

Pompano In 1914: Currie's Megaphone

The Best Town In Southeast Florida

George E. Currie of West Palm Beach owned acreage along the Cypress Creek Canal which ran through Pompano. To sell his property he advertised it through two issues of a one-page handout which he paid to have included in the Fort Lauderdale SENTINEL of January 8 and 15, 1915. The January 22, 1915 issue of the SENTINEL carried his full page advertisement which inaugurated Pompano's first land boom.

Mrs. Lucius S. ("Aunt Betty") Warren remembers authoress Mrs. Ollie Tinny as a woman of strong political convictions who ran a small restaurant where the Pompano Beach Mercantile Company is now located on Flagler Avenue. Mrs. Tinny's article appeared in The SENTINEL of January 8, 1915.

CURRIE'S MEGAPHONE

Published as a part of the Fort Lauderdale Sentinel at Fort Lauderdale, Florida.

GEO. E. CURRIE Editor

Like A Letter From Home

It is only once in a while that you can read a correspondent's story in a newspaper that sounds like a letter from home and the Tampa Morning Tribune of December 13th printed such a letter, written by Mrs. Ollie Tinny, of Pompano.

The Megaphone Man has been trying to tell the people of Palm Beach County something of Pompano's advantages but he owns up right here that he has to take off his cap to Mrs. Tinny.

Anybody who has the time is strongly recommended to read this newsy correspondence in the Tampa Morning Tribune and get acquainted with the gossip of Palm Beach County's most southerly town. The fact that the Tampa Morning Tribune published the letter shows that it was worth while.

POMPANO VERITABLE PARADISE ONE OF EAST COAST'S JEWELS

Live Little City Built By Busy
Boosters And Having A Bright Future

By Mrs. Ollie Tinny

Pompano, Dec. 13 — (Special) — In writing my little story about Pompano I will have to look backward about fifteen years that I might make it more impressive as to its growth and prosperity.

Fifteen years carries us back to when the Government surveyor,



For years the Ninety-Nine Club met in Pompano. The membership was composed of those pioneers who came to Pompano in 1898-1899. At the first meeting held on November 22, 1951, reading left to right. Seated: Mrs. Lucius S. (Aunt Betty) Warren, Mrs. Callie Johnson, Mrs. Loucine (S.C.) Fox and Mrs. T.H. Chapman (sister of McNab brothers). Standing: Mr. E.E. Hardy, Mr. W.H. McNab and Mr. R.A. McNab. Of the above, only Aunt Betty Warren remains alive. (Courtesy Mrs. F.K. Walker).

Frank Sheen first put Pompano on the map.

At that time there were large schools of pompano fish in the ocean and canal near the town. So after studying over an appropriate name, it is said that while feasting on one of the delicious fish, the thought came to him that as the fish was claimed to be the best in the sea, so the beautiful tract of land he had found, with its various advantages for farming and town, would be very appropriately named if called Pompano. Hence the name.

At that time there were a few people living along the ocean beach, and there was a small building on the banks of the canal that runs from Miami to Jacksonville, which was used for a postoffice. I.I. Hardy was one of the first settlers here, and he is beautifully located on the canal, and in the hearing of the murmur of the restless

waves of the great Atlantic. He is also a successful farmer in this section. His son, M.D. Hardy, better known as Mack is our postmaster.

J.A. Saxon is also one of the first settlers here after the F.E.C. Railroad came through. He was a section master at that time, and is one of the largest property owners here now. L.R. Smoak of Fairfield, with his family, is also another one of the first settlers here, and lived in a palmetto shack the first year, 'til he could raise a little crop. Then in the summer time he went out on the ocean beach and picked up the drift lumber and made himself a more comfortable house. When the time came to farm he would try again, year after year lifting himself a little higher, until he now has a comfortable home, and is still growing his crops the year 'round.

After the railroad came thru, Mr. Flagler furnished fertilizer for those

who would, to grow tomatoes, and that he might draw the people to this section and help to build up this beautiful field that offers so much to the poor man.

Pompano is the choice section on the East Coast, if the world ever finds it out. But the farmers who have lived here up to the last year or two have tried to keep the grand possibilities that are here hid from the outside world, so as to hold it themselves, but as some of the land owners mortgaged their lands to the bank that they might be able to have larger farms, overdid themselves, and the bank had to take the lands, and by so doing they have opened a way for men of money to come in and improve the lands that only need a little help to be the prettiest city on the East Coast.

