, that seldom set seed, do so, look out for a bad freeze. Summer '34, *Clerodendron* (bleeding heart) *Thunbergia erecta*, *Trachelospermum*, *Allamandas* all bore seeds freely. Once when there had been a prolonged drought, (eight months) an Englishman, a close neighbor killed a large black snake crawling toward the chicken house. A negro passing by hailed him. "Say boss, dat sho am powful good luck, case we all's suttently do need rain. Yo' des hang him on de lef hand gate post haid down an' de good Lawd an' dat ar snake will fotch a big rain 'nside tweentyfoh hours".

The Englishman shocked at such superstitious ignorance tried to convince him to the contrary without success. Finally in order to prove the ridiculousness of the belief, consented. The snake was hung as the negro directed.

It was about ten o'clock in the morning. Not a cloud in the sky, grass and all vegetation dead and shriveled up. The thermometer flirted with the hundredth degree.

"Good-bye boss, yo' all 'ill see I'se right 'bout dat dar snake." And we all did see, for in the late afternoon, with terrific thunder and lightning came the heaviest downpour of rain known for many years. The chagrined Englishman called it "a most extraordinary co-incidence"; the negro, "de gospel truf".

Uncle Hiram Beasley, another old pioneer, generally considered the king of all weather prophets was standing on the postoffice steps one day, chewing "terbacker" and sayin "howdy" to all passing friends and acquaintances. A young lady stopped.

"Uncle Hiram, do you think we are going to have a nice day tomorrow, or is it likely to rain? We are planning a picnic at Rock Springs". Uncle Hiram looked up into the sky, chewed, spit, looked a few seconds. "Wall, I tell you' when the Good Lord A'mighty uster run the weather, I could mos' ginerally purty well calclate, as ter whut hit wus gwine ter do, but sense He's turned hit over to that ere fool ole Hicks an' his derved old almanick, I cain't, nor nobody else never tell nothing 'tall 'bout hit. Yo' look an' see if he says hit's gwine ter be one of them ere reglar storm per-ruds, yo' all's gwine ter have a mighty fine day fer trapezin' around with the redbugs at Rock Springs".

When a small girl the writer proudly learned an old Spanish saying, which freely translated goes something like this:

"The mulberry she, Is a wise old tree, She never puts out, A single green sprout, Till winter is past, And it's summer at last."

But father used to say, the mulberry was not a George Washington, for in the big freeze of 1917 it was in full foliage and loaded with ripe fruit.

So after all, perhaps the safest predictions to make are to say, "all signs fail in dry weather."

Every time we have an unusual rainfall the statement is always made, "this is the worst in history". Either

memory, or life is short, for some rains in the old days must have been "sure enough rains—regular Noah's floods". Mr. J. N. Whitner of Sanford told father that in August, 1870, a total of fifty-three inches fell in ten days. As there were no drainage canals in those days the flat woods became sheets of shallow water.

Mr. C. A. Boone who came to this part of Florida in August, 1870, told of this same wet season. He taught school at Whitewater Lake, in a small settlement, "Crow's store", later called Ponceanah, then in Orange, now Lake county. A small lake near the school house steadily rose until it was within two inches of the floor. A causeway had to be built from the front door to the shore. The high water remained all during that term. "It was common" said Mr. Boone "for the pupils to catch fish and alligators before and after school and at recess from the door of the school house".

We often hear "the climate is changing". There is no doubt that is true for two centuries ago orange trees grew and bore fruit along the St. Mary's river. Then came the first "big freeze" of which there is no authentic record. But old diaries and letters state the river's edge was frozen at Jacksonville and that shallow ponds and lakes on the government trail were frozen hard enough for the soldiers to pass over, as far south as Hillsborough county.

The bark of Magnolias, bay and other tropical jungle trees split open. The date has been given as the last week in April or the first in May. The Seminoles told father, "long, long time—big cold come—Injun runners out—come green corn dance—no dance have—Injun feel bad".

As the green corn dance takes place on the first full moon after the "corn is in the milk", and the preceding winter unusually warm, either date may be the correct one, it makes little difference so long as we know the severity of the cold.

The change to colder winters is the result of advancing civilization. The coldest weather always comes from the

north west, across Texas. When the thousands and thousands of acres of long leaf pine and dense cedar hammocks broke the force of the cold winds and vast stretches of water radiated heat, trees cut down, waters drained what else could be expected? Of late years even the fertile lands along the banks of Lake Okeechobee have suffered and truckers lost their early crops. It was a proud day for Orlando when government weather signals first floated from the cupola of the old Armory building between South Main and Court street. Five small flags, all different, of which one was never needed here, "sleet and snow", but the dreaded "freezing temperature" flag sent people hurrying home to "bank young citrus trees", cover tender vegetables and "help the old lady" bring her beloved red geraniums and dewdrop begonias into the house.

