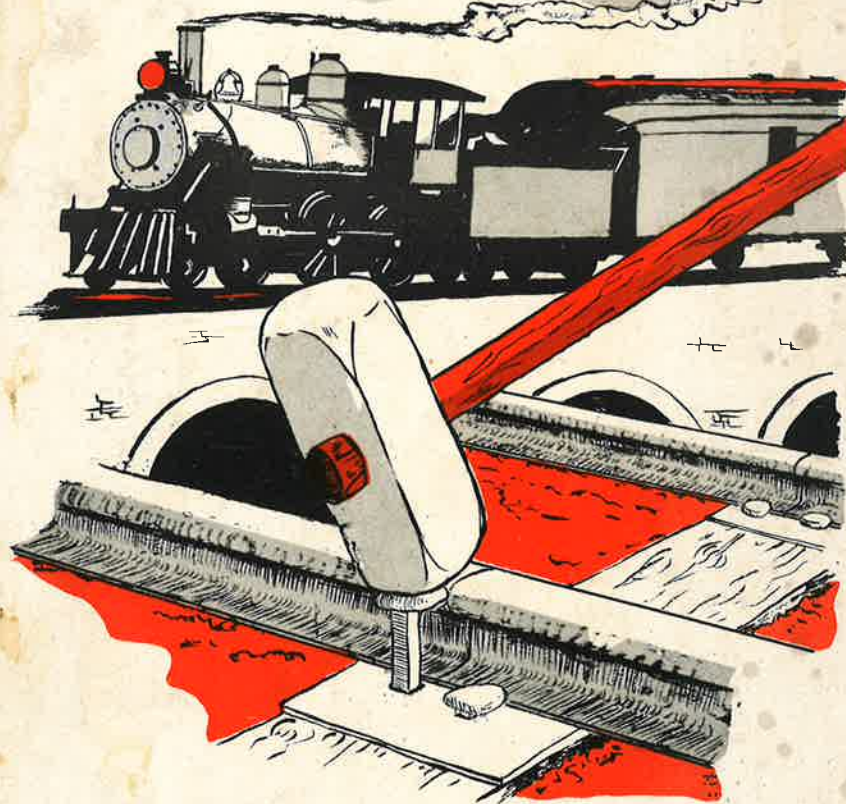
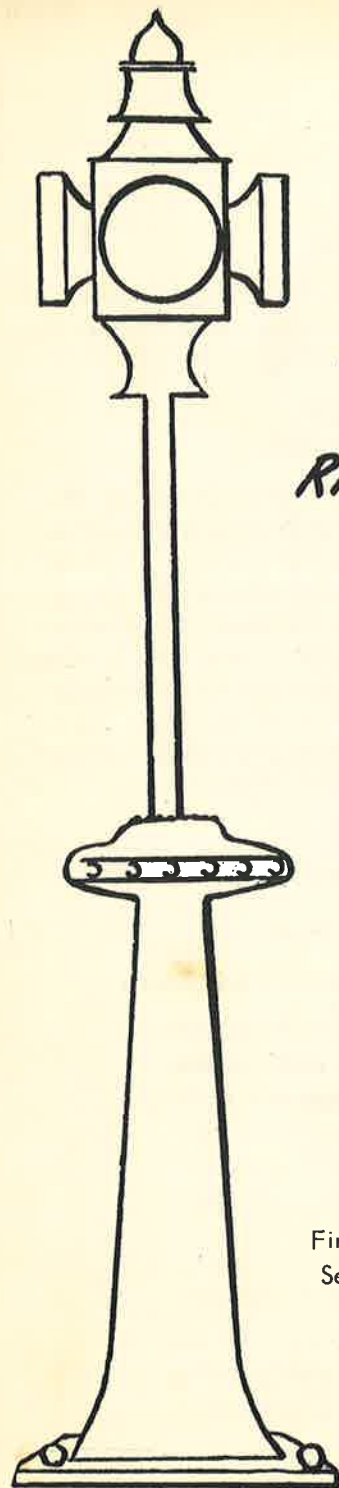


AT THE EDGE
OF THE
RAILROAD

by Richard M. Fales





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THE
RAILROAD by Richard
Fales*

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By Richard M. Fales

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DEDICATION

I would like to dedicate this book to my wife who, during a year of research, planning and writing, was constantly encouraging my work on this composition.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The author would like to thank the following people: Mrs. Dorothy Kongas for checking my grammatical construction and for typing the manuscripts for the printers; Mr. Fred Hotchkiss for ideas and encouragement; Mayor Del Layton for lending me Zane Grey's "Tales of Fishes"; Mr. Spencer Houston for information concerning the Long Key Fishing Camp; the F.E.C. officials in St. Augustine for information and material; Mr. and Mrs. S.E. Moyers for their aid in publication, and all those connected with the various railroad finds.

