

**The Way It Was: Three Reminiscences**  
**How To Restore Old Photographs**  
**Two New Local Histories: Book Review**

The Historical Association of Southern Florida

# UPDATE

Volume 9, Number 1

February, 1982

\$1.00



The Historical Association of Southern Florida  
is proud to announce the acquisition of  
**THE BIRDS OF AMERICA**  
by  
John James Audubon

## We Want To Keep This Bird in Florida

*Pelecanus occidentalis*, or Brown Pelican, was painted by John Audubon (probably in the Florida Keys) during the Spring of 1832. It is one of about 30 bird portraits Audubon made in Florida from November 1831 to May 1832. These became part of Audubon's **The Birds of America**.

The original engravings from Audubon's work were issued between 1827 and 1835 in a limited edition. No more than 200 complete sets were issued. Many sets have since been broken up with the folios sold individually. Fewer than 150 complete sets remain.

One set had been on display in Audubon House in Key West for the past 20 years. Because of humidity, hurricanes and possible theft (the set was once stolen and recovered) it was decided to move the set and, possibly, to sell it at auction. Had this occurred, it is likely the set would have been moved outside Florida.

The trustees of the Historical Association of Southern Florida believe Audubon's work in Florida is very significant and that the folios should remain here on public display.

We have just bought this complete, original edition of Audubon's **The Birds of America**. This great work contains portraits of 1,065 birds in its 435 plate pages (each page measures 29½ x 39½").

During Audubon's 1831-32 tour of Florida he observed the wildlife of St. Augustine, Key West, Indian Key and the Dry Tortugas. As he was one of the earliest naturalists to visit South Florida, his writings and paintings from this trip have influenced those who have followed.

**The Birds of America** contains drawings of many birds commonly seen in Florida but which were made in other parts of the country before or after his Florida visit. But as Kathryn Hall Proby writes in her book **Audubon in Florida** he found here "what he had so longed to see - the water birds. And they form an integral portion of his discoveries and his art."

To keep this edition in Florida, the Historical Association took \$100,000 of its funds intended for exhibits and borrowed another \$600,000 to pay the \$700,000 purchase price. When the care and exhibit of the Birds are added in, the cost will exceed \$1,000,000.

## We Think He's Worth \$1 Million - Don't You?

We have two years to meet this challenge. Your help is needed. Please contribute now.



Yes, I want **The Birds of America** to have a permanent home in Florida. Here is my donation of:

\$10    \$25    \$50    \$100    \$200   \_\_\_\_\_ Other  
 check enclosed    Visa    MasterCard

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Make checks payable to: **Historical Association -  
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Mail to: 3280 South Miami Avenue  
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Contributions to the BIRDS OF AMERICA FUND  
are tax deductible.

The Historical Association of Southern Florida

# UPDATE

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 3280 S. Miami Avenue  
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**Mrs. James S. Wooten**  
 PUBLICATIONS CHAIRMAN

**Marie Anderson**  
 EDITOR

**Jack Kasewitz**  
**Arva Moore Parks**

**Thelma Peters**

**William Primus**

**Frank Soler**

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**Update** is the magazine of popular history published quarterly by the Historical Association of Southern Florida. Designed to appeal to a broad audience, it presents articles, illustrations, and photographs which help to capture the known and the little-known aspects of South Florida's past in a lively, informative and attractive manner.

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Steven Brooke, whose photography appears in Arva Moore Parks's **Miami: The Magic City**, tells how to revive some of those old, faded family photographs.

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**On the cover:** Whistle of the traffic cop and chug of auto engines were dominant in pre-boom noise of Flagler St. in 1921. View is east from Miami Ave.

**Photo Credits:** cover: Miami Herald, Richard Hoit collection; p. 2 John Sarno, Miami Beach News Bureau; p. 8 1922, 1925: Miami Herald, Hoit collection; p. 11-13 Steven Brooke. All others: HASE.





Officer candidates on Miami Beach golf course during World War II, from left: actor Bruce Cabot, baseball player Johnny Hodges, actors Robert Preston, William Holden, Gilbert Roland (see Letters).

## AROUND THE MUSEUM

Genie Card is deep into plans for the 1982 Harvest and as this is written all the statistics on the 1981 Harvest are not in. Genie does know that attendance was up 53% and revenue 58%. Adult attendance increased 73%, which Genie thinks can be attributed to an adult admission discount coupon distributed through southwest Dade schools. Genie also had good words to say for Beth Jones's promotion articles. Media contacts were handled by a professional publicist.

As B.J. Arnsperger's co-chair, Genie was directly concerned with all those exhibits set up and activities planned during the Nov. 21-22, 1981 Harvest. (If you are a program saver, you'd better write the date on before you forget it.) It's a dazzling array. Most of the booths and programmed events are tried-and-true repeaters through the Harvest's six years, but there were some newcomers.

The most spectacular was announced on a 3'x5' card hoisted Saturday afternoon at 4:30, reporting the birth of a 60-lb Holstein heifer at 4:23 p.m. in the petting-zoo area. Baby was promptly named Harvest,

but mamma unfortunately goes by the name of F230 back home at Graham Dairy in Moore Haven. Jerry and Martha Jane Toms, who run the petting zoo, say they will try for repeats in 1982, one each day. Place your bets early.

Who else new were Bonnie and Jessie. You never know how some things can take off. Judy Golden runs the Country Store at the Harvest. Judy's family is in the printing business. A man came in to get some flyers printed for his carnival and Judy told him about the Harvest.

"Would you like a couple of elephants for the petting zoo?" asked the customer.

That's how Bonnie and Jessie came to join in the fun.

The pie-eating contest was another new event. Saga Foods donated 125 pies and the University of Miami athletic department donated four tickets to the UM-Notre Dame game as prizes. Saturday's winners were Kathie Sagner, 11, in the children's contest and Joe Locher in the adult. Twenty pies were demolished in the contest, and sales were so brisk afterward that nobody thought to hold back enough for a repeat contest Sunday.

All those fair visitors who learned how to make lean-tos from palm fronds can thank the vagaries of Harvest planning. Tricia Head set out

► Continues on page 16

## LETTERS

### WW II "C'LEPERTIES"

Photographer Ray Fisher, who has a major collection of "c'lepties," as Walter Winchell called well-known personalities, sends a photograph (at left) taken by John Sarno of the Miami Beach public relations bureau during World War II. It shows five members of the Army Air Force officer candidate school standing at order of arms on Miami Beach Golf Course.

"There were others besides Clark Gable," says Fisher.

### 'CANE PICTURES

I enjoyed reading *UPDATE*, August 1981 issue so much. Since I have lived here in Miami since Easter Sunday 1927 I have seen so many changes. Oh, for the good ole days!

Your cover picture - wasn't this Trader Vic's on Biscayne Bay? Isn't the Miami Herald building on this site now?

None in your old photographs on page 15, "Out of the Trunk." The picture of the water lapping the seawall was taken in front of my home and my hotel, The Miramar. The picture is an Acme-Telephoto taken by my good friend "Ham" Hamilton of The Miami Daily News. This was the September 21, 1948 hurricane.