When the thermometer fell to thirty-two degrees "Big Jim" at the water plant sent the dreaded news echoing through the stillness. The railroads also sounded the alarm. A long drawn whistle every three minutes as trains passed down the J. T. and K. W. to Tampa, and the old T. O. and A. from Wildwood. Finally a heralded "big freeze" failed to materialize and instead of being happy the natives blamed the weather reports and the service was discontinued.

That was in the long ago—and today if the expert weather service broadcasts "freezing temperature" and it fails to come, it is just the same, complaints, not thankfulness. Human nature does not change.

"GREEN THINGS AGROWING"



SOON after the War between the States, during the time called "carpetbag" rule, there came to England a man claiming that he was selling "Florida grants" of land in order to recoup the government for losses sustained in the war. He succeeded in selling to a family named Bennett, for a large sum of money, an extensive tract in central Florida, including all of Orlando and vicinity. They came over, going up the St. John's river to Enterprise, stopping at the Brock House, then the finest and largest hotel south of Jacksonville.

Finding they had been duped, titles without foundation, deeds and "papers" absolutely worthless, they returned to England, coming back in the early eighties when the English colony was first founded at Conway, by Colonel Church, retired British army officer from India.

They purchased ten acres on east Central, west of Mills street. Here they built a two story house. The grounds were the first landscaped garden in Orlando. From the street (then a sandy road) to the front door was a pergola, against which were trained lemon trees, espalier fashion as they had seen in Italy, but the Florida lemon refused to adopt foreign fashions and had to be replaced with morning glories and purple Wisteria. They planted the first lawn, Bermuda grass, being sternly admonished by the adjoining grove owners to "keep thet pest a foot inside their own fence line". East of the house was a sunken garden, sides and bottom like a green velvet carpet. Here they served afternoon tea and gave moonlight picnics. A little further on stood a large glass green house, also the first. The now common sultanas and blue ageratum, were introduced by

them. To the South bordering on Lake Olive was a "bog" or aquatic garden. Here grew huge ferns, iris, Egyptian lotus, *Victoria Regia* and a few of the *Eichhornia crassipes major* (water hyacinths).

There were six sons and three daughters in the family, all widely scattered. From two sons, one in India and one on the island of Mauritius, and from Australia were sent seeds and roots of rare palms and tropical shrubs. When in 1883 the Reasoner Brothers began their now famous Royal Palm Nurseries at Oneco many exchanges were made.

In a few years finding little interest and no sale for rare plants the Bennetts became discouraged. Lack of water facilities, droughts, cold weather and the rapidly dwindling English colony all contributed reasons. The family returned to Europe, except one son, Charles who remained in hopes of future success. He supervised the planting of the Pell-Clarke property (court house site) after Mrs. Pell had bought it from L. P. Wescott. Mr. Pell-Clarke purchased the green house as well as many of the rare shrubs and trees. The tree at the south-east corner of the court house grounds, marked by the D. A. R. came from the Bennett garden. On the same corner Mr. Bennett built and planted the first pool in Orlando. In it grew *papyrus antiquorum*, (the true Egyptian paper plant) and the aquatics already mentioned. "The very idea of making a new small lake, when so many natural ones were being drained and filled", created much sarcastic amusement to the passersby. Mr. Charles Bennett left soon after.

The beautiful old English garden became a wilderness, the "big freeze" of 1894-95 killed the tropical vegetation, the house burned down, the land was sold for taxes, and nothing remained except the water hyacinths. They flourished and spread covering the entire lake so completely, that when it was dredged in the 1925 boom, people were astonished to find a lake where there had been none the week before.

* * * *

The old time front yard garden was enclosed by a sharply pointed picket fence, usually white washed. No foundation plantings were made; they would rot the house and create dampness, bad for the health and good for the roaches. Along the fence and on both sides of the pine needle walk to the house grew cape jessamines, oleanders, crape myrtle, sweet scented cabbage roses and various shrubs brought by the pioneers from the old homes. Somewhere in the yard could always be found a magnolia or loblolly bay, a mulberry, red cedar and china berry, never, never a palm. A man from the country bought an old English home, where grew several palms. As he sat watching the negroes cutting them down, he said, "Wall, I've lived among the palmetters all my life, now in Orlando I sure don't want to see them", and then—he planted a big bed of red geraniums and periwinkles. At the back of the house a scuppernong grape arbor under which on a bench stood several wooden wash tubs, the family laundry.

* * * *

Mayor M. Marks, the father of the Orlando oaks, when in office began the planting of shade trees. Many objected to the foolish waste of money; "the idea of planting trees in the streets that they paid to have cleared out when the town was first platted". There was even talk of recalling the Mayor.

Mr. George Abbott, the father of Mrs. Christ began the palm movement in 1902. The Christ home on south Orange is imbedded in a beautiful palm grove.

