



MAITLAND is directly on the Dixie Highway that traverses the state in a northeast to southwest direction, from Jacksonville to Tampa. It lies wholly in Orange County but on the line of Seminole. If you should be coming in from either the north or south you will be confronted by an artistic sign that states: "Ye Towne of Maitland." If you judge a town by its business section you will be very likely to pass right through, never knowing when you pass the town center. But Maitland is somewhat different in this respect. It is a collection of estates, groves and gardens and its business section is composed of just a few neat buildings. I consider this a mighty important section of the state, however, for the reason that its sheer beauty is nothing short of startling—ergo the possible location for those who would buy or build a home or little estate in the most ideal topography for such things.

Although the highway traverses the town from end to end, splitting it almost squarely in twain, and, as you roll along you note that on either side of you it is built up solidly with splendid homes and groves—still I insist that you must get off the highway to see all the real Maitland. If you will take the pains to do this you will certainly shut out the workaday world with a vengeance—step into exquisitely modeled man- and nature-made things so far out of the ordinary that you marvel at the change and wonder if it be possible that just a short distance away is a highway over which much of the world of Florida travels. So you may deduce that you are right in the midst of things yet so very much away from them that they are softened by heavy greenery, lost to sight owing to the vista of lakes, flowers, prettily - decorated homes, towering oaks and winding streets that lead out and out—somewhere. I am quite certain that I could lose myself in descriptive matter about this district of Maitland. Let's go ahead, anyhow, for nobody ever regretted knowing about or seeing beautiful things.

In all the Maitland district I saw no "period" homes. On the contrary the fine places have a home atmosphere fitting into the surroundings without any discordant note. There is an atmosphere over everything; a feast of the senses brought about by a copartnership of nature and man and served to the accompaniment of bird music, the chattering of squirrels, and the breeze-stirred oaks. You are nearly always on some incline that shows vistas of a beautiful body of water, with wooded shore-lines casting reflections of rich hues, reds and greens, and which are broken occasionally by the splash of a playful fish. And usually there are gardens and groves and landscaping of skilled design. At times the road will take a turn and you find yourself in a bit of wild Florida, carpeted with pine needles and almost hidden from the sunlight by a dense growth of forest. Winding, always winding, the views unfold until you are fairly intoxicated with the beauty of it all. Mere humans are but a by-product here and sink into atomic substances in comparison with nature's mighty offering. It is a concoction of the desires that youthful visions are made of; a world of munificence.

One more flight, if you please, into the realms of fancy, and we will get down to something more practical, although not so fascinating, in my opinion. As I sit writing this story I can close my eyes and hear the birds singing with joyous abandon along the shore of the numerous pretty lakes in the Maitland vicinity. I can hear the splash of the big fellows in the

Ye Town of Maitland

By FRANK WHITMAN

Another addition to our series of Travel Talks; this time about a town that is right on the eve of an extensive development, with pretentious plans of beautification so attractive as to draw the favorable notice of our feature writer, who here tells you all about it. Some really pretentious estates are located at Maitland and a lively bunch of "boosters," as well—so here is your invitation to join them.

bonnets along the edges, and live again in the greetings of the fine people I met. Such are my memories invoked by thoughts of my visit. Here is an unspoiled district, for as a matter of fact when nature has finished her constructive work, if it is to be utilized, man must step in, and his be the choice to make or mar. Frankly I am trying to sell you on this place, for it is a de luxe edition of a little paradise for estate and home-building. It's all very, very lovely, and, as I said in the beginning, you must leave the Dixie Highway to

see all the fairy spots. You may go either way, east or west, and the result will be the same—utter, utter charm.

At the north and south ends of Maitland on the big highway are tiny lakes which are encircled all around by one-way drives. The south lake, and I believe it is called "Lily," is being dredged out and beautified. The north one, much bigger, has the cleanest of shorelines and gives you a laughing welcome. The railroad (Atlantic Coast Line) splits the town, and there are some pretentious plans for parking some lands to be made available by the razing of an old warehouse or two.