The picture appeared in *LIFE* and many other U.S. magazines and newspapers. I have the article from *LIFE* entitled "Big Wind Man" Grady Norton. The picture is 1/2 page plus two pages of information with Grady's picture. A beautiful article but a hurricane that did a lot of damage to my hotel and home.

The Miramar Hotel (built 1921) and my home, the 1917 coral rock house at 1756 N. Bayshore Dr., are still standing but after the first of the year will be torn down for a large hotel which will be built there. I sold this property in 1969 and now live at Plaza Venetia across the street. This old neighborhood holds many memories for me, as I lived here 33 years before selling.

Now, the picture of the bridge that is open. I believe that it is the Flagler St. bridge. The building on the right is the old East Coast Fisheries, which is where you could get the most delicious fresh fish.

Dorothy Hamilton Howell  
355 N.E. 15 St.

Here is an opportunity for anyone skilled in oral history. Dorothy Howell has 55 years of material on Miami stored in her memory bank needing a programmer to retrieve it. The gracious Miramar Hotel may well be gone by the time you read this.

The Sept. 21, 1948, hurricane picture used by *Life* is on p. 10 of August *Update*, as is the Flagler St. bridge taken in the Oct. 16, 1950, storm. The cover picture is indeed Trader Vic's, but which storm?

► Continues on page 14

# As My Father Told It...

BY DEAN MILLER

My brother Dale and I grew up with a wonderful storyteller.

My father, H. Dale Miller, arrived in Miami in 1896, the year Flagler brought his railroad into our town. He was 18 at the time.

Daddy found employment as a stevedore on the Miami docks, where, after a year's struggle with some exceedingly rough characters, he became foreman John Sewell, who owned a clothing store on Flagler Street, was impressed with the young foreman and persuaded my father to leave the docks and take a job in Mr. Sewell's store.

Daddy had been working in Mr. Sewell's store some six or seven years when he asked for a month's leave of absence, explaining that he wanted to take a serious look at commercial fishing. The older and wiser Sewell attempted to persuade my father not to make such a foolish move inasmuch as the store would some day be his.

My father explained to his beloved counselor his reason for wishing to investigate the fishing field. He had quietly observed that the buyers of the most expensive shoes in the house were the lowly fishermen with strong backs who pulled oars for a commercial fishing company. Daddy knew he had a strong back and felt he had an intelligence lead on the likes of those fishermen. If they could pad their pockets with such earnings, he thought he could do even better.

Within half a dozen years he was packing more fish for shipment to the northern states than any other firm in the area. Unbelievably, the greatest number and most enthusiastic re-order letters received from the major New York hotels specified more of the delicious "sea trout." This was the term Miami commercial fishermen used for barracuda!

The tons of mackerel, bluefish, pompano and other tropical delicacies all journeyed north in barrels, packed between layers of sawdust and ice, and they arrived fresh.

Whenever a school holiday or



► Continues on page 4

In March 1913 Dale Miller was shipping fish north to restaurants and hotels.

weekend permitted, Daddy's fishing crew was augmented with youngsters who pleaded to be taken out with the fleet. One of the brightest was elected honorary cabin boy. Roddy Burdine wore his title with pride. He and my father enjoyed many golfing days together in later years.

It was about this time, in the very early 1900s, when my father smiled at a perspiring young man sitting on top of a pile of bagged fertilizer. Both the young man and the fertilizer had just arrived on the train and the young man was waiting for a horse and wagon to pick up him and his treasure. He stopped fanning himself with his straw hat long enough to accept my father's big, welcoming hand and introduce himself. He was Harry Hector and the fertilizer was the start of the Hector Supply Company.

Fishing was always my father's love, and in later years his eyes would dance with excitement as he recalled for us youngsters the waters off Miami Beach darkened by acres upon acres of pompano on the move and hungry mackerel leaping out of the water to strike at nothing more than a white cloth tied to a fishing line. At times the smaller boats in the fleet would be forced to leave the frenzied

packs of fish to hurry ashore with their catch, unload, and return as fast as possible to fill the boat again. What fish Miami had in those days!

There were alligators, too. One big devil lurked in the vicinity of what is now Brickell Avenue bridge, where he often dined on mangy stray dogs thrown to him by insensitive citizens looking for an entertaining way of riding Miami of unwanted hounds.

One late evening the big gator found larger game. A new carpenter in town, weary of the summer heat, plunged into the river in his overalls. Within seconds that gator clamped his jaws across the surprised carpenter's chest and took him under. Almost as quickly the tough carpenter surfaced and swam to shore. None believed the fellow's story even though he displayed rows of teeth marks on his chest.

He claimed that when the gator grabbed him, he reached with his free arm for a carpenter's knife he carried in the hip pocket of his overalls, and with that knife calmly proceeded to carve an eye out of the gator's head. No dumb gator, he had turned the tough carpenter loose.

For a few days the town chuckled over the wild tale this chap was telling but they didn't smirk very long.

Our rugged victim had been waiting at river's edge each evening after his mishap, looking for a chance to kill his attacker. When the gator eased himself between some mangroves at the river bank, our friend spotted him and put a heavy rifle bullet through his head.

No one doubted the carpenter's story any longer. The gator had a recently carved hole in his head right where an eye should have been.

Although the fishing business was doing well, my father realized that there was a great future in Dade County real estate. He arranged a meeting in his office with young Ben Shepard, later to become Miami Beach city attorney. My father explained his own desire to pursue real estate and offered Ben Shepard half-interest in the fishing business if Ben would run the company while my father spent much of his time in the real estate field.

Years later Uncle Shep, as my brother Dale and I used to call him, told us that he asked Daddy for a day to think over the offer. He couldn't believe that anyone would give away half a business unless something awful lurked in the background.

To my father's astonishment that following day, Uncle Shep declined



The Winona, base of fishing operations, was moored near mouth of the Miami River. "Sea trout" (barracuda), mackerel, and turtle are among the catch.





Real estate salesman Miller, second right, white shoes, shows northern prospects filled land in Everglades.

the offer. Daddy told Uncle Shep he had to be crazy since the job he had at the time wasn't paying peanuts but if that's what he had decided, so be it. Three weeks later my father sold the fishing company for what then was a good deal of money, \$25,000. According to Uncle Shep, after he recovered from fainting, he beat his head with his own fists.

The Everglades were being advertised as the richest farm land in the world. Excerpting from an Army Engineers report, a large sales firm advertised the land "richer even than the Tigris and Euphrates Valley." My father signed on as a salesman for this large organization and was soon driving wide-eyed Yankees out into the near glades in large touring sedans riding smoothly on old sand roads.

These newcomers had heard wild tales of alligators jumping into second-story windows and rattlesnakes as big as anacondas. To allay their fears my father had one day cheerfully announced that rattlesnakes weren't so plentiful, nor nearly so large, as the visitors had been led to believe, and that he would catch with his bare hands any rattler they might happen to see.