That was in the long, long ago—and now they are ruthlessly slaughtering the beautiful oaks that called forth admiration from all tourists, seeing the beautiful vistas of nature's cathedral arches. And the pedestrians sweltering in the hot sun sigh as they remember the cool shade of the trees and the mocking birds singing therein as they built their nests. "Sic transit gloria mundi".

That was in the long ago—and now the entrance to town is lined with filling stations and hot-dog stands, filling stations, more filling stations and then some more filling stations.

Father had inherited his ancestors' love for "all green things growing", and wherever he went, surveying homesteads, laying out small towns and staking railroads he collected and brought home trees, shrubs and vines. Some years before, one of his assistants, John Weeks (later secretary of War), had told of a fruit in the tropics, called "Midshipman's butter". One day father brought home a small plant, proudly saying, "Alligator pear, John Weeks butter tree". It grew rapidly and in a few years bore large green fruit, rich reddish purple when ripe. The only people who dared eat and liked them were Mother, Col. A. J. Dallas and Judge Massey. As there were many hundreds of pears Mother took some down to a little fruit stand on Church street and offered them to the proprietor. "What do you mean? Eat those poisonous looking gourds. Take them off the counter at once. Somebody might come in and refuse to buy the pineapples and persimmons you laid them by".

That was in the long, long ago—and now there are Avocados in daily demand and sold by the thousands.

* * * *

One day father coming home from Sanford took two small, red ribbed fruit from his pocket and gave them to sister and me saying; "Lick them all you want to, but don't dare swallow or bite the seed. I paid fifty cents apiece for them".

That was in the long, long ago—and now, they are Surinam cherries and they go to waste by the bushel.

* * * *

He brought seeds of "the beautiful St. Augustine vine". One grew and was the first "pink vine" in town. Now it is commonly called "coral vine", Botanical name, "Antigonon leptopus". The Spanish call it "Chain of love". There is a white variety, which they use in bridal bouquets, as we use orange blossoms.

That was in the long, long ago and—now everywhere in summer and fall the coral vine climbs trees and fences and shakes its dainty blossoms among the gray, green leaves.

"HANTS, GHOSSES AND SPERRITS"



IN all historic and interesting places there is usually a mystic tradition, handed down from early days, of a haunted house somewhere, a ghost that walked at night or a "sperrit" from the world unseen.

Orlando, always up to date, had in the long, long ago several such tales. A family moving into an old house in the south west section, reported being greatly troubled at night. Doors shut with a bang, windows rattled, stairs creaked, bricks fell down in the chimney, and often the pattering of swiftly running feet was distinctly heard as a long drawn shriek echoed through the silence of the night. (Later an old house, still standing on west Church street also reported the same strange, mysterious happenings). The Weekly Orange County Reporter published hair-raising accounts, giving new details from time to time. The occupants left, young people went there to investigate, and while some scoffed, others fled in abject terror as the long wailing sounds began. Finally a committee of three, a doctor, a lawyer and a minister spent the night there. Nothing exciting took place.

Perhaps in those long, long ago days, there were "really true hants", and then again, perhaps shrinking door and window frames, settling foundations, crumbling mortar, knot holes, rats, and lastly, but by no means least, vivid imagination had something to do with the weird accounts.

In the early eighties the Webbers built a house in a large orange grove, later selling to a young Englishman, who had the house beautifully "interior decorated" and furnished. He and his bride, a handsome English girl, entertained their friends lavishly. A "jolly Christmas party",

the guests leaving long after midnight. In the darkened house the hosts slept peacefully. In the early morning the wife awoke, a choking sensation in her throat. The room was filled with smoke, and lurid flames leaped about the building. Frantic efforts failing to arouse her husband, she ran to the nearby water plant, clad only in her night robes. The husband was rescued unhurt, the house burned to the ground. The wife never recovered, dying a few months later. After that for many years, just before sunrise, on the morning of December 27th her form could be seen floating among the orange trees, from the charred remains of the old house to the water plant, where it dissolved into thin air and vanished. Perfectly trustworthy persons, returning from night duty, or going to begin the new day's work firmly believed in the vision. Perhaps imagination again, and the mist arising from Highland Lake and Ivanhoe being dispelled by the rising sun resembled flowing robes swiftly moving in the shadow of the trees.

Another, very much older house, built more than sixty years ago, and for many years deserted, or occupied by squatters, was also feared, especially by the negroes. The owner died there, and was said to have been buried in a thicket of guava bushes at one end of the grove. He too, roamed at night, rapping at the back door, seeking admission to his former abode. The story also went, that whosoever moved in, would have a death in the family, in less than a year's time. Nearly forty years later a wealthy Northerner, fascinated by the old tale bought the place. Had the house thoroughly scrubbed, made a few minor changes and moved in for the season. Before leaving, early in April he signed an agreement with Oscar Isaacson, the then leading building contractor to have the old house remodeled along Colonial lines, the work to begin the first of September. That summer his wife died suddenly.

