
Sandy Key as Audubon Saw It
Sandy Key as Proby Saw It
Disappearance in Everglades Grips Country

The Historical Association of Southern Florida

UPDATE

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Historic Preservation Week May 8-16, 1982



▲ The Culmer Overtown tour, which covered the 800-900 block of NW Second Ave., the 1200-1500 blocks of NW First Ct. and First Pl. and the 200 block of NW Ninth St., turned out to be a do-it-yourself trip. Many of the tour members had known the area years ago and would point out places of interest as the bus went by. It was like a "hands-on" exhibit for the other tour members who were not familiar with this longtime center of Black business and culture.

Arch Creek Mill Run was discovered in 1979 when Archeologist Robert Carr investigated some "old steps" that local residents said were near the Arch Creek natural bridge, which had collapsed Feb. 25, 1973. With help from volunteers Carr uncovered a 300-foot-deep ditch cut into the limestone rock. It was identified by Archeologist Irving Eyster as a mill race. The mill wheel, a sluice gate, the original steps and an abundance of mid-nineteenth century artifacts were uncovered. All but the artifacts, which are being held by HASF, were seen by last year's preservation week tourists. ▶



Islamic architecture of Opa-Locka's city hall brings back the visions of Arabian nights and days that inspired the boom-time developers of that city. Reminders of the development of horseracing and the airline industry were also visited by last year's participants in the tour of Hialeah, Opa-Locka and Miami Springs. ▼



"Reinvest in the Past" is the theme of the 1982 Metro-Dade Historic Preservation Week May 8-16. That is a nine-day week, two days longer than the National Trust for Historic Preservation's week May 9-15. The Trust's theme is "Historic Preservation: Reinvesting in America's Past."

Last year's theme, "Keeping Our Neighborhoods Together," encouraged a neighborhood spirit that Metro's Historic Preservation Division hopes to nurture.

Plans had not gelled at Update's copy deadline but the thrust is for more participation events sponsored by a variety of interest groups. Last year's sponsors were: Black Archives, Cauley Square, Dade Heritage Trust, East Buena Vista Neighborhood Association, Grove Park Neighborhood Association, Historical Association of Southern Florida, Miami-Dade Historic Preservation Division, Miami Design Preservation League, Morningside Civic Association, Villagers, Inc., and Vizcayan's. Metro's Historic Preservation Division, 570-2553, knows more.

Preservation took a couple of giant steps forward during the year. Metro-Dade Board of County Commissioners passed a Historic Preservation Ordinance that became effective July 1, 1981. It established a county-wide historic preservation board, took over surveillance of historic sites in the unincorporated area of the county and gave the cities in the county until July 1, 1982 to pass their own ordinances. Coral Gables has had such an ordinance. Opa-Locka has adopted one and Miami Beach is working on one. If the cities can't come up with an ordinance by July 1, the county will assume the surveillance.

Metro has established its county-wide Historic Preservation Board, which has already designated several sites. Unfortunately, only one is open to the public at this time and that is Coral Castle, Ed Leedskalnin's memorial to his lost love, Latvian Agnes Scuf. Leedskalnin started his home of stone in 1920 in Florida City. In 1936 he moved all the stone furniture to its present spot on S. Federal Hwy. and he finished working on it in 1940. It is a popular attraction among tourists.

Three other approved historic sites, Sunny Isles Pier, Anderson's Corner and the railroad section house in Perrine, expect to be open to the public when they can finish their preparations for visitors. The other two approved sites, Maude Black's house and Stonegate, are in private hands.

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The Historical Association of Southern Florida

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Contents

Sub-Tropical Drama 3-13

South Florida was known to very few people when John James Audubon visited it in 1832. Not many people knew much about it 86 years later when engineer John King and two teenagers set out on a surveying trip. Even today it has its hazards.

The Florida Keys 3

Two extracts from Audubon's *Ornithological Biography* describe Sandy Key as he saw it April 26-29, 1832.

Retracing Audubon on Florida's Keys 8

Kathryn Hall Proby returned to Cape Sable and Sandy Key in 1972 and found a black-masked bandit stealing eggs.

Lost in the Everglades 11

A two-week trip turned into five weeks of torture for two 15-year-olds and an experienced woodsman in 1917.

Departments

Letters	2
Around the Museum	2
Book Review	14
Out of the Trunk	15
The Final Word	16

On the cover: American Flamingo by John James Audubon. See description on p. 4.

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AROUND THE MUSEUM

It's a bird! It's a plane! It's Superman! Well — yes and no, it's Layton Mank, slogging his way through February flash-flood conditions in the Amish farmlands of Pennsylvania seeking Ed Blossom of the Dushore Car Co. who is restoring the museum's trolley car.

Quoting a Mank memo to Randy Nimnicht: "I found Mr. Blossom perched amidst clutter sharing a bologna sandwich with his cat. He interrupted his repast to take me on a tour of his facility, placing his bologna sandwich in a mayonnaise jar so that the cat would not get more than his fair share."

"The trolley is literally down to bare metal. The floor is out, all the windows are out and the metal portion has been zinc chromated. There appears to be extensive rust damage which has been cut away and new metal plates were in place awaiting the welder."

"... It appeared... Mr. Blossom is doing a thorough job. Had the trolley car been as thoroughly finished when it was new, I doubt that it would have been in as bad a shape when we found it. With the sort of surface preparation Mr. Blossom is doing, the trolley car located in a museum environment should last approximately 1500 years."

Mr. Blossom, like everyone else, is behind in his work but expects to catch up in time for installation.

Supermank has also drawn a sub-contract for Hillmann & Carr of Washington, D.C. for \$150,000 in basic audio-visual components of our \$350,000 projected needs. HASF must raise the remaining \$200,000 to complete the project.

Minus a protective hard-hat, Mank joined a group of HASF trustees after a recent meeting in touring the new museum. Director Nimnicht guided the tour from the basement delivery area through the downstairs workrooms and offices to the main floor entrance lobby, bookstore, library and temporary exhibit area up to the top floor permanent exhibit area. It looked mammoth.

Nimnicht explained how the streetcar had to come in through an opening in the east wall before the wall is covered over.

"And where does it get placed?" asked Jim Apthorp.

► Continues on page 15



1 of 3 \$125,000 NEH checks, HASF president Layton Mank, 1977



Key West market dedication, HASF president Layton Mank, 1977



Marjory Douglas autograph tea, HASF president Layton Mank, 1978



History Bee winner, cannon, HASF president Layton Mank, 1978

LETTERS

'CUDA WEAKFISH?

Don't know when I've enjoyed an issue of Update more than this one.

Re Dean Miller's entertaining article about his father's tales: could the sea trout shipped north have been weakfish instead of barracuda?

We have caught weakfish in the Bay, and the fine sea trout served as truite amandine in New Orleans is speckled weakfish from Lake Pontchartrain and the Mississippi coast. At least that's the tale my father told me.

Thanks for the good reading.

Eleanor Crivides

3223 Riviera Dr.

Who knows what that sea trout really was? Miller's wife Pan says barracuda is what he remembers. Asked if he received any letters she said no but she did know that HASF picked up two memberships as a result of Miller's giving copies of the February issue to friends. (Update's payment to its authors is ten copies of the issue in which the story appears.)

