

**Mystery Unfolds at Night on Carysfort Light
Groundbreaking for Dade County Cultural Complex**

Assaying the Essay Dilemma

Award-Winning Quilts!

The Historical Association of Southern Florida

UPDATE

Volume 7, Number 2

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Museum Ready To Rise

The Historical Association of Southern Florida moves a step closer to its new Historical Museum in May, with groundbreaking ceremonies for the future Dade County Cultural Complex, a multi-million dollar facility which also will house the Main Branch of the Metropolitan Dade County Public Library and the Center for Fine Arts.

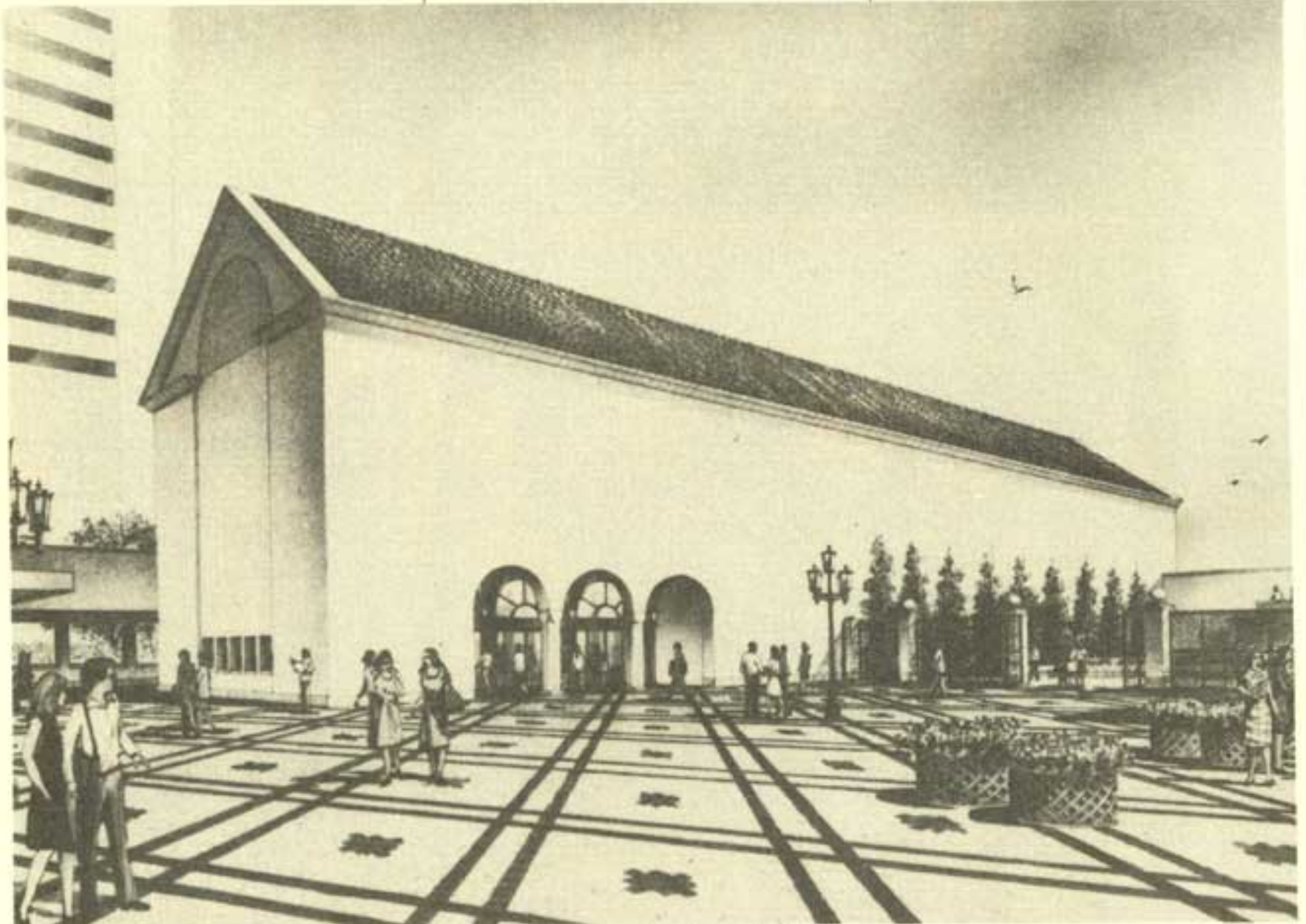
The groundbreaking represents one of several milestones in the past four years which have moved the future museum closer to reality. In 1977 federal funds were provided through a \$375,000 grant from the National Endowment for the Humanities, the largest challenge grant at that time ever awarded to a Historical Museum to assist in laying the foundation for the new facility. In August of 1979 Secretary of State George Firestone presented a check representing the first installment of an \$800,000 appropriation by the State Legislature for fabrication and installation of exhibits for the future museum.

Planning for exhibits has been under way for several years, with historical research beginning in November of 1975. The exhibits will present

a people's history of the human experience in South Florida over the span of 10,000 years. Two major themes will emphasize the uniqueness of the environment, and the arrival of successive waves of people into the southern part of Florida.

The interpretive study will focus on five stages: first arrivals; international rivalry; southward expansion; new people and new technology; and the modern era in which South Florida has emerged as a gateway to the New World.

The move from the museum's present location on S. Miami Avenue to the downtown complex will have a significant effect both for the Historical Museum and the Greater Miami area. For the museum, it will expand the space for exhibits from approximately 3,000 square feet to some 14,000. For Miami, it will provide a major activity in the heart of the city throughout the year, attracting more people to the downtown area. While the existing museum attracts more than 200,000 visitors each year, it is estimated that the new Historical Museum will serve 500,000 in its first year. ●



This architect's rendering depicts the future Historical Museum of Southern Florida, as seen from the plaza at the Dade County Cultural Complex.

The Historical Association of Southern Florida

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Contents

Mystery at Carysfort 3

The sea can play tricks on a man; but late at night on the old Carysfort Light, Charlie Brookfield heard frightening sounds too real to ignore.

Sun & Wind Energy 6

On the tenth anniversary of Earth Day, **Update** appraises South Florida's energy situation.

Learning to be Kind to our Mother Earth 6

Lawrence Mahoney explores the Environmental Development Center and its philosophy of "Appropriate Technology" – service to mankind without harm to the environment.

Pros and Cons of Sub-Tropic Houses 8

Is it true, as the song says, that "everything old is new again"? Beverley Wilson discovers that when it comes to architecture for the sub-tropics, some old ways may indeed be the best.

Back to Basics After \$600 Bill 11

A \$600 electric bill was enough to convince Marilyn and Bill Gadinsky that it was time to raise their energy consciousness and lower their energy bills.

HASF Contests in Schools 12

As the Historical Association's annual Essay Contest enters its fifth year, the ratio of potential to participation has dwindled to the point where the competition's future is questionable. Marie Anderson assays the essay dilemma.

Departments

Letters _____ 2

Around the Museum _____ 2

Out of the Trunk _____ 15

The Final Word _____ 16

What's Up! _____ Inside Back Cover

On the Cover: The primitive chickee incorporates some architectural design concepts which work well in our sub-tropical environment. For a special section on South Florida's energy status – past, present, and possibly future – see page 6.

LETTERS

THE ZANGARA ATTACK

I think the picture taken seconds before Mayor Cermak was shot is one of the most incredible pictures I've ever seen. To actually see the assassin and his victim in the same photograph just seconds before the shooting is amazing. One can just visualize the shouting, the confusion and the events that took place.

My congratulations to whoever found that photograph. It truly is a very remarkable picture.

Otis Wragg, IV
Key Biscayne

Otis, age 15, shows an interest in good journalism, a craft that his parents, Joanna and Otis Wragg, have long practiced.

Your feature on the Zangara attack took me back to that day when we heard the report on the radio in our parlor in Atlantic City, N.J. I recall my father's outrage that someone would actually attack a high government official! In those naive times, what an unthinkable thing this was.

Dorothy D. Stevens
Daytona Beach

THE MARION

"Memories of the Marion" by Elizabeth P. Breeze evoked nostalgia from early Miamians who wrote the author. Mrs. Breeze cleared with the writers and shared some comments.

How much I enjoyed your "Memories of the Marion." I can add quite a few of my own, some very vivid. The flowers in the vases were often those beautiful double pink hibiscus — still almost my favorite of the many kinds we see nowadays — and grand duke jasmine that you don't often see any more. I can smell them now. Sometimes they included blue plumbago or pink oleander.

I wish I could remember who taught us to play mumble peg, which we enjoyed while sitting on the grass of the front yard — no St. Augustine, that! It was surely Bermuda, thick and healthy. I remember Grigsby and how she loved and made much of you. Mr. and Mrs. C.V. Cosby were a couple my parents enjoyed, since they were both equally fond of bridge. Marthedith Furnas and I played a very naughty practical joke (at least we intended it to be a joke) on the Cs. It seems Mr. C., an engineer, took seriously the note which we, anonymous and giggling, pushed under their door. He thought it might be labor-inspired and mean trouble. My perceptive mother saw through it in short order. We were most contrite in our apologies. They must have forgiven me, because six years later, when I was at Camp Junaluska, I spent a weekend with them in their Canton, NC home. I seem to remember a Mr. and Mrs. Span, but nothing about them, except they



Lucille Clark, Dorothy Pherigo, Beth Price, Ernestine Gore on Babcock's dock on Biscayne Bay.

were young, and I thought she was pretty and he handsome.