The following winter another family occupied the house. Same result, only this time it was the grandfather who passed away. The owner returned for a short time, selling the place. It was then inquiries made and checked

were found to tally with the old tale, nineteen persons having died, either in the house, or within a year after leaving. An impartial jury would probably acquit the old gentleman in the guava bushes, and place the guilt on germs found in rotting wood and contaminated water in the old open well, crumbling curb and decaying animal remains.

Not far from Orlando is a small cemetery. Adjoining in the long, long ago, lived negroes owning valuable Tangerine groves. Time passed and "white folks" moved in the community. The negroes refused to leave. Our faithful old colored man who owned one of the groves will finish the story.

"Mr. Fries we's all bin libbin' dar in brotherly discord an' love foh a powfully long time an' de ghosses nebber gin no trubbil, till dey alls put up a fine tumstone ovah de man whut gin de land foh a burryin' groun'. Sence den ebbery night when de town clock go bong, bong twelve times he cropes outen his grave an' sots a top of de stun, apintin' his gun at the gate, an' he sots dar tell we alls rusters crow tree times, in de mawnin', den he cropes back in de groun' tell de clock go bong, bong, twelve times nex' night. I seed him, an' my fathah-in-law seed him an' all de res' ob us seed him a sottin' dar".

Soon the negroes "tukken whut dey could git" for their groves and moved to colored town. Perhaps, branches of large oak trees cast fantastic shadows, perhaps "de white folkses" encouraged the ghost idea, perhaps some enterprising real estate man might have revealed an explanation. Soon after the sale the land was platted. Today it is a beautiful subdivision, where the residents live on fifty foot lots and "de ghosses" no longer keep their vigil and no roosters crow "in de early mawnin'".

All this happened in the long, long ago, and now—Orlando has professional mediums to interpret the spirit's wishes, so they no longer have to appear at night and "scare the daylights plum outen" their supersitious victims.

FIRST TELEPHONE



IN the long, long ago—and a long, long way from Orlando.

“Wall; if thar haint Mr. Fries. I’m shore glad ter see you. Now when yo’ gits done runnin’ thet ere line, come right over ter the house and spend the night. Thar is somethin’ I want ter ask yo’ ’bout, an’ the old lady too, she’s been havin’ a terribul spell o’ worryin’ ’bout Buddy.”

Father accepted the invitation. Supper finished found them seated on the piazza. Buddy, usually so goodnatured and happy, seemed sullen and disinclined to talk. Presently he got up and left without a word to anybody.

“Wall, now Mr. Fries yo’ see how he acks. Been thet away ever sence the day arter he come back from Orlander, ’bout a month ago. I sont him up thar ter git a lot o’ bob wire ter fence the corn an’ tater patch, ginst them ere razer back hawks. Wall, he druv off, soon one mawnin’ a’ whistlin’ an’ a singin’. The third day, late at night he comes back cheerfuller than ever.”

“Hello, Paw” says he. “I shore seen an’ heard sum quare things up to Orlander”.

“Wall, son, says I, git ter bed so we kin start soon in the mawnin’ fixin’ thet ere fence”.

“Wall, I gits up long ’bout five next mawnin’ an’ calls, Buddy. He haint answered me a word, so I goes in his room, an’ he’s up an’ gone an’ he haint never come in fer breakfast. After thet I goes out an’ the waggin an’ bob wire haint thar. Wall, I couldn’t jest figure hit out ’t tall. Long ’bout ’leven here comes Buddy, grinnin from ear ter ear. “Whare yo’ bin’? says I, an’ whare’s ther bob wire?” “Yo’ll see purty soon” says he, “an’ be tickled ter

death." "Then he goes over ter the wall, an' starts nailin' a cigar box on the piazzzy wall, an' then he reaches up an' pulls down a wire an' nails hit top o' the box. An' I looks up an' seen thet ere bob wire nailed to the trees all 'long down the road. "Is yo' gone crazy? says I. By thet he picks up another cigar box an' goes down the road. I fol-lers, an' he's got thet ere wire nailed up clear 'cross the crick onto Marylou's house. He goes in an' I hears him a nailin'. Then they both comes out, an' Buddy says, 'Honey, now I's gwine back an' purty soon yo'll hear me call yo', then yo' say, 'hello, Buddy thet yo', an' I says, 'hello, thet yo' Marylou', an' then we starts talkin'".

"Wall, then Buddy an' me goes back home, an' he goes ter the box an' hollers good an' loud, 'hello, hello, Marylou, why in tarnation don't yo' say, hello.' Arter he bin bel-lowerin' like a mad bull fer a long spell he starts back ter Marylou's house an' Marylou says he hollers in the box thar, 'hello, hello, hello Paw', an' then he starts ter cussin', an' says, 'why in hell dont yer say hello'. "By thet Marylou says ter him, 'I hain't amarryin' nobuddy thet goes on like yo does an' we hain't a sweetheartin' no more. Good-bye an' go long with yer".

