

Thomas S. Kennedy:

an autobiography by a country doctor

PART TWO

BEARS AND TURTLES.

Next morning I had a call at T.A. Price's wife in Dania.⁸ She gave birth to a nice girl baby. I was riding on this occasion my old favorite Jim.

About four or 5:00 in the afternoon, about 1-1/2 miles north of Dania a pair of young bears about the size of a good size dog came out in the road just ahead of me then I thought I would have some fun.

I could get Jim up in about 50 yards and then no further. Whenever I would try to urge him nearer to them he went off into the woods. That taught me that a horse wouldn't tackle a bear.

The bears trotted right along down the road until they got to where they wanted to turn out, then they turned out and made for the ocean.

A day or two later I had caught up with my work and it being the 1st of June, a man named [William H.] Marshall and myself decided we would go turtle hunting and turn a turtle. Marshall weighed about 250 pounds.

We rowed to the beach about 3 miles and tied our boat and started walking south on the beach. After we had gone about a half mile we crossed where one turtle had crawled out but saw nothing of him. Marshall got ahead of me about 30 steps and I saw him stop very sudden.

I walked up and there was the turtle's crawl where it had crawled out. Well, we stood and looked a moment and pretty soon I saw something way up on the side of the beach in the sand and it seemed to be pretty busy. I got hold of a stick and threw it at it and when I did it growled and made a leap. Now Marshall is a good big man but he outran me, and we stopped and thought a little after we had run about 50 or 60 yards.

We went back and examined and found out it was a bear and he was eating turtle eggs, after the turtles had laid. We walked on about 200 yards from that nest and we found a turtle that weighed about four or 500 pounds.

We turned it, put it in the ocean where it could float, waded right along with it back to our boat, tied it to the back of the boat and rowed on home. Got home just about daybreak, between daybreak and sunrise. We proceeded to dress the turtle and had meat for a month or two.

OLD MAN DICK ROE.

I hadn't been home long before I got a call to old man Dick Roe. I took my little old rowboat and pulled up the river about three miles to where he lived, got out and walked in, found him with a high

fever, gave him some medicine. While there some northern man walked in who was prospecting around over the country out there. He and Mr. Roe got into quite a conversation, they were discussing the alligator, and this northern gentleman ask old Mr. Roe, if they were amphibious. I shall never forget his answer. His answer was, "Amphibious! Amphibious as Hell. They'll eat you up in a minute." The old man got well and lived several years afterwards from that attack.

LOUIS PALLICER, HERO.

About 1909, just at night one evening I got a call to go to the south New River dredge. It was then about five miles above Davie. I had no pop-boat and a man named Louis Pallicer had a little pop-boat, so he offered to take me up there.⁹ It was about twelve or fifteen miles from Lauderdale to where the dredge was.

They had built a dam across the canal behind the dredge to hold water for it to work in. The dredge was a mile or a little over above this dam.

They met us at the dam with a rowboat, we got in the rowboat and rowed on up to the dredge, and I climbed up on the dredge and administered to my patient. By this

time the moon had risen, and was about an hour high, so it was a good bright moonshiny night, and to accommodate the poor hard worked boys on the dredge Pallicer and I decided to walk back down the canal bank to where he had tied up his pop-boat at the dam.

Just about a mile back down the canal, nearly to where the pop-boat was tied, the canal bank was cut into and we had to go around a little ways; we thought there was a little mud, not much, and I being ahead I stepped right into the edge of that mud and sank right out of sight, clothes and all. Pallicer was close enough and standing on solid ground, and he caught me by the hair of the head and pulled me out. I lost my hat in the mud.

He pulled me out and we walked back up to the dredge and there I shifted out of my clothes and took a bath and [Walter] Scott Holloway who was captain of the dredge loaned some of his clothes to wear home.¹⁰ Then the boys took a rowboat and brought us back to our boat and we arrived home back in Lauderdale, just half way between daybreak and sunrise next morning.

My wife cleaned and washed my clothes that I had got all muddy, and I had two or three calls ahead of me; as soon as I could get on another suit of clothes and get cleaned up thoroughly, I saddled Jim, and we started out. I racked along fifteen miles up to Deerfield, got up there and waited on a lady. Got through and got back home the next day just about sunset; got my supper and hitched another old pony I had to the buggy and started south to make the other two calls.

Got back home just about ten o'clock that night, went to bed and slept like a log all night. Next morning I got Mr. Pallicer and went back to our dredge again to see that patient, and took Mr. Holloway's clothes along back with us. In the meantime a snake, a moccasin, had bit the captain on the finger, he ap-

parently got along all right for three or four months. Finally the dredge stopped for a month or two and he took a trip to Virginia, and while on the trip this old snake bit finger broke out on him again, so the doctors in Virginia took care of it for him.

AUNTIE, THE HEROINE.

One morning about nine o'clock I took my rowboat and started across to the post office and carelessly left the little gate open to the piazza. I walked out on to the little dock I had the little boat tied to and got in it and about the time I struck the other side of the river I heard a splash behind me and it was my little boy in the river, paddling like a little puppy.

I immediately whirled the little boat and if you ever saw a boat jerked, that one was. I jerked it around. He had an auntie who was a good swimmer and she saw the baby about the time I did and she jumped in and saved him. The little fellow was just thirteen months old when this happened and weighed just fourteen pounds.

"UNCLE" PHIL BRYAN.

I never shall forget old "Uncle" Phil Bryan having the shingles.¹¹ The shingles are a mean thing to have. They are not dangerous but they give the patient lots of trouble, and they generally last about six weeks before one can get over them. He had been there in the bed now about three weeks; not in the bed but up and down. One morning I was over to see him and he had a married daughter there who had come in to see him. When I walked in she jumped on me for his not getting along no better and faster than he was. I replied to her if she was going to take the case, to take it and treat it and I would retire.

Well, Uncle Phil was listening right at it, and he being a man of

good sense and having seen a good many cases of the same disease on other people himself, he told me, he says, "Well Doctor I know you are doing all for me any doctor can do and all anybody else can do. It is going to run its course and no body can stop it, and I want to tell you I am glad you hushed her up like you did."

MAMA BEAR, BABY BEAR AND DOCTOR.

One Sunday morning about nine o'clock I had a call to Dania. I hitched my pony to the buggy and my younger boy was then just beginning to talk and he wanted to go so I took him in the buggy with me. And about a mile before I got to my patient there came an old bear out into the road with two cubs about the size of cats. The old bear had gone ahead of them about forty or fifty steps, and the baby saw them and he wanted a little bear. He commenced to beg his Papa to get him one, "Dit me one Pape, Dit me one Papa." I jumped down and run and picked up one of the little things and started back to the buggy with it. About the time I got in two jumps of the horse and buggy my little boy commenced to holler, "Loo Papa, Loo Papa." I looked and the old bear was right at me and I threw the little bear to her and with one leap I was in the buggy. Then I sit there and watched her, she took those cubs one on each side of her and kept them there until she crossed the railroad and had gone into the woods again. Then I started the horse up and went on to see my patient. Since then I haven't bothered bears.

THE INDIANS AND THE MEASLES.

On one occasion the Indians all took sick with the measles. They were camped at this time right on the north fork of New River in a

little pine thicket on the bank of the river. They sent for me. I went and gave them all medicine and they all got well but one. It was in the early morning that I was there, and one buck named Tommy John, as fine a specimen of a human as ever lived, was about twenty-five years old and looked like a bronze statue, a beautiful physical specimen. He was just beginning to break out. I gave him medicine and told him to stay in his bed all day, and I would be back late that evening.

I got back about four o'clock in the evening, got off my horse and turned him loose and went to his wigwam and found him gone. I asked his squaw where he was, she pointed to the river, and I looked and there he was sitting down, every bit of him in the river but his head and ears. I ask her how long he had been there and from what I could gather from her, he got in the river pretty soon after I had left in the early morning and had sat there all day. I hollered at him. He got up and waded out. I told him he had killed himself, "unhuh me feel better." By eight o'clock that night he had gone to big sleep. So next morning when I went up there I found him dead.

ONE NIGHT IN AN INDIAN CAMP.

One Saturday night about ten o'clock a buck Indian came to my house and woke me up. He wanted me to go to the Indian camp and see sick folks. Well, we got a boat and got across the river, I took my chest in my hand and the Indian took the lead. He had a hunting knife buckled around him. And nobody can imagine the thoughts I had walking through the woods five miles in an Indian trail behind that Indian with nothing in the world to protect myself. These Indians were camped on the north fork of Middle River. We got there about one o'clock in the night and they had

plenty of light wood splinters. I soon found out the Indians all had what I call dengue fever, and I didn't stop until I had given the last one of them a dose of medicine.¹² About three o'clock in the morning we got through and old Doctor Tommie, an Indian about eighty or ninety years old, had prepared a place for me to sleep. So I accepted his invitation, went in, slipped off my shoes and fell down on the bear hides and deer hides and otter skins and things. And I don't think I ever enjoyed a better night's sleep in my life. When I woke up the next morning, they were pulling at my feet to wake me up. I got up, walked down to the river and washed my face and hands in the river, and then they were calling me to "humbug-us." They had soft shelled turtle stewed and a plenty of blue sweet potatoes, and if ever you saw a little cracker doctor eat a breakfast, I eat it. Then I went around and saw all the patients, gave them medicine that I thought would be all they would need until they got well, and then I took my chest and started through the woods by myself for home. I arrived at home the next day Sunday about one or two o'clock in the afternoon, a tired chap.

OTHER INDIAN PATIENTS.

My next case of an Indian, I was called to Tommy Jumper — Mammy Jumper's oldest son, and much to my surprise I found as complete a case of tuberculosis as I have ever seen in my life.¹³ She had several boys and the every one died with tuberculosis.

My next treatment of an Indian was Robert Osceola — John Osceola's father.¹⁴ He had a case of bronchitis; however he got well all right and moved over to Big Cypress.

BEVERLY BEEBE OF NEW YORK.

Along in October that fall a man named Beverly Beebe came up into the river on a nice yacht and tied up just above my house on the opposite side of the river.¹⁵ He was a New York man and very wealthy, but a high toned courteous gentlemen in every respect, and a very kind hearted man, but a man who drank. I got acquainted with him and we frolicked up and down the river fishing when I had the opportunity, and he brought a load of good liquor with him from New York in that boat, and the old man frolicked around and got acquainted with everybody on the river and we all thought lots of him. He got interested in the tomato business and started him a little crop up the river. He wanted something to do.

Way along in the spring after we were done shipping and a great many people had left he put his wife and children in Miami for a month longer, and then the old man proceeded to get on a whoopee. He kept it up until the delirium tremens got him. He had a young man named Bob Kyle with him to take care of his boat, so when the old man got wild Bob came for me.¹⁶ I went over there, commenced to give him some stuff to quiet him and got him in fairly good shape and then Bob got a young man named Bracknell to stay with him at night.¹⁷

Next morning I got on my horse and started up the river to see some sick people, stopped and saw Mr. Beebe on my way and he was sleeping sound and doing nicely about nine o'clock in the morning. I didn't wake him up. I went on up to the head of the river, saw several patients, and started on back home. About the time I got in a half mile on the boat, I met both these young men, and they were hollering for me. I ask them what was the matter. They said Mr. Beebe was about to die, they thought he would be dead by the time I got

there if I didn't hurry.

I put the spurs to my horse and got there in a mighty short while. I walked in and found the old man was struggling for life. I noticed his mouth was drawn somewhat. I opened his mouth and found his teeth way down his throat, further than I could reach with my fingers. This was the first that I knew he had false teeth. About that time the boys ran and I reached in my satchel, took out a pair of forceps, reached down his throat, got a good grip on the teeth and pulled them out. Then all three of us got to work on him and worked on him until we got his breathing regular and in about five minutes we had him in fairly good shape, but he was still wild. I got him to take another dose of sedative, and got his nerves a little steadier and he sat up and talked to me a little. I told him he had better lie down and be quiet, so he lay down and dozed off a little.

I got across the river, put up my horse and fed him and got my dinner, and that night I went back to see him. The old man was still wanting more liquor and had drank more liquor. I saw he was going wild again. I gave him another sedative to quiet him and had the boys hide all his liquor where he couldn't find it, and told them if he got to cutting up during the night to come across in a rowboat and get me.

Next morning just at light I was over there again to see him, and he had waked up and was apparently in pretty fair shape, still somewhat nervous, and begging for some brandy. I waked up the boys and they got some brandy from where they had hid it and I gave him a good nice dose, and it seemed to steady the old man's nerves right now. Did it at once. I then told him I thought he was all right if he wouldn't drink anymore and just be quiet and stay in.

I got on my horse and cut out for Deerfield to see a patient, sixteen miles north, a good day's work, through the sand, swamps and mud. I got back that evening about five o'clock. I rode right up to the yacht, got off and went in, found Doctor [P. T.] Skaggs and [E. W.] Pugh there from Miami, and the old man apparently worse off than ever; however they hadn't given him one thing.¹⁸ When I walked in they were sitting there watching him. I took in the situation, asked them what they thought; they both told me, "you are doing all for him anybody can do."

