

1985 Florida Challenge

A FLORIDA FOR FLORIDIANS - DEVELOPING A SENSE OF COMMUNITY

As Florida continues to be a "hot growth" state, we must address the problems associated with a continuous surge of newcomers. A strong sense of displacement pervades our state; it is difficult to define who is Floridian and difficult to find someone whose primary identification is with our state. The future of Florida depends on our ability to develop a sense of community. The 1985 Florida Challenge is to search the disciplines of the humanities, including history, literature, architecture, communications and anthropology, to identify the obstacles posed in building a Florida identity, and to suggest strategies we can adopt to overcome these obstacles.

FLORIDA'S PAST: With the possible exception of some knowledge of the Conquistadores and the Seminole Indians, very few citizens are aware of the history of Florida. We need to know what our history is before we can truly value it. This includes a knowledge of our uniquely indigenous folk tales, legends and customs, and our native music, dance and other art forms. How can we foster the preservation of this rich cultural history?

FLORIDA'S PRESENT: We do much to promote tourism in this state, bringing people here for recreation and escape, but we have neglected to inform our own population of the resources and opportunities which exist in Florida. We need to make known to our citizens what is here. Our state image is tarnished by tales of drug trafficking, development projects unsuited to our physical environment, and a lack of appreciation for our traditionally multi-cultural society. How can we familiarize Floridians with the many positive aspects of our state?

FLORIDA'S FUTURE: Florida is in the national spotlight. What issues will draw us together as a state and allow Florida to contribute to the quality of American life? What economic and cultural forces exist which will help us build a Florida identity? How can we create an attractive visual physical environment that is consistent with Florida's unique beauty and society? How can the media and its dissemination of news encourage our sense of being Floridians? What role can schools play and what values should be transmitted to our youth? What types of partnerships among government, business and Florida's citizens can we envision to develop a sense of community in our state?

"A FLORIDA FOR FLORIDIANS - DEVELOPING A SENSE OF COMMUNITY"

This anthology was produced by the Florida Endowment for the Humanities. A State program of the National Endowment for the Humanities, FEH seeks to encourage Florida citizens to study the humanities and to apply the humanities to the current conditions of human life. FEH believes that an informed concern for values, a willingness to listen to all sides of an issue, and trust in the judgment of representative groups of citizen leaders are keys to providing for the best possible future of Florida. Information about FEH and its programs may be obtained by writing: Florida Endowment for the Humanities, University of South Florida, CPR 468, Tampa, Florida 33620, or by calling (813) 974-4094.

Each participant in the 1985 Florida Challenge is asked by the Governor and the State Legislature to carefully consider how we can develop a sense of community in Florida and to make informed recommendations to ensure quality decision-making. These readings are a set of individual perceptions of Florida. They were chosen to suggest the diverse responses to our state over a period of two hundred years. They also provide a common fund of information and opinion for all participants that can be used in the course of discussion to illustrate or exemplify the points that each wishes to make.

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* Cover design by Noel Smith, a native Floridian, who lives in Tampa.



"Contemporary Scene" is the opening chapter of the Works Projects Administration's Florida - A Guide to the Southermost State (1939). Carita Doggett Corse, the director of the project, described the guide as a cooperative product, utilizing the talents of four hundred people, as well as local historical societies, chambers of commerce, civic groups and newspaper files. The Guide is still considered required reading for any student of Florida's history.

Contemporary Scene

Across the wide strip of its upper area, from the Atlantic to within a short distance of the Mississippi border, Florida is at once a continuation of the Deep South and the beginning of a new realm in which the system of two-party politics reasserts itself. Narrowing abruptly to a peninsula, it drops through five degrees of latitude and a constantly accentuated tropical setting, until the tip of its long Roman nose pokes very nearly into the confines and atmosphere of Latin America. Equatorial waters move up from the south along its coasts, to temper its climate and confuse its seasons; every winter a tidal wave of tourists moves down from the north, to affect its culture, its economy, its physical appearance. Throughout more than four centuries, from Ponce de Leon in his caravels to the latest Pennsylvanian in his Buick, Florida has been invaded by seekers of gold or of sunshine; yet it has retained an identity and a character distinctive to itself. The result of all this is a material and immaterial pattern of infinite variety, replete with contrasts, paradoxes, confusions, and inconsistencies.

Politically and socially, Florida has its own North and South, but its northern area is strictly southern and its southern area definitely northern. In summer the State is predominantly southern by birth and adoptions, and in winter it is northern by invasion. At all seasons it is divided into Old and New Florida, separated by the Suwannee River. The political thought that controls it originates in a united minority above the Suwannee and reaches down into the more populous peninsula to impose the diminishing theory that Florida should be preserved for Floridians rather than exploited for visitors.

Religious intolerance marked the conquest and early settlement of Florida, but the State

has long since embraced practically all cults and religions, and licenses the occult and the supernatural. Yet its melting pot is a brew of conflicting ideas, which enables the native to dictate State policies and politics. And so the Florida Cracker runs the courthouse and assesses, collects, and spends the tax money.

The background traditions of Florida are of the Old South; and though the Republican Party regularly appears on the ballot, only once since Re-construction days has the State switched from its Democratic allegiance. In 1928, when prohibition and religion confused the issues, the electorate supported Herbert Hoover.

To the visitor, Florida is at once a pageant of extravagance and a land of pastoral simplicity, a flood-lighted stage of frivolity and a behind-the-scenes struggle for existence. For the person with a house car it is a succession of trailer camps and a vagabond social life. For the Palm Beach patron it is a wintertime Newport made up of the same society, servants, and pastimes. For migratory agricultural labor it means several months of winter employment in the open under pleasant skies; and for the Negro turpentine worker, an unvarying job in the pine woods.

The derivation of the name Florida has not been overlooked in publicity literature, the rhetoric of which has lent itself to a major misconception. Nature, though lavish, has not been flamboyant enough to make the great variety of native flowers and plants notably obvious except to naturalists, scientists, and botanists. Spectacular settings have been devised by man, but since Florida remains primitive in many respects these splashes of color are comparatively isolated and, in some cases, hidden. Swamps and jungles have been enclosed and converted into Japanese,

cypress, Oriental, and many other kinds of gardens, to which an admission fee is charged. Here have been assembled extensive collections of native and exotic plants.

On the other hand, Florida rhetoric has not exaggerated the State's much publicized scent—the perfume from a half-million-acre bouquet of citrus groves. A border region of localized smells, however, suggests that all is not fragrance in the land of flowers. From sponge and shrimp fleets, menhaden fertilizer factories, and the stacks of paper mills drift malodorous fumes that lade the sea breezes with unsung vapors. A neutralizing incense, the aromatic smoke from burning pine woods, has steadily lessened with the expansion of forest-fire control, but occasionally there is a pall as well as a moon over Miami from Everglades muck fires.

Attempts to romanticize Florida's playground features have resulted in an elaborate painting of the lily. Coast resorts have been strung into a bejeweled necklace that sparkles on the bosom of a voluptuous sea; all is glamour and superficiality. This superimposed glitter diverts attention from Florida's more characteristic native life.

The pioneer settler came from the same stock as the Appalachian mountain dweller, and long existence in the flat pine woods tended to perpetuate his original pattern of thought. He knew little of life beyond his own small clearing and saw only a few infrequent visitors, until a network of highways left him exposed to many persons in motorcars. This traffic affected his economy and aroused his instinct to profit. He set up a roadside vegetable display, then installed gasoline pumps and a barbecue stand, and finally with the addition of overnight cabins he was in the tourist business.

The highways even mechanized his mountain music. To attract patronage, he installed a 'jook organ' that would dispense Bronx-composed records of hillbilly laments at the drop of a nickel. Real hillbilly bands, that regularly come to Florida, scorn the rural areas and become street minstrels in the larger towns or play in bars and night clubs for collections. To their music is added a sidewalk overtone from guitars, zithers, accordians,

and harmonicas played by mendicants who follow the tourist crowds.

Ten thousand miles of roads that crisscross the State have streaked it with what might be described as roadside culture and commerce, with each section revealing a characteristic quality. In the staid plantation territory of northern Florida, placards on gate posts chastely admit, 'Guests Accepted,' and tourist camps offer 'Cabins for Travelers Only.' Everywhere are 'dine and dance' places, which, as the highways extend southward into the established tourist belt, more and more resemble midways. Vegetable stands add citrus fruit, and then about everything likely to catch the motorist's eye: carved coconuts, polished conch shells, marine birds made of wood or plaster, cypress 'knees,' pottery, bouquets made from tinted seashells or dyed sea oats, and an endless assortment of other native and imported handicraft. Agrarian preoccupations turn from corn, cotton and tobacco to alligator and lion farms, reptile ranches, botanical gardens, and Indian villages. Here and there are the 'pitches' of palm readers and astrologers; but, to maintain the contrast, long stretches of uninhabited pine woods intervene with warning signs, 'Open Range—Beware of Cows and Hogs.'

In one notable instance, where the United States Army and a hundred years of persuasion failed, a highway has succeeded. The Seminole Indians surrendered to the Tamiami Trail. From the Everglades the remnants of this race emerged, soon after the trail was built, to set up their palm-thatched villages along the road and to hoist tribal flags as a lure to passing motorists. Like their white brethren, they sell articles of handicraft and for a nominal fee will pose for photographs.

This concentration of the Seminole, however, by no means represents the extent of their influence. Seminole names are more numerous and widespread in Florida than are the living members of the race. Such names were even more plentiful before the railroads interceded in behalf of train callers—as one example among many, the 'jawbreaker' Ichepuckesassa was changed to Plant City. The Indians themselves have made the most of one profitable name. Since they discovered

that the story of Osceola is popular among tourists, that fiery war chief has acquired many descendants, and most of the present-day Osceolas display their names along the Tamiami Trail.

Although signboards ruin many beautiful stretches of country, they are, in fact, a significant part of the Florida scene. In rural upper Florida one sees crude notices of patent medicines or of 'Mules for Sale.' In the vicinity of St. Augustine a great deal of early history is presented on roadside signs, and farther south the flora and fauna are similarly publicized for commercial purposes. Nearly everywhere gastronomy and distance are combined in directional markers that announce '11 miles to Guava Paste' or '13 miles to Tupelo Honey.' The name of popular brand of malaria medicine appears on tin signs attached to thousands of trees, but the manufacturer complains that business has been "terrible" since mosquito control became effective.

The signboard plays an important role in that it introduces the Yankee to the Cracker and quickly establishes the fact that the two have much in common although their customs differ. The native Floridian may offer specious replies to what he considers oversimple questions, but he is likely to be puzzled at the abysmal ignorance that causes the Yankee to refer to orange groves as 'orchards,' sandspurs as 'sandsburs,' and sandflies as 'sandfleas.' Neither does he see any reason to exclaim over a bullfrog chorus in February or the call of the whippoorwill at twilight in early March. In his own behalf he is fluently persuasive on the virtues of his particular locality; but the Yankee in Florida has become a roving visitor determined to see the entire State regardless of regional blandishments.

The first-time visitor is primarily a sightseer. He is the principal customer of the admission places along the road. He learns very soon how far Florida is supposed to project from the Old South by the discovery that a turpentine still with its Negro quarters has been turned into a tourist attraction and advertised as a survival of bygone plantation days.

Clockwise and counterclockwise the sight-seeing newcomer makes the circuit of the

State, filling the highways with a stream of two-way traffic. If traveling southward by the Gulf coast route, he stops to partake of a Spanish dinner in the Latin quarter of Tampa, to sit on the green benches of St. Petersburg, to view the Ringling Circus animals and art museum at Sarasota, to admire the royal palms at Fort Myers. Thence he follows the Tamiami Trail through the ghostly scrub cypress and primitive silence of the Everglades, to encounter at last the theatrical sophistication of Miami. As a side trip from the latter city, he may proceed down the long overseas highway to Key West, once the State's most populous city and an important defense base, but since its recent rehabilitation by the Federal Government something of a public curiosity, a place favored by artists and writers, and noted for its green-turtle steaks.

On his return up the Atlantic coast, the traveler may concede that publicity word-pictures of the resorts from Miami Beach northward have not been greatly exaggerated, but he is impressed by the long intervening stretches of woodland, suggesting that Florida is still very largely an empty State. From Palm Beach, which has long been the earthly Valhalla of financial achievement, he may detour inland to discover the hidden winter-vegetable kingdom on the muck lands along the southern shore of Lake Okeechobee, where Negro workers harvest thousands of carloads of beans and other fresh food supplies; or farther north he may swing inland by way of Orlando, through the great citrus groves of the hilly lake region and the thriving strawberry country around Plant City; then up to Ocala, where he can look through the glass bottoms of boats at water life in the depths of crystal-clear springs. Returning to the east coast, he inspects the far-famed natural speedway at Daytona Beach and the old Spanish fort at St. Augustine before he reaches the northern terminal city of Jacksonville. Frequently at the end of the tour, the visitor announces that he is never coming back.

His second excursion into Florida is somewhat different. On his first trip, unconsciously or deliberately, he had selected a spot where he thought later on he might want to live and

play, and when he comes again he usually returns to that chosen place for a season. Ultimately, in many cases, he buys or builds a home there and becomes by slow degrees a citizen and a critic.

The evolution of a tourist into a permanent resident consists of a struggle to harmonize misconceptions and preconceptions of Florida with reality. An initial diversion is to mail northward snapshots of himself reclining under a coconut palm or a beach umbrella, with the hope that they will be delivered in the midst of a blizzard. At the same time, the tourist checks weather reports from the North, and if his home community is having a mild winter he feels that his Florida trip has been in part a swindle. Nothing short of ten-foot snowdrifts and burst waterpipes at home can make his stay in the southland happy and complete. On the other hand, he is firmly convinced that with his departure in the spring the State folds up and the inhabitants sizzle under a pitiless sun until he gets back, official weather reports and chamber-of-commerce protests to the contrary. Eventually he takes a chance on a Florida summer and makes the discovery that the average summer temperature in Florida is lower than in the North; he tries to tell about it at home, and for his pains receives a round of Bronx cheers. He is now in the agonies of transition, suspected by friends and shunned by strangers. His visits to Florida thereafter shift to visits back home, and these latter become less frequent; but 'back home' has left an indelible imprint, which he proposes to stamp on Florida.

An expansive mood is one of the most familiar and sometimes costly first responses to a Florida winter sun. The person noted for taciturnity in his home community often becomes loquacious, determined that those about him shall know that he is a man of substance. This frequently makes him an easy prey to ancient confidence games; sometimes leads to unpremeditated matrimony; and almost inevitably results in the acquisition of superfluous building lots.

Already something of a solipsist, he becomes an incurable nonconformist, vigorously defending his adopted State and

indignantly decrying it by turns. He refutes the tradition that life in the South is a lackadaisical existence adapting to an enervating climate. He comes here to play and to relax but at the slightest provocation he resumes his business or profession, if for no other reason than to demonstrate that the sound economic practices of his home State will pull Florida out of the doldrums he perceives it to be in. If he opens a shop, the back-home instinct is likely to reassert itself in choosing a name, so that Florida abounds in Michigan groceries, Maryland restaurants, Ohio dry-cleaners, Indiana laundries, and New York shoe shops.

Along with business and professional theories, the Northerner brings to Florida a great deal of his local architectural tradition. This assures a structural variant to the repetitious designs of filling stations at the four corners of all the crossroad villages and of chain stores along the main streets in the larger towns.

While Florida's tourist population is drawn to the State largely by the prospect of play and recreation in a beneficent climate, the distribution of its population is influenced to a great extent by personal inclination. The newcomer usually gravitates to the locality where his individual preferences can best be realized, and in so doing he helps to identify these preferences with his adopted community. This tends to emphasize the strikingly diverse characteristics of Florida's cities. For example, there is the commercial metropolis of Jacksonville, with its converging railroads and northern bustle; and, close by, antique St. Augustine, with its historical background and buildings and its horse-drawn sightseeing conveyances; St. Petersburg with its clublike foregathering of elderly folk, where fire and police lines are sometimes needed to handle the throngs of Sunday morning worshipers; and Miami, where employees in public establishments are fingerprinted as a police precaution to safeguard the crowds that fill its hotels, race tracks, and night clubs.

Regardless of individual circumstances and preference, one desire seems to be common to all—the desire to improve Florida. But man's subduing efforts seldom extend much beyond the cities or penetrate very far

from the highways; and if those efforts were relaxed for a generation, much of Florida would become primeval territory again. In combating nature and in trying to reconcile divergent ideas, the citizen performs a public service, and if the climate, as advertised, adds ten years to his life, the dispensation is utilized to the advantage of the State.

William Bartram was the most articulate early traveler to the British Colonies of East and West Florida, and the record of his 2,400 mile trip, Travels Through North and South Carolina, Georgia, East and West Florida (1791) is an early classic of American Literature.

In his book, Bartram defines the civil man of his period as a careful observer of nature.

The book records 215 species of birds, 358 plants, and at least 40 different kinds of amphibians and reptiles, as well as geographical features, soil types, and Indian groups. His best read passages described alligators, portraying them as the colorful dragon-like creatures of oriental art, snorting and bellowing in their rivalry at mating time.

Excerpts From Chapter 3

Bidding adieu to an obliging friend, I spread my sail to the favourable breeze, and by noon came to a-breast of Fort Picolata; where, being desirous of gaining yet farther intelligence, I landed; but, to my disappointment, found the Fort dismantled and deserted. This fortress is very ancient, and was built by the Spaniards. It is a square tower, thirty feet high, invested in a high wall, without bastions, about breast high, pierced with loop holes and surrounded with a deep ditch. The upper story is open on each side, with battlements, supporting a cupola or roof: these battlements were formerly mounted with eight four pounders, two on each side.

The works are constructed with hewn stone, cemented with lime. The stone was cut out of quarries on St. Anastatius Island, opposite St. Augustine: it is of a pale reddish brick colour, and a testaceous composition, consisting of small fragments of sea-shells and fine sand. It is well adapted to the constructing of fortifications. It lies in horizontal masses in the quarry, and constitutes the foundation of the island. The castle at St. Augustine, and most of the buildings of the town, are of this stone.

Leaving Picolata, I continued to ascend the river. I observed this day, during my progress up the river, incredible numbers of small flying insects, of the genus termed by naturalists Ephemera, continually emerging from the shallow water near shore, some of them immediately taking their flight to the land, whilst myriads crept up the grass and herbage, where remaining for a short time, as they acquired sufficient strength, they

took their flight also, following their kindred to the main land. This resurrection from the deep, if I may so express it, commences early in the morning, and ceases after the sun is up. At evening they are seen in clouds of innumerable millions, swarming and wantoning in the still air, gradually drawing near the river. They descend upon its surface, and there quickly end their day, after committing their eggs to the deep; which being for a little while tossed about, enveloped in a viscid scum, are hatched, and the little Larva descend into their secure and dark habitation, in the oozy bed beneath, where they remain, gradually increasing in size, until the returning spring: they then change to a Nymph, when the genial heat brings them, as it were, into existence, and they again rise into the world. This fly seems to be delicious food for birds, frogs, and fish. In the morning, when they arise; and in the evening, when they return, the tumult is great indeed, and the surface of the water along shore broken into bubbles, or spirited into the air, by the contending aquatic tribes; and such is the avidity of the fish and frogs, that they spring into the air after this delicious prey.

Early in the evening, after a pleasant day's voyage, I made a convenient and safe harbour, in a little lagoon, under an elevated bank, on the West shore of the river; where I shall entreat the reader's patience, whilst we behold the closing scene of the short-lived Ephemera, and communicate to each other the reflections which so singular an exhibition might rationally suggest to an inquisitive mind. Our place of observation is

happily situated under the protecting shade of majestic Live Oaks, glorious Magnolias, and the fragrant Orange, open to the view of the great river and still waters of the lagoon just before us.

At the cool eve's approach, the sweet enchanting melody of the feathered songsters gradually ceases, and they betake themselves to their leafy coverts for security and repose.

Solemnly and slowly move onward, to the river's shore, the rustling clouds of the Ephemera. How awful the procession! Innumerable millions of winged beings, voluntarily verging on to destruction, to the brink of the grave, where they behold bands of their enemies with wide open jaws, ready to receive them. But as if insensible of their danger, gay and tranquil each meets his beloved mate in the still air, inimitably bedecked in their new nuptial robes. What eye can trace them, in their varied wanton amorous chases, bounding and fluttering on the odoriferous air! With what peace, love, and joy, do they end the last moments of their existence?

I think we may assert, without any fear of exaggeration, that there are annually of these beautiful winged beings, which rise into existence, and for a few moments take a transient view of the glory of the Creator's works, a number greater than the whole race of mankind that have ever existed since the creation; and that, only from the shores of this river. How many then must have been produced since the creation; when we consider the number of large rivers in America, in comparison with which, this river is but a brook or rivulet.

Having rested very well during the night, I was awakened in the morning early, by the cheering converse of the wild turkey-cocks (*Meleagris occidentalis*) saluting each other from the sun-brightened tops of the lofty *Cupressus disticha* and *Magnolia grandiflora*. They begin at early dawn, and continue till sunrise, from March to the last of April. The high forests ring with the noise, like the crowing of the domestic cock, of these social centinels; the watch-word being caught and repeated, from one to another, for hundreds of miles around; insomuch that the whole country is

for an hour or more in an universal shout. A little after sun-rise, their crowing gradually ceases, they quit their high lodging places, and alight on the earth, where, expanding their silver bordered train, they strut and dance round about the coy female, while the deep forests seem to tremble with their shrill noise.

This morning the winds on the great river were high and against me; I was therefore obliged to keep in port a great part of the day, which I employed in little excursions round about my encampment. The Live Oaks are of an astonishing magnitude, and one tree contains a prodigious quantity of timber; yet, comparatively, they are not tall, even in these forests, where growing on strong land, in company with others of great altitude (such as *Fagus sylvatica*, *Liquidambar*, *Magnolia grandiflora*, and the high Palm tree) they strive while young to be upon an equality with their neighbours, and to enjoy the influence of the sun-beams, and of the pure animating air. But the others at last prevail, and their proud heads are seen at a great distance, towering far above the rest of the forest, which consists chiefly of this species of oak, *Fraxinus*, *Ulmus*, *Acer rubrum*, *Laurus Borbonia*, *Quercus dentata*, *Ilex aquifolium*, *Olea Americana*, *Morus*, *Gleditsia triacanthus*, and, I believe, a species of *Sapindus*. But the latter spreads abroad his brawny arms, to a great distance. The trunk of the Live Oak is generally from twelve to eighteen feet in girth, and rises ten or twelve feet erect from the earth, some I have seen eighteen or twenty; then divides itself into three, four, or five great limbs, which continue to grow in nearly an horizontal direction, each limb forming a gentle curve, or arch, from its base to its extremity. I have stepped above fifty paces, on a straight line, from the trunk of one of these trees, to the extremity of the limbs. It is evergreen, and the wood almost incorruptible even in the open air. It bears a prodigious quantity of fruit; the acorn is small, but sweet and agreeable to the taste when roasted, and is food for almost all animals. The Indians obtain from it a sweet oil, which they use in the cooking of hommony, rice, &c.; and they also roast it in hot embers, eating it as we do chestnuts.

