

William Thomas Piper, Sr.:

Inventor and Local Benefactor*

by William Piper, Jr.

William Thomas Piper, my father, was one of six children born to Thomas and Sarah Maltby Piper. Three daughters were older and two other sons were younger than he. My father was born in the small New York village of Knapps Creek on January 8, 1881, and died in Lock Haven, Pennsylvania, at the age of eighty-nine on January 15, 1970.

Thomas Piper, my grandfather, was an oil producer in northwestern Pennsylvania and, shortly after my father was born, the family moved into a new home in Bradford, Pennsylvania, only a few miles from Knapps Creek. At that time, Bradford was known as the "Oil Metropolis of the World." In 1859 the

country's first productive oil well had been drilled near the small city of Titusville, Pennsylvania, by Colonel Edwin Drake. The oil boom that this precipitated brought fame and wealth to the region. Compared, however, to the deep wells drilled later in the Midwest and the Southwest, these shallow oil fields never equaled the volume of oil that other parts of the world eventually produced. However, the quality of the crude oil was much finer and, even today, many people consider that Pennsylvania crude oil is superior to that found in other parts of this country and the world.

My grandfather was not a wealthy man. But, the income

derived from several small oil holdings was sufficient to educate six children and also maintain comfortable surroundings. My father graduated from Bradford High School in 1899 after serving one year as a soldier in the Spanish American War. By lying about their ages, he and several of his high school friends had enlisted in the army but saw little action. After his separation and return, my father completed high school and entered Harvard, from which he graduated cum laude in 1903 with a degree in mechanical engineering. While he was in college, he played some football, but

* See "Behind the Scenes," inside front cover.

not in any noteworthy fashion. He did excel on the track team as a hammer thrower and was one of the best in college ranks.

He and my mother, Marie Vandewater of Buffalo, New York, were married in 1910 and, for the next several years, they lived in the various cities where his mechanical engineering jobs took them. Over the years my parents raised five children, of which I am the oldest. The others are Mary, Thomas, Howard and Elizabeth. Eventually, we sons also went to Harvard and our sisters attended Radcliffe and Wellesley colleges.

In 1914, my father elected to forgo the engineering field and returned to Bradford where he assumed the management of his father's oil producing property. He gradually increased his investments in oil fields and became one of Bradford's more successful private producers.

During the 1920s there were indications that these natural resources were being depleted and small cities like Bradford began to seek out other industries which would provide an economic base for their communities. Consequently, in 1927 Taylor Brothers Aircraft Company of Rochester, New York, was invited to re-settle in Bradford.

In order to underwrite the move and build a small factory for the new company, the Bradford Chamber of Commerce sought financial aid from prominent citizens. Shares of stock in the Taylor Brothers Aircraft Company were sold and my father became one of the new shareholders. Although the number of shares that he owned was smaller



TOP AND BOTTOM: C. 1950, original Fort Lauderdale home, original Piper "Cub." (Piper family)

than that of some other citizens, he had an engineering background and was younger than most of the other investors. Subsequently, he was elected to be one of the directors of the company and was able to assume an active role in its operations.

C. Gilbert Taylor, an engineer and former owner of the company, had designed a two place, side-by-side aircraft called the Chummy. It was not a particularly good airplane because, basically, it was too heavy for its 100 horsepower Kinner engine. It did not

compete well against the more popular planes such as the Waco, Curtis-Wright Robin and Travelaire. Not surprisingly, sales were insufficient to show a profit. When Mr. Taylor and my father attended an aircraft show in Detroit, they had an opportunity to examine a newly designed, light aircraft called the Aeronca. Often referred to as the Flying Bathtub, the Aeronca was not an attractive airplane. But, the idea of a smaller and lighter aircraft, one that would be cheaper to build



and less expensive to operate, appealed to both of them.

After he returned to Bradford, Mr. Taylor started working on the design of a small, lightweight model that would be more attractive than the Aeronca. Eventually, this model became the famous Cub. Taylor had just started to work on the design when the stock market crash of 1929 threw the whole aircraft industry into a tailspin and near bankruptcy. Among those companies to fail was Taylor Brothers Aircraft Company.

By this time, the company's investors in Bradford were thoroughly disenchanted with the aircraft industry and were not about to throw good money after bad. It appeared that the Taylor Brothers Aircraft Company was doomed to oblivion after it went into bankruptcy. For some reason, which he probably could not even explain, my father felt that the new

TOP: William T. Piper, Sr., in a "Vagabond," C. 1950. BOTTOM: 80th birthday party for William T. Piper, Sr., at Vero Beach, Florida. Left to right: W.T. Piper, Governor Bryant and Reverend Billy Graham. (Piper family)



breed of small, lightweight planes would revolutionize the private plane industry. Unable to convince any of the other stockholders, he scraped together virtually all his money, bought the company, and started a new one, the Taylor Aircraft Company, with Mr. Taylor as president and himself as treasurer.

It was during the holiday season of December 1928 and January 1929 when we made our first trip to Florida. The family had a seven passenger Packard sedan which adequately accommodated my parents and us five children. Most of the luggage was kept on the running boards. We drove down the east coast and went sight-seeing in St. Augustine and driving on the beach at Daytona. After we stayed in Fort Lauderdale and Miami for several days, we drove across the Tamiami Trail and then north along the west coast. Of all the places that we visited, Fort Lauderdale seemed to be the most attractive. While we were there, we stayed in the hotel that was located in the Maxwell Arcade on Andrews Avenue.

Later that year, my father went back to Fort Lauderdale for the express purpose of purchasing some property. He became acquainted with L. C. Miller, a realtor; after looking around, he bought property along the Old Dixie Highway. He thought it likely that the south Florida cities would grow northward and along the main highways.

Some of the land that he purchased was on the west side of Northeast 4th Avenue, where the Sea Grill cur-

rently is located. The main investment was across the avenue, from 16th Street north to the north fork of the New River. This property was a farm of about twenty-five acres, with two relatively new stucco homes on it. This site now accommodates the present Fort Lauderdale High School. Beginning in 1930, my mother and the four younger children, who would transfer schools from Bradford to Fort Lauderdale, would come to Florida for the winters. I was the only one of the children who did not attend a Fort Lauderdale school because I had graduated high school in 1929. Nevertheless, I often would visit. Through my brothers and sisters, I became acquainted with so many people that Fort Lauderdale came to be a second home. Until her death in 1937, my mother enjoyed spending the winters in Fort Lauderdale.

With the exception of just a few years, I have been coming to Fort Lauderdale for more than a half century. Back in the 1930s, only someone with a super imagination could have visualized the Fort Lauderdale of today. At the close of that decade, we kept a Cub at the airport, which was a dirt strip with a hangar, near the present location of Red Aircraft. Other than a nine hole golf course in Wilton Manors, the only full sized course was at the Fort Lauderdale Country Club, where Norman Somers was the professional. My brother Thomas, more familiarly known as Tony, and I would fly to the course, land on the number two fairway, which was on the older course, tie down the plane while we played, and then fly back to the airport.

Since forming the Taylor Aircraft Company in 1930, sales of the Cub had been slow to develop; financing the operation had become a burden. But slowly, by 1937, sales had improved and the annual production increased from fifteen or twenty planes to several hundred. The Cub was considered to be the best of the light planes then in production. It sold for about \$1,300 and was powered by a small four cylinder, 37 horsepower Continental engine. It was not a practical plane for travelling because it held only nine gallons of fuel and cruised at the low speed of about 65 miles per hour. However, it was stable and safe and became an excellent trainer for airport operators to use in the instruction of pilots.

In 1937, just when the company was beginning to prosper, the plant burned to the ground. Offers to re-locate came from numerous communities all over the country. The decision to leave Bradford was based on several factors. Airport facilities in Bradford were not adequate and, for several months each year, the weather was not suitable for deliveries or for testing new aircraft. Moreover, there was no local interest in supporting the aircraft business. One of the best offers came from the small city of Lock Haven, Pennsylvania. It featured a good airport, an adjacent factory and excellent transportation facilities. Thus, late in the summer of 1937, the Taylor Aircraft Company re-located in Lock Haven.

During the previous year, Mr. Taylor and my father found themselves in constant disagreement over operating

policies. It became evident that there should be a parting of the ways. Mr. Taylor was given the opportunity to buy out my father but, when he failed to secure a backer, my father purchased Mr. Taylor's share in the company. With a new location, as well as a new factory to buy, it now became necessary to seek additional financing. The company was re-organized, the name was changed to the Piper Aircraft Corporation, and stock was sold to the public. By 1939 both my brothers also had graduated from college and were active with our father in the aircraft business.

Soon after the move to Lock Haven, a national need began to develop for an expanded aircraft training program. It was becoming obvious that the threat of world war loomed on the horizon. Backed and subsidized by the federal government, new training schools developed all over the country. Light planes were in great demand. The two principal competitors were the Aeronca and the Taylorcraft. This latter new aircraft was manufactured by a company that Mr. Taylor organized after he left Bradford. But, the facilities of these competitors were limited. In contrast, Piper Aircraft had its new and much larger plant. It was able to meet the increased demand for trainers and, in short order, became the major producer. Thus, the Bradford fire became a blessing in disguise; it resulted in better and bigger facilities at just the time when increased production was required.

During World War II, the Cub was used extensively for artillery observation and

for all types of liaison work. It gained a worldwide reputation, which later facilitated export sales. Following the War, the company continued to expand gradually. Annual sales increased from a few million dollars to the several hundred million of today. A large variety of aircraft is being manufactured, not only in Lock Haven and two other Pennsylvania towns, but at two Florida plants in Vero Beach and Lakeland. The largest twin engine model sells for a price in excess of one million dollars.

In or about 1955, my father was approached by the City of Fort Lauderdale or, more likely, the Broward County Board of Education to sell the property on old Dixie Highway. The downtown site of Fort Lauderdale High School was then insufficient for the number of students. The facilities also were inadequate. Rather than sell the property, my father made a contribution of the land. Some years later, when a new high school was erected in the city of Sunrise, it was named Piper High to commemorate my father's generosity. After giving the farm to the school board, my father and his second wife Clara, whom he had married in the early 1940s, purchased a home on Northeast 24th Court, east of Bay View. After his death in 1970, his widow sold the house and moved to Dallas, Texas, where she died in 1975.

