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**Flagler's \$1200 Employee Homes**

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**Seybold and His Bakery: A German Boy's Saga**

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**Cushman School Is Still Something Special**

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**The Historical Association of Southern Florida**

# **UPDATE**

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Volume 12, Number 2

May 1985

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The Historical Association of Southern Florida

# UPDATE

Published quarterly by  
**The Historical Association of  
 Southern Florida**  
 101 West Flagler Street  
 Miami, Florida 33130

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**Typography**, mechanical preparation, and printing by Award Graphics, Inc.

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**On the Cover:** Five of Henry Flagler's employee houses on what is now SE Second Street are just to the left of the Alhambra Hotel sign in the cover picture. The picture was taken September 28, 1926, ten days after the two-day 1926 hurricane. (Florida Photographic Archives)



Jean Soman lent her collection of Civil War memorabilia to the Jewish Life exhibit and discovered a cousin through a portrait of Abraham Lincoln. See *Around the Museum*. (HASP)

## AROUND THE MUSEUM

### THE LINCOLN PHOTOGRAPH

A year or so ago, I noticed a photograph of Abraham Lincoln in the office of Al Alschuler, an editor at *Florida Designer Quarterly*. "Oh, yes," said Al, when I asked about it, "that was taken in 1860 by my great-grandfather, Sam Alschuler, who was a photographer in Springfield, IL. Actually that's a copy. The original is in a collection in Illinois." That was all there was to it, except that, having more than a passing interest in Lincoln, I remembered it.

Time passed, and along with a number of other people I became involved in working on the Jewish Life in America exhibit, shown during February and March in the Museum Gallery. Soon I began to hear about Jean Soman, who had an interesting collection of Civil War memorabilia that had come down in her family from an ancestor who had been the highest ranking Jewish officer in the Union army. The exciting news was that Jean was willing to lend some of her things for the exhibit.

One day someone — I can't really remember who, Linda Williams maybe, or Marcia Kanner — said that Jean had a photograph of Lincoln that had been taken about 1860 by her great-grandfather, Sam Alschuler, a photographer in Springfield, IL.

How many photographers named

Sam Alschuler can have taken a photograph of Abraham Lincoln in Springfield, Illinois in 1860? I asked myself. I called Al and asked him if he had a cousin in Dade County. Not that he knew of, he answered. "Well, I think maybe you do," I said.

The upshot, of course, is that he had. Telephone calls were made, and it was established that indeed Al Alschuler and Jean Soman are cousins, and delighted to know each other. Neither had suspected the other's existence. They met, at last, at the opening of the Jewish Life in America exhibit, and as you can see from the photograph of Jean taken next to the case with the Lincoln picture, it was the happiest of discoveries.

### SHINING FACES

On a Monday morning in March, I joined Miss Sabrina Whelan's class of fourth graders at Holmes Elementary School for a tour of the Historical Museum. All of us had prepared for the trip by studying our copies of *History Mysteries*, the museum's entertaining teaching tool. With us as teacher's helpers on the field trip were Mrs. Flossie Lewis and her daughter Salena, whose own daughter, Schitarra Morse, is a member of Miss Whelan's class. I was considering the unusual presence of three generations of one family on the trip when Miss Whelan said, "Chewing gum — out!" and a number of young people complied.

It was a clear spring morning, with a perfect breeze, as we gathered in the plaza. The sky was so blue that the court house and the cleanedged

*Continues on page 15*

### TIME CAPSULE

# 1835

## 150 Years Ago

Before the population boom during and after the Second World War, a large part of the island of Key West was covered by shallow tidal ponds. The early owners of the island felt that salt production, by the natural evaporation of sea water, would make them rich — and estimated that five hundred ships each year would be required to haul away the potential production! . . . In the 1830's, much of this low land was leased from the owners, and divided into lots about 50 x 100 feet square, separated by coral-rock walls. Flood gates allowed the high tide to come in — but then the gates would be closed and the sea water allowed to evaporate in the hot sun . . . Due to its chemical properties, sodium chloride — common salt — would be precipitated in almost pure crystals, before the other sea minerals were deposited . . . By careful timing, an excellent grade of salt could be raked from the briny residue — and sometimes it sold for more than \$1.00 a pound!

# 1885

## 100 Years Ago

Historian Charlton Tebeau tells an unbelievable yarn to illustrate how low-valued land was in Florida in the 1880's . . . One Harry A. Peeples, later to become a judge, had homesteaded 160 acres of land in Hernando County when he decided he wanted to go to Tampa instead of remaining on his land . . . He discovered that he could sell half his claim for enough money to buy a train ticket to Tampa when a wealthy man from Boston offered to pay him \$22. for 60 acres, "sight unseen." . . . But what would he do with the other 60 acres? . . . He consulted his young lawyer, who came up with what appeared to be a right smart suggestion: Why not include the **whole tract** in the deed of sale, without saying anything about it to the purchaser? . . . They did just that . . . That way, Peeples got rid of his entire homestead . . . The new owner didn't even notice it until several years later when "he took the joke good-naturedly!"

# 1935

## 50 Years Ago

When the State Road Department took over the right-of-way of Henry

*Continues on page 14*

The clapboard house that stands derelict today in Fort Dallas Park near the Miami River has a distinguished future because it is a relic of the remarkable past. It dates from the days when Henry Morrison Flagler brought his railroad down to what was then relatively only an outpost.

The story of it begins in 1896 when Mr. Flagler ordered construction on his newest hotel, the Royal Palm, on the shore of the Miami River. Encouraged by the successes of the Ponce de Leon Hotel in St. Augustine and the Royal Poinciana in Palm Beach, Flagler believed that the Royal Palm's luxurious appointments, excellent service, and peaceful, palm-shaded surroundings would attract wealthy northern patrons. He had been lured down to Miami by Julia Sturtevant Tuttle and her now-famous gift of orange blossoms sent to him through his agent, James Ingraham. Mrs. Tuttle convinced Mr. Flagler of Miami's potential as a resort, and he forthwith made plans to extend the Florida East Coast Railway to Miami and build another hotel.

As construction of the Royal Palm got under way hundreds of skilled workers began to arrive in Miami. Since they and their families had no immediate housing available to them they set up housekeeping in tents.

Soon a small community was formed a few hundred feet away from the site of the ambitious hotel project.

The tents were made of gray canvas, with wooden planks for floors, two scissor-cut windows, and a can-

## Lone "Company House" Fights for Survival

BY VALERIE FISHER LASSMAN

vas fly at the entrance. They were soon attacked by mildew that thrived in the humidity and frequent rains that sometimes brought construction work to a halt. When a tent was torn a hasty needle and thread were called for to prevent hordes of gnats and mosquitoes from entering. In order to avoid the persistent bites of the many insects, the pioneers used "smudge pots" directly outside their tents in order to keep the pests at bay and to provide the only outdoor illumination they had, as the electricity for the Royal Palm Hotel had not yet been installed. Although smudge pots lack the colorful lure of a campfire they allowed the families to sit outside for an occasional breath of fresh air. Because of the rather spartan conditions and the dismal appearance of the tents, it was decided jointly to paint them red or green, depending on which spare cans of paint were available.

The men would rise early and leave their tents, walking to the hotel to begin work, or some to begin clearing the land, laying the roadways, or surveying the area. They were skilled

plasterers, carpenters, mechanics, plumbers, joiners, electricians, and engineers who had come from other parts of Florida or farther north. Some of them had helped build the Ponce de Leon Hotel in St. Augustine.

Occasionally during the course of construction Mr. Flagler would pay a visit to survey progress and consult with his overseers. J. A. MacDonald and John B. Reilly were two who helped guide the immense project.

Flagler was an unassuming man and would frequently walk to the construction site, speaking with people on the street along the way. He has been described as very tall and distinguished, with an impeccable white mustache. He was always expensively attired, as befitted a man of great wealth, and described by many as jauntily sporting a white straw boater. He was cordial to all, and

*Continues*

Valerie Lassman, who enjoys researching South Florida homes, is studying in Tallahassee and researching Apalachicola homes.