The wind being fair in the evening, I sat sail

again, and crossing the river, made a good harbour on the East shore, where I pitched my tent for the night. The bank of the river was about twelve or fifteen feet perpendicular from its surface, but the ascent gentle. Although I arrived here early in the evening, I found sufficient attractions to choose it for my lodging-place, and an ample field for botanical employment. It was a high, airy situation, and commanded an extensive and varied prospect of the river and its shores, up and down.

Behold yon promontory, projecting far into the great river, beyond the still lagoon, half a mile distant from me: what a magnificent grove arises on its banks! how glorious the Palm! how majestically stands the Laurel, its head forming a perfect cone! its dark green foliage seems silvered over with milk-white flowers. They are so large, as to be distinctly visible at the distance of a mile or more. The Laurel Magnolias, which grow on this river, are the most beautiful and tall that I have any where seen, unless we except those, which stand on the banks of the Mississippi; yet even these must yield to those of St. Juan, in neatness of form, beauty of foliage, and, I think, in largeness and fragrance of flower. Their usual height is about one hundred feet, and some greatly exceed that. The trunk is perfectly erect, rising in the form of a beautiful column, and supporting a head like an obtuse cone. The flowers are on the extremities of the subdivisions of the branches, in the center of a coronet of dark green, shining, ovate pointed entire leaves: they are large, perfectly white, and expanded like a full blown Rose. They are polypetalous, consisting of fifteen, twenty, or twenty-five petals: these are of a thick coriaceous texture, and deeply concave, their edges being somewhat reflex, when mature. In the center stands the young cone; which is large, of a flesh colour, and elegantly studded with a gold coloured stigma, that by the end of summer is greatly enlarged, and in the autumn ripens to a large crimson cone or strobile, disclosing multitudes of large coral red berries, which for a time hang down from them, suspended by a fine, white, silky thread, four, six, or even nine inches in length. The flowers of this tree are the largest and most complete of any yet known: when fully expanded, they are of six, eight, and nine

inches diameter. The pericarpium and berries possess an agreeable spicy scent, and an aromatic bitter taste. The wood when seasoned is of a straw colour, compact, and harder and firmer than that of the poplar.

It is really astonishing to behold the Grape-Vines in this place. From their bulk and strength, one would imagine, they were combined to pull down these mighty trees to the earth; when, in fact, amongst other good purposes, they serve to uphold them. They are frequently nine, ten, and twelve inches in diameter, and twine round the trunks of the trees, climb to their very tops, and then spread along their limbs, from tree to tree, throughout the forest: the fruit is but small and ill tasted. The Grape vines, with the *Rhamnus volubilis*, *Bignonia radicans*, *Bignonia crucigera*, and another rambling shrubby vine, which seems allied to the *Rhamnus*, perhaps *Zizyphus scandens*, seem to tie the trees together with garlands and festoons, and form enchanting shades. The long moss, so called, (*Tillandsea usneoides*), is a singular and surprising vegetable production: it grows from the limbs and twigs of all trees in these southern regions, from N. lat. 35 down as far as 28, and I believe everywhere within the tropics. Wherever it fixes itself, on a limb, or branch, it spreads into short and intricate divarications; these in time collect dust, wasted by the wind, which, probably by the moisture it absorbs, softens the bark and sappy part of the tree, about the roots of the plant, and renders it more fit for it to establish itself; and from this small beginning, it increases, by sending downwards and obliquely, on all sides, long pendant branches, which divide and subdivide themselves ad infinitum. It is common to find the spaces betwixt the limbs of large trees, almost occupied by this plant: it also hangs waving in the wind, like streamers, from the lower limbs, to the length of fifteen or twenty feet, and of bulk and weight, more than several men together could carry; and in some places, cart loads of it are lying on the ground, torn off by the violence of the wind. Any part of the living plant, torn off and caught in the limbs of a tree, will presently take root, grow, and increase, in the same degree of perfection, as if it had sprung up from the seed. When fresh, cattle and deer will eat it in the winter season.

It seems particularly adapted to the purpose of stuffing mattresses, chairs, saddles, collars, &c.; and for these purposes, nothing yet known equals it. The Spaniards in South America and West-Indies, work it into cables, that are said to be very strong and durable; but, in order to render it useful, it ought to be thrown into shallow ponds of water, and exposed to the sun, where it soon rots, and the outside furry substance is dissolved. It is then taken out of the water, and spread out to dry; when, after a little beating and shaking, it is sufficiently clean, nothing remaining but the interior, hard, black, elastic filament, entangled together, and greatly resembling horse-hair.

The *Zanthoxylum clava Herculis* also grows here. It is a beautiful spreading tree, and much like a well grown apple tree. Its aromatic berry is delicious food for the little turtle dove; and epicures say, that it gives their fish a fine flavour.

Having finished my observations, I betook myself to rest; and when the plunging and roaring of the crocodiles, and the croaking of the frogs, had ceased, I slept very well during the remainder of the night; as a breeze from the river had scattered the clouds of mosquitoes that at first infested me.

It being a fine cool morning, and fair wind, I sat sail early, and saw, this day, vast quantities of the *Pistia stratiotes*, a very singular aquatic plant. It associates in large communities, or floating islands, some of them a quarter of a mile in extent, which are impelled to and fro, as the wind and current may direct. They are first produced on, or close to the shore, in eddy water, where they gradually spread themselves into the river, forming most delightful green plains, several miles in length, and in some places a quarter of a mile in breadth. These plants are nourished and kept in their proper horizontal situation, by means of long fibrous roots, which descend from the nether center, downwards, towards the muddy bottom. Each plant, when full grown, bears a general resemblance to a well grown plant of garden lettuce, though the leaves are more nervous, of a firmer contexture, and of a full green colour, inclining to yellow. It vegetates on the surface of the still stagnant water; and in its natural situation is propagated from

seed only. In great storms of wind and rain, when the river is suddenly raised, large masses of these floating plains are broken loose, and driven from the shores, into the wide water, where they have the appearance of islets, and float about, until broken to pieces by the winds and waves; or driven again to shore, on some distant coast of the river, where they again find footing, and there, forming new colonies, spread and extend themselves again, until again broken up and dispersed as before. These floating islands present a very entertaining prospect; for although we behold an assemblage of the primary productions of nature only, yet the imagination seems to remain in suspense and doubt; as in order to enliven the delusion, and form a most picturesque appearance, we see not only flowery plants, clumps of shrubs, old weatherbeaten trees, hoary and barbed, with the long moss waving from their snags, but we also see them completely inhabited, and alive, with crocodiles, serpents, frogs, otters, crows, herons, curlews, jackdaws, &c. There seems, in short, nothing wanted but the appearance of a wigwam and a canoe to complete the scene.

Keeping along the West or Indian shore, I saw basking, on the sedgy banks, numbers of alligators*, some of them of an enormous size.

The high forests on this coast now wore a grand and sublime appearance; the earth rising gradually from the river westward, by easy swelling ridges, behind one another, lifting the distant groves up into the skies. The trees are of the lofty kind, as the grand laurel magnolia, palma elata, liquidambar styraciflua, fagus sylvatica, querci, juglans hiccory, fraxinus, and others.

On my doubling a long point of land, the river appeared suprisingly widened, forming a large bay, of an oval form, and several miles in extent. On the West side it was bordered round with low marshes, and invested with a swamp of Cypress, the trees so lofty, as to preclude the sight of the high-land forests beyond them; and these trees, having flat tops, and all of equal height, seemed to be a green plain, lifted up and supported upon columns in the air, round the West side of the

* I have made use of the terms alligator and crocodile indiscriminately for this animal, alligator being the country name.

bay.

The *Cupressus disticha* stands in the first order of North American trees. Its majestic stature is surprising; and on approaching it, we are struck with a kind of awe, at beholding the stateliness of the trunk, lifting its cumbersome top towards the skies, and casting a wide shade upon the ground, as a dark intervening cloud, which, for a time, excludes the rays of the sun. The delicacy of its colour and texture of its leaves, exceed every thing in vegetation. It generally grows in the water, or in low flat lands, near the banks of great rivers and lakes, that are covered, great part of the year, with two or three feet depth of water; and that part of trunk which is subject to be under water, and four or five feet higher up, is greatly enlarged by prodigious buttresses, or pilasters, which, in full grown trees, project out on every side, to such a distance, that several men might easily hide themselves in the hollows between. Each pilaster terminates under ground, in a very large, strong, serpentine root, which strikes off, and branches every way, just under the surface of the earth: and from these roots grow woody cones, called cypress knees, four, five, and six feet high, and from six to eighteen inches and two feet in diameter at their bases. The large ones are hollow, and serve very well for beehives; a small space of the tree itself is hollow, nearly as high as the buttresses already mentioned. From this place, the tree, as it were, takes another beginning, forming a grand straight column eighty or ninety feet high, when it divides every way around into an extensive flat horizontal top, like an umbrella, where eagles have their secure nests, and cranes and storks their temporary resting places; and what adds to the magnificence of their appearance is the streamers of long moss that hang from the lofty limbs and float in the winds. This is their majestic appearance when standing alone, in large rice plantations, or thinly planted on the banks of great rivers.

Parroquets are commonly seen hovering and fluttering on their tops: they delight to shell the balls, its seed being their favourite food. The trunks of these trees, when hollowed out, make large and durable pettiaguers and canoes, and afford excellent

shingles, boards, and other timber, adapted to every purpose in frame buildings. When the planters fell these mighty trees, they raise a stage round them, as high as to reach above the buttresses; on this stage, eight or ten negroes ascend with their axes, and fall to work round its trunk. I have seen trunks of these trees that would measure eight, ten, and twelve feet in diameter, for forty and fifty feet straight shaft.

As I continued coasting the Indian shore of this bay, on doubling a promontory, I suddenly saw before me an Indian settlement, or village. It was a fine situation, the bank rising gradually from the water. There were eight or ten habitations, in a row, or street, fronting the water, and about fifty yards distance from it. Some of the youth were naked, up to their hips in the water, fishing with rods and lines; whilst others, younger, were diverting themselves in shooting frogs with bows and arrows. On my near approach, the little children took to their heels, and ran to some women who were hoeing corn; but the stouter youth stood their ground, and, smiling, called to me. As I passed along, I observed some elderly people reclined on skins spread on the ground, under the cool shade of spreading Oaks and Palms, that were ranged in front of their houses: they arose, and eyed me as I passed, but perceiving that I kept on without stopping, they resumed their former position. They were civil, and appeared happy in their situation.

There was a large Orange grove at the upper end of their village; the trees were large, carefully pruned, and the ground under them clean, open, and airy. There seemed to be several hundred acres of cleared land about the village; a considerable portion of which was planted, chiefly with corn (*Zea*), Batatas, Beans, Pompions, Squashes (*Cucurbita verrucosa*), Melons (*Cucurbita citrullus*), Tobacco (*Nicotiana*), &c. abundantly sufficient for the inhabitants of the village.

After leaving the village, and coasting a considerable cove of the lake, I perceived the river before me much contracted within its late bounds, but still retaining the appearance of a wide and deep river, both coasts bordered for several miles with rich deep swamps, well timbered with Cypress, Ash, Elm, Oak, Hicory,

Scarlet Maple, Nyssiaquatica, Nyssa tupilo, Gordonia lasianthus, Corypha palma, Corypha pumila, Laurus Borbonia, &c. The river gradually narrowing, I came in sight of Charlotia, where it is not above half a mile wide, but deep; and as there was a considerable current against me, I came here to an anchor. This town was founded by Den. Rolle, esq. and is situated on a high bluff, on the east coast, fifteen or twenty feet perpendicular from the river and is in length half a mile, or more, upon its banks. The upper stratum of the earth consists entirely of several species of fresh water Cochleae, as Coch. helix, Coch. labyrinthus, and Coch. voluta; the second of marine shells, as Concha mytilus, Conc. ostrea, Conc. peeton, Haliotis auris marina, Hal. patella, &c. mixed with sea sand; and the third, or lower stratum, which was a little above the common level of the river, of horizontal masses of a pretty hard rock, composed almost entirely of the above shell, generally whole, and lying in every direction, petrified or cemented together, with fine white sand; and these rocks were bedded in a stratum of clay. I saw many fragments of the earthen ware of the ancient inhabitants, and bones of animals, amongst the shells, and mixed with the earth, to a great depth. This high shelly bank continues, by gentle parallel ridges, near a quarter of a mile back from the river, gradually diminishing to the level of the sandy plains, which widen before and on each side eastward, to a seemingly unlimited distance, and appear green and delightful, being covered with grass and the Corypha repens, and thinly planted with trees of the long leaved, or Broom Pine, and decorated with clumps, or coppices, of floriferous, evergreen, and aromatic shrubs, and enamelled with patches of the beautiful little Kalmea ciliata. These shelly ridges have a vegetable surface of loose black mould, very fertile, which naturally produces Orange groves, Live Oak, Laurus Borbonia, Palma elata, Carica papaya, Sapindus, Liquidambar, Fraxinus exelsior, Morus rubra, Ulmus, Tilia, Sambucus, Ptelea, Tallow-nut or Wild Lime, and many others.

Mr. Rolle obtained from the crown a grant of forty thousand acres of land, in any part of East Florida, where the land was unlocated. It

seems, his views were to take up his grant near St. Mark's, in the bay of Apalatchi; and he set sail from England, with about one hundred families, for that place; but by contrary winds, and stress of weather, he missed his aim; and being obliged to put into St. Juan's, he, with some of the principal of his adherents, ascended the river in a boat, and being struck with its majesty, the grand situations of its banks, and fertility of its lands, and at the same time, considering the extensive navigation of the river, and its near vicinity to St. Augustine, the capital and seat of government, he altered his views on St. Mark's, and suddenly determined on this place, where he landed his first little colony. But it seems, from an ill concerted plan in its infant establishment, negligence, or extreme parsimony in sending proper recruits and other necessities, together with a bad choice of citizens, the settlement by degrees grew weaker, and at length totally fell to the ground. Those of them who escaped the constant contagious fevers, fled the dreaded place, betaking themselves for subsistence to the more fruitful and populous regions of Georgia and Carolina.

The remaining old habitations are mouldering to earth, except the mansion house, which is a large frame building of cypress wood, yet in tolerable repair, and inhabited by an overseer and his family. There is also a blacksmith with his shop and family, at a small distance from it. The most valuable district belonging to Mr. Rolle's grant, lies on Dun's lake, and on a little river, which runs from it into St. Juan. This district consists of a vast body of rich swamp land, fit for the growth of rice, and some very excellent high land surrounding it. Large swamps of excellent rice land are also situated on the west shore of the river, opposite to Charlotia.

The aborigines of America had a very great town in this place, as appears from the great tumuli, and conical mounds of earth and shells, and other traces of a settlement which yet remain. There grew in the old fields on these heights, great quantities of callicarpa, and of the beautiful shrub annona: the flowers of the latter are large, white, and sweet scented.

Having obtained from the people here directions for discovering the little remote

island where the traders and their goods were secreted, which was about seven miles higher up, I sat sail again, with a fair wind, and in about one hour and an half arrived at the desired place, having fortunately taken the right channel of the river, amongst a multitude of others, occasioned by a number of low swampy islands. But I should have run by the landing, if the centinels had not by chance seen me drawing near them; who perceiving that I was a white man, ventured to hail me; upon which I immediately struck sail, and came to. Upon my landing they conducted me to their encampment, forty or fifty yards from the river, in an almost impenetrable thicket. Upon my inquiry, they confirmed the accounts of the amicable treaty at St. Augustine, and in consequence thereof, they had already removed great part of the goods to the trading-house, which was a few miles higher up, on the Indian shore. They showed me my chest, which had been carefully preserved, and upon inspection I found every thing in good order. Having learned from them, that all the effects would, in a few days time, be removed to the store-house, I bid adieu to them, and in a little time arrived at the trading-house, where I was received with great politness, and treated, during a residence of several months, with the utmost civility and friendship, by Mr. C. M'Latch, Messrs. Spalding and Kelsall's agent.

The river almost from Charlotia, and for near twelve miles higher up is divided into many channels by a great number of islands.

Nearly two hundred years after Bartram explored our state, James P. McMullen began tracking the Everglades' elusive panther, chosen by Florida's school children as the state animal. *Cry of the Panther* is an intensely personal account by a former Marine, a Vietnam veteran, who later founded the Endangered Species Research Foundation in Naples. In 1982, the State Legislature commended McMullen for his work on behalf of Florida's endangered species.

"Sighting" from *Cry of the Panther*

Swamp notes – in the cypress

To enter the Everglades and experience the haunts of the panther, to catch a fleeting glimpse of this almost extinct cat is the ultimate gift for me. It gives me that rare wilderness shock of power to accomplish the impossible.

In the gentle embrace of this untamed world, deep in the Everglades, I slowly crouched and ran my hands through the swampgrass and water and into the cool, soft, wet black peat, letting it ooze between my fingers, smelling its thick swamp scent. I had been on a furious search for the endangered Florida panther in this region for more than three days straight, and so far had not found any physical evidence that the cat even existed. Questions and doubts, exhaustion and irritation seeped into my thoughts like the slow-moving waters of the River of Grass.

I splashed water on my face baptismal-like until my eyes were clear. A shiver came up my arms and across my chest. I stared at a coming wet dawn over an enormous prairie and thick cypress swamp. In the growing gray light, my eyes detected on a moist blade of sawgrass a zebra butterfly awaiting the warmth of the sun rays to dry its fragile wings for flight. For a moment it appeared jittery.

At times like that I feel as though I am becoming part of nature around me: the trees, mud, sky, water, birds — everything. My soul seems to be cut in a million different parts, all living and breathing in the same tempo of life. And it is as real as the kiss of a single raindrop on the petal of a wild orchid. Mankind began as energy to form a molecule, and this power increased, and as it does, and probably will do forever, the complexity of man will persist

until he approaches sainthood.

Watching the butterfly, I could not help but think of what Rumi, a Persian philosopher in the twelfth century, said: "I died a mineral and became a plant. I died a plant and rose an animal. I died an animal and I was a man."

Flocks of white ibis passed over my head then and swirled in wide arches in elegant, careening uplifts, dissolving into the long pale streaks of a crimson-red sky. Distant gray thunder bursts, aglow with pulsing lightning, challenged daybreak and darkness and chased snowy egrets inland, their plumage looking like white flames dancing among blurred water souls. As the dusky rubric sun trembled halfway above a hardwood hammock, inches below and above a misty haze, the swampscape seemed to catch fire in a red-green heat wave that clutched, flushed and quivered the whole horizon. It all gleamed with an ancient polish as it moved in timeless languor.

Casting fragmented, dancing shadows on the swamp, four black vultures stalked air pockets high up with their wide sweeping wings and hovered and soared in wide swoops like mythical sky gods surveying their universe.

Far above them, haloed by a rainbow and epitomizing the power of flight, was the dark outline of the supreme bald eagle — gliding, holding position, rising, then gliding once again, proudly demonstrating that his species was still with us.

Within the thick cypress treeline, black holes revealed stirring anhingas, Louisiana herons and cattle egrets.

As the gilded haze of a swamp fog crept around me, harboring primeval ghosts of a

forgotten time, my sixth sense, that inherent extrasensory psychic power linked to our ancestors at the dawn of time, warned me to be alert, tense, wary of something out there.

Something was stirring in the cypress trees some fifty yards out in front of me. Something that drew my spirit closer to the earth, closer to my own survival. I couldn't see anything, but I felt an animal presence....

And suddenly a patch of gray-brown fur appeared in shadows between cypress trees. It might easily have been a white-tailed deer, except the body seemed closer to the ground in a horizontal position, and it appeared to float a foot above the swamp as it moved, as stealthy as a — *cat*.

I breathed slow, deeply, making every effort to hold sound in so as not to spook the animal whatever it was. For over six months I had been seeking and preparing for this moment. It was a moment of true excitement, maybe my only opportunity to be rewarded a sighting of this untamed, misunderstood creature.

Then, as abruptly as it had appeared, the fur was gone. My heart stopped. No, I cried inside. No, not now, not after so long. As the last words rolled across my mind, the fur was there once again. Then it melted into the shadows, reappeared, only to disappear once again. This happened three times, but still I had not had a glimpse of the entire animal.

Longing for a better position, I fought with myself not to move, for I knew that twitching even one muscle would have meant the animal would vanish forever. I remained a part of the swamp.

Then the movement stopped. It's seen me, I thought. And at that second, large paws sprang in a bolt of speed deeper into the slough. But I'd seen it, the whole cat, and it was like no other animal I had ever seen. It was furred power, gray-brown on top, creamy white underneath, and at the end of it, a magnificent, long J-shaped tail streaked in dawn light and swamp darkness like a retreating demon.

As though magnetized to the animal, I too jumped up and started running through the grass, pivoting into the cypress, splashing into the swamp water, in pursuit of a Florida panther. Fumbling with my camera, I was

trying to get it up to my eye, while maneuvering my body through the density, attempting to get him on film. Instead, I was getting tangled in vines and tripping over cypress knees. And yet I ran on, actually believing I could get within grasp of him. Most of the animals in the glades are quick when they have to be, but this panther was unearthly sudden.

He broadjumped cypress stumps and fallen logs with the grace of a finely conditioned Olympic athlete. Under that beautiful fur his shoulder and leg muscles flexed and rippled, and his whole body moved as though there weren't a bone in it. Even as I ran, it reminded me of the soft, silent motion of an ocean swell rising from the depth, rolling and forming into a single wave, then lowering into the depth once again, only to swell once more.

As this rarest of all rare cats faded into the glades, my mind burned with excitement. I kept on going, stumbling over oak logs, catching vines around my throat, passing frogs and turtles, and shattering the silence where lounging gators tore into the water for safety.