It never was anticipated that the Piper Aircraft Company would be directed by anyone other than a member of the family. But,

in 1969, when raids on publicly held companies became a fad, Chris Craft Industries began purchasing Piper Aircraft stock with the intention of gaining control. This Chris Craft Company, however, was no longer controlled by its founders. A short time prior to its raid on Piper Aircraft, a group of individuals had taken over the boat company through a similar manipulation of stock. A merger between the old Chris Craft company and Piper Aircraft might have been successful because both were engaged primarily in the manufacture of recreational vehicles and their management philosophy was similar. But, at once it was evident that Piper Aircraft, a low-key company, would not have anything in common with the new owners of Chris Craft. So, the take-over attempt was challenged. Eventually, the family sold its stock to the Bangor Punta Corporation, which was successful in gaining control. At this time, the Piper family is completely divorced from the company.

My father had learned how to fly in 1931 at the age of fifty-one. In the mid 1950s, though, when the company introduced its first twin engine model, he upgraded his rating to include multi-engine aircraft. Widely known in his field, he often was referred to as the Henry Ford of aviation. In 1980 he was inducted into the Aviation Hall of Fame in Dayton, Ohio. He received numerous other awards for his role in the development of private aviation and remained active in the company until a few months before his death in 1970 at the age of eighty-nine. BL

Frank jumped in and saved her life just as she was going down for the last time.

By this time Fort Lauderdale had become a thriving community and was incorporated in 1911. In that year I married Wallace P. Pallicer, who was then a resident. He had moved here with his family from New Smyrna in 1906. My husband is a sixth generation Floridian. His family, which is of French descent, lived in St. Augustine where a creek and a street are

named in their honor. Our children are Frances, Dan and Clarence. We have seven grandchildren, who all live in the Miami area, and four great-grandchildren. On the Sunday before Christmas we have a family reunion. This year we will have twenty-two of the Marshall family in attendance.

My parents died at an early age, my father in 1909 at the age of forty-seven and my mother in 1923 at the age of fifty-eight. BL

it first, rushed along the gangway to the pilot house, throwing a tin plate and spoon overboard on his way. "Throw the cargo overboard and lighten the ship. The Spaniards are upon us," he exclaimed. There was a lot of cargo overboard that had not been landed. He rushed to the pilot house. "Captain," he cried, "see her headlight there?" All turned breathlessly toward this orb, when the Captain said: "The morning star."

After this little scare the cargo was put below, all empty boxes were thrown overboard and the decks washed clean. By twelve o'clock the THREE FRIENDS arrived in Key West, anchoring in the harbor. She was immediately boarded by the officers from the revenue cutter, and we were asked what we had on board. Captain Broward told them that we were loaded with coal, water, arms, ammunition, picks and shovels. "Well, you are very frank, to say the least," said one of the officers. "Who does the cargo belong to?" "It is consigned to Mr. A.W. Barrs, who is on board," Captain Broward said. As Mr. A.W. Barrs had the right to own arms and ammunition they could take no exception.

Captain Broward at once reported what had taken place to Mr. Poyo, a Cuban patriot member of the local junta at Key West, who in turn wired Mr. Huau at Jacksonville.

Napoleon B. Broward

(The end of the first one of eight trips made by the THREE FRIENDS.) BL

ADDITION: The front cover photograph of Volume 5, Numbers 1 and 2, of Fort Lauderdale High School is circa 1915.

PHOTOGRAPH AND CAPTION CORRECTION: In reference to Volume 5, Numbers 1 and 2, page 3, the upper portion was deleted and the caption incorrectly labeled.



Fort Lauderdale semi-professional baseball team, 1915. FRONT ROW, left to right: Tillman, Williams, R. Horton, C. Berry, H. Lewis. BACK ROW: J. Atchison, Forbes, Chappel, W.J. "Cap" Reed (in shirt and tie), O. Collins, Williams, and an unidentified player. UPPER LEFT: George Hall and Dr. J.A. Stafford.

(GATES, continued from p.22)
ELG: George Young, Sr., the father-in-law of Virginia Young, and my stepfather came to rescue me. They were worried about us. Other men came over. I stuck my hand out of the window.

"He's up here. I got him up here." They came up and carried Gates out on a cot. One of the men took Bob, another took Ted. "You go on ahead and send help back." I waded out of water that was clear up to my armpits.

CK: Where were they going to take him?

ELG: To the Masonic Temple, the nearest place. It's been torn down.

CK: At the corner of Southeast 1st Avenue and 1st Street.

ELG: I got to the Masonic Temple and they brought in Gates. When the storm subsided enough that they could get trucks running, they took my husband out to the hospital. The hospital didn't have beds. They were bringing people in from Hollywood and all over.

They had the halls full. They put a cot in a room where there were two prisoners who had broken legs. These prisoners were so very kind. They sat both boys on the foot of the bed.

I thought, "If the children thrash around, hurt them..." But, they insisted. I watched over all of them that night, all night. The boys didn't turn and if these prisoners wanted any water or anything, I helped them out. We spent the night that way.

The next day they found a bed and room for my husband, and I took the children out

to my mother. She was living on the west side.

CK: When did your mother move down here?

ELG: In 1919.

CK: The year after you?

ELG: Yes, to help out because I was expecting Bob. Mr. Wallace, my stepfather, sold their house out in Utah. They could get 10 acres just in front of a part of our 10. That made all 50 in front of this one plot. It had a little cabin. They lived down there and sold it the same time I did, to the same people. We all moved to town.

My husband died two months after the storm, on December 5th, 1926.

CK: Did Gates suffer from this pernicious anaemia; was he in pain?

ELG: No, not so much from pain. But, he suffered from weakness and because he'd always been a busy man and knew there was so much to be done. He'd always protected me because I was a spindly person. I only weighed 90 pounds about that time.

CK: Did you know Dr. [Scott] Edwards?

ELG: Yes. He had the hospital. He had another doctor who managed it.

There was Dr. [Thomas S.] Kennedy. He was one of the first doctors that we had here. He used to go in horse and buggy and visit the sick.

He used to come out to our place, pass by, and say "hello."

CK: He was a highly thought

of man, I understand.

ELG: Yes, he was. And he was so marvelous. He never sent a bill to a widow or orphan.

CK: Is that right, never sent a bill.

ELG: He never sent a bill. Of course, if they paid him, ... but he never sent a bill to them. He came by when we were living on the farm and told me about my stepfather, that he had a carbuncle on the back of his head, that it would just keep on spreading. That's what he died of.

CK: By 1927 your husband has died and you have two small children. Had you made a lot of money during the boom?

ELG: We thought we were fixed for life. We received a good down payment, but spent \$10,000 on a down payment on the 3rd Avenue property. We had some property for a home out where Sears Roebuck now is. We had property, but were expecting this big mortgage to come in. It didn't.

CK: Couldn't the people who bought it from you make the payments?

ELG: It had been sold and re-sold two or three times. They didn't pay... I heard they were going to sell the houses.

CK: You had two houses on that property, didn't you?

ELG: On mother's 10 acres, and on my property. We had a four room house and barns, chicken pens, and all like that. I heard they were going to sell those houses and move them off.

My husband was living at

that time. I loaded him into the car, went out to the farm, got the couple outside and forbade them to move the house off, that I would have the law on them. They moved them off at midnight and I went to our attorney.

"That's all right, Mrs. Gates. We'll just let them move it back on again. Don't worry now." He thought I had worries enough with my husband being ill.

Anyway, that never transpired. The storm came and blew the houses away. All you could get was a judgement, and that couldn't be collected on.

CK: So, the people who bought it went bankrupt themselves?

ELG: No, I don't know that they did.

CK: But, they didn't make the

payments, you know that.

ELG: You couldn't touch the wife's property. You couldn't collect on your judgement because they didn't have anything. There was an income tax lien against one... All we could get was a judgement. And that was outlawed in 20 years because it's always the same way, there isn't anything you could collect from.

CK: They had nothing that you could collect from.

ELG: That's right.

CK: So, you lost the property down there, too?

ELG: Then we lost this property, where the federal courthouse is now. They foreclosed on us. I couldn't pay anything. The Red Cross did fix up the house so we could move back after the storm. They foreclosed after that because I couldn't pay.

CK: People didn't think anything about a widow, just said, "You owe the money..."

ELG: Everybody was in the same place. They lost a good deal in the '26 hurricane. A good many of the men who had lost so heavily even killed themselves, because it was too much for them to go and lose all their possessions. But, I had seen that the Lord can do wonderful things. After my husband died, I prayed that the Lord would take me and raise him up so he would be strong and well to take care of the children because I never had been strong.

I didn't have anything to do. We'd lost everything. The banks had closed. After they had foreclosed on the 3rd

Correspondence regarding voting machines; November 3, 1955.

THE Shoup
VOTING MACHINE CORPORATION

Executive Offices: 260 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N.Y. • MUrray Hill 3-0221
Philadelphia Offices: 401 N. Broad Street, Philadelphia 8, Pa. • MArket 7-5751
Factory: Canton, Ohio

Reply to Philadelphia

November 3, 1955

Mrs. Easter L. Gates
Supervisor of Registration
Broward County Court House
Fort Lauderdale, Florida

Dear Mrs. Gates:

It was very nice to receive your recent letter, and we certainly appreciate your being in a position to recommend to the County officials that they procure an additional 36 machines to keep up with the growth of your County.

I am sorry to hear that you are no longer in charge of the voting machines. Apparently the Commissioners must have felt that your position of Supervisor of Registration was enough responsibility without adding the care of the machines. It was very fortunate for the County that you took the interest you did, personally knowing how to set up the machines for both primary and general elections, reset the counters, etc. There are not many ladies in the country who would take enough interest to learn how to do this work.


We want to thank you for displaying the machine to so many people and the part you played in having several of the officials of other cities take an interest in our machine through your efforts.