There, of course, began my lifelong friendship with Miss (Mary B.) Merritt. I was fortunate enough to have her for two English courses at Miami High, and Miss Bayne, dear soul, for another. I beamed with pride when Miss Merritt turned to me at a luncheon she gave at La Casita and said, "Louise, you know I've known you longer than any-

body else." Miss Abernathy was my Sunday School teacher and made me enjoy Virgil and tolerate Cicero in Miami High.

Isn't nostalgia fun!
Louise Hume Lewis (Mrs. T.E.)

We were pleased to see your article on the Marion in Update. I enjoyed being reminded of things I knew about it and learning other things I hadn't known. I hadn't realized how

► Continues on page 16

AROUND THE MUSEUM

Hello 1980 — not just a new decade for the World, but a new one for the Historical Association, now entering its fabulous forties. As Update goes to press, the Association's birthday is just around the corner — specifically, April 23.

One good birthday deserves another, and founding member Dr. Thelma Peters complies by conveniently observing a special one the same week — her seventy-fifth. It's a perfect excuse to have a celebration, and plans are shaping up for an old-fashioned ice cream social at the Tee House, Legion Park in Lemon City. The ice cream, of course, is lemon; the beverage, lemonade. And Thelma, author of *Lemon City: Pioneering on Biscayne Bay, 1850-1925*, will be guest of honor as a lifetime of students, colleagues, admirers and friends convene to salute her.

There follows a whirlwind of activity the next week or so, as details are confirmed for the groundbreaking ceremonies for the Dade County Cultural Complex, future home of the Historical Museum (see inside front cover).

The County faces an interesting

dilemma for its groundbreaking: how to convey a sense of size, color and excitement to help people envision a 270,000 square foot Center that is only just beginning with one small shovel of dirt for mankind.

Their solution is to commission a talented artist, one Cynthia Snodgrass, to create one of her fabulous flying "wind sculptures" — hundreds of yards of colorful dacron suspended by cables from such nearby tall structures as City Hall. Though the sculpture will be temporary, Cynthia herself is becoming a "permanent fixture" in the art realm, as her work continues to earn prominent display in major metropolitan areas.

Education Director Wit Ostrenko says he's thinking of changing his title to "Full-Time Purveyor of Canoe Trips" — such has been the demand for his schedule of outings to Flamingo, Turner River, and Snapper Creek.

While the trips naturally emphasize our environment, sometimes South Florida history refuses to be ignored — as archaeologist Bob Carr discovered by leading an expedition

► Continues on page 15

Mystery at Carysfort

BY CHARLES BROOKFIELD

**"You are in distress," the captain said.
What followed was an unforgettable experience.**

Back in 1925 my friend Earl T. Montgomery and I had a boat built at the foot of McFarlane Road on the shore of Biscayne Bay in Cocanut Grove, as it was spelled then. We knew an elderly gentleman by the name of Jones from Charleston, SC, who was a boat builder. He designed and built our 26-foot power boat named **Manatee**.

We could safely leave our materials and new fittings lying about over night without fear of loss in those days. The nearest building was the two-story frame house of Earl's Aunt Florence Montgomery (Mrs. Will McCormick). It faced McFarlane on the bay side of the old Cocanut Grove Library. Behind her house was the Housekeepers Club facing Bayshore Drive. The old Peacock Inn farther up the road was being torn down about that time.

Earl and I were newcomers to the Grove, having arrived the year before, he from near Madison, WI, and I from Philadelphia. We were fascinated with the Florida Reef, its marvelous marine gardens and myriad of colorful fishes. Fishing southward along the reef we sometimes cruised as far as Carysfort Reef, east of Key Largo, 40 miles south of Fowey Rock Lighthouse.

The reef, named for the British warship Carysfort which wrecked there in the 1700s, provided some most exciting fishing. Sometimes a 10-pound barracuda could not be reeled in before it was cut in two by a larger one.

The 100-foot-high lighthouse built on the reef was lighted in 1852. It replaced the lightship formerly anchored inside the reef but frequently blown off station. Carysfort is the oldest of the great reef lights stretching in a 160-mile arc from Fowey Rock just south of Miami to Sand Key off Key West. It is supported by solid-iron screw piles. From the lower platform, 10 feet above the sea, an iron stairway leads up to the lower floor of the two-story dwelling, 20 feet above the lower platform.

The dwelling itself is built of heavy sheet iron. From the center of the dwelling an iron, enclosed, winding stairway leads up over 50 feet to the beacon 100 feet above the sea. The top of the dwelling serves to collect rainwater, which drains down into a big circular tank in the center of the lower floor. From an approaching boat it resembles a huge canned plum pudding with a flat top and slightly sloping sides.

Two open galleries with iron railings encircle the lighthouse, one at the lower floor and the other far above the sea at the small glass-enclosed chamber surrounding the beacon itself.

While Earl and I were fishing off the lighthouse one day, I noticed two men on the lower platform and, out of curiosity, approached on the inner side of the reef. One of

them called, "Come aboard." He indicated a small opening in the reef through which we could pass our boat into a small area blasted out by the Army engineers during the construction of the lighthouse. The keepers called this area the "parlor."

We tied up alongside an iron ladder and climbed to the platform. There we met Captain Pierce, keeper of the lighthouse, and one of his two assistants. The other was on his one-month shoreleave (which included the day-long trip each way to get to shore and back). Two months on, one off was the work shift.

Captain Pierce and his assistant were very happy to see us and conducted us on a tour.

I realized for the first time what it meant to be isolated for two months with only one companion and without refrigeration or fresh food. I was impressed with the cleanliness of the dwelling, but then there was no need for dusting as the closest land is Key Largo, six miles away. Everything of metal was bright and shining, especially the brass fuel measuring containers, which must have required a great deal of polishing in such a salty location.

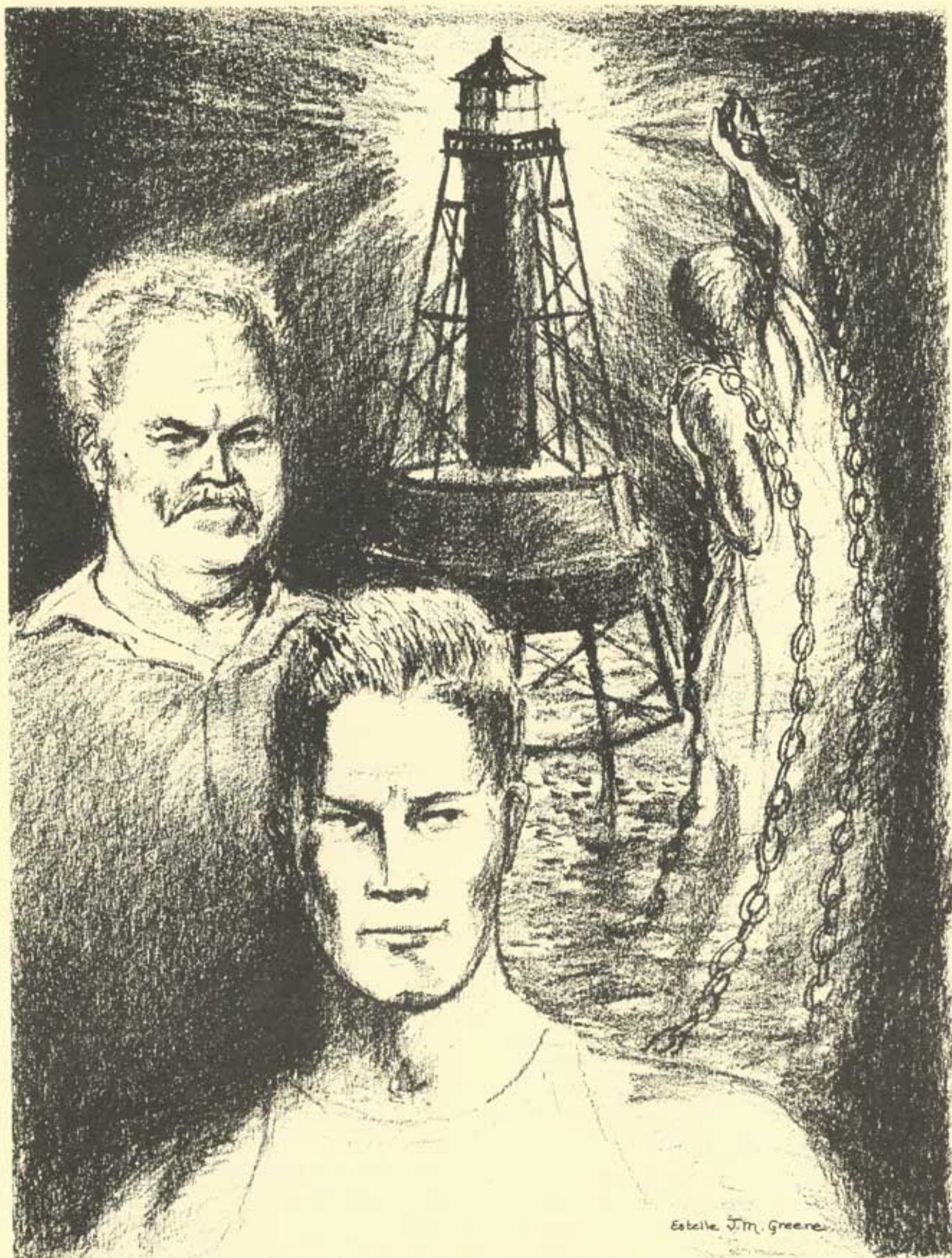
Abiding by regulations we left the light before 3 p.m. This allowed the keepers time to have their evening meal and then ascend to the beacon to make preparations for its illumination.

