

# THE HISTORIAN

## The Newsletter of THE BOYNTON BEACH HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Serving Boynton Beach, Ocean Ridge, Manalapan, Gulfstream, Lantana, Hypoluxo, the Village of Golf and all areas of West Boynton to US Hwy 441

Post Office Box 12 Boynton Beach FL 33425-0012

Voncile Smith, President

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Voncile Smith, Editor

## SEPTEMBER MEETING AT OLD SCHOOL— A 90<sup>th</sup> BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION!

The **September meeting** of the Boynton Beach Historical Society is **scheduled** for **Monday, September 8, 2003, 6:30**, at the **1913 Schoolhouse Children's Museum on Ocean Avenue** to mark exactly 90 years since the school opened its doors to students on September 8, 1913. **Arleen Dennison**, Executive Director of the Children's Museum, will speak about the progress of the Museum and plans for its future.

The Museum has become a popular destination for parents and grandparents to visit with young children. Those members and friends of the Historical Society who have not visited the building recently can expect some pleasant surprises. Arleen and her staff have worked wonders. The Museum has won numerous awards including one designating it the best museum for children in South Florida.

In the early 1990s several long time members of the Historical Society, including **Teresa Padgett, Marie Shepard, Harvey Oyer, Stanley Weaver, Betty Thomas**, and others, began a drive to save and rehabilitate the old building which the school board had deeded to the City of Boynton Beach. Because of the need to raise substantial funds for this undertaking, a spin-off group called the **Cultural Center, Inc.** was established. The City Librarian, **Virginia Farace**, was designated to represent the City for the oversight of this project and ultimately for the Museum. The Board of Directors for the Cultural Center is comprised of community leaders, many of whom are members of the Boynton Beach Historical Society. The President of the Historical Society sits as an *ex-officio* member of this board.

The Public is invited to attend this meeting. All meetings of the Boynton Beach Historical Society are open to the public.



1913 Schoolhouse ca. 1990

[Photo courtesy Roberta Sandler, Travel/Lifestyle Writer, 1773 Harborside Circle, Wellington, FL 33414]

## EAST BOYNTON LITTLE LEAGUE HONORED BY SOCIETY

The Board of Directors of the Boynton Beach Historical Society has ordered 4x8 brick pavers to honor each player and coach of the East Boynton Little League Team, 2003 National World Series Champions, and a 12x12 brick paver, all to be placed on the **Schoolhouse Children's Museum Path of History**. The three coaches and the 11 players will each receive a certificate informing them of this honor at a special program held by the City of Boynton Beach to recognize their achievement. The Society plans to have a special ceremony for the team to dedicate the pavers after they are in place.

**BOYNTON BEACH HISTORICAL SOCIETY  
BOARD OF DIRECTORS**

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2004	Gloria Turner
2005	Lucile Dickinson
2005	Fain Weems
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**NOTES ON SOUTH FLORIDA**

[Editor's note: Mrs. Harris now lives in Tennessee]

*Oh, to be in my Florida,  
Now that spring is there  
With flower shows and orchid shows  
And garden tours to spare!  
How can they say  
There is no spring,  
That change of season  
Does not bring  
A burst of color  
To that fair land,  
Where buds are opening  
As if by command?  
And where flowers last longer  
Than ones I now know  
Which are quite lovely  
But quickly come and go.*

— Margaret Garnett Harris  
March 1, 2001

**FLORIDA VOCABULARY**

[Occasional entries for those who are new to the State or who may have simply forgotten.]

**Conchs:** A term used to describe natives of the Florida Keys, many of whose families first arrived in the 1700s. A tough, independent lot, accustomed to taking their living from the ocean and coping with anything Nature and anyone from elsewhere might throw at them.

**Hopping John and Hog Jowl:** On New Year's Day, Southerners traditionally eat black-eyed peas and hog jowl (pronounced "jole") to assure a year of good luck and plenty. Rice mixed with black-eyed peas and a little pot-liquor produces "hopping-John."

**STORM OF '28 COMMEMORATION EVENTS  
SEPTEMBER, 2003**

[Several organizations within Palm Beach County, including several historical societies, have planned events to alert people of the dangers of hurricanes and to honor those thousands who died in one of America's most terrible disasters.]