There will be commodious space for gardening, and the good people here are determined to bring this happy condition about. There is also a movement to inaugurate a zoning system covering the entire townsite, so that the coming business section as well as the home section will be segregated for the benefit of all concerned. Beauty and utility is the foundation of the plan, and I heard quite a thorough discussion of the idea and certainly believe they are proceeding along the right lines.

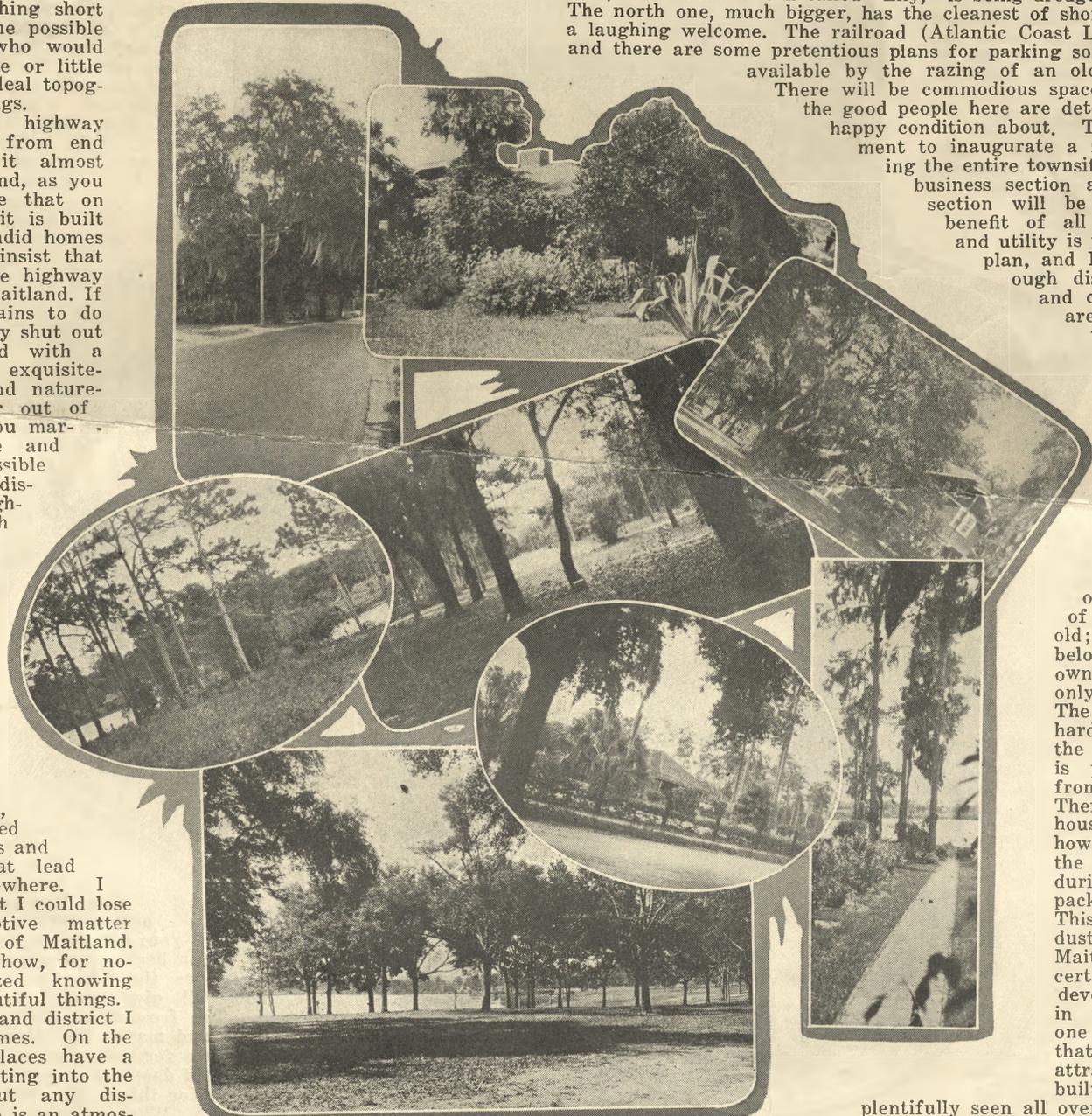
The Predominating Industry

The predominating industry of the district is the growing of citrus fruits, and one would go far in this state of fine things to find better-looking groves or finer fruit. Some of the places are very old; in many instances belonging to northern owners who come here only in the wintertime. The production would be hard to determine, for the reason that the fruit is packed and shipped from quite a few places. There is a fine packing-house right in town, however, that hums like the proverbial beehive during the fruit picking, packing, shipping season. This makes quite an industry and payroll for Maitland. I am quite certain I saw 3,000 acres devoted to citrus fruits in the near-neighborhood, so one must naturally infer that this was the first big attraction for those who built these fine homes so

plentifully seen all over the landscape. The newest industry is a builders' supply establishment located advantageously on the railroad. I went over it rather thoroughly and found it handled nothing but the best of materials. This will be handy for the future home-builders of the Maitland section. The owner, a new man in, is enthusiastic (which is putting it mildly) over what the future—the very near future—has in store for Maitland. I sympathize with his views and believe in them myself.

Other Production

I always like to talk to some extent about production. It makes such a splendid foundation for any district! Then again I know that a lot of people come down here just for the purpose of resting and in a short time the climate gets into them to such an extent that they want to be doing something. And what better occupation for them than planting and growing things? I know of no better, nor do I know of a better place to do this than this same Maitland section. Take for instance, grapes, blackberries and bananas. No guesswork about these here. They have been demonstrated successes in many places right close. They are all fascinating lines and not too irksome in their care. The townfolks are talking seriously of putting in an experimental garden of quite a few



Top left is the Dixie Highway as it passes through Maitland. The other views are charming bits taken at random in different spots in the district. Nothing has been "borrowed" or touched up, and I leave it to you if this is not picturesque.