Almost a year passed before I revisited the reef. Using the **Manatee**, I towed a barge from Miami down to Tavernier with my good friend Oscar M. Boutte, who had been offered the job by contractors Mutti and Pierce. The barge supported a tall A-frame with pile-driving equipment, a truck, and several hundred pounds of dynamite. We ran into Angelfish Creek for the night and anchored the barge on the creek bottom by dropping spuds (iron pipes) that were also used to hold the barge in position while driving piles. We tied up the **Manatee** alongside. During the night a terrific thunderstorm came up and the tall A-frame was an invitation to a hit by lightning. Mindful of the dynamite on the barge also, we hurriedly cast off **Manatee** from the barge and anchored a short distance away, expecting a violent explosion if the barge was hit. Fortunately, it was not.

The next morning we continued on to Tavernier, outside via Hawk Channel, arriving just about dark in time to hear a great commotion of car horns blowing. Later, we learned the cause: the first road from the mainland to the upper keys had been opened. Celebration!

The next day on our return trip we ran out across the reef to Carysfort light. I had remembered my friends there

► Continues on page 4



Estelle J.M. Greene

"Sometimes he rattles his chains." Haunted by Captain Jenk's comment, Charlie returns to the tower gallery where Harry Baldwin's remark deepens the mystery.

and brought them newspapers, magazines, and fresh meat and vegetables. In response to our boat horn the men came running down the stairway and we discovered as we drew closer that they were not the same crew I had met before. We left our gifts but, unfortunately, time would not permit another visit aboard the light.

Some months later I had the opportunity to board the light again and the delighted keepers greeted us with cheers of "Here comes Santa Claus." They were Captain Jenks and his first assistant Harry Baldwin, both from Key West. The Captain was hospitality itself and Harry all smiles. They invited us to stay on and enjoy some of the food we had brought. We gladly accepted.

There were five of us for dinner: the keepers, my two friends Earl Montgomery and young Louis Murray, and myself. Harry was the cook. Preparing the meal required lighting all three burners on the kerosene stove and I noticed that Harry used only one match to light the first burner, quickly blowing out the match and putting the burnt matchstick aside. Then as the other burners were needed, he lighted the matchstick from the first burner and used it to light each of the other burners in turn. This action brought home to me how frugal these men must be in order to subsist and provide for their own families on the mainland on the small salary the U.S. Lighthouse Service paid.

Dinner over, we prepared to depart before the regulation time, whereupon Captain Jenks asked:

"Aren't you having engine trouble?"

I told him I didn't think so, but he insisted that I start up the *Manatee* anyway. He followed me to the lower platform and waited while I boarded the boat and started the engine. The engine ran smoothly. He called down:

"It's missing and you are in distress."

I came back up the platform ready to argue the point with him when he said, "Yes, in distress and you will have to spend the night."

Slowly it dawned on me that the regulation requiring us to leave ended with the words, "except in cases of distress."

After it was decided we should spend the night, the captain expressed his pleasure by singing a verse from "I'm Captain Jinks (Jenks) of the Horse Marines."

There was only one vacant bed available, belonging to second assistant Hall who was on "honeymoon," what we would call shoreleave. I was offered the bed but declined and the crew of the *Manatee* took the mattresses off the boat and spread them on the floor around the big cistern. That done, we climbed the winding stairway to watch the keepers light the lamp.

The big Fresnell magnifying lens, higher than my head, was mounted on a pedestal in the middle of the small glass-enclosed room, surrounded on the outside by the upper gallery. First the keepers removed the curtains hanging inside the room that protected the lens from the rays of the sun which was just about to set. Tentatively, I pushed the lens lightly with one finger and was amazed to find that even such slight pressure made it revolve on its smooth bearings.

Then I watched as the kerosene fuel was preheated in a tube to provide the gas for the mantle. While this was going on I stepped out onto the gallery to enjoy a magnificent view of the reef with its huge coral heads and purple sea fans waving as the gentle sea broke and washed over the reef, so shallow that at low tide many of the rocks were exposed.

Coming back into the room, I was in time to see the clock weights being wound up from down in the tower to provide the power to turn the lens. It took 45 minutes for them to run down, whereupon a bell warned the keepers to wind them up again. The lamp was gleaming and turn-

ing on its pedestal. Three flashes and a blank in succession, identifying Carysfort reef to passing mariners. Fowey Rock, 40 miles to the north, flashed twice. Hanging inside the outer plain glass of the room were the red glass screens, exactly arranged to provide the red sectors that changed the light from white to red to warn vessels when they came too close to the reef.

Captain Jenks sat in his chair by the door opening onto the gallery, starting the first watch. The rest of us descended the winding stairway to the dwelling.

Harry Baldwin tried to put a call through to his family in Key West on the telephone that had recently been installed with a long cable that lay along the reef for six miles, connecting with the lines on Key Largo. He told me that congresswoman Ruth Bryan Owen had secured the appropriation for its installation. There must have been trouble on the line for after repeated crankings of the handle on the wall box phone there was no response. Harry then went to get some sleep as he was to take the second watch.

Manatee's crew went to the lower floor to stretch out after a long and interesting day. I relaxed and it seemed that I had hardly closed my eyes when a loud groan shook the room and startled me awake. I sat up thinking it may have been a dream. Then another groan came and I knew it was real. I said:

"Earl, did you hear that?" His only response was a soft snore.

"Lou, did you hear anything?"

"Huh? What?" he answered sleepily.

I took my flashlight and went up to the second floor. By the sound of the heavy breathing coming from Harry's door I knew that he was asleep. But there was no sleep for me.

I climbed the stairway around and around to the beacon where the captain sat reading, the cool night air coming in through the open door while the big lens slowly revolved. After some trivial conversation, I finally got around to what was on my mind.

"Captain, have you ever heard any strange noises aboard this light?"

"Oh, yes," he replied. "That's old Captain Johnson. You know, he died aboard this light, and he still comes around at night and groans. He must have been a great sinner. Sometimes he rattles his chains."

Captain Jenks seemed not in the least disturbed by these revelations. Just old stuff to him, but they were not reassuring for me. However, there was nothing to do but go below and make the best of it.

Sleep would not come and after some time I again climbed up the tower. The watch had changed and Harry was winding up the clock weights in response to the warning bell I had heard on the way up the stairs.

After a few words of greeting, I went out on the gallery. The words of Joseph Conrad came to me: "A quiet night, thick with stars above, rather dark on the water."

I could see the running lights of two approaching vessels. I told Harry about how pleasant it must be to hear the music from passing cruise ships, stalling before asking the question still on my mind.

"Yes it is," said Harry. "One night I heard music. It played 'Home, Sweet Home' all the way through, but when I went out on the gallery there was no ship in sight."

I never asked my question.

The next morning, pondering on the events of the night, an explanation for the loud groans came to me. During the day the hot sun gradually expanded the iron of the dwelling, and the cool night air caused the iron to contract rather rapidly, producing the groaning sounds.

But why did old Captain Johnson rattle his chains?

Now there is no one there to hear him. Carysfort light is fully automated. ●

SUN & WIND ENERGY

Learning To Be Kind To Our Mother Earth

BY LAWRENCE MAHONEY

Call it a base camp, rooted in our past but with high-as-a-windmill hopes for the energy future of South Florida. The stillness of its scrubby cabbage palm and sparse pine site, located across the asphalt from Miami-Dade Community College/South's baseball field, is suddenly rent by a CRACK as a 19-year-old first baseman born in Havana smashes a triple and the sound of hardwood hitting hardball echoes through the silence of the Environmental Demonstration Center.

That silence is deceptive. The lineup and box scores for the game of everyday life in South Florida may be much determined by energy answers being sought in this patch from the past plunked in the midst of petro-propelled Kendall suburbia.

Signs of what has been, what is and what is yet to be are everywhere on these three-and-a-half acres of oolite rock, water and thicket. A term of recurring frequency: **Yankee ingenuity**. Not the New York Yankees whose pinstripes young Manny Alvarez, the batter over on the diamond, could aspire to; it might be better termed, now that our metropolis is definitely bilingual, **Yanqui ingenuity**.

Consider the Papaya Volunteers.

Ned Potter points to the sturdy papaya trees abloom and heavy with fruit in the garden patch of the front yard of this strange structure, half Cracker house and half something from Star Wars.

"The papayas are all volunteers," said Potter. "They just grew up when we ate some and threw the seeds over there." **Fruta bomba** the Cubans call papaya. These figurative fruit bombs have burst into a quite real energy war.

Potter, whitehaired dean of social sciences at Miami-Dade South, was born in Fort Drum, a Seminole Wars outpost that became a cattleman's crossroads and is known to most of us today as a remote gassing-up stop on the Sunshine State Turnpike.

"At Fort Drum, the country folk used to make beef jerky by putting strips of lean beef up on the tin or cypress shingle roofs," Potter recalled. "We have made that process more

efficient by drying food on the inside of these adjustable fiberglass trays for gathering solar energy. The old folk had to climb up on the roof and haul in the jerky every time it rained. We don't have to do that. Imagine, in our rainy season, all the energy it would take to get the jerky off the roof."

South Florida's a-borning days were filled with cases, well documented, of Yankee ingenuity and survival tactics. Dr. Thelma Peters writes in her book, **Lemon City: Pioneering on Biscayne Bay, 1850-1925** (Banyan Books, Miami, 1976) of a woman of the 1890s whose resourcefulness put to good use two commodities that were in plenitude here: sand and palmettoes. In a shipment from Key West to Miami Mary (Mamie) Moffat's household possessions did not all arrive at once:

"...when the first load arrived the legs of the iron wood-stove were on hand but the stove was missing. The flatware arrived but no dishes...