It wasn't five minutes later when my father spied the biggest rattler any Miamian had ever seen, or at least it looked so to him, spread full length across the sand road in front of the sedan. His seatmate nudged Daddy in the ribs and said, "There's your snake, Mr. Miller."

By the time Daddy had recovered his color, the big rattler was coiled in fighting pose and awaiting anyone stupid enough to molest him. The ladies in the group were as frightened as Daddy, but the men were making it known that they expected him to carry out his cheerful boast.

On wobbly legs Daddy proceeded to the nearest low-limbed pine, broke off a limb with a stout fork at the end, teased the rattler into a full-length strike and with a lucky lunge pinned the big snake's head to the ground. He managed to hold the monster under the fork while he quickly wrapped a powerful hand around its neck and held it up to the delighted audience.

Men were men in those days and they kept their word. Daddy said he also kept his mouth shut on subsequent trips.

The land firm made a stab at raising potatoes in the glades. The potatoes were marvels as they grew to small melon size in the rich, black muck. There was only one trouble — they had absolutely no taste. Heavy rains came, flooding the fields and washing away my father's faith in the glades as real estate.

Still, he was fascinated with the wildness of the area, often hunting with Glenn Curtiss, who at rest time would lie back on his pack as a pillow and watch endlessly as the buzzards rode the air waves with graceful ease. Curtiss often expressed the feeling that some day he would be able to

produce aircraft that would handle flight as easily as did those buzzards. He built planes that continued to come closer to that ideal until his death in 1930.

Daddy's hunting carried him over into the Cape Sable area with the Roberts brothers, who were friendly with escaped prisoners who lived deep in the swamps, protected by that wild country. No officer of the law would follow escapees into that region where he could be easily picked off by those excellent marksmen. He could also be almost eaten up by the mosquitoes.

The few Miamians welcome in the Cape Sable retreat always carried a case of rifle shells for the ex-prisoners as their fee for being allowed to hunt their virgin domain. Since they had no way of obtaining the valuable items, those shells were gold to the escapees whose lives depended on the game they could shoot.

During those very early years of this century my father became a fast friend of S. Bobo Dean, owner and publisher of the leading paper in Miami at the time, *The Metropolis*, which became *The Miami Daily News* in 1924. Dean took great pleasure in gently needling Daddy in print. One brief item I recently found declared my father to have been most embarrassed by a robber whom he had surprised in the act of burglarizing his house but who escaped out a back



Miller, striped shirt, enjoyed wildness of the Everglades, hunting over in Cape Sable in spite of mosquitoes.

window. It seemed the burglar had ransacked the entire house but had stolen not one item, there being nothing of sufficient value to warrant stealing.

Many were the stories Dale and I heard of Mr. Dean's courage and forthrightness. One story Daddy often enjoyed telling us was of the evening he and Mr. Dean had attended a baseball game held in a small stadium. The game over, the two agile men, in order to avoid the crowd all exiting from one gate, lowered themselves from the back row of the bleachers and dropped onto some fertilizer sacks stored in an open-roofed room below.

Five low-class recent arrivals in Miami, using the room as a temporary resting spot, resented the intrusion and made their feeling known by roundly cursing the two Miami businessmen. This was not accepted behavior in the early 1900s, and my father promptly belted the biggest of the lot square on the jaw, sending him to the floor as the others joined the

brawl. In making certain the big fellow stayed down while he and Mr. Dean dispatched the remaining four, my father slammed his size 13 white buck shoe on the big ruffian's neck and held it there. By the time the police arrived a few minutes later, the two men were claiming victory for the home team.

But there was some explaining to do the next day when they were called before the judge, who was a good friend of both men. He said he would dismiss the fact that the men had been involved in a fight but he demanded to know why my father had used brass knuckles on the biggest of the group. My father protested that he never had owned brass knuckles and had only knocked the man down and stood on his neck. The judge produced the big fellow as evidence of the crime.

Sure enough, his neck was severely lacerated by some brutal instrument. A bit of quick detective work ascertained that as my father had pressed down on the big chap's

neck and at the same time turned and twisted in the course of battle, the soft rubber heel on his shoe had compressed, allowing the heads of the nails in the shoe heel to extend. These were the lacerating instruments. The judge declared it a fair fight and dismissed the men.

In another instance, the county solicitor, the counterpart of today's state attorney, I believe, became abusive in Mr. Dean's office. The barrister went a nudge too far with his threatening manner and Mr. Dean opened his desk drawer, lifted out a good-sized revolver and leveled it straight at the solicitor's heart. He was told to exit the room in five seconds or Miami would be hunting for a new county solicitor the next day. The gentleman needed only two seconds.

A few years later in a similar incident, my father had met with five Jacksonville.

This has gotten away from me and I am going on endlessly. Enough. As I said, my brother Dale and I grew up with a wonderful storyteller. ●





# Booming Sounds

BY BILLIE PEELER PEARCE

This was "God's country," they said,  
and that was reason enough for it to grow;  
so they began to build at the edge of town  
on land covered with palmetto and pine.

First came the sawing, and the chopping, and the crash  
of trees,

followed by the boom of explosions.  
Bits of dynamited stumps shot into the air,  
then splattered on the covering of palmetto leaves.  
There was the rumbling of big machines  
scraping and clearing the land,  
and the shouting of surveyors as they marked it off,  
and plotted roads, and pounded stakes.

Then came the racket of street building  
the digging and scraping, the grinding and rumble of  
crushing rocks  
until the black and baked land lay crisscross with white  
streets  
— blinding in the sunlight and glaring in the moonlight.

Next came the buses and the people and the drumming of  
the bands;  
the sales talk and speeches; barbeques and picnics;  
the ceaseless walking and talking; and the selling and the  
auctions,  
until the land was sold in pieces.

Then came the roll of trucks, and piling up of lumber,  
the hammering and the shouting, the stretch of wire o'er  
wooden frames,  
and the slapping on of stucco,  
and thus the "jerry" houses were built.  
In came the vans moving furniture,  
followed by people talking, dishes rattling,  
children playing, and babies bawling.

On the main street of Miami, first called Twelfth,  
later named Flagler after the man who had built the  
railroad down the Florida East Coast,  
the tempo quickened into a strident jumble of sounds:  
shuffling feet, tooting horns, crashing bumpers, scraping  
fenders,  
a policeman's whistle, and angry voices,  
orchestras playing, and barkers calling, a peanut whistle,  
and played against this the clang of steel,  
rataplan of riveting and welding,  
cries of workmen, pounding of hammers.

Rising over all were the shrill notes of a calliope,  
and the rattling and clanging of streetcars.

There was the ringing of bells at the railroad crossing,  
and the whistle of the approaching train.  
Someone shouted, "Here it comes — only ten hours late,"  
and the train rumbled in.  
There were the bustle of people and the calls of "Red Cap,"  
and "Taxi,"  
and the movement of feet, the starting of cars,  
a policeman's whistle and the running of motors.