CHARLIE'S SMOKE

Charlie Brookfield passes along a note about his "A Violation of the Law":

Dear Charlie,

I enjoyed your article on Commodore Plaza in Update. It was well written and interesting.

I hope to see you soon. Best wishes,

Henry (Field)

3551 Main Highway

Anthropologist Henry Field and Brookfield have been friends for a long time and Charlie reports Dr. Field continues a keen interest in the world around him in spite of some physical infirmities.

TAMIAMI TRAIL

Please look at the enclosed and see if you think that our members would be interested. I feel this is something that could sell in the museum. I think the Hillsboro Printing Company is defunct. You might take this up with Randy Nimnicht.

Walter H.

Norman

Key Largo, FL



What Norman enclosed was a facsimile of a brochure published by the Hillsboro Printing Company, Tampa, April 24, 1928. Titled "Southern Highways Tamiami Trail Supplement" it appeared the day before the open-

► Continues on page 16



The two following extracts are from Audubon's *Ornithological Biography*, prepared in 1831-39 with Scottish naturalist William MacGillivray in Edinburgh.

THE FLORIDA KEYS (I)

The next morning was delightful. The gentle sea-breeze glided over the flowery isle, the horizon was clear, and all was silent save the long breakers that rushed over the distant reefs. As we were proceeding toward some Keys, seldom visited by men, the sun rose from the bosom of the waters with a burst of glory that flashed on my soul the idea of that power which called into existence so magnificent an object. The moon, thin and pale, as if ashamed to shew her feeble light, concealed herself in the dim west. The surface of the waters shone in its tremulous smoothness, and the deep blue of the clear heavens was pure as the world that lies beyond them. The Heron heavily flew towards the land, like a glutton retiring at day-break, with well-lined paunch, from the house of some wealthy patron of good cheer. The Night Heron and Owl, fearful of day, with hurried flight sought safety in the recesses of the deepest swamps; while the Gulls and Terns, ever cheerful, gambolled over the water, exulting in the prospect of abundance. I also exulted in hope, my whole frame seemed to expand, and our sturdy crew shewed, by their merry faces, that nature had charms for them, too. How much of beauty and joy is lost to them who never view the rising sun, and of whose waking existence the best half is nocturnal!

◀ Only known photograph of John James Audubon was taken by Matthew W. Brady in 1847, a year after Audubon had stopped painting and four years before his death. The photograph was found in a Cincinnati attic trunk in 1980. Audubon had taken his wife Lucy and their sons Victor and John from Kentucky to Cincinnati in 1819. He began painting and the following year went down the Mississippi River to New Orleans to paint birds. He was 35 years old and would spend the next 20 years painting birds and publishing printed reproductions of them in

The Birds of America.

John James Audubon made plans in England to visit the Floridas, as the territory was called, and left London Aug. 2, 1831. In 33 days he had crossed the Atlantic and by Oct. 15 was on his way to Charleston where a government revenue cutter was to take him on one of its periodic visits to coastal outposts. Between then and April 19, 1832 when he boarded the cutter *Marion* in Charleston Audubon was up and down the coast between Charleston and St. Augustine twice, down the St. Johns and Halifax Rivers. Water travel was far easier than overland. Lucy, back in the north, worried about the Seminoles, who were resisting moving west of the Mississippi. By April 24 the *Marion* had reached the Cape Florida light at the south tip of Key Biscayne. The next day it anchored at Indian Key and Audubon spent April 26-29 visiting Sandy Key, Cape Sable and scattered mangrove islands with James Egan. He subsequently visited Key West and Dry Tortugas and left Indian Key for Charleston May 31.

Twenty miles our men had to row before we reached "Sandy Island," and as on its level shores we all leaped, we plainly saw the southernmost cape of the Floridas. The flocks of birds that covered the shelly beaches, and those hovering over head, so astonished us that we could for a while scarcely believe our eyes. The first volley procured a supply of food sufficient for two days' consumption. Such tales, you have already been told, are well enough at a distance from the place to which they refer; but you will doubtless be still more surprised when I tell you that our first fire among a crowd of the Great Godwits laid prostrate sixty-five of these birds. Rose-coloured Curlews stalked gracefully beneath the mangroves; Purple Herons rose at almost every step we took, and each cactus supported the nest of a White Ibis. The air was darkened by whistling wings, while, on the waters, floated Gallinules and other interesting birds. We formed a kind of shed with sticks and grass, the sailor cook commenced his labours, and ere long we supplied the deficiencies of our fatigued frames. The business of the day over, we secured ourselves from insects by means of musquito-nets, and were lulled to rest by the cacklings of the beautiful Purple Gallinules!

In the morning we rose from our sandy beds, and —

▶ Continues on page 4

THE FLORIDA KEYS (II)

I left you abruptly, perhaps uncivilly, reader, at the dawn of day, on Sandy Island, which lies just six miles from the extreme point of South Florida. I did so because I was amazed at the appearance of things around me, which in fact looked so different then from what they seemed at night, that it took some minutes' reflection to account for the change. When we laid ourselves down in the sand to sleep, the waters almost bathed our feet; when we opened our eyes in the morning, they were at an immense distance. Our boat lay on her side, looking not unlike a whale reposing on a mud-bank. The birds in myriads were probing their exposed pasture-ground. There great flocks of Ibises fed apart from equally large collections of Godwits, and thousands of Herons gracefully paced along, ever and anon thrusting their javelin bills into the body of some unfortunate fish confined in a small pool of water. Of Fish-Crows, I could not estimate the number, but from the havoc they made among the crabs, I conjecture that these animals must have been scarce by the time of next ebb. Frigate Pelicans chased the Jager, which himself had just robbed a poor Gull of its prize, and all the Gallinules ran with spread wings from the mud-banks to the thickets of the island, so timorous had they become when they perceived us.

Surrounded as we were by so many objects that allured us, not one could we yet attain, so dangerous would it have been to venture on the mud; and our pilot having assured us that nothing could be lost by waiting, spoke of our eating, and on this hint told us that he would take us to a part of the island where "our breakfast would be abundant although uncooked." Off we went, some of the sailors carrying baskets, others large tin pans and wooden vessels, such as they use for eating their meals in. Entering a thicket of about an acre in extent, we found on every bush several nests of the Ibis, each containing three



▲

White-Crowned Pigeon (*Columba leucocephala*)

"I saw them as they approached the shore," Audubon wrote, "skimming along the surface of the waters, flying with great rapidity, much in the manner of the common house species, but not near each other like the Passenger Pigeon. On nearing the land, they rose to the height of about a hundred yards, surveyed the country in large circles, then with less velocity gradually descended, and alighted in the thickest parts of the mangroves and other low trees. None of them could be easily seen in those dark retreats, and we were obliged to force them out, in order to shoot them, which we did at this time on the wing." Audubon painted these pigeons at Indian Key, Florida, in April, 1832, just after the birds had arrived from Cuba. His assistant George Lehman painted the flowering limb of the geiger-tree (*Cordia sebestena*), a West Indian shrub found in the Florida Keys.