Sole remaining "company house" built by Henry Flagler was bought in 1951 by Raymond Butler, altered and turned into an insurance office, functioning as such until 1979 when it was moved to Fort Dallas and the property sold. (Miami Herald)

people had great respect and admiration for him.

He was also known for his exceeding generosity to those whom he liked or who had served him well in a business capacity. An example of this is still cherished by John B. Reilly's descendants. In recognition of Reilly's services as an esteemed employee Flagler presented to him an exquisitely carved Carrara marble and gold mantel clock with an inscribed plaque.

On one of his frequent visits to the construction site he and Reilly and J. A. MacDonald took a walk around the tent community. Flagler expressed some surprise that the workers did not buy land and build homes. Reilly told Flagler that most of them simply could not afford to. Many had lost everything they owned in the recent great freeze in the orange belt and it took all they were earning to maintain a subsistence level. Flagler was moved by the situation, perhaps reminiscent of his own long, arduous years of deprivation and financial hardship, and made immediate plans to remedy the living conditions of his workers.

"We must have homes for these people, and we must build them." He added, "Let's take a walk around and select a place to erect houses that we can rent or sell to these men. They can't live without homes."

Reilly then led Flagler over the coral rock and sand to what would become Fourteenth Street and suggested this area as a good place to build. Flagler agreed. "We will build some cottages here, but we want more room." Then they walked over to what would be Thirteenth Street and Flagler decided that these two locations would be ideal. The order went forth to build cottages.

Of two-story construction, their general dimensions were twenty-two by thirty feet with a six-foot-wide porch across the front. All the cottages' exteriors were painted white, and the porches were battleship gray. Each had six rooms, three to a floor. Cottages without baths rented for \$15 per month, while those with baths rented for \$17 per month. A few ten-room houses rented for \$22 a month. People could buy these homes if they were financially able. Depending on the size desired, prices ranged from \$1200 to \$3000.

There were fifteen to twenty cottages, two and one-half-stories, built on Thirteenth and Fourteenth Streets between Avenues B and C. These were constructed in the frame vernacular style of termite-resistant Dade County pine, probably with clapboard siding, the most common wood surfacing at the time, and



The Butler House insurance office at 134 SE Second Street was a familiar sight for almost 30 years. (HASF)

corner boards were used to finish the edges. The roofs were gabled end to front and may have been surfaced in wood shingles, another very common building material. Shed-roofed, one-story porches extended across their fronts. Unlike the older houses already existing in Miami these had no chimneys. Henry Flagler saw no need for chimneys in a tropical humid climate. The windows were of the sash variety and two of them and a front door to their right looked out on each porch.

Each house had three large bedrooms upstairs and a bath; downstairs were a large living room, a dining room, and an ample well-equipped kitchen at the back. The kitchen boasted large cabinets, a pantry, and "up-to-date" appliances such as a stove and an icebox. There were electrical outlets in all the rooms with electricity supplied by the generators of the Royal Palm Hotel. These cottages were occupied as early as 1899.

The houses that Flagler commissioned were typical of company houses built by large lumber companies for their employees. Similar houses were built by coal companies, tanneries, and other industrial enterprises, but they often varied in construction from place to place.

Apparently the "employee home" was not especially designed. It was

merely a simple box that could be put up quickly. It was usually cheaply built in sawmill towns, of rough lumber from the company's mills. Typical ones had two stories, with bedrooms on the second floor and a kitchen and living room on the first floor. In some places where a mill had a generating plant electricity might be installed, and a few houses had running water. All wood-constructed "townhouses" had covered front porches, although not all were the box type like the Flagler house. Some included a third-floor storage space with a small window at each end. It is believed by some historians that homes similar to the Flagler cottage were used in the hard-coal fields of Pennsylvania as far back as the 1870s. Their plumbing depended on outhouses and on washtubs for doing laundry and taking baths. Many of the industries that built these houses are long gone and many of the houses so deteriorated that they were finally torn down. Some, however, survive until today as hunting cabins or have been remodeled so much that they have lost their original features. Quite a few of the former company houses that exist around Mayburg and Corry, Pennsylvania, appear to bear a striking resemblance to the one that has been saved in Miami.

After Miami's streets were re-



Pistachio ice cream was a specialty of the ice cream parlor, with cream imported from Tennessee. (NASF, gift of the Miami Herald)

## John Seybold Answered When Fortune Called

BY CONNIE PRUNTY

My father, John Seybold, was born in 1872 in Schorn-dorf, Germany, now a thriving suburb of Stuttgart but then a village. He was an avid reader of James Fenimore Cooper's translated tales of the American Indians and the "wild west." So, having worked as a foreman in a cigar factory, at the age of seventeen, he had saved enough money to go to the United States to shoot Indians and avoid the German army draft.

He slipped out of his father's house early one morning and was on his way, working his passage across on a Dutch freighter. Landing on Ellis Island with a limited amount of English at his disposal, he followed a crowd of immigrants to the railroad station. When the man in front of him asked for a ticket to Baltimore he indicated that he wanted one too, not even knowing where Baltimore was.

There he got a job with a farmer. One day, while he was hoeing strawberries, his hands bleeding at the unac-customed manual labor, a man in a bakery wagon pulled up and said, "You don't look much like a farmer. How

would you like to come work for me?" That was the start of John Seybold's baking career. After working in Baltimore and Washington, he contracted rheumatic fever and was advised by his doctor to live in a warmer climate.

He came south, first to Jacksonville and then to Palatka, where he opened a restaurant. Outfitting it took all his cash, with no money left for provisions. When the first customer came in and ordered a steak, he was asked if he would mind paying in advance because my father said he might not be around when the customer finished his meal. The customer paid and Father went around the corner and bought the steak! This launched his restaurant career.

At some time after that he drifted to West Palm Beach and bought a small bakery. Disasters loomed ahead. The first time he fired up the old brick oven and shoved in the bread pans, the whole top of the oven slowly collapsed on his pans of bread. Then he borrowed a friend's bird dog and shotgun and went on a hunting trip. When he came back the city was on fire. He grabbed his valuables at the bakery, among which was a hundred-pound sack of flour, and with the friend's shotgun and dog, he jumped into a rowboat tied at a nearby dock on Lake Worth. With that, the whole bottom of the boat fell out.

Apparently none of this discouraged him and with a lot of hard work he started over again in Miami two weeks after the first railroad trains came in 1896. He set up a small bakery on Twelfth Street (now Flagler), with his extra barrel of flour under a pine tree at the side of the building. Soon this business was thriving and he bought property all the way through to Eleventh Street (now N.E.

*Continued*

Connie Prunty, who prepared this material for a talk to the Miami Pioneers, has revised it for Update readers.



Ice Cream parlor and candy store were part of Seybold's as well as the bread counter and elaborate pastries and cakes. (HASF, courtesy of the Seybold family)

First).

He supplied bread to the Army, based at Dinner Key in 1899, during the Spanish American War, and survived an attack of yellow fever that killed a lot of the soldiers.

In 1903 he married my mother, Ellen Freedlund, who was from Boynton where her family had moved from Manistee, Michigan. They eventually had three children: Helen, Bill, and me.

In 1905, having been naturalized, Father made his first trip back to Germany. With the efficiency of the German intelligence system, the police arrested him as soon as he set foot on German soil because of his evading the German army draft sixteen years before. His father was fined, but of course my father paid the fine and nothing further could be done to him because by then he was an American citizen.

Somewhere about this time Father built a three-story building facing Twelfth Street. It had apartments on the third floor, a grandiose and elegant restaurant on the second (it was short-lived because of chef problems) and on the ground floor there was the longest marble soda fountain in the state, maybe in the South, with a large ice cream parlor. On the other side was a candy store for which Father imported a man from New York to dip chocolates, but only in winter because the man hated the heat. Another specialist from New York came to make elaborate pastries and cakes, and of course there was a bread counter.