We believe that Mr. Bradford will do a good job for you in preparing the machines, and know that he will be benefited by having your counsel from time to time as various elections come along.

I shall look forward to seeing you on my next visit in the Fort Lauderdale area.

Sincerely yours,

THE SHOUP VOTING MACHINE CORP.

By 
Ransom F. Shoup, Vice Pres.

RFS:h

Avenue property, I stayed there as long as I could.

Meantime, we had the property, up where Sears Roebuck is, with a house that we had paid down. We just owed \$1,000 on that.

I was walking one day and met the president of the Society Savings and Loan. "Easter Lily, if you're trying to raise money...", everybody was, "...if you can raise \$200, we'll settle that mortgage."

CK: Do you remember who that person was?

ELG: William Dalquist. He was president at the time.

CK: Later, he went in the insurance business.

ELG: I didn't have the money, we'd lost everything. The banks had closed and Piggly-Wiggly stock was nothing. Everything went. That's how I came to be looking for work after my husband died.

CK: Can you tell me something about the people? Do you remember Tom Bryan, what kind of man he was?

ELG: He was the first one who brought radio to our town. He had the station.

CK: Down where the old Miami Road is.

ELG: He was always doing something that seemed to be beneficial. He was well prepared, too; he had money. I knew them well, all of those old-timers. When we came to Fort Lauderdale, we only had 3,000 people. The whole county was only 24,053 [5,135 in 1920].

CK: Of course you knew Frank

Stranahan and Ivy, his wife.

ELG: I knew them well. He was one who had lost so much of his possessions and everything. He'd given a lot, and he did take his life.

CK: There were a lot of people, like C.D. Kittredge.

ELG: Yes. They had a hardware store.

CK: Then you had Sam Drake.

ELG: He was on the port commission when they started that. Sam Drake came to us when they wanted our property. I just gave that [land for the railroad] because I wanted to see the port go ahead. They were trying their best to make something of Fort Lauderdale as a port.

CK: And you knew "Cap" Will J. Reed, I'm sure.

ELG: Yes. He was always on the baseball teams.

CK: Did you know his father, Colonel Robert J. Reed?

ELG: Certainly. When we came, back in 1918, the country women had a club because they liked to get together. They called it "Linger Longer."

CK: Where did they meet?

ELG: At different houses. They weren't close, but that didn't make any difference. We'd meet and have lunch and a good time, chatting. It was really a nice club. Robert Reed's wife belonged, and the pastor's wife.

CK: I read that Colonel Robert J. Reed was a spellbinder, a great speaker, that people loved to hear him speak.

ELG: Yes, he was very able.

It was a small town. And on Saturday nights you'd drive in to town, about four and a half miles. You'd drive, maybe do a little shopping. Lots of times, you'd sit along on the sidewalks and talk, and stand and talk.

CK: You'd stand right on the sidewalk and talk to people who came along?

ELG: Yes. Sometimes you'd sit on the curb. It was a good time to visit. Then you'd do some shopping, the stores were open. My husband was always so nice. I always had a box of chocolates every Saturday night.

CK: He bought the chocolates for you?

ELG: Yes, sir. He knew I liked chocolates so well. He always got me a box. Of course, he helped eat them.

CK: G. Frank Croissant came here in 1925 and started to develop Croissant Park. Did you ever meet him?

ELG: Yes, and his mother Sarah. She had a home on Andrews Avenue.

CK: Did you ever meet Joseph Young in those days? He would develop Hollywood.

ELG: Yes. He had big white buses that would bring a load down and show them the property there. My husband drove the first well. Joe Young would bring them down and then sell them the property. They had a regular building boom. They had wide streets through there. He had the right idea, building wider streets in the town.

CK: What do you remember about the beach? When you first came down here that bridge over the Intercoastal had just been completed in 1917. It was very narrow. But up on the beach, you didn't have any lights. It was kind of wild there, wasn't it?

ELG: Yes, mangrove swamps. In fact, when they began to open that property, had canals and made Venice, my husband worked there with my stepfather Wallace. He worked on cutting down those mangroves and clearing that ground so they could have these canals. Then, they built up the soil.

CK: Charlie Rodes was the first one, starting with Venice. You remember him quite well, don't you?

ELG: I should say so. And I knew his son, too.

CK: His son Charlie, Jr., lives in Plantation. They built the Rodes Hotel there on 1st Avenue, around the beginning of the Depression.

Where did you start looking for a job? The Depression had already started after that hurricane.

ELG: They had had so many losses in this area that it was pretty hard to get a job. There wasn't anything to do. I knew the Superintendent of Schools, Jim Rickards. We had been friends for a number of years.

I went up to his office. I had picked up a northern paper that said that a woman was driving a schoolbus. "I can drive a car. I'll just go up and speak to him."

When I got there, he was busy. The secretary wanted to know what I wanted. "I want

to see him about driving a schoolbus." "Oh! You wouldn't be able to drive a bus. Why, you couldn't change the tires, you couldn't do this, that and the other." She named about forty things. So, I gave up.

CK: Figured you couldn't?

ELG: I left. I knew I couldn't do those things. A couple of days later, I was up town and met Jim on the street.

"Have you found a job yet, Easter Lily?" "No, I haven't." "Well, how would you like to drive a schoolbus?"

She must have said something to him about it. "No, I wouldn't be able."

He said, "Go over and see Mr. Baird," [in charge of the schoolbuses]. Jim saw that I was so averse, he made me promise.

I went over. Mr. Baird gave me the bus that went out to the corner where the Seaboard line comes up. There used to be a road running along there.

CK: Out where you used to live, where the airport is?

ELG: Yes. That was the route. I'd gather the children up, all the way into town.

There were four big high school boys full of mischief. One was Ed White. They just carried a bad name. The younger children weren't allowed to ride on the bus, they were teased so much. When I went on the bus, they let them come back.

CK: Were you the first woman schoolbus driver in Broward County?

ELG: Yes. I was paid \$20 a month.

I said to them, "Now, this bus has a bad name. It's the worse bus on the whole route. We're going to make it the best, aren't we?"

I knew the boys' dispositions. I knew the one who'd get angry so quick. I didn't allow him to get teased. I'd talk about other things and get their mind off things. They got along just fine.

When I'd come to the railroad station we had to cross the track. I'd stop because it said STOP. They'd say, "Go on. I can see for miles either way, a clear view." But, I stopped. "Go on, Mrs. Gates. There isn't a train in sight, or anything!" I said, "Yes, but you see the law is STOP. So, we stop." I was trying to teach them about obedience.

As I say, they were mischievous. These little girls squealed, "Mrs. Gates, they have a snake back here!" The schoolbus had a big mirror. I looked up. I thought it was one of those ten cent store snakes. Then, I saw this real snake.

"Boys, you throw that snake out there, and so far that I can see it. Right now." They didn't do it, just passed it along. "Boys, do you want me to stop this bus?" I looked up at them the whole time I was saying it, pointing out there. They threw it. Four big high school boys, but they threw it.

They told me afterwards they were going to take that mirror down because when I looked at them, they had to do what I told them. I meant business. I'd have stopped that bus. I don't know what I'd have done or what they'd have done, but I'd have stopped that bus.

CK: You made one trip in the



Re-Elect
EASTER LILY GATES

DEMOCRAT
SUPERVISOR
OF
REGISTRATION

Tuesday, Nov. 3, 1964

A Trusted Servant of Broward County

HONEST, COURTEOUS AND FAIR TREATMENT is accorded all who visit the office of Supervisor of Registration regardless of race, color, creed or affiliation. Anyone who has ever been in the office of EASTER L. GATES has received any information pertaining to the REGISTRATION RECORDS as provided by law in a POLITE AND CHEERFUL MANNER, REPUBLICAN AS WELL AS DEMOCRAT.

THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR EXPERIENCE



morning and one in the afternoon?

ELG: That's right.

CK: Where was the bus kept?

ELG: At the central school. All the buses were there. I was living in Progresso; eleven blocks up. I had to leave the bus there.

CK: You didn't have a car in those days?

ELG: No, our car had been hauled away. We lost even the furniture.

CK: So, you had nothing after that hurricane.

ELG: Not even clothing. We had our night clothing. That was all. The Red Cross and the Salvation Army sent down clothing. I can sympathize with those who are in need when they have go through things like that because that's what I had to do.

CK: You couldn't live on \$20 a month, could you?

ELG: There were people who were kind to me. I had just been paid \$20 and I put it in the bank. I then had \$65

in the bank. The next morning I thought, "I need some groceries." I looked in my purse, only had five cents.

"Lord, I'd better go and get a dollar." When I went down to the bank, the doors were closed. A crowd of people were around. There wasn't any use saying anything. I went home. "The Lord's taken me through worse than this. I guess He's not going to desert me now."

At about 10:30 there was a knock on the door. It was a boy. "I have some groceries for you." "I didn't order any. It must be for the people around the corner."

"No, this is for Mrs. Easter Lily Gates." "Well, I'm Easter Lily Gates." He brought them in. There was a well rounded order of groceries. To this date, I don't have the least idea who that was. But, those groceries came.

I do know that the Lord answers prayer. He's answered time and again with me.

CK: Do you know why the bank was closed?

ELG: I don't, but that was one of the things that Mr. Stranahan was head of, one of the things that preyed on his mind. All of them in the

bank were very good citizens but, somehow or other, they lost out.

CK: So, by people helping, you could live on \$20 a month.

ELG: I could only get one quart of milk, instead of two, for my boys. Even before my husband died, he was bedfast, we had run out of money. The grocer, he and my husband were very good friends, had been in business a long while. He held us up in groceries for some time.

I said, "I'm trying to get work." "I see you are. I see your place is being home with your husband and taking care of your boys." That was before my husband died. "As long as I've got anything, why you're welcome to it." But the storm came and that wiped his stuff out, too.

CK: Do you remember who that grocer was?

ELG: Marshall. Right across from the courthouse.

CK: You drove the school bus during the school year 1927 and in 1928.

What made you think about entering politics?