PHOTO CREDITS

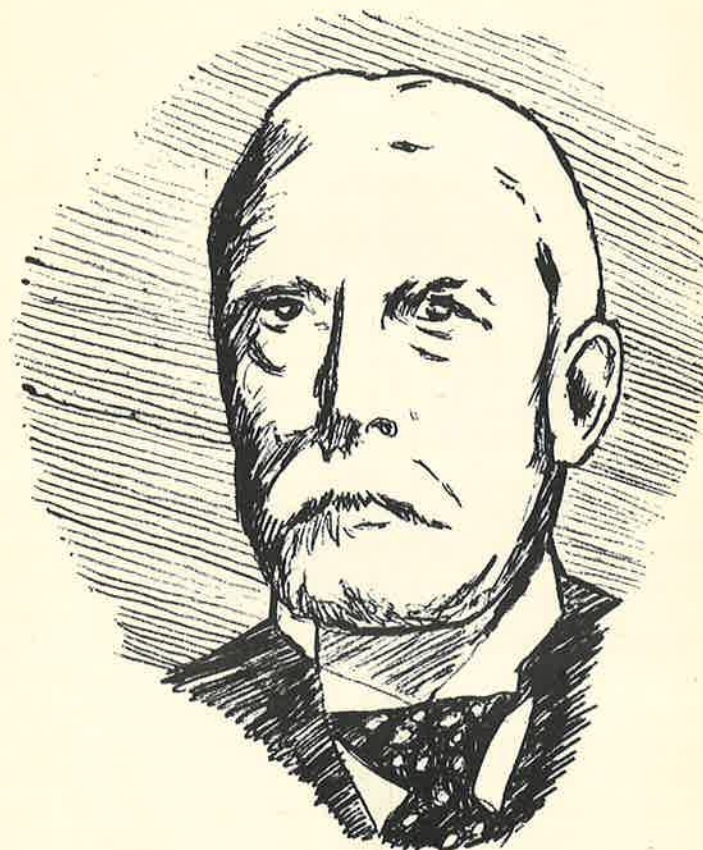
SOUTH FLORIDA RAIL SALES
F.E.C. RAILWAY
COURTESY OF ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN RAILROADS
HARRY M. WOLFE

ILLUSTRATIONS

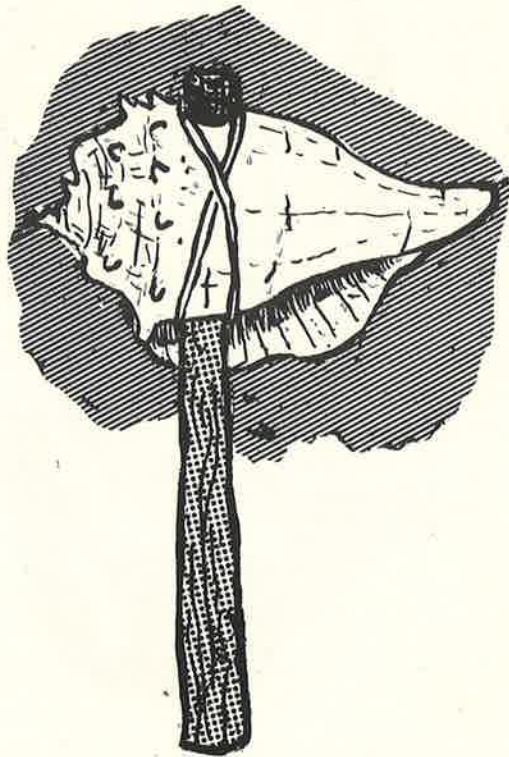
BY RICHARD M. FALES

PHOTOS

BY S.E. MOYERS AND ARTHUR HALLANDER



Henry Morrison Flagler was born January 2, 1830 at Hopewell, New York, son of a Presbyterian minister. His dream was to extend the Florida East Coast Railway from Homestead, Florida, to Key West. Many thought him mad and referred to "the railroad that went to sea as 'Flagler's Folly.'" Despite the critics, Flagler's private car rolled into Key West January 22, 1912. With his dream fulfilled Flagler died the following year in Palm Beach.



Conch shells were used by the Caloosa Indians on Long Key more than 200 years ago, a hole was bored through the shell and a sturdy limb was used as a handle for the club, Conch clubs like this one have been found by Professor Glen Miller, a winter resident of Layton Florida, and the author.

INTRODUCTION

A string of islands reach some 180 miles from Biscayne Bay to the lonely shores of Dry Tortugas. Within this chain is a curious shaped island that resembles the head of a viper with its mouth gaping. The Spanish explorers called it "Rattlesnake Key" but we know it today as Long Key. Long Key lies half way between Homestead and Key West. Archaeological evidence has shown that the earliest inhabitants of this island were the Caloosa Indians.

Hernando d'Escalante Fontaneda was shipwrecked on the Florida coast in 1545. His records tell of the existence of two Caloosa Indian villages in the Keys. This once powerful tribe ruled Florida for hundreds of years but because of European diseases and Spanish slave raids they vanished from the Keys about 1763.

During the 16th and 17th centuries the crude ships of the Spaniards sailed offshore carrying tons of gold and silver, which had been mined and stolen from Central and South America. At times the winds of mighty hurricanes would rise violently, dashing many of the treasure ships into the reefs, ripping out their bottoms and spilling their fortunes along the ocean floor.

The Plate Fleet of 1733 was returning to Spain loaded with a tremendous wealth of gold and silver. As the Fleet passed offshore of Long Key, gales were beginning to roar in the face of an approaching hurricane. The waves rose in great swells. The winds were powerful, so powerful that the ships could not carry their sails. In desperation the sails were hauled down, but this was not to be the salvation for the





250 year old black glass bottles from the Spanish Gallions are uncovered on Long Key.