THE FLORIDA GROWER

things that have hitherto been grown about in a small way, so that the newcomer may look them over, take his choice and go to it. This is a fine way to show an object lesson and I hope the thing will be an actuality before long. The chances are it will be, for Maitland doesn't deliberate about doing a thing very long if it is a good thing.

To Change from "Woods Roads"

I like those "woods roads" that wind so enchantingly about the district and truly they are not at all hard to negotiate with any kind of a car. But an extensive road-building program is being talked of, that will cover the arteries for a great deal of the section. When this takes place property values will go skyward, if they follow the usual routine here. This being the case it looks as though the time was ripe for the newcomer to look around and find that one magical place, the appealing place. There are lots of them, I assure you of that. Locations would mean nothing to you if I mentioned them here, but you can get information of the frank sort by writing to the Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, Maitland, Florida. There is no expense attached to this for you and I would distinctly advise it. The good places, in the face of the tremendous rush for Florida that is now on, will not last forever. We are on the eve of a development here seldom equalled in the world's history, let alone the State of Florida. Don't be one of those people that eventually sing: "It Might Have Been."

An Ancient Estate

Over to the east of the big highway is a very old estate. Undoubtedly the man who founded it had ideals and spared neither trouble nor expense to perfect them. The way over is a winding one and the south entrance is reached by skirting some lakes and passing over some tiny creeks connecting them. This trip is nothing short of sublime, if you should ask me, and the estate is one of the most interesting places it has been my pleasure to look over. There is some blooded stock in one of the largest barns I ever saw and chickens galore, of the fancy breeds. Of course quite an extensive grove and it is very, very old—so old that in-arching has been resorted to to give the trees a new root system. The whole combines the most modern of things with a true home in the Florida of old times; primitive Florida. Of the latter phase I cannot say too much, for the native growth has been preserved in a way nothing short of exquisite. Here and there are bits of strange horticulture and floriculture. In the ponds, lake and creeks are queer lilies, strange growths from foreign lands, and walks leading to the most charming nooks of my experience. The name doesn't matter. You couldn't find it by yourself. I am quite sure the Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce will see that you get a guide if you would like to see this place.