The ice cream parlor was a popular dating spot for young couples. One of its specialties was pistachio ice cream made from heavy cream imported all the way from Tennessee. At that time there were only a few dairies in Miami and not enough cream available.

The ice cream plant, a candy factory, a bakery with sleeping rooms and a dining room for the bakers, a garage

for the bakery wagons and horses, and later for the first commercial delivery truck in Miami, were all situated behind the new building. We even had a few chickens and a goat back there.

When I went to the first grade at Central Grammar School, (now the federal court building) half the class would follow me after school hoping to get a free ice cream cone.

The year I was born we lived on Eighth Street (now Fourth Street) close to the Bay. The building was still standing as the Leona Hotel until recently when it was torn down to make way for the people mover.

Next my father bought an abandoned rock pit on the edge of town. It was on Lawrence Drive, one block south of Twelfth Street. (This site today is on S.W. Twelfth Avenue, one block south of Flagler Street.) The streetcar tracks ended at Lawrence Drive and there were few houses. Father proposed to build his home there and everyone called it "Seybold's Folly." But build it he did. The rock pit was turned into a very attractive walled sunken garden. Soon, however, the area began to build up and he felt it was getting too crowded.

By that time Father had started a subdivision called Spring Garden. A canal had been dug, a "hump-backed bridge" built, streets laid out and a sales office opened. Father sold the home with the sunken garden and made the sales field office into a home on the west bank of the canal, always planning to build a permanent home on the point where the canal joined the Miami River. This never happened and in the light of the way the area later developed, it was just as well.

We were really in the country, although only a mile and a half from the courthouse. We had a barn, two old retired bakery wagon horses, Bill and Daisy, my brother's huge alligator, and vegetable and flower gardens.

We swam and canoed in the canal and river. Sea cows used to come up to our back steps and occasionally a Seminole Indian would canoe down the river to the city. My mother's sister lived almost directly across the river and we would row over there to visit.

Shortly after the canal was dug, a movie was filmed there. It starred William Farnum and the story was laid in India. The canal banks were lined with plaster-of-paris lions (which remained for years). A village and temple of only flimsy fronts were created at the turning basin. This was a new and different experience for Miami and aroused much interest. The temple was the inspiration for my father's building a house later on the same spot and with similar architecture. It is still there after all these years. People named Richardson, interested in tropical fruit, bought it and lived there for many years. Their son-in-law, Cy Berning, a Herald reporter, lived there a long time after their death.

During the 1918 flu epidemic, people were dying like flies. Most of the bakeries in town were closed. My father and a Swedish baker named Gus Granberg worked day and night baking bread for the whole town. The only way Father kept Gus going was to give him a quart of whiskey a day. The crisis passed and neither one caught the flu!

During Prohibition my father occasionally used to buy liquor and beer from a rumrunner and stash the bottles in a gunny sack in the canal. One time he found the sack had rotted and the bottles had spilled out. This called for immediate action and so, dressed in a business suit and straw hat, a "boater," he got into a canoe to try to locate the bottles. The canoe tipped over, throwing him into the water. I know his straw hat went floating away, but I don't know if he salvaged even one of the precious bottles.

I remember we could go out on one of the balconies of the Twelfth Street building and watch the silent movies across the street in an open-air theater, next door to Burdine's, a small store. The balcony was also a good place



to watch parades.

Around 1920 my father decided to build a two-story arcade structure from Twelfth to Eleventh Street. In order to do so he bought the abandoned Second Street (now Tenth) School house and he moved the bakery to a very modernized plant.

At that time Jerry Galatis had his Rector's Cafe directly across the street. E. B. Douglas, the leading department store was next to it. Then came Ev Sewell's men's furnishings store and Burdine-Quarterman, a specialty shop on the corner. On our side, the north side of the street, were Budge Hardware, the Miami Grocery, Kress, Father's arcade, Whaler's Jewelry Store, the Seminole Hotel, Red Cross Drug Store, and the Fotoshow. Around the corner on Avenue D (Miami Avenue) were Isidore Cohen's and the Cheathams' stores.

The great event on Saturday nights was to park your car at an angle and watch the people go by. Twelfth Street was two-way with a street-car track in the middle.

I remember at an early age walking down Twelfth Street past the great Halcyon Hotel to take music lessons from Miss Edna Holmes who lived with her father, Dr. Holmes, in a large house across the street from the Miami Woman's Club and the First Presbyterian Church. And later I remember riding my little red bicycle east on Twelfth Street to another music teacher and getting thrown when the tires got caught in the streetcar tracks. Later I went to cotillion parties at the old Urmev Hotel, occasionally swimming in the Royal Palm Hotel pool. Still later there were tea dances at the Nautilus, Flamingo and Roney Plaza hotels.

Miami High School used to play its football games in the vacant block behind the Band Shell where Arthur Pryor's band gave concerts every winter. When Miami High won, we would snake dance west down the middle of Twelfth Street, called Flagler Street by 1920.

One of the big worries in those early years was that the aging, wooden Royal Palm Hotel might catch fire and because the prevailing breezes were from the southeast it would endanger the whole town. I used to know by heart what that particular fire-alarm signal was. I think it was one, then two blasts of the alarm. One of the largest fires was the Henderson Lumber Company fire. It was **spectacular**.

Of course you all have heard how the wooden paving blocks used to float down the street with every hard rain. What you may not have heard is that all the storekeepers had to use frantic means to keep the water out of their stores.

In the early twenties, my father decided to add eight floors to the rear arcade building. After this, being the largest and most modern and the closest to the courthouse, it housed many of the big law firms.

I remember Father being on the Board of Directors of Ed Romfh's First National Bank and how worried he was the day all the banks had runs on them. But as it turned out the First National was one, if not the only one, to survive that ordeal.

My mother had a very lovely contralto voice and was active in music circles and at the Immanuel Lutheran Church. I can remember being dragged to all the musical events in town, first in the auditorium of the Central Grammar School, and then at the White Temple Church, and even later to a large tent in Coral Gables to hear Mary Garden perform in the opera 'Carmen'.

In 1925 the bakery was sold to the Southern Baking Company. Having avoided up until then dealing in real estate as being too risky, with everyone making millions on paper, Father sort of backed into real estate just before the Boom busted.

He had strongly believed even before the Twenties that Miami would some day have a population of a million people, but he couldn't possibly have dreamed that it

would grow to its present size. Another dream of his was to own a private airplane, and but for the "bust" he would have, too.

He was a 33rd degree Mason, a Shriner, and very active in the Jesters (the Jolly Boys, we called them).

In those years after the 1926 hurricane and during the Depression which began for Miami three years before the stock market collapse of '29, Father managed to salvage the arcade, which was called the Seybold Building, and went to work as an executive vice-president and area manager of Southern Bakery. This necessitated much travel over Florida and Georgia.

In 1936 he was stricken with cancer. With good care and nursing by my stepmother, Louise Rimmel Seybold, he survived until early 1940.

I remember my father as a man of great drive, with much business ability, plus a whole lot of foresightedness. If he were a young man today I feel he would enjoy being part of the dynamic, exciting expansion of Miami.

My sister, Helen, still lives in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, where she moved after graduating from the University of Wisconsin. Because of a deathly fear of flying as a result of some bad experiences in her husband's Piper Cub plane she has only been back to Miami a few times in all these years. She has two daughters and seven grandchildren.

My brother, Bill, moved to Orlando thirty-three years ago and died there in 1972. He had two children.

