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**Sir Launcelot Fished with the Big Shots**

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**The Uncrowned King of Homestead**

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**Hattie Lived in Miami's Pioneer Days**

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**Indians and Wreckers Kept Key Biscayne Busy**

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The Historical Association of Southern Florida

# UPDATE

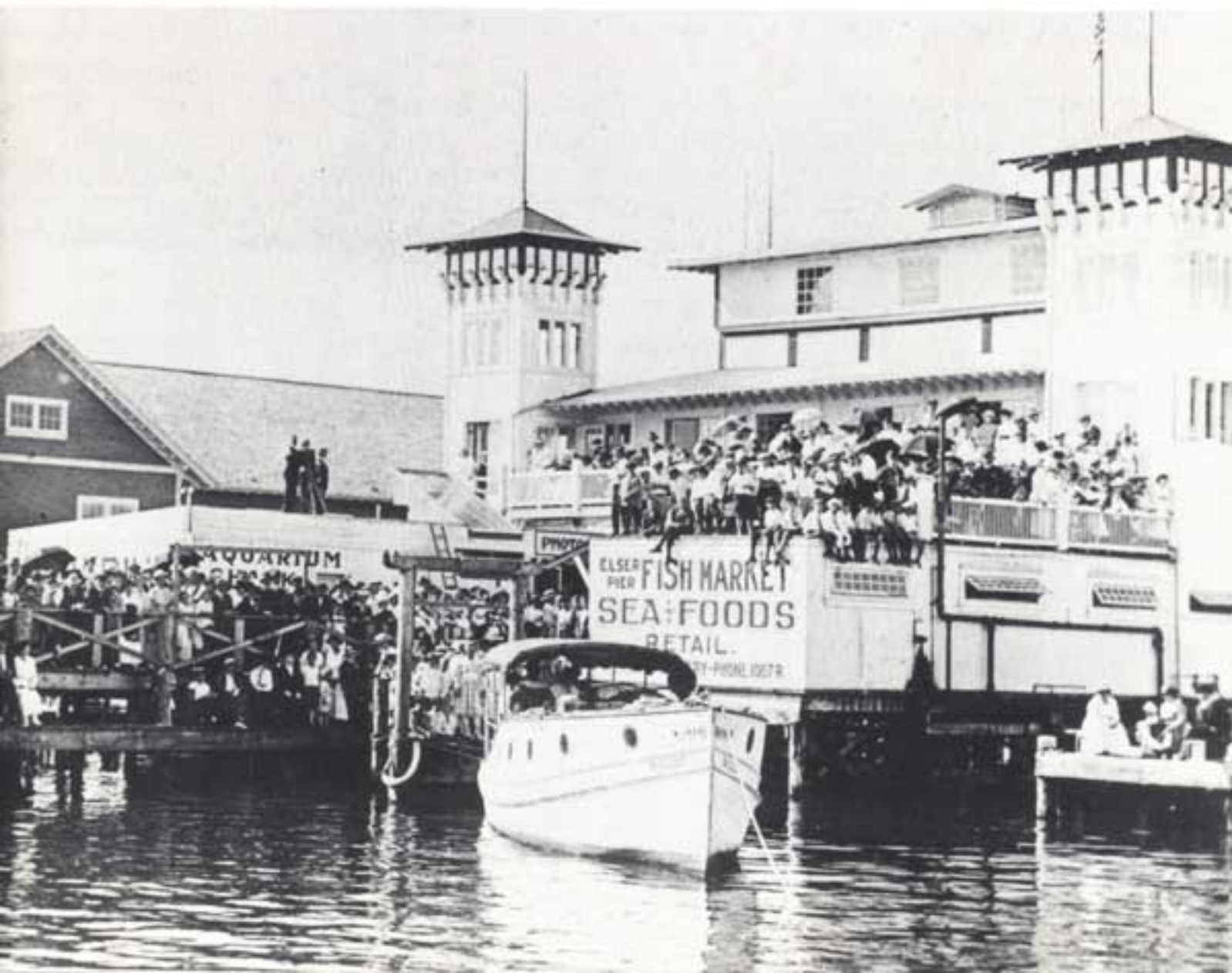
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EDITORS  
**Marie Anderson**  
**Stuart McIver**

MANAGING EDITOR  
**Tim Schmand**

ADVISERS  
**Lee Aberman**  
**Jeanne Bellamy**  
**Dorothy J. Fields**  
**Arva Parks**  
**Thelma Peters, Ph.D.**  
**Elizabeth Peeler**  
**Yvonne Santa-Maria**  
**Zannie May Shipley**

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**On the cover:** This is what Elser Pier looked like one day in November 1917. What was the attraction? Marjory Stoneman Douglas, sent by *The Miami Herald* to cover a Naval enlistment campaign, joined up and was working inside the pier. As she recalls it could have been a Palm Fete re-enactment of early Spanish explorers landing in Florida.



**Adams Key, across from Porgy Key in South Bay, was where Carl Fisher built the Coco Lobo Club in 1921.**

## AROUND THE MUSEUM

Transformers, for the uninitiated, are remarkable little toys that appear to be space age automobiles. When placed in the hands of knowledgeable nine year olds these simple looking cars become detailed androids possessing a myriad of possibilities. I have, in the past couple years, come to view the Museum's Special Exhibition Gallery with the same interest and awe. Between exhibitions the Gallery shows itself for what it is; a room devoid of detail or personality. At those times I have to remind myself that I have seen this room transformed into a classroom for *School Days*, an army field hospital for *M\*A\*S\*H*, and a segment of the Miami River, complete with lift bridge, for *From Mayaimi to Miami: The Story of a River*. The person responsible for directing and coordinating all these transformations is the Museum's Director of Exhibits and Collections, J. Andrew Brian.

Andy is a man whose enthusiasm is so palpable that it practically bristles the air around him with static electricity. Born in St. Francisville, Illinois, (pop. 1,000) Andy grew up in the small town atmosphere that has come to represent the mythic qualities of life in Middle America. St. Francisville is on the banks of the Wabash River in southeastern Illinois. It's a town so small that no one had a street address, which is just as well, as there was no mail delivery in town. Andy's family was a busy one. "We were always making or tinkering with something . . . At one time my dad owned four Model A Fords, in varying states of repair."

Andy left St. Francisville to attend Eastern Illinois University, which he points out, with a laugh, is also Burl Ives' alma mater. There he received a B.S. in Art Education and met his wife Jody. After graduation the Brian Family moved to Pensacola, Florida, and Andy went to work for a furniture restorer. In 1973 he began working for the Historic Pensacola Preservation Board — doing everything: rebuilding old porches from photographs, making molds for metal hinges, and restoring an old street car, a job he still remembers fondly.

In 1976 he and Jody moved to Tallahassee, and he

began his career with museums. Hired as a Preparator II, Andy helped build and install the permanent exhibition for the State's Museum of Florida History. He advanced quickly within the Department of State, moving from Preparator to Exhibition Designer to Assistant Curator. During that time he was part of a team implementing the State's traveling exhibition program as well as additions to the permanent and temporary exhibits program of the Museum of Florida History.

From 1982 through 1985 Andy was the Capitol Curator, supervising the operation and furnishing of the recently restored Old State Capitol Building, in Tallahassee. As Capitol Curator he developed all the necessary systems for operating the Capitol, and acquired all the interior furnishings. Particularly challenging was finding the correct rug for the Governor's Office. Using two old photographs and modern scientific methods, Andy was able to correctly identify the type of carpeting used in the office and have a reproduction made.