But it was no use. My legs felt like I was running in lead shoes, and my lungs heaved for oxygen. I slipped, gained my balance, then fell into the mud, detecting the last faint sounds of the big cat's paws slapping through a willow patch.

Lying there, gasping for air in a morning already hot and humid, I felt both elation and wonderment — not disappointment. In my mind I was by far the luckiest tracker on earth. I had searched out and found in a relatively short time a true panther without the help of hunters, park rangers, or anybody else. I hadn't used an airboat, swamp buggy, off-road vehicle, plane or helicopter. I had never once entertained the idea of using tranquilizers or a radio-telemetry collar. I had sighted a Florida panther roaming free in his natural habitat.

For some reason I felt I was going to get to know this panther quite well. So I decided to give him a name. He bounded through the swamp like a poem....like Shakespeare's poems, rhythmic, eloquent, stirring, and with a strength no other human being could hope to equal. So I named him Shakespeare.

Sitting there in the mud, panting heavily, tears of joy rolling down my cheeks, sweating, being bitten by mosquitoes, I suddenly knew that the panther and I were now intricately connected by an ancestral spiritual bond, or always had been. I needed only to recognize it. There he was roaming the Everglades as a symbol of my own soul crying out for survival, for liberty.

I knew then to understand fully this affinity, truly to feel it, I would have to immerse myself in the panther's world, to shatter the barriers between me and the panther and develop common ground.

It was at that moment I realized that wilderness, the big cat, all wildlife, the very breath of the wind, is everything holy to mankind. I vowed to track Shakespeare until I had proven beyond a shadow of a doubt that he truly existed. but I had no intention of catching him and putting him in a cage. I didn't have to. Instead, I would find the spoor — tracks, scat, scratch marks on trees, ambush sites, bush trails, old and new kills, maybe a log den.

I set out to protect, not to jeopardize his livelihood, and then to leave him to roam as he pleased, remaining untouched by man.

It became my wilderness obsession.

In 1867 Harriet Beecher Stowe purchased thirty acres of the "Old Fairbanks Grant" and a modest cottage on a bluff overlooking the St. Johns River. The Stowes' house, with its porch built around one of the moss-hung live oak trees, became the most photographed residence in the town of Mandarin. An orange grove behind the house delighted Mrs. Stowe, whose pleasure increased when local growers assured her that the crop would yield \$2,000 annually. By 1869, she had persuaded her cousin, Spencer Foote and his family to move to Mandarin and manage her grove. The partnership succeeded. Orange crates headed for northern markets carried proof that Stowe's name was getting top billing in the bold stenciled letters: "Oranges from HARRIET BEECHER STOWE, MANDARIN, FLA".

She devoted her leisure to a variety of topics, many of which declared her enthusiasm for Florida. By the winter of 1872, she offered to her publishers a series of sketches entitled Palmetto Leaves. This was probably the first unsolicited promotion writing to interest northern tourists in Florida. In the slender volume, Mrs. Stowe, painted a picture of Florida as a tropical paradise. For her, the charm of this winter-summer land was "to be able to spend your winter out of doors, even though some days be cold; to be able to sit with windows open, to hear birds daily, to eat fruit from trees, and pick flowers from hedges, all winter long."

"The wrong side of the tapestry," from *Palmetto Leaves*

It is not to be denied that full half of the tourists and travellers that come to Florida return intensely disappointed, and even disgusted. Why? Evidently because Florida, like a piece of embroidery, has two sides to it,— one side all tag-rag and thrums, without order or position; and the other side showing flowers and arabesques and brilliant coloring. Both these sides exist. Both are undeniable, undisputed facts, not only in the case of Florida, but of every place and thing under the sun. There is a right side and a wrong side to every thing.

Now, tourists and travellers generally come with their heads full of certain romantic ideas of waving palms, orange-groves, flowers, and fruit, all bursting forth in tropical abundance; and, in consequence, they go through Florida with disappointment at every step. If the banks of the St. John's were covered with orange-groves, if they blossomed every month in the year, if they were always loaded with fruit, if pine-apples and bananas grew wild, if the flowers hung in festoons from tree to tree, if the ground were enamelled with them all winter long, so that you saw nothing

else, then they would begin to be satisfied.

But, in point of fact, they find, in approaching Florida, a dead sandy level, with patches behind them of rough coarse grass, and tall pine trees, whose tops are so far in the air that they seem to cast no shade, and a little scrubby underbrush. The few houses to be seen along the railroad are the forlornest of huts. The cattle that stray about are thin and poverty-stricken, and look as if they were in the last tottering stages of starvation.

Then, again, winter, in a semi-tropical region, has a peculiar desolate untidiness, from the fact that there is none of that clearing of the trees and shrubs which the sharp frosts of the northern regions occasion. Here the leaves, many of them, though they have lost their beauty, spent their strength, and run their course, do not fall thoroughly and cleanly, but hang on in ragged patches, waiting to be pushed off by the swelling buds of next year. In New England, Nature is an up-and-down, smart, decisive house-mother, that has her times and seasons, and brings up her ends of life with a positive jerk. She will have no shilly-shally. When her time comes, she

clears off the gardens and forests thoroughly and once for all, and they are clean. Then she freezes the ground solid as iron; and then she covers all up with a nice pure winding-sheet of snow, and seals matters up as a good housewife does her jelly tumblers under white-paper covers. There you are fast and cleanly. If you have not got ready for it, so much the worse for you! If your tender roots are not taken up, your cellar banked, your doors listed, she can't help it: it's your own lookout, not hers.

But Nature down here is an easy, demoralized, indulgent old grandmother, who has no particular time for any thing, and does every thing when she happens to feel like it. "Is it winter, or isn't it?" is the question that is likely often to occur in the settling month of December, when everybody up North has put away summer clothes, and put all their establishments under winter-orders.

Consequently, on arriving in mid-winter time, the first thing that strikes the eye is the ragged, untidy look of the foliage and shrubbery. About one-third of the trees are deciduous, and stand entirely bare of leaves. The rest are evergreen, which by this time, having come through the fierce heats of summer, have acquired a seared and dusky hue, different from the vivid brightness of early spring. In the garden you see all the half-and-half proceedings which mark the indefinite boundaries of the season. The rose-bushes have lost about half their green leaves. Some varieties, however, in this climate, seem to be partly evergreen. The La Marque and the crimson rose, sometimes called Louis Phillippe, seem to keep their last year's foliage till spring pushes it off with new leaves.

Once in a while, however, Nature, like a grandmother in a fret, comes down on you with a most unexpected snub. You have a cold spell, — an actual frost. During the five years in which we have made this our winter residence, there have twice been frosts severe enough to spoil the orange-crop, though not materially injuring the trees.

This present winter has been generally a colder one than usual; but there have been no hurtful frosts. But one great cause of disgust and provocation of tourists in Florida is the occurrence of these "cold snaps." It is

really amusing to see how people accustomed to the tight freezes, the drifting snow wreaths, the stinging rain, hail, and snow, of the Northern winter, will *take on* when the thermometer goes down to 30° or 32°, and a white frost is seen out of doors. They are perfectly outraged. "*Such weather! If this is your Florida winter, deliver me!*" All the while they could walk out any day into the woods, as we have done, and gather eight or ten varieties of flowers blooming in the open air, and eat radishes and lettuce and peas grown in the garden.

Well, it is to be confessed that the cold of warm climates always has a peculiarly aggravating effect on the mind. A warm region is just like some people who get such a character for good temper, that they never can indulge themselves even in an earnest disclaimer without everybody crying out upon them, "What puts you in such a passion?" &c. So Nature, if she generally sets up for amiability during the winter months, cannot be allowed a little tiff now and then, a white frost, a cold rain-storm, without being considered a monster.

It is to be confessed that the chill of warm climates, when they are chilly, is peculiar, and travellers should prepare for it, not only in mind, but in wardrobe, by carrying a plenty of warm clothing, and, above all, an inestimable India-rubber bottle, which they can fill with hot water to dissipate the chill at night. An experience of four winters leads us to keep on about the usual winter clothing until March or April. The first day after our arrival, to be sure, we put away all our furs as things of the past; but we keep abundance of warm shawls, and, above all, wear the usual flannels till late in spring.

Invalids seeking a home here should be particularly careful to secure rooms in which there can be a fire. It is quite as necessary as at the North; and, with this comfort, the cold spells, few in number as they are, can be easily passed by.

Our great feature in the Northern landscape, which one never fails to miss and regret here, is the grass. The *nakedness* of the land is an expression that often comes over one. The peculiar sandy soil is very difficult to arrange in any tidy fashion. You cannot make beds or alleys of it: it all runs together like a

place where hens have been scratching; and consequently it is the most difficult thing in the world to have ornamental grounds.

At the North, the process of making a new place appear neat and inviting is very rapid. One season of grass-seed, and the thing is done. Here, however, it is the most difficult thing in the world to get turf of any sort to growing. The Bermuda grass, and a certain coarse, broad-leaf turf, are the only kind that can stand the summer heat; and these never have the beauty of well-ordered Northern grass.

Now, we have spent anxious hours and much labor over a little plot in our back-yard, which we seeded with white clover, and which, for a time, was green and lovely to behold; but, alas! the Scripture was too strikingly verified: "When the sun shineth on it with a burning heat, it withereth the grass, and the grace of the fashion of it perisheth."

The fact is, that people cannot come to heartily like Florida till they *accept* certain deficiencies as the necessary shadow to certain excellences. If you want to live in an orange-orchard, you must give up wanting to live surrounded by green grass. When we get to the new heaven and the new earth, then we shall have it all right. There we shall have a climate at once cool and bracing, yet hot enough to mature oranges and pine-apples. Our trees of life shall bear twelve manner of fruit, and yield a new one every month. Out of juicy meadows green as emerald, enamelled with every kind of flower, shall grow our golden orange-trees, blossoming and fruiting together as now they do. There shall be no mosquitoes, or gnats, or black-flies, or snakes; and, best of all, there shall be no fretful people. Everybody shall be like a well-tuned instrument, all sounding in accord, and never a semitone out of the way.

Meanwhile, we caution everybody coming to Florida, Don't hope for too much. Because you hear that roses and callas blossom in the open air all winter, and flowers abound in the woods, don't expect to find an eternal summer. Prepare yourself to see a great deal that looks rough and desolate and coarse; prepare yourself for some chilly days and nights; and, whatever else you neglect to bring with you, bring the resolution, strong and solid, always

to make the best of things.

For ourselves, we are getting reconciled to a sort of tumble-down, wild, picknick kind of life, — this general happy-go-luckiness which Florida inculcates. If we painted her, we should not represent her as a neat, trim damsel, with starched linen cuffs and collar: she would be a brunette, dark but comely, with gorgeous tissues, a general disarray and dazzle, and with a sort of jolly untidiness, free, easy, and joyous.

The great charm, after all, of this life, is its outdooriness. To be able to spend your winter out of doors, even though some days be cold; to be able to sit with windows open; to hear birds daily; to eat fruit from trees, and pick flowers from hedges, all winter long, — is about the whole of the story. This you can do; and this is why Florida is life and health to the invalid.

We get every year quantities of letters from persons of small fortunes, asking our advice whether they had better move to Florida. For our part, we never advise people to *move* anywhere. As a general rule, it is the person who feels the inconveniences of a present position, so as to want to move, who will feel the inconvenience of a future one. Florida has a lovely winter; but it has also three formidable summer months, July, August, and September, when the heat is excessive, and the liabilities of new settlers to sickness so great, that we should never wish to take the responsibility of bringing anybody here. It is true that a very comfortable number of people do live through them; but still it is not a joke, by any means, to move to a new country. The first colony of New England lost just half its members in the first six months. The rich bottom-lands around Cincinnati proved graves to many a family before they were brought under cultivation.

But Florida is peculiarly adapted to the needs of people who can afford two houses, and want a refuge from the drain that winter makes on the health. As people now have summer-houses at Nahant or Rye, so they might, at a small expense, have winter-houses in Florida, and come here and be at home. That is the great charm, — to be at home. A house here can be simple and inexpensive, and yet very charming. Already, around us a pretty group of winter-houses is rising; and we

look forward to the time when there shall be many more; when, all along the shore of the St. John's, cottages and villas shall look out from the green trees.

James Weldon Johnson was the author of "Lift Every Voice and Sing", the national Negro anthem, and The Autobiography of an Ex-Coloured Man (1912), a work that anticipates the Harlem Renaissance. Born in Jacksonville, Johnson was the principal of a grammar school, which he developed into a high school. After founding the Daily American newspaper, he studied law and became the first black to be admitted to the Florida bar. He served as U.S. Consul in the Azores, Venezuela and Nicaragua during the Theodore Roosevelt administration. He was an enthusiastic advocate of black contributions to American culture and was the editor of several collections of black poetry, sermons and spirituals.

Along This Way

Seven years had wrought changes. I noted that Jacksonville was for me, in many ways, a different place. There were changes in the life at home—Rosamond was away; Ricardo was away; my mother was permanently lame; my grandmother was fast aging, and her terrific energies slowing down; and my father, for the first time, struck me as an elderly man. A house that had been lively, gay, and, because of the activities of three growing boys, sometimes noisy, had become quiet and subdued. So my father and I were thrown together a good deal, and in a new relationship: not only as father and son, but as two men. It was at this point that I began to distinguish between my love for him as a good father and my admiration for him as a good man. I gauged the respect he had won from the community through the simple virtues of industry and integrity. I saw the evidences of it wherever I went with him. And I saw the regard in which he was held for the work to which he had given himself. He was the pastor of a very small church made up of very poor people. He showed no ambition to have charge of a larger and richer congregation. He said to me a number of times, "I am not a preacher by trade." By which he meant that he was not influenced by the emoluments of the office. His spirit of self-sacrifice might be somewhat minimized by the fact that he had acquired a competence, but not wholly discounted. In addition to the work in his little church, he did a sort of general missionary work. He was the only colored minister—I do not know if there was any white one—who was willing or not

afraid to go and pray for a dying woman in the quarter for prostitutes in Jacksonville. The women of the quarter called him "Father Johnson" and they knew whenever they sent for him in such cases that he would come. He was very simple and unostentatious in all this. He did not even affect a noticeable clerical appearance. Indeed, he was at that time one of the only two preachers I knew who did not seem to believe that a long-tailed black coat was one of the evidences of Christianity; Joseph Twitchell of Hartford was the other. This adaptation by my father of Christianity to life in good measure made a deeper impression on me than all the formal religious training I had been given.

My mother, on account of her lameness, had stopped teaching, but she was still the choir leader of her church. She asked me to join the choir, and I did. My voice had developed into a fairly good baritone, and I enjoyed the singing. My mother frequently assigned me a solo part in an anthem. My choir duties took me to church mornings and evenings each Sunday, so I was a regular attendant. An effort was made to have me take the superintendency of the Sunday school; but this, in spite of the pleas of my grandmother and my mother, I absolutely refused to do.

My mother talked to me a good deal about a matter she had mentioned in letters written to me while I was still at the university, but concerning which she could not be as free in writing as in talking. It was much in her mind; one of her best friends, Alonzo Jones, was involved. He was one of a number of colored

men who, because of the steady change from the old and rather favorable attitude towards Negroes in Jacksonville, resolved to prepare to meet the worst. They ordered a rifle and a quantity of ammunition for each man in the group. Alonzo Jones made the great error of having the whole shipment consigned to him. This action was indicative of the man. He was impulsive and incautious. It is probable that some of the men were timid, and he rashly assumed the entire responsibility. But he had real courage, and would never humbly or quietly tolerate any infringement upon what he believed to be his rights. At this time he was a man of about fifty, stoutish, very dark, and rather morose in disposition. His father had been a bricklayer and a successful man, who had bought several pieces of property on a street that became one of the principal thoroughfares of the city. The son followed the father's trade and worked industriously to improve the property that had been left to him. When the incidents I am relating took place he was worth, perhaps, fifty or sixty thousand dollars. Events followed fast after the arrival of the rifles. A Negro walking along the street eating a banana throws the peel on the sidewalk. A white policeman orders him to pick it up. He refuses. The policeman draws his club, and a struggle ensues. The Negro is down and is being severely clubbed by the policeman. He somehow gets hold of the policeman's pistol and shoots him through the heart. The Negro is rushed to the Duval County jail. Excitement runs high and increases hourly. "Crackers" from the surrounding country pour into town. Lynching is in the air. The county jail is bounded on three sides by the houses of Negroes and several hundred colored men with rifles, shotguns, and revolvers man the windows and roofs of these houses. Women supply them with food and hot coffee. Some of the more daring of the women parade cans of kerosene, vowing that if the prisoner is lynched, they will lay the town in ashes. Two or three local companies of militia are called out and thrown round the jail. They make no attempt to dislodge or disperse the armed Negroes on guard. Some of the Negro leaders confer with the militia officers and declare that, together with the troops or

without them, they will defend the prisoner against any mob. The prisoner is not lynched.

My mother is stopping at a boarding house at Pablo Beach. Alonzo Jones has run down for a few days. The boarders are all friends and acquaintances. In the night the sheriff and his deputies come and demand entrance in the name of the law. They arrest Alonzo Jones, charging him with conspiracy to incite a riot. They take him away handcuffed, amidst the tears and cries of the women, who believe he is being dragged to his death. The whole affair, especially the arrest in the middle of the night, makes an impression of terror on my mother's mind that she cannot rid herself of. I am deeply moved by her recital of these happenings, and I feel an exultant pride in the men who manned the windows and housetops to safeguard the prisoner, and in the women who brought them food and coffee.

Alonzo Jones was not the only one involved; several others, all prominent Negroes, were arrested. But the chief onus was fixed on him because of the record in the office of the express company which proved it was to him that a large number of rifles had been consigned and delivered. Two or three influential white men used their good offices in behalf of the Negro leaders charged with conspiracy. Mr. Jones was released under heavy bond; another, Dan Tresvan, chef in one of the hotels, was paroled for a number of months as cook for a young millionaire; D—'s father and several others were saved from imprisonment. The affair blew over. The whites recovered from the jolt they had received, tranquilized, no doubt, by the feeling that the spirited figures among the blacks had been taught an unforgettable lesson. Alonzo Jones was financially ruined. He heeded what was probably the best advice, and jumped his bail. He went to Port Chester, New York, to live and work at his trade. His wife remained in Jacksonville to look after the property, but all of this was eventually swallowed up by the bond. He died in Port Chester, a broken man.

There were changes outside of home. D— was away—working in a cigar factory in Tampa. Some of the boys and girls I had known best

were scattered. Heart's Desire, even if she had not forgotten me, had married and gone to live in another town. More marked was the change in social life. During my boyhood the social affairs among colored people in Jacksonville were for the most part public or semi-public. There were church festivals and bazaars; there were picnics and excursions, up the river to Green Cove Springs or down to the sea at Pablo Beach; there were concerts and entertainments in National Hall, Jones' Hall, Redwood, and other halls. At secular affairs there was a band for dancers, but dancing was strictly under the ban for people who belonged to the church. Now, I found that there was a social life which had a degree of exclusiveness. There were many more homes that were comfortable and commodious; and entertainment among those who went in for society had become largely a private matter. The women who were leaders in affairs social were sharply divided into two groups: a Chautauqua group that took up culture and serious thinking, and gave mild entertainments; and a group which put more stress on the mere frivolities, gave whist parties and house dances, and served a punch of more than one-half of one per cent strength. Certainly, in my boyhood the well-to-do colored people gave entertainments of one sort or another in their homes, to which they invited those with whom they associated, but I don't think there was such a thing as "society." "Society" was one of the new things I found. I also found that the men had gone in for it. There had been organized a social club called *The Oceolas*, which gave two or three dances each winter. I was, quite naturally, invited to join this club, and I did join; thereby unwittingly starting some trouble for myself.

This social life was, in its proportionate degree, a replica of all the pettinesses of "society" in general. There were present the same snobbishness, the same envies and jealousies, the same strivings and heartburns, the same expenditure of time and energy upon utilities. And, as in "society" in general, it was the women who were the chief sticklers and arbiters; among the men there was a certain democracy. In the Oceola Club a man's occupation had little or nothing to do

with his eligibility. Among the members were lawyers, bricklayers, carpenters, barbers, waiters, Pullman porters. This democracy, however, was not exactly laxness; I knew of one or two cases in which, for one reason or another, the possession of money failed to force entrance. On one point, this black "society" was precisely like Southern white "society"—anyone belonging to an "old family," regardless of his pecuniary condition or, in fact, his reputation, was eligible. Knowledge of this fact would have struck Southern white people as funny, probably, without their being able to tell just why. In Charleston, South Carolina, colored "society" was quite old, having its beginnings among the free Negroes of that city before the Civil War. And a member of the Charleston set was as proud of his social standing as any member of the *St. Cecilia*. There were then similar social groupings in all the Southern cities, in fact, in all the cities of the country where there was a considerable Negro population; and there was an interchange of privileges like those accorded to a member of an order in good standing in going from one lodge to another. At the present time, just as with white people, this punctilious phase of "society" is fast becoming obsolete among Negroes in the larger cities.

One of the first things I did with the money I was earning as a teacher was to gratify a wish that had long been denied fulfillment. When I was a small boy I longed for two playthings, above all others: a real snare drum—not of the toy kind, but of the kind used in bands—and a velocipede. But, although around Christmas time, for a number of years, I used to lie stretched out in front of the hearth and write dozens of cajoling letters to Santa Claus, I never got either of the gifts. Once, the drum seemed to be within my grasp. Some white young men had organized a brass band, and my father had in some way stood good for the purchase of the instruments. The band failed and the instruments reverted to him. I pleaded with my father to give me the drum, but in vain. The whole outfit was displayed in the window of Campbell's music store and sold piecemeal to members of the various Negro bands. The velocipede I did not get, perhaps, because

there was no place within a half mile of our house where it could be ridden. On one of my childhood journeys to the St. James Hotel I saw a boy riding a bicycle, one of the old-fashioned, high-wheeled affairs, round and round in the bandstand that stood in the center of St. James Park. I watched him as long as I could, entranced. The rider was Ralph D. Paine, whose father was then pastor of the white Methodist church that stood on the side of the park opposite the hotel. My wish was then transferred from a velocipede to a bicycle. The time had now come and I could gratify that wish. I bought a second-hand machine of the old safety type. A Victor that weighed sixty or seventy pounds, and was almost as difficult to mount as the old high-wheeled variety. Shortly afterwards, I discarded the Victor and bought a low, light model, quite like the machines used today. It was a good investment; it afforded me exercise, fresh air, and a lot of enjoyment. I rode to and from school. On many nights a crowd of bicycle owners would meet and we would ride the ten miles of shell road that ran out from Main Street and circled back along the river into the city. Also, I got lots of fun out of the then current gallantry of teaching the art of riding to young ladies, many of whom, at the first wobbling of the machine, would with nice little screams turn loose the handle-bar and throw both arms around your neck.