"...Mamie's ingenuity was equal



Windmill named Napoleon watches over McGregor Smith as he waters papayas that have sprung up from seeds tossed on the project site.

The Sun & Wind Energy Company has been around for a long time, antedating electricity, a term applied by English scientist William Gilbert in 1600 to the phenomenon of positive and negative reaction, called charge, of elementary particles of matter. Gilbert borrowed the word from the Greeks, who had applied it to the resin exuded by coniferous trees, what we call amber, which, when rubbed, becomes static. That ability of amber has been known by Western man since 600 B.C. It was not until the Twentieth Century that we took to our hearts the automobile, the radio, air conditioning, television, automatic appliances and all the conveniences that are diminishing the earth's fossil fuels and our bank accounts.

A movement to save the environment coalesced April 22, 1970 with Earth Day. As a salute to Earth Day's tenth anniversary, here is a special Sun & Wind Energy section.

to the occasion. She filled several boxes of sand and set palmetto roots in them and made a fire sufficiently hot to cook the food and boil water. The fire could be banked like coal and when the roots were removed the hot sand doubled as a warmer. Tin cans were used as cups and dubbed

SUN & WIND ENERGY

Smith is pushing toward what is called Appropriate Technology, a way of life that may draw as much from the past as from the future, or, better yet, a fusion of the two.

Nashville-born, Mac Smith was a New Orleans boy before moving to Miami. He went to Coral Gables Elementary and graduated from Ponce de Leon High. His academics are unconventional. Graduating Florida Southern, he went on to the universities of Tennessee, Havana ("with a bunch of Canadians") and Mexico ("on the GI Bill after being an enlisted man in Texas"). He worked for a decade as a reporter and editor under Bill Baggs on *The Miami News*. Fred Shaw, the beloved Miami literary critic, was influential on the young journalist, who wound up his newspaper career on *The News Sunday Magazine*. He quit to take his family around the world in an Air Stream Trailer promotion. Today, at Miami-Dade's Life Lab, his office is in the heart of booming downtown, a gas-crisis nightmare of a drive from the Eco Demo Center.

Slim, softspoken and Southern, Mac Smith explains the philosophy behind the experiment while I gnaw on an organic carrot offered by the two students who live in "our Space Ship." The carrot has come from a garden beneath the Volunteer Papayas that includes collards, bananas, sunflowers, pineapples and tomatoes. I wash off the fat carrot under an old-fashioned pitcher pump, which must be primed with stored water.

"This place is both philosophy and real," Smith starts. "We are drawing heavily from the wisdom of past South Floridians such as forester John Clayton Gifford (1870-1949), a Coconut Grove man who became known as 'Florida's great interpreter.' A bio-structure is what we are after. That has to do with Appropriate Technology. The criterion: Does it serve man without harming the environment? We think it is necessary to recapture the wisdom of the past in order to live in the present without having to be so destructive.

"Florida is not even considered in the wind belt. Yet we use a windmill and a wind generator, old basics, and feel that we have proven that you can break even along the coasts and in the Keys with them."

We walk through the rambling building, inspecting storage batteries, a composting toilet, a solar heater on the ground, side panels that roll up like sails on a ship. Gnats crawl on my

► Continues on page 8



Wind generator stores wind power from windmill Napoleon and sun power from photovoltaic cells, combining old and new technology.

'Miami silver.' Banana leaves provided plates."

Potter's present-day base camp sits above a manmade lake upon which purple galinules (and once even an anhinga, or snakebird) search for food as schools of bass and bream float almost as in air, albeit air green from algae. Base camp people swim in the lake, which is yet unnamed and which does not have a resident alligator despite a large sign at the entrance warning "Alligators, No Swimming." The lake is scheduled for aqua-culture or fish farming.

There is a windmill on the campsite with the name Napoleon large on it, and I think of Don Quixote and his quest against the giants. The two-and-a-half-year-old project also has a wind generator, basically turn-of-the-century technology. A twelve-volt battery system stores the wind-power along with that gathered from photovoltaic cells (sungatherers which have spun off from space hey-day at Cape Canaveral).

The wind rustles in the pines and palms, momentarily blocking the

humming of air conditioners in a hundred-plus brand new "Watt-Wise" homes in Glen Cove, a brand new Janis development. These energy-saving air conditioners have been certified by Florida Power & Light, whose president had told Miami business leaders just the day before that South Florida cannot survive without air conditioning. The omnipresent Watt-Wise program of big power is, at best, sneezed at by many of the people, young and old, here at work on the Environmental Demonstration Project.

The professor who leads the project has a distinguished Miami name. He is McGregor Smith, Jr. His father was the colorful, downhome, harmonica-playing Florida Power & Light President McGregor Smith who brought nuclear power to South Florida at Turkey (for anhinga, also known as water turkey) Point. The father is dead seven years now, and Mac Smith is 53. Mac hops out of his Volkswagen bus with a Fusion dance troupe bumpersticker. A natural leader as his daddy was, this McGregor

SUN & WIND ENERGY

pen and fingers. "We'll screen it all some day," Smith said. "We see the place as a kit. Bill Westcott, our architect, calls it a life-sized erector set. No, we do not see it as the home of the future. We want to keep it simple. Twenty students from Miami Ag will build a two-story wing this summer. We have given notice to the county health and building departments that they can use us as a free lab. We like to think of this as an archeological dig, going forward as well as into the past."

Then, sitting on the bench atop the stilted pressure-treated pine porch above the green lake, I ask a big question of the son of the good-hearted man who brought us Turkey Point, complete with Girl Scout camp, goofy golf dinosaur and aninga preserve: What about nuclear power?

Mac Jr. is straightforward. "With what we know now, we should not add more nuclear plants until we get answers for the questions being asked," he said. "Perhaps never again. I don't think the future's energy will come from nuclear power."

A small bass descends into the green water as a galinule paddles over.

Mac Smith takes off his glasses. Shirtless Bob Tighe, 25, a Pompano Beach Life Lab student and one of the two residents here, walks by en route to borrow a tractor.

"Bob, what did you name this lake?" Smith asks.

"We had a good name but I've forgotten it." Bob scratches his head.

"Was it Walden Pond, Mac?" ●



Basic Cracker: Greenwood house in the Grove is off the ground, has high-pitched wooden roof, porch.



Conch: Key West evolved style from British Colonial houses in the Bahamas.



Chickee made of native palmetto fronds and Dade County pine has overhang against sun and rain and plenty of cross ventilation.

BY BEVERLEY WILSON

The most zealous conservationist among us may not be ready to return to the area's first indigenous architecture, the chickee, as a dwelling that would solve today's energy consumption problems.

But the design borrowed by Florida's Seminole Indians from the still earlier Tequestas around the time of the American Revolution "was a pretty sensible structure," history-conscious Miami architect Lester Pancoast points out. His great-grandfather John Collins, who once owned five miles of Miami Beach, came to Miami before 1896. Pancoast, who was born in Miami, is the son of Russell T. Pancoast, who began his architectural career on Miami Beach in the early years of the 1920s.

The chickee used readily available native materials: palmetto fronds to thatch the high, pointed roof and provide overhang against direct sun and rain, and durable Dade County pine stilts to support the roof. There was plenty of cross ventilation in a wall-less chickee. Trees and dense shrubbery created privacy as well as shade.

These pre-air conditioning design concepts are among those that

some leading South Florida architects would like to see re-employed more fully to combat today's high energy costs.

Among the best of the early ideas for us is the "basic cracker" concept, says architect Charles Harrison Pawley, who also has viewed the area since boyhood. A current Pawley interest is promoting restoration of Miami Beach's design-rich Art Deco district.

"The early settlers in Coconut Grove built floors off the ground so the air could circulate around underneath. Houses had high-pitched wooden roofs, overhangs, wrap-around porches and used cross-ventilation effectively."

Skylights that let in natural indirect light (especially northern) and thus reduce the need for expensive artificial lighting; ceiling paddle fans; French doors (often opening onto upstairs balconies); louvered wood doors and shutters; leafy patios that let in the sun's sparkle but mix it with shade; and cool Cuban or Spanish tile floors are other climate-responsive aids our early home-builders knew well, Pawley adds.

The overhanging roof of the early prototype Conch style was evolved from British Colonial ideas by the many early settlers of Bahamian

Pros and Co

SUN & WIND ENERGY



"Steamboat Gothic" of the much-maligned Florida East Coast Railway station, demolished in 1967, had sensible long pinewood overhangs.

ns of Sub-Tropic Houses

and/or Key West origin, Pancoast reminds us. "And now that it's gone, we realize in retrospect that the much-maligned 'steamboat gothic' Florida East Coast Railway station with its long pinewood overhangs was sensible."

The architects note that some of the early natural-cooling ideas worked and some of them didn't.

"We tend to think that everything old is good," says Pancoast. "We forget the worst and remember only the best. You can carry nostalgia too far.

"Many tropical countries use a way of opening the top of a roof so hot air goes up and out. It's not widely embraced here because it's colder here in winter. The opening is likely just to pull in the cold," adds Pancoast.

"Louvered exhaust fans with huge blades used to be located in our roofs, sometimes in a dormer at the peak, but many of those devices would be difficult to incorporate in a house today because of more sophisticated fire codes."

Henry C. Alexander, Jr., president of the Florida South Chapter, American Institute of Architects, says, "We're now celebrating the early gems, but much of the dominant architecture before and after 1900 was unresponsive to the climate.

"There was no insulation under the roofs, space was broken up with small rooms and small windows, with little cross-ventilation."