While he served as Capitol Curator he was also head of the Museum of Florida History's Collection Research Department, and taught a Museum Administration class at Florida State University.

Andy came to work for the Historical Museum three years ago. He immediately set about upgrading the design and production facilities, and gathering the necessary staff to give the Museum "production capabilities." His staff, George Chillag, Exhibits Designer, Jim Omahen, Shop Foreman and Dan Killian, Shop Assistant, are constantly at work designing and producing the elements necessary to transforming the special exhibition gallery into whatever design has percolated to the top of their collective imaginations. Exhibits Designer George Chillag said of Andy, "An interdisciplinarian with extra ordinary skills in the applied arts . . . a true craftsman in all mediums."

The shop itself best reflects Andy's personality; neat, capable and generally very busy. On his arrival Andy found a shop appropriate to the old Museum. It possessed limited capabilities and was sorely lacking in the tools needed to produce top quality exhibitions.

(Continued on Page 25)



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# Sir Launcelot Jones

By JOSEPH S. MENSCH

This interview took place September 6, 1986, aboard the trimaran *Padidal* owned by Keith and Aloma Barnes, who look after Sir Launcelot Jones. Their boat is anchored adjacent to Porgee Key, where Jones resides. Launcelot Jones was 86 years old at the time. He was living in a small frame cabin that had been initially built as a temporary dwelling by the Barnes family while they were constructing their trimaran. However, in 1982 a fire destroyed Jones' rather substantial family home and he moved into the cabin, making some minor repairs.

Bottled gas was used for cooking and electricity was supplied by solar panels, giving a 12-volt supply for television, lighting and fans. Rainwater from the roof was collected in a cistern, which had been made by his father in 1897. Inside the cabin screens were used for mosquito control. When he was outside Mr. Jones wore two long-sleeved shirts, long pants and a wide-brimmed hat to protect himself. He also on occasion used an insect repellent to keep the mosquitoes from his face and hands.

He regularly traveled to Miami for business and so-



**Sir Launcelot and King Arthur were the sons of Israel Lafayette Jones, a former Carolinian, known as Parson, and his wife Moselle, a Nassauvian. She always addressed the two boys by their full name and title.**

cial obligations. Until recently he had used a small outboard, traveling from the key across the bay and up the Miami River, leaving the boat at Tommy's Boat Yard. However, this year Tommy's had closed and Jones had been accompanying the Barnes family in their boat to the mainland.

I felt that the focus of this interview should be the changes that have occurred in his environment and how they had affected his life rather than being biographical in nature. Accordingly, my questions were directed towards the water, fishing and the early settlers.

Q. Mr. Jones, you grew up in these waters and I suppose you have seen great changes over the years. Can you describe what the water looked like in this area of Caesar's Creek in the 1920s?

A. The water looked the same. The clarity of the water is affected by the wind. When high winds occur, the flood tide from Hawk's channel will bring in muddy water. If it remains calm for a few days the water again becomes as clear as gin.

Q. What did the hurricane of 1926 do to this area?

A. The 1926 hurricane was probably the worst hurricane we have ever endured. It did not particularly change any of the channels where the water comes in and out of the bay, however, there was some washout of sand. The storm tide did not particularly destroy the vegetation except in the very low areas because it was followed by quite a bit of rain which neutralized the salt. Only the trees in the lower elevations were killed by salt intrusion.

Q. Mr. Jones, tell me about spong-

ing in the bay. Could one make a living doing this?

A. Yes, marginally, up until about 1963 when the Cubans came in and depleted it. In some areas over 95 per cent of the sponges are gone. Another problem is a fungus that comes along around May or June. It is like a mildew. This fungus started in the Bahamas in 1938 and came over here in the 1942. I still do some sponging but mainly for interest's sake.

Q. Do you think that the drainage of the Everglades affected the water in this area?

A. Perhaps indirectly so. As the Everglades were drained less water was present for evaporation, therefore less rain was produced. In addition, with the development of farming from the Coral Gables canal on the north the drainage of pesticides into the bay has caused deterioration in the breeding places for fish.

Q. When did you notice that the fishing in the area had changed?

A. About 1960 the quality of the table fish went down. You know, until the last 15 to 18 years I could walk in the water outside my house up to about my knees and pick up lobster. I could also get conch in between these islands. The number of fish has gone down due to the number of fishermen, not due to pollution. The number of outboards over the last 20 years has more than doubled. There is too much pressure on the fish.

Q. Do you still see fish traps in these areas?

A. Fish traps are destructive. You might put three exclamation points after that word and also underline it. They were plentiful in the 1950s. There were some in the 1960s and even into the 1970s. People would go out in the morning and haul their traps. They were large. They were pulled up with a winch. By the time the larger fish were removed the smaller ones had been killed. You know, the gillnetters also came in the 1930s and continued into the 1970s. They severely depleted the

mackerel and kingfish population here. Just too much pressure. It's never come back.

**Q.** What are your thoughts on shrimping in the bay? When did it start? Has it affected the fishing?

**A.** I remember that they have been shrimping in the bay since the 1950s. By the 1960s shrimping had really increased. By the 1970s through today it somewhat leveled off. A good shrimper can get about 5,000 shrimp per night. In the bay now there are no more mackerel and bluefish. This is due to the shrimpers dragging the bay with their nets collecting the shrimp. This is the same food eaten by these fish.

**Q.** Before the National Park took over this area, commercial development of Elliott Key was envisioned by certain cities in the form of a township called Islandia. Were you in agreement with that?

**A.** I was never in agreement with a commercialization of this land. These lands are different from tourist areas such as Miami Beach. There is no beach in this area. The land is mostly rock and there is very little soil.

**Q.** Do you feel that the National Park fairly compensated people for their land?

**A.** Yes, the National Park Service paid a much bigger price than was ever offered by the private developers. They offered only 50 to 60 per cent of what we finally got from the National Park Service. These commercial developers had come to me offering to pay me for my land as they used it. If they used only ten per cent they would pay me only ten per cent at a time.

**Q.** What has the National Park Ser-



**Jones moved into this frame dwelling built by Keith and Aloma Barnes when his fairly substantial home was destroyed by fire.**

vice done as regards the environment?

**A.** Well, as you know, they've started making controls as to where the lobstering can be done. I think they've got to put in stiffer controls if we're ever to get the fish population up again.

**Q.** Why did you become a fishing guide?

**A.** My brother and I started guiding in the middle 30s in order to supplement our income from the lime business. The 1926 hurricane hurt the production.

**Q.** Who were some of the more well-known people you fished with?

**A.** Well, I fished with Herbert Hoover. He liked to fish between November and April. He fished with me for over seven years in the 1940s.

**Q.** Who else did you fish with?

**A.** Alton Jones, who owned City Service. You know he died in the Boston Harbor in 1961. Then there was Daniel Topping, who owned the New York Yankees. I fished with him for almost 20 years, until he got too sick. He was a very generous tipper. He had a lot of friends and they kept my brother and me very busy.