I bought my bicycle from a man named Gilbert; and I stopped in at his shop whenever I needed repairs. He was a pleasant sort of man, and we grew rather friendly; so friendly that I formed the habit of stopping in occasionally when I didn't need repairs, merely for a chat. In those days the bicycle shop rivaled the barber shop as a place for the exchange of masculine talk and gossip. I used to talk freely about race and racial injustices with white men in town that I knew; perhaps more freely than cautious judgment would have warranted. I got away with it, probably, because most of the men I talked with knew my father well, and had known me since my boyhood. Once, however, I did get a mild warning. One afternoon I stopped in at Gilbert's and found a half-dozen or so white men gathered there, none of whom I knew

particularly well. I joined in the talk, which, through me, I suppose, finally shifted to the race question. I was expressing some of my opinions when I was interrupted by a non-descript fellow, who remarked with a superb sneer, "What wouldn't you give to be a white man?" The remark hit me between the eyes. The sheer insolence of it rocked me. The crowd tittered. The hot retort surged up for utterance. With great effort I collected and held myself and replied in as measured and level a tone as I could command, "Let me see, I don't know just how much I would give. I'd have to think it over. But, at any rate, I am sure that I wouldn't give anything to be the kind of white man you are. No, I am sure I wouldn't; I'd lose too much by the change." He went livid, then purple. The titter died. For an instant it looked as though a physical clash would break from the dark cloud of silence. But the young fellow himself seemed to realize that to beat me up would not improve his position in the eyes of the witnesses to the incident. He was spiritually licked. I rode away satisfied. I, at least, felt free from that regret which comes from thinking later of something that might have been said. Yet, I was disturbed; and I thought: I must go over this question frankly with myself; I must go down to its roots; drag it up out of my subconsciousness, if possible, and give myself the absolutely true answer. I made a sincere effort to do this. I watched myself closely and tried to analyze motives, words, actions, and reactions. The conviction I always arrived at was that the answer I gave the young man in the bicycle shop was the true one; and true not only so far as it went, but farther.

That same remark, implied if not expressed, has many times since been thrown at me. I judge that every intelligent Negro in the United States has met it in one form or another. And it is most likely that all of us at some time toyed with the Arabian Nights-like thought of the magical change of race. As for myself, I find that I do not wish to be anyone but myself. To conceive of myself as someone else is impossible, and the effort is repugnant. If the jinnee should suddenly appear before me and, by way of introduction, say, "Name the amount of wealth you would like to have,

and it shall be given you," I, gauging my personal needs and a sum sufficient to enable me to do freely the things I like to do, should reply, "Give me three hundred thousand dollars in (if such there still be) sound securities." If I thought of the sum in terms of some other things I might do with money, I should test the limits of the jinnee's generosity and power. If he should say, "Name some boon you desire, and it shall be granted," I think I should reply, "Grant me equal opportunity with other men, and the assurance of corresponding rewards for my efforts and what I may accomplish." If, coming to the principal matter, he should say, "Name any person into whom you would like to be changed, and it shall be done," I should be absolutely at a loss. If, continuing, he should say, "Name any race of which you would like to be made a member, and it shall be done," I should likewise be at a loss. If the jinnee should say, "I have come to carry out an inexorable command to change you into a member of another race; make your choice!" I should answer, probably, "Make me a Jew."

Among my youthful ambitions, teaching had never had a place. Not until I was about to finish at Atlanta University had I given it any thought as a vocation. But I liked the work, and I was intensely interested in my plan to develop Stanton into a high school. Toward the end of my first year of principalship, however, my thoughts began to rotate around one of my early ambitions; I thought again about one of my early ambitions; I thought again about publishing and editing a newspaper. I finally decided to undertake it. I took the few hundred dollars I had saved from my salary, borrowed from my father more than I had saved, and formed a partnership with a young man named M. J. Christopher. We planned to publish an afternoon paper to be called *The Daily American*, believing—and, so far as I can learn, we were right—that it would be the first Negro daily ever published. I was to be the editor and he the business manager; I estimated that my duties on the paper would not interfere with my school work. Two of my former classmates at Atlanta, George A. Towns and N. W. Collier, also put some money into the enterprise. We bought on time a flat-

bed cylinder press that was run by a gas engine, and the necessary composing room equipment. We arranged with a concern in Atlanta to furnish us an electrotyped dispatch service. When *The Daily American* appeared, it met with the enthusiastic acclaim of the colored people.

Alice Walker has identified Zora Hurston as her intellectual and spiritual foremother, a woman who believed in the beauty of black expressions and traditions.

Born in the all-black town of Eatonville, Hurston joined a travelling theatre group as wardrobe girl at the age of fourteen and became a novelist and journalist, and a leading figure in the Harlem Renaissance. She studied at Morgan State University, Howard University and finally with Franz Boas at Columbia University. It was Boas who sent her back to Eatonville in 1927 to conduct formal folklore research. Mules and Men, the product of her research, differs from anthropological studies of the day. Hurston does more than record the tales of the black population; she and her informants become real personalities, who introduce the reader to the lying contests and tall-tale sessions that compose the drama of the folklife of black people in the rural South.

Excerpts From Chapter 2

The very next afternoon, as usual, the gregarious part of the town's population gathered on the store porch. All the Florida-flip players, all the eleven-card layers.¹ But they yelled over to me they'd be over that night in full. And they were.

"Zora," George Thomas informed me, "you come to de right place if lies is what you want. Ah'm gointer lie up a nation."

Charlie Jones said, "Yeah, man. Me and my sworn buddy Gene Brazzle is here. Big Moose done come down from the mountain."²

"Now, you gointer hear lies above suspicion," Gene added.

It was a hilarious night with a pinch of everything social mixed with the story-telling. Everybody ate ginger bread; some drank the buttermilk provided and some provided coon dick for themselves. Nobody guzzled it—just took it in social sips.

But they told stories enough for a volume by itself. Some of the stories were the familiar drummer-type of tale about two Irishmen, Pat and Mike, or two Jews as the case might be. Some were the European folk-tales undiluted, like Jack and the Beanstalk. Others had slight local variations, but Negro imagination is so facile that there was little need for outside help. A'nt Hagar's son, like Joseph, put on his many-colored coat an paraded before his brethren and every man there was a Joseph.

Steve Nixon was holding class meeting

1-Coon-can players. A two-handed card game popular among Southern Negroes.

2-Important things are about to happen.

across the way at St. Lawrence Church and we could hear the testimony and the songs. So we began to talk about church and preachers.

"Aw, ah don't pay all dese ole preachers no rabbit-foot,"³ said Ellis Jones. "Some of 'em is all right but everybody dats up in de pulpit whoopin' and hollerin' ain't called to preach."

"They ain't no different from nobody else," added B. Moseley. "They mouth is cut cross ways, ain't it? Well, long as you don't see no man wid they mouth cut up and down, you know they'll all lie jus' like de rest of us."

"Yeah; and hard work in de hot sun done called a many a man to preach," said a woman called Gold, for no evident reason. "Ah heard about one man out clearin' off some new ground. De sun was so hot till a grindstone melted and run off in de shade to cool off. De man was so tired till he went and sit down on a log. 'Work, work, work! Everywhere Ah go de boss say hurry, de cap' say run. Ah got a durn good notion not to do nary one. Wisht Ah was one of dese preachers wid a whole lot of folks makin' my support for me.' He looked back over his shoulder and seen a narrer li'l strip of shade along side of de log, so he got over dere and laid down right close up to de log in de shade and said, 'Now, Lawd, if you don't pick me up and chunk me on de other side of dis log, Ah know you done called me to preach.'

"You know God never picked 'im up, so he went off and tol' everybody dat he was called

3-I ignore these preachers.

to preach.”

“There’s many a one been called just lak dat,” Ellis corroborated. “Ah knowed a man dat was called by a mule.”

“A mule, Ellis? All dem b’lieve dat, stand on my head,” said Little Ida.

“Yeah, a mule did call a man to preach. Ah’ll show you how it was done, if you’ll stand a straightenin’.”

“Now, Ellis, don’t mislay de truth. Sense us into dis mule-callin’ business.”

Ellis: These was two brothers and one of ’em was a big preacher and had good collections every Sunday. He didn’t pastor nothin’ but big charges. De other brother decided he wanted to preach so he went way down in de swamp behind a big plantation to de place they call de prayin’ ground, and got down on his knees.

“O Lawd, Ah wants to preach. Ah feel lak Ah got a message. If you done called me to preach, gimme a sign.”

Just ’bout dat time he heard a voice, “Wanh, uh wanh! Go preach, go preach, go preach!”

He went and tol’ everybody, but look lak he never could git no big charge. All he ever got called was on some saw-mill, half-pint church or some turpentine still. He knocked around lak dat for ten years and then he seen his brother. De big preacher says, “Brother, you don’t look like you gittin’ holt of much.”

“You tellin’ dat right, brother. Groceries is scarce. Ah ain’t dirtied a plate today.”

“Whut’s de matter? Don’t you git no support from your church?”

“Yeah, Ah gits it such as it is, but Ah ain’t never pastored no big church. Ah don’t git called to nothin’ but saw-mill camps and turpentine stills.”

De big preacher reared back and thought a while, then he ast de other one, “Is you sure you was called to preach? Maybe you ain’t cut out for no preacher.”

“Oh, yeah,” he told him. “Ah know Ah been called to de ministry. A voice spoke and tol’ me so.”

Well, seem lak if God called you He is mighty slow in puttin’ yo’ foot on de ladder. If Ah was you Ah’d go back and ast ’im agin.”

So de po’ man went on back to de prayin’ ground agin and got down on his knees. But there wasn’t no big woods like it used to be. It had been all cleared off. He prayed and said,

“Oh, Lawd, right here on dis spot ten years ago Ah ast you if Ah was called to preach and a voice tole me to go preach. Since dat time Ah been strugglin’ in Yo’ moral vineyard, but Ah ain’t gathered no grapes. Now, if you really called me to preach Christ and Him crucified, please gimme another sign.”

Sho nuff, jus’ as soon as he said dat, de voice said “Wanh-uh! Go preach! Go preach! Go preach!”

De man jumped up and says, “Ah knowed Ah been called. Dat’s de same voice. Dis time Ah’m goin ter ast Him where *must* Ah go preach.”

By dat time de voice come agin and he looked ’way off and seen a mule in de plantation lot wid his head all stuck out to bray agin, and he said, “Unh hunh, youse de very son of a gun dat called me to preach befo’.”

So he went on off and got a job plowin’. Dat’s whut he was called to do in de first place.

Armetta said, “A many one been called to de plough and they run off and got up in de pulpit. Ah wish dese mules knowed how to take a pair of plow-lines and go to de church and ketch some of ’em like they go to de lot with a bridle and ketch mules.”

Ellis: Ah knowed one preacher dat was called to preach at one of dese split-off churches. De members had done split off from a big church because they was all mean and couldn’t git along wid nobody.

Dis preacher was a good man, but de congregation was so tough he couldn’t make a convert in a whole year. So he sent and invited another preacher to come and conduct a revival meeting for him. De man he ast to come was a powerful hard preacher wid a good strainin’ voice. He was known to get converts.

Well, he come and preached at dis split-off for two whole weeks. De people would all turn out to church and jus’ set dere and look at de man up dere strainin’ his lungs out and nobody would give de man no encouragement by sayin’ “Amen,” and not a soul bowed down.

It was a narrer church wid one winder and dat was in de pulpit and de door was in de front end. Dey had a mean ole sexton wid a wooden leg.

So de last night of de protracted meetin' de preacher come to church wid his grip-sack in his hand and went on up in de pulpit. When he got up to preach he says, "Brother Sexton, dis bein' de last night of de meetin' Ah wants you to lock de do' and bring me de key. Ah want everybody to stay and hear whut Ah got to say."

De sexton brought him de key and he took his tex and went to preachin'. He preached and he reared and pitched, but nobody said "Amen" and nobody bowed down. So 'way after while he stooped down and opened his suit-satchel and out wid his .44 Special. "Now," he said, "you rounders and brick-bats-yeah, you women, Ah'm talkin to you. If you ain't a whole brick, den you must be a bat-and gamblers and 'leven-card layers. Ah done preached to you for two whole weeks and not of you has said 'Amen,' and nobody has bowed down."

He thowed de gun on 'em. "And now Ah say bow down!" And they began to bow all over dat church.

De sexton looked at his wooden leg and figgered he couldn't bow because his leg was cut off above de knee. So he ast, "Me too, Elder?"

"Yeah, you too, you peg-leg son of a gun. You bow down, too."

Therefo' dat sexton bent dat wooden leg and bowed down. De preacher fired a couple of shots over they heads and stepped out de window and went on 'bout his business. But he skeered dem people so bad till they all rushed to one side of de church tryin' to git out and carried dat church buildin' twenty-eight miles befo' they thought to turn it loose.

"Now Ellis," chided Gold when she was thru her laughter, "You know dat's a lie. Folks over there in St. Lawrence holdin' class meetin' and you over here lyin' like de crossties from Jacksonville to Key West."

"Naw, dat ain't no lie!" Ellis contended, still laughing himself.

"Aw, yes it 'tis," Gold said. "Dat's all you men is good for-settin' 'round and lyin'. Some of you done quit lyin' and gone to flyin'."

Gene Brazzle said, "Get off of us mens now. We is some good. Plenty good too if you git de right one. De trouble is you women ain't good

for nothin' exceptin' readin' Sears and Roebuck's bible and hollerin' 'bout, 'gimme dis and gimme dat' as soon as we draw our pay."

Shug⁴ said, "Well, we don't git it by astin' you mens for it. If we work for it we kin git it. You mens don't draw no pay. You don't do nothin' but stand around and draw lightnin'."

"Ah don't say Ah'm detrimental," Gene said dryly, "but if Gold and Shug don't stop crackin' us, Ah'm gointer get 'em to go."

Gold: Man, if you want me any, some or none, do whut you gointer do and stop cryin'."

Gene: "You ain't seen me cryin'. See me cryin', it's sign of a funeral. If Ah even look cross somebody gointer bleed."

Gold: "Aw, shut up, Gene, you ain't no big hen's biddy if you do lay gobbler eggs. You tryin' to talk like big wood when you ain't nothin' but brush."

Armetta sensed a hard anger creepin' into the teasing so she laughed to make Gene and Gold laugh and asked, "Did y'all have any words before you fell out?"

"We ain't mad wid one 'nother," Gene defended. "We jus' jokin'."

"Well, stop blowin' it and let de lyin' go on," said Charlie Jones. "Zora's gittin' restless. She think she ain't gointer hear no more."

"Oh, no Ah ain't," I lied. After a short spell of quiet, good humor was restored to the porch. In the pause we could hear Pa Henry over in the church house sending up a prayer:

... You have been with me from the earliest rocking of my cradle up until this present moment.

You know our hearts, our Father,
And all de range of our deceitful minds,
And if you find anything like sin lurking
In and around our hearts,
Ah ast you, My Father, and my Wonder-workin'
God to pluck it out
And cast it into de sea of Fuhgitfulness
Where it will never rise to harm us in dis world
Nor condemn us in de judgment.
You heard me when Ah laid at hell's dark door
With no weapon in my hand
And no God in my heart,

4-Short for sugar.

And cried for three long days and nights.
 You heard me, Lawd,
 And stooped so low
 And snatched me from the hell
 Of eternal death and damnation.
 You cut loose my stammerin' tongue;
 You established my feet on de rock of Salvation
 And yo' voice was heard in rumblin' judgment.
 I thank Thee that my last nigh't's sleepin' couch
 Was not my coolin' board
 And my cover
 Was not my windin' sheet.
 Speak to de sinner-man and bless 'im.
 Touch all those
 Who have been down to de doors of
 degradation.
 Ketch de man dat's layin' in danger of
 consumin' fire;
 And Lawd,
 When Ah kin pray no mo';
 When Ah done drunk down de last cup of
 sorrow
 Look on me, yo' weak servant who feels de
 least of all'
 'Point my soul a restin' place
 Where Ah kin set down and praise yo' name
 forever
 Is my prayer for Jesus sake
 Amen and thank God.

As the prayer ended the bell of Macedonia,
 the Baptist church, began to ring.

"Prayer meetin' night at Macedony," George
 Thomas said.

"It's too bad that it must be two churches in
 Eatonville," I commented. "De town's too little.
 Everybody ought to go to one."

"Dey wouldn't do dat, Zora, and you know
 better. Fack is, de Christian churches no-
 where don't stick together," this from Charlie.

Everybody agreed that this was true. So
 Charlie went on. "Look at all de kind of
 denominations we got. But de people can't
 help dat 'cause de church wasn't built on no
 solid foundation to start wid."

Oh yes, it 'twas!" Johnnie Mae disputed
 him. "It was built on solid rock. Didn't Jesus
 say 'On dis rock Ah build my church?'"

"Yeah," chimed in Antie Hoyt. "And de
 songs says, 'On Christ de solid rock I stand'
 and 'Rock of Ages.'"

Charlie was calm and patient. "Yeah, he
 built it on a rock, but it wasn't solid. It was a

pieced-up rock and that's how come de
 church split up now. Here's de very way it was:

Christ was walkin' long one day wid all his
 disciples and he said, "We're goin' for a walk
 today. Everybody pick up a rock and come
 along." So everybody got their selves a nice
 big rock 'ceptin' Peter. He was lazy so he
 picked up a li'l bit of a pebble and dropped it in
 his side pocket and come along.

Well, they walked all day long and de other
 'leven disciples changed them rocks from one
 arm to de other but they kept on totin' 'em.
 Long towards sundown they come 'long by de
 Sea of Galilee and Jesus tole 'em, "Well, le's
 fish awhile. Cast in yo' nets right here." They
 done like he tole 'em and caught a great big
 mess of fish. Then they cooked 'em and Christ
 said, "Now, all y'all bring up yo' rocks." So they
 all brought they rocks and Christ turned 'em
 into bread and they all had a plenty to eat wid
 they fish exceptin' Peter. He couldn't hardly
 make a moufful offa de li'l bread he had and he
 didn't like dat a bit.

Two or three days after dat Christ went out
 doors and looked up at de sky and says, "Well,
 we're goin' for another walk today. Everybody
 git yo'self a rock and come along."

They all picked up a rock apiece and was
 ready to go. All but Peter. He went and tore
 down half a mountain. It was so big he couldn't
 move it wid his hands. He had to take a pinch-
 bar to move it. All day long Christ walked and
 talked to his disciples and Peter sweated and
 strained wid dat rock of his'n.

Way long in de evenin' Christ went up
 under a great big ole tree and set down and
 called all of his disciples around 'im and said,
 "Now everybody bring up yo' rocks."

So everybody brought theirs but Peter.
 Peter was about a mile down de road punchin'
 dat half a mountain he was bringin'. So Christ
 waited till he got dere. He looked at de rocks
 dat de other 'leven disciples had, den he seen
 dis great big mountain dat Peter had and so
 he got up and walked over to it and put one
 foot up on it and said, "Why Peter, dis is a fine
 rock you got here! It's a noble rock! And Peter,
 on dis rock Ah'm gointer build my church."

Peter says, "Naw you ain't neither. You
 won't build no church house on *dis* rock. You
 gointer turn dis rock into bread."

Christ knowed dat Peter meant dat thing so

he turnt de hillside into bread and dat mountain is de bread he fed de 5,000 wid. Den he took dem 'leven other rocks and glued 'em together and built his church on it.

And that's how come de Christian churches is split up into so many different kinds—cause it's built on pieced-up rock.

Stetson Kennedy, the author of Palmetto Country, is a native Floridian who came to know his state through both his work with the Federal Writers' Project and on construction projects throughout Florida. Although he says he never intended to be an author, Kennedy decided to use writing "as a tool to air human grievances". He has been active in the civil rights movement and has served as a writer and spokesman for various peace organizations. Kennedy has written several books about southern culture and geography.

"Grass Water" from Palmetto Country

Florida's Everglades occupy a nearly level plain which slopes from fifteen feet above sea level at the southern shore of Lake Okechobee to sea level at the tip of the peninsula. Covering 4,472 square miles, it is by far the most extensive swampland in the United States. *Pay-hai-o-kee* the Seminoles call it, meaning Grass-Water, and for the most part that is what it is. The whole drowned plain is blanketed with tall growths of sawgrass, and differs from most swamps in that trees are generally confined to small clumps or islands.

It was in this remote region that the final chapters of the Seminole Wars were written. The chieftains established strongholds on hidden islands in its interior, and one of them, Sam-Jones-Be-Damned, sent word to the American commander that "he had never signed a treaty and never would; and he and his people would fight it out forever." When the American forces sought to invade the 'Glades, the Seminoles led them on a disastrous chase, tauntingly marking their trail with the palmetto fans traced with two muskets point to point. After much suffering from the sun, water, sawgrass, snakes and mosquitoes, the soldiers found the Seminoles had taken a stand in a cypress hammock fronted by a deep sawgrass slough. The soldiers attacked, but were completely routed.

Other expeditions met with only minor military success, but served the purpose of partially exploring the 'Glades. One force of 100 American soldiers captured a chief and five warriors, and proceeded to hang and scalp them. Bloodhounds were imported from Cuba at \$150 each, but they had been trained to trail Negro slaves, and made no headway at all in following Seminoles. Though all inter-

course with the tribes was forbidden, they continued to receive supplies by a secret water route into the 'Glades which was not discovered until many years later.

Although the Seminole Wars officially ended in 1843, after thirteen years of peace a group of Americans under Lieutenant Hartsuff destroyed a banana grove upon which big chief Billy Bowlegs had lavished years of care. When Bowlegs accused the men of the outrage, they said they had done it "just to see how old Billy would cut up." This touched off further hostilities, and in 1858 the Secretary of the Interior had to admit that "these Seminoles have completely baffled the energetic efforts of our army to effect their subjugation and removal."

But in that year a delegation of forty-six Indians from Arkansas was brought in and persuaded Bowlegs and 164 of his followers to go West. About one hundred Seminoles refused to leave, and remained hidden in the 'Glades under the leadership of Sam Jones. This band, which now numbers more than 600 has never formally concluded hostilities with the United States.