◀ **American Flamingo (*Phoenicopterus ruber*)**

Audubon saw several flocks of American flamingos in the Florida Keys in 1832, and he was exceedingly anxious to obtain a specimen from which he could make a painting. While in London, he wrote repeatedly to his friend Bachman in Charleston asking for one. On August 14, 1837, he wrote: "P.S. Pray send us whatever Captain Coste may have collected for me round the Floridas; and I hope that you will also have some flamingos from Matenzas for me —." Then, on October 31, he wrote again: "As to flamingos their Eggs &c I fear this is up for me; and this proves to me now that I was a great fool not to have gone to Cuba, or sent a person there expressly. —" On December 28 of that year, he insisted once more, "When will the flamingos come???" He finally obtained specimens from Cuba and made this drawing in London in 1838. The somewhat spotted appearance of the flamingo's feathers is caused by the drying of the egg white that was applied over the water color.



▲
Mangrove Cuckoo (*Coccyzus minor*)
 "A few days after my arrival at Key West in the Floridas, early in the month of May," Audubon wrote, "Major Glassel of the United States' Army presented me with a specimen of this bird, which had been killed by one of the soldiers belonging to the garrison." Audubon had seen many of these birds at Key West and at first thought them to be yellow-billed cuckoos; but because of their ocher underparts he recognized that they belonged to a species new to him and made this rendering, which he inscribed "Key West . . . May 1832 - ." The branch, drawn by Lehman, is from a seven-year-apple shrub (*Casasia clusifolia*).

White Pelican (*Pelecanus erythrorhynchos*) ▶
 The collection of the New York Historical Society contains another drawing of the white pelican in which the background and possibly the bird were done by Lehman. In that drawing, while the body of the bird is shown in profile, its head is turned to face directly outward. Audubon may have been displeased with the ugly appearance of the head; in any event, he made this new rendering of an adult pelican, perhaps in Florida in 1831 or 1832. In his text Audubon wrote: "Ranged along the margins of the sand-bar, in broken array, stand a hundred heavy-bodied Pelicans . . . Pluming themselves, the gorged Pelicans patiently wait the return of hunger. Should one chance to gape, all, as if by sympathy, in succession open their long and broad mandibles, yawning lazily and ludicrously . . . But mark, the red beams of the setting sun tinge the tall tops of the forest trees; the birds experience the cravings of hunger . . . they rise on their columnar legs, and heavily waddle to the water . . . And now the Pelicans . . . drive the little fishes toward the shallow shore, and then, with their enormous pouches spread like so many bag-nets, scoop them out and devour them in thousands."

large and beautiful eggs, and all hands fell to gathering. The birds gave way to us, and ere long we had a heap of eggs that promised delicious food. Nor did we stand long in expectation, for, kindling a fire, we soon prepared, in one way or another, enough to satisfy the cravings of our hungry maws. Breakfast ended, the pilot looking at the gorgeous sunrise, said: "Gentleman, prepare yourselves for fun, the tide is acoming"

Over these enormous mud-flats, a foot or two of water is quite sufficient to drive all the birds ashore, even the tallest Heron or Flamingo, and the tide seems to flow at once over the whole expanse. Each of us provided with a gun, posted himself behind a bush, and no sooner had the water forced the winged creatures to approach the shore, than the work of destruction commenced. When it at length ceased, the collected mass of birds of different kinds looked not unlike a small haystack. Who could not with a little industry have helped himself to a few of their skins? Why, reader, surely no one as fond of these things as I am. Every one assisted in this, and even the sailors themselves tried their hand at the work.

Our pilot, good man, told us he was no hand at such occupations, and would go after something else. So taking Long Tom and his fishing-tackle, he marched off quietly along the shores. About an hour afterwards we saw him returning, when he looked quite exhausted, and on our inquiring the cause said, "There is a dew-fish yonder and a few balacoudas, but I am not able to bring them, or even to haul them here; please send the sailors after them." The fishes were accordingly brought, and as I had never seen a dewfish, I examined it closely, and took an outline of its

▶ Continues on page 6



form, which some days hence you may perhaps see. It exceeded a hundred pounds in weight, and afforded excellent eating. The balacouda is also a good fish, but at times a dangerous one, for, according to the pilot, on more than one occasion "some of these gentry" had followed him when waist-deep in the water, in pursuit of a more valuable prize, until in self-defence he had to spear them, fearing that "the gentleman" might at one dart cut off his legs, or some other nice bit, with which he was unwilling to part.

Having filled our cask from a fine well long since dug in the sand of Cape Sable, either by Seminole Indians or pirates, no matter which, we left Sandy Isle about full tide, and proceeded homewards, giving a call here and there at different keys, with the view of procuring rare birds, and also their nests and eggs. We had twenty miles to go "as the birds fly," but the tortuosity of the channels rendered our course fully a third longer. The sun was descending fast, when a black cloud suddenly obscured the majestic orb. Our sails swelled by a breeze, that was scarcely felt by us, and the pilot, requesting us to sit on the weather

gunwale, told us that we were "going to get it." One sail was hauled in and secured, and the other was reefed although the wind had not increased. A low murmuring noise was heard, and across the cloud that now rolled along in tumultuous masses, shot vivid flashes of lightning. Our experienced guide steered directly across a flat towards the nearest land. The sailors passed their quids from one cheek to the other, and our pilot having covered himself with his oil-jacket, we followed his example. "Blow, sweet breeze," cried he at the tiller, and "we'll reach the land before the blast overtakes us, for, gentlemen, it is a furious cloud yon."

A furious cloud indeed was the one which now, like an eagle on outstretched wings, approached so swiftly, that one might have deemed it in haste to destroy us. We were not more than a cable's length from the shore, when, with an imperative voice, the pilot calmly said to us, "Sit quite still, Gentlemen, for I should not like to lose you overboard just now; the boat can't upset, my word for that, if you will but sit still - here we have it!"

Reader, persons who have never witnessed a hurricane, such as not unfrequently desolates the sultry climates of the south, can scarcely form an idea of their terrific grandeur. One would think that, not content with laying waste all on land, it must needs sweep the waters of the shallows quite dry, to quench its thirst. No respite for an instant does it afford to the objects within the reach of its furious current. Like the scythe of the destroying angel, it cuts everything by the roots, as it were with the careless ease of the experienced mower. Each of its revolving sweeps collects a heap that might be likened to the full sheaf which the husbandman flings by his side. On it goes with a wildness and fury that are indescribable; and when

Great White Heron (*Ardea occidentalis*)

Audubon saw the great white heron for the first time in the Florida Keys, where he caught several alive. They survived well in captivity, and he took several to Charleston as a gift for his friend the Reverend Bachman. The herons, however, did not prove to be ideal pets: "It was difficult... to procure fish enough for them, as they swallowed a bucketful of mullets in a few minutes, each devouring about a gallon... they would frequently set, like pointer dogs, at moths which hovered over the flowers, and with a well-directed stroke of their bill seize the fluttering insect and instantly swallow it. On many occasions, they also struck at chickens, grown fowls and ducks, which they would tear up and devour. Once a cat which was asleep in the sunshine, on the wooden steps of the veranda, was pinned through the body to the boards, and killed by one of them." When a heron turned on one of the young children, Bachman, his patience exhausted, ordered the birds killed. This painting of an adult heron was done in Key West, Florida, on May 26, 1832; detailed instructions from the artist to the engraver appear in the foreground. One reads: "Keep closely to the Sky in depth and colouring! have the water of a Pea-green tint. Keep the division of the scales on the leg & feet white in your engraving - the colouring over these will subdue them enough." Another note - "finish the houses better from the original which you have" - suggests that a more detailed painting, done separately by George Lehman, was sent to Havell to guide him in engraving the view of the city of Key West that appears in the background.