**Q.** Who else?

**A.** Gar Wood, Senior. I fished with him from 1935 through 1954. You know, he owned the Coco Lobo Club.

**Q.** What did you fish for in those times?

**A.** Mainly sportfish; that is, bonefish, permit and tarpon. I had to teach most of my clients how to fish. But they were quick learners and by the time we got to the fourth trip they knew the technique. You know, the bonefish has an amazing sense of smell. You can see the dor-



**Across the bay from Porgee Key where Sir Launcelot lives is Adams Key where Carl Fisher built the Coco Lobo Club in 1921. When Gar Wood foreclosed and assumed operations in 1934, Sir Launcelot and King Arthur became fishing guides and maintenance men.**



**Bebe Rebozo, who bought the Coco Lobo Club in 1954, escorts his good friend Richard Nixon, who had become Vice President of the United States in 1952, to Nixon's quarters at the club.**

sal fin and see the direction he is going. You must be able to put your bait in the position that is the most advantageous for you.

**Q.** When did you stop being a fishing guide?

**A.** In 1972 I stopped. I felt I was getting too old. Also, the government had bought me out and I had a few CDs. By the way, across from Porgee Key is Adams Key on which the Coco Lobo Club was built. Incidentally, the main building was present until approximately five years ago when it burned down. Several other buildings still stand, one of which is used as a residence for some of the park rangers.

**Q.** Can you tell me a little about the club?

**A.** Carl Fisher started the club in 1921 but at the time of the stock market crash there were about 46 members, including the Fishers of the Fisher Body family, the Honeywells and the Firestones. Many of them didn't pay their dues so Gar Wood foreclosed on it in 1934. That's when I got into it as a fishing guide. I supplemented the club's food with stone crabs, lobster and seafood. My brother and I did a lot of work in the dock area. I met a lot of interesting people, including Mrs. Carstairs of the Carstairs liquor family. She would fly in our her Grumman. They own Big Whale Key in the Berry Islands. In about 1954 the club was sold to Bebe Rebozo. He



**Frank Murphy, left, with Gar Wood, was mayor of Detroit in '30-'33. He became U.S. Attorney General in 1939 and a Supreme Court justice in 1940.**

brought President Nixon down for about ten days and I fished with them. This was after his California defeat for governor.

**Q.** Were those times the happiest point of your life?

**A.** I cannot pick out any particular high point. I've enjoyed the whole darn thing. Among the high points was my association with clients such as Daniel Topping, Alton Jones, Herbert Hoover and Gar Wood, Senior.

**Q.** I'd like to change my line of questioning now to the early settlers in this area. Did they come here in the early 20s?

**A.** You have to go behind the 1920s. In 1886 pineapple was extensively grown all over this area. In 1906 a tidal wave flood occurred, which ruined the pineapple business. After that my father, along with the other settlers in this area, had to change to key limes.

**Q.** How did your father come down here?

**A.** My father was born in Raleigh, North Carolina, and then moved to Wilmington, North Carolina. There he entered the stevedore business where he learned to operate small boats. He came down to Florida because he was "adventurous." First he stopped near Orlando. He put out an orange grove but a freeze killed it. Then he went to Tampa. He couldn't find anything there so he went to Key West and shipped into Coconut Grove. There he met Ralph Munroe, the Commodore. Have you read his book?

**Mensch:** Yes.

**Jones:** Ralph Munroe got him a job as a caretaker for Mr. Walter Davis, who owned some 500 acres on Key Biscayne. Munroe was Davis' agent. Ralph Munroe told my father that if he could handle small boats he could get the job. My father said he could, so Munroe tested him on a fine day in a small sailboat called a smack. These are the boats that have a fishwell in them. He passed the test and got the job.

**Q.** When did your father come to Porgee Key?

**A.** In 1897 my father bought it from another man.

**Q.** How much did he pay for it?

**A.** Oh, about five dollars an acre. When I sold the land in 1976 the abstract had only three sheets. We were the only owners. Originally there were 12 people in this area but

(Continued on Page 14)

# The Good Doctor Smith

By ROSE CONNETT RICHARDS

We twittered like a covey of quail, disgruntled at having to bare our scrawny eight-year-old chests to the handsome young doctor's stethoscope, something not required of the older girls. James Archer Smith M.D.'s good-old-boy demeanor hid his Type A personality and regularly checking the health of South Dade school children was only one of his jobs. He put an annual 80,000 miles on his Model T commuting daily from Homestead to his post as Chief of Surgery at the old county hospital in Kendall.

In between home and hospital he care for communities of field hands quartered by the big tomato farmers, then he made his way back to Homestead for office hours. Things taken care, he'd drop in for a game of hearts with the boys at the fire station. Everybody in town knew where to find him. He was that leg-end from a gentler time: a physician who made house calls — gladly.

James Archer Smith came close to being a Georgia cracker, having been born fewer than twenty miles from the Florida-Georgia line. It was a wide spot in the road named Champaign and the closest town of note was Madison, FL. He was named for his father, who was called Colonel, a title thought to be a purely south-

ern honorific since he was not old enough to have been in the Civil War and he was not from Kentucky. Colonel Smith had a cotton and tobacco plantation of nearly three thousand acres. The Smith home was a six-bedroom frame house, each room with a fireplace, but no indoor plumbing. James Archer Smith was born in this house where his father had drawn his first breath (and also his last from "hemorrhagic" fever at age 53).

A Huck Finn kind of boyhood led young Smith into the surrounding fields and woods where he hunted and fished for the family table. That idyllic existence came to an end when he had to go to school, for the closest was in Madison so he went to stay with the family of the local pharmacist, close friends of the Smiths.

This arrangement was to have a profound effect on the rest of his life. "Doc" Davis was the spark that encouraged him to study medicine — to become a doctor. Jim went to the University of Florida where he played baseball with enough ability to have been scouted for the majors but he had tunnel vision for medicine.

The year 1910 found him in Atlanta Medical School, later Emory University. After graduation, followed

by internship at the Duval County Hospital in Jacksonville, he returned to Champaign and wed the daughter of the Smiths' neighbors, Ada Palmer. "Miss Ada," as she was known all her life, was an excellent choice. She went on his numerous hunting and fishing trips, serving as photographer, and their very compatible marriage lasted until her death in Homestead in 1968.

In the early years of this century the lower west coast of Florida was a purgatory of stifling heat and mosquitos eight months of the year, with alligators outnumbering people a thousand to one. Nonetheless, the new doctor moved with his new bride to Punta Gorda. The bridegroom was drawn to the smorgasbord of game, both on the land in the gulf. Then, too, he was a country boy and he readily admitted he would rather be a "big frog in a small puddle" than the reverse. His Punta Gorda sojourn however, was shortened by saber rattling in Europe.

When the United States entered WW I he was commissioned a First Lieutenant in the U.S. Army Reserve Medical Corps. In a field hospital in France he worked long hours in an underground operating theater patching up the shattered men pouring off the battlefield of Argonne and Saint-Mihiel. At war's end he was

1910 medical students in Atlanta Medical School (later Emory University) included Jim Smith, who had been encouraged by pharmacist "Doc" Davis to study medicine. Smith is first row right end.







Doc Smith was given a birthday party in 1980 celebrating his 89th year. Here he proudly shows off the bed he was born in. Two years later he died August 20, age 91.

Captain Smith, decommissioned and returned to the states.