Year after year the farmers have shipped hundreds of carloads of tomatoes, peppers, cukes, beans, eggplants, melons and pineapples, while the towns north and south of us have shipped their fifties.

More Business

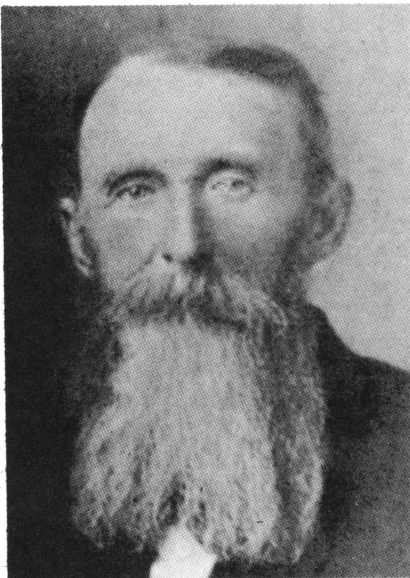
There is more business done in Pompano than any other two towns of its size along the coast. This is the only town on the East Coast that is not made up principally of Northern people. There are no Northern people in the place except the barber, who has moved here during the past two months. The population consists of Florida, Georgia, Alabama and Carolina people. The barber came from Philadelphia.

The first days of Pompano were considerably marred by a class of rough people, who like to drink and fight, thus making it very undesirable for those who were used to better things. But, as time rolls on, there have come into the country people who tried to overcome these undesirable things, and to upbuild and help towards the betterment of the place. So today we have a start that makes us proud to own Pompano as our town.

The men who once tried to dry the state by drinking all the whiskey in it up, have reformed, and are today the leading men in the town, and are doing all in their power to catch up with the lost time and double their efforts in making the town second to none along the line.

We have a nice little church, dedicated to the M.E. Conference, but used by all of the different denominations, which are Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterians, Lutheran and Episcopalian. We have a fine Sunday School,

with an enthusiastic crowd of little folks. We have one of the best day schools in the state with two teachers. We have a wooden building now, but have the money for a fine stone building, with a donation of four acres to build on as soon as we can get to it, but the work is crowded on the people faster than they have time to fill. We have one of the most enthusiastic Boards of Trade that any town can boast of. We also have a Town Council that keeps things on the move. At



Isaac I. Hardy who came to Pompano from Hypoluxo in 1899. Hardy served on the first Board of County Commissioners, Broward County. This picture was taken about 1905. His only surviving child is Mrs. Lucius S. (Aunt Betty) Warren. (Courtesy Mrs. Lucius S. (Aunt Betty) Warren).

one time the health of our town was very bad on account of the unsanitary conditions in which those who came here to farm and ship their stuff would leave refuse. Cull tomatoes were left rotten in and around their places of packing, and thus causing flies to breed, and a great deal of malaria, for those who make their home here. But since the Town Council got busy and said "thus far and no further, shalt thou go," we have had as good health as any town in the state. And since that canal that leads to the health as any town in the state. And since that canal that leads to the ocean from the Everglades has been here it is the very healthiest town along the line.

We have no doctor and seldom have to call for one. There have been very

few deaths in the whole existence of the place. It is a common sight to see the native inhabitants, the Seminole Indians, on our streets with their coats of many colors, and the last season there was a camp of them in town, while the huckleberry season was on. After they were gone some of the "bucks" picked tomatoes for their daily wage the same as other men. It is common to see them dressed in citizen's clothing, and riding bicycles, the same as our own boys. This is a sight that a great many towns of our state have never seen.

For Good Roads

The Good Roads Committee has been trying to come to a decision as to the best way to get bonds for repairing the roads in our country, which are very much in need of repairs. Our climate is beyond compare, having never suffered from the cold or the heat. In the past six years there has been three light frosts, two of them occurring last year. In summer there is no time of day that one can't get outside in the shade and have the most delightful breezes off the ocean, and scarcely ever a night comes that a light covering towards morning is not comfortable. Never winter, never summer, but always pleasant.

The soil, like the climate, is beyond compare. The pumpkins grow wild, running over the trees like grapevines, sweet potatoes also climb over the banks of the canal, and over the shrubbery, like morning glories. The woods are full of the most beautiful flowers, winter and summer. The yellow cosmos over the whole woods, and farms as soon as the vegetables are gone. Our streams are full of fish, our glades with birds, and deer, wild turkey scratch in our gardens. The mockingbird, redbird, wren, sparrow, Florida canary and hundreds of other lovely kinds, sing around our doors.