Roseate Spoonbill (*Ajaia ajaja*)

The background for this painting, made in 1831 or 1832 in Florida, was probably penciled in by Lehman and completed by Havell in his engraving. Lehman may well have painted the rest of the habitat and, indeed, the spoonbill itself; Audubon rendered his birds in flatter, less dramatic light. However, the bird's pose and the composition were unquestionably determined by Audubon. "This beautiful and singular bird," Audubon noted, was prized for its wing and tail feathers, which were made into fans - "a regular article of trade" in St. Augustine. Hunters took their toll, and even today the species continues to dwindle.



at last its frightful blasts have ceased, Nature, weeping and disconsolate, is left bereaved of her beautiful offspring. In some instances, even a full century is required, before, with all her powerful energies, she can repair her loss. The planter has not only lost his mansion, his crops and his flocks, but he has to clear his lands anew, covered and entangled as they are with the trunks and branches of trees that are everywhere strewn. The bark overtaken by the storm, is cast on the lee-shore, and if any are left to witness the fatal results, they are the "wreckers" alone, who, with inward delight, gaze upon the melancholy spectacle.

Our light bark shivered like a leaf the instant the blast reached her sides. We thought she had gone over, but the next instant she was on the shore. And now in contemplation of the sublime and awful storm, I gazed around me. The waters drifted like snow; the tough mangroves hid their tops amid their roots, and the loud roaring of the waves driven among them blended with the howl of the tempest. It was not rain that fell; the masses of water flew in a horizontal direction, and where a part of my body was exposed I felt as if a smart blow had been given me on it. But enough! — in half an hour it was over. The pure blue sky once more embellished the heavens, and although it was not quite night, we considered our situation a good one.

The crew and some of the party spent the night in the boat. The pilot, myself, and one of my assistants took to the heart of the mangroves, and having found high land, we made a fire as well as we could, spread a tarpauling,

Blue-Headed Quail-Dove (Sturnoenas cyanocephala)

In his text Audubon reported that he saw a pair of these birds in May, 1832, "on the western side of Key West." It will never be known whether any of these birds strayed so far north of their home in Cuba and the Isle of Pines, but not one has been seen in the Keys since Audubon drew these three adults. He noted in his inscription at upper right that "the flesh resemble that of our little Partridge so very much in taste that one would suppose it to be the same if unknown..." George Lehman provided the background. The tall plants are wild-poinsettia (*Euphorbia heterophylla*), which is also called painted-leaf or fire-on-the-mountain. This plant has been divided into various species on the basis of the shape and hue of the spokelike colored leaves around the flower cluster (the flower are the small green objects in the center), but all types of leaves may sometimes be found on the same plant.



and fixing our insect bars over us, soon forgot in sleep the horrors that had surrounded us.

Next day the Marion proceeded on her cruise, and in a few more days, having anchored in another safe harbor, we visited other Keys...

Roseate Tern (Sterna dougallii)

"The Roseate Tern is at all times a noisy, restless bird," Audubon wrote in his text, "and on approaching its breeding place, it incessantly emits its sharp shrill cries, resembling the syllable 'crak.' Its flight is unsteady and flickering, like that of the Arctic or Lesser Terns, but rather more buoyant and graceful. They would dash at us and be off again with astonishing quickness, making great use of their tail on such occasions. While in search of prey, they carry the bill in the manner of the common Tern, that is perpendicularly downward, plunge like a shot, with wings nearly closed, so as to immerse part of the body, and immediately reascend. They were seen dipping in this manner eight or ten times in succession, and each time generally secured a small fish. Their food consisted of fishes, and a kind of small molluscous animal which floats near the surface, and bears the name of 'sailor's button.' They usually kept in parties from ten to twenty, followed the shores of the sand-bars and keys, moving backwards and forwards much in the manner of the Lesser Tern, and wherever a shoal of small fish was found, there they would hover and dash headlong at them for several minutes at a time." Audubon painted this adult tern on April 28, 1832, at Indian Key, Florida. The bird has been carefully cut out and pasted onto the blue background. The delicate pink coloring in the bird's plumage occurs only in the spring.





Audubon's "southernmost cape of the Floridas," East Cape Sable beach is site for Kathryn Proby's hunt for sea turtles laying eggs.

Retracing Audubon Cape Sable, Sandy

BY KATHRYN HALL PROBY

Captain Ralph Miele, ranger-pilot of the Everglades National Park, arranged an overnight trip to Cape Sable, another to Sandy Key, and a three-day trip to the Dry Tortugas for me and my companions. Cape Sable is the southernmost part of the American mainland, a desolate section of the Everglades, rimmed by the wide-stretching, white beaches of Florida Bay. Sea Turtles are known to lay eggs there in the sand during the summer months. Audubon observed sea turtles at Cape Sable, Key West, and the Dry Tortugas. He was immensely attracted to the habits and manner in which sea turtles lay eggs. At the Tortugas Audubon reported witnessing this spectacle in the moonlight.

Ranger Miele told me that there were no turtle tracks presently at the Dry Tortugas, although Audubon reported they had been there in great numbers. Key West, now densely populated, sells turtle meat brought from Nicaragua via Georgetown, Grand Cayman, so Key West was out as a likely place to go turtle-watching. But Miele

had seen a few tracks from the air at Cape Sable, and we agreed to go as soon as possible.

There were four of us in the skiff. We left the park ranger station at Flamingo at dusk, skimming over emerald water around the lower, or East, Cape toward the sand beaches sixteen miles away. We were to spend the night in an abandoned shack on Middle Cape, where Miele said sea turtles were sure to crawl. The shack, he said, would be the only available shelter and the sole trace of civilization. Swarms of humming, black mosquitoes attacked us at the wooden dock. We knew a wind would bring them from the Everglades, but not in such abundance. Our three layers of clothing gave little protection from them, and a repellent for our hands and faces didn't seem to work at all. We built a buttonwood fire in the shack on the same floor and awaited the moonrise. In a little while we sat comfortably in the light of the fire. The pleasant hickory odor of smoldering buttonwood mingled with the comforting smell of coffee. Mosquitoes, we dis-

on Key



covered, are not fond of smoke.

Just before midnight the moon came up. On the beach, as we walked toward East Cape, an occasional breeze brought periodic relief from the mosquitoes. Pesky as they were, there was no use turning back. We fell behind the ranger after a while, our steps in the loose white sand dwindling to a slower gait until his light signaled us to hurry on.

Fresh tracks more than three feet wide came from the sea. A large sea turtle had crawled through the sand up to the line of low scrub grass that grows on the cape, beyond the beach. She had dug a round nest, a perfect cylinder about twelve inches deep and six inches wide. It was evident that we were late. Eggshells covered the ground.

Beyond our lights something moved in the grass. A raccoon lunged into the nest. Undaunted by our presence or our voices, he ate each egg as it dropped from the turtle. Miele held his light on the scene. None of us had ever before witnessed such an audacious theft.