Instead of giving him a sedative this time, I gave him twenty grains of calomel and rhubarb. It had the desired effect. About midnight one of the young men came and waked me up. I got in the rowboat and run over there with them and I found I was getting liquor from both ways; but he was a stout man and I stay-

LEFT TO RIGHT: Stewart Holloway; Hampton Holloway; unidentified; cook from Pompano; unidentified; Walter Scott Holloway, captain of the dredge OKEECHOBEE; unidentified. Fort Lauderdale 1908.



ed with him from then until day and didn't give him anything until after sun up. Just let his bowels go, and vomit. About sunrise I gave him something to quiet his stomach and check up his bowels, and from that he went off in a fever and for three weeks he stayed in bed with a fever, but he pulled through all right and got in good shape, attending to his own affairs again.

By that time I was a little caught up with my work and had a little leisure, so he came over and wanted me to take a trip with him up the river in a little pop-boat he had. I got in the boat with the old gentleman and we went up the river and had a few pleasant hours, came on back. He stayed perfectly straight, and about the first of June he got his family and cut out back to New York.

The next time I saw the old gentleman he was about blind. He came up to Lauderdale though. He had stopped this time in Miami. He came up to Lauderdale and while here he wanted my younger boy to take him around to all the old people he was acquainted with before. He couldn't see to go himself, and I let my younger boy take him to see all the old people he knew, up and down the river on both sides. He only stayed at Fort Lauderdale three or four days this time. He went back to Miami, and some time the following spring the old gentleman sent this boy of mine a fine Browning twelve gauge automatic shotgun, by express from New York, showing his appreciation to the boy for what he had done for him. In a year or so afterwards I heard the old man was dead.

FISHER'S BOY.

A man named [Fred] Fisher had moved here in the meantime, and had built him a paper shack house. During the spring his wife gave birth to a boy. He had two children older, a boy and a girl. This oldest

boy was about five to seven years old. The father was gone off to work and she had the boy start a fire in the cook stove and the boy took the kerosene can, and was dribbling the oil out the spout into the stove, and there must have been a little fire in the stove already. The can exploded, set the house on fire all over at once, and a few of us got there just in time to get the lady and the baby out and save the two children.¹⁹

This boy got his leg almost burned off from the knee down and from the hip down his leg was burned severely. I treated the boy two or three weeks trying to save his leg, and then his father took him up to Dayton and there they skin grafted it. He stayed up there with him about a month, but the skin wouldn't grow on the burned leg, so he finally brought him back home, and I told him there was nothing to do to it but to amputate it; it never would get well if it wasn't amputated. So, I got a Dr. Seley who happened to be at Mr. Phil Bryan's to come over and assist me. We went to his house, and there wasn't much flesh to cut. I took what little there was and fixed the skin so I could pull it over the stub, took a common handsaw and sawed off the bone. About the time I got this done the doctor I had with me fainted, then I had to take care of him by myself. However the boy did well, is living today and doing well, and has a wife and child.

THE DANIA JAIL.

On one occasion about three o'clock in the afternoon I got an urgent call to Miami to see a lady who used to live here. At that time there was only one automobile in Fort Lauderdale, it was one of the old fashioned chain drives, a Reo. A friend of mine owned it; Reed Bryan, I proceeded to find him and he agreed to take me down to Miami.

We started and at Fulford [north Miami] we met on [with] some wagons with twelve mules and six negroes taking what is now the Dania jail to Dania.²⁰ The people in Dania had gone down and bought the old Miami calaboose, and had sent down with their wagons and teams with the negroes to pull it up. Bryan and I got to Miami about half after four o'clock. I went and saw my patient, got through with my work O.K. and met Bryan. We frolicked around Miami until about half after twelve o'clock that night and then started back home.

Just two miles north of Ojus, I saw something in the road ahead of us, it being a pretty moonshiny night. Bryan was driving pretty rapidly.²¹ I called his attention to it and when we got up pretty close and we whirled out to the right next to the railroad to pass, the car halted, and stopped right square on top of those six negroes. They had cut them some palmettoes and made them a bed and were all right sound asleep, and Reed's car halted right square on top of them, and the most mournful sounds that man ever heard came from those negroes. Well we both jumped out of the car, commenced to pull them out from under it. We got them all out, got them over their fright, and found that there wasn't a one of them hurt a particle.

Night had overtaken them there and they had stopped and taken out their mules and fed them and tied them to the wheels of the wagons. They then went and fixed themselves a place to sleep, that is why we ran over them. Now, it is a laughable thing to listen to the remarks that those Negroes made. I ask them what they thought.

The first one's answer was that, "I thought the Lord had throwed a boom down to kill us." Another remarked he thought it was a bear [that] had jumped on them and was going to eat them up. Another made the remark the first thing he

thought of [was that] he had done so much devilment that the Lord had sent the Devil there to get him in his sleep.

I examined them pretty carefully and found that they were all right. We gave them a pint of good whiskey. They helped us get the car back out on the road in front of the jail and Reed and I got in the car and came along home.

Thought we were all safe, but about half way between Dania and Fort Lauderdale we met something in the road in the pine woods, and it dashed right in front of the car and Reed never tried to stop the car, just struck it and in some way, we never could account for it, it picked a man up and landed him right over our heads into the back seat and didn't hurt him a particle. We got home just about three o'clock in the morning after our night's experience with negroes, mules and the Dania jail.

BUTLER, PEARCE & McNAB.

On one morning I got off the train at Pompano. At that time the people at Pompano all lived down on what they called the muck, on the canal [Cypress Creek]. They came out to the depot in a little foot trail, there were no roads there at that time. I had walked about a mile in the scrub, I heard a gun fire about a quarter [mile] ahead of me, and in about a couple of seconds I heard it fire again. I walked on, got up to where the gun fired, found Uncle [James W.] Jim Pearce and he had a buck and a doe lying right across the little trail.²²

At that time deer were plentiful in this country, and in acorn time they got out in the oak scrub to eat the acorns, and Uncle Jim and his folks lived on venison, and that is all the kind of fresh meat any of us got for several years after I come to this country. The old man is living yet and greatly laments the settlement of the country. It has run all the game away. But that doesn't

make any difference; he is now about 85 or 90 years old and his hunting days are over. The last time I ever saw the old man we had a chat about it.

We went on and he told me how to get across the canal to George Butler's. I took brother Pearce's directions, crawled up on the canal bank, and went walking along; pretty soon I met a little fellow — looked like he weighed 80 or 90 pounds and I thought I would ask him a little more.

I spoke to him, I said "Buddy, how do I get across this canal to Mr. Butler's?"

Having on a starched shirt and my little satchel in my hand, he looked at me, gave me the once over so to speak, took his own good time and finally replied, "God damn your dressed up soul. How big does men grow in your country?"

His name was McNab. Finally he says, "Do you see that boat yonder? Get in it and go across and walk up there."

I laughed until I cried. I went on and took the rowboat, crossed the canal, walked up the path as I was told; about the time I got in sight of the house I met a man named Bill Grant, and he showed me and pointed out Mr. Butler's house.

I went on up to the house, inquired if that was Mr. Butler, "I guess I am the man you sent for."

He says, "Are you the doctor?"

I says, "Yes."

He says, "It's my Mother who is sick."

He took me in the room and I administered to her, and he came on back with me and put me across the canal and got back out to the depot in time to catch the eleven o'clock train.

Mr. Butler today is Clerk of the Circuit Court of Palm Beach County, Florida.

ALLEN TURNER.

On one occasion I was called to a man's house by the name of Allen

Turner; well I answered the call. I got to his house, found his wife down with the fever; two girls down with the fever; and a little boy down with the fever, and his wife right in the act of miscarrying at about five months. He had one girl child that was up. I stayed with them all night and delivered the baby; got the lady in pretty good shape; administered to all the sick children. About that time the young lady called us to dinner.

Mr. Turner said, "Let's go and eat what we've got."

We went in to dinner and we had for our dinner collard greens boiled in salt water and pure corn bread. I sit down and eat a hearty meal, and made them feel good, and got out to the railroad next night in time to catch the train home.

However next day when I started back to see them, I hired a horse from an old man named Waite, and got Mr. Stranahan's wagon, hitched the horse to it and bought a load of groceries such as I thought these sick children and that sick lady would need and a little piece of white side [bacon] for the other two, and took it to them. They all got well and got up and the following fall the lady died right sudden.

ALABAMA NEGROES.

When the County [Dade] let the contract for the first rock road from Deerfield to Pompano, in 1907, some Alabama people got the contract.²³ They brought with them all their force consisting of plenty of mules, wagons and negroes. Big bosses and little bosses, and the meanest contrariest set of negroes that could possibly be found anywhere on earth. They got down to Pompano on one Saturday and they knocked off work at noon. The negroes proceeded to fill up on firewater. Ovid Saxon was the policeman so he proceeded when they got bad along in the early part of the night to appoint a man with him, a long, slender tall low faced fellow.

And about nine o'clock in the night the negroes became very obstreperous, they began fighting the original old home negroes. The police walked over to see if they couldn't stop it. Two or three of the biggety ringleading negroes proceeded to see if they couldn't run the police away. One of them called this long slender man some names he didn't like. He had nothing but a little club, so he immediately went home and filled his old double-barreled shotgun with plenty of buckshot and powder. He walked back over there, found his man and left him lying for the people to take care of next morning.

In the meantime another one had come over and gave Ovid Saxon some insulting language, so he proceeded to put a pair of thirty-eight bullets through him. His negro didn't die all at once so about midnight they sent for me. By this time I had got me a little Ford automobile and in about twenty minutes I was up there.

The policemen met me, carried me to the negro and as soon as the negro saw me he commenced to curse me for everything he could think of. However I held my temper long enough to examine him. I found out that he was fatally wounded and wouldn't live longer than an hour or two. He was still a'cussing white people; then I told him he had better go to praying, that he didn't have but about an hour to live if that long. His reply was he didn't give a damn if he just had a gun for a few seconds. Then he cursed Saxon. Saxon started to shoot him again, but I held the revolver so he couldn't. Told him to go on, I would 'tend to the negroes. Then in a short while he passed away. The boys took some shovels, took him off and dug a hole and shoved him in the ground and wrapped him up.

After that you never saw a more polite set of negroes in your life as that Alabama set of negroes were.

They only stayed there about a week longer before they finished up the job. The boss afterwards told me he was kind of glad he got them to Pompano, he hadn't had a bit of trouble with them since he had.

They had a coroner's inquest in a day or two and the magistrate decided that if it took killing to make them behave; kill them.

Before I left there I was called to three or four of the old original negroes. Pompey Cooper, who has since died and who was one of them, had had some difficulty with some of them, but [was] not hurt much, and he decided that he thought he would get him one of them [the] next morning as soon as he could see good; but Pompey got straightened out all right and paid no more attention to it. Charles Saunders had nothing but a fright. He wasn't hurt at all in his escapade.

I got in my car and left about four o'clock for home, got home just about daylight and found a call for Shack Town. I ate my breakfast and lay down and slept until nine o'clock, got up and went on to Shack Town, found seven people in bed with the dengue fever. I administered to them, came on back home and took a good long rest.

A MAN CALLED MULE.

That night about dark I was called to Dania. I got down to Dania found a negro named Mule — him and some other negro had had a fight and the negro had reached with a knife and proceeded to stick it under Mule's shoulder blade and almost cut one lung off. I got down there and saw the situation; had a pretty fair light and I proceeded to pick up the membrane around the lung and brought them together with some cat gut and some long tweezers I had, sewed Mule up, put in a little drainage tube, and in nine days that negro was back on the wagon doing his regular work — when I was sure he would be a corpse in about thirty-six hours.

BROWN & HIS UNCLE BRYAN.

A day or two afterwards I was called to Dania to a man named [Charles W.] Brown. I found the man unconscious; his eyes bleared; the pupils of his eyes enlarged a great deal; so when I found those pupils, I commenced to find out what was causing that enlargement of the pupils. I went to work searching around in the shack and I found a little paper sack of brown powders. The man's bowels were running off as hard as they could; he had messed up everything, no control over his bowels at all. He wasn't capable of telling me anything but the parties around told me he had been taking that stuff in teaspoonful doses for several days.

I commenced to examine it pretty thoroughly; he said it was supposed to be rhubarb and jalap. Well, I got to examine it pretty carefully and I decided it wasn't rhubarb and jalap. I inquired where it came from, I got the history of it and who had bought it and I found out what I could by examination; got Doctor [E.W.] Pugh up here [from Miami] with me and we went to

Dr. Robert S. Lowry came to Fort Lauderdale in 1910. This photograph is dated 1925.





work and found out it was bella-dona.

Well, I went to work and commenced to pile in plenty of atropine and morphine into my patient to counteract the effects of the poison he already had. I had a good nurse taking care of him -- Miss Webb was taking care of him -- I told her how to give the medicine and not to be afraid to give it just like I told her.

I went down next morning. Got there about eleven o'clock and found two more physicians. The boy's uncle, a man by the name of [John M.] Bryan, had come in and seen the condition of the boy; so he ordered some physicians from Miami immediately.²⁴ I knew the doctors all right; but it was the first time I had ever met this old gentleman, Bryan. He looked on me with contempt, thought I knew nothing. I walked in to see my patient, ask the nurse how he was getting along.

She says, "Doctor he is better than he was when you left here last night." Said he had been asleep for the last six hours.