In 1850, when Congress deeded to the states all unsold swamp and overflowed lands within their boundaries, the grant to Florida was the largest ever made by the United States to any state.

Thirty years later, a Philadelphia capitalist named Hamilton Disston saved Florida from bankruptcy by purchasing four million acres of land in the 'Glades area at twenty-five cents per acre. He had agreed to drain 15,000 acres, and some canals were dug, but the work was discontinued after Disston's death. Drainage plans were carried on, however, by

the Everglades Drainage District in 1905, and the Okeechobee Flood Control District in 1929. After a total expenditure of twenty-two million dollars, thousands of acres of muckland were reclaimed and are now producing truck crops for Northern Winter markets. More than 30,000 acres are planted in sugar cane.

But the drainage of the 'Glades has also resulted in periodic muck fires which have destroyed more than 500,000 acres of valuable farm land. Most of the fires have been set by alligator hunters in order to locate the 'gator caves. In dry weather the peat-like muck burns deep beneath the surface, and it is sometimes weeks and months before the fires are extinguished by heavy rains. Thick palls of smoke rise in the air, turning the sunsets red over Miami and other coastal cities. The smoldering fires are hard to locate, except at night when dim glows show from crevices. It is dangerous to approach the vicinity, because what appears to be safe ground may suddenly collapse into a pit of fiery ash.

Stretching in almost a straight line across the 'Glades, the Tamiami Trail is one of the great memorials to the workers and engineers whose labor and skill have provided America with highways across regions where not even foot-travelers could pass before. The Trail's name was derived by compounding the names of Tampa and Miami, the major cities it connects, and was completed in 1928 after the expenditure of thirteen years of labor, thirteen million dollars, and three million pounds of dynamite.

Seminoles guided the first surveyors of the route, and a contractor observed that it would take three "m's" to build the road—"men, money, and machinery." A newspaper paraphrased this to "muck, misery, and moccasins," and someone said the project presented a perfect example of what was meant by "hell and high water."

A canal was blasted ninety miles across the limerock of the 'Glades and this material was used to build the road beside it. Advance guards preceded the work crews, destroying all moccasins in sight. To keep from losing their way, laborers moving from one labor

camp to another had to build smoke signals. The construction company could only maintain communications with Miami by radio. At night the tired workers slept in the open around campfires, and many of them were killed by dynamite, drowning, fever, and snakebite. Slowly they hacked their way with ax and machete. When things went well the highway progressed at the rate of two miles per month.

A frequent cause of delay was the sinking of heavy machinery into the mud, requiring days to extricate it. It was here that the "swamp buggy" was evolved, a contraption that moves with equal facility on water, highway, or bog. An armored version of the swamp buggy is seeing service with the United States Marines.

The Tamiami Trail affords motorists an awe-inspiring panorama of Grass-Water, beside which the road and canal seem insignificant. Over all is the vast dome of the sky and the loud silence of remote places. Occasionally a Seminole is seen poling his dugout along the canal, but the only other signs of life are the circling and wading water birds, and such animals as the raccoon, opossum, and swamp rabbit.

In 1934 Congress authorized the formation of the Everglades National Park, which will embrace 1,300,000 acres of the only tropical wildlife habitat in the United States. Already the Royal Palm State Park is affording protection to a large part of the Grass-Water.

Trembling Earth

The Okefenokee Swamp—locale of Vereen Bell's *Swamp-Water*—is about forty miles long from north to south, and twenty miles wide. Covering 660 square miles, seven-eighths of it are in Georgia, while the remainder lies in Florida. Okefenokee is a corruption of the Indian name *Owaquaphenoga*, meaning Trembling Earth. Like most Indian names, it is appropriate. Swamp folk drop the last syllable, calling it the Okefenoke, and this was also done on a map of 1810 which labeled it the Eckonfinook.

A major portion of the Okefenokee consists of water-covered "prairies" choked with marsh grasses, lilies, and bonnets. The stretches of prairie are interspersed with "bays" of cypress,

and islands or "houses" of trembling earth which support a variety of trees and other plant life. There are about twenty-five larger islands of white sand—such as Cow House, Billy's, Bugaboo, Black Jack, Floyd's, and Honeybee—which support heavy growths of gum, oak, bay, and pine. Smaller islands have such names as John's Negro Island, Roastin Ear Island, and Soldier Camp Island. The latter got its name by serving as a haven for some of the Palmetto Country's menfolk who felt no urge to fight for the Confederacy.

The swamp lies on what is geologically known as the Okefenokee Terrace, which was formed some seventy million years ago and now lies from 100 to 130 feet above sea level. It is dotted with innumerable lakes which vary in depth from two to forty feet and in length to more than three miles. Two rivers rise out of the swamp—the famous Suwannee flows southward to the Gulf, and the St. Mary's, forming part of the Georgia-Florida border, winds 175 miles to reach the ocean which is but sixty-five crow-fly miles from its source.

Both rivers are noted for the purity of their water. The Suwannee is the color of light coffee because of suspended organic matter, but contains little sediment. In the old days, sailing vessels ventured up the St. Mary's to take on water, and for a time the river's water was also hauled to Fernandina (Florida) and sold to ships at one cent per gallon. Much of the Okefenokee Swamp water is also drinkable, and "swampers" have a trick of deftly plunging a tin can an arm's length beneath the surface, and bringing it up full of cool water. And anyone can obtain drinking water by digging a shallow hole almost anywhere in the swamp.

The Okefenokee has always attracted men as a hunting ground and place of refuge. Burial mounds reveal that the swamp was inhabited by prehistoric tribes whose men were well over six feet tall. Their pottery, tools, and weapons show their culture was definitely superior to that of the tribes which came later.

A Spanish map of 1765 made this note of this region: "Lagoon and Island of Ocone, in which there is a village of Indians of the Nation

of Timuquanos, whose forebears were all Catholics. In the first years of the present century, when the British attacked St. Augustine, these Indians moved to the Lagoon area where they have since lived without Catholic communion. All that is known of them is that they retain the Catholic faith, wearing large rosaries around their necks."

William Bartram, writing in 1791, reported: "There is a story concerning the inhabitants of this sequestered country, that they are the posterity of a fugitive remnant of the ancient Yemasseees, who escaped massacre after a bloody conflict between them and the Creek nation, and here found an asylum, remote and secure from the fury of their conquerors."

Bartram also related a legend about the swamp which is still current in wide variety. His version was as follows: "This vast accumulation of water contains some large islands of rich land, one of which the present generation of Creek represents to be the most blissful spot on earth. They say it is inhabited by a peculiar race of Indians, whose women are incomparably beautiful. This terrestrial paradise has been seen by some of their enterprising hunters, who, lost in the inextricable swamps and bogs, and on the point of perishing, were unexpectedly relieved by a company of beautiful women, whom they called 'Daughters of the Sun.' These women kindly gave them oranges, dates, and some corn-cakes, and then enjoined them to fly for safety to their own country, for their husbands were fierce men and cruel to strangers.

"The Creeks further say that these hunters had a view of the women's settlement, situated on an elevated promontory in a beautiful lake, but in their endeavors to approach it they were involved in perpetual labyrinths. Like enchanted land, it seemed to fly before them, alternately appearing and disappearing. At length they resolved to leave the delusive pursuit. When they reported their adventures to their tribesmen, their young warriors were inflamed with an irresistible desire to invade and make conquest of so charming a country, but all their attempts have hitherto proved abortive, never having been able to again find

that enchanting spot. Yet they say they meet with frequent signs, such as the building of canoes and the footprints of men."

The Seminoles were the last Indians to inhabit the Okefenokee. When they made raids on surrounding settlers in 1830 a detachment of Georgia militia pursued them into the swamp; but the militiamen were no match for the Indians in traveling over the trembling earth, and had to abandon the chase. Other raids occurred in 1838, and this time a "corduroy" road was built into the swamp by laying cypress logs side by side. The Seminoles attacked, but were defeated, and since then the swamp has seen no more of red men. The corduroy road is still in use.

Until 1889 the Okefenokee was the property of Georgia, but in that year it was sold to the Suwannee Canal Company for fourteen and half cents per acre. The company set out to fell the valuable timber, and to reclaim part of the swampland for agriculture by digging drainage canals. Swamp folk insisted that the latter project could never succeed because in many places there was more water below the trembling earth than there was above it. Prime mover in the drainage project was Captain Harry Jackson, an Atlanta financier. At a cost of many thousands of dollars, a main drainage canal fourteen miles long, and a branch canal eight miles long, were scooped out. Then in 1893 Jackson died and the project expired with him.

While compiling a history of the Okefenokee, A. S. McQueen searched at length for an explanation as to why the drainage plan was not carried out. Finally he got the answer from an old Negro who had been on the spot as cook for a steam-shovel crew. It seems that after the canals were dug it was discovered that the water was not moving toward the near-by St. Mary's but was running slowly back through the swamp toward the far-off Suwannee. Completion of the canals might have raised the water level instead of lowering it. The last of the company's buildings was destroyed by fire in 1923, and now only the plant-choked canals remain.

Some of the swamp's islands have interesting histories. Cow House Island, the largest, received its name during the Civil War when

settlers hid their cattle there from foraging Federal forces. A colony was established, and the island became the headquarters of some of the Okefenokee's most famous hunters and trappers. Billy's Island, in the heart of the swamp, was named after Billy Bowlegs, who encamped there with his band before leaving for the 'Glades. After that the island was uninhabited until Dan Lee settled there with his wife in 1833. He raised corn, sugar cane, and potatoes, and fished, hunted, and trapped. Occasionally he made trips to the mainland to sell his furs and lay in a few provisions. He and his wife raised fifteen children without benefit of a doctor.

In 1908 all of the Okefenokee in Georgia was sold to the Hebard Lumber Company, which proceeded to strip the swamp of its timber. Some forty miles of railway were built on pilings, and a community of workers' shacks, a school, church, and even a motion-picture theater sprang up on Billy's Island. All this was too much for the Lee family, and they moved away; but within the year they were driven back by homesickness. At the peak of the lumbering activities 1,500 men were working in the swamp. After seventeen years the job, so far as it could be profitably pursued, was done. The buildings on Billy's Island were torn down, and the wilderness moved in. Today only a fisherman's lean-to and the wooden markers of Dan Lee's family burial ground remain. Through the swamp, rotting cross-ties and rusting rails are silent reminders of the days when the ring of the ax and whistle of the locomotive mingled with the cry of the water-bird, the scream of the panther, and the bellow of the 'gator.

The swamp continued to attract swamper-kinfolk of the neighboring people—who made a living by fishing, hunting, and trapping. Bears, deer, wildcats, raccoons, opossums, mink, otters, and foxes were plentiful, and the swamper sold their hides for cash money in Waycross. More than fifty kinds of fishes, including the large-mouth black bass, war-mouth bream, pickerel, and speckled perch abound in the swamp waters.

Transportation through the Okefenokee is accomplished in flat-bottomed "weed-boats" or *bateaux*. From ten to sixteen feet long and

drawing only a few inches of water, these craft are propelled from the stern by a pole tipped with two prongs to prevent it from sinking in the spongy bottom. A great deal of skill is required to snake them through the winding passages between the cypress trees and over the clinging grass beds.

Hamp Mizell, a typical swamper, says: "My father was one of the first to try a boat to get through the swamp instead of the old way of wading and jumping from one clump to another, all the time bogging from knee to armpits. He built a boat with just enough room for two men, dogs, guns, blankets, sweet potatoes, and a side of bacon. He always carried a small pole about eight feet long with an old bayonet on the end which was used to fight off the 'gators that would attack the boat in an attempt to drag out the dogs. Bacon and sweet potatoes were carried because they keep in good shape, wet or dry. When it was time to cook, a board was placed across the end of the boat and covered with wet mud or muck, and upon this a fire was built."

Swamp folk usually got their fish by "striking" them at night from a boat poled slowly through the shallows. The fish were sighted by pine-knot torches, and impaled on a spear. The swampers also had their own method of deer hunting, which was to hide their boat in tall reeds and wait for the deer to wade far out into the prairie to feed. Then the hunters would pole their boat swiftly between the deer and the trembling earth "houses," and the frightened deer, with its escape cut off, would flounder in the prairie and be overtaken by the men in the boat. Communal bear hunts were frequently held at night along the swamp's edge, and attracted men and hounds from the farms for miles around.

Hunters tell amusing stories of encountering bears far from their swamp fastnesses, "staggerin around like a man, gruntin like they was talkin to themselves, and not payin nobody no nevermind." After killing the staggering animals, the hunters would find them reeking with the odor of fermented mash which the bears had devoured at some moonshine still in the swamp.

The folkways of the Okefenokee swampers are similar to those of swamp folk everywhere,

though one belief which seems to be peculiar to the region is that stuttering can be cured by eating mockingbird eggs. It is also believed that a screech owl can be made to stop screeching by turning pockets inside out, turning shoes upside down, or tying a knot in a corner of the bedsheet.

In 1937 President Roosevelt set aside most of the Okefenokee as a wildlife refuge, and since then hunting and trapping have been forbidden. About the only occupation remaining for the swampers is to sell their services as guides to fishermen, cameramen, and nature students. The United States Biological Survey is making numerous improvements so that the Trembling Earth will be more easily accessible to visitors.

Up from the Sea

At the bottom of any region's culture and way of life are its natural resources. Climate, soil, minerals, water—these are the things that primarily determine how folk live, and usually these elements were themselves determined by the manner in which the land came into being.

"The world is as ignorant of the geology and topography of Florida as of Central Africa," it was written in 1885, and the observation continues to be quite true in spite of the fact that much has since been said on these subjects and even though millions of tourists have explored the coastal regions. To add to the general confusion, some folk have made a practice of ridiculing the Palmetto Country's physical aspects. For example, Carl Dann, a prominent citizen of Orlando, opens his chamber of commerce speeches with this story, "just to show how important the Danns are."

"My grandfather drove down to Florida in a covered wagon in the 1860's, but bein born and raised up in Kentucky, he didn't like such a flat country. So he got down on his hands and knees and scraped up the sand and built all the hills you see scattered around. Sometimes he scared me with this diggin, and I said, 'Grandpa, you better not dig up all that sand—you know there are a lot of places down here where you have to use a ladder to climb up to the ocean.' But he wouldn't pay no attention to me, and went right on with his

hill-makin.

"Bein born and raised up in Wisconsin, another thing Grandpa didn't like about Florida was the scarcity of rivers and lakes. So he hitched up his ox team and went over to the coast, dipped up some water with gourds, carted it back and filled up all those holes he had dug. That's how he made all these rivers and lakes with the unmentionable names—the Caloosahatchee, Withlacoochee, Oklawaha, Tsala Apopka, Weohyakapka, Thonotosassa, Okonlockhatchee, Hickpochee, Lockapepka, Hatcheneeha, Econlockhatchee, Tildepuck-sassa, Peaatlecahah, Istokpogayoxie."

The Palmetto Country rests upon what is geologically known as the Floridian Plateau, which, compared to the rest of the continent, is a mere infant of some forty-five million years. Contrary to popular belief (founded upon superficial examinations of early geologists), the Floridian Plateau was not built up out of the sea as a coral reef. For ages the entire Plateau rested beneath the sea—as much of it still does—and the foundation rock was covered with successive layers of limestone skeletons of microscopic marine life.

After reaching a thickness of 4,000 feet, these layers rose above the surface to form a large island. Winds and waves built up protective coastal dunes, and the island's interior became a vast fresh-water lake, teeming with aquatic plant life. Lake Okeechobee is the remnant of this lake, and the 'Glades mucklands owe their existence to the lush flora of those prehistoric ages. At length the island became jointed with the mainland (whose coastline had roughly corresponded with the northern boundary of the Palmetto Country). The peninsula thus formed extended only as far as the bottom rim of Lake Okeechobee, while the land and islands below this were later built up as coral reefs on top of the limestone layers—a process which still continues.

Layers of sand, and red, black, and white clay were washed down over the region from the mountains of Georgia and Alabama. The low hills of the Palmetto Country were not upheaved, but generally stand out because the surrounding terrain has settled or eroded away. The coastal lowlands comprising a

great part of the region are for the most part less than one hundred feet above sea level, and the highest hill in Florida has an elevation of only 330 feet. The region's largest commercial, industrial, tourist, and port cities are along the coast, but otherwise the coastal lowlands are thinly populated. Most inland towns are marketing centers for agricultural areas, though a few inland Florida towns attract tourists.

It was during the Pleistocene era—the Age of Man—that the glacial ice sheet advanced from the North Pole to cover the northern part of what is now the United States, driving great hordes of animals southward into the Palmetto Country. Among those present were camels, horses, oxen, swine, hippopotami, rhinoceroses, elephants, mastodons, sloths, mammoths, and such carnivorous animals as saber-toothed tigers, lions, and wolves. Fossil remains of these animals are frequently found in the region, and in the underlying marine deposits there are shark teeth, whale bones, and fossil oysters two feet long.

The spotty nature of the region's soil has resulted in extremes of exaggerated folksay. "Things grow big around here," it is said in one area. "My old man planted sweet potatoes one year, and when it come 'tater-diggin time, one of 'em was so big we had to make a sawmill job out of it. He built the sawmill and put a lot of men to work cuttin up that potato. That year everybody had houses made out of sweet potato slabs. And what you reckon they ate? They all lived off potato pone made from the sawdust."

On the other hand there are stories like this: "The land is so poor around Ocala my old man had to give away a piece a land he bought there. It was so poor he couldn't get nothin but a church to take it. Well, they built a church and called a preacher, but that land was so poor they had to telegraph Jacksonville for ten sacks of commercial fertilizer and spread it on the ground before they could raise a tune."

The limestone strata which crop to the surface in many places vary somewhat in their composition and appearance. Some are almost pure lime phosphate, and the surface wash-mining of this phosphate employs about

2,000 men. About two and a half million tons—sixty percent of the world's supply—are produced in the region each year. Other types of limestone are widely used for road beds and resurfacing, while still others are mixed with cement and molded into construction blocks. Additional non-metallic minerals mined in the Palmetto Country include Fuller's earth, kaolin, titanium oxide, diatomite, and silica.

The solubility of the limestone accounts for much of the region's pitted topography, sinks, potholes, and 20,000 lakes. It also provides underground reservoirs that hold an abundant supply of potable water. Underground waterways often cause the land surface to cave in, exposing streams like the Santa Fe and Alapaha Rivers, which disappear into the earth to reappear miles beyond. Enormous underground caverns have been washed out of the limerock, and a few of them have been partially explored. Names and dates carved into the walls of some of these caverns testify that they served as a hideout for Confederate draft dodgers.

The region has more coastline and surface water than any other in the United States. Florida's coastline alone—including islands, bays, estuaries, and other tidal reaches—extends 3,751 statute miles. Lake Okechobee, with an area of 717 square miles, is the second largest body of fresh water lying entirely within the United States. Altogether, three million acres of Florida's surface are under water.

The Palmetto Country is dotted with springs, the largest of which is Silver Springs near Ocala (an Indian name meaning water's edge), with a daily flow of 800 million gallons. Next in size are Rainbow Springs near Dunnellon and Itchetucknee Springs near Lake City. Such springs either form or swell the region's rivers, about fifty of which are navigable. The Apalachicola, Escambia, and Choctawhatchee Rivers have their sources in the hills of Georgia and Alabama, and were important arteries of travel to the Gulf during ante-bellum days. The entire Atlantic coast of the region is bordered by a series of lagoons, through which winds the Intracoastal Waterway; a popular scenic route for pleasure craft, the Inland Waterway was used during World

War II as a safe means of transporting petroleum by barge.

The disappearance of lakes is a periodic phenomenon, the best explanation of which is that debris clogs the openings in limestone lake bottoms, and from time to time rots away, allowing the water to drain off underground. When the holes again become clogged the lakes refill. Lake Neff in Hernando County (Florida) has gone through this process three times since 1917, and Payne's Prairie near Gainesville (Florida) has often been a lake. Its water drained off suddenly in 1823, 1870, and 1892, and on the latter date a small lake steamer was left high and dry. The Great Alachua Sink derived its middle name from the Indians; it means Big Bottomless Jug. Folks who live in the vicinity of disappearing lakes look forward to the opportunity to scoop up stranded fishes by the basketfull, and salt down the surplus for future use.

Another characteristic feature of many lakes in the Palmetto Country are floating islands (see those in Orange Lake, Florida). These islands are formed when decaying masses of vegetation lying under water generate enough gas to force them to the surface. The buoyant roots of bonnets, which grow as large as a man's leg, are also said to play a large part in setting and keeping the islands afloat. When the masses break loose from the bottom they come "boiling" to the surface. Resembling muck, they protrude several inches above the water, and range in size up to several hundred square feet.

Soon their fertility gives rise to a heavy growth of trees and shrubs which sometimes reaches a height of twenty-five feet, and whose weight either anchors the mass or causes it to sink. The islands have every visible semblance of solidity, but tremble or sink underfoot. Often the vegetation acts as a sail, causing the islands to drift about—but the birds which nest on them somehow manage to keep track of their particular island. The Indians often buried their dead on floating islands, believing that when the islands sank they took the departed souls on a short cut to the Happy Hunting Ground.

The Palmetto Country has not been without its geological mysteries. One occurrence

which caused much speculation was the appearance of a column of smoke and red glare over Florida's Wakulla Swamp in August of 1886, and its disappearance immediately after the Charleston earthquake. The presumption is that lightning had ignited a flow of natural gas, and that the vent was closed by the quake. Less spectacular are a series of "chimneys" near Brooksville (Florida). About thirty-six inches in diameter, and filled almost to the top with sand and humus, their rims are blackened at the top, yet show no indications of ever having undergone volcanic heat.

Way-Way Down South

*I'm goin where that chill wind never blows,
Lord, I'm goin where the climate suits my
clothes,*

And I ain't gonna be treat thisaway.

That song of the migratory farm workers who move down into the Palmetto Country each winter reveals something of the relation between climate and life. Geographically, the Palmetto Country is the Deepest South. The northernmost part of Florida is farther south than the southernmost part of California, Jacksonville lies in the same latitude as Shanghai and Cairo, and the entire peninsula is hundreds of miles nearer than Rome to the Equator.

With the exception of a few spots in Florida, the region is also psychologically the Deepest South. Even Florida is not so sophisticated as she pretends to be. Recently when a prominent speaker opened his address at the University of Florida by saying "Down here in the sticks—" he was interrupted by an indignant howling, hissing, whistling, booing, and stomping that could not be quelled for fifteen minutes. As a university professor observed the next day, "If there was any doubt about Florida being in the sticks, there was none whatever after that idiotic demonstration."