The turtle continued to lay, unaware of the devastation taking place behind her. She sighed repeatedly, contracting her flippers, continuing the procedure. At the end of the laying, she used her back flippers to cover the cache of eggs that should have been there. We tried to pick her up, hoping to judge her weight, but she was too heavy to manage.

The raccoon waited until the turtle crawled slightly away from the smooth surface she had instinctively pressed to disguise the nest. On his haunches in anticipation of her move, he scratched to the bottom, throwing sand on her back. He found two more eggs, then scampered into the darkness. There were other nests, on East Cape and along the crescent beach to Northwest Cape. Only one of them, found just before dawn, was undisturbed.

A few weeks later, we again left Flamingo, this time headed for Sandy Key in Florida Bay, about eight miles southwest of Flamingo. It was April, the same month in which Audubon saw the thin little island in 1832.

From Flamingo we passed Murray Key and the Oyster Keys, a line of mangrove islets not far from the mainland. The tip of East Cape Sable rose in the distance. In a short time Ranger Miele sighted the tree line of Sandy Key, but our approach to it was some maneuvering away. At Sandy Key Basin we followed a channel due west three miles, around a soft mudbank, before turning east on course.

Miele made three attempts to reach the shore. Each sweep in that direction left a propeller trail in the mudbank. Our plan was to go ashore at high tide when the water level would be three feet deep. The Sandy Key flats are known to be hazardous for boatmen who are not aware of these extreme shallows.

We finally anchored, a city block from shore in a chilling rain, and carried our supplies through waist-deep water to the beach. Firewood was not hard to find. Dried limbs of buttonwood trees killed by Hurricane Donna in 1960 were within easy reach, for Sandy Key had been near the eye of the storm.

I hoped to be as "amazed at the appearance of things around me" as was John James Audubon. "Sandy Isle," he said, "is remarkable as a breeding-place for various species of water and land birds. It is about a mile in length, not more than a hundred yards broad, and in form resembles a horse-shoe, the inner curve of which looks toward Cape Sable in Florida Bay, from which it is six miles distant."

The same species of birds still nest there — great white, great blue, and Louisiana herons. The amazing appearance is due not altogether to the birds, I later discovered, but to the tide, as Audubon also noted.

On a subtropical island, away from human habitation, the arrival of evening swiftly settles anxieties of the day. Food tastes better, stars are brighter, friends are more companionable than usual; the world, for a little while, seems peaceful.

A safeguard for the boat, prepared by the ranger, paid off. At low tide we would be asleep, he said, and there was a possibility that the boat would sink deep in the sand flats, making our departure difficult the next day. If this should happen, we would probably have to wait for high tide to float the boat. But he would be awakened when the tide went out so we could move the boat to deeper water. Miele waded to the boat and tied a long rope to the bow, pulled the rope across the beach to the tent, and carefully measured the tautness of the line from the boat to his sleeping bag. He tied the end of the rope to a round canvas life preserver, and then firmly strapped the life preserver around his ankle. He was awakened before morning by a

► Continues on page 10

tug on the life preserver, signifying the boat was moving. He came out of the tent on his knees to judge the situation. The boat was listing portside, the propeller sinking fast in the sandy mari. But there was time to right the vessel and push it to deeper water.

Our experience was similar to Audubon's in 1832. He wrote, "When we laid ourselves down in the sand to sleep, the waters almost bathed our feet; when we opened our eyes in the morning, they were at an immense distance. Our boat lay on her side, looking not unlike a whale reposing on a mud bank."

The next morning I arose from my sleeping bag before dawn, restless to see the day. "I left you abruptly, perhaps uncivilly, reader, at the dawn of day," wrote Audubon, startled by what he saw. I, too, was startled by what I saw and heard. The sky was teeming with birds in flight to their feeding grounds. I could barely see their forms in the pale light, but loud flappings of wings and sharp calls gave the feeling of a thick, billowy blanket held in suspension between the sand and the clouds.

I was increasingly amazed at the appearance of things about me. On the east side of the island, no more than sixty yards away, birds in myriads were probing exposed feeding grounds. The expansive mud flats looked fifteen miles wide; a startling transition had taken place.

The island is no longer shaped like a horseshoe, but more like a punchbowl ladle, the handle pointing toward Flamingo. Hurricane Donna obliterated the eastern side of the horseshoe but left the thick stand of gumbo-limbo, buttonwood, and black mangrove trees, cabbage palms, cactus, and vines. This impenetrable sanctuary in the bowl is where Audubon and his men gathered eggs for their breakfast. The number of birds they shot "looked not unlike a small haycock."

I have returned to Sandy Island three times, for surely it is one of the most unique islands in Florida waters. ●

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Sighing and contracting her flippers, sea turtle lays eggs in nest she has dug 6" wide, 12" deep. Raccoon busily cracks eggs and eats them. After laying, mother covered cache with

back flippers, raccoon scratched out last two eggs. Below, left, is closeup of eggs as they fell from mother. Right, nest after raccoon had finished.





LOST In the Everglades

BY EARL DEHART

On Feb. 10, 1917 John W. King, a naturalist and woodsman and civil engineer by trade, left Miami with his 15-year-old son John Jr. and William Catlow Jr., also 15, to survey a parcel of land on the West Coast of Florida. He had been hired by Capt. J.F. Jaudon, contractor for the Dade County portion of the Tamiami Trail, who needed more information on the Lee County area.

King's plan was to turn south from a Lee County survey site toward the Monroe County line, then easterly along the Shark River trail to the Tamiami dredging camp, some 30 miles from Miami. The trio carried provisions for a two-week trip, a flat-bottom glade boat, guns and plenty of ammunition.

They expected to return to Miami by Feb. 24. It was March 16 before they made it back.

Miami was suffering its worst drought in 18 years. Low water, caused partly by the drought and partly by the dredging of the Tamiami

Trail canal, became the explorers' largest problem.

Instead of floating in the boat through the glades, King and the two boys dragged the skiff almost 200 miles over jagged rock and through almost impenetrable jungle.

After running out of food, they subsisted on garfish, cabbage palmetto, curlew eggs and fetid water.

The initial leg of the journey wasn't too difficult. North of the canal there was water enough to paddle their boat. South of the canal, jagged rock protruded skyward and dead fish floated in the sluices created by the drainage scheme devised by Jaudon for the Tamiami Trail.

It was after the threesome decided to seek an easier route home that their problems began. King was to say later:

"The further we went, the worse it got."

On Feb. 27, four days after King and the two boys were expected to

► Continues on page 12

1920 map above shows Manatee, De Soto, Lee and Monroe counties making up southwest quadrant of the state. Okeechobee and Broward were two of seven counties added since 1910, bringing total to 54.

1930 map insert shows the Manatee-Lee-De Soto counties divided into ten counties, bringing the state total to 67, where it has remained.

The King expedition into Lee County took place in what is now Collier County.

report back to Jaudon, the news that they were missing appeared on page 6 of **The Miami Herald**. Relatives and friends expressed concern and "grave alarm," the newspaper reported.

Two days earlier, Jaudon had dispatched J.T. Albritton, a trapper and hunter, into the glades to find the party. A day later, he had sent Seminole Indian Chief Jack Tigertail.