"Wall, Buddy comes home a gruntin' like he hed the toothache in his heart. Seein' as how they hed spected ter be married next preachin' Sunday, hit natually was too bad. Maw went over ter see Marylou, she wus a cryin' but kep on sayin', 'No, no, no'.

"Wall the while me an' Buddy wes atakin' down thet ere bob wire an' a buildin' the fence, I says ter him, Son, whare did yo' git thet fool notion, any way?

"An' says he, 'Hit haint no fool notion, but hits the Gospel truth'. 'Now son,' says I, 'don't yo' be makin' things wusser, an' atakin' the Lord's name in vain'."

"Say he, 'I seen an' I heard hit up ter Orlando, an' they calls them things, tellyphones, cause they tells long a wire. I wus hungry an' I went in ter Mr. Dicksonives grocery store fer ter git me some crackers an' cheese, an' purty

soon Mr. Dicksonives, goes ter a little box on the wall, an' says. 'Mrs. Jones, whut kin I send yo' today?' Then he says ter one of the boys, 'take a pound o' butter, five pounds o' pertaters, an' five pound o' sugar ter Mrs. Jones'. Purty soon he goes back a talkin' ter the box, an tells them boys ter put up more stuff fer other folks. 'Mr. Dicksonives' says I 'thets a quare way ter sell vitels. How yo make hit out'?"

"Come here says he, an' lissen. With thet he jiggers the box an' hits starts atalking, where in Sam Hill, says I do hit come from?" 'See thet ere wire long the street, hit comes long o' thet. Hits the new tellyphone company' says he."

"Now son, says I, sumboddy's aliein', an' hit hain't Mr. Dicksonives, cause hes a God fearin' man".

"Maw says she rekins ole man Satan got holt o' Buddy an' she hed the preacher aprayin' fer him an' I gin him quinine an' calomel ter take the fever outen his head, an' Marylou she jes cries an' cries. An' I sorter feared he spent too much mony over ter Mr. Metcalfs saloon, only Buddy haint never been a drinker 'fore. Now whut does yo' make of hit all, Mr. Fries, yo' lives in Orlander an' order know if Mr. Dicksonives talks ter a box on the wall".

"He certainly does, and so do I, and almost everybody else. There is something called electricity that Buddy failed to get, and perhaps the barbed wire was not just right, but Buddy he is alright".

A week later father was in his office in the old court house. In walked Buddy grinning and Marylou radiant wearing a new hat trimmed with pink roses. "Mr. Fries" said Buddy, taking a marriage license from his pocket, "Seein' hits yo' what made hit up tween us, again, we wants yo' ter perform the marriage".

Which Father (being a Notary Public) gladly did in the presence of several county officials as witnesses. After which the happy couple went over to Mr. Dicksonives to talk to the box on the wall and eat crackers and cheese.

The first telephone system in Orlando was a private line erected in the early eighties when Foster and Reel's livery stable was opened on the present Yowell-Drew site. "Central" was in a room over "The Blue Drug Store", and managed by a young man from Kentucky. Phil Smith assistant. Only five subscribers, the livery stable, P. A. Foster's residence, (south of the Orange General Hospital), Mahlon Gore, Livingston's hotel and J. Smith. Later the depot, post-office and postmaster E. W. Speir's residence was added. It was marvellous, past human understanding, almost beyond belief—yet it worked, talked and talked back.

The present public telephone system was begun in 1894 by Lennon. After "the big freeze" the Phoenix Insurance company, holders of the mortgage, foreclosed. They sold it to Algernon Haden, who sold to Scott-Hurd company of Arcadia. Two years later they sold it to Reynolds and he to H. Dean and he to the Bell Telephone company, the present owners. There are now 4400 'phones, serving 7300 customers.

WHEN JOHN WEEKS SOLVED THE MYSTERY OF THE "SLUM-GULLY POT"



WHEN Father was working on "a big job" he always had a large crew. Assistant engineer, rodmen, chain bearers, two "bush hookmen", and camp guardian, who also served as cook and mule tender.

There was Weeks, who was strong, and Strong who was weak, incipient T. B., C. K. Needham and L. O. Garrett, C. B. Adams and R. E. L. Love, F. W. Shepherd, F. Sheen, Aldrich and Frank, a young boy, always good natured and willing, never grumbling when the heavy old fashioned chain he carried skinned his fingers or he stumbled on palmetto roots or was caught in the briars. The friendship then formed between Father, Needham, Weeks and Shepherd lasted all through life. Shortly before he died Weeks wrote in a letter "I often think of those old and happy carefree days in the Florida woods. I still have and treasure the letter of recommendation you wrote when I left Orlando.—The little field note bag Mrs. Fries made for me has turned to dust. But I always remember her kindness, and helpful friendliness".