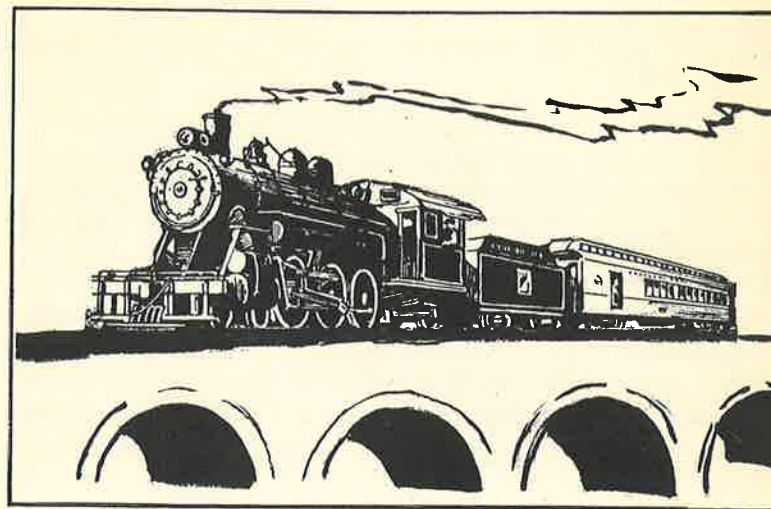
doomed men of the Plate Fleet. The high sides of the vessels caught the winds, as much as the sails, rendering the ships helpless.

Suddenly there came that sound, that most terrifying sound that causes cold chills to run down the back of every sailor, forcing him to cry out in agony and pray as he has never prayed before. It was an ear-shattering sound of violence, of thousands of tons of wood, iron, and men being torn to pieces by the reefs. All nineteen ships were lost and still lie in their watery graves just north of Long Key.

In 1861 the Civil War began. A new breed of ships journeyed to and fro along the shores of Long Key to the Union Forts at Key West.

Time moved on and the year 1904 arrived. It was in that year that Henry M. Flagler started the most fantastic venture in railroad history, just south of Homestead. As the rails were being laid and the spikes were driven into place, Flagler's steel-driving army headed toward Long Key, an island that neither Flagler nor his men could ever forget.

NOW TRAVEL WITH US TO ANOTHER AGE, AN AGE WHEN THE RAILROAD WAS KING!



CHAPTER ONE THE IRON SEA HORSE

Eight years of sweat and toil along with 125 miles of treacherous swamp, snakes, insects, disease and unexplored islands lay before Flagler and Joseph R. Parrot, his general manager. Supplies were brought from everywhere. The sharpest minds and best equipment were transported down to the Keys for the tremendous undertaking. Flagler ordered concrete all the way from Belgium and Germany. All materials were of the highest quality and finances were never lacking. Some have figured the cost of the Railroad at fifty million dollars.

J.C. Meredith, an engineer of outstanding ability, was the first chief construction engineer. Mr. Meredith began his work July 2, 1904 just south of Homestead.

Men from all over the world gathered under the hot blazing Florida sun to battle nature and fatigue. More than 50,000 men were employed by the Florida East Coast Railroad in order to complete the extension.

The problems were astronomical. Water was scarce. So cisterns were built to catch the rain, but still the shortage existed. Sickness and the dangers of the work brought despair and death to the crew of the Iron Sea Horse. More than 700 men violently lost their lives in either hurricanes or construc-



FLORIDA EAST COAST RAILWAY COMPANY
FLAGLER SYSTEM

Official emblem of the F.E.C. note the train crossing the viaduct. Although the F.E.C. emblem of today does not show the locomotive and viaduct this out-dated seal is mounted above the entrance to the F.E.C. office in Saint Augustine.

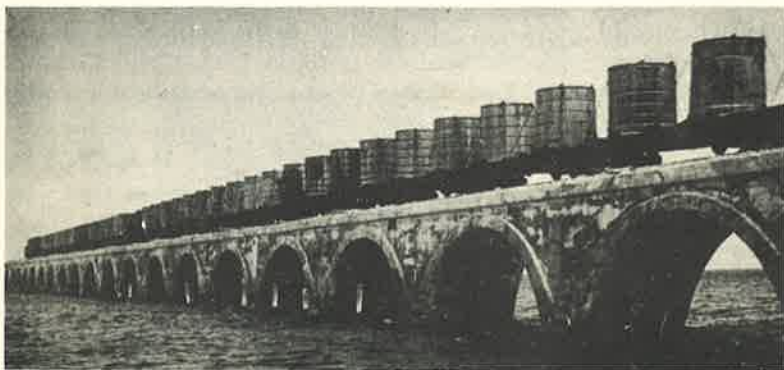
tion accidents as the workers struggled on toward Key West.

Hospitals with physicians and surgeons had to be maintained at each major work camp.

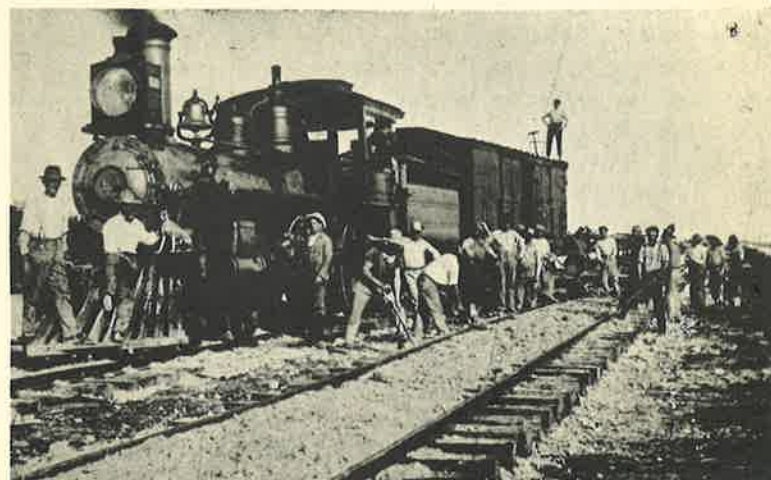
In the year 1906 the first wave of Flagler's sun-browned army moved in and set up camp on the upper end of Long Key. The island was beautiful and peaceful like the quiet before a storm. The bite of "Rattlesnake Key" was yet to come.