September 2-30

**Storm of '28 Photography Exhibits**

Two **FREE** exhibits featuring photography of the 1928 hurricane's devastation throughout Palm Beach County; one is scheduled for the Palm Beach County Courthouse lobby, 205 Dixie Hwy., WPB; the other, Palm Beach County Government Center lobby, 301 N. Olive Av., WPB. Exhibits can be viewed during business hours. [Presented by the Historical Society of Palm Beach County. Contact 561-832-4164 for more information.]

Tuesday, September 2

**Ribbons-of-Remembrance Ceremony—Belle Glade**

A yellow remembrance banner reading, "This Building Survived the Storm of '28" will be placed around the historic Mickens House, 810 4<sup>th</sup> Street, Belle Glade, where it will remain through September. 11:00 a.m. [Presented by the Storm of '28 Memorial Park Coalition. Contact 561-881-8298 for more information.]

Wednesday, September 3

**Ribbons-of-Remembrance Ceremony—West Palm Beach**

Yellow remembrance banners reading "This Building Survived the Storm of '28" will be placed around key Palm Beach County buildings and remain throughout September. On September 3, the Mayor of WPB and County Commission officials will mark the event by raising the first yellow banner onto the Comeau Building, 319 Clematis Street, downtown WPB. Ceremony begins at 9:00 a.m. [Presented by Historical Society of Palm Beach County and the Storm of '28 Memorial Park Coalition. Contact 561-832-4164 for more information.]

Thursday, September 4

**Robert Mykle, author of *Killer 'Cane—The Deadly Hurricane of 1928***

Lecture and book signing at the Boca Raton Town Hall, 71 N. Federal Hwy, Boca Raton, 12:00-1:00. Admission: \$5.00. Boca Raton Historical Society members free. [Presented by the Boca Raton Historical Society. Contact 561-395-6766 for more information.]

Saturday, September 6

**Commemorative Breakfast and Gospel Festival**

Breakfast commemorating the anniversary of the 1928 hurricane at the World Famous Soul Food Restaurant, 415 Northwood Road, WPB. 9:00 a.m.

The Jamming with Jesus Gospel Festival will be held at the mass grave at 25<sup>th</sup> Street and Tamarind Av., downtown WPB. 1:00 p.m. [Present ed by the Storm of '28 Memorial Park Coalition.

Contact 561-881-8298 for more information]

Monday, September 10

**Eliot Kleinberg, author of *Black Cloud: the Great Florida Storm of 1928***

Lecture and book signing at Bethesda-by-the-Sea, 141 S. County Rd., Palm Beach. 7:00 p.m. **FREE** Admission. [Presented by Historical Society of Palm Beach County, 561-832-4164 for more information.]

Tuesday, September 16

**Dr. William Gray, with introduction by Dr. Max Mayfield of the National Hurricane Center**

Lecture and luncheon at the West Palm Beach Marriott, 630 Clearwater Park Road. 11:30 a.m. Admission by invitation. Economic Forum and Historical Society of Palm Beach County members, \$40 per person. \$50 per person for their guests. [Presented by the Economic Forum. Exhibits and remarks by the Historical Society of Palm Beach County. Contact 561-622-9920 for more information.]

Thursday, September 18

**Robert Mykle, author of *Killer 'Cane—The Deadly Hurricane of 1928***

Lecture and book signing at Jupiter Community Center, 210 Military Trail, Jupiter. 6:00 p.m. **FREE** Admission. [Presented by Loxahatchee River Historical Society. Contact 561-747-6639 for more information.]

Saturday, September 20

**Re-enactment of the 1928 Burial Procession**

Re-enactment of the burial procession that carried 674 hurricane victims from the Lake Okeechobee area to a mass grave in downtown WPB. Pinwheels will be used to honor each victim. Procession begins at Port Mayaca Memorial Gardens in Martin County at 9:00 a.m. (limited parking) Continues to the Bell Glade Library for a prayer service at 10:30 a.m. and concludes with a Ceremony at the mass grave on 25<sup>th</sup> Street and Tamarind Av., in WPB from 12:30-1:30 p.m.. [Presented by the Storm of '28 Memorial Park Coalition. Contact 561-881-8298 for more information.]

Sunday, September 21

**Jupiter Lighthouse Memorial Service**

One-hour memorial event at the Jupiter Lighthouse, 805 N. US Hwy #1. Event begins at 5:00 p.m. Admission **FREE**. [Presented by the Loxahatchee River Historical Society. Contact 561-747-6639 for more information.]