C. K. Needham returned to his old Kentucky home. Corresponded and made a few visits to Orlando and his friends.

F. W. Shepherd after he moved to Orlando came to see Father every Sunday morning. His visits and the revival of "old times" gave them both great pleasure. Mr. Shepherd passed away four weeks to the day after Father.

Only Frank, the young boy of the long ago remains. He is now Francis Karel, Sheriff of Orange county. Efficient, honorable and respected by all.

* * * *

It was their habit when in camp to carry a cold lunch and eat while resting under the trees, returning to camp at five, to take a bath in the nearby creek or lake, and then sit down to dinner "hungry as bears". All old surveyors in New Mexico, Arizona as well as in Florida recall "slum-gully", the staple everyday dish served hot at night and warmed over for breakfast.

On an early railroad survey the cook was named Johnny. For a couple of weeks every thing went well; then "the boys" appetites seemed to increase as there was now never any "slum-gully" left for breakfast. Johnny said "them boys jes turribly healthy, they don et up the whole pot full and hollered fer more".

A few days later Father and John Weeks began to feel the pangs of hunger, the portions served smaller than ever. Johnny was ordered to start frying "flap jacks" to satisfy the hungry crowd.

The next morning when Father awoke, Weeks' blankets were empty although the sun was not yet up. Soon he came, paper and pencil in hand, saying, "Mr. Fries, I think I have solved the slum-gully pot shortage. I could not sleep for thinking about it and decided to get up long before Johnny started breakfast. I measured the pot, inside and out, calculated the holding capacity and found a difference of nearly two gallons, or else the pot must be at least five inches thick at the bottom and sides, then figuring the weight of that amount of cast iron the pot should be very much heavier than it proved to be, when I tilted it to one side. So I filled it with water and think it would be a good idea to wake the boys and set them to work scraping the inside of the pot."

Father rose quickly, called the boys and set them to work, by turns. Half an hour later, they were rewarded by a large pile of burnt crusts, a mixture of grits, potatoes and onions. Layer after layer, getting blacker and harder, till at last the metal appeared. The pot was then washed and filled with fresh water, Johnny calmly stating that he

had never thought of cleaning out the pot "when the same stuff was going in that had been taken out".

Johnny was slow in action and drawling of speech. He had a habit of prefacing his statements with "and the Lord said unto Moses", this, that and various things never mentioned in Holy Writ. The climax came one morning as he was slowly dishing out breakfast. "Here yo' be Mr. Fries, an' heres yourn Mr. Weeks. Now boys I'se hurrying fas' as I kin, and the Lord said 'unto Moses—by golly, the coffee pot's done turnt over". A week later Johnny came to Father. "Mr. Fries, I'se aquittin' Satiday night".

"Why Johnny, what's the matter?"

"Mr. Fries, you's good ter me an' pays good, but you see er—er and the Lord said unto Moses them boys pester me so turribly".

* * * *

The summer of 1917 when Father was setting the cement, section corner posts in the southwest part of the county and was camped on Reedy creek, I was invited out, as the cook was the best slum-gully cook they had ever had.

This is the recipe. "Take an old cast iron wash pot, fill two thirds with water, add a large handful of salt, three pounds hominy grits, three pounds of potatoes, peeled and quartered, two pounds of white bacon, diced, and one dozen onions. When nearly done add two cans each of corned beef and tomatoes and a generous sprinkling of pepper. For Sunday "extry" add two cans of corn and peas."

It was appetizing and nourishing, proteins, fats, carbohydrates, starches and vitamins all in one dish.

THE BIG WHITE PILL AND THE OLD UMBRELLA HANDLE

The Spring of 1892.

When local-option was the great question of the day and subject of all jokes.



MR. Leslie Pell-Clarke was a gentleman of leisure as well as a gentleman of pleasure. He came to Orlando and after having spent one winter, and finding the little town to his liking bought the L. P. Wescott place on Main street—(now the court house site).—The house was a large colonial type surrounded by orange trees and shrubbery.

Mr. Pell-Clarke was a great lover of out-door life. He brought one of the first "bicycles built for two" to Orlando, but Mrs. Pell-Clarke not being enthusiastic on the subject he changed to a regular wheel. He laid out a bicycle path around the north side of Lake Eola, over the Shelby sand hill—(now Senior high)—built a rustic bridge across Fern Creek, then followed woodland trails past the Bumby and Stebbins homesteads, and on to the English Polo Club grounds, where he could always be found on Tuesday afternoons, cheering the players and greeting his many friends.

There was then no Sunshine Park or tourist clubs, and five more week days to be filled with active pleasure. Soon he started what caused much curiosity and amazement. A golf course, nine holes along the marshy low lands of Eola and the palmetto roots on the northeast side. Here he could be seen every morning whacking away at something in the bushes and then, walking a short distance, repeat the procedure. A grown man playing with a small white ball.