Our lands are covered with the beautiful cabbage palm, spruce, date, coconut, myrtle, bay and willow trees and others too numerous to mention. Sea grapes, wild grapes and coconuts are always on the banks of the canal and there is no time of year that we can't have fresh vegetables, just for the planting. But the improvement of the last year has been more than all the years before.

The most beautiful and best equipped home in our town is that of our enterprising mayor, T. Sol Beville, C.D. Hinson, president of the Board of Trade, also has a nice home: R.A. Hardin, vice-president, also has a new house which adds greatly to the



The newly finished Pompano Woman's Club Building in 1912, with Aunt Betty Warren relaxing on the veranda. The great American political leader William J. Bryan spoke at the dedication. (Courtesy of Mrs. Lucius S. (Aunt Betty) Warren).

town: M.H. Hardy, a new house, George Dorn and Mrs. S.H. Hamilton, a new house. Then W.H. McNabb has a large store building, with overhead for a town hall, in which we expect to have a moving picture apparatus installed in the near future. All these things have been built within the last three months.

Among the greatest boosters is George G. Currie, of West Palm Beach. Mr. Currie is a hustler everywhere he goes, and since he owns a nice piece of property in the center of the town, he has decided to fix it so that those around him may catch the inspiration. He is having his eight acres, which lie directly on Ocean Way, cleared off, the banks of the canal flattened out over the lower places, with paved walks, rustic bridge, boulevards, streets and everything attractive done to his property to beautify it. He has also given the Board of Trade (of which he is an active member), three very fine lots with riparian rights along the canal, on which it is to build a \$3,000 house to be used by the board, and any other public service for which the people see fit to use it. The town at large, almost unanimously, belongs to the board, men, women and children.

The youngest member of the board is just one year old, has one share in the building, and can boast of something that few children can. His father is only nineteen years old, and he has five living grandmothers. His great-grandmother is Mrs. Elizabeth J. Smith of Clearwater; his great-grandmother is Mrs. James J. Garrison of Sutherland; his two grandmothers are

Mrs. N.E. Jenkins of Ozona and Mrs. Ollie Tinny, also of Pompano; his only grandfather is Ollie Tinny, also of Pompano. He boasts the name of Henry Oliver Vivian Tinny.

There are many pretty homes on the line between Miami and West Palm Beach, but none of the towns have any more beautiful location than Pompano for building sites. The Hillsborough flashlight is only four miles away, and is the inspiration for many a fish fry and holiday outing, as there are fine fishing and bathing ground there.

We have the best drive to the ocean beach of any place along the coast, and parties from Deerfield to Dania come to the beach for their fun and camping trips. Hundreds of autos and motorcycles pass our door every week. We have two general merchandise stores, a meat market, which keeps fresh meat all the year round; a pool room, a barber shop, an ice cream parlor, a park and pavilion, good school, and church, and a fine lot of people.

We have ice delivered at our doors three times a week, and almost everything we need, and in a few more months such as the last we will have electric lights, water and an ice plant of our own.

Pompano's Need

We need a newspaper now and a drug store. It would be nice to have a doctor, although there is not much business in that line here now. We need a photographer, a dentist and a brass band.

Among those who plant the largest acreage are the Blount brothers. H.

Campbell, commonly known as "Capt.", the McNabb brothers, R.A. Hardin, Carlton Marshall, Bough Smith, T. Sol Beville and Dexter Smith. There are many others who farm from ten to thirty acres, and there is more money handled here than in any town of its population and size that I have ever known. There is one hotel known as Hotel de Pompano, one Wayside Inn and several boarding houses, with five large packing houses and several small ones. We have about fifteen automobiles and several motorcycles in town, owned by our Townspeople. We only have about three hundred inhabitants, with about the same number of colored. Many immigrants from Nassau come here to work, and without the colored man's help farming would be a hard proposition. We have a class of darkies who believe in improvements, as they have nice homes and churches, and are very strict in their religious duty.

The citrus industry is just beginning to be taken up in Pompano. Carlton Marshall has about 2,000 fine four-year-old trees which are bearing, and looking fine. There are other trees in town which have never had work or fertilizer that are loaded with fine grapefruit, showing that if the people here would turn their attention in that direction they could raise the citrus crops with as much ease as they grow their vegetables, with no fear of ever losing them with cold.