I says, "That's good."

The two physicians I met were Doctor [James M., Jr.] Jackson and Doctor P.T. Scaggs, of Miami, both friends of mine. I ask them what they had done. They said, "nothing." Well, I ask them what they thought.

They said, "you have a difficult case, it is a dangerous affair to handle, and you are doing all for it anybody can do."

Well, this old uncle had been watching them and when they walked out to start off, he ask them what they had given him,

they told him, "not a thing." That I had given him exactly what he needed, and perhaps was taking care of him better than they could.

"Well," the old man says, "I didn't think that little fellow knew what he was doing."

Scaggs said nothing but Doctor Jackson replied to him, his reply to him was this: "When you have that little man as you think hasn't got any sense, with a patient taking care from him, there's not any use of you sending anywheres else, Miami, Jacksonville, or anywheres else for a physician."

The old man says then, "you think he knows as much about it as you do?"

Jackson says, "yes, and more than I do."

"Well," he says, "then you think he is in good hands?"

Jackson says, "I know it, don't have to think about it. If I was to get sick and dangerously sick, I would send to Lauderdale for him for myself." (Which he did later on.)

I was a little country doctor not able to dress fine, had to drive an old ramshackled buggy, and a little old bench-legged pony, and the old man thought that I didn't have any sense.

Time rolled on and he finally took sick himself, and force of circumstances made him send for me. I made him three visits and he wanted to know if I knew what ailed him. I told him right plain and straight what ailed him, and I didn't hesitate to tell him. I didn't hesitate to tell him he had Bright's disease of the kidneys and that he would never get well, and if he wanted any other doctors to get them. So he told me that I needn't to come back anymore, and I didn't go back anymore. The old gentleman got a couple of other physicians to see him but he died just the same.

MRS. MULLIKIN OF DANIA.

About six months after all this happened I was sent for to see a lady

in Dania, Mrs. [John] Mullikin was her name. On Monday about eleven o'clock I got down there just as quick as I could and I found Doctor [J. Devere] Stuart, Doctor [John L.] North, Doctor [T.E.] Parish, and Doctor [Peter T.] Scaggs. They had all made a thorough examination, they said, and pronounced the lady with a cancer of the uterus.

Well, her husband told me to examine her. I examined her thoroughly. I got through with her, he ask me what I thought. I told them that they were all mistaken, that it was a myxoma. Then they all jumped on me for disagreeing with them. Wanted to know if I was putting my brain against them. I told them "no," that they had just made a mistake as a good many other physicians had done in life; that I wasn't putting my brain against theirs.

The woman had been in bed quite a few days. I don't know how long. Stuart and Parrish had been treating her and had kept her under the influence of morphine. I was about to start for home when her husband stopped me. He ask me if I thought I could save her. I told him, yes, I thought I could. That was Monday.

All the other physicians told him there wasn't a thing he could do but just keep giving her morphine and let her go easy. He ask me what I thought about it. I told him not to give her another dose of morphine.

"Well," he says, "when are you coming back?"

I says, "that's up to you."

He says, "well, I am going to put her in your hands, if she is going to die I had just as soon she died in your hands as all these others."

Those other four physicians were all good men, but I could see they didn't like my disagreeing with them; however I told him not to give her another dose of morphine and I would be back that night. I told him to give her nothing but some nourishment, all the chicken soup and beef broth he could get

her to drink. I stopped medicine entirely, gave her nothing but plenty of nourishment. The following Thursday morning I went down and took that myxoma away from her. That's been thirty years ago and the woman is still living.

That day I got the tumor away from her I filled a half gallon jar with part of it; told her husband to take it to Miami to the bacteriological laboratory, and have it examined and then we would be satisfied absolutely whether there was any part of a cancer about it or not. Mullikin had his car out, ready to start, and this young physician came along. He stopped in and saw me and saw the patient. A good boy. He ask Mullikin where he was going. He told him and told him what for. He told Mullikin he was on his way to Miami and he would take it for him and save him the trip, and he did, and brought back the diagnosis from the laboratory when he came back. I met him next morning, I ask him what the results were.

He says, "your diagnosis was absolutely correct and the woman ought to get well," and she did.

In about three weeks I had her on her feet attending to her own housework. They [the Mullikins] moved over to Lake Wales several years afterwards; finally came back to Dania and are living there today.

A MAN NAMED PARHAM.

On one occasion I was called up the river about three miles to see a man named [T.M.] Parham. I found him pretty sick. I gave him a lot of medicine; went back to see him next day, he was a good deal better. I told him to stay in for a day or two; but after I had gone he decided he wanted to go and look after some business on the other side of the river. There being no rowboat anywhere convenient he decided he would swim the river; knew he had swam it a many a time; so he started across the river. About the middle of the river he

took cramps and commenced to holler for help but before anybody could get to him he had drowned.

A MAN NAMED KYLE.

One night about nine o'clock a man named [Robert] Kyle came after me. He lived a way up next to the head of the river. He had a man named Joe Priest with him, with a little pop-boat. I got out and got in the boat with them and they had to stop on the other side of the river at the grocery store to get some groceries.

About the time they got out and tied up the boat there was a fight started right in front of Harry Brad-dock's dough-nut stand.²⁵ They both jumped out and yelled and ran to see the fight, and I sat quietly in the boat. In a minute or two I got out and sat down right behind a little guava bush where I could see a little of what was going on. Pretty soon I saw a man named Berryhill pop into the post office and get behind the door; the next thing I saw was a man named Gene Hunt, he was a big man but making swift time.²⁶ He pop't into where Berryhill was; Berryhill ask him what was he running so for. His reply was because he couldn't fly. About that time I heard somebody commence to holler for the doctor to come, a man was cut into. I told them to bring the man to me, I wasn't coming up there.

About that time a man came running -- jumped clean over me, guava bush and everything, he didn't know I was there at all. That man's name was Oliver; about that time I heard a hard lick on something, pretty soon they hollered out there was a man killed; about that time they got to me with the cut man, and he was cut all right. I wiped his bowels off and put them back and took sixteen stitches around and sewed him up good; and in seven days that scoundrel was out and ready for another fight. His name was Cramer. The man's name who got killed was

Ellis?²⁷ Nobody ever did know who killed Ellis, and don't to this day.

Well, the fight got quiet and Kyle, Priest and myself got in the boat and went on five miles up the river. I administered to his mother, took care of her until she got up again, and was well, and in about four months she took sick again and died right sudden.

MATERNITY LABOR CASES.

One morning I was called up to the head of the river right about daylight to a labor case. I got on my old pony and galloped up there just as fast as I could. The lady's husband was gone away out in the Everglades; she had two boys up about seven and ten years old. She had had those boys to bring in the plow lines and she had them to throw a board across the foot of the bed and when I walked in she had those plow lines tied to the bed rail, about the center and her feet braced against that board and she was lying there a'swinging to those plow lines. In about one hour we had a nice boy baby, everything was O.K. and I had returned home.

On arrival at home I found three calls: one to Dania, one to Breezy Hill, and one in the village. They were all labor cases. I went to Breezy Hill at once and in about two hours delivered another baby. Left there at noon, went to Dania and just at five o'clock in the afternoon we had another baby. Got back home and attended the call in the village. And just about sunset or a little after, between sunset and dark, I delivered another baby, making four deliveries in about fifteen hours, and two of them were fifteen miles apart. I got home tired down, went to sleep, slept all night. The traveling on these occasions was all done on horse back.

GEORGE ADAMS OF LITTLE RIVER.

Next morning I got a call to Little River, to see a man named George Adams. This was a distance of about twenty-five miles. My horse was broken down from the day before, and I got a horse and buggy from old Mr. [A.C.] Frost, and drove on down there. Saw my patient, got back to Frost's, left his horse and buggy, and walked on home five miles. Got home just about seven o'clock at night.

About the time I got done eating supper a man come after me to see Captain Valentine.²⁸ I got in a rowboat and pulled about two miles up the river to the north fork of the river, to Captain Valentine's; administered to the old gentleman, and then took my rowboat and pulled on home. Got there just between eleven and twelve o'clock that night. I lay down and went to sleep.

Next morning I had a call to Pompano to see Mrs. [J.A.] Saxon. Found her with a case of malaria fever, one of those continued kind, and that was an every day job for about three or four weeks. She recovered all right and is living today and doing well.

By this time I had been able to get me another pony, this one was an old kicking pony, and the fights I have had to have with that old pony on the road. But I finally got her to where she was afraid to kick when I was around where she could see me.

A YELLOW FEVER EPIDEMIC.

In the later part of June or the first of July 1907, I was called to Pompano. I got there, found thirty negroes with fever. The negroes had been brought from way down south of Miami, by a man named [M.M.] Smoak;²⁹ they were convicts.³⁰

He had gone down there and brought them up here to work on a contract he had taken from the county.

Well, I administered to them, came on back home; next morning I went back and found the negroes were all pretty sick. Well, I examined them carefully and to my surprise I found they all had dengue fever — or I called it dengue fever. In about a week or ten days the white people commence to take it. I kept fighting it; I had got my negroes up. It was continuous work for about three or four weeks every day, and night. I had ninety-seven cases all told before I got through.

The last case that took it was Honorable John R. Mizell, who had been Minister from this Government to Puerto Rico, and while in Puerto Rico he had had the same disease.³¹ He took the disease one afternoon; next morning he called me. I got up there to his house and the old gentleman being a highly educated old man — he proceeded the very first thing to give me a cussing out for not letting the people know really what the disease was.

I replied to him, "had I let them know exactly what it was there wouldn't have been anybody in Pompano in twenty-four hours" and that "this end of the county would have been quarantined, and we all would have been right in the middle of a Hell of a fix."

However, he was pretty well satisfied with my explanation. I gave him plenty of medicine and in about three days he was up walking about again.

Out of the ninety-seven cases that I had I didn't lose a one, and I don't suppose there was ever a worse epidemic of yellow fever in the country.³²

Old Judge Mizell afterwards always thought the world of me. He thought I had saved this end of the county by keeping silent and fighting the disease day and night. It made a friend out of the old man just as long as he lived, and when he died fifteen years later from cancer I lost a very dear old friend.

This epidemic lasted about a

month and I almost lived in Pompano, day and night. However there came a young lady from Augusta, Georgia, there about the commencement of this thing to see her two sisters and a brother-in-law who lived down here.³³ I had treated the two sisters and brother-in-law and got them all up and doing well. When this young lady took the disease she being what she thought — one of the high ups in aristocracy, and I being a little common cracker doctor, she decided that I wasn't sufficient to take care of her case, so she sent away and got some other physicians.³⁴ Her people happened to have a little money and were able to pay; she got her other physicians all right. I kept at work with my patients. I had all I could do anyway, it didn't make any difference to me.

However, about one o'clock one night I had got through with my work, tired down and had just fell across a bed in Mr. Smoak's house; I was asleep almost by the time I struck the bed; guess I had been sleeping about an hour when Mr. Smoak woke me up, said they wanted me to George Rouse's. I ask him for who, and he told me. I said she isn't my patient.

He said, "no, but she has got so much worse they want you up there."

Well, I took my satchel in my hands and walked up there, it was only about two hundred yards. I walked in and Mrs. Rouse met me, told me her sister was dangerously sick and she wanted me to come in and do something for her.

I walked in and looked at her, I turned to Mrs. Rouse and told her there was nothing anybody could do for her. She wanted to know what I meant. I told her she was dying; death was on her; and in about an hour she was dead. She was the only person who died out of that whole epidemic of yellow fever at Pompano. My patients all got well and a great many of them are living today and doing well. I

was thoroughly broken down when I got through with that seige, but it gave the people of Pompano great confidence in me and I have done the most of their work ever since that time.

MRS. KNIGHT AT THE HILLSBORO LIGHTHOUSE.

One morning after this I was called to Hillsboro Lighthouse to see Mr. [Captain Thomas] Knight's wife.³⁵ I had to drive the beach road to the inlet and tie my horse and hoop and yell until somebody would come and take me across the inlet in a boat. I found Mrs. Knight with fever and I made about five or six calls before she got well, but it wasn't yellow fever, it was an intermittent fever. However I made five or six trips, sixteen miles of long sandy road to go with a horse and sixteen miles to come back, and heavy beach sand to go through part of the way. I got through with her all right and she got well and in good shape.

MR. THOMAS OF DEERFIELD.

On one occasion I had a call one morning to Deerfield to see a Mr. [E.A.] Thomas.³⁶ He was at that time the section man, so there being no rock road on that side of the river, I threwed the saddle on Jim and we went passing along up there. Got there about ten o'clock and found Mr. Thomas sick himself, I gave him plenty of medicine, enough to last him about two or three days and told him if he wasn't all right to drop me a card and I would get back to see him. I left about one or two o'clock for home, arrived home about four o'clock. In a day or two I heard from Mr. Thomas, saying he was all right.

PEMBROKE.

A short while after this I was called one morning to a place known as Pembroke, about five miles due west of Hallandale.³⁷ I got out

there just about eleven o'clock, found two old people there; an old man about seventy years old and his wife about seventy-one or two, both in the bed and their bones trying to break, they said. They had a couple of cases of dengue fever, or breakbone fever, as it is generally known.