For a long time the Gulf Stream was given much of the credit for the region's mild climate, but its reputation in this respect has now fallen into disrepute. Ponce de Leon was the first to record encountering the current around the tip of Florida. In 1771 it was labeled the Florida Stream by an English mapmaker, but it was later named the Gulf Stream by Benjamin Franklin. It is actually an

enormous river whose volume exceeds that of all other rivers in the world combined. At times the waters of the Gulf of Mexico are three feet higher than in the ocean; forming a mighty stream 350 fathoms deep and fifty miles wide, they push through the Florida Straits and up along the Atlantic coast. Vessels traveling southward keep close inshore to avoid the current, while northbound ships take advantage of it.

The quantity and quality of the region's sunshine have been over-exploited, and there is no reason for flaunting the chamber of commerce school of writing on this particular subject. With a daily average of more than six hours of sunshine, Florida calls herself "The Land of Sunshine," while Miami is "Where the Summer Spends the Winter," the Florida Keys are "Where the Tropics Really Begin," and the 'Glades area is "The Empire of the Sun."

St. Petersburg has spent no less than a million dollars advertising itself as The Sunshine City, with such effectiveness that letters so addressed promptly reach their destination. Since 1910 the St. Petersburg *Independent* has given away its entire edition each day the sun failed to shine before its 3 P.M. press-time. In twenty-six years this has only happened an average of five times per year. The city's green benches, which have won such wide fame in fiction and in the proceedings of swindle and divorce cases, have become an institution whose contours are standardized by ordinance.

According to the American Meteorological Society, "Florida has the sunniest winter climate in the eastern U.S. The Florida peninsula not only has the highest percentage of possible sunshine—over 60 percent in the winter and over 70 percent in spring—but also the most intense sunlight of any lowland east of Texas. In December the intensity of sunshine exceeds that in the North by over 50 percent.

There may be some connection between this and the fact that the process of making artificial ice was worked out in the Palmetto Country. The inventor, Dr. John Gorrie of Apalachicola, built his ice-making machine in 1845 to cool the rooms of fever patients. He is one of the two Floridians who have been given

a niche in Statuary Hall at Washington, D.C.

During tourist season the sea breezes become laden with the heavy sweet scent of sun-tan lotion. Hotels, apartments, and even cabin camps feature roof sun-decks, and solariums for nude sun-bathing attract numerous patrons and planes. These modern sun-worshippers are following in the footsteps of the Indians of the Palmetto Country, who gave pre-eminence to the sun god, as contrasted to the Plains Indians who worshiped a sky god.

July and August, with an average temperature of about 81 degrees, are the warmest months in Florida; thereafter the temperature declines to an average of 59 degrees in December and January. Even in South Georgia the temperature only falls below freezing an average of 22 days each year. All this does not mean that the Palmetto Country is never cold; severe freezes have changed the way of life in whole areas, and many poor folks suffer terribly each winter.

In 1766 a freeze killed the orange groves in North Florida, where the inhabitants referred to the light snow as "an extraordinary white rain." By 1835 new groves had been planted, but in that year the temperature dropped to seven degrees below zero, permanently driving the citrus industry out of the northern part of the state. Another "Big Freeze" in 1895 killed the groves deep into the peninsula. A bright landowner in the Miami area sent a bouquet of unharmed orange blossoms to Henry M. Flagler, head of the Florida East Coast Railway. Impressed, Flagler visited Miami—then a few sand trails through the palmettoes—and was enticed by large land grants to extend his railroad there in 1896.

Colonel V. E. Stolbrandt, one of the first graduates of West Point and an old Indian fighter who was "transferred two days before Custer's Last Stand," told his high school classes in Jacksonville, "After spending three years in Alaska where the temperature went to 30 below zero, I came to Florida and almost froze to death." It is the Palmetto Country's excessive humidity, arising from its countless lakes and encircling waters, that causes a damp coldness which penetrates clothing and flesh in a manner not known in cold dry

climates.

Yet the summer heat is greatly mitigated by a general atmospheric drift from ocean to gulf—the region is really "The Land of Ocean Breezes" and "Down Where the Trade Winds Play."

Ever since the Fountain of Youth myth was associated with Florida, miraculous curative properties have been ascribed to the region's sunshine, salt air, pine groves, and springs. In 1885 the Florida Investment Company proclaimed, "Here is a land of open pine forests studded with crystal-clear lakes, and marked by an absence of fever, mosquitoes, and negroes." In 1941 W. T. Couch of the University of North Carolina said, "I hardly know what to say when a Southerner tries to tell me the South is not the Nation's Economic Problem No. 1. It makes me feel as though I were wading through a ditch with a man who insists we are standing on a mountain top." Geography and people are mixed up in more ways than one.

On November 3, 1955, Frank Lloyd Wright, at the age of 88, made his first and only visit to Miami. He addressed an audience of architects and designers, arriving late, sweeping into the ballroom wearing his red-lined cape and gaucho hat. In this speech that his wife said was one of his best, Wright ranges from worrying about the fate of civilization to criticizing the size of billboards.

Miami Architecture

We were coming in on the plane looking over this great, marvelous and very beautiful plateau and what do we see? Little tiny subdivisions of squares, little pigeonholes, little lots, everything divided up into little lots, little boxes on little lots, little tacky things.

And you come downtown and what's happening? Plenty of skyscrapers. You call them hotels. You can't tell whether they're hotels or office buildings or something in a cemetery. They have no feeling, no richness, no sense of this region.

And that, I think is happening to the country. It's not alone your misfortune.

But you, where you have all these exquisite, lovely, beautiful things with such charm, why don't you learn from them? Why don't you do something down here that belongs?

You have nothing in Miami that belongs to Miami, practically. It has a character. It has charm. It has these beautiful coral reefs, this white sand, these palms, these flowers, this beautiful growth on so slender a soil, these things that grow in salt water – trees. Think of it!

You have all these marvelous natural resources, and did you go to school to learn what to do with them? You didn't. And why didn't you? There's no such school to go to.

Why are we so ignorant that we live in little boxes and Realtors can sell us something that a pig would be ashamed to live in, really, if a pig could talk and protest?

And you don't protest. You Buy. You're perfectly satisfied, apparently. They'll give you anything you'll take. And they'll degrade you to the level of the pig if you don't look out. And you should look out.

You should have something to say. They wouldn't sell these things. This wouldn't be

going on if you had been properly educated. Because you have the feeling in your hearts, I know you have. You love beauty. You love beautiful things.

You want to live in a way becoming to human beings with this spirit and a devotion to beautiful, don't you? Well why don't you? Why would you accept this sort of thing? Why would you let them put it over on you? You say because of economic reasons.

Well if that's what this country talks about as the highest standard of living in the world, then I think it isn't at all the highest, it's only biggest – and quite ignorant.

Nature must be ashamed of these hotels that you're building down here. Nature must be ashamed of the way this place has been laid out, and patterned after a checkerboard and parceled out in little parcels where you stand on each other's toes, face the sidewalk, your elbows in the next neighbor's ribs.

And the whole thing, demoralization; there is no inspiration there. There is no quality there, nothing for a free people in a free nation. Nor are we free.

What does freedom mean? You think that it's something that can be handed to you by a political cabal or group or a president or something official? No. It's something you are. It's something you've got under your vest in here. It's something that you can be, but you earn it.

We haven't stressed conscience enough in connection with freedom because you can be as free as we're free and land in jail pretty quick if you try much of it. Unless, growing up inside it is this thing we call conscience.

It seems to me that there is no conscience in our architecture. There is no conscience in

it come from? What is it? Have you ever analyzed it? Have you ever really looked it in the face? For what it is? Is that the best human beings can imagine? The best they can do for humanity – pile them up in these great aggregations of boxes, these things that look like a diagram on the ground turned up edgewise for you to look at?

And that's the man on the street. He's stuck in one of those windows, one of those holes, and you create terraced slabs running horizontally together. I think they call it the International Style, but it's no style at all. I don't care what you call it, as long as you don't call it architecture.

Architecture begins where the animal leaves off. Just as humanity begins where the animal leaves off. Architecture begins in the spirit of man; it begins where he begins to be somebody himself in his own right and where he begins to sense his own freedom and know his power and his freedom and exercises it in the way he lives.

What is this civilization? I don't want to talk as though I was angry. I'm not. I'm really concerned, and I'm saying the things I've said for the last 60 years and they don't seem to be taking much effect yet. But a little, enough to be encouraging, because we're going to have a life in America of the spirit.

We're going to have an architecture of our own. That is the basis of a culture. You must understand that a civilization is nothing more than a way of life. The Indians had it before we got here and a better one than we seem to be able to produce in some ways.

What is a culture? Culture is the way of making that way of life a beautiful way of life.

What have we done about it in Miami? What have we done about it anywhere? Miami is no worse than any other part of the country except that your opportunities were greater. Except that you've had distinctive character of your own, except that things that grew here for you had a beauty and character, too, you'd say, of their own.

I'm a great believer in the regional so-called development. I don't believe you should have the same things in Miami that you have in the streets of New York City. I don't

believe that New York is entitled to anything Miami has naturally.

Why can't Miami be Miami? Why can't you citizens of Miami not only boast but produce something really of your own? It's all here. Now what you need to do it of course – this is going to be personal – are architects.

All that's the matter with Miami are the Miamians, they're you people. Nobody's done this thing to you; you've done it to yourself. You've allowed it to happen to you, haven't you? Of course you have.

How do you get out of it? Why don't you turn about? Go up the other way. Refuse to register in any of these hotels. Refuse to live in any of these boxes they offer you at a cheap price. As a matter of fact, they want at least three times what they're worth. Why pay it?

No. This thing has to come from you people, come from the people, come from you and nobody's going to do it for you. It intrudes on you all down the line. You live under a profit system, and a profit system consists of getting the sheep into condition where they can be sheared without too much fuss. Now I guess Miami has been sheared without too much fuss.

You know, why do you submit?

Look at the flowers. Look at the trees. Look at the beauty of your coral reefs. Look at these outcroppings of your wonderful stone. Look what you've got.

I'm not going to point to your architects... being in love with architecture, all that I've found the matter with architecture were the architects that had ahold of it. I think all that's the matter with Miami are the citizens who have hold of it.

There was a preacher once who was a very good preacher, Gerald Stanley Lee... who said that the only thing the matter with goodness in America were the people who had ahold of it. And he was right. And we are right... we've been busy on that little campus [at Florida Southern College, Lakeland], and it has something of these things in it. I beg you take a look at those buildings and you'll see they respected these things that Florida can produce. Florida Southern is Floridian, whether you recognize it or not.

And so Miami is not in the least Floridian.

I think Florida is a lovely name, isn't it? Floridian is something to be proud of, the flower region, the flower country and such flowers and such forms and such inspiration is right at your door.

I'm here because of [the] so-called Fashion Group, you know. Don't laugh, because in the sense that they should use the word and they do use it, they don't mean just clothes and they don't mean getting dressed up appropriately for a party – but fashioning. They should call themselves a fashioning group, designing group, shaping things, making things appropriate and not only appropriate to be worn, appropriate to be seen.

Who knows now when we're looking at a building what it's for? You don't know whether it's an office building or a hotel, and I'm willing to go further and say a church or anything else, a night club, a restaurant, a motel. There seems to be no sense of proportion, no sense of the appropriate. It's been lost somewhere down the line. Now where is it?

Well, let's bring it back. What's to hinder [you]? You. Only you. You folks are in the way. You folks are Miami and that's the tragedy of it. We can't do anything with Miami until you change. Until you get something in your systems you don't seem to have.

What is that? I blame it on the fact that you're educated. If you were natural, if you had the instincts that God gave you and intended you to have, I'll bet that Miami would be beautiful today. I wouldn't stand here saying horrible because it wouldn't be true. I didn't say horrible. I said something that was the equivalent but horrible was the word that came out.

My own master Louis Sullivan's definition of a highbrow was a man educated far beyond his capacity. No doubt Miami has been educated far beyond its capacity.

And that's what's the matter. You know too much and feel too little. All this thing I'm talking about is a matter of the heart, of the spirit. It's a matter of love and a feeling for nature.

This thing is fundamental, elemental, and it's a question of art and religion. Now of course, science has smashed religion for us, practically. We don't admit it and we don't like

to talk about it. We have no religion now, really. And we have no art, either. Then without art and religion we have no soul. We have nothing for the soul to feed upon.

What are we going to do to get it? How is it going to come to us, this thing you call a culture of our own? I frequently have quoted this Frenchman who was witty. He was witty, and he was correct when he said we were the only great nation to have proceeded directly from barbarism to degeneracy with no culture of our own in between.

That [is] the opinion with which we are regarded around the world. Did you know that?

We are considered to be the great nation of the substitute. An original is only good for the number of substitutes you can get out of it and sell.

Yes, salesmanship is the great American art and we are not so good even at that. I've just seen it coming down the street, seen signs the size of one of your skyscrapers standing along the street with names on it. And I remember suggesting in Los Angeles that the way now to build was to build a great sign the size of a lot in front, move in behind it and do business. That would apply to most of the things you see along the street.

Well, you did it. That's the point you won't acknowledge. That's the point I'm here to drive home to you. You're to blame for it. You know better. If you really take stock of what you really feel and know, you know better.

You want this thing I'm talking about just as much as I want it, but you don't know how to get it.

If a civilization can't get something of beauty, something of concordant harmony, something admirable born, why should it ever have been?

And when a thing goes wrong for the spirit, when the human element in it suffers degradation or denial as it does [in] these buildings you're building, what are you going to do? Put up with it? No.

This may sound pessimistic. I talked... in New York to the interior decorators, and I said something like this. And they were so offended they wouldn't allow the press to print anything concerning the interview. I think they

were quite right. I think it ought to be concealed. I don't think anything that I've said here today ought to get out.

But I do think you ought to take it to heart because it's an old-timer, an old campaigner talking to you, and for 62 years now I have some 647 buildings built. And every one of them has been a tribute to the spirit of man. They haven't been throwaways and they haven't been expedient.

So believe what I've said to you in the spirit in which I've said it. I do know something about what I'm talking about. And never have I stood up on a platform to talk to people about anything except what I myself experienced... but I know a bit about the thing I've done, and I'm passing it on to you for what it's worth. Goodby.

Gloria Jahoda was trained as an anthropologist and she used her skills to analyze many segments of our state's population. She was chosen to write a history of Florida for the celebration of the bicentennial and served as president of the Tallahassee Historical Society. Jahoda was also an elected registrar of the Creek Indian nation. This excerpt is taken from her 1967 description of Tallahassee, the "metropolis" she considered her home.

Two Hundred Miles from Anywhere Else

Tallahassee, in Leon county, is Middle Florida's metropolis and all of Florida's capital. And yet it has no orange groves, no cocktail bars, very few bikinis, no porpoises, and a history innocent of refurbishing. It lacks everything symbolic of Florida the carnival except its legislature. It is 20 miles from Georgia and 600 from Key West. Whereas St. Augustine stages a synthetic pageant and touts a made-over cathedral, Tallahassee has never cared about jazzing up its antiquities. Its weathered 1840 houses are real enough to need paint. Yet it is also a boom town. Its population is currently 64,000; this is a 10% jump over last year's figure and a 28% jump since my husband and I arrived in 1963. It is a university town too, swarming with hondas and folkniks and fraternity blades, white and Negro. The campuses of Florida State, FSU, and Florida Agricultural and Mechanical University, FAMU, are noisy with the hammering, crane-swinging, steam-puffing and pile-driving of new construction that scarcely keeps pace with the rising number of students and faculty. Tallahassee is an unsettling paradox made up of paradoxes. There is no city in Florida, or in the south, quite like it.

I am still surprised that after only four years in it I consider it my home town. Perhaps the city's hospitality has been a part of it, perhaps the never-failing eagerness to answer all my questions and to offer alien customs for me to probe. Perhaps, too, I have put down such quick roots because my husband and I found a white house set in pines, firethorns, hollies and evergreen loquat trees whose fruit, sometimes called Japanese plums, makes a tartly piquant jelly. Our Florida room—a porch is never called a porch in Tallahassee if it is

glass-enclosed—overlooks palms, azaleas, gardenias, and our neighbors' fig tree, its branches heavy with ripe figs we all pick every July. Not far away the FSU band practices in a liveoak grove every afternoon; by now I must know every note Sousa put to paper.

It is important to understand that nothing is counterfeit in Tallahassee. The backdrops of age are a factor in its political climate and its charm. Its spreading oaks have shaded its wide streets for a hundred years and were standing quietly in their dim groves a hundred years before that. New York may be older, but its trees are not, and Fifth Avenue does not constantly turn the thoughts of its romantics backwards by the way it looks. The gleaming white pillars of Tallahassee's century old hilltop capitol welcome the night-time travelers coming from the south on the Apalachee Parkway, and they are the original pillars. Camellias and azaleas bloom in Tallahassee gardens all winter and spring in the abundance of maturity, for they were never afterthoughts. Everywhere the sights, sounds, and smells of pre-honky tonk Florida assail the senses: giant yuccas topped by clouds of ivory flowers at weathered plantation gates, the virtuoso trilling of the still-tame mockingbirds in downtown cabbage palms, the mixed scents of acres of honeysuckle, pines, and acrid cypress swamps on the city's outskirts. Yet tourists speed on through, for like the heroine of Maurice Thompson's 1880 novel *The Tallahassee Girl* the city has been reticent about itself, "forever holding back." When I first moved into Tallahassee the only city guide I could unearth was obsolete by a decade, and it modestly suggested that I take half an hour to "see Tallahassee." Now I

wonder if I've seen all of it yet.

Tallahassee never knew Civil War devastation because it was the only Confederate capital east of the Mississippi unconquered by northern troops. Its porticos and vine-choked arbors still stand unpocked by a single minie ball and unburned by Sherman. Yet you can't see them from the city's two main highways, which are cluttered with the usual neon of auto parts stores and gas stations: Fill Up With Billups. You can't smell the night cestrums of alcove patios from your closed car, any more than you can know that a wild flamingo is wading along the reedy shore of the St. Mark's river a few miles south, or that chiaroscuro-striped pileated woodpeckers are nesting in backyard slash pines on the edge of nearby Lake Jackson. Sometimes at night near the capitol you will see a terrified possum crossing the Apalachee Parkway, his eyes burning red points in the glare of your headlights as you push on. But because you are in a hurry to get to what you think of as "the real Florida," or because you are in a hurry to get back north, you don't stop to savor the Florida city that boosters forgot. Nor can you see that Tallahassee has kept much of the grace of Before The War and surprisingly little of the bitterness of afterwards. Yankees, as John Torrey found, are not pariahs. Only in Tallahassee, surely, could there have been a round of parties for Harriet Beecher Stowe in 1876! In Tallahassee today, CORE picketers and United Daughters of the Confederacy sit beside each other at dinners and exchange recipes for ginger pears and pecan pie. This is because needs grown, and vice versa. The garden club is a melting pot. So are the church and the fund drive. It is no social sin to endorse speedy desegregation, but it is a real gaffe not to send your hostess flowers before you arrive for her afternoon tea. There are a lot of teas. "My grandchild," a Negro matriarch once told me, "she coming down soon from New York an I tell her, 'Bring you white gloves.' You got to have plenty of white gloves in Tallahassee." A few years ago James Baldwin complained in a *Mademoiselle* article that when he arrived at the Tallahassee airport nobody talked to him. "Well of course not!" exclaimed a reporter I know. "Who knew he

was coming? And he got here in the middle of the night." In less casual mood, the city has put demonstrating clergymen on the road crew. The City Commission closed all public swimming pools in July, 1964, after the passage of the Civil Rights law and have been deaf to newspaper editorials and citizens' petitions and southern womanhood itself asking for their reopening. In the summer of 1966 two children swimming in unsupervised sinkholes were drowned. It didn't matter.

Yet sometimes the Commissioners offer a surprise—as when, for instance, they suggested the municipal stadium for a demonstration that somehow turned into a gigantic community sing of freedom songs, and as when they give the sort of police protection for marchers that protects. This they do consistently. Tallahassee has never made the ugly headlines of Selma and St. Augustine—partly, of course, because it was never an important target, partly because its slums are scattered pockets and not huge countries of the hopeless, but partly too because city and circuit judges have handed down stiff sentences to whites who molest Negroes. Restaurant owners and motels and merchants complied with the Civil Rights law quickly enough to suggest relief at the end of the struggle. There is no Ku Klux Klan, if we are to believe the Florida inventory of the congressional committee which made it its business to find out. Negroes vote unhindered, unlike those of neighboring Gadsden county. The John Birch Society thrives. So do the Liberal Forum and CORE. SNICK has yet to arrive; that it will, Tallahasseeans are unwilling to believe. Tallahassee hasn't escaped the conflicts of history and it may see more. But above all its people are united by a love of the land that surrounds them: the hushed green forests, the half-hidden lakes, the vine-twined hammocks, and the grassy hills that are the southern end of North America's oldest mountains. I have watched many a cracker who believes he is a segregationist fishing with a Negro companion and arguing spiritedly about hook sizes and bait: worms, lures, or shiners. It isn't a formal social occasion; but the beginning of contact helps.

Tallahassee's prevailing live-and-let-live

urbanism, in the midst of country and in what is still in many respects a rurally-oriented town, is due to the universities. FAMU, formerly designated "for Negroes," is integrated to the tune of a single white student and remains Negro in everything but its label. It is, and has always been, middle class. It has a reciprocal agreement with FSU where its faculty may obtain scholarship-supported doctorates. This is in line with Florida's worship of the advanced degree as a social panacea. FSU was integrated without fanfare seven years ago. Negro students are numerous in summer and few in winter. A present enrollment of some 13,000 includes many foreign students, and there are several distinguished foreign faculty members, though none of the faculty have long stayed foreign after seeing Tallahassee. Elena Nikilolaidi, Metropolitan Opera mezzo-soprano, is a full-time professor in the School of Music and gives free campus concerts. Ernó Dóhnanyi, the Hungarian composer and conductor, spent his last years at FSU. He died in 1960 and is buried at Roselawn cemetery on the north side; Tallahassee remembers him by a yearly Ernó Dóhnanyi Day.