The sand is coarse and soft in most of the country and sweet potatoes grow to such a size that it is impossible to use some of them without first chopping them up with a hatchet. Those raising potatoes for sale, have to pick out the small ones to sell, and keep the largest ones for home use, on account of their immense size.

The rubber tree grows wild, also the spider lily, and canna lily. The attractions of Pompano are too numerous to mention. Almost every home has pianos, organs, and other musical instruments, which makes home more attractive, and many enjoyable suppers and good times are furnished by the Women's Civic Improvement Club. All town improvements are taken in hand by the club, and the men always support them very loyally. Through the packing season the population is more than double, and the stores fare fine while it lasts.

W.H. Shuford is one of the greatest boosters we have, and is doing everything that lies in his power for the uplift and betterment of the place he calls his home. Capt. Walter Smith is

COME TO POMPANO

Free Auto Trip! Free Presents!

The Season's Opportunity
in Land Values!

Autos Will Leave

HOTEL GILBERT 11:30 A. M.

Friday, January 22. The Trip is Free!

Dinner will be Served by the Ladies
of the Pompano Civic Association

Free Pianos; Guaranteed Ladies' and Gentlemen's Gold
Watches and Other Presents will be Distributed Absolutely
FREE!

But the Biggest Inducement is your opportunity to buy at
Your Own Price a piece of valuable Florida Real Estate.
Business Lots in the Thriving Town of Pompano, and Farm
Property nearby, at Your Own Valuation.

Do Not Forget

CASSEL'S HAMMOCK

the Finest Citrus Fruit and Vegetable Land to be found in
Palm Beach county. Land no better sells at one to two
thousand dollars per acre. You make the price on this.
Everything must go at bidder's figure.

Sale will be conducted by
DAMMERS & GILLETTE
Famous New York Auctioneers.

Remember the Date: **JANUARY 22 and 23.**

If the weather should be bad, the Sale will be held the first good day.



Aunt Betty Warren driving her buggy in 1912 on what is now Atlantic Boulevard and 15th Avenue, Pompano Beach. (Courtesy Mrs. Lucius S. (Aunt Betty) Warren).

another booster and C.D. Hinson, S.H. Slaughter, our estimable marshal, is another old settler and booster. Ollie Tinny, proprietor of the Hotel de Pompano, is another red-hot booster. Perry & Weels, owners of the hotel and other valuable property in our town, are residents of West Palm Beach. But are helping to make the ball roll for Pompano. We need a bank here, along with our other needs, and some man who has the capital could make a good thing by coming to our town and supplying some of these needs.

Our Board of Trade has just lately started, but already the streets and roads show a great improvement over what they were a month ago. The members appointed two captains, and they choose sides to begin a contest in reaching the century number. The losing side is to treat the winning side to a chicken dinner at the park, where they will invite all members from other towns, and everybody expected a fine large time. The ladies will attend to the pastry side of the picnic, while the gentlemen will roast the pig, make the pillau, etc.

Another one of our most influential men, and our leading merchant, is John W. Walton. He is one of the directors in the board, and is a strong beam in the construction of our town. He was for many years depot agent

here, and there were through the shipping season generally two assistants. But about the first of June, 1914, he gave up his position with the F.E.C. R.R., bought out W.H. McNabb's stock of goods and went into the store business. His business is on the increase, and bids fair to grow into one of the largest along the coast. C.D. Hinson is one of the enterprising real estate men who is working to bring people to our town by giving them some real bargains in the land proposition.

There are several neat cottages on the ocean beach that are a great boon to the people in summer to camp for a few days, after which they come back home feeling like they had been to the seashore for a summer vacation. The beautiful royal poinciana is one of our common trees and through the spring its bower of gorgeous blossoms is a sight well worth going miles to see. This is the home of the avocado pear and the mango and the banana, and there are miles and miles of pineapples, with fruit on almost the year 'round. Then the guavas grow to be so large that sometimes we have picnics under their leafy bowers, and there is scarcely ever a time in the year when you can't pick fresh fruit from them. We also have every known shrub and flower growing either wild or cultivated in our community. In the past six

years, according to Dr. Walton's books, we have made an average of 400,000 packages per season, which shows that there is some truck raised in our section.