Before air conditioning "home designers never did find the humidity solution," notes Alexander, who also is a native-born Miamian. "The porous native limestone used for walls in the early days made the home so damp the plaster wouldn't stay on the interior surfaces. They still are damp. Air conditioning doesn't help them.

"The coral rock didn't allow for spanning large openings, so the size of doors and windows had to be small and ventilation was lost. The early frame houses worked better. They permitted larger openings."

Many features of the imported Mediterranean style so popular in our boomtime 1920s and the 1930s do not work very well in South Florida, the architects believe.

Italianate Vizcaya, with its interior courtyard, loggias, arches, thick stone walls and tile floors "partly works" they say, but only because adaptations to our climate have been made. There still is an unwanted "hot box" effect caused by warm air trapped inside the building at night.

"We should not try simply to superimpose Mediterranean design ideas on South Florida without proper

adaptation," says Pawley.

"The open-close, night-day theory behind Spanish architecture isn't really successful here, Pancoast says. "It gets much colder at night in that country. You can open the windows of a house in Spain and let in the warm breeze during the day, let the sun heat the thick walls. Then close the windows at night and be comfortably warm." You'd probably be too warm in South Florida, where the night temperature usually fails to drop dramatically.

Our European-inspired structures are built to the ground, losing the underground air circulation of earlier Conch design, Pancoast notes. "The Spanish didn't use long overhangs either; the typical barrel tile roofs are too heavy. So homeowners took to canvas awnings to shade windows. These needed constant replacement and made the house too dark," Pancoast says.

Other drawbacks to the transplanted Spanish designs, according to Pancoast:

- red tile roofs absorb too much sun;
- white or light-colored Spanish walls reflect the sun efficiently but make the onlooker squint in the intense glare created. (Today's strol-

► Continues on page 10

SUN & WIND ENERGY



Spanish: no overhangs; homeowners added awnings that darkened house, required replacements.



Solar Heat: device for heating water is installed on shed roof of this 1920s home.

◀ Mediterranean: covered walkways and open interior courtyards well-suited to South Florida.

lers by South Florida's spanking new buildings with reflecting glass walls are wont to complain of this same phenomenon.);

• Cool Spanish tile floors are one of the very good things in hot weather, but they have a peculiarity. In cold weather, warm air moves over the cold tile and condenses, making them wet.

Mediterranean touches well-suited to South Florida such as open interior courtyards and covered walkways win praise from the architects and are carried over in many of today's designs. The venerable courtyarded Mediterranean Ida M. Fisher school on Miami Beach is one of Pawley's favorites. So is the 1927 Redlands Junior High School, which he has recently modernized, keeping Mediterranean flavor.

In the 1930s and '40s more mistakes were made by the thousands of new homebuilders from the midwest and north migrating to Florida. "They brought with them the same design ideas and building materials they were used to back home, so their houses were better suited to Ohio, or wherever, than to sub-tropical Florida," says Alexander.

One important point many

builders neglected to learn about was sub-tropical northeast-southwest weather orientation. Earlier arrivals knew to design their houses to take in the "good" prevailing southeast breezes in summer and keep out the "bad" northern winds in winter that brought storms and cold and to avoid facing their exposures to the intense afternoon sun from the west.

"South Florida shouldn't have a pre-conceived idea of the way a building has to look. There should not be any one style here. There are more important problems to solve," says Pawley. "We have the only sub-tropical climate in the United States. We're warm and wet, not at all like California, which is cool and dry."

Pawley worries that only five to 10 architects here (about one percent) are "truly concerned about consistently designing to take advantage of our climate and terrain. They're committed to their own particular style. Buyers of the average, non-custom-built homes don't have much choice, or if they do they don't know the things to ask for. And the architects don't really push climate awareness.

"Our schools today are being built like boxes, without windows and

devoid of humanistic character — almost like prisons. Energy to artificially light and climate-control these buildings used to be cheap. It certainly isn't any more."

"We're spoiled," agrees Alexander. "Through many years of inexpensive power to waste we've become less concerned about seeking new energy-saving methods."

What to do now? Alexander thinks our best immediate choices are to invest in more efficient and more costly air conditioning and insulation.

"A person building a house might invest several thousand dollars for a four- or five-ton central air conditioning system. If they spent, say \$500 more up front for a system of maximum efficiency they could save more in the future."

The home purchaser who doesn't have much choice in today's tight market still has an opportunity to put to use Lester Pancoast's advice:

"The most obvious thing we can use for energy conservation is something early settlers knew well but we seem to have forgotten: shade by trees. We mostly worry about troubles with trees instead of appreciating their cooling value." ●

SUN & WIND ENERGY

Back to Basics After \$600 Bill

BY MARILYN LANE GADINSKY

When the William Dane house was built on Pine Tree Drive, Miami Beach, in 1935 there was no such thing as energy consciousness, at least in the way we think of it today. Air conditioning, central heating and all the other "comforts" that are getting us into hot water today hadn't yet become a fact of life.

After opening a \$600 electric bill last summer my husband Ed and I, the third owners of the house (the one before us put in the central air conditioning, etc.), are going back to the olden days to try to figure out what we can do to emulate our predecessors. The Dane family lived here for three generations before selling the house 13 years ago and moving to a smaller home in Coral Gables.

We found that Austrian architect Carlos B. Schoeppel had to deal with just two kinds of energy when he designed this house — his and nature's. He considered the sun, the ocean and its moods, the hot, sultry summer months and the cool winter nights. He figured in the hurricanes, tidal shifts and, yes, even the mold possibility in subtropic climes. His materials were concrete block, Dade County pine (used even for the pilings), cypress and a second-floor concrete slab dictated by the owner who had had an unpleasant experience with termites in a northern home

and thought the concrete would stop them cold.

Lanky, red-headed Schoeppel, whose blue eyes brightened at the telling of a good tall tale, energetically walked the site (selected because it was at the widest part of Indian Creek), consulted his graphs and charts and ordained where and how the house would go.

When the final plan was approved, the house was stretched across the east end of the building site, facing Indian Creek with a view of the ocean beyond. Each of the four bedrooms was lined up on the second floor with windows fronting on the creek. Corner bedrooms had cross ventilation because of the window arrangement; the two middle bedrooms had the windows to the southeast and a louver in the opposite wall which opened onto a wide-windowed corridor. That was the air conditioning, all natural air.

For heat, a small electric heater was placed in a wall of each bath (there is a bathroom for each bedroom). The thinking was that sleeping in a cool room was healthier, but that bathing should be warmed-up a bit in winter chill.

A solar system, all copper, was affixed to the red tile roof with the spill-off of hot water going into the swimming pool to heat it. The pool, by the way, was salt water, pumped in from the creek and purified by going through a sandbox. The solar system was removed in the 50s when the booster heater, used on sunless days, rusted out and sent hot water cascading down the back stairs. The pool is now fresh water, switched over when the creek became polluted.

Flooring throughout the house was designed for coolness. Mizner (Addison) tile, oak parquet, terrazzo and key-stone were used. Unfortunately, one month after completion of the house the hurricane of '35 struck, blowing out all the upstairs windows. (Newcomers sometimes learn the hard way to keep a window slightly open on the lee side of a house to equalize the pressure inside with the falling barometric pressure outside.) The resulting deluge of water popped up all the oak parquet floors on the second

► Continues on page 13



House, on Indian Creek, stretches across east end of lot to catch breeze from ocean beyond.

HASF CONTESTS IN SCHOOLS

- 1 in 14 Junior Highs participate
- Participants say they're great
- Volunteers say they're hard work
- Historians say researchers are needed

In 1976 Irene Shiverick sat in a meeting at the Historical Association of Southern Florida's museum and contemplated a variety of subjects. She was a co-chairperson of the Tequestans, a recently organized group of young Historical Association of Southern Florida members who contribute time and talent to develop the museum's volunteer programs. She also was a part-time staff member.

The topic being considered was the establishment of a yearly event that would bring South Florida history to people in a hands-on, enjoyable manner. A crafts festival held the year before in the museum and enthusiastically received had spawned the concept. The fourth annual Harvest, A Country Fair, which attracted 15,000 attendees last November to the Dade County Youth Fairgrounds, was the ultimate result.

Irene Shiverick's mind was ranging from craft demonstrations to the multitude of events that were being planned in communities throughout the nation that Bicentennial year to recapture the United States' history. Why not include in the Harvest fair an event that would invite school students to display their knowledge of South Florida history?

The History Bee and Essay Contest were born.

Today, four years later, the Harvest chairperson, Barbara Skigen, and her co-chair, B.J. Arnsperger, already deep in plans for next November's Harvest, are studying last year's History Bee and Essay Contest reports to see what works, what doesn't work, and why. Dropping the Essay Contest has been suggested.

Glenn Ellen Rawls, 1979 chairperson of the two competitions, dealt with 176 public and private schools in Dade County, supplying them with 700 copies of rules for both the Essay Contest and History Bee and 400 registrations forms for entrants. Out of the 176 schools, six senior high schools and 12 junior high schools participated in the Essay Contest and 13 junior high schools in the History

Bee (which is not offered in senior high schools).

The interest and encouragement of the social studies teachers determined student participation. Eight senior high teachers encouraged 31 students to enter the Essay Contest; 19 teachers produced 35 junior high essay participants, and 23 teachers persuaded 86 students to register for the History Bee, of which 45 participated.

The ratio of participation to potential is small. The work involved in circulating contest material, preparing questions for the History Bee and providing judging officials for its preliminaries and finals, accepting essay entries and providing essay judges, and distributing awards is major. One of the ponderables confronting Barbara Skigen and B.J. Arnsperger is finding a chairperson to tackle so much for what seems so little when listed statistically.