It was quieter on the bay, a faint rustle of palm fronds,  
and the almost inaudible whirl of birds' wings,  
and on Sunday afternoons, the melodious strains of  
Pryor's band.  
Often was heard the chugging and purring fishing boat  
motors,  
and the proudful shouts over sailfish caught,  
and the clang of the gangplank.

There were the teeming streets,  
crowded buses and swarming trains,  
people pouring in.  
Voices said, "Sorry, no room." "Try next door." "Maybe  
next week."  
The sounds of hurry and bustle, excitement and tussle  
mounted.



"...the buses and the people...the ceaseless walking and talking..." Flagler street looking east from the railroad tracks.

On the causeway and at the bridges,  
sounded the toot of a boat's whistle,  
the ring of bells, the raising of the bridge, the honk of  
horns,  
and the people griping and the people grouching.

In Hialeah at the races,  
there sounded the barking of the dogs,  
cries of "Two on six," "Ten on four," "Fifty on eight and  
three."

Then a hush,  
and the whirring of the rabbit as it ran around the track,  
and the calls, "Come on two," "Get going six."  
Then, shouts and groans.  
Yes, Miami's first dog track was at Hialeah,  
not far from where the proud horses now run.

Nearby at a jai alai fronton  
resounded the snap of the basket, the twang of balls,  
shouts in Spanish,  
and the beat of music and the movement of dancing feet.

In Coral Gables,  
grand opera played under a tent,  
from whence came the soaring orchestral music,  
the bell-like soprano and the deep basso notes,  
the singing of the chorus,  
and the giggling of high school boys and girls as they  
recognized  
classmates in the chorus.

A football gridiron was hastily constructed  
and the people crowded the stands  
to watch Red Grange streak down the gridiron  
and the Four Horsemen trot over a muddy field.

There was the rushing and pushing  
of the guy and the "hick"  
and the feeling in the air of Hurry! Hurry! Hurry!  
Have fun and get rich quick.

The gentle breezes grew brisk and stiffened,  
and the wind rushed through the trees,  
leaving the palms chattering and the pines moaning,  
and together they cried, "Hurricane! Hurricane!"  
Then came the pounding of the ocean and the rush of  
the wind,  
the pitting of the sand, the swish of the rain,  
the scream of the wind, and the roar of the water!

And green lightning flashed across the sky!  
There was the crash of trees,  
the tearing and snatching of stucco and wire,  
the banging of boards, the crack and crash of glass,  
screams of fright, and cries of pain,  
and the thump of falling light wires with their crackle and  
their sparkle.

The wind suddenly hushed,  
and for a moment, there was stillness  
— stiller than death.

People shouted; car motors started,  
children screamed; and women laughed.  
People were dazed; people were hysterical.



"God's country... reason enough for it to grow." 1922: Flagler St. west at NE



"... the selling and the auctions, until the land was sold in pieces." 1925: look



"amidst the destruction came sounds of... cars running, and the searching for

Then again it started: the swoop of the wind,  
the fury of the wind, and the wailing of the wind,  
and the thud of trees against the earth,  
the crash of buildings, and the clinking and crackle  
of glass.



Second Ave.; Halcyon Hotel, right.



going north on Ponce de Leon at Coral Way.



food." 1926: looking east from Flagler St. bridge.

Hours passed by before the scream of the wind changed to a moan, a hum, and died to a whisper. Cries of pain and desolation filled the air, and helpful shouts of "Let's do something," "Get going!" Then the wailing sound of ambulances blended with the moans of the people.

In the desolation and amidst the destruction came sounds of cleaning and of sweeping, of pounding of hammers, and cars running, and the searching for food. The rebuilding began — feeble rebuilding, disheartened rebuilding.

Trains crowded, buses packed, cars running, tires singing, people leaving — going North.

It began as a whisper, then swelled to a shout. "Bank closed — Biscayne Bank closed!" Then began the dashing of feet, the rushing of feet, and the groaning and crying, and a long line formed. The feet moved slowly to the First National door. Some managed to withdraw their money, but many, many more were left waiting in the long line outside when the doors closed at two. The policemen stood guard and said to each one: "The bank will open tomorrow morning; you can get your money then."

Trains jammed, buses crammed, ships crowded, solid lines of cars rolling — going North, leaving town.

The rock crushers and the road equipment rusted; orchestras and bands were hushed; barkers had departed; the clang of steel was silenced; and hammers had stopped. Picnics and barbeques were over. When the policeman blew his whistle the cars moved in an orderly line — there was no crowding. People lamented fortunes lost and lives broken.

A judge in his court said to the defendant: "I sentence you to five years in prison for using the mails to defraud."

And the culprit replied: "But, Judge, I intended to build the streets, to put in the lights and sewerage, but the hurricane, the embargo, the banks closing, the crash —" And another life was blighted.

There remained the hush of empty houses and the silence of empty buildings. Many of them sold for taxes.

There were some who continued to say that it was "God's Country," but more shouted, "No!" and left. The hurry and the bustle, the excitement and the tussle were gone; and a quietness settled over the town.

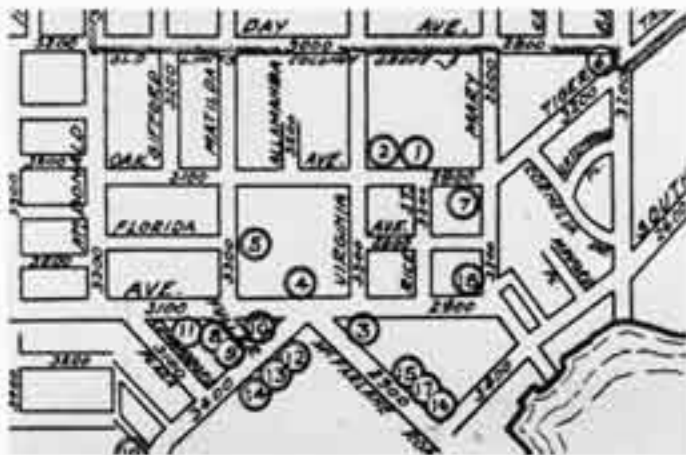
And so Miami had expanded until she burst and lay in shattered fragments, but in each scattered piece quivered a new life, which, for a while, lay dormant, then again began to grow and grow and blossomed into a greater city we know and love today. ●



# A Violation Of The Law

BY CHARLES M. BROOKFIELD

Scene of crime: south of #9. 1. City Hall; 2. Fire station; 3. Nelson drugs; 4. A&P; 5. school; 6. W.T. Price; 7. ?; 8. post office; 9. Harrison drugs; 10. bank; 11. ?; 12. ?; 13. Hardie garage; 14. St. Stephen's; 15. American Legion; 16. Will McCormick; 17. library.



Recently I was walking down Commodore Plaza, subconsciously aware of the people on the street, bustling in and out of expensive shops and eating establishments, when suddenly my mind went back to the day I was arrested.