## TELEPHONE MEMORIES

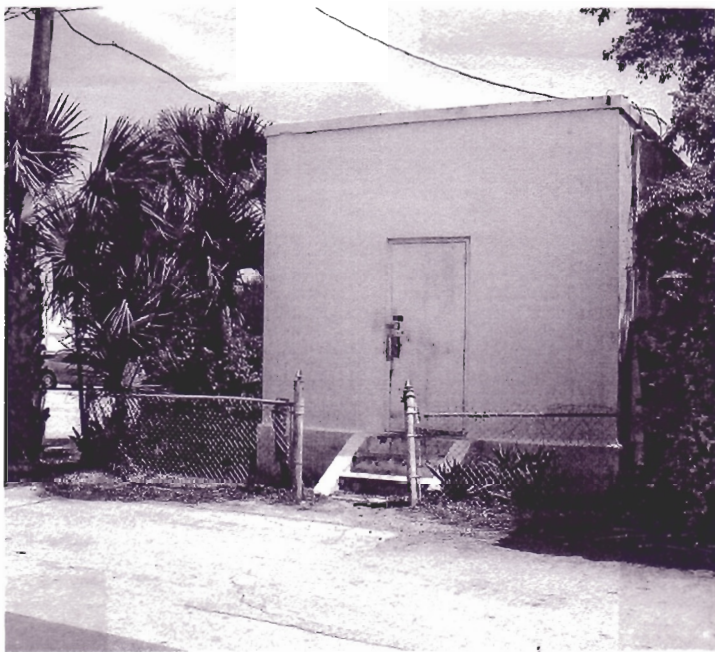
Jim Warnke

The first dial telephone service came to Boynton Beach shortly after World War 2, replacing Operators, the "Hello Girls."

The small building, still standing at the alley south of Ocean Boulevard on the west side of the Dolphin Restaurant parking lot, housed all of the complicated equipment. (See picture below.)

I came to Boynton in 1956, transferring from the Wisconsin Telephone Company in Milwaukee. I was the only technician in that small office at the time. Can you imagine eight party lines? Perhaps your ring might be two long and a short; and, of course, most folks listened in at times.

There were two cables along the railroad tracks, one going to Miami and the other to West Palm Beach, and each had 200 pairs of wires. If more than 200 people were talking to Miami, for instance, no one else could get a line. The office had a capacity of 1000 telephone lines for the whole city and the telephone numbers were only four digits instead of today's seven. When the office started to run out of phone numbers, a special trailer was installed behind the small building to add more service. When it was raining and a trouble developed in the trailer, I had to get out an umbrella and run between the two buildings. By 1962 the antiquated equipment could no longer serve the growing city of Boynton Beach, and a new office was constructed on fourth street just south of Ocean Avenue. It was placed in service in 1963.



Telephone Company Equipment Building, Ca. 1956

## MEMORIES OF SOUTH FLORIDA

Rachel Meredith Myers

[Editor's note: **Rachel Meredith Myers** died in 1995 at the age of 104. This is a memoir of her family's coming to Florida. The Meredith family has ties to other **Boynton** families including **Adams**, **Woolbright**, and **Lunsford**.

Rachel writes of her mother **Martha Ann Jamima Hogan** who had married her father, **Levi Sutton Meredith**, in Illinois. Rachel's brother **George Meredith** lived in **Boynton** at one time.

Rachel's sister **Ione** married **Tom Woolbright** in Illinois and they had five sons: **Beryl**; **Thomas Edward Jr. (Tommy Joe)**; **William Turner (Sam)**; **Doctor Alexander (Lex)**; and **James Gordon (Pat)**.

Rachel's younger sister **Ella** married **Samuel Pinkney Adams** in Centralia, Illinois. They came to Florida in 1923. Among their children are **Helen Elizabeth Adams (Meisenheimer)**; **Homer Quincy**; **Dwight**; and **Samuel P. Adams Jr.** (who married **Adele M. Lunsford**).

The general merchandise store Rachel and **Roy Myers** operated for 21 years until 1942 was in the building on Ocean Avenue just west of the railroad tracks and now owned by **Harvey Oyer**.]

The year of 1911, my Mother had a very bad sick spell. The doctor said it was her lungs and advised us to take her to the high altitude of Colorado, or to a warm climate, where she could live out in the open air, both high and dry. He suggested southern Florida. Her illness could not stand the cold damp winter months and for us to plan to make the change before another winter in Illinois.