I was married to Hartford Vereen, son of pioneer Mi-amians. We had two daughters. He went into the service in 1942 during World War II and was killed in a plane crash in Wales in 1944. In 1950 I married John Prunty, also of a pioneer family. He, Hartford, and I had all been in the same graduating class at Miami High. We have one daughter and nine grandchildren, none of whom live in this area. ■



Two-story arcade from Twelfth to Eleventh Street was built by Seybold around 1920 and in the early '20s he added eight floors to the Eleventh Street arcade. (NASF, courtesy of the Seybold family)

## CUSHMAN



Laura Cushman

## Miss Laura's School

BY JOAN DRODY LUTTON

Miami was a small frontier town in 1913 when Laura Cushman arrived with her family from Iowa. The few paved roads were brilliant white because of the limestone used as a roadbed. She went to work for the Dade County Public School System teaching second grade at Coconut Grove School for \$60 a month. Thus she embarked on a seventy-year career in education that has made her one of the most respected educators in the state.

Laura Cushman began teaching in a community where a five-room frame bungalow on two lots could be had for \$500 and a 10-acre citrus grove for \$6,950. The seventeen-year-old settlement was located on crystal-clear Biscayne Bay where fishing and boating were everyday affairs. The first wooden bridge across the Bay to Miami Beach had just been completed; the overseas railroad to Key West was one-year-old; Flagler's luxurious Royal Palm Hotel with 600 rooms was the social center of the town, along with the Biscayne Bay Yacht Club.

Most of Miami's buildings were frame or native coral rock. Its main street boasted two hardware stores, a grocery, a clothing store, two banks, two livery stables, and the Ye Wee Tappy Tavern. Seminole Indians were common sights walking the streets or paddling their dugout canoes on the Miami River. James Deering's fabulous Villa Vizcaya was under construction, employing a thousand Miamians or about one-tenth of the population. The plantation bell that was used to call the workers on this job now hangs as a school bell on the roof of the Cushman School.

In 1920 the school board felt it did not have the funds to continue the kindergartens. Laura worked out a plan for the Kindergarten Association and the school board to share the kindergartens' expense. The association charged parents one dollar per month for each child and, consequently, when the schools were closed for lack of funds in 1921, the kindergartens were able to remain open. The school board tried again in 1922 to close the kindergartens saying they needed the classrooms used by them. Laura Cushman campaigned to keep them open by speaking all over town to civic groups such as Rotary and Kiwanis. She won a one-year reprieve but the kindergartens were gone when public school opened in 1923.

Laura could not live with that decision. She and a friend, Julia St. John, opened a small school for kindergarten, first, second, and third grades on the front porch of her parents' home at 2132 N.E. Second Avenue. The tuition was to be \$20 per month. Called the Park Primary School, it opened with twelve students, two of whom were Dale Miller, Jr., and Louis Hector. The venture was successful, but Julia St. John was more interested in a tutorial school and so she dropped out at the end of the first year.

Laura decided what she had in mind was too much for her parents' front porch. She borrowed money from her

## THE CUSHMAN SCHOOL

Laura Cushman, Principal  
Phone Bldgwater 1288

*Distinctive for Character Development and Scholastic Achievement*

THE CUSHMAN SCHOOL is a high grade private day school. It is located on N. E. Sixtieth Street in Bay Shore, just off Biscayne Boulevard on which city bus lines operate. The School building is a concrete structure of the open-air type. Its two wings contain eleven class rooms all connected by protected corridors. Dancing and Physical Education classes are held in the outdoor pergola gymnasium. The class rooms are provided with the best of modern equipment, and the playground has ample facilities.

THE SCHOOL offers complete courses from Nursery School and Kindergarten through Sixth Grade, preparing pupils for Junior High School. Graduates from the School are accepted in the City Junior High Schools without examination. A consistent high standard of scholarship is maintained, and habits of independence in thinking and efficiency in workmanship are constant aims. The environment is a stimulus for creative work. The curriculum covers enriched courses in regular academic subjects. In addition, daily classes in Music, Art, Physical Education and Modern Languages are given. Three class lessons per week in dancing for girls are included in the Physical Education program.

DAILY PROGRAMS are organized on a scientific basis. Home room classes and special classes alternate in proportion to periods needed for relaxation and activity of the pupils. No home work is assigned except by permission of the principal. Special attention is given to the development of proper health habits and healthful physical recreation. Open-air class rooms have contributed to the high health record of the School.

DEFINITE PROVISIONS are made for the development of individual personalities, poise, responsibility, leadership and emotional control. Self-expression through spoken English is stressed. All children participate in the socialized assemblies held every Friday afternoon at 1:50 o'clock at which visitors are always welcome. A Christmas Cantata and Spring Festival are annual programs.

THE TEACHING STAFF is professionally trained and especially adapted to the leadership of little children:

First Grade.....Mrs. Mae Knight Clark	Music.....Mrs. Catherine Christie
Second Grade.....Mrs. Neva Hones	Art.....Mrs. Bana Edwards
Third Grade.....Mrs. Wilhelmina Matson	French.....Mrs. Virginia Sherman
Fourth and Low Fifth Grades.....Miss Freddie Hunter	
High Fifth and Sixth Grades.....Mrs. Mary Pennington	
Physical Education.....Miss Edna Sortelle	Nursery.....Mrs. Helen Pope
Kindergarten.....Miss Mabel Simmons	Assistant Teacher.....Mrs. Helen Rainlin

Not finished when the '26 hurricane hit, The Cushman School per month for nursery/kindergarten to \$25 for 4-6th grade

father in the spring of 1924 and bought property at 336 N.E. 38th Street in a residential area called Magnolia Park. Here she built three "little open air shacks" with screens for walls and opened the Cushman School. It was well attended even that first year. People came from all over Miami because Laura's reputation as an excellent teacher and her philosophy of "character development and academic excellence" were good drawing cards. The school had three teachers, one for each building, and there was a large yard surrounded by a private hedge for the children to play.

Within a year after its opening, when the school already was outgrowing its three one-room buildings, Biscayne Boulevard was being built and slated to go right through the school's property. Laura was not eager to move her project but she was offered a large sum of money for the property, which her father advised her to take and use to build a bigger and better school. That is exactly what she did. She bought land out in the suburbs on Potomac

REGULATIONS

SCHOOL OPENS for regular work on Monday, October 30, and continues for eight and one-half months with one week vacation at Christmas and other holidays which are generally observed. School closes June 30 for the summer vacation.

SCHOOL HOURS:

Nursery School	9:00 A. M. to 12:00 M.
Kindergarten	8:45 A. M. to 12:00 M.
Grade 1-3	8:45 A. M. to 12:00 M.
Other Grades	8:45 A. M. to 2:30 P. M.

When necessary, special permission will be given for kindergarten and all pupils to visit for other pupils.

HEALTH REGULATIONS: Every effort is made to protect the health of the children and the cooperation of parents is asked in observing the following:

To keep at home a pupil with symptoms of cold or other indisposition. Pupils developing colds at school will be sent home.

To notify the school promptly whenever a pupil has been exposed to an infectious disease.

TUITION INCLUDES special subjects, extra curricular work, books and supplies. Payment must be made in advance by month, semester, or year according to the following rates:

Nursery and Kindergarten	\$15 per school month
Primary (1, 2, 3 grades)	\$20 per school month
Intermediate (4, 5, 6 grades)	\$25 per school month

Special rates are given for less or more than one family.

There will be no refund because of illness unless a child is out a month or more.

TRANSPORTATION under school supervision is \$4 per school month. Pupils living more than four miles from the school pay double fare.

LUNCH may be had at the school for 25 cents. This consists of a hot vegetable, sandwiches, fruit dessert and milk. Milk served to Nursery, Kindergarten and 1-3 pupils at 10 o'clock in the morning will be \$1 per school month.

Other charges include \$1 each semester for costumes.

The CUSHMAN SCHOOL



BOCAVINE BOULEVARD AT SIXTIETH STREET  
MIAMI, FLORIDA

ned that October. A brochure announces tuition from \$15 \$4 a month transportation and 25 cents a day for lunch.