Well, I was making that trip every day for about a week before I got those old people up and out of danger. And much to my surprise I got five dollars out of six or seven trips fifteen miles there and back each day; and which was a good deal more than I expected to get after I got there and found out the situation. But they were folks and I gave them the best there was in me. Pulled them out and the old people finally moved from there and I never did know what became of them.

EUGENE HARDY AT CYPRESS CREEK.

One afternoon about two o'clock I received a call to go to I.I. Hardy's.³⁸ He lived at that time right on the edge of a lake [Lake Barbara] that made out from the East Coast Canal; or in other words the outlet of Cypress Creek.

I got up there about four o'clock in the afternoon, found a boy about ten or eleven years old in the bed pretty sick.³⁹ On close examination I found he had pneumonia of the right lung. Having been told that we didn't have pneumonia in the south end of Florida, I made the second and third examination to be sure of my diagnosis; after having made a thorough examination and satisfying myself what it was I commenced to treat him for pneumonia.

His father being an old Tar Heel like myself and having seen several cases of pneumonia in his life, finally ask me what I thought was the matter with the boy. I told him he had a complete case of pneumonia in the right lung.

"Well," he said, he was satisfied

that was what ailed him himself but he wasn't positive about it.

I went to work on the boy and saw him every day for ten days. Pulled him through all right and he is now a great big fat chuffy man.

A "LADY" OF PLEASURE.

After the North New River Canal had got about four or five miles in the Everglades I was sent for one night about eight o'clock. I was to go up the canal to the dredge.⁴⁰ I got in a pop-boat with a man and started, but he stopped me about a mile before we got to the dredge. He hadn't told me a thing about what the trouble was.

He stopped and we crawled out--- he had built a little cabin and put it up about ten feet on stilts in the mud. We crawled up into the hut and there I found a mother and a girl. A girl about fourteen and in just about thirty minutes I delivered that girl of a pair of twin boys. Then I stayed all night and the man brought me back home next morning in the pop-boat; and then he carried me up there every day for the next eight or ten days, until the girl got all right. She turned out to be one of the ladies of pleasure for the State of Florida wherever she was found.

THE PANIC OF 1907.

In the years of 1906 and 1907; they were awful hard strenuous years. No money to be got hold of. Had to work on credit, take all kinds of chickens, sweet potatoes, corn, etc., to feed my horses, in fact anything that I could get and utilize for myself and wife and children. And to cap the climax, on the night of October 19th, 1907, it commenced to rain in torrents about two o'clock in the morning and it rained until six o'clock.⁴¹ About six o'clock it commenced to blow, the same storm killed over three thousand people south of Miami, and about fifty miles south of where I am living.

I was living in a little negro hut, no plaster or ceiling, and it looked to me like every stud in the little old house would bend double [with] almost every blow of wind. About seven o'clock I pulled the bed in the center of the room and piled everything I had on it and covered it up the best I could with an oilcloth. I opened every window and door in the house hoping to somewhat break the strength of the wind as it struck it.

I got in about three feet of the front door where I could jump good with my baby boy in one arm and the other around my wife and I stood there from seven until eleven o'clock holding them. I saw my buggy blown out from under the shelter and lodged twenty feet up in a little pine tree.

About eleven o'clock the wind changed and come out of the northwest, up until this time it was in the northeast. Then we had a blow from the northwest until one o'clock, then it ceased and the water was up in the floor of the house just bulging through the cracks in the floor. I then got out, waded out and gave my horses something to eat, and they stood in the water to eat for three or four days up to their bellies before the water went down.

When the water went down people commenced to come after me from every direction.⁴² I got me a couple of men and went and chopped the tree down and got my buggy and commenced to go see people that were sick, with bad colds, pneumonia, some had got hurt in the storm, and for the next two weeks I was going night and day. Had to get a man to drive for me. I would sleep a while, then take the reins and let him sleep and my yellow negro and myself stayed on the public roads and wood paths for just about three weeks day and night. About this time [1907] Theodore Roosevelt gave Wall Street a pretty severe reprimand and money commenced to come in the country. I kept at work and

soon had my creditors all satisfied. In the meantime I had lots of fun seeing the women wade about in the water.

SAXON OF PALM BEACH.

About this time I got a call to Palm Beach to see a young man named Saxon whose father [Frank Saxon] was supervisor of the East Coast Railroad at that time. I got up to Palm Beach, found the young man pretty sick with fever. Gave him a lot of medicine, told him as soon as he got able to take the train and come to see me and in about three days he was down to my house. He got well all right. I gave him a tonic and in a short while he married and moved off and I haven't seen him since.

FEMALE PATIENTS.

While in Palm Beach I was called across the lake to see Mrs. Brantley. I walked over, gave her some medicine, started back and walked through a torrent of rain to the depot, a distance of about three miles. I got home at one o'clock that night.

Next morning I was called [from] Fulford to Honey Hill, to see Mrs. [John R.] O'Neal, she had a case of dengue fever.⁴³ I gave her treatment and moseyed along back home. Jim and I were both tired down when we arrived home and I put in a night's sleep.

Next morning I was called up the river to see a Mrs. Smiley. I found her in a little palmetto hut on a bunk nailed up the side of the posts; stove in another corner of the room and she just ready to give birth to a baby; and everything that I touched was grease and smut inside of the place. She had two little girls, one four and the other two, and gave birth to another girl baby, you might say, in smut and grease. Nothing but a dirt floor, not a clean thing in the shack that I could find to put on the baby.

The cleanest thing I did find was

an old sheet that was dry but right smutty; so I folded it and wrapped the baby up in it; gave the lady what I thought she needed and left for home expecting her to take septicemia and die in a short while; but much to my surprise, I never had a labor case that did any better.

In nine days she was up, and had the old shack cleaned up; and in the meantime the neighbors sent her plenty of something to eat for her and the children. That lady as soon as she got able moved back to Georgia where she came from and raised those three girls, and they made nice beautiful young ladies. I have never gotten any remuneration, it was absolutely charity, but I am proud of it just the same.

THE HENRY GRANTS OF OJUS.

One morning about eight o'clock a man named Henry Grant who lived in Ojus, and the word "Ojus" in Seminole means plenty, called me. I hitched up my horse and drove down there about fourteen miles. Got to his house and found out that it was his daughter who was sick; found out it was a labor case, her first baby. I went over and examined her, found out she was having lingering labor pains.

Stayed all day and all night, about midnight she commenced to have severe labor pains. Her mother was there and her grandmother, and she was in severe labor until about four o'clock in the morning, everything working along all right and in a normal condition, but it was the first time they had seen me or knew anything about me, so about an hour before the baby was born they decided they ought to have another doctor. I told them everything was all right but if they wanted another doctor to get him.

Well, her father had an old Ford car and he got in it and started off eleven miles to the next doctor, and when he got back with the doctor after driving the twenty-two miles we had the child there, and the mother cleaned up and the baby

dressed, with a piece of fat meat in its mouth, when he walked in with his other doctor. The grandfather paid the other doctor his five dollars, but up to the present I have never received a cent for staying all day and all night and delivering her of the child and taking care of her until she was all right and up on her feet. That has been seventeen years ago and I have never received anything yet, and this "Ojus" of plenty I have steered clear of ever since.

DANIA TWINS.

A few days later one morning about four o'clock I had a call to a negress in Dania. I got down there about five o'clock in the morning, found her in labor, and she was a girl that I had delivered about eighteen years prior to that time. I walked in.

I said, "Alice, what's the matter?"

She said, "You knows what's the matter."

About seven o'clock I had two negro boy babies, her first dash out of the box. This is where I got some more sneezing, her old grandmother, an old white headed negro wench, knew that that snuff to the nose and gun powder tea was "agwine" to do business and do it quick. The babies came and all hands are doing well today so far as I know.

COX OF DANIA.

Another occasion I was called one afternoon to Dania to [Miss Annie Webb] Webb's Hotel.⁴⁴ I got down there about sunset. I found a young man in a room with a temperature of one hundred five; out of his head; his name was Cox, and his skin was yellow — about the color of old fashioned brown paper.

I administered some medicine to him got him to sweating and by twelve o'clock that night I had reduced his temperature to one hundred one. He gained consciousness, he ask me what I thought. I ask him when he made water last. Said he didn't know when but he wanted to then, I handed him the cham-

ber, instead of passing water he passes blood, and quite a quantity of it.

He ask me what I pronounced his disease, I told him hemorrhagic fever. He ask me what I thought of his chances, I told him right plain and straight after finding out he had been sick a week before sending for me; that his hopes were very doubtful; however I would do the best I could for him but he had waited too long to get attention. I told him at the same time if he had anything he wanted to say to any of his family or any one, he had better say it because I didn't think he was going to be here a great while.

About that time his brother came in. He ask me what I thought of him, I told him it was possible for him to get well, but it was hardly probable. I mixed medicine for the brother to give him during the day and told them I would be back late in the afternoon, about night. I got back about seven o'clock and found he had just passed away.

MRS. BUTLER OF DEERFIELD.

I arrived home about eight o'clock that night and about twelve o'clock I was called up to go to Deerfield, to see a Mrs. Butler. I got up and hitched up my horse, got up to Deerfield about two o'clock in the morning, found Mrs. Butler with a high fever. I immediately went to work on her and made three or four trips to see her and she got well all right and lived for several years afterwards.



THE CHARLIE SCOTTS OF DEERFIELD.

Along about this time I got a call to Charley Scott's one morning at Deerfield.⁴⁵ I got up there and found his wife in labor and about eleven o'clock that night she gave birth to a girl baby. She is now a young lady about eighteen years old. Mother and baby both got ...

[manual incomplete]

While going up there to see Mrs. Scott the negroes all took the fever, and I was trotting up there for about three weeks taking care of negro cases.

THE INGALLS OF HALLANDALE.

About this time I got a call to Hallandale to a Mr. Ingall's.⁴⁶ I got down there and found his wife and daughter both in the bed with fever, it lasted about a week. They all got well. While going to see them several of the negroes in Hallandale took the fever and I had them to take care of.

THE LANDSTREETS OF DANIA.

One morning early I had a call to a Mr. [G.F.] Landstreet in Dania.⁴⁷ I got down there and found his boy pretty sick with fever, and about the time he got up his Papa took it, and then the mother took it. There was about three weeks of this all told.

THE FROST CHILDREN OF DANIA.

About this time old Mr. Frost's children commenced to take the fever. They had typhoid fever. There was Mamie, Sheridan, Puck, Linc [Lincoln], and Dwina. And I was trotting there for six weeks every day. Incidentally I didn't lose a one, they all survived and are living today, but they all looked like skin and bones — regular skeletons — when they got up. About

the time they got up good Martin took it and he was in bed six weeks and I was trotting to see him every day. Their father was in Wisconsin while all this was going on.

They had an older brother⁴⁸ practicing law in Titusville and a sister who had married a Mr. John R. O'Neal, so one morning I met the son and the son-in-law down there and they told me to go ahead and take care of them the best I could, and knew how, and if I needed help to call it in. However I got along all right, they all recovered, and about the time they were all in good shape Lottie took it, she is now Mrs. [J.P.] Nix, and has four children of her own. This was all during the months of July, August and part of September.

I had gotten them all in good shape, along about the first of October the father returned home from the north. I presented him with a bill of three hundred dollars, and the old man went in the air. He got up on his high horse. I didn't pay much attention to him, I saw the son and told him what the old man said and how he talked. I went on to Miami and while I was gone the lawyer got hold of his daddy and told him he was surprised the bill wasn't fifteen hundred instead of three hundred. As I came along back in the afternoon late the old man stopped me and begged my pardon for what he had said and told me if I would come down the next morning he would settle with me. I went down next morning and he gave me a check for three hundred and fifty dollars instead of three hundred dollars.

DREDGING THE EVERGLADES.

In January 1905, Broward took office as Governor of the State. During the session of the Legislature he got an appropriation through to start drainage of the Everglades.⁴⁹ Immediately after the Legislature closed, Broward had a load of lumber shipped down here.⁵⁰ Knott filed an injunction to

try to keep him from building his dredges but Broward whipped him in the courts.⁵¹ He then immediately commenced to unload the lumber at Fort Lauderdale. As soon as the lumber was unloaded and on the ground the Governor brought down some old dredge men; old men. Old Uncle Bob Mooney, Captain Skinner and Captain Savity.⁵² Savity was seventy and he was the youngest of the bunch, old man Mooney was eighty or ninety years old, and Skinner about the same age.

They came down here and got a lot of young carpenters, good men, and started to build the *Everglades* dredge. And every two or three days I would have go over and give one or the other of those old men a little strychnine or something or other to keep them going, and talking, and I had more fun listening to those old fellows who weren't able to do a thing, cursing and quarreling at each other about how certain things about the dredge should be done and the young men who had the plans where they could see them going right on and building the dredge and letting those old men think they were bossing the job, and that it was done all of it according to their ideas. This kept up for about four months.

Finally the dredge [*Everglades*] was ready for launching in the water and we shoved it in the water, and as she went down and struck the water. Miss Constance Bryan⁵³ then a young lady of seventeen, christened it with a nice bottle of wine as it went into the water, then she was tied up until the machinery could all be installed and when the day came and it was all finished and ready to start to work, Governor Broward was here.⁵⁴

He invited me to go with him up on the dredge, he didn't know somebody might get hurt, we pulled the dredge up the river by ropes and when we got to the head of the river where they wanted to

start the North New River Canal; got everything in readiness, Broward started up the machinery and commenced to throw the mud and dirt.