George, the older brother had another tragedy to bear. He lost his wife and son in childbirth. He closed up his home and came back to live with us. We missed his wife, but was glad to welcome him back home.

In the spring of 1912, we made plans for Mother and me to go to Florida in September. The two brothers were to live in our home and they would pay our expenses living in Florida. It was easier for me to be the one to go, as I had no family obligations except Mother.

Our summer was delightful. I was sorry when I had to resign my position in the Fall. By the first of September, we were all packed and had the house in order to turn over to the two men in our family.

Mother went to her doctor for her last check up before she left. He said she had improved through the warm summer months. He asked us if we had any idea where we would stay while getting settled and of course the answer was no. He asked if we were going alone and I told him we were. He said he had a friend that owned a tourist shack on his property on Lake Worth shore line. It was a small orange and grapefruit grove. He had a caretaker looking after it for him, but he did not live on the property. He said to get our tickets to Hypoluxo Florida and the caretaker would meet us there. Mother traveled by an annual pass, given to my brother J.B. as an employee of the Illinois Central Railroad Company as a bonus. The Florida East Coast Railroad honored her pass on into Florida. The doctor also advised her to live in a tent, to get all the fresh air possible.

Soon after this visit, we began to collect equipment. First, we bought a tent, twelve feet wide and sixteen feet long, with a gable style roof, then an oil cooking stove, cooking utensils, two folding cots and two camp stools, bedding etc. We were each allowed a trunk as baggage with our fares. We packed one with camping equipment and one with personal things.

I had told Roy (the boy I had been courting) about my plans to take Mother to Florida. I had told him about the doctor's orders. It was either Colorado or Florida. I told him I would be leaving about September and hoped it would be just for the winter, it would depend on Mother's recovery. He said he too would be leaving on July first. His apprenticeship would end with four years to his credit of skilled training as a locomotive machinist. The Illinois Central Railroad Company was sending him to Kingsville Texas to broaden his scope of technology.

On our last date, July first, 1912, we said goodbye. We corresponded for the next four years.

On September tenth, 1912, Mother and I left on our sojourn to Florida, arriving at our destination in **Hypoluxo** at nine-thirty P.M. We were met by the caretaker of our doctor's friend. He had two lanterns to help light our way. We were identified, as we were the only passengers to get off of the train.

We walked to the Federal highway about one half of a block. He handed me one of the lanterns and he stepped in front of us and said for us to follow him. The highway was a white rock road, just seven feet wide. We walked about two miles, when we came to a lane leading through an orange and grapefruit grove to the lake front where

our shack was located. The smell of the fruit and the lake water was quite refreshing. The gentleman unlocked the door and helped us with our luggage. He left one of the lanterns and said good night. He was a very nice person and we were so glad he lived close by.

The little shack was well built. There were two rooms, one a kitchen and the other a sleeping room. The windows and screens were in place and the door was sturdy with a good lock. The kitchen had very little equipment; an oil cooking stove, a roughly built table and a bench on each side, made of rough unfinished lumber. The legs were Australian pine branches, sawed in proportioned lengths; one skillet, one small pan for boiling water, two tin pie pans used for plates, and two tin cups. The bedroom had two windows, two double bunks, made of Australian pine tree limbs and posts for their support. The bed of the bunks were poles laid across the frames. The mattresses were made of burlap bags filled with pine needles; the pillows made of the same material and a wood floor well built and tight.

We were both tired and hungry, after traveling for three days. Mother had packed a lunch of fruit and sandwiches. They were getting a little stale, but still edible. We took the lantern to search for a pump for water, it was just outside the kitchen door.

After we were satisfied with food and drink, we decided to retire. We did not have bedding, so we slept with our clothes on. Next morning we felt quite rested. It was just daylight. We looked outside the windows and realized we were sitting in the middle of an orange and grapefruit grove. It was beautiful! The fruit was so heavy on the trees, that the limbs were bending. Some of the later bearing trees had blossoms and fruit. The fragrance was coming through our open windows, it softened the roughness of the interior.

We walked to the lake in a narrow path, then out on the small dock. The scenery was gorgeous, the blue water of the lake, with just a ripple on the surface, was like a picture. On the other side was a high ridge, that made a perfect background.