Barbara Skigen is well aware of the work involved, having been co-chair of the 1978 contest. She tends to favor the History Bee over the Essay Contest and suggests opening it to elementary students, since the Dade County School Board has a junior high oral contest. Her co-chair in 1978, Marcia Kanner, feels strongly that the contests are just a beginning effort for the Historical Association of Southern Florida, which should encourage schools by helping with curriculum planning in South Florida history, and providing in-service training and print material for school libraries.

Jeannie Brown, chairperson of the second contest in 1977 and a former history teacher, agrees that it is a lot of work (she handled contest details with no assistants) but says, "I think it is all worth while. The students enjoy it. I would hate to see it go, but how productive is it?"

Lucie Cogswell, the first chairperson in 1976 and now on the staff of the Historical Association as Volunteer Coordinator, had the job of setting up the mechanics of the contests but she also had a committee of eight to help her. The present museum

exhibit was being installed that year and Lucie, who was chairperson of the museum's volunteer docents, offered the docents two months' relief from tour guiding in exchange for running the contests.

Glenn Ellen Rawls, 1979 chairperson, had a committee of three, two of whom were teachers with limited time for volunteer duties so that she found she did "more work than I had expected but I got a lot out of it. I think it is a great idea and I would continue it."

How do teachers feel about it? Dorothy Fields, educational coordinator at the museum for Dade schools, says, "Even if only one student participates, it's worth it." She speaks from experience, since Dot was a winner in the *Miami Herald's* 1960 Silver Knights awards in the social studies category. "It developed an interest in history which I ultimately went back to and have made my profession."

Robin E. Parker of South Miami Junior High, seven of whose students were finalists in the History Bee with two winning first and second place, has encouraged students to enter both contests all four years. Parker, a 38-year-old social studies teacher, says he has learned more Florida history this past year than ever before. He is concerned that social studies programs are being cut back throughout the country, making the interest created by the Historical Association of Southern Florida contests more important than ever. Parker favors retaining both contests, since some students talk better and others write better.

Sister William Anne has taught American Government, economics and composition to seniors at Our Lady of Lourdes Academy the past two years, coming here from Philadelphia. "There is no Florida history in the curriculum, which is one of the reasons I like the Essay Contest. The students learn so much." Two of her students won first and second

place in the senior high Essay Contest this year. Sister William Anne likes the idea of making the senior high contest a research paper rather than an essay, since students have learned researching techniques in their junior year.

What about the students? Mariela Lopez-Ponce, a senior at Our Lady of Lourdes Academy, won first prize in the senior high Essay Contest for her account of a Cuban girl who became an architect, married and had two daughters and finally fled Cuba in 1966 with her husband, daughters and parents. Her difficulties with the language, reestablishing her architectural practice, and the value of new Anglo friendships emerge in the essay. Mariela enjoyed doing the essay. She spent a long time selecting the subject but only a weekend on the research, since the subject was her mother. Mariela plans to study industrial engineering with hopes of doing bio-medical engineering, but she thinks she will continue her interest in history. "Young people are becoming more interested in their roots. They feel they are losing their identity, and knowing your roots helps regain some of it," she says.

Aaron and Jay Avni, twin brothers who attend John F. Kennedy Junior High, both entered the junior high contest. Jay wrote on the history of North Miami Beach and Aaron said he wanted to write about Miami in the 1940s. Since his teacher, Delores Roberts, is black, Aaron sought her help in interviewing four black people for his essay, "Growing Up Black in Miami in the Forties." Aaron also entered a contest recently with an account of Mary McLeod Bethune. His present goal, however, is to be a doctor. The twins attended a private school for advanced students in the North but have been going to public school since moving to Miami two years ago, and their father is very

pleased with the school.

Pervading this potential-vs-reality atmosphere is the genuine concern of local historians Arva Moore Parks and Dr. Thelma Peters, editors of the Historical Association's journal *Tequesta*, over the drying-up of good research material on South Florida. The concern is not limited to South Florida. Sam Proctor, editor of *The Florida Historical Quarterly*, journal of the Florida Historical Society, says that submissions to the journal have declined in recent years. Also, he says, "Quality has not improved, perhaps declined. Authors are careless in quoting. Comments are pulled out of context and given different meaning. We must check every footnote. I am concerned about both the quality of the writing and the scholarship."

The Florida Historical Society conducted a statewide contest for junior and senior high school students years ago but "it didn't do what we wanted," Proctor said. "We had more material than we needed then, anyway." He sees no reason why senior high school students cannot produce good, much needed research papers. They have the ability, he thinks, and if they are guided by teachers they may do more careful research than hardpressed teachers. "It's much easier these days to do work in history because of more availability in libraries and more indexes," Proctor says.

In the spring of 1979 the Historical Association of Southern Florida sought to encourage history students to utilize primary source materials in researching local history by offering honorariums to students completing acceptable senior papers, master theses and doctoral dissertations. Honorariums ranged from \$50 to \$250. Ten topics were suggested and biographies were sought for five people

prominent in Dade history. There were no takers.

The honorarium program for research papers, the History Bee and the Essay Contest are all efforts of the Historical Association of Southern Florida to encourage an interest in history, particularly South Florida history. Among the purposes of the Association, as stated in the by-laws are: to function as an educational institution, to promote historical research of Southern Florida and to promote and stimulate public interest in and appreciation of the history of Southern Florida. The honorarium program for research papers, the History Bee and the Essay Contest are all efforts of the Historical Association of Southern Florida to promote research and stimulate interest in and appreciation of South Florida history through educational institutions. Where the programs are utilized, they are well accepted.

Should four years of effort with the Essay Contest be abandoned to make way for History Bee expansion? Should the honorarium program be dismissed with no further effort? Do the Essay Contest and History Bee need to be conducted at the time when peak volunteer effort is needed for the Harvest?

These are decisions that put more of a burden on the Harvest committee than it should be asked to assume. The Historical Association of Southern Florida now has a Director of Education, Wit Ostrenko, whose primary concern is developing educational programs. He is perfectly willing to take on coordinating all the facets of the contests whose potential growth seems so needed for the Historical Association of Southern Florida's own growth. Some expression of opinion from the membership could be helpful to him and to the Harvest Committee. — MARIE ANDERSON

Back to Basics

► Continued from page 11

floor and they were replaced with cork. Shutters were added to the windows. Carpeting added by the second owner covered all of the floors when we purchased the house 10 years ago.

Downstairs, the fireplace heated three rooms: the living room it faced, the den behind it (the chimney was imbedded in that wall), and the bedroom above, which caught the heat that went up through the chimney. The dining room opened onto the creek so that breezes funneled through to the kitchen and breakfast room beyond. Two small electric heaters are in the dining room walls to take off the chill during dinner after sundown in winter.

Walls of the house are extra thick for insulation and windows have been recessed to escape the glare of the sun. There is an attic for hot air to be trapped in the space between the walls and floors for the same reason.

How to get back to nature? First of all, uncover all

those cool floors, we thought. Surprise, termites in the one remaining wood parquet floor on the first floor. The carpet had mercifully hidden them all these years. An exterminator told us the termites weren't the bad kind and took care of them. The other floors of tile and keystone were still intact. Some still remain covered.

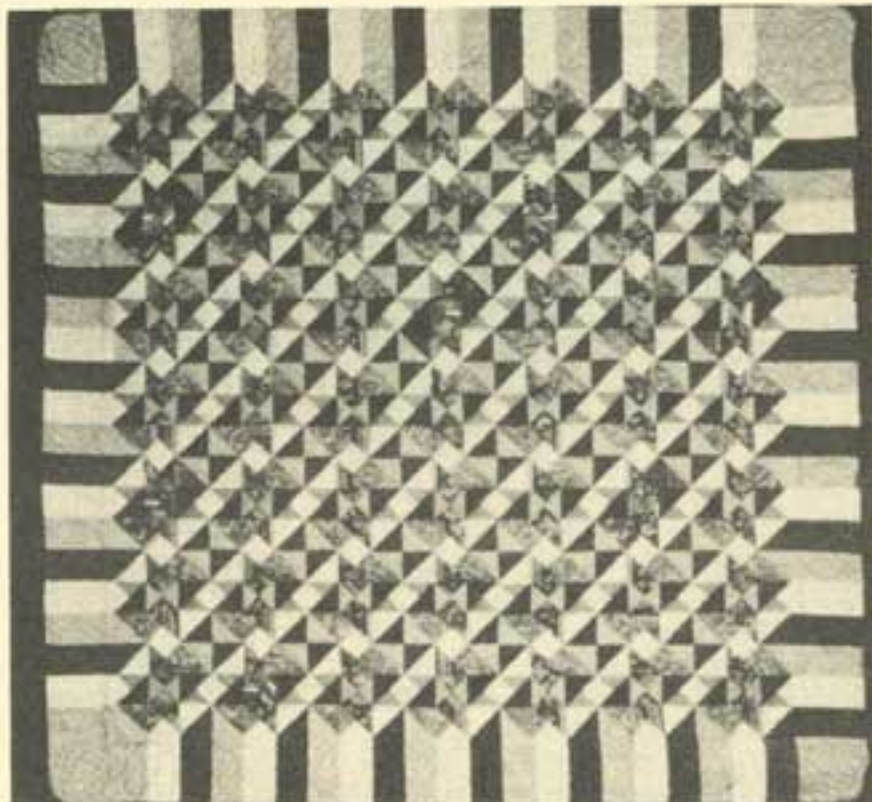
Next, how about ceiling fans? We've put them in our bedroom and the upstairs hall since that August bill, and they work wonders. We've opened up all the windows and haven't needed air conditioning.