ELG: People knew me. I had been selling turkeys. Some of my friends said, "Why don't you run?" They were good Masons and Eastern Stars.

CK: You belonged to the Eastern Star?

ELG: Yes. My husband became a Mason. They wanted me as an Eastern Star, so I joined.

I met some of them on the street. They wanted to know how I was getting along.

"I'm worried about this

grocery bill. I can't do anything about it." I didn't know how much it was. I met one of them later. "That bill was paid. The Masons sent money from the north to take care of storm victims." I was never so thankful in my life. Those were hard times; you can appreciate all these things that a person does.

It's a funny thing for me to say, but I'm glad I've had all the trials that I had. I really thought I sympathized with people. And I did. But, I didn't know the first thing about it 'til I went through the same thing. Now, I can thank the Lord because I know how to sympathize with people and enter into what they're going through. "What the Lord has done for me, He can do for you." That's the way I feel. We're just given strength and there are doors opened.

CK: So, they said, "Easter, you've got a lot of friends. Why don't you run [for Supervisor of Elections]?"

ELG: Yes.

CK: Who was holding that job, then?

ELG: H. J. Singletary, from Dania, was the first Supervisor of Elections.

CK: What did that job pay?

ELG: It paid \$125 a month.

CK: That'd be \$1,600 a year.

ELG: Fifteen. You didn't have the whole year, only nine months.

They advised me to run for office. I looked into it, saw it was something I could do.

CK: Did you go down and see

what he had to do?

ELG: No. As I told you, Jim Rickards was the Superintendent of Schools. They had some special school elections and put me on the Election Board. I was able to read the laws while people were coming in to vote. There was a corps of us.

CK: So, you got some experience that way.

ELG: Yes. Few women even voted at that time, but there were some. Then I got law books and read those. "I can do that." So, I ran.

I went up to a real estate man's office, Hardy, in Pompano. I passed out my cards, said I was running for the office of Supervisor of Elections. They said they thought a woman's place was at home, to take care of the children and home. "Well, I think that's nice. But, my husband passed away. We've lost everything. I'm trying to get a job to take care of my children." We talked for some time. When I left they said, "We'll vote for you, Mrs. Gates, but we won't for another woman." I believe that some of them died feeling that way.

CK: You ran against Mr. Singletary?

ELG: Yes.

CK: Was there any anybody else in the race?

ELG: When I ran, Pearl Sparkman, down in Dania, ran.

CK: Is she kin to Luther Sparkman?

ELG: Yes, his mother. When I was running against the two,

I had to walk over the county, or else catch a ride.

CK: You didn't have a car?

ELG: No. I knew so many people over the county, I could catch a ride. I didn't have sense enough to know you shouldn't drive with another candidate, might bring trouble.

Up in Oakland Park they were going to have this rally. I started out to walk. I was living in Progresso. One candidate came along, "Where are you going?" "I'm going up there to this meeting tonight." "Get in and ride." Two or three blocks from there he said, "It might be better, because I'm a candidate and you're a candidate, it might bring..." That was the first I knew that it would bring any trouble.

CK: You weren't running for the same office, though.

ELG: No. He was running for another. I got out and walked over there.

I went out to Deerfield. I was walking around the town to try and meet people. I went to this house. The man had his feet up on the railing. I told him what I was [running for], gave him my card. He wasn't in favor of a woman running, but I told him that I was widowed. "What was your husband's name?" "George Gates." "Come right on up here, and sit down."

Gates had done some work there, his plumbing. I sat on the porch and he talked.

"Have you had dinner?" I wasn't hungry but I told him the truth. "No, I haven't. Never mind now. I'm not hungry at all." But, he insisted. He and his wife fixed my dinner up for me.

While we were eating they asked about the meeting. I said there was going to be a political gathering at the Deerfield railroad station, that I would be there that evening. "We'll be there." "Sometimes it's 11:00 before they get around to me because I'm the last one who speaks." "We'll be there."

I had good success walking over the town of Deerfield, met a good many people that way. It was just one of those things that you have to do, work hard, and people seem to get busy then and work for you.

CK: Did you campaign in the southern part of the county?

ELG: Yes, I did.

CK: So, you campaigned all throughout the county in 1928. That was a Republican year nationally. Normally, the Democratic candidate would run exceedingly well in the South. That didn't hurt you that Al Smith ran on the national ticket, did it?

ELG: I didn't have to run in the November elections. There were two offices that were exempt, the Circuit Judge and the Supervisor of Elections. They didn't have to run in the primary because it was only a recommendation to the governor.

CK: They ran only in the Democratic primary; they didn't have to run in the general election. The Republicans didn't have enough people for a primary; they nominated their candidates for the general election in a caucus. The result was, you'd be appointed by the governor to your position. That lasted for 20 years af-

ter you were first elected.

You had two opponents and you defeated them both in the primary.

ELG: Yes.

CK: Although Doyle Lee Carlton won the gubernatorial race, John W. Martin, the prior governor, appointed you.

ELG: Yes.

CK: You never thought, ten years before, that you'd be starting a new career at the age of forty. You'd been the first woman public schoolbus driver in Broward County. Now you're the first woman to be elected to public office in Broward County. You're ready to take over your duties.

So, you went down to the courthouse on your first day. Whereabouts in the courthouse was your office?

ELG: On the ground floor, in the northeast corner.

CK: About where it is now.

ELG: Yes, only my office was not large.

CK: What was your first day like? Did you have people working for you?

ELG: I did the work alone for a long while, several years. Sometimes I'd have to work overtime. I had to copy all those books by hand. I had to have two books for the primary and two for the general elections. If they weren't able to vote in the primary, they'd have to come and register in the general books.

People could register on that until thirty days before the general election.

When the Republicans were

able to have a primary, had the required number needed by law, they could nominate, by primary. The trouble was they only put up one candidate. Of course, that Republican primary candidate was opposing the November Democratic candidate.

A lot of Republicans would come in and register Democrat because they'd see that it was no good. I talked to the Republican Party.

"You ought to have two people so that you'd be having a primary. You have the right to hold a primary but you don't have two people running against one another.

["That candidate] was just nominated and he'd then go on the November election ballot without any trouble at all."

But, if they had two running in the primary election, then the Republicans would vote for their own party. Some of them would come in and say they were Republican, but they would register as Democrats in order to vote in the primary. For a while, I didn't say anything because I found out that, when it came to the primary, they couldn't vote.

They got mad and said, "Why didn't you tell me?" Always after that, I explained to them that if they, the Republicans, were going to vote in the primary, they'd have to have two candidates. Naturally they were allowed.

I said, "Because your people are coming in, and they are Republicans who register Democrat, they can only have a choice about the Democrats in the primary."

CK: Right.

ELG: "Then they vote as they wish in the general elec-

tion. Anybody can vote as he wants in November."

That's what I told the Republican Party. Then, I wouldn't have all this backwash of trying to explain to them how these primaries were. They were used to the northern laws. Ours were set here; we had to go by those.

Then they began to put two candidates in the primary. And when they did, I could have an opponent against me in a November election.

CK: Then you'd have to run off in a general election. You actually won the seat, defeated a Republican; the governor didn't appoint you.

ELG: Yes, but I didn't have to enter the November election for a number of years.

CK: When your job was Supervisor of Election, did you find that \$1,500 was sufficient to live on?

ELG: Yes, by skimping along.

CK: Were you able to get a car now?

ELG: No. I'd walk back and forth, got used to it. It was some time before I got one. We lived with my mother, just a block or two east of the West Side School. She took care of the children. I stayed there because I didn't have a home until I was able to have the house moved...

CK: ...from where Sears and Roebuck is now. You moved it down to 1st Street and you lived there 'til 1968, when you bought this home.

ELG: That's right.

CK: In the 1930s, did things get worse or better?

ELG: We hit the Depression at the time of the collapse of the boom. That was earlier, in '26, in the storm.

CK: Many people say that the Depression hit south Florida three years before the stock market crashed.

Do you remember when you got your first employee to help you?

ELG: If it was too much for me to handle, that there'd be a long line-up, I'd get the commissioners to allow me to have somebody help register. They'd pay them so much an hour.

CK: When you held a county-wide election, how did you get the polls set up?

ELG: We had a carpenter. It was just booths that were built and put up, and curtains. The County Commission was responsible. They'd send this man out and he'd put in so many booths. It was all paper ballots for 20 years.

CK: You had to put it in a box, then.

ELG: The first time we had machines was in the 1950 election. In 1948 we had so many voters and ballots, I was on duty from about 6:00 a.m. because they had to open the polls at 7:00 and get ready. I had my meals brought in.

I was at the office so I could shoot any trouble in case anything came up and if they wanted to ask any questions. They'd have to swear in and get signed up.

CK: Did you hire the people?

ELG: No, the County Commissioners appointed the elec-

tion boards. I had nothing to do with it, only with the registration of the voters. Then, they changed the law from Supervisor of Registration to Supervisor of Elections.

CK: Now your job was bigger.

ELG: I still didn't appoint the boards. But, I had to instruct them. I'd make recommendations because the County Commissioners and I were always on a friendly basis.

I'd name the people who had been on before, had experience, and were not so liable to make mistakes and bring a suit on the county. I tried to keep away from any suits, which we did. A law suit would mean a lot of expense to the county.

Our last election with paper ballots was in 1948. Some precincts were larger and took longer to count. They had to count by hand and then sign their papers. Then they'd have to bring in the results. It all took time.

The sum and substance was the last precinct that came in was at 9:00 Friday morning. I was on duty from Tuesday 'til Friday morning, at 9:00. I got the newsmen and gave them the results. Then I went home.

I always asked for prayer on the Wednesday before we were going to have the election. We had prayer meeting in those days. I'd ask them to pray for me, that I would have the strength.

It was always 39 hours, at least, that I'd be on that job. I didn't have any sleep at all during that time because they'd be coming in at all different hours on Tuesday night and the next day. After the ballots came in, I'd go to an evening prayer

meeting and then go on home.

CK: Did you certify the election, that the count was right? Was that part of your job?