Jim Smith, Miss Ada and a young son born in 1917 came to the growing city of Miami on Biscayne Bay. He preferred a still smaller place, however, so in 1919 he gravitated to Homestead, a metropolis of 1200. It had been incorporated for six years and had electricity for three. Dr. John B. Tower was already in practice there, but with patients scattered through Monroe County in the south to Kendall in the north there was plenty of doctoring to be done. From this time on Homestead citizens were ruled by a benevolent dictator but didn't know it.

One Christmas he asked the Chief of Police for the jail keys "because I want to see a patient." Without a second thought the chief handed them over. Later, at bed check, all 20 prisoners were gone. Smith had released them, saying "Get lost and a Merry Christmas." Everybody just laughed. Doc was funnin' again.

His practical jokes are legend as are the preparations to which he would go to pull off one. The day before a fishing trip to the Keys he cut a length of broomstick, fixed a

phony fuse to it and covered it with the wrapper from a real stick of dynamite. After he and his fishing buddies had been sitting in the skiff for a while with no bites Doc said, "If these fish won't bite I know a way to stir 'em up."

With that he took the stick of "dynamite" out of his tackle box and put



**Named Man of the Year by the Florida Academy of General Practice in 1976, Smith rode in parade, received a key to the city and Homestead proclaimed James Archer Smith Day.**

his ever-present cigar to the fuse. When it had started sputtering he fumbled and "accidentally" dropped it in the bottom of the boat.

Suddenly Doc was alone. The other three men had abandoned ship with alacrity and were madly splashing away from the immediate vicinity. To Doc it was more than worth all the effort. Despite the countless jokes he went to some trouble to pull on others, however, his son Archer admits it was a one-way street. Doc didn't like it half as much when the joke was on him.

The uncrowned kind of Homestead lost no time in making himself felt in the running of the town. He served on the volunteer fire department. He was health officer on the city commission and a member of the city council. (He also was opinionated and resigned over a dispute.) He played ball on the local baseball team which was good enough to play other teams statewide.

Tall Royal Palms line either side of Krome Avenue today. Their concrete gray trunks bear mute evidence of lean and good years since the good doctor planted them to beautify the main street over sixty years ago. They were a gift to "his" town. (He

had a nursery in the marl soil east of town. Despite the fact that he had been a near-genius in math in school the nursery was a losing venture as were several other commercial investments he tried.)

Honors came to him through the years and he was named Man of the Year by the Florida Academy of General Practice in 1976 and a Florida '76 Patriot. Homestead proclaimed James Archer Smith Day when he rode in a parade and was given a key to the city — a formality, since he already had the city in the palm of his hand. Through the years honors were many and he deserved every one.

If ever there was a physician who took the Hippocratic Oath and lived by it literally, it was James Archer Smith, M.D. He not only made house calls but during the depression he was known to leave a few dollars on the kitchen table if a family was hard up. If his car broke down on a late night call, he simply knocked on the nearest door (which could be miles then) asked to borrow the car in the yard and went on his call. He was never refused.

Once he figured he had delivered over 3,500 babies, many of them at home. Sometimes the babies weren't paid for until they were adults. In later years he began charging \$25 for a delivery if the parents could afford it. He never kept track of bills in the office, figuring people would pay if they could — no need of dunning



**Ardent fisherman Doc proudly poses in Punta Gorda with 6 ft. 326 lb. jewfish in 1916.**

them.

Migrants and poor blacks were recipients of special care as he understood and empathized with them. "I've never had one fail to say, 'Thank you, doctor.' They always paid if they could," he said.

Through the years vegetables, fruit, game or even manatee flesh were often the "legal tender" for paying off Doc Smith. Once when he had made a large haul of Florida lobster on a fishing trip he carted them up to the county hospital so the patients could have a lobster dinner.

He was practical, too. There was the time he raced to a bad accident in the Keys. A Conch fisherman had been hit by a car, losing one leg in the smash-up. Doc rushed him to the hospital but the man was beyond help. Later a fellow Conch appeared at Doc's office carrying the other leg, hoping Doc could reattach it. Doc gently explained that his friend would have no further need of it but he said, "That's a good shoe. Drop by the hospital and get the other one, then you'll have a pair."

James Archer Smith always rushed to help without being summoned when there were catastrophes such as the lethal 1935 hurricane that killed 3,500 at Tavernier in the Keys. As soon as the wind began to slacken he headed down. He got as far as Snake Creek where he had to be rowed across because the bridge



**1st Lt. Smith, USA Reserve Medical Corps, worked in underground operating room in France.**

was out. Working through the night with his son holding a flashlight and with a fifth of whiskey as anesthesia he sewed and patched the devastated bodies left in the storm's wake. "I can remember seeing a man with a 2x4 run clean through him," he recalled.

In 1929 he threw medical supplies in his car and hurried up to Okeechobee when a hurricane caused the lake to overflow, adding water to a terrible wind that killed hundreds. He always worked until he had every battered soul patched up.

Because of Doc one little boy whom he had to poke out from under the bed with a broomstick to give him a shot in the arm later became one of the town's leading dentists. Doc moved the boy in with the Smiths for his school years and he later funded his dental schooling. He was treated like a second son.

In the thirties Doc felt Homestead should step into the twentieth century. The town needed a proper hospital. A friend donated land and James Archer Smith worked on the mayor and the city council to sponsor construction under the WPA act. He also called in a few markers, pressured a few of his pals who were well-to-do farmers, even threw in a legacy left him by a grateful patient. "He was a persuasive con man," says his son, "and he usually got his way."

A modern hospital opened in 1940. Through the years it has expanded time and again until today it is a facility that can handle sophisticated medical needs of a community stretching through the Keys and South Dade. Though he remonstrated that he did not want it named after him, his adoring and grateful public would have it no other way. Today James Archer Smith hospital bears his likeness on a bronze plaque in the lobby, a reminder of the man who got things done — his way, of course.

When Doc was 83 and experienced surgeon who watched him do a leg amputation remarked, "He was the fastest surgeon I've ever seen."

The Shakespeare-quoting, cigar-chomping, practical joker continued to go to his office until shortly before his death when he became too feeble.

He stubbornly refused to let go of life. He loved it too much. But he couldn't con St. Peter and he finally left his loyal subjects — dying at home in the old four-poster in which he'd been born 91 years before.

A community wept.



Ferry Boats to Ocean Beach began running four times a day in 1904. For ten cents you could go over in the morning and return in the afternoon. Ferry slip was next to the Fair building on the bay.

# Hattie's Message to Posterity

By HATTIE CARPENTER

MARCH 1953 — Dear Posterity. Here we are in the Miami Memorial Library putting things down on a record for you folks in 2153. That's a long, long time from here and I'm wondering if this beautiful building is still standing with all this wonderful marble and granite and everything to make it last forever. And do you folks in your time have a Department of Adult Education with Helga Eason in charge and Peyton Wilson beside her running a wonderful record player taking down the accounts of everything that we have to say about today?

Around us is the most wonderful park perhaps in the country and Biscayne Bay just beyond and people sitting out in the fresh air. Here it is the first of March, yet the weather is like bright and beautiful summertime. Over in the reading room there are children looking at books. They are looking at space ships of different kinds and talking about what it must be like to fly up to Mars or the Moon. Are you doing that now? Possibly you have space ships all around you and don't think anything of it. There are boys and girls in Miami today (1953) who saw the first automobile and saw the first airplane, and those are very common things now in our day.