People gathered to see and watch, understanding little or nothing of the game, hating to ask questions and yet

"dying to know" the why and wherefore. Finally one Saturday morning when a large crowd had assembled one braver than the rest stepped forward and said:

"Good morning sir, where did you learn them ere gol derned doings?"

"It's not 'gol derned doings old man, but golf, the greatest game in all the world. All the go up North, Newport, Westchester and Staten Island in the summer; Palm Beach, Rockledge, and St. Augustine in the winter. Glorious games, putting matches, four hundred and fifty foot drives; that was a grand sight. I really can't explain it all to you. We use the driver and putter, cleek, niblick and mashie to play with. The course is called the links, the approach the tee—".

"Look here", said the native "do you think you can make us believe all that fool talk is caused by tea. Tea ain't to my taste, but I sartinly know it won't turn a fellow's brains, if he's got any, nor twist his tongue around them words so a man can't even guess what he's aiming at. Twan't nary a taste of the tea-pot, but a couple of tastes outen a bottle sot you asputtering that a way. Not that I blame you, 'cept just a little fer not asking me ter have a drink. But that blaming it on the tea, that's a good one. Reckon that's the latest up where you come from. Hit used ter be 'see a man', but the world sartinly has changed since I first saw the sun of Floriday rise and set".

"Really, man you don't understand. The tee is a golfing term, or the start, a hand full of sand on a marked place, do you see?"

"Yes, I see a marked place for the tea bottle, only we call them blind tigers, dont you see?"

"You misunderstand entirely, the tee is where I place my ball and then make a drive".

"Wall, I reckon it must be something like a bunch of cattle in a pen, that's the tea, and then you drive them out on the prarry, that's the gol dern grounds".

"Please say golf, not gol derned".

"Gosh, goolf or gol derved don't cut no figger, but I'll call it goolf, ter please you. But I tell you them ere checker board leggins of yourn looks like they wus twins ter my wife's Jacob's coat caliker quilt, and—that's alfred ugly".

"Oh, I say, come with us, and we will explain the game, then you will be so interested you will want to play too".

They started followed by the caddies carrying the bags.

"Say, why don't you fellows send them ere grinning niggers whuts following us back ter kingdom come".

It was comical to see the expression on the man's face as the playing began. "Whut's all them old umbrella handles fer? and where in all tarnation did you get such a big white pill from?"

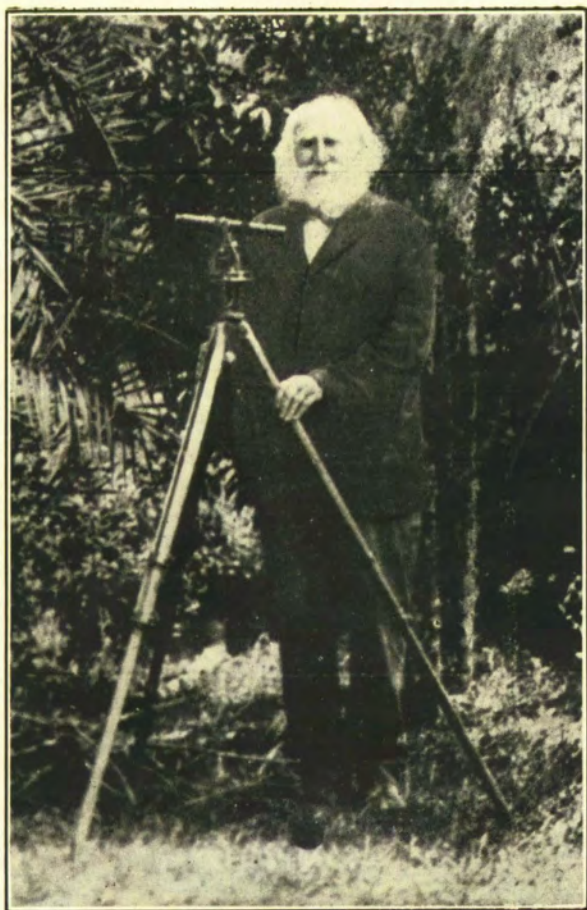
After having watched a while he said, "Wall now, I reckon I'll take a hand and make a little mud pie, then if you will kindly let me have one of them there umbrella handles I'll take a whack and send that ere little pill clear out ter Conway".

Accordingly he whacked, with such force and vengeance that the club swung round and round, in the air, then broke, a piece hitting him on the head, then bouncing off hit a caddy.

"Whare did that pill go to any way?"

Then as his eye rested on the untouched ball, he gasped. "Gosh" said he to Mr. Pell-Clarke "go on all day if you want to fool with them ere things but I am going home and make nice little mud pies and plant early water-melons, Good-bye".

That was in the long, long ago—and now Orlando has two grand country clubs with eighteen hole links, and velvet greens, where crowds may be seen playing every day—and tea (?) is served on the terrace. And a second generation native trained on the Orlando links, plays such a skillful game old champions pray and breathe hard when they face young Carl in a match.