ELG: Yes. When I had all my work finished, I'd certify it to the Secretary of State and send the returns up there. I'd have to go to the post office to do that.

In the 1948 election, that was so long, it was Friday morning before I got off. All the sleep that I got during that time was five hours.

CK: From Tuesday morning until Friday morning.

ELG: It was some time in the 1950s when we first got the voting machines. The commissioners found that in these elections that were coming along, which were getting larger and the hours longer, that they had to put on a night board and a day board. There was trouble because the night board wanted more wages. I wanted to have machines for some time, five years before. I thought they would be better, that you'd get the returns in easier.

CK: Tell us about the Indians voting, will you? How did that come about?

ELG: It was after we had the machines. They had somebody call me. They wanted to know if they'd be able to vote.

They had not been taken, like the rest of the Indians all over the United States, out to reservations. They had fled to the Everglades and then come back and lived after it had quieted down.

I said, "They never signed the peace treaty. You were born on American soil. There-

fore, you can vote."

I had nine come in on the first day to register. I had the chief come in. News reporters were there and took pictures.

United Press thought it would be a good story. They wanted to know who they were and how they registered. They wanted the whole history of it. But, I was afraid the Indians would be shy, wouldn't want to register. I thought they had the right to. I just said, "I wouldn't give that information any more than I would think of giving it about one of our Idlewild precincts." But, I did tell them how many we'd had.

CK: When did the blacks start to register in good sized numbers?

ELG: They could vote in the general election, but they couldn't vote in the primary. And, of course, they were discouraged from voting in the general elections. So, there weren't many. Very, very few were on the books.

The United States courts had decided that the blacks could vote in the primary, that the Democrats and the Republicans would have to open their primaries.

CK: Did you go among the blacks, talk to them, and tell them how to register, and encourage them to register?

ELG: Yes. I felt it was a good thing for them to register because we had people come down, averse to the government, and have them join their particular party. I felt we should give them their right to vote and encourage them. I used to go and talk to them about being good citizens, how it was

done, not who to vote for, and the laws concerning that. And, they'd have to conform to that law.

We then had Negro precincts and we'd have Negro boards. I'd instruct them how to conduct the elections. I always instructed the boards, those that the commissioners had appointed to the election. They always had to have at least one Republican on the board, in the November election.

CK: I've noticed, in some of the newspaper articles, that a reporter would ask you, "When are you going to retire?" You'd say, "I'm going to run, to serve, as long as the people want me to."

ELG: I knew I'd have opposition, but I wanted to have things all fair and square. Therefore, when I had a candidate running against me, a Republican, I never said anything about my opponent. It was only about what I had done, what I would do, and what I could do.

CK: But, you didn't have any opposition for the first 20 years. And, you didn't have much opposition after that.

ELG: Every election after, I had an opponent.

CK: Yes, but they didn't get very many votes, did they?

ELG: No, I always led the ticket. I tried to be fair to all people. In fact, if I did have any help, I had Republicans working in my office and also Negroes working.

CK: No problem in that, in your office?

ELG: No, I never had any

problem there at all.

CK: Was the biggest change in your office when you brought in machines?

ELG: Yes, they had to have those machines. And they had to have instructions. The machines were expensive. However, they were foolproof. When they were locked up, the key was returned to me, with the returns. There wasn't any way you could get in. There wasn't any way to fix them.

CK: Did you ever have cases where people tried to cheat in elections?

ELG: Yes, sir.

CK: How did people try?

ELG: Sometimes people would come in and register because we had homestead exemption. And, they had property up north, too. But, unless they were a registered voter or a bona fide resident, they couldn't get homestead exemption.

But, they'd come in and want to register. If they took the oath with me, I'd go ahead and register them. If they wouldn't take the oath, I'd refuse to register them.

They'd say, "Well, now, you can't do that. You go ahead and register me." I'd say, "Yes, but you don't want to take the oath. Why do you want me to do something wrong, by registering you because that's what I'd have to do. You have to take the oath." That's the way I put it to them.

They'd get mad. "You're keeping me from homestead exemption." "No, not at all. You can go upstairs and file there with the Circuit Clerk that you're a bona fide res-

ident of Florida, even though you're not a registered voter. The tax assessor can check up there and know that you're a bona fide resident. You'd be held responsible. There's a fine if you take the oath unlawfully."

It was \$5,000 or a prison fine if they registered and were not qualified to do so.

CK: Did you ever hear of anybody trying to stuff the ballot box?

ELG: I don't know if it was that, exactly. We had absentee balloting. They'd be registered voters here and, if they were up in another county, they'd go before the county judge, get a ballot and cast it.

It was sent to our county

judge. He'd give it to the Canvassing Board, which consisted of the county Supervisor of Registration, the County Judge and the Chairman of the Board of Commissioners.

They'd go upstairs, file, and then get their homestead exemption. But, they couldn't register with me.

I found out one instance where the people had signed their homestead exemption upstairs. Quite a bit later, the county asked if they had registered to vote. I said, "No, they weren't registered on my books." They found out from the state where they'd come from that they were registered up there, and were voting there.

CK: Can you do that?

Correspondence regarding
a public speaking engagement;
February 11, 1965.

WHITEHALL 1-2231
WHITEHALL 1-2209

FAR EAST IMPERIAL
Exotic World of Dining
Tropical Drinks

*On the Ocean
Pompano Beach*

February 11, 1965.

Mrs. Easter L. Gates,
c/o Broward County Court House,
6th St.,
Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.

Dear Mrs. Gates:

This is just a note to tell you that many of us felt we should write and tell you that we considered that your most interesting discourse on hats and their origin was the highlight of the luncheon.

As a token of our appreciation, please accept the attached card, which entitles you to two of our Luau Buffets which may be used at your convenience.

Very truly yours,

FAR EAST IMPERIAL,

M. Babcock
M. Babcock.

ELG: No. Now, here's what I thought about sometimes. People would be working for the state or at a job away from here, and they were registered up there...

CK: Wherever they were working?

ELG: Yes. But they also were registered here; this was home. They'd vote an absentee ballot up there. Then, they'd be home and would register here. Or vice-versa. He could be voting absentee from the county that he came from, but he was registered with me. Therefore, he could register and vote.

CK: He could vote again?

ELG: Well, I didn't know that he did because he had taken the oath. When I found out about that, I had them sign a paper about where they were registered. I'd try to get the registration card and send it back. Otherwise, I had a signed statement that I'd send to that state. They do things that they don't realize are wrong, I guess.

I had one couple who had registered down here, were getting homestead exemption. But, they went back and forth and had a home up where they were old-timer folks. They voted there but were still on our rolls, hadn't cleared our records.

The tax assessor came down and asked if I had these people registered. "Yes, I have. They've been voting here." He said, "I found out they voted up there." And he wouldn't give them homestead exemption because of that.

That would have made trouble for them. It was an older couple and I felt sorry that things had come up.

The people wanted them to vote up there because they knew them. Didn't know they were doing wrong by voting here, too. I called them up. "The tax assessor's come to me and finds that you voted up north and that you're registered down here as a voter. That's going to make trouble. You'd better have your name removed here."

That would save them the trouble with the tax assessor about getting homestead exemption here and voting up there.

CK: When did you make up your mind that you weren't going to run again?

ELG: I wasn't going to run in 1960. I'd been in office for some time and felt I could get something else to do on the side and build up my pension.

Several said, "No, Easter Lily, you've got to run." Even some Republican friends wanted me still to run. Finally I said, "Yes, I'll run." I won by a big majority.

I had help in my office. That gave me four years in office, up 'til 1964. That meant four years was added to some of my people. You had to be ten years paying in on your pension or you wouldn't be able to get one at sixty-five. I felt that they didn't have quite their ten years. Maybe they'd lack one, two or three years.

I talked, thought it over. I knew I wouldn't get any raise, but I felt sorry for them because they were older and wouldn't be able to get a job. Many times, when the new person comes in office, he wants his own friends to have the jobs. I'd come up against enough hard times to know that a pension helps.

So, I decided on my own that I'd run another four years. And, I did.

I won by a good majority. When they wanted me still to run, I said, "No. I absolutely will not run anymore because I'm 80 years old."

CK: That was in 1968?

ELG: Yes. "I'm 80 years old, I want to have some time."

I enjoyed my work; I did love my work. But, I felt I wanted to see my children and grandchildren more. I didn't run and I'm glad I didn't. I've had a lot fun since then.

All through the years I thought, "I see that when a person gets older, he's got to have an aim in life, he's got to exercise his mind as well as his body." That was the end that I worked to. I was ready. I could go around to different organizations, do some good, see my family.

Some people said they were going to draft me. "I will not be drafted. Absolutely not." I was adamant. The people of Broward County are and have been wonderful to me. I feel deeply indebted to them. It just amazes me that, wherever I go in the county, there's someone who comes up and knows me.

CK: Well, you're quite famous. And, I want to thank you now for sharing your time with us.

ELG: I recognize their faces. Some I don't, because there's been years between since I've seen them. Somehow they recognize me, especially because I always wear a hat. When I go without one, they'll look. "Easter Lily, where's your hat. I didn't know you." BL

(BROWARD, cont'd from p. 17) whether warship or what not. She was built right here in Jacksonville, in 1895, on lines gotten up by myself, improving upon other tugs upon the St. Johns River. She is staunch, and behaves herself well in a heavy sea. She makes easily, when properly trimmed - well, a good many knots an hour. While she was being built the Cuban colony in Jacksonville took the liveliest interest in her. Somehow the word got out that she was being built for the filibustering business, and every day the Cubans would come down to the shipyard and examine her and comment on the probabilities of her success in the mission they had mapped out for her.

Last winter she was visited by hundreds of tourists, and each one had a kind word to say about her, all imagining that she was regularly engaged in the filibustering business from Florida to Cuba.

Her name has a history. While she was being built her three owners, George A. DeCottes, my brother Montcalm Broward and myself, found it difficult to agree upon a name for her. Finally we agreed to sell the privilege of naming her to the highest bidder and Mr. Charles M. Ellis acted as auctioneer. Bidding was spirited for awhile and the privilege was finally knocked down to Mr. DeCottes for \$80.00, and he, in honor of her owners, named her the THREE FRIENDS.