When my mother, a widow with four children, came to Miami in 1900 there were no automobiles and I doubt that there were many in the country. We had carriages and horses and the telephones here were the good old-fashioned kind on the wall that you cranked to call the operator. Now in 1953 we have dial machines. Perhaps in your time you have a contraption aside your telephone where you can see what people are doing while you talk to them. We don't have anything like that. Neither do we have anything in the way of other contraptions that must be so very, very common to you.

I remember Thomas A. Edison (he had a home over in Fort Myers, which isn't so very far from Miami) before he died used to spend a great deal of time tinkering with different little gadgets that he hoped somehow he could develop into something that would overcome gravity. His theory was that since everybody at sometime in their

lives probably dreams they are pursued by some enemy or are in some kind of trouble and they just rise from the ground and float off wherever they want to go. Edison said that we would not have those dreams unless there was something we hadn't discovered yet about our control over gravity.

If he could invent some kind of a piece of metal, perhaps, or something you could slide under your feet and control the pull of gravity and if you didn't have gravity under your feet you would fly right up into the air. His theory was that the time could come — would come — when this something in our bodies we haven't learned how to control yet would maybe control a sheet of metal or something similar. We can't manipulate wings to fly but we could control going up and down with gravity. He was working on this shortly before his last illness and he was so sure that this something could be discovered.

We have other inventive people here in Miami in 1953. David Fairchild had done such wonderful work with plants of all kinds. He said not long ago that in all the years that he has lived in the place (The Kampong) in Coconut Grove they never yet have burned one bit of vegetation. It has all been raked up, put into compost beds and put back into the soil and reused. He has used very little commercial fertilizer for all the growing of their wonderful plants because he has saved what nature had already given him (Fairchild died in 1954).

Today in 1953 we have a great city here, we think and it is sprawling out. Maybe by the time you read this it won't be but one city all the way from Palm Beach to Homestead. It will all be one enormous town. I'm wondering if in that time you will have a cultural center like the Miami Memorial Library has become or will you have many of them in different parts of town? What will you talk about? What will be your food then? Will you be eating capsules or will you have food like we have now in 1953?

When we came to Miami in 1900, four years after it had



**Royal Palm Hotel spearheads the land where the bay meets the Miami River. Workers cottages in foreground were utilized as homes or businesses for years after the hotel was gone.**

been founded, the town had become quite a city. The Royal Palm Hotel was opened January 1897 and so were its cottages. They called them cottages but they were good substantial homes that now are on SE First, Second and Third Streets. Flagler Street is now the main street, taking the place of 12th Street. Where the Royal Palm Hotel was they built a park all the way to the present Flagler Street and they had a bandstand. We used to go down there in the evening and hear the band concert. Where that was is now in 1953 a big skyscraper, probably no more than 13 stories high but it seems high to us.

At the east end of what used to be 12th Street was a fair building and every year they had the County Fair there. E. V. Blackman, who was a Methodist preacher and also sort of a publicity man for the Flagler interests, used to be the president of the Fair Association. People all over the county brought in their fruit and their handiwork of different kinds. There were quilts and homemade embroidery work brought there year after year and got a prize every year. One very elaborate bedspread every year got the first prize of \$5. We always liked to go every year to see if it was still there.

Along side the fair building was something known

as Elser's Pier, the most wonderful place to go. It had slot machines where you put in a penny and you looked in and found the most wonderful pictures. At the end of Elser's Pier was the fishing pier where all the boats came in. There were a great many, considering the number of people here. People who came here in yachts tied up along Elser's Pier and the fishing boats also came in there. There was one ferry over to the beach called the "Lady Lou." It wasn't called Miami Beach then; it wasn't called anything, we just went over to the beach.

At the south end of the beach was a really good beach known now (1953) Smith's Casino and Smith's Beach. They didn't have a real casino or swimming pool or anything but they had a pavillion — Trubeck Pavillion. We used to take our lunches and if it were stormy we ate inside there. They had a very nice place where you could dance.

The vegetation over there was the wildest kind, sea grape trees, palmettos, vines and many yucca plants — what we call Spanish bayonets — all in bloom most of the time. People used to go over there for turtle egg hunting. Every full moon the turtles would come up on the beach and lay eggs and cover them with sand. People would locate these places and when the little turtles would hatch and come out — little bits of fellas — they would all run for the ocean as fast as possible. The big turtles were so big that they used to have turtle turnings where four men would get hold of a turtle and turn him over on his back and then he would be helpless. Then they would tow him off to make turtle soup or steaks.

Our people found much to enjoy. Men found enjoyment in fishing and hunting. This was the wildest kind of country all around here. Where this library is now was water. The bay at that time came up 100 to 200 more feet inland from here. Bayfront Park was made by pumping in sand dredged out of the bay.

William and Mary Bulmer Brickell and their seven children came to Miami back in the early 1870s. They established their home on the south side of the river and had a trading post for Indians right on the shore. Mrs.



**Horticultural Hall was a gift to Miami from Henry Flagler in 1903, painted Flagler Yellow to match the Royal Palm Hotel. E. V. Blackman had organized a fair to promote farm products and handcrafts. Held in the winter season, it promoted South Florida.**



**Street car line started in 1905 ran east down Flagler to the Halcyon Hotel (on left with pointed turrets) where it turned north to Buena Vista.**

Brickell was very much opposed to filling in the land. Miami Beach had been created by pumping in sand from the bay and the ocean, mostly from the bay. Acres and acres of mangrove swamp were covered over there and turned into land onto which they build houses and some very large buildings.

Mrs. Brickell once said to me, "Some day a tidal wave is going to flow over Miami Beach and come into the bay, and when it goes out it's going to carry out the sand that they've pumped in there under those buildings just like sand going through an hourglass. Did you ever watch an hourglass?" I said, "Yes. Well, that's the way the sand is going to seep back into the ocean under those buildings."

"But, Mrs. Brickell, they're putting in such deep pilings," I said.

"How deep are they going down what strength will there be left after all the soil is washed out? And that causeway (the County causeway — McArthur Causeway now) was built on sand and the tremendous force of water coming across and going out would carry out the sand from under the causeway."

"We wouldn't have any causeway. You people who have come here now don't know what it was in the old days. Back there when we came we had a hurricane and when we got through there was hardly a tree standing. Then she said, "You've never seen a hurricane — you've never seen anything like what we saw." So now maybe we haven't seen anything you folks will have seen up there in 2153. There's no telling what you will have seen in those years."

Mrs. Brickell and her husband were great characters and their seven children were characters. We knew them quite well. We knew many people who looked upon all of us who came here in 1900 as very much newcomers.

A street car line was started about 1905 which we were all excited about. It came down Flagler Street and went up Avenue A (First Avenue) and then to Avenue B (Second Avenue) where it turned the corner. We called it the Halcyon Hall corner because there was a big hotel called Halcyon Hall where the DuPont building is now on the corner of Flagler and NE Second Avenue. Every time a street car turned there the motorman had to get out and grease the track. Then the car would roll along, if he didn't, it would stick. Sometimes it would get off the track there and then the passengers would get off. If there were men, they would help push and then they would get back on. It was a long ride all the way from Flagler Street up to what was then Buena Vista, that's about 36th Street now. It wasn't a very satisfactory sys-

tem because it took care only of right down town, but we missed it a lot when that street car was taken off and they put buses on instead.