(Cushman School)

Circle (later N.E. 60th Street) in a new residential area near her house.

According to the building-permit application filed on June 17, 1926, the Cushman School was to stand on two lots in the Bayshore subdivision, a \$35,000, two-story, concrete-block building. Laura had given her ideas to architect Russell Skipton who designed according to her specifications.

The new building was in the Spanish style with two wings in a V-shape around a central patio. The second floor, with a balcony and open hallways, was planned so that every classroom would get cross ventilation. The original ten rooms housed two offices, a large assembly room, and seven classrooms. The school had a Spanish-tile roof and oak hardwood floors.

Work on the school went on all summer. Laura devoted herself to landscaping the grounds, planting trees and shrubs. The not-quite-finished building was put to a severe test when the disastrous September 17, 1926, hur-

ricane hit Miami. Only minor damage was sustained, however, and the school was ready to open in October.

New tables and chairs, blackboards, and playground equipment were ready for students on opening day. The tuition was \$15 a month for preschool, \$20 for primary grades and \$25 a month for grades four through six. Transportation was \$4 a month extra. All supplies and books were furnished. As the school had no kitchen pupils either brought their lunches or went home for lunch.

Laura's philosophy of education has remained steadfast through seventy years of work in the field. She believes in teaching children how to think for themselves. A firm believer in educational innovation she is delighted with the new computers for students which have recently been installed at her school. She is not, though, easily led away from sound principle by flashy, progressive ideas that are not based in theory. When the look/say method of teaching reading was very popular and the phonics method was thought to be obsolete, she instructed her teachers to continue teaching reading with the phonics method but to call it "word analysis."

She thinks that children do not need cookies, candy, and soda pop, so those items are forbidden at her school except for special parties. She thinks every child can be successful at something and that it is the teacher's duty to find that something.

As a poet who describes a bayside scene as "little mangrove trees are sticking their toes out," Laura finds joy in the beauty of each new day. She enjoys her garden and communing with nature. This creative educator feels that every family should have the choice of public or private school and has given many, many scholarships to children whose families chose her school but were unable to afford it. She has always said her school catered to the middle-class family and that "the wealthy children always went to that other school, Miss Harris." Cushman School did not have a dress code but Laura put the students in uniforms when the label craze came in, saying, "Children at school should have better things on their minds than whose name is on a shirt." Laura worked hard to make her school a loving, happy place for students and teachers. In a letter to parents she said, "Our first aim is that all teachers and pupils in our school should preserve a happy attitude. We believe that a well child whose environment is conducive to character development and intellectual growth is a happy child. If a child is not happy, we will seek the underlying causes without ceasing until he or she is adjusted satisfactorily."

In a recent interview she added, "We tried to have every child feel that he was somebody and that he could do things, and that would give him power within himself to do the very best."

Laura is still interested in the affairs of the school and until recently served as president of its board of directors. She says of her long career as an educator: "Those were the happiest years of my life, working with children."

Her educational philosophy was stated in the very first brochure for her school: "A school seeks to develop the child mentally, physically and in character growth. To do this the child must be placed in happy surroundings, be properly adjusted to his work, and have wholesome participation in living experiences. The creation of such a school life is our aim."

Laura Cushman succeeded in creating such a school. The philosophy of the school has not changed in its sixty years of existence. ■

Joan Drody Lutton, Ed. D., has been principal of Cushman School since 1981. With a broader admission program more students are learning Miss Laura's ways.

## Carolyn Pearce Adds Charm to Ability

Carolyn Lawrence Pearce, a gracious Southern lady with a sense of humor, has a charming habit of saying the unexpected. "When I was president of the Miami Woman's Club in 1939 my twelve-year-old son expressed the opinion that presidents of women's clubs should be either widows or old maids. He missed me," she said in an interview.

Carolyn joined the Miami Woman's Club soon after she moved to Miami and continued to move up in club work to be the president of the Florida Federation of Women's Clubs in 1954, and at the same time was completing her B.A. degree at the University of Miami.

With the support of her husband, Edgar Dixon Pearce, a successful agriculturist in Southern Florida, her son, Frank, now a prominent optometrist in Coral Gables, and her mother-in-law (from whom she learned how to be a good mother-in-law), Carolyn accepted posts in the General Federation of Women's Clubs, and in 1966-68 served as its president. This was an organization of eleven million women and its administration required her presence at the club headquarters in Washington, D.C., or traveling to constituent groups during most of the time of her presidency.

She received many recognitions and honors as she traveled about, including a prized Honorary Doctorate in Humanities from the University of Miami, and an Honorary Doctorate of Pedagogy (Education) from the Centro Escolar University of the Philippines, complete with a handsome handmade silk robe and hood. She has been appointed by state governors as a Kentucky Colonel (she's never had a mint julep!), an Arkansas Traveler

(she's never seen a razorback), a West Virginian Mountaineer (this entitles her to go backward), and a Florida Patriot (no question about this!).

In 1965, Governor Haydon Burns broke the sex barrier of the Board of Regents of the State University System and appointed her to a ten-year term. Her loving husband immediately dubbed her "Her Regency" — a title which she accepted graciously on many occasions.

She was among the first "Headliners" of the Miami Chapter of Women in Communication, Inc., is an honorary initiate of Zeta Tau Alpha, national sorority, and an honorary member of Delta Kappa Gamma, an honorary teachers organization. In 1955, she was named outstanding citizen of Dade County by B'nai B'rith. In 1965-66, she was named by *Florida Trend* magazine as one of the six outstanding women of Florida.

January 10, 1984, by proclamation of both Metro Mayor Steve Clark and Miami Mayor Maurice Ferre, was Mrs. E. D. Pearce Day. The Florida Federation of Women's Clubs honored her for fifty years service in community improvement. Mrs. Pearce's husband, who died in 1972, sized up her volunteer services by saying, "If Carolyn ever runs out of causes, she will help 'just because'." She and her family are members of Plymouth Congregational Church, and she is pleased that her son, Frank, and his wife, Jean, are following the family tradition of community service.

The following was adapted from a talk delivered to the members of the Miami Woman's Club on its 85th anniversary. ■

— ELIZABETH PEELER

## My Brushes With Miami's History

BY CAROLYN L. PEARCE

More than half a century of living in Miami has given me an opportunity to brush with historic places, people and events. It has been adventure-some, excitable and, I hope, "tell-able."

We all know the familiar story of how Julia Tuttle persuaded Henry M. Flagler to extend his railroad as far

**My son Frank once asked, "Mother, did you graduate Magna Cum Laude?" I said, "No, I just graduated 'Oh, Lawdy!'"**

south as Miami by sending him a bunch of orange blossoms to convince him that this winter climate is ideal and unexcelled anywhere in the country.

My family made an historic crossing of the Flagler Street bridge over the Miami River when we moved here from Georgia in late November 1926. With the 5 p.m. traffic converging on the bridge from all directions, the crossing was as dangerous and as venturesome as Washington crossing the Delaware.

In joining the Miami Woman's Club, organized in 1900, I learned about Henry M. Flagler, the club's benefactor, who gave the club its first home on East Flagler Street where Walgreen's Drug Store now stands. I also learned about Julia S. Tuttle, whose home in Dallas Park was the Club's second meeting place while the present building at 1737 North Bayshore Drive was being erected.

In the city there were four memorials to Henry M. Flagler: The Flagler Memorial Library, which the club housed and operated in partnership with the City of Miami; Flagler Street, a major artery; Flagler Street bridge,

and a statue in Biscayne Bay.

The club felt that some memorial should be erected to Julia Tuttle. So, in 1956, the Miami Woman's Club by resolution sought legislative action in Tallahassee to name the causeway that spans Biscayne Bay at 36th Street in her honor, and was successful.