Our next challenge is the fireplace, closed and sealed as a bother. Have you ever tried to find a fireplace expert? If you know one, please tell us. We've also looked into solar systems and windmills, but these are still in the talking stage.

Raising our energy consciousness has lowered our bills and blood pressure. It has also given us a new appreciation for the old days when people worked with nature instead of against it. ●



Harvest Sun: Eleanor Anthony



Card Trick: Gables Methodist Women

Award Winning Quilts

The quilt competition held last November in conjunction with the Association's Harvest was the hit of the fair. In February a dozen of the quilts (one male exhibitor) was displayed in the museum, their values ranging from \$150 to \$5,000.

Beth Gutcheon, New York quilt designer, author and lecturer, was head judge last fall, and Eva Todd and June Simon worked with her. Cash awards were given in four categories, and ribbons donated by Burdine's were presented in six classifications. The \$500 in cash awards was donated by Burdine's (\$300), Eva Todd (\$100) and Quiltworks (\$100).

Winners were:

Best in Show: Eleanor Anthony, Harvest Sun, \$250

People's Choice: Eleanor Anthony, Harvest Sun, \$50

Originality of Design: Eleanor Anthony, Harvest Sun, and Judy Duerstock, Roman Stripe adaptation, \$100 shared

Best Use of Fabric: Byrd Tribble, Spinning Jenny, \$100 (Byrd donated her prize to the Association)

Traditional: Eleanor Anthony, Harvest Sun, blue ribbon; Byrd Tribble, Spinning Jenny, red ribbon

Child's Quilt: Audrey Senn, original design, blue ribbon; Debbie Healy,

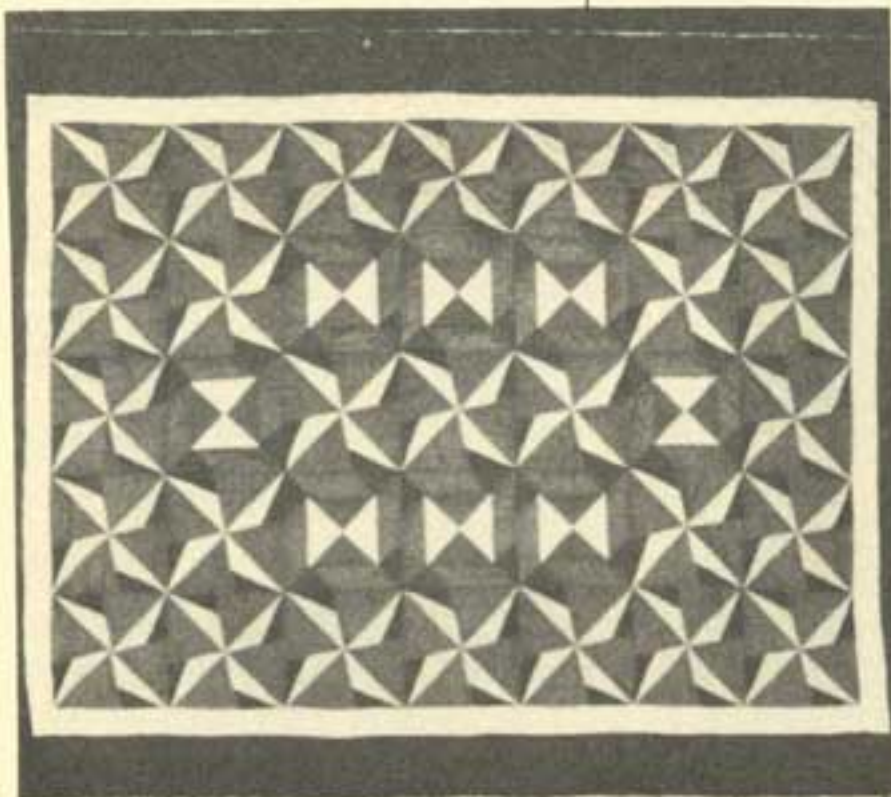
Sunbonnet Sue, red ribbon

Original Design: Karen Grier, Summerpeace, blue ribbon; Judy Duerstock, Roman Stripe adaptation, red ribbon

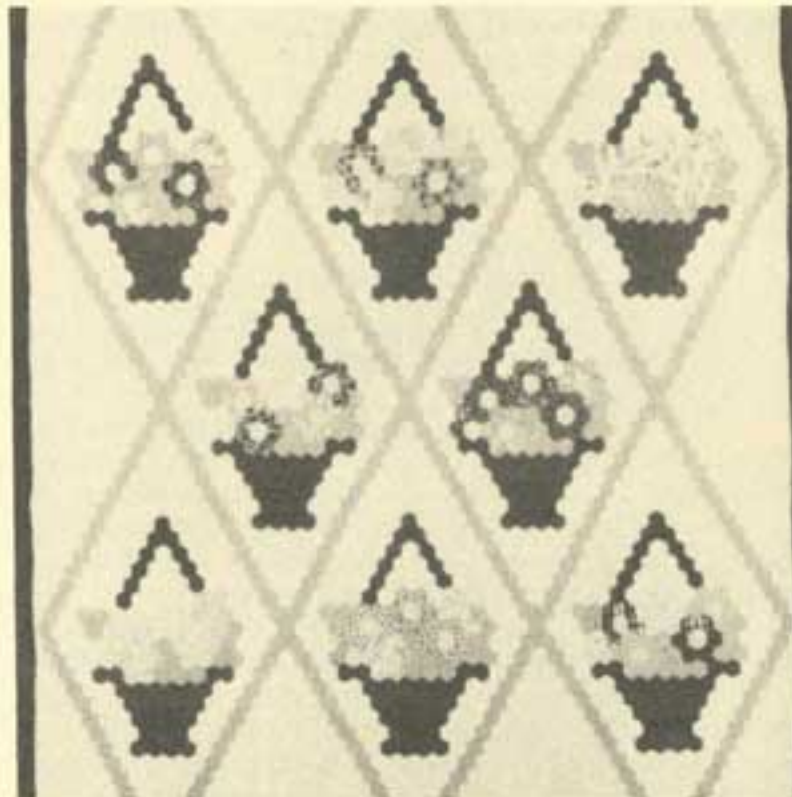
Work Completely by Hand: Kathy Greth, Flying Dutchman, blue ribbon; Debbie Trudel, applique picture (Hawaiian style), red ribbon

Traditional Design, Unusual Interpretation: Emily Capps, hexagonal flower basket

Special Award: Group quilt created by women of First United Methodist Church of Coral Gables, owned by Mrs. Alvah Chapman, Jr. ●



Spinning Jenny: Byrd Tribble



Flower Basket: Emily Capps



If you love a good mystery, "Out of the Trunk" is for you. From the Historical Association's pictorial archive of some 33,000 images, **Update** publishes pictures about which little is known. We provide clues, and challenge our readers to tell us more.

The photograph on this page quite obviously was taken at a Howard Johnson's location. And just as obviously, it wasn't taken yesterday, as

the prices on the windows reveal: "Hamburg 15c," "Fudge or Butterscotch Sundae 20c," "Hamburg Plate 40c." These were obviously the good old days, but precisely which good old days? If you can verify the date, location, or information on the vehicles and surroundings in this photo — or even if you can offer an "educated guess" that might put us on the right track — we'll enjoy hearing

from you.

Write to **Update** in care of the Historical Association of Southern Florida, 3280 S. Miami Avenue, Miami, FL 33129.

If this photo stumps you, take heart; your powers of deduction and recall will be tested again in subsequent issues of **Update!** ●

Around the Museum

► Continued from page 2

at Turner River. As the group poked around some old Indian mounds, Bob and a few sharp-eyed friends discovered pottery fragments, shell tools, and a shell medallion and Bob identified new sites which he feels will produce significant historic data.

The March 25 airing of "The Ordeal of Dr. Mudd" on NBC has prompted new interest in Ft. Jefferson, the fort-turned-prison in the Dry Tortugas where the doctor was incarcerated as a conspirator in the assassination of Abraham Lincoln. Wit will coordinate a three-day excursion to the fort (May 30-June 1) and already has begun accepting reservations for the trip. For details, call the Education Office at 854-3289, Extension 23.

Not the smallest part of Librarian Becky Smith's work for the Associa-

tion is her role as our version of the Shell Answer Man. A seemingly unending stream of phone calls, letters, and drop-in queries fills a considerable portion of her time, and for the most part, Becky is pleased to comply. After all, she has at her disposal one of the finest collections of Floridiana in existence.

However, it's not enough for Becky to be resident expert on any number of subjects about South Florida. There always seems to be that well-intentioned but totally irrelevant question that, if nothing else, provides some comic relief in her day.

For example, the man who wrote recently, looking for details on the 1929 Bunion Derby, a transcontinental foot race in which some obscure Miamian apparently was a contestant. Becky was expected to provide a file on this runner who, if

you'll pardon the expression, apparently left but one footprint in the sands of time.

There was the individual who forwarded a coin and said, "Franklin Roosevelt scratched this penny. Can you authenticate this?"

And then, the lady who wrote, "If you know where the Seminole Indians live, please send a letter back to me."

And the gentleman who said he would be "very grateful if you would contact me with [the name of] a manufacturer of wax museums because I want to install one in Lima."

Was Osceola the first Seminole? Does the Suwannee River still flow through Florida, or has it dried up? Only the librarian knows for sure. Incidentally, Becky, could you give us a list of observatories in the United States...? ●

Letters

▶ Continued from page 2

well represented Burdine and Quarterman were there. I knew Mrs. Gore worked there but I hadn't known she was a pianist. On our visits to Miami we used to drive on Third (Street) just to see the Marion. It saddens me to think that it has been razed. I hope those beautiful palm trees are still standing.