Subsequent search parties from Fort Lauderdale to Key Largo entered the Everglades without luck. Some of the participants were V.C. Hallows, assistant engineer of the Tamiami Construction Camp; Theodore Junkin, half-brother of Catlow; S.E. Livingston of Homestead; one of the Dorn brothers from Larkin (South Miami); L.D. Franklin of Fort Lauderdale.

Glenn Curtiss, who headed a military airplane training school in Dade County, sent Phil Rader and Bert Tubbs, a surveyor, over the glades in a military-type plane.

The Herald said, "Mr. Rader, known as one of the most daring and at the same time able aviators, arose to the remarkable height of 14,000 feet, shattering previous records for altitude for a passenger and pilot. The former record was somewhat in excess of 12,000 feet."

Rader said it was necessary to fly at such heights because of treacherous air currents. Also, in case of engine failure, they could glide back to Miami safely.

The Herald carried the search story on page 1 for the first time on March 12. The headline read

"One More Day of Suspense and King's Party Not Found."

The party was by then 16 days overdue.

Author W. Livingston Larned, writing for the magazine **Forest and Stream**, described their ordeal:

"That impenetrable barrier of swamp thicket was as invincible as though made of stone. They could only retrace their steps — back, back, to the chain of miserable coastal hummocks and muddy streams and barren, angular island, and the nauseous sluices filled with putrid fish.

"While the entire South hung feverishly in the balance, and searching parties were scouring the swamps, and aeroplanes from the Aviation Camp at Miami scouted, Mr. King and his little party were as completely shut off from the world as though lodged on Mars."

Their water gave out. They drank "dogwood poison" which made them sick. Dogwood poison was stale, putrid water found in sink holes and

sluices where water movement was impossible.

Their ammunition became wet and the pellets from their shotguns bounced off birds without harming them.

It was at this time that King contemplated suicide, the magazine reported.

"King drew apart from the boys and prayed. Death seemed nearer at hand than ever before.

"Would it be best to form a circle in the dim swamp and, with linked hands take from Mr. King's Medicine Kit that which would bring an unawakening sleep and end the story?"

In the magazine's August 1918 issue of the ordeal, Larned wrote:

"The morning of March 11th: Awakening now, with each successive dawn, brought none of the old-time joy. Once they had eagerly awaited these ghostly, pink daybreaks, with their panoramic beauty and their incessant hum of insect or call of bird.

"Mr. King and the boys were now in no mood to look for Nature's artistic whims. The expedition had narrowed down to a desperate attempt to keep body and soul together, until the exigencies of the situation should make it unnecessary to struggle on.

"And to Mr. King, at least, that hour had arrived. He saw the dial of his watch through a haze, for his eyes were blurred and his head buzzing. He remembered struggling, as he attempted to get upon his feet. It was weakness — physical weakness! Six o'clock, with all the vast expanse of muck and saw grass and stunted myrtles, bathed in strange light.

"It was eleven before they could proceed. Twice Mr. King fainted and the boys dashed wet leaves into his face and forced hot cabbage palm broth between his dry lips.

"There were any number of shallow waterways leading to the southward and they selected one at random, the widest and deepest. There was a current. This Mr. King could easily ascertain. It was inspiring to watch the bending grass and the purf of the first real 'water' they had observed in so long a while. It seemed illogical to suppose that this current could die out. It might split, thinning out into many channels through the grass, but it would come together again. Moreover, there was a gratifying absence of marl.

"They came upon a course so shallow that it was necessary to drag the boat over the muck. All three bent to this task, although the stops were frequent and the pain of the added exertion almost intolerable. They had fallen into a habit of silence... There was an hour of this, when to coax the

skiff along was a giant task, and then

"The waterways are converging," said Catlow, in a hoarse, unnatural voice.

"Looks that way to me, too," added John Jr.

"Mr. King could only nod and smile — a tired, grim smile.

"There was enough water to float the skiff. They dragged it through a hedge of tall grass and had the satisfaction of seeing it ride triumphantly upon the surface of a well-filled slough. There were Indian markers, too, swaying and bending their white faces, a sure sign of deep water. These pigweed 'stakes' are the Seminole's route sheet through the 'Glades. As his canoe passes, it bends them, disturbs their roots, and the sun bleaches them a distinctive shade."

By 2:30 there was a marked flow of water. They were at the mouth of Shark River but didn't know it.

After floating down stream for what seemed an eternity they heard voices ahead. They had stumbled upon workmen of the Manetto Company which manufactured tannic acid from palmettos and other products. After introductions and a rest, King persuaded J.G. Piodela, superintendent of the company, to provide transportation back to Key West.

In Miami, **The Herald** had started a collection of money to continue the search but a day later it was cancelled when Jaudon received a telegram from Key West.

"We arrived here today (March 15), all safe and sound, after a hard trip and will return to Miami on tonight's train. Call off the dogs of war as we are now with Piodela."

Several search parties were still in the Everglades and runners were dispatched to bring them home.

After Mr. King's arrival in Miami on the train, he told friends that in the future it would not be necessary to send so many search parties out into the Everglades.

"Two men would be enough," he declared.

"An expert trailer and an undertaker's assistant."

Mr. King's son, John W. III, (John Jr. above), died June 12, 1980, at his home in Port St. Lucie at the age of 79. He had retired from the Navy after a long and distinguished career as a captain.

His boyhood friend, Catlow, is a retired chemical engineer living in Coconut Grove. His wife Patty is Commodore Ralph Munroe's daughter who grew up in The Barnacle, the Munroe home that is now a state park. ●

FOUNDED 1873

AMERICAN FIRST OUTDOOR JOURNAL

FOREST AND STREAM

ROD AND GUN

AUDUBON SOCIETY 1886

NO. 1219000 OCTOBER 1917 No. 7

LOST IN THE WASTES OF THE EVERGLADES

THE ADVENTURE OF AN ENGINEERING PARTY EXPLORING THE SPANISH WATERS WASTES OF SOUTHEASTERN FLORIDA—A PROSPECTIVE STATE ROAD—THREE MEN MISSING

By W. LIVINGSTON LARNED

FOREWORD:

Mr. Larned writes from the expedition to the King survey trip, and reports on the progress of the work. He mentions the discovery of a large tract of land, and the possibility of a canal through the Everglades. He also mentions the discovery of a large tract of land, and the possibility of a canal through the Everglades.

Most of the time spent in the Everglades was in the search for a route through the mangrove swamps to the Shark River. The expedition was led by Mr. King, and consisted of Mr. Larned, Mr. King, and Mr. ...

FOREST AND STREAM

NOVEMBER 1917

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John King
W. Livingston Larned

"America's First Outdoor Journal" and "Founders of Audubon Society 1886" are promotions on either side of the masthead of Forest and Stream - Rod and Gun magazine, founded in 1873. The December 1917 issue began a series of articles by W. Livingston Larned on the King survey trip. An editors' note in the foreword ends with "The dramatic interest of the report of the expedition that Mr. Larned has written so clearly is due to its being founded on accurate scientific reports." The December article describes advances made in drainage of the Everglades leaving "this splendid land... high and dry for intensive cultivation." The May 1918 issue, below left, tells of the search parties and the nation's interest. The August 1918 issue, below right, gets the party into Shark River and on the way home, almost 18 months after it happened.