There were a number of pleasures people enjoyed. The Royal Palm Hotel was where we went for a real nice dance. There were many families all over town who entertained at home. There was a very good home life here. I remember when the Woman's Club started. There were 12 women who got together in the afternoon to sew. They called themselves the Ladies Needle Club at first. They would sew and one person would read aloud to them. I belonged to a reading circle that was a lot of fun. We would assign different parts among us and then we would each read our part. We read Ibsen's plays a good deal.

The only auditorium in town was in the school building (after they added another addition). They had plays there, many of them staged by local people. My sister Daisy, who went to the School of Dramatic Arts in Philadelphia, was very good. Mrs. T. V. Moore and Daisy gave several entertainments together. Mrs. Moore would get the talent and Daisy would produce a show.

My sister Louise, who gave up her art scholarship to come south, climbed up on a scaffold and painted the drop curtain for the high school in Palm Beach. She also did a set of inside scenery. She did a drop curtain for the high school here and gave it to the school.

Then there were our bridges. We had one bridge across Miami River about Avenue G (NW Second Avenue) operated by a man who walked around a turnstile to open and close the bridge. Nobody had automobiles then but when they did come it was certainly exciting. For a while there were ten or twelve here and people had exciting times riding in them.

I wonder what, if any, of this could even be comprehended by people 100 or 200 years from now. When they read about covered wagon days, about the people who went to the west and fought Indians, they ought really to include in their minds the people who came down here because this was frontier. Of course they didn't come in covered wagons. They couldn't get here if they wanted to because there were no roads. But they could come down quite a distance, and then they could come by boat down the coast.

The Brickells came from New York in a boat and on a steamship, and when they got to Key West they got a schooner and Mr. Brickell brought his family up to the river here in it. And when the Munroes (Kirk and Ralph) came here they all came by boat. Some of them came from Key West and some of them came from farther up the coast but they they all had to come by boat.

Mrs. Kirk Munroe, who wore a sunbonnet a lot, used to tell my mother that the reason women all through the country wore sunbonnets a lot was to hide their tears from their husbands because they hated so much living in such a primitive way. They didn't have any conveniences at all. No ice. If you had a pound of butter the best place to put it was in a pitcher because it would melt down, you know, and you poured it out that way. Mother had an icebox made. She had a kind of wooden — it looked a big old chest more than anything else — and she had it made into two compartments. I don't know if she invented it or had seen it somewhere else, but it had one box inside the other. Between the inside box and the outside box you put sawdust, packed it in. Then once in a long while you could buy ice.

(Here the tape on *Pioneer Voices: Hattie Carpenter* faded out and we will never know what else she had to say about Miami in 1953.)

## From Santa Marta to Key Biscayne

By MURIEL M. CURTIS

Key Biscayne stands at the northern end of the Florida Keys, that 160-mile arc of islands in the Atlantic Ocean protecting the southern tip of Florida. It is the third island south of Miami Beach, linked to the mainland by the Rickenbacker Causeway. Its entire oceanfront, a beautiful, gently-sloping, sandy beach, was the shore that welcomed the first Europeans.

During the first years of the sixteenth century Charles V, ruler of Spain and other lands, was very much aware of the English ships venturing into this part of the world in spite of the Pope's ruling that set boundaries in the New World that recognized only the Spanish and Portuguese explorations and claims. Ponce de Leon was given a patent by Charles authorizing him, the former adelantado of Haiti, Santo Domingo and Puerto Rico, to form an expedition to explore and claim for Spain and himself lands in the New World, including "Beniny" or "Beimeni."

There was an old Indian legend about some magical waters — a Fountain of Youth — on this island that later became associated with the name of Ponce de Leon. The story is to be found for the first time in Escalante de Fontenada's *Memoirs* and subsequently lifted by the colorful historian Herrera and linked with Ponce. It is one of those dramatic, charming stories like that of the lovely Indian princess who begs for the white man's life. They crop up time and again through history but have no basis in any available fact.

On March 3, 1513, Ponce de Leon sailed with three ships through the islands of the Bahamas and across to Florida. Late in the Easter season the *San Cristoval*, Ponce's flagship, led the little fleet toward Key Biscayne. Ponce named the mainland *La Florida* but bestowed a saint's name to a small island near its southern tip where his mapmaker noted a good landing for fresh water. The name *Santa Marta* was the name Ponce gave to Key Biscayne. Ponce de Leon gave Florida and her name to the world; her Indians gave him death with an arrow piercing a joint in his armor.

The Indians continued to be a sore problem to the succession of Spaniards who followed. Panfilo de Narvaez, who lost his life and almost his entire expedition of some 600 men; Hernando de Soto, with his canine corps, who determinedly traveled the New World looking for wealth and died at the Mississippi River; Father Luis Cancer, with cross in hand, who waded ashore to death by Indians' clubs.

The Indians had at last taught the white men that they were not to be enslaved or pushed around — at least not for many years to come. As fierce as the explorers found the Indians, their ships found equally as dangerous the Florida Straits. The low rocks, reefs and



Map and detail of Key Biscayne prepared in 1851 by Coast Survey Team.

sandbars were treacherous even in good weather; in times of hurricanes they were sure death. The Indians were born wreckers and soon learned the true value of their sea gifts.

Indian eyes were not the only ones that viewed the Spanish treasures with greed. Soon many men from many countries became impatient to wait for accidents to provide them with the wealth of the Americas passing Cape Florida on its way to Spain. These were the riff-raff, the psychological misfits, the dissolute breed of seamen known as pirates.

Piracy was a going business for over two centuries before Commodore David Porter was sent into the southern waters and succeeded in clearing the seas by 1840. The Florida Keys helped the pirates play their game of hide and seek with the wealthy cargo ships. Pirate ships hid among the islands until the unsuspecting wealth sailed near; then they rapidly attacked and escaped through channels known only to them to hide once again in the mangroves of the Keys.

Hurricane Harbor on Key Biscayne was a natural deep-water harbor, ringed with mangrove trees, and was used as a hiding place as well as a good anchorage in time of hurricane.

Ship wreckers, although much maligned in many accounts, differed from the pirates in many ways. Piracy is by definition "the crime of robbing on the high seas" and wrecking is "the removal of cargo from a wrecked vessel for the owner's benefit." Most of the wreckers were licensed businessmen and kept their vessels in the shipshape tradition of the true seaman. Artist John James Audubon was hesitant to accept an invitation to visit aboard a wrecking ship but he came away praising the high standards of cleanliness and social behavior.

Many are the tales told of lights moved from place to place on shore from Cape Florida south that lured passing ships onto the reefs and shoals. There are also many tales told of the heroism of the wreckers in saving passengers and cargos at the risk of their own lives. Dr. John C. Gifford used to tell his classes at the University of Miami that the early Keys residents were named Conchs because they used the open-ended conch shell to call signals up and down the Keys to signal one and all that help was needed at sea.

Because of its nearness to some of the disastrous reefs, Cape Florida was one of the five best locations for wreckers, the others being Indian Key, Tavernier, Key West and Dry Tortugas. From 1828, when the courts of Key West decided the value of the salvage and the wrecker's share and issued licenses to the wreckers, Cape Florida boomed and fattened. Her docks were stacked with bales and barrels and boxes of everything from raw cotton to silks, from raw Mexican hides to English saddles, from Cuban and local mahogany to French furniture.