The caretaker came over to see if we were alright. He rowed his boat over from the adjoining area. He asked if we would like to see the ocean. We were delighted! When we reached the other side of the lake, another dock was built just for row boats. We climbed the ridge and when we reached the top, there it was in all of its glory! It was a deep blue with white caps rolling in, it was amazing how far we could see, it was a wonderful sight. We went down on the beach and did a little beach combing, finding beautiful shells everywhere we stopped.

We asked the caretaker for some directions to find a grocery store. He told us to walk out to the Federal Highway, turn south and follow the railroad track. We would come to a little town called **Boynton**, about a mile and a half away.

We closed up the little shack and started walking. The little town was easily found. It had a grocery store, a post office and several buildings, but most of them were empty.

Two young men operated the business. There was nothing in the line of baked goods, no fresh vegetables or meats. We took some canned vegetables, corned beef, coffee, small cans of milk to last a few days. We also had to have bread. Mother saw a package of selfrising flour, pancakes was the answer.

Our first concern was to find land to set up our tent. We inquired about land from the two young men, but they said there was nothing in Boynton in small lots, just acreage, but they told us that a new town site was being set up at **Lake Worth**. The town was named after the lake. Lots were being sold for one hundred dollars. They were fifty feet wide and one hundred feet long. It sounded like just what we were looking for. We asked about transportation, there was none available, the young man said it was just seven miles, a very short walk!

We returned to our lake front home, fixed our lunch and decided to rest for the afternoon; two miles walk before breakfast was enough exercise for one day. We spent the day inside, but in the evening, we tried sitting outside. The breeze from the lake was lovely and cool. We had not been out very long however, when we discovered mosquitoes. Mother knew that a smoke screen would drive them away. She built a small fire and burned pine tree needles. That was the answer to enjoyment of the great outdoors.

The next morning we got up early, had breakfast and started walking to the new settlement, Lake Worth. We wanted to find a building lot. We arrived at noon. We had stopped about every hour to rest. Mother was feeling fine, no congestion or coughing since we started our trip to Florida.

We found a large lumber camp, where a number of men were working. We stopped at a small office in the building to get information about getting a lot, and if tents were allowed. We discovered the real estate agent and bought the lot. We picked out a

lot on "O" street, two blocks from the lake and ordered the lumber to fit our tent size. Labor was available and as soon as we could get our trunks delivered, they started to work.

While we were waiting, the lumber company was serving dinner to the workmen. We asked if we could also be served and they seated us at a large table and the food was passed around; roast beef, corn on the cob, blackeyed peas, stewed tomatoes and combread, all for twenty five cents apiece. This was the first real food we had had since we left our home in southern Illinois.

We did not return to the little lake front house. When we left, we took our small amount of luggage with us. We told the caretaker, we would not be back and thanked him for being so helpful. We found a room for the night at Lake Worth, just across the highway from the lumber yard. The room was on the second floor, over a grocery store; the only business building in the area and we were very comfortable; real beds and access to a bathroom on the ground floor. Water was furnished by a pump.

By noon the next day we moved to our tent, unpacked our trunks and started living again. The tent was a masterpiece with a solid floor; a three foot wall built from the floor, screen wire on all sides of the building up to the wall plates; a tight screen door and a platform at the doorway with one step down to the ground. When clearing the lot, they left the tree stumps. The carpenters used them for a foundation to anchor the tent floor, a very firm and dependable asset.

Our next step was to replenish our larder. While Mother was shopping, I walked across to the lumber yard and found the realtor in his office. I asked him if he knew of anyone that might have a position for me. He said, "Yes, I have been looking for someone to stay with my eighty-one year old Mother, through the day." The next day I met Mrs. Jones; the realtor's Mother. My job mostly, was to entertain her. She took a long nap each day and while she was asleep, I would run over to the tent to check on Mother.

I took my usual trip to check on Mother while Mrs. Jones was sleeping. She was frantic. She said the rattlesnakes had infested our property. The workmen, clearing the streets, had killed ten or twelve around our tent that morning, and the area was infested with them. The engineers said they had run into their habitat, and they had scattered; fifty or more were killed on the site. Mother and I thought it would be a good idea if we could rent a room in someone's home until the snake scare had subsided.

I had been writing my northern family about how we loved Florida and how beautiful it was and how much Mother's health had improved.