JOHN OTTO FRIES
Making Survey in the Everglades

JOHN OTTO FRIES



JOHN Otto Fries was born in Upsala, Sweden, September 29, 1838. He was the third son of Elias Magnus Fries, the great botanist, and on his Mother's side related to Carl von Linne, or Linneus, the "Father of Botany". The ancestry is traced in an unbroken line back to 1540, in Friesland. From then, more or less irregularly by tradition to the twelfth century.

Father graduated from the University of Upsala in 1857, then went to Stockholm where he took a three year post-graduate course, graduating in 1860 an honor student in a class of forty-eight. As geologist and civil engineer he was employed by the government for ten years. Was a member of a geological observation party to the Arctic Circle, where the sun never sets in summer time. He used to say "up there we worked, ate and slept as our feelings dictated, clocks being of no use, a man could never tell if twelve o'clock meant noon or midnight".

In 1870 the emigration fever seized him. His inherited love of plant life and the peculiar geological formation of Florida lured him here. In the standard text book studied in those days "Ancient and Modern Geography, Mathematical, Astronomical and Political: "Florida, a peninsula sparsely inhabited along the northern east and west coasts. In the interior live the Seminoles, a tribe of Indians which the whites hunt with blood hounds. It is divided into three territories". Not one word more is devoted to Florida. This was the European idea of Florida in the long, long ago—and now even the aristocrats and nobility of Europe flock to Palm Beach and Miami in the southern unmentioned part of the state.

On the front page of this book is written "John Otto Gabriel Fries, 1853. Thus at the age of fifteen his interest in Florida began. The great grief of his boyhood was that he had not been called by that beautiful name, GABRIEL. In all his school books now in my possession that name is emphasized.

Not able to longer resist the call of the Florida wilds he took passage on the "ORLANDO" of the old Anchor line. From New York to Mellonville was a weeks travel, by three boats. From New York to Savannah on the San Salvador, Savannah to Jacksonville the Dictator, the Starlight Jacksonville to Mellonville, where he landed at Doyle's wharf, December 24, 1871. Hearing of a small settlement called Orlando, he took it as an omen of future success, that as the Orlando of the Anchor line had safely carried him across, he would cast his anchor in Orlando. The day after Christmas he found Mr. George Lewis who agreed to take him and four other passengers to Orlando. The charge was ten dollars each. The conveyance was a two mule affair, with a few boards for a body, and some boxes for seats. They left Mellonville at nine in the morning. Somewhere near the present town of Longwood the harness gave out before the strain of the rough roads and the party was at a loss what to do. Finally after much discouraging talk and suggestions that two of the party ride the mules bareback, one going back toward Mellonville, the other on toward Orlando, Father remembered he had a pair of new suspenders and some leather shoe laces in his valise. The harness was quickly patched up and the journey resumed. Reaching Orlando late at night, hungry and tired he found a bed at Lovell's hotel. Here the mules were tied under large live oaks and the travelers regaled with grits, sweet potatoes, corn bread, fried pork and black coffee, sweetened with molasses. On the way from Mellonville they passed only one house, at Maitland. Lovell's hotel stood on the lot now the new court house square. Lovell's hotel, the second court house, and three small log stores made up the Orlando of that day.

The 29th of December father, having regained his well

worn property, returned to Mellonville, traveling this time on foot, and making far better time than the mule team had ever done. Mr. Lewis had offered to take him back to Mellonville for eight dollars, the two dollar reduction on account of his help in patching up the harness. Father overtook Mr. Lewis just the other side of Maitland and arrived at Mellonville three hours ahead.

The next spring Father became acquainted with a Russian exile, Count Wasselief, who realizing Father's fine training and skill, encouraged him to take up his profession, saying the pioneers needed a man duly qualified to survey and draw maps of the new country. That summer Father went to Gainesville traveling in the same kind of conveyance.

Being alone, he was free to go wherever his services were needed. He first settled on the old Cook's Ferry road, but finding the soil underlaid with hard pan, he took up a homestead, now in Seminole county. Being elected county surveyor he moved to Orlando. He surveyed the T. O. and A. railroad as well as several others that never were built. After the "big freeze" he left for the east coast, and was for many years county surveyor of Brevard and St. Lucie.

Deputy U. S. surveyor for many years, he surveyed and made field notes of the Cape Sable section and part of the Everglades, and at Walkill, in Clay county.

In 1900 he took the first census of the Seminole Indians, a most interesting and dangerous expedition.

In 1885 he was census enumerator of a large section of the then east Orange county. In 1920 at the age of eighty-two he again took the same position. Many and happy were the "long, long ago" friends then contacted and the old history again gone over.

January 7, 1931 he passed away and sleeps in Greenwood cemetery platted by himself in the long ago, at which time he selected the family lot adjoining that of his best beloved friend, Captain B. M. Robinson, and surrounded by many pioneers of the long, long ago.

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