FOREST AND STREAM

NOVEMBER 1917

Adventure's

The King Party Breaks through the Mangrove to Shark River



The King Party Breaks through the Mangrove to Shark River



THE KING PARTY BREAKS THROUGH THE MANGROVE TO SHARK RIVER

FOREST AND STREAM

NOVEMBER 1917

The Aeroplane Search

PART SIX OF "LOST IN THE EVERGLADES" - A STAGE OF THE BRAVE EXPLORATION OF THE KING PARTY TO EXPLORE LOST PARTS OF SOUTHERN FLORIDA

By W. LIVINGSTON LARNED

ONLY SILENCE FROM CLAUDES

ANOTHER DAY OF SUSPENSE AND NO NEWS

FOUR MEN SPED FROM AIRCRAFT, MAY REACH KING PARTY IN TIME

EVERGLADES STILL HOLD TROUBLED SECRETS

NEW THEORIES HEARD AS TO KING PARTY

THREE MEN LOST SEVEN DAYS IN THE EVERGLADES

NEWSPAPER RECORD OF THE SEARCH

BOOK REVIEW

In the early 1800s John James Audubon's goal was to paint every known species of bird in North America. Toward that end he traveled from Labrador, to the Florida Keys, to the eastern Rockies. Between 1827 and 1838 he published his *Birds of America* in England. That work has received the highest accolades ever since. His double elephant folio, 29-1/2" x 39-1/2", is a monumental work that can never be equalled, but recently several books have been published which have reproduced some or all of Audubon's works in a variety of sizes.

Audubon's Birds of America. Peterson, Roger Tory and Virginia Marie. (New York: Abbeville Press 1981. Note, Introduction, Concordance, Index, \$135)

This volume is subtitled *The Audubon Society Baby Elephant Folio* because of its size, 12-1/4" x 15-1/4". Roger and Virginia Peterson recount Audubon's life and contributions to ornithology and conservation in their introduction. The Petersons also discuss Audubon's predecessors and those artists, past and present, that have followed his lead in painting birds. Each plate is accompanied by a short commentary using Audubon's own writings on each specimen. The authors also compare the birds' numbers and habitat today with those in the Nineteenth Century.

Roger Peterson is one of the foremost ornithologists living today and his wife Virginia is an expert scientist specializing in the effects of oil spills on the environment. They have rearranged the order of the original prints to the standard scientific classification sequence, starting with the most primitive species to the most advanced. Together the Petersons make this beautiful book both informative and interesting.

The Original Water-Color Paintings by John James Audubon for the BIRDS OF AMERICA. (New York: American Heritage Publishing Co., Inc., 1966. Acknowledgments, Introduction, Introduction to Plates, Chronology, Appendix, Index, \$75.)

Originally published in two volumes this publication reproduces 431 of 433 original paintings done by Audubon for his double elephant folio. Robert Havell, Jr., of London used those paintings to produce the 435 prints in that folio. Audubon used many different mediums in his original paintings, including pencil, pas-

tels, ink and even cut-and-paste. Many of the backgrounds were done by other artists and in some cases Havell added backgrounds which appear only in the prints, not in the pictures.

The introduction by Marshall B. Davidson is a very good synopsis of Audubon's life and work on the folio. Three ornithological experts, Dr. Dean Amadon, Dr. Harold W. Richett, and Edward H. Dwight, contributed the informative commentary which accompanies each of the plates, which are arranged for comparisons of artistic style. This is the only collection of the actual works of art used to produce the engravings. Comparisons between the originals and the engravings are fascinating.

Audubon's Birds of America. Dock, George, Jr. (New York: Galahad Books, 1977. 170 pp., Index, \$29.95)

George Dock discusses several facets of Audubon's life and work in this book. The most interesting of them are his description of life in America in the early 1800s and the hardships endured by Audubon to complete his work. Dock has reproduced only thirty plates in color, each of which is accompanied by a description of the birds' habits, range and markings. He also has included 475 other illustrations including 405 duotone lithographs of all the other prints in the double elephant folio with no commentary at all.

Audubon Birds. Peterson, Roger Tory. (New York: Abbeville Press, 1979. 122 pp. Introduction, \$4.95)

This is a small book which reproduces 46 of the author's favorite prints from Audubon's folio. The reproductions are good and the com-

mentary accompanying them is very similar to that in the Petersons' other book mentioned in this review.

Audubon's Birds of America Coloring Book. (New York: Dover Publications, Inc., 1974 \$1.75)

This is a wonderful book for children to introduce them to the world of birds and Audubon. Includes 46 renderings of Audubon's prints by Paul E. Kennedy. On the cover there are small color reproductions of each picture as a reference for coloring. Each picture also has the common and scientific name of the bird depicted plus its range and some additional information including special coloring and the sex of the birds.

Audubon in Florida. Proby, Kathryn Hall. (Coral Gables, Florida: University of Miami Press, 1974. (xxiii), 384 pp. Foreword, Introduction, Appendix, Notes, Bibliography, Index. \$15.95 paperback)

This is a scholarly work tracing Audubon's movements and labors in Florida from 1831 to 1832. This work involved a great deal of research by Ms. Proby. All of the birds painted in Florida are reproduced with selections from Audubon's writings about those birds and their sightings.

The number of books about Audubon and the "coffee-table" reprints of his *Birds of America* attest to his greatness. His name has been adopted by conservationists who wish to save the birds he portrayed so beautifully. Therein lies the true importance of Audubon's work, as Roger Tory Peterson stated in *Audubon Birds*: "Audubon's real contribution was not conservation consciousness, but awareness, which ... is inevitably followed by concern."

— Daniel Markus

John James Audubon (1785-1851) was only 25 when he decided to quit floundering in business ventures for which he had no talent and to concentrate on trying to make a successful business out of the talent he had for painting birds. Audubon prints have become so successful that few people know where the original paintings are. They are in the care of the New York Historical Society and all 430 of them are seldom shown at one time.

FURTHER READING

About Audubon:

Brookfield, Charles M. and Griswold, Oliver. *They All Called It Tropical.* Miami, Historical Association of Southern Florida and Banyan Books, 1977. (also good for environmentalists)

Ford, Alice. *John James Audubon.* Norman, University of Oklahoma Press, 1964.

About "The Birds of America":

Bannon, Lois Elmer and Clark, Taylor. *Handbook of Audubon Prints.* Gretna, Pelican Publishing Company, 1980.

Fries, Waldemar H. *The Double Elephant Folio. The Story of Audubon's The Birds of America.* Chicago, American Library Association, 1973.



OUT OF THE TRUNK

The lure of the tropics — tantalizing, perhaps dangerous. It raises goose flesh just to think about going to such a place. Once there, the daring visitor wants proof of the venture. The commercial photographer is happy to oblige. Librarian Becky Smith pulled these stalwarts from her file. She welcomes any additions. Recognize anybody?



Around the Museum
► Continued from page 2

"Right where you're standing," Nirmnicht said.

Back in his lawyer suit, Mank is still riding herd on the two Haitian cannons.

"They never saw as much combat in their 200-year history as they've seen in the last three years," he said.