After he got it in good working condition, called his man and put him to it, and saw that he was capable of handling it, then we got in a pop-boat and came on home.

But I had more fun with old uncle Bob Mooney, Captain Skinner and Savity giving them a little stimulant once in a while in the way of strychnine or something to keep them going and the poor old fellows sure did enjoy living, cursing and quarreling with each other.

Then it was my duty according to Broward's directions to go to the dredge once a week and see that every man on it was in good shape for work and keep them that way. I got up to the dredge about once a week for a year. Fortunately we never did have any accident to amount to anything.

A while after this they started another dredge known as the *Okeechobee*, and it took another six months to build it and I still had my fun with Mooney, Skinner and Savity. This dredge was finished in about six months and taken up and started out of the South Fork of New River at the head of the river. And it cut what is known as the South New River Canal, and I was going off and on to both of those dredges for about twelve months.

THE HURRICANE OF 1907 [1906].

There came a storm down south of Miami on what was known as the extension of the Florida East Coast Rail Road. It lasted for about thirty-six hours. It blew boxcars off the tracks into the ocean; women were found way out in the woods swinging to trees by the hair of their heads where they had been drowned. There was something over four thousand people lost down there in that storm.*

An old sea captain that I knew well, Captain Bravo, was blown off

*See footnote 41.

his boat and he caught one of the hatchies off his ship and was picked up ten days later by a ship way over near Rome, Italy, and taken to Rome and the American Consul there cared for him and sent him back to New York, and he got back to Miami the following July.⁵⁵

It was worth something to listen to the old man give a history of that storm, but the poor old fellow didn't live long after he got back. I always thought that it was the exposure that shortened his days. He was a grand old man. This storm blowed all of Flagler's extension away, and he had to make a new start and re-build it all, but finally the railroad over the sea to Key West was completed.

TRAPPER & MRS. BROWN.

One morning pretty early I had a call up the river to Ashe Brown. I got up there pretty early found the old man in the bed with a high fever, pretty sick. The first time I ever met him, found he was a trapper. He was by himself when I arrived, I gave him a dose of medicine immediately, and while I was fixing a lot to leave for him to take for the next day or two his wife came in. She had been to the traps; she had raccoon, an o'possum, a muskrat, and a mink. I ask her what she was going to do with them.

She said, "O, I is a gwine to skin 'em," that she had a good morning's work, the mink would bring her three dollars, the muskrat two dollars, the 'possum one dollar and the coon fifty cents. However I fixed the medicine and told the old lady how to give it to Ashe, and came on back home.

THE BRACKNELL BOYS OF DEERFIELD.

When I got home I found a call to Deerfield, to a man named [W.L.] Bracknell.⁵⁶ I got up there and found two boys in the bed with the fever, eight to ten years old. That meant trot up there every day for

the next couple of weeks. However the boys got well and came out all right under my treatment. It took me pretty nearly a day to make the trip to Deerfield and back, fifteen miles up there and fifteen miles back, and it a long sandy road. Jim and I succeeded in making the trip until we got the boys well.

MRS. PINK PEARCE OF POMPANO.

On one occasion I was called to Pompano to see ["Uncle"] Pink Pearce's wife. When I arrived I found Dr. Jelks of Georgia at the house.⁵⁷ I told them I guessed they were all right that they had a doctor, and it wasn't necessary to have my services any further. Dr. Jelks spoke up and told me I would have to take care of her, that he was only called in in emergency, that he was going back to Macon, Georgia, that evening and that I would have to take the case. So I trotted along to see Mrs. Pearce until she got well and in good shape.

MRS. TOM CHAPMAN.

About this time Mrs. Tom Chapman took sick.⁵⁸ She was living with her mother Mrs. [Elizabeth] McNab.⁵⁹ She was in a very serious condition. I didn't hesitate to tell them her condition, told them if they wanted another physician to get one. They wired for Skaggs. Skaggs met me there about eight o'clock at night; we had a consultation as to what was the best procedure. She had hemorrhagic fever and was five months gone with child. I told Skaggs I thought the child was dead, that if it wasn't it was so near it there wasn't no fun in it.

"Well," he says "let us wait until we are sure it is dead; you can get it as good as I can if it has to be done."

So we left at eleven o'clock, and he told me there was no use of his coming back, that she was going to die anyway. I went up next morn-

ing, examined her, talked to her mother, told her there was only one way to save the woman's life, and that was to take that child from her. She told me to go ahead and do what I thought was best.

So I called in a couple of ladies, Mrs. Pearce and Mrs. [S.M.] Hamilton, and I sterilized my instruments thoroughly and we went to work and in about an hour I delivered her of the child, then I got her bowels to going good, and by four o'clock in the afternoon her temperature had gone down from 104 to 101.⁶⁰ I came on home and went back next morning, found her temperature just 100. I gave her a bichloride douche; and gave her some migraine tablets to hold that temperature down. I saw her every day, and in two weeks time she was up with her clothes on and in good shape, and is living today, a great big fat woman.

HARRY MCNAB OF POMPANO.

In a short while Harry McNab took down with the fever.⁶¹ He was in the bed for a couple of weeks. And in the meantime it had pitched into raining, and I had to ride horse-back on account of high water. I often had to swim my horse fifty to sixty yards to get there, but I had a faithful pony and he seemed to enjoy the water. Harry got well all right and is living today and doing well.

THE NIXES OF NORTHWEST DANIA.

A short while after this I got a call one night to Mr. Nix's who was living then in a shack out north west of Dania about two and one half miles.⁶² I got there about ten o'clock in the night, about four o'clock next morning his wife gave birth to a nice girl baby and we named her Miss Marion Nix right now. She is now married and has two children of her own and is living in the State of Tennessee, and is doing well.

THE ROY HUMPHRIES.

One morning about five o'clock I was called to Roy Humphries'; didn't know what was the trouble. I got to his house in about an hour, found his wife in labor with her first child, and in about an hour I had a great big nine pound boy baby. It was her first dash out the box. She and baby got along fine; boy now going to school, is ten years old.

THE HOB CAMPBELLS OF POMPARNO.

A short while after this I was called to Hob Campbell's. Found his wife in labor with her first child. She got along all right and brought a boy baby and they are all well and living today.

FRED TAYLOR'S SON.

A short while after this I was called to Fred Taylor's.⁶³ Found his son in bed with a case of typhoid fever which lasted for twenty-one days and I was trotting to see him every day. That boy grew and is living today and is a two hundred and fifty pound man.

BILL ASHLEY'S WIFE.

One morning I was called up to Pompano right early to see Bill Ashley's wife who was brother of the noted Ashley Gang.⁶⁴ I examined her carefully and found she had what I pronounced a fibroid tumor. I told him what it was, and he wanted to know if I could take it out and I told him, yes, if I had another doctor to help me. He told me to get another doctor, who ever I wanted and bring him up there and do the work, that he wanted it done right at home. So I wired for Doctor E.W. Pugh to come up on the train to my house next morning. I met him at the train, took him in my buggy and we drove up there, white-washed the room, got all the clean sheets

there was about the house, put her on a table; he administered the chloroform and I proceeded to take out of her a five pound tumor. I never saw a case do any better in my life, in any hospital or anywhere else than that one did. She is living today, as stout a woman as there is in the State, was strong as a mule, wades all over the Everglades with Bill Ashley and everywhere else.

BO GLEN'S FISHBONE.

One morning I was called to Hallandale to see a negro named Bo Glen. I went down there, found he had swallowed a great big fish bone. I put his wife to feeding him on plenty of dry baked sweet potatoes.

Two days later I got the fish bone. How in the world that thing ever got through his bowels has always been a mystery to me without puncturing them, but it did. I don't see how he swallowed it myself.

A MOTHER'S DIAMOND PIN.

One morning I was called three blocks from home. I got there and found the lady, the baby and the grandmother all scared to death just about. Found the child had swallowed a diamond scarf pin about an inch long or a little over. The only remedy there was for it was to give it baked sweet potatoes and I put them to feeding it baked sweet potatoes, and next morning about nine o'clock the mother called me up. I went up to see what the trouble was, and she was the happiest thing you ever put your eyes on. She had got the scarf pin and the child was doing well, and is now a grown young lady.

THE DELIRIUM TREMENS.

One evening about four o'clock I was called down to the Adam's place, on the beach.⁶⁵ Got down there and found a real estate man

with delirium tremens. I examined him carefully. Told his chauffeur he was just as sure to die as he was a man, and that he wasn't going to be long at it, and if he wanted any other doctors, to get them. He ask me if I would stay there until he got back. I told him, "yes." He got in his car and went for Doctor Lovett; in about thirty minutes he was back with him. Lovett and I worked on him, then his chauffeur decided maybe another man could do something, so we sent to Miami, for Doctor Scales. He got in about twelve or one o'clock in the night, and we all three stayed there and done our best for him, but just about daybreak the gentleman passed away in spite of us all.

NOAH BRADDOCK'S CORN LIQUOR.

One morning about two o'clock in the morning I was waked up to go to Noah Braddock's, about seven miles from home. Water was high and I had plenty of water to ford. I got out there about four o'clock in the morning, found a man who had been working for Noah, pretty sick. I gave him plenty of medicine, sat around for a couple of hours and about six o'clock Noah called me for breakfast.

I went into his little cubby-hole of a kitchen, and he had some fried bacon and some eggs and some corn bread and some black coffee. I smelled a peculiar smell, or odor, as I entered the kitchen. I saw a small pot boiling on the stove and some other little attachments around it, I didn't know what. After we had sit down to the table to partake of the food he handed me a pint bottle about two-thirds full; ask me if I ever took a drink.

I told him "yes," and thought I needed it that morning, I had forded all that water and was damp and wet.

"Well," he says, "you can take a drink of that and it will help you," and "it is as good a whiskey as

there is in the world."

I first tasted it and I saw at once it was pure good corn whiskey, so I took on a water glass about one-half full. I ask him where he got it. Said he made it, said he made it out of the cold corn bread he had left over.

After we ate breakfast I ask him about the odor in the kitchen and he showed me. He then had his little still working on his cook stove and that was the odor I

smelled. He showed me he put the bread in water and let it stay until it soured, and then after it got to fermenting good he put it in his tea kettle and put a small fire under his tea kettle on the stove, and he had fixed him a little copper pipe, about the size of a lead pencil and eighteen inches long, to the spout of the tea kettle and had it cemented around so that no air could get to it, and his liquor was draining off into a pint bottle just like the one

we had taken our drink out of.

He said he made him about a quart a week out of the cold corn bread he had left. He had no dog to eat the bread and he didn't want to throw it away, so he conceived the plan of making him what liquor he needed. And he really made better whiskey than the real meal did itself. I suppose the baking of the bread had something to do with it. I got out and left him about eight o'clock and started back for home. I never shall forget that liquor in my life; and it is better than liquor made right from the raw meal. Baking the bread would kill all the germs that might happen to be in it.

THE SOL BRANNONS OF FLAMINGO GROVES.

One night about eight o'clock I got a call to Sol Brannon's. About fifteen miles from here to the Flamingo Groves [Davie]. I got out there about ten o'clock, found his wife in labor and 'bout two o'clock in the morning we had nice seven pound baby. I got everything cleaned up and I fell down on a cot and went to sleep. About seven o'clock I was waked up by a noise outdoors.

I looked out and saw a man and a yearling about two years old tied up together. He had the yearling and was trying to get her into a



ABOVE: John R. Mizell, Pompano's first mayor. ABOVE RIGHT: a winter home on Lake Clark, two miles west of Lantana, 1913. BELOW RIGHT: the New River boatworks of Walter Scott Holloway and Reed A. Bryan, 1911.



cow-pen, and that yearling was taking him around through those weeds and scrubs to a fair-you-well, but he stuck to her and finally got his fingers into the yearling's nose and led her back and put her in the cow-pen, after they had tussled about an hour. He was completely exhausted when he got the yearling in the cow-pen. It was laughable to see him and that yearling. The manuevers they cut was some fun.

MRS. FRANK BROWN OF DELRAY.

One night about midnight a man named Frank Brown, who lived in Delray, came after me to go to see his wife. He had a better car than I did so he told me he would take me there and bring me back. It was only a short distance of twenty-seven miles up there. We got up there about two o'clock in the morning. I found his wife was mis-carrying; about three months gone. I soon had her cleaned up and was back home for breakfast next morning. She was one of them kind that didn't mess, when she went to do business she done business. She got along as fine as any patient I ever had. I gave him plenty of medicine and told him if she didn't get all right to let me know and I would come back. He paid me forty dollars for my trip and my work.

THE ASHLEY GANG.

During the time the Ashley Gang was giving the country so much trouble about three or four years, a man came to my house one evening about eleven o'clock and wanted me to go to see John Ashley. He had got one of his eyes shot out.

I hired a man with a fast car, took the man who had walked from Hobe Sound to get me to go to see John Ashley — a distance of fifty odd miles. We got in the car and got as far as Palm Beach. There we found that John had come in and given

himself up. The man had been so long getting to me. The old man paid me fifty dollars and me and my man came on back home.