A second work camp was set up on the bay side just below what is now the city of Layton. Each day the locomotive would bring in needed materials from Central Supply, which is now called Indian Key Fill. The loads were heavy and the engine struggled along at speeds not in excess of twenty miles per hour.

Still more labor poured onto the island. Machinery and materials of all types were brought in for the mammoth tasks that lay before them. A right-of-way was being cut for the



In the year 1912 A steam locomotive hauls cypress water tanks, filled with fresh water, on the Long Key Viaduct.



Number 19, one of the old 4-4-0's used during the early construction of the "Overseas Railroad." This photo was taken at Long Siding, south of Homestead, November, 1906.

grade. Scores of men were busy chopping down trees and clearing the brush.

One of the greatest thorns in the side of the Flagler crew was not much larger than the head of a pin. Millions upon millions of mosquitoes swarmed from the swamps and wooded areas of Long Key. Because of this pest all buildings and places where the men bunked were screened. Immense quantities of pyrethum powder and smudge pots were used to drive away the black parasites. But with all this it proved only to be a temporary remedy. Sometimes the mosquitoes could be seen moving in enormous dark clouds, thick enough to blot out the sun. If a man was working in the underbrush he would inhale, and with the air, he would suck dozens of mosquitoes into his nostrils and his mouth. Next to anything else the mosquito was number two on the list for driving men to quit the construction of the Florida East Coast Extension.

Fresh water was now being consumed at a rate of 4,500,000 gallons a month, which was the equivalent of 700 carloads.

Henry Flagler's convictions led him away from the use of any intoxicating beverages; thus his crew had to follow his example. Despite Flagler's command of abstinence, "Booze Boats" were dispatched in secret from Key West carrying

every conceivable type of alcoholic beverage to the frustrated crew of the Iron Sea Horse.

Several booze peddlers became very unhappy when a railroad gang foreman literally parted their hair with bullets fired from his gun.

With unending drive the crew continued working toward the Long Key Viaduct construction site. About three-quarters of a mile from the Viaduct work camp the Rossmore siding was constructed, which ran adjacent to the beach on the ocean side. In later years the siding was also used as a retreat for private cars of the railroad executives.

Flagler was very rich but with his wealth he carried deep religious convictions planted in his heart by his father who was a Presbyterian minister. He knew there was a spiritual vacuum in the lives of his crew. Because of his religious devotion he was pleased when members of the clergy were sent from Key West to hold regular services for his men.

The days fled into weeks and the weeks into months, and with the sweat came \$1.25 a day. Room and board plus hospitalization was free; Flagler tried to do his best for the laboring men. But there was one thing that he could not do. And this was to spare them from the fury, the agony and the horror that was yet to come.



Long Key Viaduct, 1909, Belgium concrete was below the water line, above water, American cement.

CHAPTER TWO

DEATH RIDES THE WIND

For those who were building the Viaduct it had been a full day. Thus far there had been thirteen piers constructed and work on this fabulous structure was well under way. But unknown to the one thousand men living aboard the quarter boats, October the 17th, 1906, would be a day that would be branded into their memories for as long as they lived.

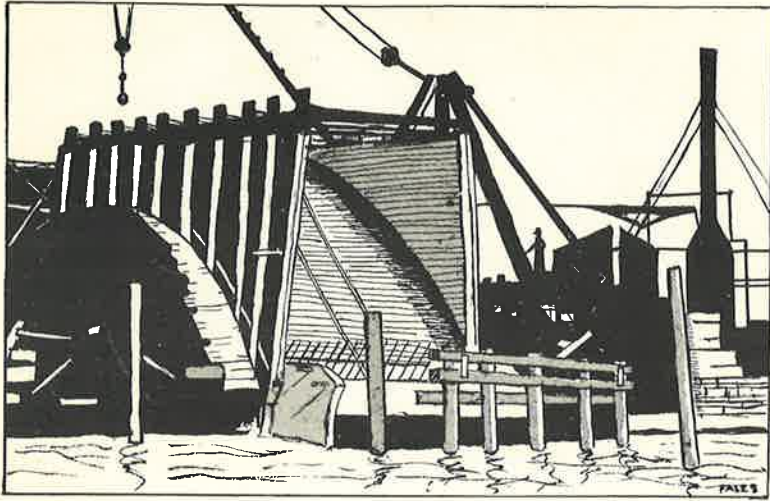
Each of the quarter boats was actually a large barge, equipped with a bunkhouse that would accommodate some two hundred men. Earlier that day fifty new recruits had arrived and had been assigned housing on quarter boat four.

During the work of the day the laborers kept an eye on the clouds that were rolling in. All day the wind had been slowly rising. The waters became choppy. The stench of rotten seaweed became more nauseating as the day continued.

Night fell and the wind still persisted. Quarter boat three and four were secured for fear of being driven out to sea.

The hours dragged on toward midnight and a report was heard that the winds had now reached hurricane force.

The groans and gagging of the seasick crew could be heard above the howling wind. Up and down, down and up, then jolt after jolt jarred the bewildered men as many of them wondered what a hurricane could do.



The giant arches of the Long Key Viaduct were formed as pictured above.