In 1840 the owners of the Mary Ann Davis grant on the south end of Key Biscayne tried to share part of this boom and invited "respectable wreckers, with substantial vessels, to bring their goods to the island and make it their homes and their vessels hailed from the Town of Key Biscayne."

While wrecking was making many people rich and was a thriving business along the south Florida coast counter forces were at work. First came the lighthouses.

One of the first built in these waters was the Cape

Florida Light on Key Biscayne. The Light first sent its silvery warning light out over the darkened water in 1827. The light served as a notice of reefs and shoals nearby and during the Seminole Wars also served as a lookout to watch for boats coming into Biscayne Bay from Cuba and Nassau with guns for the Indians. An Indian attack darkened its great reflecting lamp on July 23, 1836.

Trouble had been brewing with the Indians since the times of the Spanish and English slavers and the United States inherited this situation when the lands of East and

West Florida first raised the stars and stripes in 1821. The first years at the great light were peaceful, however, as the Indians had a great respect for the man who made the moon to shine across the night waters. Then events in 1835 and early 1836 gave warning of impending danger.

Major Francis Dade and his troops had been savagely massacred near Bushnell and the wife, daughters and tutor of William Cooley's family had been killed at their home along the New River. Cooley was the temporary lighthouse keeper during the vacation of John DuBose, the regular keeper. The residents of Dade County, about sixty in number, fled to the protection of the lighthouse and then south to Key West, leaving two volunteers to tend the light, John Thompson, the assistant lighthouse keeper, and an elderly negro named Aaron Carter.

For nearly four months they kept a close watch for unfriendly Seminoles crossing the Bay and were perhaps beginning to relax their vigilance a mite when Thompson discovered a band of Indians hiding in the beach grass. A fight of life and death was begun that hot July afternoon.

John Thompson and his helper raced to the tower, dove through the open door, slammed it closed and shot home the bar. They closed and bolted the shutters on the one kitchen window and prepared for the worst.

Leaving Carter below, Thompson dashed up the wooden staircase with his muskets, shot bag and powder pouch to get a better view of the yowling savages.

(Continued on Page 14)



**The attack of the Cape Florida Lighthouse by Ken Hughs.**

(Continued from Page 12)

by 1935 that had dropped down to six people and by the 1940s everyone had left except me. I am the last one.

Q. How profitable was the key lime business?

A. We were producing key limes in abundance by 1912. From 1915 to 1935 we had 65 acres of key limes. But the Mexicans started sending limes in large quantities in 1938. Basically, production had stopped by World War II. The people who lived on these islands depended upon seafood, lobster and fish to supplement their income from the lime groves.

Q. Are there any key lime trees on your land?

A. Oh, there are a few up in the interior of the island.

Q. One final question before we end this interview. How would you like to be remembered by the people of Miami?

A. I'm not a great person. I'm a very private person. I don't picture myself as being a great contributor. But one thing I've done, I've been helpful to people in need out here. It's like the story of the Good Samaritan. I've tried to lend aid to the needy.

## The Final Word

In 1824 Mrs. Mary Ann Davis of St. Augustine bought 175 acres on the point of Key Biscayne, forming Cape Florida. The seller was Raphael Andreu, stepson of Pedro Fornella to whom the tract had been granted by the English governor in 1800. Walter Davis, Sr., explored the eastern coast of the land and selected property at the south end. In 1827 he deeded three acres on the southeast point to the U.S. Government for a lighthouse and a tower and keeper's dwelling.

In 1893 Davis, Sr., asked Ralph Munroe if he could stop erosion around the three acres of land he had deeded to the government. Munroe did stop the erosion and reclaimed most of an acre. A gale in 1896 wrecked what had been done.

Israel Lafayette Jones, known as Pahson Jones, helped Munroe with the clearing and acted as caretaker. Pahson had come from Carolina and worked at the Peacock Inn. He married a Nassauvian named Moselle and the couple had two sons, Sir Launcelot and King Arthur, whom Moselle addressed with their full titles. Joseph Mensch's tape of Sir Launcelot opens this issue.

Hattie Carpenter is making a return visit to *Update*. In the November, 1987, issue she told the story of her mother, Mrs. Stephen Van Rensselaer, who packed up her possessions in 1900 when her husband died in Columbus, OH, and moved with her five children to Miami. Hattie, the oldest, speculates on what life will be like in 2153. The tape was recorded in 1953. Hattie died three years after the taping.

Rose Connett Richards, whose territory runs from south Dade County to upper Keys, gets around down there almost as much as did James Archer Smith, the Homestead doctor who was known by everyone in Homestead, and who died in 1982 at the age of 91. Rose has provided *Update* with a charming account of the girlhood acquaintance with Mrs. Charles Deering and, in another issue, a biography of the aviatrix Annette Gipson Way.

Muriel M. Curtis, who admits to a love affair with Key Biscayne, where she lives, relates some of its more violent early history. She ranges from the time of Charles V of Spain to Ponce de Leon cruising through the Bahamas in the spring of 1513. By the 1800s activity had picked up considerably, what with Indians and pirates.

Maria Anderson

(Continued from Page 13)

He fired at a big brave going into the nearby dwelling house and the return volley echoed with Thompson's own cry. His forehead ran with blood. He climbed to the fourth window, which also overlooked the Indians ransacking his house. This time the maddened savages lodged a musket ball in Thompson's foot. From the top of the lantern platform Thompson fired again and again; in the process the injured leg was severely cut by jagged fragments from the reflecting lamp.

As the warm sun slipped behind the mainland across mirrored Biscayne Bay Thompson bandaged his wounds with strips of his shirt and thought hopelessly about what would surely follow as soon as the sun sank. Thompson painfully hobbled down the stairs and shook Carter stiff with fear. In the quick darkness that follows the tropical sunset Thompson saw a flickering brilliance that could mean only one thing: fire set against the door of the tower.

As they climbed to a precarious refuge on the lantern platform, stumbling with the weight of the reserve keg of powder, extra musket balls, an axe and a canteen of water, Thompson planned to chop away the wooden staircase behind them to avoid pursuit.

Before the smoke could hide their ascent Carter was wounded severely and Thompson was shot in his good foot. The job of destroying the stairs was done for Thompson when some 200 gallons of oil in the lighthouse ignited and the tower became the chimney of a

gigantic stove.

The tortures of Hell could be mild compared to the torment that followed. The evening breezes whipped the flames this way and that; there was no escaping them and both men were being seared. Once again Thompson's leg was hit. Glass from the lenses shot through the air, slashing in every direction. It was impossible to put out the smoldering sparks in their clothes.

In the midst of this Satanic misery Carter died. This was the final blow for Thompson and he decided to end everything and at the same time take some of the blood-thirsty Indians with him.

He dropped the powder keg into the inferno below and instantly the lighthouse became a gigantic cannon belching a 30-foot flame into the night air.

As fate would have it, Thompson was rendered unconscious for only a short time. It was a miracle the lighthouse still stood, but the real miracle was that the *U. S. Schooner Motto*, some 12 miles at sea, witnessed the titanic blast and sailed into the Cape to help.

For 28 hours Thompson was stranded on the inaccessible platform of pain before he was rescued and taken to Key West for hospitalization.