In spite of the city's contacts with the outside world, however, it is remarkably remote, even in a nation of open spaces. "My God!" exclaimed a New York friend who came down to see us. "This is two hundred miles from anywhere else!" Not quite. Jacksonville is 170 miles east. But New Orleans is 400 miles west, Atlanta is 250 miles north, and Miami is 500 miles south. When Tallahasseeans want to go to the big city they usually fly. If one airline runs out of ancient craft for the Atlanta-Tallahassee run, it becomes an object of charity on the part of another, which raids its hangars for ancient craft of its own. I have returned to Tallahassee by courtesy of Braniff even though Braniff doesn't serve it. One of the two airlines that does had casually reckoned it couldn't find a plane for the flight. The city still is, and must be, its own world: the old man at the corner of Monroe and Pensacola streets hawking his boiled peanuts, the avenues of festooned live-oaks in the city's very heart, rose gardens and dogwood clusters and oleanders blooming in

suburban parks, white plantation houses beyond these, set at the end of their magnolia-shaded drives that cut through fields planted continuously since the 1830's. It is all enchantingly, mesmerizingly exotic. The matrons of Tallahassee still go to 130-year-old P. W. Wilson's department store each spring to buy Irish linen by the yard. Then they go to their dressmakers. The first discount house came to Tallahassee in the summer of 1964, about as tuned to the prevailing atmosphere as a Turkish harem dancer to the DAR.

Still another paradox of Tallahassee is that FSU has newsworthy facilities like its Computing Center, a dizzy array of flashing lights, turning wheels, and buzzers, and its Institute of Molecular Biophysics, which has one of the 15 Tandem Van de Graaff Accelerators in the world. This is used in the low energy nuclear physics research in which FSU specializes. Yet five miles down the road from the Accelerator you know that Florida bears and wildcats are crackling twigs in the dim thickets of the Apalachicola National Forest and mule carts are stirring the red dust of forgotten clay roads in the pines. Snuff-dipping farmers are jogging home from the city curb market, their crates emptied of scuppernong grapes and pecans, peanuts and collards and sugar cane.

"You keep shuttling me between the 18th and the 21st centuries," one of our guests recently complained as we gave him the Tallahassee tour.

Long ago, before the conquistadores reached north Florida, Tallahassee (the word probably means "old fields") was a village of the Apalachee Indians, a tribe who grew corn and beans and squash on the fertile upland soil of their rolling clay hills. They brought oysters inland from the Gulf 20 miles south and smoked them in hickory fires under the slash pines and turkey oaks where the hills meet the sandy plains of the coast. In 1539 it was at Tallahassee that Christmas first came to America. Hernando de Soto arrived among the Apalachee with priests and soldiers to convert and conquer them. The conversions were few, but on the shores of Lake Ayavalla, now Lake Jackson, just north of the city, the

first Christmas mass in the present United States was celebrated. The priests, their black robes flapping in a brisk wind, prayed for heathen souls, while de Soto and his soldiers dreamed of finding gold and regretted the tidy courtyards of home in Spain. Today Florida is trying to acquire the site of the first Christmas for a state park. Here modern pilgrims may soon be standing on the edge of a lake where snowy egrets and purple gallinules are feeding in the lily pads. It is a dreamlike place to remember the oldest dreams in the New World: money, power, and God.

After the conquistadores came the permanent mission priests. At Fort San Luis de Talimali, on modern Tallahassee's western boundary, stood one of their chapels. It was a small building with a modest palm-thatched roof, for none of the Spanish of Florida were ever rich. Today even the ruins of San Luis de Talimali have vanished, but now and then a fragment of Spanish pottery turns up. A supermarket complex has spread to the very edge of the hill where the mission stood, but that hill is still part of a hemmed-in plantation. From 1639 until 1704 the shabby mission Spaniards lived and quarreled and sent long letters to King Charles II of Spain complaining about the shrewishness of each other's wives, while the priests exhorted them to love one another and, for heaven's sake, to set a better example for the Apalachee. San Luis was finally destroyed in a British raid. Seminoles later entered the British-held area from Georgia and absorbed the Apalachee. In 1783 Tallahassee became Spanish once again, but it was little more than a cluster of Apalachee villages by then, and the Spanish had grown hopeless about conversions. Jackson swept down like a storm cloud in 1818, conquering what he had no authority to conquer. The Indians began their flight to the Everglades. Two years later, the United States bought the Territory of Florida from Spain for \$5,000,000—but Jackson had made it, as real estate salesmen say, a buyer's market. The location of Tallahassee was strategic. It stood halfway between Pensacola and St. Augustine; in 1823 it was selected as a compromise capital. Floridians have been complaining about its isolation ever since. Its first settlers, accord-

ing to Ralph Waldo Emerson, who was advised on a southern trip not to go there because it was "grotesque," were "public officers, land speculators, and desperadoes." A braver New England tourist wrote home: "Not a house in Tallahassee is as fine as our father's barn."

After the Civil War the slaves of Tallahassee were free, but many stayed on as tenants to work the lands they had always worked. The plantations of the Bradfords, descendants of New England pilgrims, and of the Winthrops, descendants of New England puritans, still flourished in cotton, tobacco, corn, and sugar cane. If the freedmen were poor, so were their masters. Planters' wives sold what horses they had left and resigned themselves to mule wagons instead of carriages. Reconstruction was fairly peaceful. The Republican governors were—as a Tallahassee member of the old guard once whispered to me—"gentlemen of ideals, one must admit." They had had to be. Yellow fever was a deterrent to the average carpetbagger in 1870. A timber and turpentine boom followed, and northern quail hunters came, and also farm machinery. Sons and daughters of the French peasants sent by Lafayette to grow grapes began to prosper by growing pines. But the Frenchmen's first neat houses, in Frenchtown, are long gone. Frenchtown today is a refuse-littered slum bordering the campus of FSU. Its unpainted huts, some of them windowless and waterless too, sprawl through sand yards in the shade of stunted chinaberry trees, and old Negro women tend orange marigolds in tin cans on rickety porches.

Tallahassee slumbered in static decency through two world wars. "It's a great place for insomniacs," a Florida reporter cracked. "That's why it's called good old sleepy Tallahassee." It had a small air base, now defunct, in World War II. Northerners nostalgic for an agrarian past they had never known continued to buy out Tallahassee families. When they played host to duck-hunting members of the British peerage, the lords and ladies did not meet the gently poor who had gone before. In turn the gently poor knew and know little of hunting resorts like Kinhega Lodge on

Lake Iamonia, with its private airstrip and its \$2,500 a year dues.

What you think of Tallahassee depends on the Tallahassee you see. When the Florida legislature is in session the city is a hectic jam of cars, most of them bearing dummy license plates labeled "Legislator" and a few "I have accepted Christ. Have you?" Teletypes hum, caucuses meet, pages scurry back and forth in capitol halls under the portraits of past governors. Politics are the life breath of the city during Legislature, which lasts two months every two years. The power of the Pork Chop Gang, the rural county bloc, has been weakened by reapportionment and subsequent elections. But the Lamb Chop Gang, Miamians and Tampans, have fought each other for roads and hospitals for their cities while the remaining Pork Choppers have continued to agree and therefore get roads and hospitals for some of the same old boondocks after all. Tallahassee, witness to their years of strength, is the hub of a network of superhighways leading to swamps.

Then there is academic Tallahassee: science professors fighting gamely for publicity in the state press and flying to Washington to maneuver for federal grants, gentle professors of English remembering the verses of Sidney Lanier in sunlit, dusty and half-empty classrooms; industrial engineers and professors of Russian and overcrowded biology laboratories and Young Republicans and the Liberal Forum, where bearded boys and madras-clad girls dream of civil rights and the Peace Corps when they have parked their Hondas in the lot of Tallahassee's only Unitarian church. There is the sexual revolt. "At first I couldn't believe it," says the longtime and gentle FSU Dean of Women, Katharine Warren. "But..." There is the football season, which the fates have seen fit to separate from Legislature possibly because the city police force is not big enough for the potential fist fights of both. When the University of Florida 'Gators come to play the FSU Seminoles, a collective madness reigns. Radio stations stay on the air all night, and their announcers, who can't pronounce "nuclear," remember the glories of all-American Fred Biletnikoff with perfect diction, and for good measure the

triumphs of FAMU's Olympic winner Bob Hayes, "the world's fastest human."

There is also old Tallahassee. There are the patriarchs of the Tallahassee Historical Society, most of them fond of tending their famous dahlia gardens which thrive in blazes of yellow and salmon and crimson in the yards of Georgian houses. When they learned I was new in town and was starting additional flowerbeds in our back yard, they insisted on giving me plants. There are also the George Lewises. Mr. Lewis heads the Lewis State Bank of Tallahassee, the oldest bank in Florida founded by his ancestor B. C. Lewis in 1856. He is an active civil rights worker, member of a federal race relations commission, and lives in the only house Frank Lloyd Wright ever built in Florida. Not far away is Goodwood plantation, its mahogany woodwork still shining though not for Bryan Croom, its relics of Lafayette and Beauregard intact. The monument to Hardy Croom weathers in the yard of St. John's Episcopal Church, the gentleman's path to heaven. And there is the pillared Grove, a town house of Richard Keith Call, a territorial governor of Florida and Andrew Jackson's onetime protege, who wept in 1860 when secession came. Many Floridians never forgave him for his Union stand. In the yard of the Grove are the graves of several of his children, lost in infancy to yellow fever. "See what Florida cost us!" my friend Janet whispered fiercely to me as we stood in the Call cemetery one misty autumn afternoon. A great-great-granddaughter still maintains a residence at the Grove with her husband, former Governor LeRoy Collins.

Tallahassee is not all bustle and charm and grace. It shares ills with the rest of north Florida. Leon county has, like others, more illiterates than college graduates. Teachers are paid a pittance, and many of their classrooms need paint, books, scrubbing, and the exterminator. (In Tallahassee he is delicately called the Graduate Entomologist.) Most city schools are modern enough, and urban renewal has cleared the slum of Smoky Hollow, which used to fester in the shadow of the capitol. But Frenchtown remains. Some of Tallahassee's people are square-jawed pale-eyed crackers whose faces poverty and

ignorance have lined, and who predictably swear evolution ain't true and integration ain't coming. The local crackers live on the edge of town and on the edge of its life, loving their rooty land but not knowing how to manage it, loving their slow willow-lined rivers like the Ochlockonee, their catfish trot lines, and some, but not all, of their fellow men. They are as isolated as is, in its way, the carefully landscaped neighborhood around FAMU where the bourgeois Negroes live: doctors, professors, dentists, deans, their yards tended by gardeners, their roomy brick houses set neatly in gardens where poinsettias bloom in spectacular rows at Christmastime and nurses wheel babies in English prams. If there are crackers who have never strolled along the pine needle paths of the Grove, there are Negro intellectuals who don't go to Frenchtown.

Yet for the most part there is a fluidity in Tallahassee society; white society, it must be understood. Town and gown have their hostilities, never more marked than in the areas of race and the Viet Nam war, which is regularly protested by local pacifists. But opposites meet in the Audubon Society, the Capital City Country Club, the Historical Society, the Mental Health Association, the League of Women Voters, and the Florida Heritage Foundation which jealously guards old buildings only if they are worth saving. Tallahassee weeps no tears for age that is mediocre. One hundred and thirty years ago it was a frontier. Perhaps its people remember, and for this reason so hospitably receive pioneers on the scientific and educational frontier. They respect self-made men. It matters more if you have succeeded in New York than in Tallahassee. They like writers who sell, musicians who have performed at Carnegie Hall, artists who have achieved 57th Street galleries, and gymnasts who crack network television, the Tallahassee Tumbling Tots and the FSU circus. The *Tallahassee Democrat* still has headlines like "Farmers Hear Pest Talk," "Tomorrow is Yom Kipper" and "Cattle Group Elects Officers," but it assiduously reports the commercial and publicity successes of Tallahasseans old and recent, Negro and white. There is no Charles-

tonian St. Cecilia Society to exclude the new rich or the new talent. On the other hand, only academic parties are apt to be integrated, and among liberals it isn't yet possible to dislike charmless Negroes. Impressive roses and camellias are always better social currency than bank accounts. The real misfits in Tallahassee, the utterly grooveless, are those who can't enjoy any of it—the people who do mind being two hundred miles from anywhere else and mind violently. It is a city that demands love, and turns indifferent if not furious when it is scorned. If you do love it, its people, white and Negro, are the warmest I have ever known.

Tallahassee, home of the Florida Development Commission ("Wouldn't you *rather* be in Florida?") its signs taunt in blizzard-ridden states) ballyhoos everything in Florida but itself. It is polygot in terms of people, an Icelandic stockbroker for instance, but provincial in its politics and its meagre shopping facilities. It is long on courtesy and short on inventory. It is a city of memories, a city where, indeed, Aunt Memory the Conjure woman flourished not so long ago to sell charms and intone chants. Her successor is Mother Esther, whose magic is mostly prayer and gamblers' lucky lodestones and who calls herself a Priestess of the Apostolic Temple of Truth, a tumbledown frame house in a Negro slum pocket. It was Mother Esther I had first seen in the bank, her long skirts swishing as she walked away from the teller's cage. The state of Florida still officially licenses Madam Mary and Sister Fay to read palms on Highway 90. Soothsayers have only to pay the requisite fees. Tallahassee is bursting at the seams, beleaguered by road construction, full of faded glories and bustling promoters and numbers rackets. Its organized religion is a mixture of shabby wooden Negro churches and brick white ones run with the aid of IBM machines. It is history, nature, huckstering, balking, deprivation, finagling, crusading, and, always, dreaming, whether of past or future, under a sun with the punch if not the latitude of the tropics. Like all of north Florida it is waiting to be found, and when it is, it will refuse to furnish synthetic southern belles to force Confederate anecdotes on the passer-by. It

will be too casual about him. He will have to discover for himself why its stores have mops but no mop handles, why they provide bag boys to carry housewives' packages, and why oranges are scarce. He will have to fathom alone this Circean southern enclave of northerners and southerners that sells and rules Florida without being Floridian. The fathoming is far from easy.

Tallahassee suspects its provincialism. It knows there are wrongs in its race relations; but there are a certain amount of courtesy and style in them too. It is a stunning paradox made of oddities but it is never changeless. This is why it is like no other city you or I have ever seen—an outpost willing to pay for Hungarian maestros, a haven of rural philosophers who want atomic research, and a boom town which honors its ghosts. Above all it is utterly American because it refuses to be typical of anything whatsoever.

This chronicler of modern Florida grew up in St. Petersburg, moved north and then returned to Florida, first to Everglades City and then to Miami. John Rothchild, a former editor of the Washington Monthly, has written a highly personal portrait of Florida. This is a controversial work: its supporters claimed that Rothchild has captured the essence of our multi-cultural state, where hotels are cathedrals, public relations is religion and local history begins in 1920; his critics argue that Rothchild portrays Miami as Casablanca and that he has failed to understand that Florida is in the act of settlement, the newest location for the American dream.

Roots in the Landfill

Who among us is rooted in Florida deep enough to complain of strangers in our midst? The Cubans seem to belong to Miami, at least they brought their children with them, at least they come from the subtropics. They are descendants of the Spaniards who cleared out in the eighteenth century, returned to repossess.

Gringos who complain about losing Miami to the aliens are aliens from an opposite direction. That great and uncompromising sweep of Spanish-speakers across Dade County is no different in essence than the sweep of midwesterners down the west coast from Clearwater to Naples into the layaway subdivisions and along the beaches of my childhood. There the smorgasbord eaters and protected-by-Pinkertons conquered all, crowding the restaurants, calling their motels Michigananer, Illinoiser, Indianan, their subdivisions Oakwood Estates, Fox Run, and Heather, forcing the native strangers inland.

WASPs along the Gulf, Jews along the Atlantic, all migrated to Florida in discrete and impervious clusters, happy to be rid of the disturbing social mix of discrepancies they left back north, compromising with their new location as little as possible.

Two decades, four decades, it is as if Florida has never touched them. In our new Miami Beach neighborhood, there are old people on the way down and young people on the way up, passing through or passing out, but not grounded here. The Cuban woman across the street has lived on Miami Beach for twenty years and she can't speak English, the Orthodox Jews next door practice self-

denying rituals that contradict the spirit of hedonism that produced the first terry-cloth beach towel. Down the block and regardless of the season, we pass a parade of Lubavitchers wrapped in ankle-deep black coats and topped in huge fur caps manufactured for Eastern European winters.

Among my contemporaries—the middle-aged professionals who find themselves working for the local newspapers, for a university, or for some other business that has brought them to Miami—the obsessive theme is when they will go back: back to Philadelphia, Washington, New England, California. Florida is beyond the familiar geography for them; at parties and in restaurants they name the stores on Madison Avenue or describe the current show at the Metropolitan or argue about whether Bloomingdale's is on Lexington and Sixty-third or Lexington and Fifty-ninth, and thereby they stake their real claims.

There are writers of consequence in Florida, but are they Florida writers? Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings had her palmetto scrub culture; Hemingway had his Key West bar; Frank Conroy had his yo-yo; Tennessee Williams did lesser work here; John D. MacDonald wrote better books as a young novelist up North, before he moved to Florida and invented his beach bum, Travis McGee, who acts like a James Bond but thinks like a retiree; Harry Crews is in Gainesville putting snakes in discarded Deep South washing machines; Thomas McGuane got onto drugs and fish and began to sound like a Florida writer, then went off with his friends to become the Montana School of Writers because

Florida is not a medium.

This is my context—St. Petersburg, Miami Beach—my roots are in the landfill. What serious and everlasting work a landfill could produce I do not know. Certainly, there is no Yoknapatawpha County under here, dig two feet and you hit water. On Carl Fisher's muckspit, I search my soul and draw a blank.

To walk the length of Miami Beach takes three hours. The beach itself, that is, that last remaining bit of natural geologic substance, the original sand of the barrier island, has recently been replaced by an artificial beach, dredged in by the Army Corps of Engineers. The beach disappeared, in part, because hotel owners tried to capture a relative advantage with groins, the groins hastened the erosion below, and, finally, with the Atlantic Ocean approaching the hotel back steps, engineers came to the rescue with the artificial beach, made so wide that it looks less like a seascape than like the oil fields near Bahrain.

Miami Beach is resolved, the man-made process complete. It is not a live beach; a shovel does not bring up the burrowing coquina shells. It is an industrial beach, industrial in grit and in concept, industrial and roomy.

There is the strip of beach, the strip of hotels, and then Collins Avenue, running north and south. All of the archaeology of Florida from the first scoops of Fisher onward are laid out here, as in a horizontal dig. I start at the north end, where high-priced condominium apartment buildings bracket the thoroughfare like sheer cliffs. This is the most expensive Miami Beach real estate, occupied by people who once came to the beach for a vacation, and then came back the next year and the next year after that, moving from outdated hotels—that is, last season's hotels—into the newer hotels, and then into the hotels newer than that, and, finally, into the condos.

Recently, the condos have not been selling well. Many of them are vacant, the popularity of Miami Beach as a whole having declined, the action having moved to Boca Raton or Ft. Lauderdale. The Philadelphia builder whose daughter's trust fund financed our leisure at the mansion on North Bay Road still has a condo in the cavern, but he spends part of his

time at Lake Tahoe, in Arizona, or in Southern California.

Below the condo cavern, there is the Fontainebleau and the Eden Roc, which along with the Doral and the Konover are among the few hotels still worthy of good reputation. The Fontainebleau is renovated, but it has not lost its effect. Its original architect, Morris Lapidus, seemed to have poured into it every outlandish ornament he could find, although it is less ornate than the simplest of Italian churches.

There was a party, recently, to celebrate Miami Beach's sixty-fifth birthday. A contest was held for best cake. The cakes were all shaped like hotels, and the cake makers wore funny hats. I am reminded again how new Florida is, its most historic buildings still younger than its most historic inhabitants, that line of maturity when buildings predate old-timers is just now being passed.

Below the Fontainebleau and Eden Roc are the hotels from the Pink Cadillac period, the late 1940s and the early 1950s: San Souci, Versailles, Seville, Caribbean, Recency, Cadillac, Crown. They show signs of abandonment: chipped paint and boards on windows, rust stains from the old room air conditioners. Hotel rooms are being sold off as condos or with ninety-nine-year leases, or if not that, then the fate of these places is tied to cut-rate foreign group tours that depend on favorable exchange rates.

Smaller and smaller the hotels get as you walk south, with more and more sunshine, more and more openness, cheaper and cheaper rooms. We are thirty blocks below the condos now, back in the mid-1940s, where for \$40 a night you can get a space on the same beach that costs \$150 a night farther upland.

The real city has no real industry, now that the tourists go elsewhere. City fathers are asking the same question I am asking myself: who are we? Who are we, in the Florida context, means: why have we lost business? People blame the mobsters gone to Vegas, the jet airplanes that fly overhead full of passengers bound for the Caribbean, the riots in Miami, the waning of Arthur Godfrey, the erosion of the beach, the buildings set too close together blocking out the sun. Miami

Beach is a monument to the variance, the city grew up on these permissive riders, with, some say, the bribes attached.

Who are we? discussions begin philosophically and end in pragmatic desperation. When the artist Cristo painted the islands in Biscayne Bay pink and got terrific publicity, one Miami Beach city commissioner proposed that the entire city change its name to Cristo City and paint itself pink. Others seek to bring back gondolas, elephants, singing seals, Fisher's Venetian canals, concrete decorative arches that straddle islands. Florida was never more than an image in the spectator's eye.

I have a preference for failed resorts, and it is Miami Beach's failure I enjoy most of all. Failed resorts are the solace of the pleasure-loving iconoclast. There is a kind of integrity in low occupancy; we sensed it, at first, in Everglades City, one of those unusual Florida places where people were not selling you anything, where you were not the object of their commercial interest. Since so much of the Florida wilderness is uninhabitable, the best substitute for a liberating communion with nature is a communion with distressed real estate.

Around and below the kosher restaurants and the fruit stands is the art deco district, now with full and federal historic designation. Where else in the country can fifty-year-old architecture be deemed historic? It didn't happen with the help of our city fathers—in their search for who we are, the last and the least acceptable suggestion to them is: we are what we were. They resisted the art deco district, perhaps because there is less boodle in preservation than in new construction, perhaps because the glorifying of an actual past defiles the very essence of Florida's appeal, which is an escape from everything real.

New Yorkers and Washingtonians thought the Miami Beach art deco district was worth saving, the Soho crowd, the young Upper West Side aesthetes, artists, writers, cameramen. Barbara Capitman, an energetic woman who came here from Pittsburgh, enlisted the supporters, got the designations, inspired the art deco movement. Friends of mine, who

came to Miami Beach only to visit their older relatives, now had a reason to like Miami Beach themselves. On the frontispieces of \$150-a-week pullmanettes with hot-plate kitchens are jolly designs, the two- and three-story hotels and apartment buildings are painted up like so many Aztec souvenirs, arranged in a straight line along Ocean Drive for sixteen blocks, and facing the oil-field beach.