John stayed in jail until his eye got well and he got in good shape in every respect. So one morning when they went to feed, John decided he would go back to his comrades in the woods. He turned the jailer over and walked out and left him. Afterwards he and his gang robbed three or four banks in the next three or four years.

In the meantime he and his crowd met some people looking for him in the woods, they took their guns away from them and gave them a good whipping and told them if they met them looking for them anymore it would be the last of them.

They finally got some of the Ashley Gang's best friends to set a trap for them. They had started one night for Jacksonville, they got as far as the Sebastian River bridge, found it all barred with chains and locks. The crowd that was after them had all hid themselves and John Ashley and his bunch were all killed right there.

I had known John Ashley since he was a baby. I saw him on one occasion sitting in a one horse wagon and the mule trotting along and a partridge flew up, he grabbed his rifle and knocked that partridge's head off, stopped his mule and went and got his partridge. He was then about eighteen years old, and about six or eight years later he started his out-law business.

His first killing was an Indian.⁶⁶ He and the Indian had a dispute over some alligator hides and otter skins, and such. Killing this Indian started him and I expect he was justifiable in killing this Indian from what I have heard. They had him in Miami jail and he didn't think the courts had treated him right.

While he was in jail his mother baked a cake and carried it to him. She ask to see him and the deputy

sheriff wouldn't let her, and she ask him if he would take him a cake she had brought to him. Instead of his taking the cake he just took it out of the old lady's hands and just crumbled it up and let it fall on the floor right at her feet; mashed it all up with his hands. No doubt the sheriff thought there was some file or something in it is the reason he did it.

She had a son next to John, and she went back and told him about it, so next morning he left home and he had prepared himself with his revolver well loaded, and plenty of cartridges. He went to Miami on the train, walked right into the sheriff's office and found the deputy who had treated his mother that way and killed him. That gave the alarm, the police force and the sheriff's force and the sheriff himself all got after him, and he killed two others before they got him, but they finally shot him until he died. He shot the real sheriff until he had to go to the hospital. This boy died in the hospital in Miami. The sheriff recovered and is living today.

John Ashley got out of jail in a few days — in a short while afterwards — and he and his cousin Bill Mobley got together, got two or three others of their kin folks in with them and went back up the Palm Beach County and their trail was generally across the Everglades to Jupiter, and the ocean and Stuart, north and south.

The evening after they had robbed the Stuart bank in the morning, about four o'clock in the afternoon I got a call to the Honorable Thomas E. Watson's, a distance of about eighty miles I had to travel.⁶⁷ I had a Maxwell car that was in pretty good running order. I filled her with gas, oil and water and at five o'clock I left Lauderdale for Hobe Sound. In about two hours I was in Palm Beach.

I then had to travel forty miles right through the country where I knew John Ashley and the Mobley boys were ranging. I wasn't afraid

of getting hurt provided John Ashley could see me and know who it was.

I drove up a mile above Hobe Sound, I had to turn and go two miles across to the ocean and cross the Indian River on a bridge. I got to the ocean, took the road right straight back south for just seven miles. I got to Mr. Watson's house just at twelve o'clock, found him in the bed pretty sick. I administered medicine to him and got him to sleep and his nerves quieted and I lay down and slept until about five o'clock next morning. Gave him medicine to last him a couple of days, told him I would be back in a couple of days. Had my breakfast and I left for home at seven o'clock.

Between Hobe Sound and Jupiter there was one house. After I had passed that house about two miles I saw a man come out of the woods into the road and stop. I drove on up and as I got up close enough he waved to me. I stopped, found it was John Ashley and he wanted to know where I had been.

I told him I had been to see the Hon. Thomas E. Watson, that he was pretty sick. He wanted to know if I had heard anything said about him over there. I told him no, he was not mentioned. Then he ask me if I had any money. I told him I had a dollar or two on me.

He says, "if that's all you have got I won't ask you for any, I can make out. You might get out of gas and have to have some gas."

So he told me not to say anything about seeing him and I could go on. And I come on home; stopped in Palm Beach and got my car filled with gas. I got home just about ten o'clock in the morning.

On arriving home I found a call to a man named Coby Priest. He lived two miles west of Fulford [North Miami], a distance of about fifteen miles. I filled my radiator with water and played with the kids a little and got in my car and went on down to see Coby. I found Coby pretty sick. I gave him some

medicine, and went back the next day to see him.

When I got back home from this trip it was reported over town that the Ashley and Mobley gang had robbed the bank of Pompano. A few days later they went back up to Stuart and robbed the Stuart bank the second time. I never did see John Ashley anymore.

I went back to see Mr. Watson the next day. Found he had improved a good deal. I wasn't frightened anymore on those trips because Ashley had told me that I wouldn't be bothered, but notwithstanding all that, I rode along there all night a many a night and kept my gun right by me where I didn't have to move to get it. Still I knew the Ashleys nor the Mobleys didn't have a thing in the world against me.

There was a crowd or posse formed in Palm Beach, and they went out to look for the Ashley Gang. They were in the woods looking for them and about two miles this side of Hobe Sound, the Ashleys and Mobleys waved up in front of the men who were looking for them, they had the drop on them. They took all their guns and ammunition away from them, told them to go on back to Palm Beach and not to let them catch them in that part of the woods again, and that they would send their guns to them, and they did. In a day or two they got their guns by Express.

I had to go to see Mrs. Watson several times and I wouldn't be surprised if the Ashleys and Mobley's hadn't seen me every time I went along the road, but I didn't see them. This all took place after Ashley got out of the Palm Beach jail and his eye had got well.

About three years later one evening I was called back to Mrs. Watson's for his son Durham. I got Dr. [C.G.] Holland to go with me, and we went up there, got there about midnight.⁶⁸ Found the boy with a bad hernia. I examined him pretty carefully and told Mrs. Watson that

I thought that if he was operated on it would kill him. The boy was suffering. He says he had just as well be dead as be in that fix. I opposed the operation, but Holland insisted on the operation. So next morning we heat up everything and sterilized instruments and I cut the young man open and we did the work, and two days later he died, just as I knew he would do if he was operated on.

His father lived about two years or three later, was elected to the United States Senate from Georgia, and died suddenly two or three years later in Washington D.C.⁶⁹

THE COVINGTONS.

In the latter part of October 1907, there moves a man here from south Georgia, by the name of Covington. All he had when he got here was forty dollars, and a wife and seven children, and not one of them large enough to help him do anything. He lived here in Lauderdale, for about a month, then moved up the river three miles, and pitched him a farm. He was a good worker, stuck to it like a man, and along about the first of April the following spring, his wife and every child he had took the measles. I was called up there.

I went to work on them. After about three weeks I had them all out and in good shape. His wife had what she had been told was consumption. Well, when she took the measles, I examined her thoroughly. I found by thorough examination that she had instead of consumption or bronchitis, she had fibroid pithis, caused from whooping cough she had when she was a girl about twelve years old. I treated her and she got well all right and lived to be a woman seventy-two years old, and died with a heart disease.

The man made his crop and made a little money. One or two hundred dollars. He came to me for his bill, I knew he had a long hot summer to go through and nothing to do. He told me he only

had a hundred and some dollars left, he knew it wasn't enough to pay me, but he wanted to pay me as far as it would go. I knew he had all those little children to feed, so I told him to give me twenty-five dollars and we would call it square. I knew that would pay for the medicine. And I gave him a receipt in full, and let him go. His children are all grown and married but one and all doing very well, and so is he.

NOAH LEWIS' FAMILY.

About the time his family got well, a man named Noah Lewis's family all took the same disease and I was trotting up the river to both families for about a month before I got them all over the measles good. Never got a cent out of Noah Lewis.

ONE SMALL POX OUTBREAK.

About a month later the smallpox broke out in the negro quarters in the town. I had to report to the health office in Jacksonville. Next morning they had a man down here from the health office. I had wired to Dr. Jackson in Miami, and he had come down, so there was Jackson, Doctor Green, Doctor Lowry, and myself, went all over the quarters, and they all agreed that my diagnosis was correct.⁷⁰ We went along and got through all right. Smallpox in this warm climate is nothing more than a bad case of itch noway. However, we kept them all segregated until we were through, and we fumigated the quarters and there didn't a white person in the town take it. We vaccinated everybody in town and the sore arms gave me more trouble than the smallpox.

A LATER SMALLPOX OUTBREAK.

A couple of years later I found two cases in Dania one morning and Dr. Shelton, Dr. [J.A.] Stanford and myself all went and look-

ed at it. I pronounced it a bad case of Cuban Itch; the two negroes had recently come from Cuba. They had been going to the post office and getting their mail for a week after they had broke out. They had also been going all over the town, especially in the negro quarters of the town, and there was not another case but those two, nobody caught it from them. We put them in a house and nobody else caught it, after they had run all over the town a week before we found them. I always did think that if it had been smallpox that somebody else would have taken it. However, in a week or ten days they were all cleared off and shed off good, whatever it was, let it be Cuban Itch or smallpox, and they got along all right, and we had no more trouble with it.

THE FLU EPIDEMIC.

The next epidemic, we had was the flu, and it spread all over the country.⁷¹ At that time there were no doctors here except [J.A.] Stanford and myself. We were busy day and night for quite a while. And I am thankful to say we didn't lose a case in the county. Whether it was our good work or the mildness of the disease, I don't know.

My treatment for it was to first start the liver to acting, after that I put them on plenty of whiskey or brandy and kept them taking a half a pint a day. We got along with it and didn't lose anybody, all came out all right.

I always have thought instead of its being what they called it; that it was the old Black Plague, that they had in Europe seven or eight hundred years ago, because it affected the heart more than the lungs. I soon found out that if you kept the heart going all right that it would soon be gone.

CROP-EARED CHARLIE.

There was an old Indian by the name of Crop-Eared Charlie, his ear was cropt because he notified a white family that the Indians were going to kill them, and when they went to get their prey the white people had gone. So, they cropt Charlie's ear and put him on an island known as Pine Island, right by himself to live or die and kept him there for nine years. After the nine years was out they let him come back into the tribe, but never allowed him to marry until after he had done some deed of valor for them.

There had during this time a half-breed got into the tribe, his mother was Indian and his father a black negro. This boy grew up to be grown and he wanted to marry a squaw, and the Indians wouldn't allow it. It made this buck half-Indian mad; so one morning before light he got out and crawled up on top of his wigwam with his rifle and cartridges and every time an Indian would come out of his tent that morning he would put a bullet through him, until he had killed I have understood nine.

Crop-Eared Charlie heard what was going on and he peeped out from under his wigwam and saw how the land lay, and he grabbed his rifle stept out and at the crack of his rifle this fellow rolled off the wigwam. Charlie killed him after he had got somewhere from seven to nine of the Indians. For this deed the Indians allowed Charlie to take unto himself two squaws, and he left quite a lot of children in the tribe by those two squaws.

This poor old Indian after he got very old and unable to hunt used to come around to my house and my wife would feed him and give him something to eat; enough to last him for a few days, and tell him to come back when he wanted more "Humbugus."

Charlie liked coffee, and when we would give it to him he would first taste — and if we had forgotten to put sugar in it it was just too bad, we wouldn't be no more than turned around before he was handing it back to us, and smiling, and turning his finger around over the top of the cup, or have the spoon stirring it, and offering it back to us. He always got sugar in his coffee when he come to our house, he would sit on the back porch at a little table we had there and eat. He sure did like to come to our house, he never missed when he was in our part of the woods.

As long as Crop-Eared Charlie lived my wife would feed him and let him stick up his mosquito bar and sleep on the piazza. He always carried his blankets along, and she would let him make up his pallet and sleep on the piazza, at my house.

In the meantime my youngest boy (John Dent Kennedy) had grown up to be about nine years old.⁷² One night he was out pretty late and Charlie had come along and my wife had given him plenty of supper and the old man was tired and he stuck up his mosquito bar, put in his pallet and went to sleep.

About nine o'clock that night this boy of mine came in and he had got up on the piazza before he noticed, and when he did notice it, you never heard such a squall come from a child. He liked to have tore the door down getting into his mother. And it took her quite a little while to get him over that fright, but she finally took him out and showed him that it was nothing but the Indian, and he got satisfied, but it learned him to come in a little earlier. The poor old Indian died with the flu when we had the epidemic of flu.

MRS. KENNEDY'S DEMISE.

The first of September 1921, my wife was a little puny and I thought a change of climate would do her good, so I took her to

Georgia to her mother's. She improved right along until the latter part of October. I had a letter from her sister written on Saturday, I received it Monday, telling me that her sister was better than she had been in years. That evening at four o'clock I received a telegram from two physicians telling me to come at once, my wife was in a very dangerous condition. I started immediately, went by Gainesville, and got my older boy who was then at the university, and got there some time the next afternoon. Found my wife in bed, and as soon as I examined her I knew it was death. She died, and was buried on the twenty-third of October, 1921. I came on home, left my older boy at school, and brought my younger boy on home with me.

DR. KENNEDY'S AUTOMOBILE ACCIDENT.

On the fourteenth of the following January [1922], a man run up behind me with a heavy Hudson car at sixty miles an hour, struck my little Ford in the rear, tore my car all to pieces, and broke [me] all to pieces, very near it. I was taken to the hospital in Miami, and the first Monday in the following May I was put in a car and brought home. I made it around on crutches for three years. After three years I had me a high-heeled shoe made and I have been using it ever since.