My two brothers that we left as bachelors, had closed up our home and each moved in with a sister living close by. The older brother George decided to come to Florida. He was tired of coalmining. lone and her husband, Tom, with whom George was living also decided they too would like to get away from the ice and snow. They arrived the last week in November. Tom, lone and their three little boys, Beryl, Turner, and Lex. They took over the tent and I found a room for George. The snake scare was over and they found living in the tent delightful.

George and Tom began to look for land and were told that the best buys were in **Boynton**. They found two five acre tracts, just south of the little village, fronting on the Federal Highway. On George's land was a one room house and the tent was set up on Tom's property. We all moved in. The two men slept in the house and Mother, lone and the three little boys and I took over the tent. In a short time, houses were built on both pieces of land. Citrus groves were set out on the property and while the trees were growing to maturity, the land was set out in fast growing tomatoes which were shipped to the northern markets. In addition to the tomatoes, they raised a variety of vegetables for their own use. Mother wanted to try raising strawberries. She sent to Illinois and had plants expressed down and they grew beautifully. She brought the first strawberries into South Florida. She next had an idea that chickens would thrive here. She had a pen of Plymouth Rock chickens expressed to her and they too did well. By the next year, she was furnishing fresh eggs to her regular customers.

The little village of Boynton, where we first stopped to buy groceries after arriving in Florida, had grown enough to support another grocery store. I was fortunate enough to get a job as clerk. After working in the store awhile, I met a couple that had a sister in business in Miami and now that my brother George was with Mother, I was free to go on my own.

The position was cashier in a bakery and confectionery. It was just made for me. I was given room and board and one dollar a



day. They had a dormitory for their employees and served meals in the dining room adjoining the main building. I worked at that job all through the summer and late fall.

I applied for a position with Burdines department store. My pay increased to fifteen dollars a week and commissions. I was making an average of twenty-five dollars a week and also bought all of my clothes at wholesale prices. That gave me extra money to send to Mother for seed and other needs for her little business enterprise.

George, and my brother in law Tom, worked up in the pineapple business, raising and marketing them. Tom was the producer and George the Salesman. Tom sold his five acres of land and bought interest in a pineapple company.

My position at Burdines was wonderful. I had worked up to assistant to Madam Donnan who was in charge of the ready to wear department. She was a lovely person and nice to work with. I found a reputable boarding house after I left the cashier position at Seybolds. A number of my associates were staying there and we had some very nice times, going boating on Biscayne Bay, attending dances, picnics and parties.

I received a letter from Roy, telling me he had left Kingsville Texas and was working at Augusta Georgia and that he was planning a trip to Miami Florida. I was both surprised and pleased. I had not seen him since I left Illinois, three years ago; but we had corresponded regularly. I answered his letter and told him I was delighted and would meet him at the depot. He gave me central time instead of eastern time and I was one hour late, so I returned to the store quite depressed and puzzled.

The Burdines Building was taken up by the main store occupying two floors. Downstairs was men's furnishings on one side and drygoods and notions on the other side; divided by a wide stairway going up in the middle of the store. Ready-to-wear, where I worked was on the mezzanine floor along with shoes, luggage and housewares. The building was five stories high and elevators ran from the second floor up to the fifth floor. This building was the one and only five story building in the area.

I had just returned from meeting the train and had just reached the second floor when I looked around and saw Roy come through the front door. I heard him ask a clerk in the men's furnishings, if Miss Meredith was there. The clerk directed him up the stairway. I ran down to the stairs and met him on the landing. We shook hands and walked back up the stairs. I introduced him to Madam Donnan and the other sales persons on the floor. We then stepped out of the traffic. Madam Donnan came over to where we were standing and asked me if I would like to have time off while Roy was in Miami. I told her I would love it and she said, "You are excused." I picked up my purse and waved goodbye to her. We stopped to have lunch and make plans for the visit.

We walked over to my boarding house, sat in the parlor and talked until time for dinner. He said he would go back to his hotel, and see me later and that we would go out for dinner. Our dinner lasted about two hours. We walked back and made plans to go to the beach next day. He told me to take a bathing suit and he would rent one.