It was now six in the morning. The winds were coming in gusts of more than 120 miles per hour. The next thought was to get the men to higher ground, but not a single craft with gasoline power could be started.

From the north the winds began to blow, wrenching quarter boat number four with great thrusts. At seven-thirty that morning, the cables anchoring the craft snapped and the barge smashed headlong into the pilings. Suddenly there was a crash followed by the tinkling of flying glass. The wind whistled through the open windows as the screens that covered them tore loose and fluttered in the wind.

Quarter boat three also ripped loose from its bonds but was driven into shallow water just offshore. The crew of 150 men scurried from the craft and charged onto the beach. Some crawling, others running, they drove forward through the fierce winds and sought shelter beneath a myriad of coconut palms.

Quarter boat number four crashed into the last pier, rounded it and moved swiftly southward across Hawk's Channel and out toward the Gulf Stream.

Below deck the water was flooding into the engine room. An air of horror swept over the ill-fated crew of the



The wind and sea had been rising all day. The smell of rotten seaweed filled the air. All eyes of the quarter boats watched the sky as men hoped and prayed that they were not on the fringe of an approaching hurricane.

quarter boat. Some became frantic and climbed into the ceiling of the bunkhouse hoping to keep out of the water just a little longer. Others cried.

There were men aboard the barge that could not swim. The Chief Steward and others knew they would drown. These men gathered anything they could find and stuffed it into the over-sized pockets of the pilot coats. Among their first aid supplies was a good supply of laudanum, a drug used for killing pain. Each man drank about half a cup; then they wrapped themselves in blankets and crawled up onto the dining tables and laid down. Slowly their eyes closed and they slipped off into eternity.

At nine o'clock a groan came from the structure of the tortured quarter boat. The barge reared up without warning and exploded into a thousand pieces. In an instant forty men were crushed to death by the collapsing barge. Bodies were hurled through the air and into the chilly waters. One man scrambled for his life as he pulled himself up between two timbers that lay crisscross. The timbers abruptly snapped together like the closing of a giant pair of scissors. His chest was ripped open and then in a second he too slipped beneath the waves.

Ten more men clung to a raft of splintered fragments of the wreck. Two others, father and son, grasped tightly to a trunk filled with cherished family heirlooms.

The waves reached up as high as a three story building and broke with the sound of thunder.

Two more men climbed aboard the cypress water tank that had broken away from the barge.

The sea boiled for hours as men prayed and hoped.

It was afternoon now and everyone noticed that the winds had begun to subside and the sky had begun to clear.

At four P.M. a ship was sighted in the distance. The "Jenny" plowed through the water with the beauty of a rescuing angel and picked up the first of the overjoyed survivors.

It was five P.M. The eyes of two battered railroad men fell on the "Jenny" as she bobbed up and down toward them as they clung to the unsteady water tank. The ship circled for hours picking up a total of forty-nine men. The survivors were treated and then were taken to Key West.

Two days passed before the final survivors were rescued. They were picked up by the tramp steamer "Alten" and taken to Savannah, Georgia. Others were picked up and taken as far away as Liverpool, England.

The two men who had clung to the trunk were rescued by different ships and each thought the other was dead. Later the father and son were reunited and joy filled their hearts as they found each other alive. The ten men that had been

taken to Savannah, returned after a brief rest, and continued their work. However, only seventy-two of the total of quarter boat four were rescued.

The railroad had been taught a lesson that would not be forgotten. They had learned of the fury of a hurricane. Within the space of one second enough energy to equal twenty atom bombs had been released.

Greeks, Italians, Cubans, Negroes and Whites returned to their jobs. But many of them were afraid to be working on the extension now. To combat this, wives and families were brought to Long Key to live during the construction of the railroad across the island and the building of the Viaduct. As August of the following year approached they were moved to the mainland during the hurricane season.



Hand car on the tracks of the Long Key Viaduct. Note double tracks, which is standard construction on bridges, to prevent wheels from derailing.

CHAPTER THREE

DIGGING UP THE PAST

The Flagler Railroad has vanished into history. The tracks are gone and the railroad bed is covered with asphalt. Each day thousands of trucks, cars and buses roar over its surface speeding to and from Key West.

On the lower end of Long Key there still stands a monument to the supreme engineering of the Flagler crew. The Viaduct reaches 2.15 miles over water and then comes to rest on a little island. After a long period of construction the railroad picked up and moved on toward Key West, leaving behind the articles of refuse that would someday become a part of history.

Fred Hotchkiss, a retired railroad man, aroused my interest with tales of the Florida East Coast Extension. He had recently found the remains of the Rossmore siding just south of the City of Layton. Artifacts found at the edge of the siding were donated to the city.

Not long after this several interested individuals joined forces to form the Long Key Archaeological Society. We had reasoned that somewhere on the island there must be a railroad dump loaded with articles of refuse that might be valuable for a museum.

It was a warm afternoon in February of 1968 and I was exploring an area on the lower end of Long Key. The grass grew high and thick all about me. I moved slowly, pushing it aside, my eyes constantly scanning the ground.

Abruptly something caught my attention and I stopped. There in front of me were small fragments of glass, rust and broken pieces of conch shells scattered over a large area of ground.



I picked up a broken piece of tree limb and began carefully scratching the surface. Suddenly large fragments of glass began to appear. Then the limb struck something and I stopped digging. The dirt was removed carefully from around the glass. There it was! An antique bottle, complete, without a single chip! I seized the stick again and began to dig with more enthusiasm than before. A second bottle appeared and it was laid aside. Then a third popped out and I stopped. The evidence was more than convincing; it must be, without a doubt, one of the old railroad dumps.