With my shoe and cane I get along without the crutches. I am still broke up and crippled up pretty bad but manage to get about with my cane. I am now nearly seventy-six years [1936] old and still going.

BOOM TIME & TRAVEL.

In the later part of 1924 and '5, there came a "BOOM" in this country. I sold out and got enough to pay me out of debt and give me a little money, and I took my two boys and cut out to Grand Rapids, Michigan. I there went in the hospital and stayed for two months,

August and September; until I got my rectum fixed so it has done fairly well ever since. While I was in the hospital my boys were on the go all the time somewhere. I finally got a message from them from Hot Springs, Arkansas.

I took the train to Hot Springs. I got there and found the boys having a big time, dancing every night and the springs every day. I stayed there three or four days and we drove over into Oklahoma to Hugo, to see a brother I had there; still on my cane, and am yet. We left Hugo after three or four days crossed the Red River into Texas; out of Texas into Louisiana; into Shreveport; down the Mississippi River to Baton Rouge, and right on down the delta to New Orleans. Spent a couple of nights and a day in New Orleans, then across Lake Pontchartrain, and around the Gulf and into Mobile, Alabama; crossed the bay on a ferry at Mobile, and struck the road to Pensacola, Florida.

Had car trouble and when we got to Pensacola, we put the car in a shop and had it fixed; left Pensacola, drove up the bay, crossed the bay on a ferry five miles at the upper end of the bay. Just about dark we arrived at Milton, Fla.

We arrived at Milton about eight o'clock in the night; stopped there and got our supper, drove on to Tallahassee. Arrived in Tallahassee just about two o'clock in the morning, stopped there, slept until eleven o'clock next day; left Tallahassee at one o'clock and arrived in Fort Lauderdale, the following morning just about day-break; lay down and went to sleep, and then I started my work again and have been at it ever since.

I hadn't been home over twelve hours before I had a call to a negro labor case in Liberia — the negro town in Hollywood, Florida. I got down there and found two old grandmammies a holding a gal in the bed. She was charging, it was her first dash out the box. I examin-



Dr. Thomas Simpson Kennedy, circa 1930. [Fort Lauderdale Historical Society]. INSET: Dr. T. S. Kennedy's family, c. 1914, in the back yard of their home on S.E. 6th Street and Andrews Avenue, Fort Lauderdale. Photo taken by their neighbor Edith Lewis, who lived east of them. LEFT TO RIGHT: mother-in-law, Mrs. Dent; wife, Mollie Dent Kennedy; son, John; Willie's dolls and son, Willie.



ed her, gave her a few whiffs of chloroform and in about fifteen minutes I had a boy baby, for which I have never received anything, but the woman and the baby got along in good shape, both living today.

THE HURRICANE OF 1926.

On the sixteenth day of September, 1926, A.D., about eleven o'clock at night I was waked up by a heavy wind striking the house, and it kept getting worse and worse, harder and harder. About two o'clock in the night I got up and put on my clothes.

About this time the roof commenced to leave the house. Rain pouring in torrents; it wasn't long before the plastering commenced to fall, then I started diving the plastering, until it got light. My youngest boy lay and slept through while all this was going on. He was at that time twenty years old, and had been on a party until about twelve o'clock that night at which time the boys brought him home, and put him to bed.

The wind kept getting harder every minute. As soon as it got so I could see good out; light everywhere, I got him up. As soon as we looked across the street we saw a lot of women and children backed up against the building, taking the rain, afraid to go any further. The wind blowing in a gale of one hundred twenty miles an hour at that time.

We crossed the street and commenced to get those women and children across and into some stores on the opposite side of the street. We got them congregated in one of the storerooms and the wind kept getting harder. At seven o'clock they claimed it was blowing 140 miles an hour. It took the piazza off my old house and landed it across an automobile and on top of a palmetto tree.

By this time the water was rolling up from the ocean and had got to be about knee deep in the street. I saw it was coming in the stores so we had to move the wo-

men and children. We took them around on the west side of the building in another storeroom where no water came in. About the time this got done the water was salty as it could be on the east and west streets, and the people began fearing a tidal wave.

Two men came and got me and commenced to drag me through the water to see some people that were hurt. I being crippled up so I couldn't navigate in the water very well, so one man got on one side and the other on the other side, and they just took me right through the water. I went around and found one old man and his wife; his wife was pretty badly broken up, and he had his head skinned. I administered to them immediately, and made arrangements to get them to the hospital as quick as possible, and the wind was still blowing. These men still had me dragging me through the water from one place to another.

Finally we heard a woman screaming and hollering and they drug me across the palmettos and through the water to her. Got there and found that a piece of tin or glass or something had just about cut her leg off. She was bleeding profusely. I picked up the arteries and tied them, took me a needle and catgut and sewed up the wound. I was fearful of blood poisoning, but I guess the salt water had prevented it, because I never saw anything get along any better than that leg did. She was a woman that would have weighed about two hundred and fifty pounds, with a leg on her like an elephant, and it took about eight stitches to sew the gash up after I got the arteries all picked up and the blood stopped. I got through with her and went and administered to several other women that were prostrated. About twelve o'clock I got back to the storeroom where we had thirty-two women and children.

In the meantime those that were out had to dodge the missiles and pieces of roofs, and pieces of tin,

and limbs from trees, and things that were flowing and flying through the air. We had to look out for ourselves or get killed.

These children were getting hungry and crying for something to eat. There happened to be a little grocery store that had been blown in about fifty yards across the street. I took a couple of men and we went and loaded up with groceries and brought them back and let the women and children go to eating, and we fed them all.

It was now about one or two o'clock in the day, and the wind had ceased, and you could then begin to look and see what damage had been done in the town, and just to stand and look it looked like the town was literally blown all to pieces. And it was virtually, except the concrete buildings, they had stood it. I was still wet and drenched with water as I had been all day, about three o'clock in the afternoon they commenced to come after me from one place and another all over the town and from all parts of the town.

I went up in Progresso (north Fort Lauderdale) the first place and delivered a woman of a baby standing nearly knee deep in water on the floor. However, the bed was dry where she was, and she and the kid got along well. I hadn't much more than got home before I was called in another direction for another woman. And it was "go" then until way into the night sewing up and patching, and setting arms, and sprained ankles, and wrists, and pulling on legs and getting knees in shape. It was way along about midnight before I got in. Wet as a drowned rat. I drank a pint of good liquor I had and went to sleep and slept until morning.

Next morning I got up and it was go all day again taking care of people who had been hurt in the storm. Some weren't hurt but scared to death almost, nervous, all up-set.

On Sunday afternoon I found a woman and her husband sitting on

some stumps out in the woods. The house they lived in had been blowed completely away, there wasn't a sign of it left, but they had saved their trunk. I saw the lady was in a delicate condition, so I took her, her husband and their trunk and brought them to my house, and kept them for three months.

On the tenth of October, on Sunday morning, she was having labor pains, I told her it would be four or five hours before she was through with it. About that time another lady went for me just three blocks from home. My son got in the car and drove me down there and I found she was in hard labor. I stayed with her about a half hour, and my boy went on back home and pretty soon he was back after me again. I jumped in my car and run back home and found out she had a couple of more hours. So, I went back to the one I had just left and about nine o'clock her child was born. I got through with her and got back home about ten o'clock, and at eleven o'clock the one at my house was born. I was playing between the two from seven o'clock until eleven o'clock, but the two children were born and are living and doing well today.

The mothers and children both got along well, never saw two ladies do any better. I think the storm hurried them up a good deal. They were both perhaps a few days premature. It was amusing to see my oldest son bathing the baby at my house in the dishpan. The hospitals were all full and overflowing, and nurses were not to be had. We kept bachelor quarters at our house, and it was necessary for the baby to be washed. So he got the dishpan, backed his ears, gritted his teeth and went at it, that is, when I wasn't home to do it.

Every day for a week I was as busy as a bee in a tar barrel dressing wounds, giving ladies medicine who had taken nervous breakdowns, or prostrations from the effects of the storm and high

water, everything blown to pieces. In fact the whole country was wrecked from Key West right on up the coast for two hundred miles. In the course of two years you could hardly tell there had ever been a storm in this end of Florida, only from the trees being bent.

In a day or two after that wind ceased everybody seemed to be down-hearted; but a few of us had the pluck and grit to talk and laugh, so we soon got back to where people weren't so down-hearted. In about three months everybody was back in some kind of a shack or house to live in and in a fairly comfortable condition.

While all this storm and all these hardships were going on, there were some laughable scenes. It was amusing to listen to the different things that were told after people got over their fright so that they could talk. It was right amusing to listen to, some people up until that time had never thought of prayer, everything up until that time had been according to nature.

There was an old gentleman who was a kind of an agnostic, he had his wife and youngest daughter and his son-in-law, and his wife and daughter, in a room on the top floor at his house when the storm was at its worst. They say the old lady wanted to pray and that the old gentleman didn't object at all. He was mighty glad to hear it from what has been told on him.

One fellow five miles below here, a very profane character. He left his home and went and crawled under the back of a big concrete schoolhouse. He was frightened. A fellow ask him what he was doing under there.

"Well," he said, "I went under there to keep from being blowed away."

I ask him if he thought about the Lord, while he was under there. His reply was that he was talking to the Old Gentleman, all he knew how, all the time he was under there, and he meant every damn word he said too.

I ask a big old fat fellow right close to where I lived how he got along, if he was scared bad. He said he reckoned he must have been, he found himself all messed up; but he said it didn't make much difference there was so much water and he had to get out in it anyhow.

I saw another fellow about that time, I ask him how it was with him, if he was scared much. His reply was that if a man didn't get scared in that thing he was just a damn fool and didn't have sense enough to get scared at anything.

I heard one mother begging her daughter to pray. "Louise, why don't you pray? Louise! Why don't you pray? Louise! Why in the Hell don't you pray?" I laughed until I hurt.

About two and a half miles from home out west of town in the woods, I found an old lady and her two daughters, and they were completely prostrated, they were frightened so badly. I gave them a stimulant and soon had them all in good shape.

About this time I got a call south. A poor old negro woman who had got hurt but not serious. I administered to her and got her kind a quiet and easy and then she commenced to talk. When she did start to talk she said she had been telling them negroes that they were so mean in that country that God Almighty was going to send something another on them, and he sure had sent it. And if they didn't get better and be good and pay more attention to one another and love one another better he was a going to kill them next time, cause he shore had enough power and they could all see it, she could see it herself every time she looked.

About this time I got a call to a labor case out west a mile or two. I got out there and in about four hours I had two nice girl babies. They are living and doing well, that is the last time I heard of them.

THE LAKE OKEECHOBEE HURRICANE OF 1928.

In the fall of 1928, there came what we called a tidal wave at Lake Okeechobee, a regular wind and storm, blowed just about all the water out of the lake and drowned from three to five thousand people.⁷³ The morning after about four o'clock the deputy sheriff came and got me and took me off up there. There were quite a few left living hurt and skinned. We got to the lake at Belle Glade about seven o'clock. I took with me plenty of bandages, and plenty of antiseptic and plenty of catgut, knives and scissors.

The first man I met after I got out of the car was Ralph Cherry, a boy I had known since his infancy.⁷⁴ I found him with his feet gashed up and he couldn't get about. I immediately proceeded to dress up his wounds, sewed up the gash and bound it up and left him after putting him in good shape. And from then until six o'clock in the afternoon I was busy all day long sewing up wounds and dressing wounds, bandaging wounds, using antiseptics, and doing all I could to relieve the distress.

About ten o'clock it commenced to rain and it rained all the balance of the day. We left there about six o'clock for home, all of us weary; about seven o'clock it cleared away and the wind whipped around in the northwest and it turned cold; riding in a fast car and being right wet; when we got home the four of us were in pretty tough shape. This was the most distressing time I have ever seen. It was nothing to find a man coming in with eight or ten dead bodies tied together behind a rowboat bringing them in; throwing them in trucks just like hogs; running them to Palm Beach to bury. My recollection now is that they pulled one hundred and fifty bodies out of that lake the time I was up there. And besides once in a while one would come in alive and he was to

work on. Doctor Butler was as busy as he could be all the time too, and they were from sixty to seventy years old down to infants not over a week or ten days old, all class boys and girls. I have seen battles where men were left on the field, but with all that I have never seen anything so heartrending as the scenes at Belle Glade and Okeechobee in the fall of 1928. And no one knows and never will how many people were destroyed in that deluge of water.

People had floated up there from Miami, Fort Lauderdale, and everywhere to render all the assistance they could, and those people certainly needed it and were entitled to all the assistance they got. It was nothing to see eight or ten young men just in the prime of life pulled in there tied behind rowboats with ropes, taken out of the water and thrown into trucks and hustled off to Palm Beach.

Two days later I spent the day in Palm Beach in a hospital where they had them in an old church, where they had the wounded and hurt; I spent the day there assisting.

I guess that was the most disastrous thing that ever happened in the United States, unless it was the Johnstown Flood. War was nothing compared to that deluge at Okeechobee in 1928. I stayed under the pressure as long as I could, came home and went to bed and was sick for a couple of weeks myself.