Next morning, we took a ferry boat to the beach. There were two beach houses, but only one was open. We rented two lockers to change into our suits. Roy stopped in the manager's office and asked if he could order lunch for two, then we went on the beach. We did some beach combing and then Roy went in for his first swim in the ocean. I did not know how to swim, but relaxed on the beach. We two were the only persons on the beach for miles in either direction. Note—(This was Miami Beach, on a September afternoon, 1915.) The sun was not hot and the breeze was delightful. We went back to our lockers and dressed for lunch. We were the only persons in the dining room. The last ferry went back to Miami at five o'clock, so we were careful not to miss it. It was a lovely outing!

Next day, we did some sightseeing and I had my boarding house attendant prepare a plate for Roy at dinner. After dinner we went for a walk on Biscayne Bay front. It was a gorgeous moonlight evening and the bay was beautiful. The following morning Roy left by boat for Savannah Georgia and then to Augusta.

I made a trip to Boynton to see my family. I left early Sunday morning and returned by midnight by train connections. I told them about Roy's visit and as soon as I could get Mother alone, I told her that Roy and I were planning to be married, sometime after Christmas. I asked her what suggestions she could give me for planning a wedding. She said that our house was so small and that we were not in the position to entertain. She would like for me to meet Roy in Jacksonville and be married by a minister. The plans suited me and I told her when we had set a date, I would let her know.

Roy accepted the wedding plans and our date was set for February 22, 1916. Roy had returned to Centralia and went back to work in the same machine shop where he served his apprenticeship.

Roy and I returned to Jacksonville after three years to become permanent Florida residents. Having lived in the south for so many years, we could not stand the terribly cold winters of the north.

In Jacksonville, Roy had a severe illness in 1921 and was hospitalized for three months. After his recovery, he was not strong enough to continue working at his trade; so we sold our holdings of real estate and moved back to Boynton. My brother George built us an apartment and store building. We had a family of three children, two lovely daughters and one son.

We were in business, Myers and Company, General Merchandise [in Boynton] for twenty one years. In 1942, we liquidated our stock and closed the store.

After the second World War, we both retired and moved to Orlando.

[Because Rachel's paper contains so much of historic interest about life in Southeast Florida early last century, I have included almost the whole work. The spelling, grammar, and punctuation are essentially the same as in Rachel's document. Your editor has made a few minor changes to reduce the length.

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## DO YOU HAVE MEMORIES TO SHARE?

Much of the material in this newsletter was contributed by members of the Boynton Beach Historical Society. If you have photographs, clippings, or stories you would be willing to share, we would appreciate your contributions. If you, too, have personal histories of family or friends, or perhaps some personally recalled anecdotes of school or community life, please contact the editor at P.O. Box 12, Boynton Beach, FL 33425-0012, telephone 734-5653, or email [vms317@bellsouth.net](mailto:vms317@bellsouth.net).

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## COPIES OF OUR CENTURY STILL AVAILABLE

If you have not yet ordered one, we still have copies of *The Palm Beach Post OUR CENTURY available*. If you donate \$15.00 or more to our reserve fund, you will receive a copy of this lovely, hardback book filled with color and black and white photographs of people and events for the past 100 years in Palm Beach County. A special feature is stories and photographs of 100 people who have changed the way we live. You can also obtain a copy by dropping by Harvey Oyer's office at 511 East Ocean Avenue and leaving your donation for the Boynton Beach Historical Society with Harvey, and he will give you the book (or several if you wish them for gifts for family and friends).

If you live out of town, we will mail you a copy for an additional \$6.00 for shipping and handling.

## IN MEMORIAM

We are saddened to learn of the passing of several of our members during the past year that we have not previously acknowledged:

Dorothea B. (Mrs. Robert S.) Clarke  
Wilbur Hackle  
Joseph L. Lee  
Teresa Padgett

Our sympathy and best wishes to their families.

**THE HISTORIAN**  
Boynton Beach Historical Society  
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**BOYNTON BEACH HISTORICAL SOCIETY MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION FORM**  
**WORKING TOGETHER TO PRESERVE BOYNTON BEACH'S HERITAGE**

<b>NAME</b> _____			
<b>STREET</b> _____		<b>CITY</b> _____	<b>STATE</b> _____ <b>ZIP</b> _____
<b>TELEPHONE</b> _____	<b>FAX</b> _____	<b>E-MAIL</b> _____	
<b>TYPE OF MEMBERSHIP</b>	<b>INDIVIDUAL</b> (\$25.00) _____	<b>FAMILY</b> (\$35.00) _____	
	<b>PATRON</b> (\$50.00) _____	<b>CORPORATE</b> (\$100.00) _____	