It was early 1926. The Big Boom was about to bust. The Big Blow would soon follow. Cocoanut (as it was spelled) Grove was still its own little municipality. The Grove business section extended from about Fuller Street to Grand Avenue on Main Highway and on Grand Avenue from Fuller Street to Virginia. There were a few scattered small stores north of Grand Avenue like Richardson's grocery on the corner of Day Avenue and Mary Street. The "Town Hall" and fire station were in the same location as the present fire station.

Among the business establishments in the "downtown" area was Doc Harrison's drugstore at the corner of Main Highway and Fuller Street, known for Doc's wonderful chocolate ice cream sodas, big and delicious. That was where parents went to buy calamine lotion for their barefoot children's "Florida sores" (impetigo). Doc was a kindly soul and patient with kids who wanted a few cents' worth of candy. Across Fuller Street from Doc Harrison's was the Bank of Cocoanut Grove, where Doc Harrison's son Gus and Roy Perry were tellers. Both later became bank presidents.

On the other side of Main Highway was the old St. Stephen's Church and An (Andrew) Hardie's blacksmith shop which, for lack of horses, had turned into a garage and general repair shop with gas pumps. Gas was about 20-some cents a gallon. The principal grocery store was the A&P on Grand Avenue at the end of Main Highway.

Boomtime development fever had spread to Cocoanut Grove and south of Fuller Street from Main Highway to Grand Avenue. An area had been cleared by someone who evidently did not know how to clear South Florida land and had botched the job. An unpaved diagonal road had been cut through that later was to be called Commodore Plaza. On either side were scorched pine stumps and green logs scattered about.

I had been clearing land since I arrived in 1924. When I first started in business for myself An Hardie had removed the turtleback from my Model T Ford runabout and installed a short pickup bed to carry my men and tools. I shook my head over the botched clearing job, and I was told the man who had undertaken the job had given up. Would I undertake to finish the job?

I agreed, although I knew it would not be easy. The progress of Cocoanut Grove was at stake.

I knew how difficult it was to burn green pine stumps without plenty of tinder to get them very hot. Our South Florida pines have fire-resistant bark. The previous contractor had not piled up the stumps so that a good fire would roar up through the pile.

My men had worked with me on many land-clearing jobs and knew what to do. The problem was how to find enough dry stuff for tinder. The previous contractor had burned up all the dry wood and saw palmetto roots which might have made good tinder for a hot fire.

The men scoured every vacant lot around Charlie Frow's old house on Grand Avenue and cleaned up all the trash in the business section as well. All of this took a couple of days. At last all was ready.

The following morning there was an easterly breeze. This would keep the smoke away from the business section so we lit our fires.

Alas! I had not looked at the weather report. There was a "Norther" coming and by midday the wind had shifted south on its way around to the northwest. The smoke from the half-burned-out fires created a light fog in the business section of the Grove.

Worst of all, Dr. Ayars's white frame house facing Main Highway south of Fuller Street was the nearest building to the smoke and Mrs. Ayars had just hung out her laundry to dry. Doc was on the city council.

Suddenly, I heard the fire truck's bell and here it came to put out my fires. Captain Buzzell was in command. He took in the situation at a glance and knew what I was about.

I explained to him that I had waited for an easterly wind and had not expected the wind to shift to the south and that clearing this land would be to the benefit of Cocoanut Grove — and what a hard time I had had finding dry stuff to start the fires.

He said, yes, he understood my problem, but that he had been ordered to put out the fires. His men were standing by with fire extinguishers.

We continued our conversation for some time while the fires were slowly burning out. About that time Captain Buzzell said, "There is really almost nothing to put out but I must give you this."

It was an arrest order. I had been charged with creating a public nuisance.

As the captain drove off in the fire truck he called back, "Don't worry."

The following Monday I appeared in the court adjoining the fire station before Judge "Heinz" Cowart, who was a house painter by trade. Doc Ayars was there as complainant.

Judge Cowart heard my story. He then pronounced, "I find you guilty and fine you one dollar." Then he grinned.

Doc Ayars, who was a kindly man, had a satisfied smile on his face. Now he could go home and tell Mrs. Ayars that he had had that so-and-so who started those brush fires on wash day arrested and he was fined by the court.



Negative made from retouched print of old picture produces sharp new prints.

## Restoring Old Photographs

BY STEVEN BROOKE

There it is: the family history in photographs. And there they sit: in the same box for the past — how many? — years, unopened and mashed between old high school yearbooks through several movings. Negatives stuck together; prints almost devoid of recognizable image; and The Family Album, your priceless photographs of you and all the kids, yellow tape on the corners or glued

### DON'T

1. try to separate negatives or prints that are stuck together. This must be done very carefully with the advice of a photographer familiar with these materials.
2. try to separate photos from album pages unless you can see that they will come up very easily.
3. try to touch-up or otherwise work on one-of-a-kind negatives or prints.
4. think all is lost. Perseverance pays off.

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down with enough stuff to pave a small driveway.

Before you decide that now is the time to toss them out, consider having these neglected and irreplaceable treasures restored and preserved. If you have an interest in photography and have access to a darkroom, you can undertake the responsibility of restoration yourself. First, let's consider

#### Old Negatives With No Available Prints

The negatives must be washed very carefully with Photo-flo in water. Often soaking negatives which are stuck together will free them from each other. If you are unsure about their condition, consult a professional lab.

Once the negatives have been washed and dried (dust-free), make the best possible 8 x 10 print. It is much easier to work on an 8 x 10 print than on a 1 x 2 negative. Correct on the print imperfections in the negative which have been transferred to the print. Then, make a new negative from the corrected print. From this an unlimited number of good prints can be made.

#### Old Prints

If you have a good negative of a faded picture, then by all means try to make a good print from it. However, if the negative is in poor condition, or if you do not have the negative, you must first make a copy negative.



From this copy negative you then make the best print possible. Make corrections on this "work print." Then make a new "master negative" from which an unlimited number of good prints can be made. Only then should any work on the original print be attempted. Many severely damaged prints can be retouched to acceptable standards.

For your first try, use a print that is not too severely damaged. This will save frustration later on.

**Illumination of the Print:** Ideally, the print should be lit by at least two evenly matched lights at 45-degree angles to the print. In a simple setup two 75-150w floods can be used. Spring clips can facilitate placement of the lights. Check to be sure that the print is evenly illuminated. This is best done with a light meter. If you must use existing daylight, find a place with sufficient light but in open shade.

**Copying the Print:** A 35mm camera with a 50-55mm lens is best. Avoid using wide-angle lenses or telephoto lenses above 105mm. The camera should be supported on a tripod. If you have a tripod that allows the center column to be removed and reinstalled upside down, you can place the tripod legs over the print and support the camera directly over the print. A shutter-release cable is recommended for vibration-free exposures.

When aligning the camera, check to be sure that the print is square to the film plane. Save some space around the image of the print to make any later cropping easier. If the print is not brittle and you are copying on a table, you may try using a piece of clear glass to insure that the print lies flat; check that you are not getting any reflections of your lights in the glass. If the print is brittle, it is best to copy it as is rather than risk further damage.