I don't suppose that anybody has ever been able to estimate the damage of that disaster up there. The farmers now once in a while find a skeleton of a body that never was found. Let us hope that we will never see anything of the kind again.

About one of the most heart-rending things I saw while I was up there was a boy I had known from his infancy. He knew his father was drowned and every time they brought in a bunch of new ones he would examine them to see if he could find his father. He finally came in and the boy identified him.

At Palm Beach, they had to get a big machine in the graveyard to dig a great big hole to bury them in, and there were a great many buried just wrapped up in blankets. We had to do any way we could to get rid of the bodies. I guess it was equally as bad as the Galveston Flood.

FOOTNOTES

- Price: 1906, came to Dania.
- Louis Palliser: 1906, this family moved to New River from New Smyrna, Florida.
- Walter Scott Holloway: 1907, arrived on New River; March 1908, participated in the drainage of the Everglades by operating the dredge "Okeechobee"; later became a Broward County land developer and politician.
- Philemon N. Bryan: (1844-1925); 1895, came to New River; this illness occurred in mid-September 1906. He built and operated an inn, variously called Bryan's Hotel, New River Hotel and New River Inn which, today, is operated as the Discovery Center; opened as a hotel on January 22, 1908. His sons, Thomas Murray Bryan and Reed A. Bryan, also contributed to the development of Broward County.
- Dengue fever: a virulent tropical disease transmitted by mosquitoes and characterized by fever, rash and severe pain in the joints. It was one of south Florida's dreaded scourges.
- Tommy Jumper: the grandson of the late Chief Jumper of Seminole War fame. Tommy Jumper died on December 26, 1902, at the old Jumper's camp on the edge of the Everglades.
- Robert Osceola: 1906-1907, had a camp several miles northeast of Pompano.
- Bevery D. Beebe: (also spelled Beebe), from Easton, Missouri; owned the pleasure yacht "Min Mo." He and his son A.N. Beebe, who later died in New York City on November 29, 1903, came to New River in the winter of 1897; the father returned each succeeding year, at least until 1908.
- Robert Kyle: 1907-1908, farmed at Pompano. Frank Stranahan and other pioneers pronounced Kyle a complete failure as a farmer.
- William L. Bracknell: a South Carolinian, he had come to Fort Lauderdale in the year 1895 when there were 8 people on New River. He was one of Broward County's first county commissioners in 1915.
- Peter Thomas Skaggs and Edwin Worth Pugh: and Dr. Thomas Simpson Kennedy were among the first members of the Dade County Medical Association that was formed on September 3, 1903. According to an article that appeared in "The Miami Metropolis" on September 4, 1903, other doctors who were members included: Reuben Harrison Huddleston, N.S. Burnham, C. P. Jackson, John Gordon DuPuis, Eleanor Gault Simmons, Warren B. Rush, G. deGrasse Schuyler, William Stanley Gramling, and James M. Jackson, Jr.
- Fred Fisher: received \$150 from his generous New River neighbors toward the loss of his house and furnishings following

- ing this accident which occurred on April 27, 1903.
20. Dania jail: on June 7, 1907, "The Miami Metropolis" reported that the Dade County Board of Commissioners had donated the old cell cages of the abandoned city jail, located in Miami, to Dania upon the application of A. C. Frost.
 21. The construction of a 12 foot wide rock road from Miami to West Palm Beach began on September 15, 1902. The 68 mile road was completed in sections. The first car to travel from Fort Lauderdale to Miami made the trip in one hour and 55 minutes on December 13, 1903. The eight horse-power Ford used one quart of gasoline for 45 minutes of driving. The first car traveled from West Palm Beach to Miami on January 14, 1906, when the speed limit was eight miles per hour. The road was declared to be the finest in Florida.
 22. James W. Pearce: (also spelled Pearce), and his brother P. M. Pearce came to Pompano prior to 1900. On one occasion, in a 1906 list of registered voters, "The Miami Metropolis" spelled their name Pearce instead of Pearce.
 23. "The Miami Metropolis" of July 5, 1903, reported that convicts working in Stuart would be transferred to Pompano to build the county road.
 24. John M. Bryan, Sr.: formerly a Florida State Railroad Commissioner and related to Philemon N. Bryan of Fort Lauderdale, John Bryan's settlement, known as Big City, was on land that he purchased in 1902, three miles west of Dania. His son William James Bryan is credited with having elected Napoleon Bonaparte Broward governor in 1904, and was appointed a United States Senator by Governor Broward in December 1907. Another son, John M. Bryan, Jr., became a Broward County Commissioner in 1925.
 25. N. H. Braddock: probably from Crescent City, Florida. In December 1903 he was farming 10 acres of tomatoes on the New River.
 26. Reace Berryhill: 1910, came to New River from North Carolina to work for the (W. O.) Berryhill-B. A. J. Cromartie Company.
 27. G. E. Ellis: lived in Fort Lauderdale in 1906.
 28. William C. "Cap" Valentine: 1840, born in Virginia; moved to Cisco, Florida, after he had served in the Civil War; 1889, settled on New River where he was the first permanent white resident since the Civil War; 1891, served for two years as Fort Lauderdale's first postmaster when the post office was situated at the House of Refuge; 1895, as a trained engineer and surveyor, he laid out the town of Modelo which, when incorporated in 1904, was renamed Dania. Valentine drowned on New River on either March 27 or April 3, 1903. His obituary, in part, stated: "He was one of nature's noblemen. A thoroughly honest and honorable man true to his friends and enjoying the confidence and esteem of all who knew him."
 29. M.M. Smoak: During a February 9, 1980, interview (on file at the Historical Commission office) conducted by Cooper Kirk and later transcribed by Carolyn Kayne, Edgar M. Smoak related that his uncle M. M. Smoak was in the grocery business in Pompano with Joseph P. Smoak, Edgar's father.
 30. This road, begun on July 16, 1907, extended 5 miles west of Pompano.
 31. John R. Mizell: the son of David Mizell who was reputed to be the first white man to settle in what is known as Winter Park, Florida; 1908, the first mayor of Pompano. Among Mizell's children were Lullie M. Hamilton Edenfield and Lena M. Hinson, who was married to C. D. Hinson. According to Broward County Probate Record No. 42, the probate proceedings of Mizell's estate were initiated in 1915.
 32. This epidemic occurred in 1907.
 33. young lady: died on September 17, 1907. She was Mary Bert Jones, the unmarried sister of Louise Jones and Mrs. G. W. House.
 34. cracker doctor: Dr. Kennedy was educated in medicine at the University of the South, Sewanee, Tennessee. According to their register, he matriculated in the year 1900 at the age of 38. "The Miami Metropolis" reported on January 10, 1902, that Dr. Kennedy recently had returned to Fort Lauderdale with his bride, Mary Dent of Mars, Georgia. This was directly after his attendance at the medical college. The same paper later reported, on September 4, 1904, that Kennedy had returned to Fort Lauderdale from New York where he had done post graduate work in medicine.
 35. Captain Knight: 1911, came to Hillsboro Lighthouse from Cape Canaveral.
 36. E. A. Thomas: according to a "Letter" from George Lewis that appeared on page 5 of the April 14, 1915, edition of the "Fort Lauderdale Sentinel," Thomas came to Deerfield from Georgia in 1901. Thomas and J. D. Butler were in favor of the creation of Broward County in 1915. In 1915 Thomas was described as being a "prosperous businessman."
 37. Pembroke: found in October 1902; located 3 miles west of the Hallandale railroad depot.
 38. I. Isaac Hardy: born in North Carolina; 1899, moved to Pompano from Hypoluxo, Florida; 1915, appointed a Broward County Commissioner; died Christmas time that same year.
 39. On his way to Pompano Dr. Kennedy passed through Colohatchee, which had been made a railroad flag station in 1904. The community then had 100 acres under cultivation.
 40. On December 21, 1906, "The Miami Metropolis" stated that the dredge, under the superintendency of Reed A. Bryan, had cut 5 miles of the Everglades drainage canal.
 41. This hurricane, which occurred on October 25, 1906, killed 135 workers on the Keys where Flagler was building his railroad to Key West. Property damage in Miami, mainly limited to shacks, amounted to \$50,000 and little damage was done north of the city.
 42. The official census for Dade County, taken in October 1906, showed the local populations at follows: Miami, 6,228; Pompano, 73; Fort Lauderdale, 210; Deerfield, 78; and Dania, 193. Hallandale was included in the Ojus count.
 43. O'Neal: the daughter of A. C. Frost.
 44. The Webb Hotel: completed by A. C. Frost in October 1905; rented by Annie Webb who later married George W. Bloom in 1908.
 45. Charley B. Scott of Deerfield is first mentioned in "The Miami Metropolis" on May 17, 1907, because he had gone to visit the Jamestown, Virginia, Exposition.
 46. C. E. Ingalls: 1902, came to Pembroke; about the year 1911, built a large store on the canal in Dania; 1915, became one of Broward County's first county commissioners.
 47. G. F. Landstreet: first mentioned in "The Miami Metropolis" on August 11, 1903; 1906, founded St. James Episcopal Church in Dania.
 48. older brother: 1908, Gregory A. Frost, the son of A. C. Frost, moved to Dania; 1915, Gregory Frost became Broward County's first Prosecuting Attorney.
 49. Governor Broward: visited New River for the first time as governor on Tuesday, February 14, 1905. On December 6, 1905, "The Miami Metropolis" reported that he had been at New River on the 6th of December.
 50. Broward had ordered that the lumber for the drainage dredge be shipped from Jacksonville, Florida.
 51. William V. Knott: Controller for the State of Florida.
 52. Captain W. S. Skinner: 1906, held the contract to rebuild the New River bridge for \$5,200.
 53. Constance Bryan: daughter of Philemon N. Bryan; 1900, her cousin Esther Bryan succeeded Ivy Cromartie Stranahan, wife of Frank Stranahan, as Fort Lauderdale's second school teacher.
 54. The dredges began digging on July 4th and 5th, 1906. Governor Broward was here for the beginning.
 55. Captain Stephen Bravo: (died July 1908); November 1898, this steamboat captain and a Mr. Sabata had an 80-acre farm at the head of New River, but only 4 acres were cleared.
 56. William L. Bracknell: December 1903, was farming 10 acres and owned a "fleet and well constructed launch that he will use in his business"; 1915, represented Deerfield on the first Board of County Commissioners; had married Merdie O. Green on October 8, 1908.
 57. Jekis: September 1906, Pompano, completed his cottage which was built on the beach.
 58. Chapman: Annie Belle McHabi married Thomas H. Chapman of Miami on July 10, 1904. For several years after her marriage, she made frequent trips to Orlando for treatment by her family doctor.
 59. Eliza Catherine McHabi: (February 28, 1839-October 1, 1928); appointed Pompano's school teacher in 1901.
 60. Pearce: in 1906 James W. and P. M. Pearce lived in Pompano.
 61. Harry McHabi: came to Pompano in 1899 with his brother Robert.
 62. J. P. Nix: July 1905, owned a home in Dania; November 1905, elected Dania's Clerk and Treasurer; July 1907, indicted on charges of embezzling town funds and of passing fraudulent checks.
 63. P. G. Taylor: 1906, came to Dania from Fontana, Wadsworth County, Wisconsin; 1909, a Dania town alderman.
 64. 1900: J. E., J. W. and W. S. Ashley lived in Pompano.
 65. J. MacGregor Adams of Chicago owned a cottage at Fort Lauderdale beach in January 1903; also owned the pleasure yacht "Edythe," built by E. T. King; September 1905, Adams sold his beach property to Thomas E. Watson of Georgia for \$12,000.
 66. John Ashley: 1911, killed DeSoto Tiger on the Miami River.
 67. Watson: a prominent Georgia politician; 1905, bought the Adams estate on Fort Lauderdale beach; 1914, sold this same property to D. C. Alexander.
 68. C. G. Holland: March 31, 1914-April 4, 1916, mayor of Fort Lauderdale.
 69. Watson: September 5, 1856-September 26, 1922.
 70. Robert S. Lowry: January 1880, born in Butler, PA; 1904, graduated from the University of Pennsylvania Medical School; 1910, came to Fort Lauderdale where he was the second physician in Broward County; 1917-1925, served in the United States Navy until his return to Fort Lauderdale; 1930, left Fort Lauderdale again, intending to return within a year; however, in 1931 he caught pneumonia and died at Ashtabula, Ohio.
 71. Epidemic occurred in 1912. In that year the Fort Lauderdale Town Council awarded \$5 each month to the person who appeared before the council with the greatest number of rats' tails.
 72. According to the United States 13th Census, (Florida, Dade County, Fort Lauderdale, Precinct 1, enumerated in April 1910 by Tom Bryan), Thomas S. Kennedy was 50 years old; his wife Mollie, 43; and his sons William and John, 7 and 4, respectively. Note: footnote 34.
 73. This hurricane struck Palm Beach County, including Lake Okechobee which suffered the greatest loss of life, on Sunday, September 16, 1928. The Red Cross' final estimate of the number dead was 2,300.
 74. Cherry: a former resident of Broward County, it was reported that his wife and four sons were drowned at Torrey Island, E. T. King, a pioneer Broward Countian, drowned at Belle Glade.