Photocredits: cover: HASF, 1975-83-6; P. 1: HASF, 101-12; P. 3: HASF, 1986-215-2; P. 4: 1986-215-15; HASF, x-2105-1; P. 5: HASF, 1981-99-97; HASF, 1745C-1; P. 6: Rose Richards, 1988-60-9; P. 8: Rose Richards, 1988-60-4; Rose Richards, 1986-60-1; P. 8: Rose Richards, 1988-60-3; Rose Richards, 1988-60-2; P. 9: HASF, 1972-12-1; P. 10: HASF, 1976-178-19; HASF, X-196-X; P. 11: HASF, 1976-68-1; P. 12: HASF; P. 13, HASF.



(Continued from Page 2)

**Andy and his crew:**  
 from left to right Tina  
 Bucuvalas, George  
 Chillag, Jim Omahen,  
 Dan Killian, Andy Brian,  
 Dawn Hugh, Becky  
 Smith and Dan Markus.



Andy believes that quality exhibitions use artifacts to tell a story in an enjoyable learning environment. To produce the sophisticated presentations the public has come to expect required an upgrading of the shop's tools. Today the shop is capable of producing an entire exhibition from display cases to copy blocks, and when it's deemed cost effective, entire exhibitions are produced in house.

Andy considered *M\*A\*S\*H* to be his most challenging exhibition. "We had to deal with objects of varying scale, from a helicopter to a Good Conduct medal and I think we were very successful." He also found the Miami River exhibition very satisfying. "It brought together content and environment and spoke well of local history."

Andy's latest challenge will be the organization of the Museum's very special exhibition, *Audubon: The South Florida Prints*. This exhibition of approximately 100 prints from the Museum's complete set of John James Audubon's *Birds of America*, will be the largest display of prints ever undertaken in Florida. "I'm really looking forward to this one," he explains. "In addi-

tion to highlighting one of South Florida's premier collections, it will give us an opportunity to explore Audubon's impact in our region."

As with the other places he's worked, the Museum also uses Andy's expertise in areas other than exhibitions. His current responsibilities include supervising curatorial staff, Tina Bucuvalas, Folklife, Rebecca Smith, Archive and Library Collection and Dan Markus, Object Collection.

For the future Andy is focusing more on collection growth, which will in turn support higher quality exhibitions. Reflecting on his role in the Museum, Andy observed, "While the exhibition program is the most public aspect of my job, the most important may be the development and supervision of a quality collection program."

On June 3, 1988, Andy and his crew will have worked their magic again and transformed the Special Exhibition Gallery for *Audubon: The South Florida Prints*. I, for one, can hardly wait.

TIM SCHMAND

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## *Welcome to Downtown Miami!*

When the *Della* sailed into the palm-fringed mouth of the Miami River on March 3, 1896, the captain proudly announced "Miami!"

"Where?" John Sewell asked, astounded. Miami was little more than a scraggly excuse for a village then. But Sewell had been sent by Henry Flagler to build a town, and build it he did. In 1933, Sewell retold Miami's wet-behind-the-ears years in his personal memoirs. He wrote, as he put it, "from the inside of the ring." *Miami Memoirs* is a new limited edition of Sewell's story and is now available with hundreds of rare and previously unpublished photos. The book has been compiled by noted historian Arva Parks. It has been commissioned by Professional Savings Bank of Miami with support of the Historical Association of Southern Florida. It's the book of the season -- for corporate or family gifts, available December 10. Order now and your copies will be autographed.

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Mail to Professional Savings Bank, c/o Paula Hack,  
3001 Ponce de Leon Boulevard, Coral Gables, FL 33134



# We're making Headlines!

**The Miami News**

Some dreamy dolls are due in town



By [Name]

Some dreamy dolls are due in town...

**BayLife** THE TAMPA TRIBUNE  
Sunday, January 11, 1987

Miami takes history to its community

In addition to exhibits, the historical museum stages programs, come tips and past clothing expeditions



The museum...

**The Miami Herald**

The cartoonists' art

**P**OLITICAL cartoonists are more accustomed to breaking than breaking in the opening of a museum exhibition, conveying their art is a special occasion indeed.

Political Cartooning in Florida 1901-1987 features a historical review of the little staples, plus the works of 10 contemporary Florida cartoonists including Jim Moore of The Herald and the Wright of The Miami News.

The exhibition, first announced and scheduled last year at the Museum of Florida History in Tallahassee, opened on Friday and runs through May 15 at the Historical Museum of Southern Florida in the mid-century style cultural center in downtown Miami.

As the museum opens its opening announcements, "The cartoon images are drawings that contain both historical information and personal statements. This exhibition is like both art and...

**WORTHWHILE EXHIBITION**

The skilled public figures would not want to see this show a visit or well for perspective's sake. They find that many historical figures who are now revered were not the targets of cartoon caricatures and criticism.

In fact, many of the cartoonists targeted — including some who are revered and proudly displayed the original signed and proofed drawings of which they were the butt of criticism. This is a sure sign that American political cartooning — whether verbal or graphic — can be vigorous, even personal.

Without being unduly personal, however, the cartoonist's art is a vital component of the democratic's and something part of the democratic and participation in the important issues and...

**Community Newspaper**

War Pictures Made His A Legend

**Historical Museum Host Photos By David Duncan**

David Duncan's war photos are a collection of war photos that were taken during the war...



**Southern Living**

M\*A\*S\*H  
In Miami

Who was your favorite character in the television series? ...

...with a moving eye for drama, the late screenwriter and director ...

...of all scenes and events ...

...the show, this is the month you should be in Miami. Through January 5, you can enter the company of the M\*A\*S\*H at the Historical Museum of Southern Florida. This is the place to see the M\*A\*S\*H exhibit, including the original set and costumes of the show, as well as the museum's new exhibit in Tallahassee, Fla.

Visitors will see up to the living, which is the dramatic quality that makes the show so much more than a war show. The exhibit includes the original set, including the operating engine and control panel, and the machine of the war, the M\*A\*S\*H.

**Sun-Sentinel**

Quilt exhibit mixes past with present

By DOROTHY ANNE FLOR

**S**outh Floridians can enjoy an in-depth view of the creativity and craftsmanship that marks American quilting.

"Stitches to Amnesia," a display of 45 quilts spanning 200 years, opened this week and will run through March 1 at the Historical Museum of Southern Florida, Miami. The exhibit is sponsored by the West Broward Quilters' Guild and the Duval County Council of Arts and Sciences, and is traveling under the auspices of the Southeastern Quiltfest.

Amnesia was Amasia Davidson, born in 1783 at a family that had been in America since 1611. In the early 1770s, she was Amasia's great-granddaughter, Edna Binsley III, and her daughter, Gail Binsley-Winstow, discovered a quilt made by Davidson in the Portland Historical Society Museum, Oregon. The quilt inspired Binsley-Winstow to become a master quilter and, with her father, to begin collecting the quilts now on display.

Reviewed as "visually splendid" and compared to paintings, the exhibition begins with Davidson's coverlet spread made in 1810 and ends with her great-great-granddaughter's Coastal Waters quilt made in 1984. Binsley-Winstow and her father believe the quilts represent the development of America as seen through its women's...

Veronica Van Handel, left, and Barbara Jaeger at the quilt exhibit.

PHOTO BY GUY LAWRENCE



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