The view from the vaulted windows of the Miami Woman's Club's historic building on North Bayshore Drive includes the Julia Tuttle Causeway and is a constant reminder of the "Mother of Miami." The club also has named a room in its building for her.

Carolyn Pearce has participated in so many onward-and-upward programs that she took time out to write about some enjoyable ones. Elizabeth Peeler, *Update's* super-sleuth proofreader, has provided some background on Carolyn Pearce.



Recent candid photograph of Carolyn Pearce reveals the twinkle in the eye and the zest for life she has displayed through the years. (Carolyn Pearce)

In 1926 when we came here, I witnessed the birth of the University of Miami, one building on University Drive at the corner of LeJeune Road. I said, "One day I am going to graduate there." My college education was interrupted by an early marriage. I went back to school late in life and received my Bachelor of Arts degree at the University's present site in 1954. It wasn't easy. My son Frank once asked, "Mother, did you graduate Magna Cum Laude?" I said, "No, I just graduated 'Oh, Lawdy!'"

Later, the University conferred upon me an Honorary Doctorate in Humanities. Now, when in a gathering if someone stands and calls out, "Is there a doctor in the house?", I immediately rise to my feet.

Another historic experience was seeing the birth of Florida International University. As a ten-year member of the Board of Regents of

the State University System during its 1960's expansion period, I helped "birth" five state universities. You could call me the Midwife of Education.

I also participated in the dedication of Everglades National Park in 1947. The Florida Federation of Women's Clubs gave to the United States government Royal Palm State Park which it owned and operated. This formed the nucleus of the Park in 1929. I sat on the platform in Everglades City with President Harry S. Truman when it was dedicated. Later, I was a member of the historic

swamp safari led by John D. Pennekamp, editor of the **Miami Herald**, to help save the Big Cypress Corkscrew Swamp, the state's last stand of virgin cypress and nesting place of the white wood ibis.

The National Audubon Society, in its drive to save the swamp, asked me to go on Jack Paar's morning show on NBC, to make a national appeal for funds. I was introduced as the "swamp woman from Florida" as they played "Chloe" as the background music.

Another historic event was to help Captain Eddie Rickenbacker, pioneer in aviation. Invited with sixty representative women from Dade County, we inaugurated the "Golden Falcon Flight" which opened the air route between Miami and Atlanta. That fall of 1955, it was my privilege to present him as a banquet speaker at the Florida Federation of Women's Clubs convention on Miami Beach. As a compliment to me, their President, the members put on a skit, "This is Your Life." After listening to the fact that I was born in Thunder, Georgia, on the banks of Potato Creek, at the foot of Buzzard Roost Mountain, the Captain leaned over to me and said, "What a shame to be born at a place with such a name!"

Another historic experience for me happened in the home of the late Mrs. Russell Stover, the candy heiress, on Star Island. She, Mrs. T. V. Moore and Mrs. T. T. Stevens organized the Miami Women's Chamber of Commerce. One of the things that impressed me about her palatial home was the spacious refreshment bar, stacked fully with — not liquor, but — every variety and sample of Russell Stover candy. It was a "sweet" experience!

This article only brushes the surface and tells a few of the historic experiences I have enjoyed due to Julia S. Tuttle and Henry M. Flagler. I hope "Herstory" has not been too boring. It is not told in a bragging way. My grandmother said, "Self-praise is half-scandal."

Thank you again Julia Tuttle for leaving your legacy for the women of Greater Miami and Dade County to follow as an example in their role too in making history every day for community improvement and development. ■

**As a ten-year member of the Board of Regents of the State University System during its 1960's expansion period, I helped "birth" five state universities. You could call me the Midwife of Education**



"The Road to Nowhere" photographed April 25, 1964 shows in the foreground a rockpit and entry-exit lanes of the Palmetto Expressway on the left and Arvida nurseries at right. Mid-picture are two rockpits left and one right of North Kendall Drive and the bend in Snapper Creek where the South Dade Expressway comes through now. (McFadden Air Photos)

#### WHY IS IT CALLED THAT?

## The Road to Nowhere

BY WELLBORN PHILLIPS

Almost every resident knows that Miami Avenue and Flagler Street divide Dade County into four unequal quadrants; that Kendall Drive is west of Miami Avenue and south of Flagler Street; that all of Kendall Drive is in the southwest quadrant.

For this reason all Kendall Drive addresses should include "SW" or no directional designation at all, as many names of streets do, especially in incorporated areas such as Miami Springs or Coral Gables. For example, Baptist Hospital's address is 8900 Kendall Dr. Right? Wrong!

Baptist Hospital's address is 8900 North Kendall Drive even though it also has the numerical synonym address of 8900 S.W. 88th Street. Isn't

it strange that a street in the southwest quadrant should have the directive "North" in front of its name, especially since there is no confusion with a counterpart called South Kendall Drive? It is downright strange until we consider the history of this street that has come to name a whole area in Dade County.

North Kendall Drive lies in a part of the county that was not platted out with regularity; that is, it was not homesteaded. Instead, in two large grants in 1880 and 1903 all of the land west of Red Road between what was the Perrine Grant on the south and what is now NW Seventh Street on the north was deeded to the State under the U.S. Swamp Act of 1850,

wherein a State could have certain federal lands declared "swamp land" and then the title would be transferred to the State, which could then retain the land, sell it to individuals or use it as donations to encourage the building of canals, railroads, or other publicly beneficial projects.

Many of the chains of title within this vast territory begin with deeds from the State's Internal Improvement Fund to four large firms. The area between what is now North Kendall and SW 104th Street was divided by two of the firms — one,

Wellborn Phillips continues his tales of various spots in Dade County.

the Florida Land and Mortgage Company, owned by four London, England merchants, who bought in 1883 and planted groves; the other, the Florida Coastline Canal and Transit Company, which received its deed in 1890 when it was completing a section of the Intracoastal Waterway.

In the 1900s Henry John Broughton Kendall, a trustee of the Florida Land and Mortgage Company, came to Dade County to manage the company's land holdings. For some years he was the most prominent citizen of the sparsely settled area. In 1914 when it was awarded a post office the facility was named after him. At about this time another prominent citizen, Dan Killian (whence comes SW 112th Street's second name), moved from Larkin (now South Miami) to the area and bought its first store from one of Henry Flagler's managers. Mr. Killian was also a director of the Bank of Coral Gables, which was a moving force behind many civic projects, and a county commissioner from 1922 to 1926. During this period he named many of the streets in his district, and two of these he named for John Kendall: SW 88th Street became North Kendall Drive and SW 104th Street, South Kendall Drive.

Aha! Now the only question left is what happened to South Kendall Drive? Well, the only explanation is that SW 104th Street was slow to develop and so the name got lost on

the junkpile of history. North Kendall Drive "stuck" and the North in the name is part of the name, meaningless but historically sound.

The old sobriquet the "Road to Nowhere" was hung on North Kendall Drive through the dealings of Arthur Vining Davis, former chairman of the board and a founder of the Aluminum Corporation of America, who wanted to crown his achievements with gigantic developments in South Florida. He bought several thousands of acres in Kendall, which today is an amorphous, "state-of-mind" area bordering both sides of North Kendall Drive, especially west of U.S. 1. Prior to his arrival in the 1950s North Kendall was only a narrow road running west to SW 117th Avenue and after that, nothing — just a few little trails winding out through land mostly too swampy to be developed with ease.