Mary Warren Hudson Leary (Mrs. Lewis)
Chapel Hill, NC

The row of royal palms was bulldozed with the apartments.

I have been spellbound by the article you wrote re. the Marion. It is excellent in every way. I greatly appreciate it.

Dallas Conklin
Long Beach, CA

Both Louise Lewis, who has continued to live in Miami, and Dallas Conklin, who left in mid-1920s to become a reporter and journalism teacher in California, sent photographs. The Babcock's dock, shown on Page 2, was down the block from the Marion, on present day NE Third Street. It extended out in Biscayne Bay but would be where Biscayne Boulevard was built when Bayfront Park was filled in.

Inadvertently, half of the list of Marion guests submitted by Beth Price Breeze was deleted from her article. Herewith, the rest of the list: Miss Mary Margaret Miller, legal secretary; Miss Elizabeth Neal, owner and operator of a garage; Miss Elizabeth Reilly, trained nurse; John Sculthorpe, architect, his wife and daughter Alma; Henry Shoemaker, railroad engineer, his wife and daughter Helen (Mrs. Pope); Miss Elmira Smith, legal secretary; Otto and Nellie Speakman and daughter Ruth (Mrs. Theo W. Moore); Eugene Stahl, journalist, and wife Dorothea, dancing teacher; Gerald Terbush, attorney, his wife, and daughter Wylma (Mrs. Lester Barnhill); Percy G. and Aline Walton and daughter Corrine; Miss Maggie Wilson, dress designer, and her assistant Miss Wales; Dr. Carlos Woods, pharmacist, and Mrs. Woods; Miss Ybarra, importer of jewelry and art objects. ●

LETTERS POLICY

Letters relevant to previous issues as well as appropriate historical topics should be addressed to: Update Editor, Historical Association of Southern Florida, 3280 S. Miami Avenue, Miami, FL 33129. Letters should be signed. Letters may be edited to meet space restrictions.

THE FINAL WORD

When I pick up a magazine I usually read the editor's comments first and then the letters to the editor. This frequently leaves me no time to get to the content of the magazine, but I pick up interesting sidelights on the content of that issue or previous issues.

The Letters column in this issue of **Update** includes letters from friends of Beth Price Breeze, contributing more Memories of the Marion. Mrs. Breeze also received a visit from a Miami High School classmate, Frank Alma Peters Cartee, who brought a snapshot of Beth, Mary Warren Hudson Leary, Anna Mary Moore and herself dressed in Japanese costumes. Neither Beth nor Frank Alma could remember why they were so dressed. When Beth replied to Mary Warren's letter, a portion of which appears in the Letters column, she queried Mary Warren about the costumes and received this reply:

"I well remember those Japanese costumes, although I've no pictures and hadn't thought of them until your reminder came. One year, probably our senior year in high school, several of my mother's friends gave elaborate teas and asked me to get some of my friends to help me serve. It may have begun with a tea my mother gave when her friends thought our group added so much to the occasion that they asked for the same recruits. I don't remember how many times we served or the names of all the hostesses. I believe we were in costume only the one time for Mrs. Bobo Dean's tea. I believe she rented the costumes for us from somebody? & Lord. The Deans had a large house on the Miami River with a beautiful garden where we did our geisha girl stint.

"Mrs. Dean was editor of the **Miami Metropolis**. Their daughter Dorothy was married to Bob Davidson, a close friend of my cousin Fred Cason, in that garden sometime before the tea.

Her wedding gown and veil were a delicate shade of pink. The ceremony was at sunset and the shade of the gown seemed an illusion created by the light of the fading sun. I was a very impressed teenager."

Mary Warren's sister, Martha Hudson Van Brunt, reports that the original tea at which the teenagers served was given by Mrs. F.M. Hudson (Martha and Mary Warren's mother), Mrs. Z.T. Merritt and herself. She further reports that "somebody? & Lord" were Lord and Miles costumers. The girls were in the class of 1925 at Miami High.

The Marion article served to call up memories of others which have added to our descriptive material of life in Miami in earlier times.

Update is still struggling with its image and we don't make any promises that this issue is the last of the changes. If you don't recognize it as an old friend, I hope you pick it up as a new acquaintance.

Whatever it looks like, the August issue hopes to recreate summertime in Miami for you. It will also let you look over the shoulder of some Historical Association volunteers as they work with the museum. Our director, Randy Nimnicht, reported the other day that calculations indicate that the Harvest alone requires 30,000 man/woman hours.

Larry Mahoney, who writes about the Environmental Demonstration project on page 6, reports that visitors are welcome. The telephone number direct is 596-1017. Information also is available through Life Lab, Miami-Dade Community College New World Center Campus in downtown Miami, 667-5600. The project can use volunteers.

Maria Anderson

AUTHOR BIOGRAPHIES

Charles M. Brookfield, longtime naturalist and history buff, is a former president of the Association.

Estelle Greene, South Florida portraitist, illustrated Brookfield's ghost story.

Marilyn Lane, a South Florida freelance writer, and her builder-husband Al Gadinsky are struggling with not one home, but two — one old, one new.

Lawrence Mahoney, a communications officer for General Development Corporation, writes for national and Florida magazines. A member of the Association, he has written extensively of Florida and Caribbean history.

Beverley D. Wilson, former newspaper and magazine writer, is an active volunteer at the Museum of Science.

WHAT'S UP!

CLASSES

Beginning Photography en Español

Session I: Six consecutive Mondays, May 5-June 9; 7:30 p.m.-9:30 p.m.; or

Session II: Six consecutive Wednesdays, May 7-June 11; 9:30 a.m.-11:30 a.m.

Both sessions at Historical Museum

Members \$30; Nonmembers \$40

Museum photographer Horace Gill instructs this beginner's course, with an emphasis on color slides and black and white prints. A special session on darkroom techniques also is planned. Students are asked to provide their own cameras.

Advanced Palm Weaving

Six consecutive Mondays, May 19-June 23; 9:30 a.m.-11:30 a.m.; Historical Museum

For those who have mastered the basics of palm weaving, this course will provide the specialized instruction by Jean Taylor that will enable you to create a project of your own choosing. Limited to the first 10 applicants; materials provided.

CANOE TRIPS

On all trips, canoes are provided. We advise participants to register early, and to bring their lunch.

Member \$10; Member Family (4) \$25; Nonmember \$15; Nonmember Family (4) \$35

Loxahatchee River

Saturday, May 10; 10:00 a.m.-3:00 p.m.

This special one-day trip will be the most scenic of the series, gliding through mature cypress on crystal clear water flowing into a mangrove estuary. The wild life is as fascinating

as the history - which includes Jonathan Dickinson's shipwreck and Trapper Nelson, Wild Man of the Loxahatchee River. Instructor Wit Ostrenko warns that this is not a trip for beginners, but is relatively easy. For special camping arrangements, contact the Education Office in advance.

Snapper Creek, Fairchild and Matheson

Saturday, June 21, or Sunday, June 22; 10:00 a.m.-2:00 p.m.

This scenic ride provides a special view of the historic Era of the Bay, as well as a study of the impact of Fairchild and Matheson on South Florida. Guide Wit Ostrenko promises canoeing lessons for novices, and a guided marine walk for all participants.

TOURS

Gold Coast Railway Express

Sunday, May 4; 9:00 a.m.-3:00 p.m.

Member \$13; Member Family (4) \$40; Nonmember \$17; Nonmember Family (4) \$53

All aboard the AMTRAK run from Miami to Ft. Lauderdale, where Bruce Yelen will guide your outing at the Gold Coast Railroad Museum. There you'll ride an authentic steam engine, view the Ferdinand Magellan (the president's car), enjoy the working model railroad, and shop for souvenirs at the station. Bring a picnic lunch and beverage, and be ready to depart with Bruce at 9:00 a.m. from the AMTRAK station at 8303 NW 37th Avenue. (Children aged 10 and over may be unaccompanied.)

Homestead and Florida City

Sunday, May 18, 10:00 a.m.-3:00 p.m.

Member \$12; Member Couple \$20;

Nonmember \$17; Nonmember Couple \$30

Homestead and Florida City are dear to the heart of researcher/historian Jean Taylor, and you won't find a more qualified guide for a revealing tour of this historic area, with its interesting homes and buildings dating back to the early 1900s. You'll visit the Pioneer Museum and enjoy a fruit and pastry snack at Knaus Berry Farm. Pack a lunch and meet the bus at the Suniland Shopping Center on S. Dixie Highway.

Fort Jefferson and the Dry Tortugas

Friday, May 30 (8:00 p.m.)-Sunday, June 1 (10:00 p.m.) (two days, two nights)

Member \$89; Nonmember \$115

Ft. Jefferson, largest of the 19th century American coastal forts, is the central feature of the seven Dry Tortugas Islands and the surrounding shoals and waters of the Gulf of Mexico. The area is famous for its birds and marine life, as well as its legends of pirates and sunken treasure. Join us for this unique trip, combining nature and history. Registration fee includes roundtrip transportation (bus between museum and Key West; boat between Key West and Dry Tortugas); tours of the Fort and surrounding islands; and a special preview presentation on Thursday, May 22 at 8:00 p.m. in the Historical Museum, highlighting the nature and history of the area and providing a trip briefing. Register early - space is limited. Special note: the group will sleep on the beach Saturday night; bring your own bedding, and provide two days' worth of food and water for your stay. ●

TO REGISTER for any of the programs, or for further information, call the Education Office at the Historical Museum, 854-3289, Extension 23.



Update
Historical Association
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