Turning around I called out to my wife. By the time she had reached me I had unearthed nine more. My next thought was to tell Fred Hotchkiss about the find.

The next day we returned to the spot to start our digging. What we had not realized was that we had only struck the edge of the dump. Thanks to two of the young boys of our community, Tom and Rusty Trolley, who had discovered by accident the heart of the refuse some twenty-five yards away.

Excavation of the dump had started and during the next few weeks the Long Key Archaeological Society had mined about three hundred antique bottles from that site. During the course of our digging we had uncovered other items such as: flat irons, wood stove parts, marbles, buttons, railroad spikes, silver forks, iron cooking pots, cups, pottery jugs and fragments from a multiplicity of other relics.



Businessman, Fred Hotchkiss, displays many artifacts from the railroad in the city of Layton, ocean side of US 1.

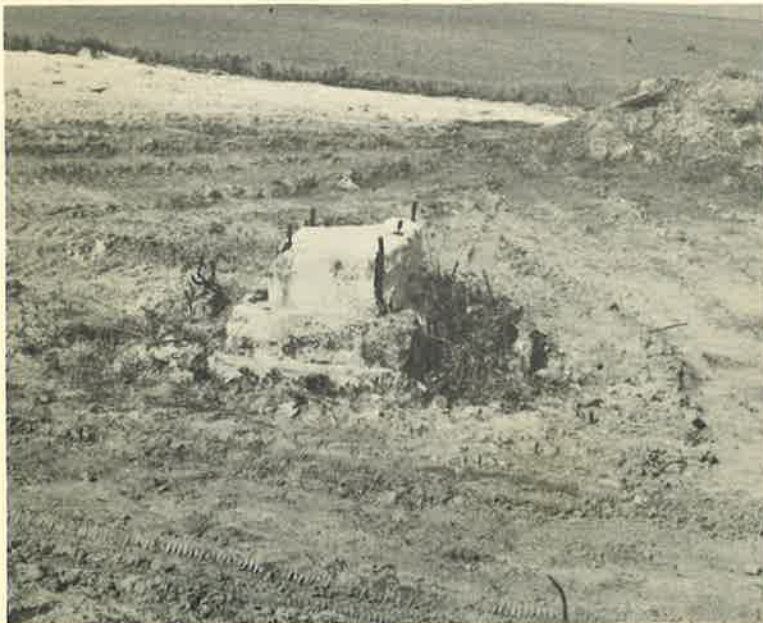
Here is a list of the types of bottles found in this first dump: whiskeys, bitters, beer, wine, soda, medicines, doctors, cosmetics, household foods, inks and fruit jars.

A few months later a second spot of refuse was discovered. This was a smaller dump but the articles left by the railroad were just as interesting.

Slowly the island was combed and the collection of railroad items grew. With the increased number of articles the members of the Long Key Archaeological Society began to hope for a future museum located somewhere on Long Key.

Each artifact was studied and several of them revealed an interesting story. Although Flagler had issued orders to keep "Booze Boats" away from his crew, the venture was not successful. Amidst the refuse of the first dump we found 90% of the antique bottles were of alcoholic content. The most common of these bottles was the "A B Interlocking" beer.

Second in quantity were the medicinals. In 1906 the Pure Food and Drug Act was passed. During that same year Henry Flagler's crew had moved in and set up camp on Long Key.



This is the base of the old water tower at the Long Key Fishing Camp site.



Medicine bottles were the second largest in quantity. Each time one was uncovered it called for a break and an examination of the ridiculous embossed claim was read aloud to the other diggers.

During this era some 100,000 brands of patent medicines were in circulation. One unearthed bottle carried the words: "Dr. Kilmer's Swamp Root, Kidney Liver and Bladder Remedy". Dr. Kilmer's Swamp Root has been reported to be one of the most dangerously fraudulent medicines in existence at the turn of the century.

If you were suffering from "consumption", remedies were available. Two such bottles found among the refuse were: "Phiso's Cure for Consumption" and "Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption".

An ailing "gandy dancer" could always depend on "Atwood's Jaundice Bitters, Formerly Made by Moses Atwood".

During the course of our digging, the medicines were always good for a laugh. If you heard a chuckle from one of the diggers, it was more than possible that he had uncovered another medicine bottle and was reading its embossed claims. One small slender bottle carried the words: "Bumsteads Worm Syrup, one bottle has killed 100 worms, children cry for more." A small brown bottle proudly displayed: "Morses



Here, a variety of bottles are shown, taken from spots of railroad refuse.

Indian Root Pills". If you had a case of "grippe", there was always "Hicks' Capudine for all headaches, colds, and grippe, etc." "Eno's Fruit Salt Derivative Compound" was quite an impressive name but what it was for is still a mystery to me. "Vapo-Cresolene Co." also sounded important and carried a patent date of July 17, 1894 and an English patent date of July 23, 1894.

The sarsaparillas were there too. Their representatives were "Dr. Townsend's Sarsaparilla" and "Hood's Sarsaparilla". Dr. Townsend's brew contained molasses, a cheap grade of rye, and sassafras bark.

One bottle standing fourteen inches high was free blown and bears a pontil scar on its base from an iron rod used in glass making to carry hot bottles. This bottle is believed to have been made in the pre-Civil War era. A second bottle with a pre-Civil War patent was one of the original wide-mouth Mason's styles of 1858.

Recently the author found two of the old "link-and-pin" couplers. These couplers were outlawed in 1897 because of the loss of life and limbs of railroad workers. But in 1906, on

Long Key, the old link-and-pin couplers were still being employed for certain types of jobs.