Prints that have been glued to the pages of photo albums should be copied directly from the album if possible. Prints that have tape on them should be copied with the tape. Often filters will eliminate the yellow color of the tape. Trying to remove old cellophane-type tape is invariably disastrous. If you must try, do it after you have made a successful copy negative.

**Films and Filters:** For most prints that have faded or otherwise lack good contrast, Kodak Panatomic-X (ASA 32) used with an orange filter (O2) and developed in fine-grain developer is a good starting formula. Kodak Tri-X (ASA 400) is also excellent for prints that are damaged but still have good image quality. Either a yellow (K2) or orange (O2) filter may be used. Again, a fine-grain developer is recommended. If the print has almost no contrast, a red (25) filter may be necessary, used in conjunction with Kodak High Contrast Copy film.

All exposures should be bracketed. That is, the exposure indicated by the light meter should be supplemented with exposures of one stop underexposed up to three stops overexposed. This will insure at least one usable negative. Very thin films (Pan-X and High Contrast Copy film) require very critical exposure and



Reverse tripod's center column, spring clip two floods for even lighting of old photograph.





bracketing should be done in half-stops.

After the film is exposed, you might have a professional lab develop it for you and make contact sheets to judge the correct negative. If you are limited in time, this step is best given to a lab. In general, film developing should be held consistent while varying exposure times and use of filters.

**Making a Work Print.** Because you will be doing a lot of hand work (touch-up dyes, pencils, etc.) your print should be made on a matte surface. I have found Kodak RC-N surface polycontrast paper to be very good for this work. Agfa Portriga-Rapid is also excellent but must be purchased in individual grades and, inasmuch as it is a fiber-based paper, washing and drying times are increased.

You should experiment with variations in paper grades until you get the best print possible from your copy negative. Using polycontrast paper and filters facilitates this and precludes having to purchase many individual paper grades. Often, a print with good detail and contrast may require a #4 contrast filter. If this does not work, try Agfa Grade 6, a very contrasty paper. Once you have made a good print, make several more at that particular exposure and paper grade.

Most professional labs are well equipped to make a work negative for you. This involves properly illuminating the original print (being careful not to fry the print with photo lights) and copying it with the appropriate film, using whatever filtration is required to try to capture what is left of the original image. The labs are also equipped to make a work print which you can then touch up.

There are some disadvantages:

1. No lab will assume responsibility for loss or any additional damage to your photo.
2. No lab can afford to spend as much time on any individual piece as you might yourself.
3. Most labs make their copy negatives on 4 x 5-inch sheet film which requires an enlarger of a greater size than most hobbyists have at home. Some labs will make 35mm negatives, however.

**Touch-Up.** All those white dots can be removed but be prepared for some detailed work and avoid coffee the day you plan to try your hand at touch-up work. If you have never experimented with touch-up dyes, you might practice on some of your discard prints before working on good ones.

White dots, scratches, streaks and tears may be removed to varying degrees with the use of Spotone Dyes and pencils (the softer densities). For Kodak RC prints, use Spotone #3. A triple-O sable brush is a must for accurate work. It is important to work under a good light so that the dye is applied to just the spot you desire to remove. I use a white plastic watercolor dish to dilute the dye when necessary. Pencils of the softer variety can be used and blended with cotton or Q-Tips.

Remember, do not rush this work. A badly retouched photograph is usually worse than one with all the imperfections showing. You will find, however, that with the removal of each dot and scratch the photograph will gain in beauty. The work at this stage is very slow but very rewarding.

Black marks and scratches are a bigger problem. First, they must be removed with a bleach. Potassium ferricyanide (available in most photo stores) or Spot-Off can be used. Prac-

tice first on discards to determine the speed and intensity of the bleach. It is usually best to remove the black marks to complete white, rewash the print to remove all traces of bleach and, when dry, retouch with Spotone to the desired tone of the surrounding areas. Caution: most bleaches are poisonous and require careful handling.

Once you have worked over the print and removed as many of the imperfections as possible or desirable, you are ready to make a master negative, following the original procedure for making copy negatives. Usually these can be made on Tri-X rather than the very contrast-enhancing films. Again, you may wish a professional lab to make this negative for you if your lighting conditions are not very good. Final prints can now be made. For these prints I usually use Agfa Portriga Rapid, a beautiful warm-toned paper. These can be toned with Berg's Brown toner or sepia toned to enhance their antique quality.

Now, having gone this far, you will be wise to develop a good filing system for your negatives and prints and a dry place to store them.

If you start now, you can make some singular gifts for Christmas and clear out a storage box at the same time. ●

To sum up the procedures:

ORIGINAL DAMAGED  
PRINT

WORK  
NEGATIVE

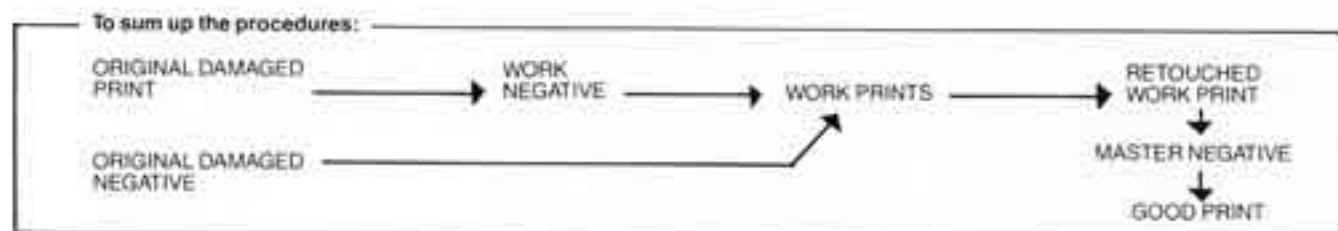
WORK PRINTS

RETOUCHED  
WORK PRINT

ORIGINAL DAMAGED  
NEGATIVE

MASTER NEGATIVE

GOOD PRINT



## BOOK REVIEW

**Biscayne Country, 1870-1926.** By Thelma Peters. (Miami: Banyan Books, Inc., 1981. xviii, 323 pp. Acknowledgements, Bibliography, Index. \$15.55.)

**Miami: The Magic City.** By Arva Moore Parks. (Tulsa, OK: Continental Heritage Press, 1981. 224 pp. Sponsors & Benefactors, Bibliography, Index, Photo Credits. \$24.95.)

The fall of 1981 has been a very good year for local historians and histories in Miami. Thelma Peters and Arva Moore Parks have produced works, *Biscayne Country* and *Miami: The Magic City* respectively, which have added greatly to the literature dealing with Miami and Dade County. These books represent two different approaches to local history. One is a more personal account that focuses on a small area and the individuals that contributed to its development. The other chronicles the entire history of a much larger area, singling out influential men and women and important events in order to explain its development and its character.