The above letter was dictated by me and printed in the "Florida Life" in November, 1897.

NAPOLEON B. BROWARD

First Trip of the

THREE FRIENDS

(The following story was written recently by me, and covers the first trip of the THREE FRIENDS. There were seven other trips of that steamer. The other trips were attended with many dangers, being fired upon by two Spanish gunboats on one occasion and chased several times. On the last two trips she was commanded by Captain W.T. Lewis, Captain O'Brien, better known as Dynamite Johnny, and Captain E.S. Tuttle. The engineers were Mr. John Dunn and Mr. Amander Parsons. On all of the trips we either had in charge of the Cubans Dr. J.D. Castillo of Santiago, or General Nunez, now Governor General of Havana Province. The executive ability of General Castillo and General Nunez was only equaled by their self-sacrificing devotion and sublime patriotism and fortitude.

NAPOLEON B. BROWARD)

One day in the month of February, 1896, two Cuban patriots, accompanied by an interested friend, Mr. C. B. Barnard of Tampa, met by appointment with Mr. J.A. Huau, Cuban-American, Mr. J.M. Barrs, attorney, and Captain N. B. Broward, in the cigar factory owned by Mr. Huau.

Here a contract was discussed between Messrs. Huau, Hernandez, Freeman and Barnard, on the part of the Cuban revolutionists, and Messrs. Barrs and Broward, on the part of the THREE FRIENDS, to take to Cuba a company of Cuban patriots under the command of General Enrique Colasso, and also, to tow over on the same trip

the schooner STEPHEN R. MAL-LORY of Cedar Keys, laden with arms and ammunition.

By taking them on the THREE FRIENDS and towing the schooner loaded with munitions of war, it would avoid a violation of the law against "carrying an armed expedition into a foreign country with whom we are at peace." Of course the owners of the THREE FRIENDS were desirous of avoiding any violation of the United States Statutes.

When the provisions were agreed upon, a contract was quickly drawn up by attorney Barrs and, as soon as two of her owners, Mr. George A. DeCottes and Captain Montcalm Broward could be consulted, it was signed.

THE EXPEDITION IN HIDING IN TAMPA

General Colasso and his staff of Cuban patriots were in hiding at Tampa. Sixty-five of his men were on the little schooner ARDELL lying behind the Florida Keys. These keys or islands begin near Miami, and continue in a southwesterly direction for two hundred miles. They vary in length from a few hundred feet to thirty miles. Behind the first, or seaward, row, there are numbers of small islands, with narrow, crooked channels between almost innumerable sand bars, which make it almost impossible for revenue cutters to catch the small vessels, once they get behind the first row of keys.

Seaward from these is Hawk Channel. This is deep enough

for boats drawing eleven feet of water. It has shoals of coral rock outside of it, with occasional channels between them. The water here is so transparent that bottom can be seen sixty feet down and vegetation of varied hues, large fans, many feet in width and two to six feet high, reflecting all the colors of the rainbow. Looking down through a water glass, one will frequently jerk one's head up, as some huge rock comes nearly to the surface of the water. Around these, many beautiful colored fish, striped and spotted, are hovering to keep out of the way of larger ones.

The islands are composed of coral rock, with a very thin covering of rich soil which supports a very dense growth of hard wood. They are sparsely inhabited by a prosperous, sturdy people, who are engaged in farming, fishing and gathering sponges.

PREPARING TO EMBARK

General Colasso and his staff were in the house of a friend in Tampa, with Pinkerton detectives constantly on the watch for them. The arms and the ammunition were in a warehouse in Cedar Keys, they also, being closely watched by Pinkerton detectives in the pay of Spain and "Uncle Sam."

Mr. Z. P. Freeman was at once sent to Cape Sable in search of the schooner load of men. He was to tell them that, though they had been twice disappointed in the non-arrival of the expected steamer from New York, and twice driven from the Florida Keys by revenue cutters, that now, at last a contract had been

made with the THREE FRIENDS to take them to Cuba.

Another messenger was despatched to brave Captain Elliott, telling him to secretly load on his swift little schooner, the STEPHEN R. MALLORY, the arms and ammunition that was lying in the warehouse at Cedar Keys. Captain Elliott and his crew, aided by our sympathizers of the Cuban cause, successfully loaded the schooner on a dark, rainy night. She started at once on her trip to Caesar's Creek, where she was to be joined by the THREE FRIENDS. Caesar's Creek leads to the place where the treasures of pirates are supposed to be secreted.

When off the coast near Tampa, the MALLORY was chased by a United States revenue cutter, McLAIN, but she succeeded in making her escape. The McLAIN succeeded in capturing another small schooner, before she could transfer her load of arms and ammunition to the MALLORY. This little schooner was towed into Tampa, after having been hove-to by a shot across her bow. There she unloaded, and her cargo was shipped to Jacksonville, marked groceries, and consigned to John G. Christopher, who was, at that time, a wholesale merchant; his goods occupying a warehouse on one of the wharves. Upon the arrival of the cargo in Jacksonville, Mr. Huau notified General Colasso in Tampa.

PINKERTON DETECTIVES OUTWITTED

In the night a closed carriage drew up to the house, in Tampa, where General Colasso and his staff were secreted, shadowed by detec-

tives. The General and his staff quickly entered and were driven toward Port Tampa. At a point agreed upon, the party, except one, jumped out; he drove on toward Port Tampa and there boarded the ship just starting for Key West. The detectives following him boarded also and were soon out at sea, they feeling confident that they were close to the wily General. Imagine their chagrin, could they have seen the General and his staff leave the carriage, in the darkness, and enter another which took them twenty-five miles to Plant City, where they boarded the northbound train.

Before daylight next morning, they got off at Orange Park, twelve miles from Jacksonville, where they were met by Alfonso Fritot, the gallant gentleman who rendered such valuable service to the struggling Cubans. He took them in a naphtha launch to Clark's Mill, Jacksonville. They drove from there in a closed carriage to the residence of Mr. J. M. Barrs at daybreak the following morning, where they remained secreted while the frustrated detectives stood around on the deck of the steamship at Key West, watching for the General to go ashore, which he failed to do. As the ship was leaving Key West for Havana, the detectives stepped off and wired Jacksonville and Tampa that they had been outwitted. At once Mr. Huau's house at Jacksonville, and Mr. Figardo's, at Tampa, were closely watched.

The steamer THREE FRIENDS, lying at her dock, was being rapidly overhauled and everything made ready for her long trip. Preparations were made without attracting much

attention, but when she took on a hundred tons of coal, sixty barrels of water, provisions enough for a small army, and erected two pairs of heavy davits, the Spanish Vice-Consul, Senor Hariatague, could be seen looking at her in a very interested manner.

A RAPID DASH TO THE OPEN SEA

The night of the 11th of March was cold, dark and cloudy. After dark the THREE FRIENDS, with full crew aboard, hoisted on a naphtha launch and two very large yawls, then rapidly but silently she moved to the Christopher warehouse. Here every man worked as if his life depended upon getting the cargo on board in the shortest possible time.

From here, it was but a short run to DeCottes' mill, three miles down the St. Johns River. Here General Colasso, Colonel Hernandez, Duke Estrada, Messrs. J. M. Barrs and A. W. Barrs, and that faithful Cuban patriot, Mr. Huau, impatiently awaited her coming. Those departing and those left behind parted with many expressions of friendship and good will.

Captain Broward, in a deep whisper, gave the order, "Cast off your lines." Then calling to the engineer, Mr. John Dunn, "Give her full speed ahead," the THREE FRIENDS plunged into the darkness and was lost to sight, driving rapidly down the river to the ocean twenty-five miles away, making such speed that the small fishing boats along the river were thrown violently upon the platforms, or else high up on the banks.

REVENUE CUTTER IN HOT PURSUIT

Although the departure was made with the utmost celerity, the Spanish Vice-Consul notified the Collector of Customs that the THREE FRIENDS was gone, and that there was something suspicious about it. The Collector despatched a messenger to Captain Kilgore of the revenue cutter BOUTWELL, to catch the THREE FRIENDS. Captain Kilgore started at once in pursuit, with his revenue cutter, and made inquiries as he went, of the fishermen along the river.

One fisherman at New Berlin, trying to launch his own boat from the platform where she had been thrown by the passing steamer, said: "Some darned boat passed here, throwing my boat up on the platform; and if she kept on at that same rate of speed she will by now have reached a place too hot for you to catch her in." The BOUTWELL proceeded on her way to the mouth of the river. Here she asked the keeper of the pilot boat whether the THREE FRIENDS passed during the night. "God knows what passed here; something the color of blue dawn, with her forward deck piled high with boats, and her after deck filled with boxes, or something of the kind. The swell she made in passing washed our decks and flooded our boats."

THE "THREE FRIENDS" IN DISGUISE

Captain Kilgore turned his boat and proceeded back to Jacksonville in time to hear the newsboys, along the street, calling at the top of

their voices, "Morning paper, tell you all about the THREE FRIENDS going to Cuba with General Colasso and the whole Cuban army aboard!" By this time, could Captain Kilgore have seen the THREE FRIENDS, he would not have known her. In place of white, she had donned a coat of steel-gray paint. Her name boards were turned inside out and bore in great white letters this name, the OX. She was fifty miles southeast of St. Johns bar on her way to Caesar's Creek, three hundred and fifty miles away, to meet the schooner STEPHEN R. MALLORY.

The day passed without incident. The engineers carefully adjusted caps on the journals of the engines, adjusted the keys on the three crank brasses of the main engines, leaving them the least bit slack to avoid the possibility of heating, in case we were met by some Spanish or United States cruiser and had to drive hard to prevent capture. We use the word "met" because we were not afraid of anything overtaking us.