Not far from where the couplers were found, a canteen like that of Spanish American War issue was discovered. Much of its canvas covering still remained. To prevent any further deterioration of this artifact it was covered with a protective coat of fiber-glass.

Two of the more fragile items found in the first railroad dump were a button and a lantern shade. The button was like that found on the jacket of a conductor. On the face of the button was the stamped image of a locomotive like those used during the Civil War. The lantern shade bears the inscription "Adlake Kero." This shade is of a type made several years before the turn of the century.

Remains of a Work Camp.

Beneath the thick growth of trees, tent stakes, wooden and steel, jutted up from the ground all about me. By accident I had stumbled onto the remains of a railroad work camp. A piece of narrow gauge rail had been driven into the ground. A pottery smoking pipe with the words: "Southampton, Cleever" and an iron cooking pot lay within a few yards.



Old link and pin coupler is examined by Art Hallander, Richard Fales and Sid Moyers.



Bottles, plates and a coffee pot are unearthened from one of the railroad dumps.

About one hundred feet from that spot, five 4-burner wood stoves lay rusting to pieces. The inscriptions written on their sides were: "Louisville Ky., Lithgo Mfg. Co., OK Gem, New Tampa, etc."

Scattered railroad spikes lay here and there along with a few whole antique bottles and a link-and-pin coupler.

In the shallow water behind the work camp, fragments from various artifacts could be found.

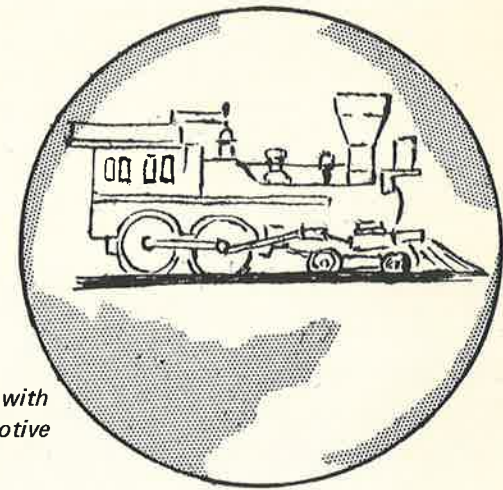
Several months after this find, a small camp was located on the ocean side of Long Key. Here we found four "Gould Storage Batteries," a motor with the patent date of April 1876, two porcelain dishes, a wash basin, tin plates, one cooking pot, a coffee pot and one purple antique medicine bottle.

During the summer months of 1968, the author had noticed a great number of fragments of antique bottles washed up on the beach of lower Long Key. It was not long until my curiosity got the best of me. Two companions and I determined to find out where they were coming from. After we had donned our diving gear we slid beneath the waves at low tide, when the current was slight.

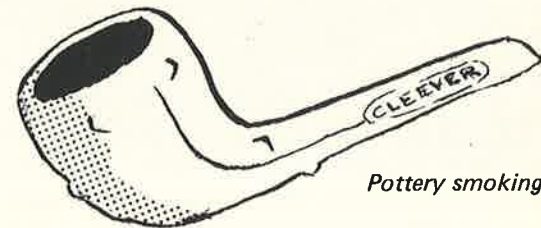
As we moved out from the shore, large, vague, rectangular shadows lay before me. In a way I was startled! I had looked



Actual size



Railroad button with wood burner locomotive



Pottery smoking pipe



Old telegraph glass insulator

over these calm waves many times before and had never imagined that these large concrete pillars had toppled into these cool, silent waters during the infamous 1935 hurricane that had killed hundreds of civilians and World War I veterans.

Diving in this spot told us the breathtaking tale of the 1906 hurricane that had brought disaster and death to the



The Long Key Fishing Camp was the attraction of Presidents, Millionaires, writers and the Professional Sports Fisherman.



This is the actual spot of the cottages and hotel that is pictured above, today.



Porcelain dishes were used by the F.E.C. Road Gangs.

crew of the Iron Sea Horse. Not more than two hundred yards from the fallen pillars the remains of one of the railroad quarter boats lies fused to the sandy coral bottom. The first sight of the wreck gave me an eerie feeling.

As I moved down for a closer look at the wreck, my mind reeled back to that awful morning in 1906. In the collapsing structure of the quarter boat you could almost hear the desperate voices of terrified men crying for help.

Now it was silent like a ghost from the past. The wreck had become a haven for myriads of tropical fish and sea urchins. A moray eel curiously poked its head out and I passed on at a safe distance. For a moment I popped up to the surface and the first thing I saw was the Long Key Viaduct standing thirty-one feet above the high water mark. My eyes followed the great fifty foot arches that supported the 11,958 foot bridge. Almost motionless, except for treading water, I remembered a tale told to me by an old railroad man. During the fury of the work and the push for completion, a man of Latin extraction had fallen into one of the wooden forms built for one of the great arches. Not willing to halt work for an instant to rescue the fallen man, tons of concrete continued to pour into the form, while everyone looked the other way.



This tunnel runs under the viaduct. It was used by the small steam locomotive at the Long Key Fishing Camp.

Down I went again to plunder the bottom.

As early as 1908, passengers were unloaded on the lower end of the island at the Long Key Fishing Camp. President of the fishing club was the famous cowboy novelist, Zane Grey. During 1919, Zane Grey broke away from his usual writing habits to author "Tales of Fishes," in which he described thrilling moments of sport fishing around Long Key.