Thelma Peters continues in the tradition of her earlier work, *Lemon City*, by detailing the growth of an area that has almost been forgotten within the megalopolis of Miami. *Biscayne Country* describes in detail the founding, homesteading, and the boom experienced in areas once known as the Piney woods, Biscayne, Arch Creek, Fulford, or Snake Creek. These areas are better known today as Miami Shores, North Miami and North Miami Beach.

Her descriptions of the lives, trials, and successes of early pioneers, residents, and developers of the area are enlightening as well as interesting. An added attraction in this book is the fact that it is partially autobiographical. The author and her family moved to Biscayne country in 1916, and they participated in and contributed to its history.

Arva Moore Parks's *Miami: The Magic City* is markedly different from her first book, *The Forgotten Frontier*, a picture essay of the life and times of Ralph Middleton Munroe and Coconut Grove. Her most recent work is a general history of Miami and Dade County. Beginning before the arrival of the first man in that area, this book traces the history of South Florida from that time to 1980.

The author is a Miami booster, and like many of the people that she describes in her book, she is optimis-



Two new local histories were published within a month last fall, each a second book for the author. Thelma Peters's *Biscayne Country, 1870-1926*, published in November, follows her *Lemon City: Pioneering on Biscayne Bay 1850-1925*. Arva Moore Parks's *Miami: The Magic City* is a complete change from her first book, *The Forgotten Frontier*.

tic about the city's future. The main theme of her narrative is that Miami always has been an area of rapid change and that it has always been able to cope with those changes. The city also always has experienced natural disasters, booms, busts, depressions, and other crises but its residents have retained a "Miami Spirit" which continues to make the area's future "as bright as the warm sun."

Both authors have equaled, if not surpassed, their earlier works. Their obvious love for the area is reflected in their books and it makes them a pleasure to read. The amount of work and research put into these books is readily apparent, unfortunately neither of them includes footnotes. Both books, however, are liberally illustrated with maps, drawings, and photographs which support and enhance the text because the authors have taken the time and effort to make sure that their graphics are located near appropriate parts of the narrative rather than collected in a central section or inserted at random.

*Biscayne Country* and *Miami: The Magic City*, by virtue of the quality and the quantity of the information they contain, will become standard reading for anyone wishing to study the history of southern Florida.

—Daniel Markus

## FURTHER READING

### The Way It Was

Parks, Arva Moore. *Miami: The Magic City*. Tulsa: Continental Heritage Press, 1981. Chapter 5: Pre-Boom. Chapter 6: Boom.

Ballinger, Kenneth. *Miami Millions*. Miami: Franklin Press, 1936.

### Restoring Old Photographs

\*Davies, Thomas L. *Shoots, A Guide to Your Family's Photographic Heritage*. Danbury NH, Addison House, 1977.

*Preservation of Photographs*. Pub. F-30. Rochester, NY, Eastman Kodak, 1979.

\*Provenzo, Eugene F., Baker, Asterie. *Rediscovering Photography*. La Jolla CA, Oak Tree Publications, 1980.

\*Available in HASF museum shop.

### Letters

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More August 1981 Update: Helen Muir, *Miami USA's* author, alerts the editor that in "The City in Broad Brushstrokes" (p. 11) Jack Kasewitz refers twice to Miami Beach publicist Steve Hannagan as Hannegan. It's all the way, says Muir, who should know, as she worked with him.

### POSH BOQ

*I had to tell you how much I enjoyed the UPDATE of November 1981, particularly "Miami 1941-1945" by Daniel Markus. Many South Floridians served in the units mentioned in Markus's article.*

*There was an Army Air Force base at Boca Raton and several Miamians were officers at the Boca Raton Club, which was used to give Army Air Force cadets technical training. These cadets were to be eventually the meteorologists, engineers, and perhaps navigators and bombardiers.*

*Without going into my records I cannot remember all of them but I do remember Dale Miller (now owner of Hollywood Ford), Bob*

► Continues on page 15



## OUT OF THE TRUNK

What have we here? Some Ramses statues astray from Abu Simbel finding a home on Biscayne Blvd?

This picture is one of a series recently given to the museum. The photo collection of Mrs. William Orr was given to HASF by her son, Archie M. Orr, who doesn't know any more about the Egyptian series except that the pictures were taken of the decorations for the Shrine convention held in Miami May 1-3, 1928.

If any readers can contribute more information, please send it to **Update**, Historical Association of Southern Florida, 3280 S. Miami Ave., Miami, FL 33129.

### Letters

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Simon, Freddie Norris, and Attorney John Brian, who, along with me, were in charge of those cadets.

We were so short of officers in 1942 that at one time I was Tactical officer for a squadron of cadets, Commanding officer of the headquarters company (the permanent house-keeping force of cooks, bakers, maintenance men, etc), Chemical Warfare officer, and I had the endless and unpleasant job of Billeting officer.

I had to assign rooms to a constantly changing force of 2,500 cadets in the Boca Raton Club. Of course, I got myself assigned to a room with a much higher ranking officer so I had a beautiful waterfront view.

With all these jobs, I held the rank of Second Lieutenant!

Robert Lewin  
9301 N.E. Sixth Ave.

Reader Lewin, who also knows old

automobiles, contributed to identification of the October 1979 Out of the Trunk picture (a large building with a row of cars in front), placing the date before 1912. One of Lewin's co-officers at Boca Raton, Dale Miller, was named for his father, who is the subject of this issue's lead article written by the senior Miller's other son, Dean.

### 25 YEARS EARLY

Miami Historian Thelma Peters (see Book Reviews) takes UPDATE's editor to task for letting Everett Clay land Hernando DeSoto (spelled thusly) near Tampa in 1514.

Charlton W. Tebeau, in A HISTORY OF FLORIDA, writes that the de Soto (spelled thusly) expedition left "San Lucas in April 1538 for Santiago de Cuba and thence to Havana. A year later, on May 18, 1539, the fortune hunters sailed for Florida and landed

in Tampa Bay on the thirtieth." Tebeau writes that as de Soto in Spain "prepared for the expedition to the New World, he was swamped with volunteers ready to risk their lives and fortunes in the gamble for wealth in Florida. This army of knights and gentlemen was perhaps the most resplendent that had been brought to Spanish America. It resembled a medieval crusade." All of which reinforces Clay's statement that de Soto "brought along royal Spanish stock, which had raced the winter before in Havana."

### 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.



Around the Museum  
 ▶ Continued from page 2

to get a southwest Girl Scout troop to put on a demonstration and ended up with the Miccosukee Indian Boy Scout troop and their lean-tos.

There were new winners, of course, in the History Bee and they represented schools that went from one end of the county to the other. Annmarie Wongsam, winner, represented Redland Junior High; Fei Shih, second place, goes to South Miami Junior High; and Lisette Mendez, third place, is from Miami Lakes Junior High. They received \$50, \$25 and \$10, respectively. Annmarie's teacher Joanna Murray also received \$50, which was a new award this year.