One of the divers who brought them up has transferred his interest in them to Metropolitan Dade County, which has now filed a suit in Federal Court. One of the many creditors of Marine Exploration Co. is seeking a federal warrant in another legal action.

In the meantime a deputy federal marshal has impounded them and they will sit right where they are in the museum until he says what to do with them. Stay tuned.

Switching hats (a banker's bowler would be appropriate), Mank is

chairman of the HASF board's development committee, which includes, besides staff-handled activities seeking foundation and membership funding, the subcommittees on the Fellows program, the Audubon prints loan repayment and challenge gift, and corporation support.

Trustee Sherrill Kellner has joined Jim Davis as Fellows co-chair. They have adopted a "getting to know you" approach for the fast-growing Fellows. A newsletter is circulated among the group; leading recruiter Joe Pero brought in so many new members he decided they all needed to know each other and other Fellows so he and wife Pat invited them all to a party in April at the Pero home; and HASF put together a jaunt to Everglades City.

Where are the Audubon prints? In the laps of the legislature, that's where at this writing. Not literally, of course; they're locked up in a bank vault. But chairs Steve Lynch, Jim Apthorp and cohorts are thinking positively that a

bill will pass the legislature making the people of Florida the owners of the elephant folio with HASF as the custodian. The accompanying appropriation would pay off HASF's \$700,000 two-year bank loan and put the association in a position to undertake Mitchell Wolfson Jr.'s \$500,000 challenge contribution to its endowment program.

John Harrison Jr., corporate solicitation chair, has a new staff member working with him. Susan Reiling's face is a familiar one to many HASF members. She spent 12 years at Vizcaya, nine as curator of collections. She began as a Junior League volunteer in 1964. An interior designer, she became interested in the scholarly aspects of the decorative arts, received an MA in museum studies and art history and a PhD in European history, 17th and 18th centuries in France and England.

"I'd like my next degree to be in philosophy," Susan said.

Layton Mank could be as good a place to begin research as any other.

Letters

► Continued from page 2

ing of the Tamiami Trail. It bears an insignia of a Shriner's fez with "Mahi 'Come On Fez."

The February Out of the Trunk picture showed installation of statues in Bayfront Park for the Shrine national convention May 1-3, 1928, the week following the opening of the Trail.

WELCOME, IDA

Just thought you might be interested in the enclosed article.

I am a new member of the HASF and worked in the Country Store booth in the recent fair with Bill and Judy Golden. Enjoyed it so much.

Since I am a native of Florida (born in Apopka - 1921) and have lived in Miami since 1923, I have a real interest in the area and its history.

Ida M. Clark
3770 SW 36 St.

Ida Clark enclosed a short feature which appeared in the March 1982 issue of *Mature Living*.

NC ACCOLADE

HASF Director Randy Nimnicht has shared a note that accompanied robust monetary support for HASF's operation:

Your program for 1982 sounds most interesting and challenging. I am especially interested in your acquiring the Audubon collection.

I have a feeling of pride in being a part of such a fine organization, whose affairs are managed by those with not only ability, but great vision, such as yourself and your board of directors.

Nell Wilson
Blowing Rock, NC

BOOMING BOOM

Your selection of pictures makes "Booming Sounds" better. Thanks.

Billee Peeler

Update takes this opportunity to correct Billee Peeler Pearce's spelling of Billee with an apology. The author said that although she received many comments on her tone poem she had no letters. She did have a letter after the piece appeared in *The Miami Herald* July 27, 1952. That letter was from Jane Fisher, wife of Carl Fisher whose development of Miami Beach started the boom.

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

The women in Audubon's life were as unusual as he was.

The first was his mother Jeanne Rabine, who met Captain Jean Audubon on a ship bound from France to Aux Cayes, Santo Domingo, where Jeanne was to be a chambermaid for a French lawyer and Audubon owned a plantation. By the end of the voyage Jeanne went to the Audubon plantation as a guest, became pregnant and produced a son April 26, 1785 called Jean Rabine. She died within seven months of the birth.

The second was Catherine Bouffard, a quadroon called Sanitte, who was Audubon's housekeeper at the plantation and the mother of his daughter Marie-Madeleine. Two years after Jean Rabine was born, Sanitte and Audubon had another daughter, Rose Bonnitte.

Soon after, Audubon returned to his home in Coueron, France, near Nantes, because of uprisings among the Santo Domingo blacks. Catherine and Marie-Madeleine remained on the island but Jean and Rose were sent back to France.

The third was Anne Moynet Audubon, Jean's wife who was 14 years older and childless, and who took small Jean and Rose into her custody. The Audubons ultimately legally adopted them and changed his name to Jean Jacques Fougere Audubon.

Mme. Audubon "watched over little Jean, the image of his father, and Rose, a child of color, as if they were her own," wrote Kathryn Hall Proby. "Her affectionate care is repeatedly acknowledged in the journals written after her death by her stepson. Madame Audubon tried to keep secret the facts of young Audubon's birth. The boy showed an early interest in nature and a talent for sketching. The father, going his seafaring way, left orders that the children were to study music and mind their tutor, but Anne Moynet Audubon indulged the boy's whims."

The fourth woman in Audubon's life was Lucy Green Bakewell, who became his wife. If Anne Moynet Audubon kindled Jean Jacques flaming passion for nature and drawing, Lucy kept the hearth fires going ever after.

They were married in 1805, and for the next 45 years Lucy followed him around the eastern part of the United States, bolstering him as he failed in one business venture after another, encouraging him to develop his painting and nature lore which he loved so much, supporting the family by teaching and tutoring and operating a school, and being separated from him for months, sometimes years. Through it all, she bore four children: Victor Gifford, John Woodhouse, Lucy and Rose. Young Lucy died within two years and Rose lived only a year. Victor and John grew up to help their father and completed his final work on mammals.

The year 1820 was the turning point for Audubon. As he wrote later, "I had finally determined to break through all bonds, and follow my ornithological pursuits. My best friends solemnly regarded me as a madman... My wife determined that my genius should prevail, and that my final success as an ornithologist should be triumphant."

During their separations he wrote her long letters, always addressed to "My Dearest Friend."

Lucy saw him through the ten years of feverish work producing both *The Birds of America* and the five-volume *Ornithological Biography*, work that took them to London and Edinburgh. In 1842 they moved to an estate in upper Manhattan called Minnie's Land. Audubon made his final trip to the Yellowstone River at Fort Union, MO. His eyesight failed three years later and Lucy saw him through his senescence to his death in 1851.

She outlived him 23 years. Her ashes were laid by his side in 1874 in the Trinity Church Cemetery in New York.

Marie Audubon

AUTHOR BIOGRAPHIES

Kathryn Hall Proby, wife of Judge Lucien Proby, mother of four, former publisher of *The Village Post* in Coconut Grove, was persuaded by the late Fred Shaw to research Audubon's visit to Florida and write a book about it. With a pleasant memory of her first Audubon print, seen at age ten, she did so. The Proby's are now residents of Key West and Kathryn has done a book on Mario Sanchez and his paintings of Key West in the early part of the century.

Earl DeHart, who lives in Homestead and enjoys burrowing into local history, collected the material used in "Lost in the Everglades" while putting together the obituary of Navy Captain John W. King III, who died in 1980. DeHart is a previous contributor to *Update*.

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:

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