The boys kept a steady lookout from the top of the pilot house for spooks in the shape of cruisers, battleships, revenue cutters or, in fact, anything with a smoke stack in her. They adjusted and readjusted their glasses continually, trying to find the best place to mark them, so that they would not need to be adjusted in time of excitement. While the boys were thus busily engaged, our Irish engineer, who could not resist the temptation to gibe them a little, called out: "Better make those glasses fast to your hands, for if you should sight a Spanish cruiser,

they'll look so small you'll be wanting a megaphone to look through instead. (A megaphone is a speaking trumpet about four feet long.) Some of you will be peeking through spy glasses and speaking through megaphones."

A "letter to the editor" regarding N.B. Broward's candidacy for the governorship; December 22, 1903.

BROWARD'S CANDIDACY.

Jacksonville, Fla., Dec. 22, 1903.

To the Editor of the Ocala Banner:

A prominent citizen of Putnam county, in conversation with some friends at a Jacksonville hotel a few evenings ago, related the substance of a colloquy which occurred during Mr. J. N. C. Stockton's recent visit to that county? That gentleman was inquiring of citizens whom he met there how many votes he would probably get in the county. In reply he was told that he might have got a good many, perhaps, if he had not been instrumental in bringing out Mr. Broward as a candidate for governor against Mr. Davis, and that no one need expect votes against Mr. Davis in Putnam county. Mr. Stockton immediately made a most emphatic and vehement denial that he or his friends had had anything to do with bringing Mr. Broward out as a candidate for governor, and positively asserted that it was done by Governor Jennings or his friends, as a movement against himself—Stockton—so that they might say in the campaign that the Jacksonville "Three Friends"—meaning Stockton, Broward and Barrs—were seeking to corral all of the choice offices in sight.

Many persons in Jacksonville are cognizant of the circumstances attending Mr. Broward's announcement, and it is probable that the truth will be brought to light and given to the public in the near future.

C. C.

THE FIRST DAY OUT

General Colasso and his staff walked around the boat for some time but they finally all settled on the mahogany bitts in the bow of the boat. A small number of porpoises had, for some time, been playing around the bow of the steamer, in the spray and waves made by her rapid progress through the water. These the Cubans watched with quite a show of interest, discovering at the same time a rainbow, which the condition of the weather and the water caused to hang directly over the THREE FRIENDS' bow. This the General and his staff took to be [an] omen of success for this fight they were making for liberty. Many expressions of satisfaction and joy were heard, concerning their good fortune in being at last out to sea and on their way to Cuba. General Colasso was heard to say: "We are fighting for political liberty and the right to worship God as we please."

Finally the steward rang the bell for dinner. Much chaffing formed a feature of the meal. Single men were joking about the sweethearts left behind, married men were teased about their wives' chances for better men, should the Spaniards catch us. After dinner, the Captain and crew were all treated to cigars by the Cubans, and such fine ones that we all wished for days when we might enjoy nothing else but cigars of this quality.

Afternoon drew to evening, and then the night settled down. Many realized for the first time the sensation of the darkness upon the sea. All was quiet on board 'till about nine that night, when,

rounding Cape Canaveral, we saw off our port bow the lights of three vessels, carried in a very peculiar manner, approaching us. Every one became very excited, as we seemed, at least, to be approaching a very strange fleet. Finally we discovered that it was a tugboat with a tow of large derrick barges, and our relief was indescribable.

SUCCESSFUL MEETING WITH THE "STEPHEN R. MALLORY"

Nothing worthy of mention happened during the night. Toward daylight the wind sprang up fresh from the northeast, and with it came a sharp sea, on which we rolled and tumbled until that afternoon when we entered Hawk Channel, off Cape Florida. Near where Caesar's Creek flows into Hawk Channel, at a place called Elliot's Key, we saw a schooner anchored. This schooner was found to be the STEPHEN R. MALLORY. We anchored and sent a small boat to the schooner, telling Captain Elliott that the THREE FRIENDS would proceed south at daylight, for him to follow with the schooner and we would both anchor near Indian Key. We selected Indian Key as a convenient point for getting under way quickly, as one of the revenue cutters was patrolling the coast and the FRIENDS and MALLORY might be compelled to put out to sea on short notice.

The wind was blowing a gale from the northeast and the waves were running very high. When near Turtle Harbor we saw a strange steamer putting out to sea in face of the storm, being washed fore and aft by the waves.

On getting out to sea, the strange craft headed parallel with our course, just outside of the reef, while we were just inside. Much to our satisfaction, we soon found by close scrutiny that the strange steamer was none other than the famous Cuban filibuster, the COMMODORE. She had taken us for a revenue cutter and was trying to outrun us. And we, believing her to be a Spanish gunboat trying to shadow us, had been driving at a rapid rate of speed, determined to pass her and get far enough ahead to cross her bow at a safe distance before night, as should the WINONA, the coast guard cutter patrolling Hawk Channel, show up to the westward, and this prove a Spanish gunboat to the southward, with the Florida Keys to the northward, we would be compelled to run back to the eastward, which we did not want to do. In this event, the supposed Spanish gunboat would have the advantage of the Gulf stream current, aiding him about three knots an hour. Although we soon made her out, she was not so fortunate in determining the character of the THREE FRIENDS, as she was a comparatively new boat and known to but few sailors. As soon as we headed the COMMODORE, she turned off at right angles and headed for the Bahama Banks, in a southeasterly direction.

The crew on the MALLORY had become so alarmed at their position, that they had spread every yard of canvass that her spars could hold and she was coming on like a thing of life. In fact, she was so buried in the water by the pressure of the winds on her canvass that all that

was visible of her were her sails and spars.

About ten o'clock the THREE FRIENDS rounded to and anchored close to Indian Key. We immediately lowered our naphtha launch from the davits, and Mr. A. W. Barrs, Colonel Hernandez and Captain Lewis jumped in. They proceeded with all speed through the crooked channel, between the numerous sand bars, that they might get into the wide waters of the Gulf of Mexico before night. Then she could continue on during the night to where the schooner lay anchored with her load of Cuban patriots, who had been waiting so patiently for so many days. Lack of comfort on a small schooner, sixty feet long, for sixty-five men, is very great.

CAPTAIN ELLIOT STRICKEN WITH PARALYSIS

The whole crew alternated in watching on the MALLORY and THREE FRIENDS through the night and until five the next afternoon, when we discovered our launch returning. By looking far beyond her on the horizon, we could see a schooner heading our way. Captain Elliot of the schooner MALLORY, stood with the spy glass in hand watching the approaching vessel, as did also Captain Broward of the THREE FRIENDS; then with raised voices they discussed the situation. Suddenly, Captain Elliot disappeared down in the cabin of his vessel. Soon after Captain Broward was notified by one of the crew of the MALLORY that Captain Elliot was very sick. Going on board, to his keen regret, he found Captain Elliot to be vio-

lently stricken with paralysis.

Returning to the THREE FRIENDS, he told General Colasso the sad and disturbing news, also informing him that he would not tow the MALLORY to Cuba with her captain so desperately ill, but that he would take the MALLORY alongside and load the arms and ammunition she carried onto the THREE FRIENDS. The General said, through this interpreter: "As you please, Captain Broward, we rely upon your judgment." The MALLORY was unloaded with considerable difficulty, on account of the rolling and pitching of both vessels in the choppy sea of the channel. By four in the morning, the unloading of the MALLORY was completed, and she started on her way as rapidly as she could toward Key West. The crew hoped to reach Key West before death seized their brave captain, but although a Cuban had supplied them with medicine for the captain's relief, he died that evening before the vessel reached Key West.

THE "THREE FRIENDS" TAKES ON A CARGO OF PATRIOTS

Immediately upon the departure of the MALLORY, the THREE FRIENDS raised her anchor and ran alongside of the schooner ARDELL, took the Cuban patriots on board, who had for several months been subjected to many hardships and privations - mosquitoes not being the least of them. For much of the time they had been piled up on board of the little schooner, sleeping on the deck, and eating such food as could be cooked on one little stove.

As soon as they were all on board, they called "Good-by" to Mr. Freeman and the captain and crew of the schooner, while the tugboat headed south across Alligator Reef to the open sea. Once out over the reef into the open sea, the sun just rising above the horizon, we gave three long blasts of the whistle, and three loud cheers for "Cuba Libre," then all partook of a good breakfast. After shaking hands all around and becoming acquainted, we began discussing victories on the battlefield and the new republic, none of us at that time being able to even imagine the privations and horrors that were in store for a million and a half of people, whose greatest crime was a desire "for political liberty, and a right to worship God as they pleased." And why not? Did not the citizens of their great sister republic fight for the same privilege?

At about eleven in the morning we came in sight of Double Headed Shot Keys. Captain Broward told General Colasso to get his men ready, as he would land that night. "Why," said General Colasso, "so, quickly, Captain? My people have generally been on shipboard, trying to land and being driven off, for days and sometimes weeks. What time will we be there?" The captain told him that we would have to stay out of sight of land till after dark. The General then asked that if we could look around Salt Key for a schooner that frequently took small quantities of arms and ammunition that would be buried on Salt Key by patriots, being dropped by small boat loads from

passing ships on this isolated key. We looked, but no schooner was there. Our spare time being used up in this way, Captain Broward shaped a course for near the lighthouse at Cardenas on Key Pedro. The light was sighted about nine that night, the light bearing south southeast about ten miles.

ALMOST WRECKED IN THE BREAKERS

Under the agreement with the General, the pilot Santos was to take charge at this point and steer the THREE FRIENDS to the landing point. It was rainy, now, and quite dark; quite a fresh breeze was blowing from the northeast. To the south and west the whole skies were colored with lights from great fires, supposedly from the burning cane fields. Upon taking the wheel, Santos headed the boat south, whereupon Captain Broward ordered him to change her course to southwest. The Cuban objected, but obeyed the order.

In the course of a half hour Santos again headed the boat south, insisting that he was twenty miles west of Pedro lighthouse, as he was out of sight of it. Captain Broward tried to explain to him that he could not see the lighthouse because of the heavy rain that was falling, and not on account of the distance from the lighthouse. He insisted upon running the boat further to the westward, but finally he yielded to the pilot, as far as the course of the boat was concerned, but he stopped the engine and told the mate to throw the lead.