Since the drainage of the glades by the Pompano canal, it has brought into cultivation many more acres of tenable land, and also made it possible for the farmers to bring their truck to the market by way of water, which saves a great deal on their teams. Fred Alexander, who farms in the 'Glades, about five miles out of town, has just finished a lighter with a large engine, which he expects to use to bring in his own as well as his neighbor's truck. The lighter is ten by thirty feet and will haul several hundred crates per load.

The canal has also drained the muck and prairie lands near in, and made it into a fine loamy soil where it once was tended by hoe altogether, as it was too soft for a horse to walk in. We are called the "half-way town", as we are just half way between the two famous Flagler cities, Miami and Palm Beach, being just thirty-three miles from here to either one of them. After the overflow in the fall of the year, or our rainy season, it is safe to plant on the low lands, but before the rains those who risk it generally lose their first planting. Along the canal, which is twelve miles in length, you can catch all kinds of fish that live in both fresh and salt water, from the grouper to the little war-mouth perch, all in the same place. This used to be



The popular Aunt Di Newbold who came to Pompano in 1907 and for a generation and a half worked for the white families of the town. The Isaac I. Hardy family considered her a member of their household. This picture was taken in 1959. (Courtesy of Mrs. Lucius S. (Aunt Betty) Warren).



The members of the Ninety-Nine Club and their spouses. Front row, left to right: Mrs. T.H. Chapman, Mrs. Loucine Fox (S.C.) Fox and her sister Mrs. O.K. (Callie) Johnson, Mrs. R.A. McNab, Mrs. E.E. Hardy, Mrs. Lucius S. (Aunt Betty) Warren and Mrs. Roland Hardy. Rear row, left to right: Messrs. T.H. Chapman, W.H. McNab, R.A. McNab, E.E. Hardy, Lucius S. Warren and Roland Hardy. (Courtesy Mrs. F.K. Walker).

a great storm center and after the great storm of 1907, when it blew down the houses and very few more left except the F.E.C depot, and most of the trees were swept away leaving our country bare and cold-looking.

We have missed the storm. Beautiful spruce trees now cover the bare places and the blown-down houses have been replaced by better ones. For several years the people would not build a two-story house, and would put long poles all around their houses, for fear of the return of the storm. But for the past two years they have removed their props and begun to raise their houses.

This is no-fence country, and that is a great saving to those who plant

large farms. Mr. Pitchford, our great bean raiser has his farm out in the edge of the 'glades. His place is called the "Pioneer Farm." He has several hundred acres under cultivation, and does a good business every year.

The Ulmstead brothers, who live three miles out, have large farms, and make a large amount of money each year. They come from Live Oak.

Several letters of inquiry have been received from the north and from other states, in answer to publications put in the local papers describing Pompano and its advantages. And the prospects are now that the people at large, hearing through the papers of our fair land of flowers and fruit, it will not be long until we can boast of

all the deficiencies, and our prosperity will be assured.

Many new houses are planned for the next slack season, but through the farming season, which begins in September or October at the latest, the farmers will not take the time to work at the carpenter business.

There have been between twenty-five and thirty houses built in the past three months, counting both white and colored, and more would have been built if the cropping season had not come on. If the people will keep up the present enthusiasm until the crops are made, and they are as successful in money matters as in the past seasons we will expect much greater things for Pompano.

Home Folks Town

Have you noticed that most cities
Like most people are the same;
That they have their little foibles
And are otherwise to blame?
Some are stylish as they make 'em;
Others perhaps somewhat fast;
While others are so straightlaced
You must squint to travel past,
Have you noticed when you visit
In such cities it takes time
To catch on to all their wrinkles
And get used to change of clime?
'Til you long to cast their capers
And upon their jigs to frown;
And you sigh for ease and comfort

In some honest home folks town,
In some honest home folks town!
Where the people treat you brown;
Where you are not always primping,
Or compelled to simmer down;
But can do just as you want to
In some honest home folks town.

If you're searching such a haven
I can steer you as you go
For I've had luck to find one
In the town of Pompano.
And you're free to use my knowledge
If you'll promise me for sure
That you'll take a train tomorrow
To this town that must endure
To this town in Palm Beach County

Where the Gulf Stream warms the
sand
Where the breeze is ever fanning
Miles of eager fertile land;
Where canals take surplus moisture,
And the orange blossoms blow:
And where home folks make you welcome
At the town of Pompano,
At the town of Pompano
Where you surely ought to go
If you hope for ease and comfort
And for a wealth without its show;
And a Home Folks Town you'll call it
When you get to Pompano.

GEORGE GRAHAM CURRIE