The pilings that I had passed over earlier had supported the dock that was part of the Long Key Fishing Camp. The Camp was very exclusive in its membership. Mr. Spencer Houston, now a home owner on Long Key, was reared in the Keys and had worked aboard one of the schooners that had docked at the camp. Mr. Houston told me, "You had to be well-off to be a member of that club!" There were men like Smith, owner of Frigidaire; Andrew Mellon, who was reputed to be the richest man in America; and Kettering, head of General Motors.



This photo taken in 1929 shows train making its regular stop at the Long Key Fishing Camp.

Guests that came by water to the camp were picked up dock side by a narrow gauge locomotive pulling small passenger cars with padded seats. Upon departure from the dock the locomotive would pass through a man made tunnel beneath the Viaduct. The narrow gauge train then proceeded to carry its guests to a two story hotel on the ocean side of the island.

On the bottom I could now see lengths of track that measured at least thirty feet and were locked into the hard coral bottom.

Suddenly something caught my attention and I swam to it. There, heavily implanted in the floor of the Gulf, were two wheels from the train, still joined by its axle. Dropping down close to the wheels, I used my arm to get a rough measurement of the distance between the two. It was as I suspected, they were wheels from the narrow gauge train that had once accommodated the guests at the Flagler Fishing Camp. In this same area, several more wheels were discovered along with a drive wheel from the locomotive.

The State of Florida is now in the process of developing a new park on Long Key. Officials of the park were contacted about the finds in the Long Key waters. Plans are now being made to resurrect these historical items which will be placed in the park as a monument to the railroad.

Several items were brought up from the floor of the Gulf. One platter bore the date of 1862. There were plates, tea pots, cups, and drinking glasses partially buried in the sand and seaweed.



The Havana special on its way to Key West over the Long Key Viaduct. Once in Key West the cars were loaded aboard ferries and taken to Cuba. Henry Flagler also owned stock in the Cuban Railroads.

As I turned and headed toward the shore I felt very strange. It was as if for a while I had really lived during that glorious period of construction. Time machines like those H.G. Wells envisioned do not exist, but diving there that day was as close as one could come to stepping into the past.

Now I was on the beach once again and I looked back over the waves and thought, "Truly, those were the days when the railroad was KING!"



Three Park Rangers display wheels from the narrow gauge train used for the transport of passengers and baggage at the Long Key Fishing Camp. When found by the author, the wheels were fused to the coral bottom. The Rangers hope to place them at the entrance of the Park so that everyone will be able to see this piece of History.

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		Day	Night	Day	Night	Day	Night	Day	Night	Day	Night	Day	Night	Day	Night	
MIAMI	0	972	2.45	10.15												
COCONUT GROVE	110	203	2.55	10.30												
SOUTH MIAMI	70	64	3.00	10.36												
KENDAL	85	38	3.04	10.41										1.25		6.30
KEYS	69		3.09	10.47												6.40
PERMI	78	48	3.13	10.51										1.35		6.46
GOULDS	91	128	3.20	10.59												7.03
PRESTON	48	9	3.23	11.02												7.10
WARREN	107	56	3.26	11.05												7.15
MOBILE	72	32	3.29	11.09												7.23
HOMESTEAD	33	173	3.33	11.14												7.31
FLORIDA CITY	76	50	3.36	11.19												7.37
WOODDALL	67		3.45	11.30												8.00
BLADES	31	28	3.55	11.42												8.27
OBIS KEY	72		4.01	11.50 ^{PM}												8.45
KEYLARGO	64	6	4.09	11.59												9.06
BOGHARBOR	75		4.20	12.12												9.32
TAYLOR	64	21	4.30	12.23												9.57
ISLANDADA	46	17	4.46	12.43 ^{PM}												10.32
CREVALLO	64		4.57	12.55												11.02
ROSMORE	50		5.10	1.07												11.32
LONG KEY	39	13	5.14	1.15												11.59 ^{PM}
GRAST	46		5.25	1.54												12.17
VACA	59		5.36 ^{PM}	2.06												12.42
MARATHON	48	157	5.42	2.13												12.56
PIGEON KEY			5.51	2.23												1.13
BANIA HONDA	69		6.07	2.41												1.45
BIG PINE	69		6.16	2.52												2.17
COOKE	76	10	6.27	3.05 ^{PM}												3.05 ^{PM}
PERKY	51		6.37	3.15												3.45
BIG COPPIT	51		6.48 ^{PM}	3.24												4.20
STOCK ISLAND	75		7.00	3.35												4.50
KEY WEST	74		7.10	3.45												5.10
			75	41												229

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SOUTHERN DIVISION



The Florida East Coast Railway moved closer to the Keys as this old steam locomotive arrives in Miami, April 22, 1896, with its first passengers.



Flagler's private train returns from Key West After January 22, 1912 celebration.



Inside one of the passenger coaches around 1935.



Flagler's body lies in the tomb of the memorial Presbyterian Church in Saint Augustine, Florida. It was from Saint Augustine that the F.E.C.'s colorful history began December 31, 1885.



Richard Fales is a native Floridian, born in Homestead, Florida. His first trip to Long Key was in 1946. During the year of 1967 he moved to Layton, Florida, to pastor a new mission church.

Mr. Fales' interest in archaeology was stimulated by his uncle, John Fales, a Florida archaeologist that has made several major finds that were featured in *Argosy* and other books on Florida history.

As a resident of Long Key he became infatuated with the historical romance surrounding the F.E.C. extension. The author hopes that this book will stimulate a new interest in the fascinating past of Long Key.