The first time that the lead went overboard the re-

sponse came from below: "No bottom;" next was "Twenty-four feet." The captain rang, "Full speed, astern," but before the headway of the steamer could be stopped, her bow was in the breakers, in twelve feet of water. He continued to back the boat until she was in twenty-four feet of water. Then the pilot said: "This is the place where we desire to land." The anchor, prepared with a rope cable, was soon lowered to the bottom and the steamer swung around. Meanwhile the crew had not been idle. The cargo had all been hoisted on deck, and everything was made ready to assist in the landing as soon as the word was given. The lifeboats were speedily lowered into the water. General Vasques and Charles Silva, with five other Cubans, manned her and started for shore on a reconnoitering expedition.

LANDING IN FULL VIEW OF THE ENEMY

Instead of waiting for the return of this boat, the pilot ordered the other boats launched and loaded. This done, fifteen Cuban troops started for the shore in each of the large boats, together with large quantities of arms and ammunition. They had only been gone a few minutes when two men returned with the first lifeboat, and reported that we were off a Spanish town; that the large building, just visible in the darkness 100 yards on our starboard side, was a Spanish fort. He also reported that General Vasques and four men were guarding the door to the fort, hoping to keep the

guard from coming out. The three large lifeboats had filled with water as they struck the beach, and one of them had gone to pieces. The Cubans were then dividing up the arms and ammunition, and digging holes along the beach with their machetes, in which to bury them.

The General at once ordered Colonel Hernandez to go ashore with the steamer's lifeboats and bring back with him the Cubans that had landed. This information was interpreted to Captain Broward by Colonel Hernandez, as was also the information that the pilot had missed the landing place agreed upon, by a distance of two miles, where they were expecting a conjunction with General Lacrett's force. He suggested to Captain Broward that they would try to get the men back and attempt a landing the next night. Captain Broward suggested, however, that the Spaniards would be so much on the alert the next night that a landing anywhere in the vicinity would be impossible, and he added further that if it were a Spanish town, by landing the whole force of Cubans they might make it a Cuban town before morning. The General responded, "We will go ashore."

MOST REMARKABLE CHIVALRY OF THE CUBANS

When the decision was made, Captain Broward ordered his men to man the boats; this the sailors declined to do. Then the Captain offered to give the Cubans his two boats, but Duke Estrada, noticing the name THREE FRIENDS on the boats, said: "That will not do, Captain,

the Spaniards will apprise your government, when the boats are found, and it will give you away. Your steamer will be seized and this fact will be used as evidence against you." Captain Broward then ordered the name scraped off, but the name was found to be upon the oars and bailer buckets as well. They all insisted that the Captain was taking too much risk.

This chivalry and solicitude on the part of the brave Cubans prevailed, and Captain Broward exclaimed: "I will row you ashore myself." Immediately Mr. Patterson, the second engineer of the THREE FRIENDS, spoke up: "If you are going, I will go with you." Then the two sailors spoke up: "We will go, Captain, if you will send us in separate boats, but we have a quarrel and will not go in the same boat." Captain Broward cheerfully supplied each with a boat. They each took nine Cubans and rowed them to shore; then, returning, took nine more, which made an end of the party.

These last had scarcely left the steamer a moment on their perilous journey ashore, when the searchlight of a small gunboat was thrown on the beach, revealing to the Spaniards the presence of the Cubans on the beach, engaged in burying their arms and ammunition. The Spaniards at once opened fire on the Cubans, while the Cubans fired, in turn, on the searchlight of the gunboat. The light went out immediately. Whether the lens was broken by the Cuban fire, or whether the men on the gunboat thought it wisest to put out the light, we did not know. By this time the whole beach was lit up for a dis-

tance of several hundred yards, by the fire of the Cuban and Spanish magazine guns.

THE "THREE FRIENDS" IN CLOSE QUARTERS

This was exceedingly interesting to the captain and crew of the THREE FRIENDS. The men on board all got their guns ready to repel boarders from the gunboat. Captain Broward ran to the pilot house for his, but while there, by the aid of his spy glass, he discovered a large gunboat off the port bow about a mile. He rushed aft on the upper deck and called to the men below: "Do not use your guns; the fire will attract the attention of a large gunboat on our port side. Get your axes and lie under the bulwarks. If this small gunboat attempts to board us, use them. I promised the sailors that we would not leave them on the beach. Rather than do it, if capture is imminent, I will beach the boat and we will all fight together."

Just then the two boats came alongside, the men pulling with all their might, as one would expect men to row with bullets flying over their heads from many directions. They were just landing the two boat loads of Cubans, within thirty yards of the fort, when the firing began. They left neither friends nor relatives on shore, and their chief desire at this moment was to get back to the United States.

A RACE FOR LIFE

Captain Broward gave the quick commands, "Make the

STATE OF FLORIDA,
OFFICE SECRETARY OF STATE.

I, H. Clay Crawford, Secretary of State of the State of Florida, do hereby certify that

Napoleon B. Broward
was elected *Governor of the*
State of Florida, at the *General*
Election, held on the *eight* day of November, A. D. 190

having received the highest number of votes for said office at said election, the whole
number of votes cast for such office was *36598*, of which

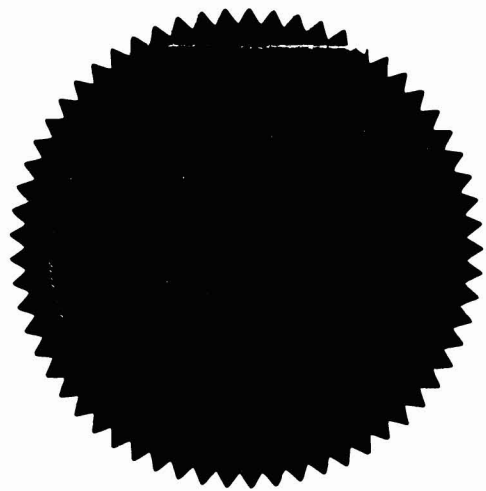
Napoleon B. Broward received *28971* votes,
W. B. Macfarlane received *6357* votes,
W. R. Sealey received *1270* votes,

as shown by the Election Returns on file in this office.

Given under my hand and the Great Seal of the State

of Florida, at Tallahassee, the Capital, this the
1st day of *December*

A. D. 190
H. Clay Crawford
Secretary of State.



Governor Broward's certificate of election; December 1, 1904.

first boat fast to the davits, second fast to the first. Lewis, cut your anchor cable. Dunn, go ahead full speed." And the race for life had begun. I say "race for life," because it meant that, in very truth. Every man on the THREE FRIENDS had heard how Captain Fry and his fifty-eight gallant men, the crew of the ill-fated filibuster VIRGINIUS, had been captured and shot by the Spaniards, in the early 70s [1870s], for work very similar to ours.

The THREE FRIENDS was running parallel to the line of coast, slightly to the northeast, the large Spanish gunboat was headed east, across the THREE FRIENDS' bow. The Spaniard was on the outside of the bay, the FRIENDS still on the inside, and the first streak of light was visible on the eastern horizon, indicating approaching day.

Just above this, and across the whole heavens, there hung dark clouds. A slight rain was falling. In the darkness, the salt spray from the side and bow of the boat made a streak of bright phosphorescent light. Mr. A. W. Barrs had his overcoat wrapped around the binnacle light, leaving only a spot about the size of a dollar visible to Captain Broward, by which to steer his boat. Nearer and nearer the two steamers approached each other. The Spaniard having the shorter course to run, held his comparatively small opponent an easy prey.

WONDERFUL ESCAPE OF THE LITTLE FILIBUSTER

Captain Broward at last gave this order to the mate: "Line all the men up on the port

side and have them ready to get in the boats." "What do you intend doing?" Captain Lewis asked. Captain Broward responded: "I shall run into him as we head, and I believe that both boats will be sunk by the collision. We will have the advantage, though, of having our boats overboard and our men ready. He will have to lower his, and I believe we can get the start and beat them back to the Cubans we have just landed."

On getting nearer to the Spanish cruiser, Captain Broward put his wheel hard a-starboard, and the THREE FRIENDS turned at right angles and headed west. The northeast wind blew the smoke of the THREE FRIENDS back into the bay and the Spanish cruiser, believing that she had doubled on her track, turned her bow toward the bay. The THREE FRIENDS' course was then altered to the northward and headed out of the bay. In another moment they were both lost to each other in darkness and rain.

HOW THE CUBANS FARED

The Cubans ashore were driven from the town, but were met by a detachment of General Lacrett's men who heard the firing. Thus re-inforced, they returned and captured the Spanish garrison on the beach, engaged in hauling the Cuban war materials from the beach to the fort. This done, the Cubans scattered through the town, making themselves more comfortable by replenishing their scanty store of food and raiment. Suddenly they were startled by the roar of cannon and rapid fire gun.

In the confusion that followed, the Spanish troops

escaped into the fort from the small Cuban guard placed over them. The gunboat that was trailing the THREE FRIENDS, as she thought, but was in reality following her receding smoke in toward the bay, was met by her smaller consort who had discovered the Cubans on the beach an hour before, burying their arms and ammunition in holes around the fort. It was the combined cannonading of these two gunboats that now drove the Cuban patriots from the town.

The Cubans too well remembered the total destruction of a similar expedition, landed at this same point, during the ten years war in the early '70s. This point is a narrow neck of land, seaward from Cardenas and Matanzas. The Spanish troops, starting from Cardenas and Matanzas, cut them off and killed every one of them. These Cubans knew there was no time to lose, consequently they immediately started to get off this neck of land to the broad country beyond.

The Spaniards started out from Matanzas and Cardenas as soon as they heard the firing, knowing the enemy must be on this strip of land, not knowing that they had Lacrett's army also to reckon with. The Spaniards were repulsed next day with considerable loss.

THE "THREE FRIENDS" SAFE IN KEY WEST

The THREE FRIENDS, after dodging the Spanish cruiser, made straight for Key West. Suddenly the morning star shone between the rifts of cloud. The engineer, seeing

(BROWARD, continued on p.28)