Mr. Davis made a now-famous contract with the State Road Board. In exchange for rights-of-way for widening North Kendall west to 117th Avenue and for the southern leg of the Palmetto Expressway, the State agreed to three things: 1) the road department would immediately start work on the areas where Davis had given the right-of-way; 2) the State would start securing rights-of-way for the extension of North Kendall from 117th Avenue to Krome Avenue and for the Snapper Creek Canal, which was needed to drain tracts still under water; and 3) the road department would agree to

start work on the western leg of North Kendall as soon as 85 per cent of the rights-of-way could be gotten. It is believed that the State's road board members were happy over the rights-of-way east of 117th Avenue and they were willing to start immediately on this part of the project. But it is believed that they were less sincere about the western leg. They felt, however, that it would take months, even years of bureaucratic planning and delay before all the rights-of-way were obtained and so they wouldn't have to perform immediately. Henry Wolff shattered all of their plans quickly, as it turned out, because he recognized a good thing when he saw it. Wolff, a real estate broker in downtown Miami for 3 years before Davis arrived, had clients who had invested in much of the land between 117th Avenue and Krome; most of the rest was owned by friends and associates of his.

Within a relatively short time Mr. Wolff secured over ninety per cent of the needed rights-of-way, delivered them to the State, and demanded its performance. In the end the contract was a bargain for every one. The State paid less than \$22,000 to the few landowners that Wolff had not been able to win over. But those involved were not happy at the time, and skeptics and critics watching the road being built dubbed the new part of North Kendall Drive the "Road to Nowhere." ■

*Lone Company House Fights for Survival*  
Continued from page 4

numbered the address of the house that is now in Fort Dallas Park became 134 SE Second Street. The neighborhood was residential and produced civic leaders such as mayors John B. Reilly, John Sewell, and John Watson; rear admirals J. R. Hourihan and Charles D. Leffler; attorneys James T. Sanders and John W. Watson.

Since its construction the house has had a succession of owners. In 1905 Sanders and his wife Elva purchased the lot and house. Sanders was a judge of the criminal court of records between January 9, 1917 and June 11, 1917. The house was next owned by Abel and Josephine Makepeace. In 1912 Mr. and Mrs. Edward Allen Robinson bought the house. In 1935 the Robinsons sold the house to a widow, Mrs. Libby Martell; then in 1936 Mrs. Martell sold to Mr. and Mrs. James J. Kelley.

In 1951 Raymond Butler, Sr., bought the house. Butler altered the facade of the building, removing the front porch and steps, making the front door a window, and making what would have become a center



**Now called Flagler House, the building has been restored by Architect Daniel David Tinney and is awaiting a tenant, possibly a restaurant. (D.D. Tinney)**

window into the main entrance. Shutters and columns were added to give the house a Georgian appearance.

From 1951 the house functioned commercially as an insurance office. Known as the Butler Building it remained intact during the years as a determined survivor of early Miami

and a credit to the Butler family. The vicinity where the house stood for so long was rapidly being developed and expanded and in 1979 the city acquired the site. The Butler family fought to preserve the building and the city moved it to Fort Dallas Park. Butler was hospitalized the month of the move and died in December 1980.

There are plans to restore the exterior of the "employee home" to its original appearance. It will possibly have a restaurant facility within, with the added benefit of outside dining in a garden-like setting. The house will remain as a historical testimonial to the village origins of Miami and to those early pioneers who withstood the discomfort and drabness of their surroundings, the tents and plankboard streets, the influx of mosquitoes and sandflies and heat, and the lack of civilization in order to settle in Miami and build the Royal Palm Hotel for Henry Flagler. ■



Safety chain was part of the training practiced by a variety of servicemen in Miami during World War II. (Gift of The Miami News)



Squads on the run, not easy in soft sand but there was a lot of sand on beaches in Europe and the Pacific. (Gift of the Miami News)

## INTO THE TRUNK

During the past year or so, the rate at which new pictures have come into the collection has accelerated. We would like to share some of these new additions with you.

For many years, World War II photographs were hard to locate. Now, marvelous pictures have found their way into the trunk. Just

before the move to the Cultural Center, Howard Kleinberg of **The Miami News** donated a group of original negatives of soldiers training on the fields and beaches of Florida.

A few months later, an even larger number of original negatives came in as part of the Miami Beach Visitor and Convention Authority photographic collection. These pictures include images of soldiering on Miami Beach, such as how to peel onions safely.

Individuals have also recently contributed their share. A few months ago, Joy McGarry donated some views of the grounds of Rich-

mond Field (not pictured). Mrs. Henry Perner recently gave some souvenir views of the Naval Air Gunners School, now better known as the Aviation Building. Through continuing contributions, HASF now has remarkably large and diverse holdings of pictures of World War II in South Florida. ■

— REBECCA SMITH,  
Curator of Research Materials

Rebecca Smith, curator of the museum's research material, has agreed to tell **Update** readers about new acquisitions that are now going Into the Trunk.



A Wave get the attention and smiles during her machine gun instruction at Naval Air Gunners School in the Aviation Building. (Gift of Mrs. Henry Perner)



Miami Beach publicists were up to their gimmicks even in wartime. No bathing beauties this time. (Gift of The Miami Beach Visitor and Convention Authority)

Time Capsule  
Continued from page 2

Flagler's hurricane-battered "Railroad That Went To Sea" in 1935, it found many well-built concrete bridges and solid-fill causeways which adapted easily to highway use. . . . But when Bahia Honda was reached, the highway engineers hit a snag. For there, a steel-truss bridge

spanned the wide and deep Spanish Channel, with high and heavy superstructure — just wide enough for a single train track, certainly not wide enough for a highway. . . . But the road department had some imaginative folks on hand — they solved the problem by building the high-

way over the top of the old steel trusses, rather than on the level road-bed. . . . With a sort of rollercoaster effect, the highway climbed to the highest point in Monroe County, for one of the most breath-taking views to be found in this or any other state.

Reprinted with permission from the Floyd Monk collection



*Around the Museum  
Continued from page 2*

new government building looked pasted on. Obliging, a Metrorail train rumbled by. "Fingers over mouths," I heard Miss Whelan say for the first of many times that day. Dozens of little fingers went up over mouths in the universal sign for "Hush."

We trooped inside where we met our guide, Jody Berryman, comfortable and casual in slacks and the identifying patchwork Seminole jacket. Off we went to the first of our "rotations", the Indian exhibit. It was unexpectedly cozy sitting on the floor in a ragged circle, surrounded by towering cases of artifacts.

"What do we mean when we say, 'making a living'?" asked Jody. Hands went up all around the circle, and a tall girl answered, "how to get along in life."

"That's right," said Jody. "We're talking about day-to-day survival." She drew out of them categories of food, shelter, clothing and transportation, and then related these general categories to the Indians' specific solutions to the problems involved. Skillfully she directed the conversation to a discussion of a barter economy, although never using the term, and finally she pointed out that the Indians had taught the early white pioneers how to make starch, one of the first staple commodities, out of the coontie plant. We were left with a vivid impression of the daily life of the Indians.

From the Seminole enclave we went to our second rotation, the Homesteading exhibit. Here we saw photographs of the Peacock Inn and a film strip about the historic Barnacle, the Ralph Munroe house. "What is an artifact?" Jody asked. Several of the children knew the answer because of Miss Whelan's

preparation: "anything made or used by man." Jody brought out her basket of things, and we talked about candle molds, flat irons, pine needle brooms and pie safes, among many other artifacts of the time before the railroad came.

She drew attention to the pioneers' methods of coping with the day-to-day requirements of life, and pointed out the many similarities as well as some major differences in the way the Indians and the pioneers solved their problems. She also noted that to a large extent the pioneers were still engaged in a barter economy. This may not have made as deep an impression on the boys and girls as the long, full skirts of the women in the photographs, or the suspenders and straw hats of the men, but the ideas had been skillfully planted and reinforced.

Jody didn't neglect to mention the many contributions of black pioneers, a matter of great interest to these children from Liberty City. She talked about the black people who had worked in the lumber and starch mills or had laid the track for the new railroad. "What is a document?" she asked, and was pleased with the answer, "something printed or written." She told them to be sure to look at the documentary exhibit about black women in South Florida, which is currently on display.

Before we went to our third rotation, the film in La Plaza Theater, Jody asked the children to notice the artifacts and documents, and to pay special attention to what the film had to say about Key West: about shipwrecks and piracy, the sponge industry, the coming of the railroad.