The HASF Fellows gathered at Steve and Mary Lynch's home on Arvida Dr. in October to do a little rum tasting among a selection gathered by Tony Maingot, husband of HASF administrator Consuelo Maingot. Besides being a professor of sociology and anthropology at Florida International University, Tony is a native of Trinidad, which, along with Brazil, Cuba, Puerto Rico, Jamaica, the Malagasy Republic and Indonesia, produces the world's rum from its sugar cane. As the Fellows sipped their rum they sopped up information on the subject.

Joe and Pat Pero brought five new Fellows to the party and were awarded a trip to Dusseldorf, Germany, the birthplace of Heinrich Heine.

In November Very Important People in the community were invited to a party in the elegant home of Mrs. Oden Schaeffer in Coral Gables to thank them for their support of the then upcoming Harvest, and hard on the heels of that some 200 or so people turned out on a Sunday afternoon to greet Thelma Peters and get her to autograph her new book, **Biscayne Country: 1870-1926**. The gift shop sold 164 books during the afternoon.

As if that weren't enough, 400 people swarmed the house and grounds of Sandy and Lyn D'Aiemberte in early December to thank the sponsors of **Miami: The Magic City**, which was just off the press. Author Arva Moore Parks was kept busy all evening signing copies of the handsome book and had a little over a week to rest up before she did it again at the museum for HASF members.

After all that, the holidays and Orange Bowl festivities seemed like an anti-climax. ●

## THE FINAL WORD

On the Sunday afternoon that I helped in the HASF membership booth at the Harvest I asked what the miniature house model was that sat on the northwest corner table of the booth, facing the entrance. It was a model of The Barnacle, I was told.

The Barnacle from its front and sides is easily recognizable but from my view of its back, it looked like anyone's two-story house.

"I know," said Judy Lewin. "I poked back behind bushes and saw things nobody has seen in years."

Judy Lewin ought to know. She's the talented and hard-working builder of the Barnacle model.

It all began in the spring of 1980 when Judy went to a meeting at the museum and met a lot of nice people who began saying how nice it would be to have a model of the Barnacle at the Harvest in the fall.

Judy was interested. She likes architecture and detail work and started about eight years ago custom-making dollhouses for little girls that were replicas of their houses. However, by the time Judy and the Harvest committee, for they were the nice people she had met, got around to talking specifics it was summer, vacations were calling, and there wasn't going to be enough time. It was agreed to postpone the project until 1981.

Early in the year Genie Card called. Judy said she would see what she could put together. She approached some members of a miniature club but couldn't arouse any interest.

Except her own. The more she

thought about it, the more she wanted to do it, so she decided to tackle it alone.

She began by talking with Ranger Bob Schmucker of The Barnacle State Park. Through him she found that the University of Miami School of Architecture had the plans of the Barnacle. She got prints of them for 25¢ a sheet at the school print shop but the going price today is \$25 a set.

Judy collected her measurements and took them to California when she went to visit her mother. She ended up doing most of the work out there.

The house scale is 3/4" to one foot. The outside plaster finish is spackle. The tile roof is corrugated cardboard. There are 51 windows and doors. The porch and veranda used 350-400 boards 1/4" x 1/16", which were laid individually. The rounded portions of the veranda railing are ends of popsicle sticks.

"The hardest part was the veranda railing," Judy said, "I couldn't do it all in one piece, although the original is one piece."

The Harvest committee paid \$385 for the materials Judy used. She donated her time, which was 800-900 hours. She worked from March up to the Harvest.

"I really enjoyed it, but it was a challenge," said Judy.

Maria Anderson

## AUTHOR BIOGRAPHIES

**Dean Miller**, a stockbroker, and his brother Dale, an automobile dealer, were born in Miami and have lived here. Their mother Jean was a writer, their father, a storyteller. Dean has combined the two talents.

**Billie Peeler Pearce** was born in Live Oak but came to Miami in 1918, lived in the Lemon City area. She received a master's degree in Florida history, did research for Charlton Tebeau, and then worked for Dr. William Straight, a medical history buff, for many years. Now retired, she is considering more historical research.

**Charles M. Brookfield**, longtime HASF member, has produced, with a little prodding, another of his stories laid in the '20s when Brookfield first came to Miami.

**Steven Brooke** is a photographer-biologist who specializes in scientific, technical and architectural photographs but also is interested in history. He did the present-day photography for Arva Parks's **Miami: The Magic City**.

# *A Jolly Good Fellow*

Nobody loves the repairs.

Or the postage and printing. Or social security and insurance. Or the cost of the move to the new building.

If you love books, you will contribute to the library. If you are a bird watcher you will help save the Audubon Double Elephant Folio. If you feel strongly about history's place in education you will assist the museum's education program.

But nobody loves expendable tools and supplies.

Except the Fellows.

They are the members who contribute \$500 a year to keep the museum open. If we had 1,000 of them we would almost cover our operating costs.

But we don't. We have almost 50. That, however, isn't bad; it's good. Our first fellows were Lew and Marcia Kanner in November 1979. By that year's end we had added Phil and Judy George and Bill and Pat Graham.

In 1980, its first full year, the Fellows welcomed 22 more and the prospects were that that figure would be passed in 1981.

Fellows receive passes to the Harvest and invitations to special events and a print from the museum's iconographic collection but those are not the reasons they become Fellows.

They may not love the repairs but they know they have to be paid for.

In return, we love them. They're jolly good Fellows.

## **1979**

Phil and Judy George  
Bill and Pat Graham  
Lew and Marcia Kanner

## **1980**

Bill and Betty Anderson  
Jorge and Diosdada Cuellas  
Bill and Caryl Cullom  
Jim and Jean Davis  
Bill Dismukes  
Doug and Irina Erickson  
Joe and Monica Fitzgerald  
Ed and Marty Grafton  
John and Jane Harrison  
Minnie Huston  
Steve and Mary Lynch  
Adolfo and Mary Elena Maldonado

Layton and Nancy Mank  
Finlay and Bixie Matheson  
C.T. and Becky McCrimmon  
Bob and Pat Molinari  
Bob and Arva Parks  
Ted and Fran Reid  
Franz and Ruth Stewart  
Franz Jr. and Mary Stewart  
Bob and Jackie Traurig  
Malcolm and Michelle Wiseheart  
Tony and Jody Wolfe  
Mickey Wolfson

## **1981**

Marie Anderson  
Jerry and Lucie Cogswell  
Pat and Bunty Cesarano  
Plato and Edna Cox

Bill Colson  
Lamar Louise Curry  
Townsend and Linda Dann  
Ray and Catherine Freites  
John and Beth Harrison  
Lee and Tina Hills  
Martin and June Hornik  
Stephen and Harriet Jackman  
Jim and Nancy McLamore  
Dave and Faith Mesnekoff  
Harold and Nita Norman  
Ted and Cal Pappas  
Joe and Pat Pero  
Rachel Roller  
Sam and Ruth Seitlin  
Sandy and Sharon Stewart  
Jimmy and Dodie Wooten  
Howard and Linda Zwibel

## *...and so say all of us!*

**HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION OF SOUTHERN FLORIDA**  
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