Old Maitland

You must know that a place like this district of Maitland could not be made in less than a couple of decades. Many of the estates have been established a long time and as a consequence the flowers, vines and shrubbery have growth up to that stage when they are in the very zenith of their beauty. The establishment of a town here was probably never thought of by the first people to come in. They were looking for home and grove sites—and certainly found them of the most ideal kind. As a consequence the back-country is fairly well developed. This doesn't mean that all the best locations are gone; not by any manner of means. It does mean, however, that there are object lessons around to show what can be done in such a place. Many sites are obtainable where the trees are now in position to give shade for a home, where the soil and general contour of the land is practically made to order—and waiting. I guess you understand.

Maitland lies along a line of development hardly to be found anywhere else in Florida. On the highway and on the railroad the towns lie

pretty close together. About two miles south is Winter Park, where is located Rollins College, an institution famed throughout the entire south. Four miles from Winter Park is Orlando, the city beautiful, the particular star of the county and a city of skyscrapers as well. To the north is Altamonte Springs, Longwood and Sanford, the latter being a famous trucking center, probably the biggest shipper of winter vegetables in the state. Such a location means rapid development and an undoubted influx of home-builders, and the lands about are suited to an infinite variety of crops. Ferns have been demonstrated at Altamonte, not over three miles away, and an acreage is planted there which I know is the biggest piece by far in a single planting in the state. And on lands in no way different than these of Maitland. At Longwood is a famous poultry farm, and squab farm as well, and exactly the same sort of locations are to be had at Maitland. These are opportunities not to be neglected, and certainly well worth your investigation.

Ye Towne of Maitland

There are a few business houses and room for others. There is a splendid opportunity here for some lines. Ask the Chamber of Commerce. The school of Maitland is located in a very pretty place, is very accessible and modern to the last degree. Churches of many denominations are quite close and the fine library building would be a credit to any place. There is a Librarian and the grounds surrounding are nicely decorated. I attended a meeting here one night, when the zoning system was being talked over.

I met ever so many fine people and know for a certainty that Maitland's population, both sexes, is well worth acquaintanceship. With people like this there can hardly be anything other than the best of neighbors—helpful in every way. Quite a few come here only in the winter-time. Eventually of course they will be here all the year. They could hardly help it, the lure being what it is. I met the summertime population and found them most hospitable.

The people here make no extravagant claims. It is just a nice little town and they say it. The section is beautiful and I attest to that. You can prove this to your own satisfaction if you will give yourself the pleasure of a visit. You can begin your acquaintanceship by writing to the Chamber of Commerce. This body will give prompt and satisfactory attention. The frost is on the pumpkin up there at this writing and maybe the thought of a winter coal bill and the figures for last winter's clothing, makes you shiver—even if the cold does not as yet. You know of course that you don't have to pay much for things like that down here for you don't have to use much of them? Why not give Old Man Winter the laugh this time and come here—early—to Maitland?

As a stopping place while you are looking around and getting that much-needed rest and surcease from the carking cares of a northern winter I suggest the Oaks, a small and exclusive hotel, delightfully situated on Lake Faith, one of the beautiful lakes of the Maitland section. The house, a fine old residence, tastefully furnished, is on the shore of the lake, surrounded by huge trees. The situation is quiet and restful, far back from the road, though the entrance to the grounds is from the Dixie Highway. Auto service will be available to the golf links at Winter Park, a short distance away. On the grounds are croquet and tennis courts and ample garage space for guests' cars. Three lakes give the finest of fishing. Indoors are large, homelike rooms, a well-selected library, and billiard room. The well-appointed table will be provided with fresh vegetables, milk, eggs and poultry. Only a limited number can be accommodated this season, so reservations had best be made early. All of this sounds like home and should be most attractive to those who know the comfort of stopping at a place like this. Nature here, as elsewhere in the district, plays a most important part in one's well-being. I have spoken of the people of Maitland heretofore, but feel that I can't stress this phase too much. People can make or break the enjoyment of one's stay in a place—completely. Here at Maitland you are destined for utter enjoyment and I am hoping many of you will come.

Views on some of the estates of Maitland. In oval right center is the public library and general meeting place for all sorts of gatherings. Left of it is the Hill School, modern, though small. This is the district I am inviting you to visit in this week's talk.