I have seen the film in La Plaza Theater several times, and each time I'm struck by the beauty of its images and music. This time I noticed

several other things. Was it a coincidence that Jody Berryman had shown us an old flatiron and that the film showed the evolution of the iron from its homely beginnings to its contemporary state, or was this an artful integration of the content of the various parts of the tour?

When we got to our fourth rotation, the Key West exhibit, I found out why we had been told to pay attention to the parts about Key West. Everyone got a card listing ten things to identify: cannon, anchor, sponge-fishing hook, grapnel, and a number of others, including a pirate flag.

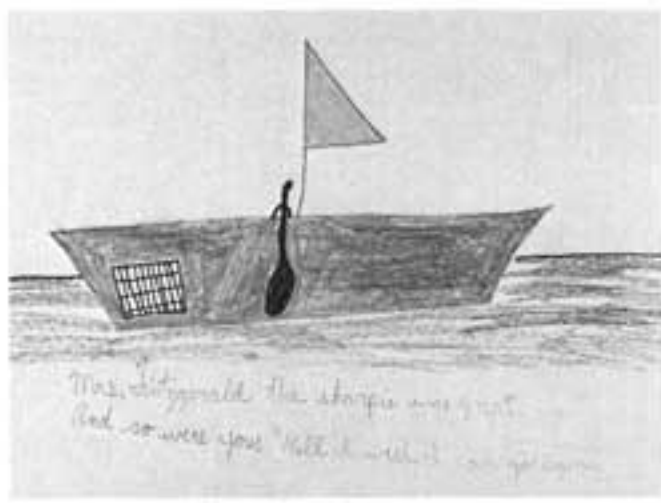
"Pirates are a part of our history," Jody said, when the scurrying had subsided and everyone had sat down on the floor again. With great skill she wove the ten items we had identified into a fascinating story of the Key West community, mixing the romantic elements of piracy and spongefishing with mundane information about the sponge industry. With a light hand she made it clear that the Key West community was immensely more sophisticated than either the Indian or the pioneer, a true money economy whose reach stretched all over turn-of-the-century America.

We had seen drawings and photos of "sharpies", the shallow-draught boats used in early South Florida, and in the Key West exhibit there is a life-size model of one — or rather half of one, the back half. The children were allowed to clamber on it and play sailor. One tiny girl in lacy stockings took possession of the rudder and steered away with the resolve and mastery of Magellan.

Having gone through the rotations, these very well-behaved children had earned Free Time. Some climbed up and looked through the tower. Others climbed aboard the



Abbie Alsop's drawing of a homesteader's home shows a sturdy structure, off the ground, a downspout catching water. There are fish drying and a pot brewing-chowder, possibly.



Yanet Diaz was taken with the sharpie. She writes, "Mrs. Fitzgerald the sharpie was great. And so were you. Well I wish I can go again."



A photograph taken from an old album shows a full house at Cushman School. (NASF, courtesy of Dr. Joan Lutton.)

*Around The Museum  
Continued from page 15*

trolley. Many walked gravely down the row of documents in the slavery exhibit, reading the copy blocks. In the Twenties exhibit, Jody Berryman turned on the player piano, and mouths dropped open as the piano began to play itself; then everyone started dancing.

When it was all over and the children had thanked Ms. Berryman for the tour, we went outside to the plaza, where coolers full of sandwiches and milk had been waiting. It was a lovely way to end the morning.

The tour I had joined is part of a program devised by Kat Pierie and Asterie Baker Provenzo of HASF and Judith Stuzin of the Dade County Public Schools. Under the terms of a contract with the Dade County Public Schools, 18,000 fourth grade students will tour the museum, as Miss Whelan's group did. The program we saw is one of two on Life Style. There are also two on Transportation and one on Florida's Five Flags. Sometimes all five programs are rotating at one time.

I came away from my morning tour immensely exhilarated and proud; proud of our museum for the fine intelligence employed in the creation and execution of this exemplary program; proud of the beautiful children, who were both orderly and spontaneous; and proud of Dade County for showing how two agencies can unite to produce an ideal learning experience. If any of you would like to share this experience, contact HASF's Education Department, 375-1625, and arrange for your own tour.

— LEE ABERMAN

## FINAL WORD

When this May issue of **Update** was being planned back in November 1984 Valerie Lassman had already made a desperate telephone call from Tallahassee to her mother in Miami to get the status of an article she had submitted in February for the August issue of **Update**. That issue did not materialize because the introductory catalog of the newly opened museum at the Downtown Cultural Center replaced it.

The November 1984 issue was at the printers. The last type-setting for the February issue was being set and the decision of what was to go into the May issue was being made.

Valerie Lassman's article was already type-set. It would go in, I assured her, but it would be some nine months after she had expected to show it to her professor at Florida State University where she is seeking an advanced degree in documenting historical buildings.

In May 1984 Dr. Joan Drody Lutton had submitted an article on Laura Cushman and her Cushman school, which was celebrating its 60th anniversary. Miss Laura, 97, was in attendance. The August issue was being typeset; the copy for the November issue was being collected, the content for February decided.

In July Connie Prunty's story of her father came in the mail and so did a sketch by Carolyn Pearce. Elizabeth Peeler agreed to do a background piece on Mrs. Pearce. The main content of the May issue was established.

Pictures were collected and rephotographed, copy edited and retyped during the fall. Typesetting was done and proofed in February and the late copy was due March 1 to be typeset and galley's back for proofing March 8.

It is now March 14 and this is the last piece of copy to be produced for the May issue. Carl Brauer awaits my call to pick it up and vows all will be typeset, proofed and corrected by March 22 so that the boards can go to the printer April 1. A blueline will be proofed April 10, 3700 magazines printed and delivered to the museum for labeling April 20 and you should have this in your mailbox May 1.

Up to this point, however, anything that could go wrong has done so. Keep your fingers crossed. May is the month when stories are developed for the November issue. If you have any ideas, now is the time to express them. Businesses and organizations have anniversaries. Births, or deaths, of people who have contributed to Miami's history are recognized. Someone uncovers letters of other memorabilia that could make an interesting article or picture layout. **Update's** managing editor Linda Williams and the museum's two curators, Rebecca Smith (research materials) and Daniel Markus (collections), can be reached at the museum, 375-1492. I have moved since the last edition of the magazine but the phone number is still 443-3533.

Maria Anderson

Several years ago the accumulated debris from an old house in Philadelphia was gathered into a box of trash and placed on the sidewalk for disposal. Frank Taylor was dead; his personal portfolio, filled with treasured sketches of his trip to Florida, Cuba, and Mexico with U.S. Grant, was on top of the forlorn pile. Luckily, a kind fate provided an observant bystander and these unique art works were rescued for preservation and presentation in this exhibition. Roy C. Craven, Jr.  
 Director, University Gallery  
 University of Florida



Brush drawing of torchlight procession in Key West



General Grant in Carnival procession in Havana

**FRANK H. TAYLOR**

Artist and Publisher  
 4819 Springfield Avenue  
 Philadelphia

March 10, 1926

Forty-six years after my months of travel and varied experience with Gen. U.S. Grant, Gen. Philip H. Sheridan, Col. Fred. D. Grant, while in Cuba and Mexico, I still treasure these sketches and prints. How much they recall to me. How like a stately picturesque dream it now seems to me at the age of eighty years! I am probably the only survivor. Including two of Mrs. Grant's nieces we were eight and it was my personal duty to escort Miss Kate Felt upon all occasions. My drawings were saved for me after use by Harper Brothers. My letters were printed in the **Public Ledger**.

F.H.T.

The Historical Association of Southern Florida presents  
**A Stately Picturesque Dream**  
**Scenes of Florida, Cuba and Mexico 1880**  
**May 19 - June 23, 1985**

at the Historical Museum in the Downtown Cultural Center.



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