Back to the sea, the art deco poster says. The district has brought us back, people too young to have come here in the first place, people who grew up in the 1960s, an era too serious to be adopted as nostalgia, skipping a generation, deciding to remember the Big Bands.

Out on the beach is a hot dog stand, its patrons are mostly Latin Americans who don't appreciate art deco. Along the street in front of the Cardozo and the Carlyle hotels are life-sized cardboard reproductions of F. Scott Fitzgerald characters, stood up like targets. Don Goldie and His Jazz Express are playing a forties song, a seventies woman in a fifties dress and with a thirties hat is dancing. Beyond the jazz band are the chickees of Seminole Indians, permanent structures that clash with the hotels. The jazz saxophone clashes with the electric guitar from a country band set up a block south.

Through and around the Fitzgerald mock-ups prance Mexicans in studded black pants, Mexicans with marimbas and fluegelhorns. They are playing "La Adelita" and "La Cucaracha." They end up on the porch of the Carlyle. The Carlyle has recently been purchased by Cavanagh Properties, its old business retirement subdivisions on the Florida west coast.

Allies of Leonard Rosen; in Florida, everything reverts to the essence. Cavanagh or its subsidiaries have emerged twice from Chapter 11 bankruptcy, first in Florida land and later in Atlantic City real estate. The porch gossip is that they look out across this stretch of seven art deco hotels they have purchased from the art deco believers and they ask "Who are we?" and the answer is: casinos.

I am sitting on the Carlyle porch, drinking wine, listening to the simulcast of Mexican

fluegelhorns, the jazz saxophone, the electric guitar, peering at the Fitzgerald mock-ups and through the deco tents, out across the oil fields and into the Atlantic beyond, having a great time, liberated by absurdity.

The "official" future of Florida anticipates continued growth in the state's economy, but a number of surprise events could alter the picture radically. This article considers the "official" scenario and three others, including a depression and hurricane scenario and a transformation scenario that assumes radical changes in society's values. All four scenarios predict the influence of growth upon our sense of community. This article is adapted from the Institute for Alternative Futures report "Florida Futures: Alternative Scenarios for Florida in the Year 2000", commissioned by the Florida House of Representatives Advisory Committee on the Future.

Four Scenarios for the Sunshine State

Most governments—and individuals—operate with a singular vision of what the future will be like. This "official future" is often not even clearly developed, yet it guides one toward a presumed future that is usually a straightforward extrapolation of past trends. Budgets and decisions are based on this view.

But since the future is uncertain, this practice is dangerous. Unforeseen surprises unbalance budgets and give decisions undesirable side effects.

The practice of simply extrapolating the past into the future can lead to slow and costly reaction times when surprises do occur. In Florida, for example, the designs for state government buildings based on cheap energy were not revised when the energy crisis sent prices skyrocketing in 1973. As a result, fully air-conditioned buildings with windows that do not open were built in the mid-1970s in parts of the state where for several months of the year little or no air conditioning is needed. Likewise, the preoccupation with a single future left Florida less prepared to respond to the Reagan administration cuts in social programs or the recession of 1982.

This uncertainty about the future is an extremely important political reality. And it is not likely to be resolved in the next few years—indeed, it will probably increase. Therefore, we need to learn to take it into account instead of repressing it.

Many governments have initiated experiments to begin dealing with the future's

uncertainties, including the design of "alternative scenarios" for their areas. In Florida, the legislature recently created an Advisory Committee on the Future. One aspect of their work was to have the Institute for Alternative Futures develop multiple scenarios for the state.

The lessons from Florida apply to other states as well. As John Naisbitt has pointed out in *Megatrends*, Florida is a bellwether state. For instance, its proportion of elderly is now what the whole country's will be in the year 2000. Florida's large and growing population of Hispanics and its particular susceptibility to environmental degradation make it a state to watch. And its pronounced urban-rural, racial, cultural, and demographic diversity make Florida a good setting for exploring the future.

The alternative scenarios we have created are prototypical for any state; namely, an official future, which is usually an extension of the past and assumes continued growth; a new federalism scenario, which assumes that state governments are given more responsibility with less funds; a "what could go wrong" scenario, in Florida's case a combination of depression and major hurricane; and a scenario that explores larger trends in technology and values of the type Alvin Toffler has identified in *The Third Wave*.

The "Official Future":

Continued Growth

Background: The "official" image of the future is the one on which policymakers and

citizens base their decisions. It assumes that tomorrow will be an extension of today, with growth continuing at a predictable rate: Florida's population grows at 2.6% per year, reaching 12.3 million in 1990. Tourist visits grow by 4.3% and real personal income by 4.8%.

While not as optimistic about the economy as it might be, the official future assumes that the success of supply-side economics allows hard times to be overcome. Florida (and the United States) achieves a healthy growth rate.

The Year 2000. Florida benefits from a healthy U.S. economy, and continued growth in both the nation and the state result from more competent and effective management, technological ingenuity, and consensus on key policies.

Florida's success is caused in part by the avoidance of problems through good management and good luck and in part by the fact that many problems were just not as serious as they had seemed in the late 1970s and early 1980s. For example, no serious energy shortages or large price increases have emerged. No limits on water quantity or quality have been reached that cannot be dealt with by moderate price increases and technology.

The predicted eco-disasters such as the "greenhouse effect," which was to melt the polar ice caps and cause a rise in the sea level sometime between 2020 and 2050, have proved to be way off base. The 1980s and 1990s found the state as lucky as in the 1970s. There have been no major or particularly destructive storms.

The CIA's forecast for a second and third version of the 1980 wave of Mariel immigrants (either from Cuba or another Caribbean country) has not come to pass.

The relationship between state and federal governments remains relatively unchanged, but regulation has diminished in most fields.

Florida continues to attract multinational corporations; Miami's role as an international financial center has grown significantly.

During the 1980s and 1990s, the state successfully attracted new manufacturing, particularly the electronics and communica-

tions industry. In fact, Florida did well in the race among states to attract the "sunrise" communications firms; Florida now has counterparts to California's Silicon Valley in the southeast, southwest, and central regions of the state.

Some of the results of this two decades of success include growth in labor productivity and in the role of services and "post-industrial" production and information technologies. The average Floridian finds employment to be more satisfying, and the average workweek varies between 30 and 35 hours.

The communications revolution wired the residents of the state in ways barely imaginable in the early 1980s. Much shopping is done via two-way cable or viewdata systems; children now ask why the commercial section of the electronic directory is called the "yellow pages"; and many companies allow employees to use their own home computers or the company's portable workstation to work at home. Part-time and flex-time employment is easier, thanks to the computer-assisted management techniques that became increasingly effective during the 1980s.

People continue to move to Florida as the state's amenities continue.

Tourism remains a mainstay, growing from 32 million annual visitors in 1980 to 55 million in 1990 and enjoying continued growth to the year 2000.

Floridians of the year 2000 are generally optimistic. They have few anxieties and are strongly oriented toward high achievement and the desire for material consumption; they are highly mobile and care a great deal about how they spend their leisure time and money. They feel that life is better than it was in the early 1980s.

The New Federalism Scenario

Background. Unlike the Continued Growth future, the New Federalism scenario assumes significant federal cutbacks in funds to state and local governments. The federal government maintains a deficit that, along with other factors, keeps interest rates high, and the economy suffers slow growth.

The federal cutbacks hurt the cities even more than the state government. While federal funds at the beginning of the 1980s were

about 22% of the state's budget, they were between 30% and 44% of the budgets of cities (the larger the city, the higher the percentage of federal funds).

As in the Continued Growth scenario, we assume that the weather is benign during the 1980s and 1990s.

The Year 2000. Life in the New Federalism scenario is very different from that in Continued Growth. City and state governments have begun to look wistfully on the 1970s, an era of growing federal funds, yet a time when the infrastructure, particularly roads, bridges, and water and sewer systems was not adequately maintained.

The infrastructure bill came due in the 1980s when there was much less revenue for needed repairs and replacements. The state was not able to give localities much assistance, except for some critical areas such as water, sewers, and airports. User fees have now become much more common and much larger as they begin to reflect true costs.

Roads have become more congested. Public transportation eases the congestion somewhat, although fares are high since governments are unable to subsidize more than a small portion of the operating and maintenance costs.

Automation-related unemployment has become more serious, and crime rates continue to increase. While the infrastructure crunch means that many state priorities, such as education, are greatly squeezed, public safety has remained a high priority in state and local budgets.

The aging population has exacerbated many of the nation's economic problems. The Social Security system was forced to raise the age for retirement benefits from 62 to 67 and to institute a needs test to ensure that only the neediest receive support. The shift in the age requirement, and a similar shift in most private pension plans, means that many senior citizens who might have moved to Florida for the last 10 or more years of their lives decide that a move is not worth it for an average life expectancy of only five or so more years. The largest impact, however, has been on the level of personal income in the state because of cutbacks in benefits.

As the elderly have grown as a proportion of the state's population, their demand for more and better health-care services has increased. The federal government took over Medicaid as part of the New Federalism bargain. However, benefits under the federal program were reduced and ceilings put on total expenditures for the state. Thus, the state must absorb much of the increased health-care costs of the elderly not covered by other plans.

The shortage of funds for education is particularly acute. The statewide demographic changes mean that there are now more people over 60 who years before contributed to public schools for their children. These retirees are not happy about, but accept, sales and property tax increases to maintain the infrastructure, but they increasingly oppose such increases for education. As the political clout of this population group increased significantly in the 1980s and 1990s, those county school systems that redirected their efforts toward meeting adult educational needs fared better than those that concentrated almost exclusively on children.

Vocational and technical education is less important in the schools as companies around the state now take more responsibility for training employees and potential employees, and a growing number of commercial profit-making schools offer a wide range of vocational training.

In general, Floridians in the New Federalism scenario have responded to the tightened economy with life-style changes that reflect a partially restored "thrift ethic."

The Depression and Hurricane Scenario

Background. The Depression and Hurricane future is a worst-case scenario in which we explore how "hard-luck surprises" could drastically alter the expectations of the "Official Future." We have chosen just two of many undesirable but possible surprises that could bring hard times to Florida: a depression in 1985 followed by a major hurricane in 1995.

Other things that could go wrong include:

- Nuclear war.
- Energy shortages or large energy price

increases.

- Pollution of a major aquifer by salt water intrusion or toxic waste seepage.
- Climatic change (the beginning of a long-term cooling trend, or a warming trend caused by the greenhouse effect).
- Severe problems with the Florida or U.S. food system (possibly related to energy, water, or climatic problems).
- Serious degradation of water and air quality because of overcrowding, deforestation, loss of wildlife, or drainage of wetlands.
- Large waves of refugees and immigrants.
- Severe cultural or racial tensions.
- More authoritarian government to deal with growing crime and social unrest or worsening environmental and public-health problems.

Both a depression and a hurricane are plausible hard-luck surprises. In 1982, the United States suffered its worst economic conditions since the Great Depression. While the nation now appears to be recovering, the prospects for even more severe hard times are still present. Among the circumstances that could trigger a depression are continuing high deficits and interest rates, protectionism and trade wars, bankruptcies of a few major corporations, and failures in the banking system, possibly caused by loan defaults by Third World or Eastern European countries.

Florida's exposed geographical position makes it particularly vulnerable to tropical storms. Statistically, Florida can expect to be hit each century by 61 hurricanes with winds over 100 miles per hour and by 21 with winds over 125 mph. The Miami area has a 79% probability of being hit by hurricane-force winds during the 1980s, and Tampa-St. Petersburg has a 40% probability.

The Year 2000. The Depression of 1985 made the slow growth of the 1970s and early 1980s seem like a happy memory. Unemployment hit 15%, with regional pockets around the country at 35%. Income tax and Social Security payments to the federal government plummeted. State and local governments cut back to the most essential services: water, fire, and police.

The infrastructure deteriorated significantly in the 1980s and early 1990s. Standards for

road repair and replacement were lowered, but most of the roads failed to meet even the reduced standards. Congestion became severe in the early 1990s. Some communities began to repair their own potholes because state and local governments were unable to do so.

The illegal underground economy (e.g., drug sales), estimated in the early 1980s to be about 15% of the formal gross national product, increased significantly. The informal economy (nonmonetized exchange of goods and services—for example, bartering) also increased, as did producing for one's own consumption.

Earlier notions of local charity and caring returned, as citizens had to take care of many welfare and emergency services themselves. The size of the average household increased as extended families and unrelated individuals were forced to band together for economic survival.

In Florida, the tourist industry was hit very hard. The more expensive large resorts survived while those catering to the middle class suffered, though some businesses catering to the frugal visitor were able to make it.

Communications companies were interested in Florida but were unable to move or build new facilities to any great degree. Instead of "silicon valleys" spread around the state, there were a few "silicon chips."

Politics became more contentious during the depression, as every constituency fought for its share of the shrinking state budget. Militancy among those hurt the most—minorities, women, the poor, and the aged—led to more effective organization among those groups. Some groups such as environmentalists lost clout. The fact that government had little to work with meant that some of the more disaffected groups were ready to use violence or sabotage as a tactic.

Many pension funds folded, so the elderly were as hard hit as the younger folks who lost their jobs. Senior citizens who owned their homes were better off than their neighbors with mortgages or those unable to pay their rent. Many left the state to live with their families.

Florida still attracted its expected share of immigrants, though many more than expected settled in the northern parts of the state where they could be more self-sufficient than in the southern urban centers.

Florida and the nation were beginning to revive economically by the mid-1990s when nature struck. The hurricane that hit in 1995 had 130 mph winds reaching out up to 15 miles from the center. It made landfall at Miami Beach and headed due west across the state. In the Gulf of Mexico it slowly headed north and regained strength. As it was heading north toward Pensacola it was deflected due east making landfall slightly north of the mouth of Tampa Bay.

Hundreds of people died, and thousands lost their homes. The only buildings that fared well were those that had been voluntarily built to withstand 140 mph winds (the building code required only a 110 mph standard). Property damage estimates ranged from \$25 to \$35 billion (1982 dollars).

The hurricane damage to the public infrastructure was estimated \$2.5 billion (1982 dollars). Many roads and bridges in the Miami and Tampa areas were virtually impassable for months.

Power and telephone systems and water and sewer systems all sustained major damage. Federal disaster relief funds and related programs had been greatly diminished during the depression and have only been able to deal marginally with the damage.

The beaches were badly marred by the hurricane, and tourism declined yet again from its post-depression doldrums, further slowing efforts to rebuild.

The price of energy has not declined much, unlike the Great Depression of the 1930s when there was a surplus of fuel. Expensive energy causes severe hardships for many. The old adage that "without air conditioning Miami would still be Orange City" is proving true. Many residents who cannot afford air conditioning are forced to leave Miami and other urban areas in southern Florida during the summer. Among the elderly, many deaths are attributed to staying through the summer in apartments and condominiums without air conditioning.

Lower wages have forced many people to downgrade their living standards. For example, many have shifted from air conditioners to electric fans and from private cars to buses and bicycles, and more people crowd into each square mile and each 1,000 feet of built floor space. Floridians have learned what the Japanese have long known—that families can get by on much less space, especially if there is no choice.

The depression and the costs of rebuilding after the hurricane shattered the funding of the school systems. Some schools have been consolidated, and many teachers have lost their jobs; those who remain are paid less. The quality of most schools has declined, but many school systems concentrate their diminishing resources on one or two very high quality schools, similar to Boston Latin Grammar or other superior public schools in older cities of the Northeast.

Survival skills such as home gardening and equipment maintenance are more common as school subjects. The more affluent schools have access to sophisticated communications and computer technology, but the gap between the information-rich and the information-poor has widened.

Apprenticeship programs are more common and far more important. In the hard times of the Depression and Hurricane future, people are ready to apprentice themselves at little or no wages in order to get back into the job market.

The Third Wave Scenario

Background. In the Third Wave future we explore the possibility that some of today's leading-edge trends in values and technology could unfold with surprising speed. Unlike the Continued Growth scenario, which assumes that the future will be much like the present writ large, the Third Wave future assumes that emerging trends could produce a fundamental change in civilization. In Alvin Toffler's terms, agriculture was the first wave, industrial society was the second wave, and an emerging post-industrial society is the third wave of human civilization.

The Year 2000. Life in the Third Wave future differs radically from that in the Continued Growth scenario. While many advances in

technology, such as the growth of telecommuting and electronic shopping, were foreseen decades before, the revolutionary impacts of this changing technology were largely unforeseen: Neighborhoods and communities, for example, now use sophisticated software to learn and plan together, and consumers use participatory networks to evaluate products of all kinds.

Family structure has become more diverse, as some people have adopted the ideal of a strengthened nuclear family, while others have rediscovered the extended family or built new kinds of family clusters from among their friends. As a result of greater emphasis on the caring and nurturing functions of the family, welfare demands on local governments have declined and fewer retirees migrate to Florida.

The informal economy of exchanges between individuals, families, and local groups has enjoyed spectacular growth. At the same time, what Alvin Toffler labeled "prosumption" has evolved rapidly; individuals and neighborhoods now produce more goods and services for their own consumption, including food, energy, home maintenance, health care, and entertainment.

In Florida, condominium associations have become centers for prosumption, sponsoring cooperative ventures such as community gardens, preschools, solar energy conversions, and computer workstations.

The growth of the informal economy and prosumption poses a problem for governments, some of which try to identify and tax these exchanges to avoid losing sales tax revenue. Ultimately, however, most jurisdictions decide that, besides being difficult to identify and tax, these activities have the positive social and economic effect of re-establishing the "community glue" that industrial society traded for individualistic material growth. Rebuilding this "community glue" has actually reduced the public safety and welfare burdens on state and local governments.

The communications revolution, combined with more visible and participatory forms of planning and budgeting, allow the residents of local "ward republics" to play a

larger role in shaping the future of their communities.

Corporations in Third Wave society are more responsible community members than they were in the heyday of the industrial era. Corporations now devote considerable attention to the side effects (economic, political, social, and ecological) of their activities, and do their accounting on the basis of the multiple bottom lines these side effects require.

Energy use is strikingly different from that in 1980. Total primary energy consumption has declined nearly 20% since 1980, but economic growth has continued because of dramatic improvements in the efficiency of energy use. For example, average auto fuel efficiency increased from 16 miles per gallon to 35 mpg in 2000, and the economy cars now typically get 60 mpg or better. New homes use on the average only one-fourth of the energy used by homes built in 1980, and "low energy" houses require little or no purchased energy for heating and cooling.

Renewable energy has become a major focus of innovation and entrepreneurship. Technical improvements and cost reductions in the 1980s and 1990s rapidly brought a diverse array of renewable technologies into the marketplace. Nuclear power has begun to decline as the oldest plants are being decommissioned. Efficiency increases and biomass fuels have virtually eliminated the need for synthetic fuels from coal and other fossil sources.

Major life-style changes took place during the last 20 years as an ideal of "plenitude" or "elegant simplicity" replaced the ideal of unlimited affluence for many people. More people began to work part time or to work at home during the 1980s and 1990s.

Infrastructure in Florida is more extensive and is in better repair than in the early 1980s. One major factor was a change in attitude. The importance and the cost of various infrastructure investments became more clear to the residents of the state during the 1980s and 1990s. This, along with life-style changes on the part of many, led to a reduction in the demands put on the water and sewer infrastructure per person and to a

greater sense of community preservation of infrastructure.

The mix in the transportation system is very different from what it was 20 years ago. Public transport now carries 20% of the peak-hour work-related travel, as well as much inter- and intracity recreational travel. Van pooling, car rental, and community car ownership have also allowed a significant reduction in the reliance on the single-family automobile of the early 1980s. For short trips, more people now use bicycles.

As the industrial era faded into the Third Wave, society's changing attitudes began to be reflected in education in a variety of ways. Education has become a real marketplace. The state now allows local-option vouchers or tax credits. Families are more explicit about the educational approaches and values they want for their children and choose their schools accordingly.

Students no longer move along on sequential age-based learning steps. The primary skill that they are expected to have mastered is "learning how to learn."

Another major change is the increased emphasis on "right-brain learning." Techniques such as relaxation and autosuggestion are used to aid concentration and rote learning. Other techniques like body awareness and mental imagery, provide greater access to unconscious processes of creativity and intuition.

Thinking About the Future.

The contrasts between the Third Wave Scenario and the Continued Growth, New Federalism, and Depression/Hurricane futures highlight important uncertainties about potential changes in the goals, technologies, and economic patterns of society. How can scenarios such as these help us think more creatively about the future?

Our experience shows that thinking in terms of a range of alternative futures forces people to examine their assumptions about "what will be." This brings obsolete assumptions to our attention and challenges comfortable beliefs about what is natural or inevitable.

In addition, it leads people to examine options that can maintain flexibility in the face

of uncertainty. For example, an array of conservation-forcing regulations and incentives might be appropriate for the Third Wave future but would be incompatible with the Continued Growth future. However, vigorous efforts to remove institutional barriers and market imperfections that block cost-effective improvements in energy efficiency would be compatible with all the futures.

Thinking in terms of alternative futures can help us expand our imagining capacity in making the decisions that are vital to our lives. Going beyond a single, "official" future to explore plausible alternative futures can stimulate our imagination and enable us to more consciously choose and create the future we prefer.

In 1983, the editors of Florida Trend asked Governor Graham and John D. MacDonald, creator of detective Travis McGee, for their views on Florida's growth. MacDonald criticized the short-sightedness of political and business leaders who control our communities with visions that primarily embrace present economic interests. On the other hand, Graham called upon educational leaders and institutions to make our state attractive to high tech industries and multinational commerce, and to become a leader in "social invention". These two views are not exclusionary, but the authors identified different bases of power. Can these forces described by both authors work together? The future of Florida depends upon the recognition that these interest groups are part of one community.

Why a Quarter-Century of Growth May Not Have Been Progress

By John D. MacDonald

Few things in this life are as boring as some old fool telling you how great things used to be in Florida.

We came here 35 years ago — 10 years ahead of the first issue of *Florida Trend* — and lived in Clearwater for two years before moving south to Sarasota County.

Several years later we went back to Clearwater on a visit.

It had always been especially restful and refreshing, after a lot of errands in town, to drive back home, out across the causeway and the bridge to Clearwater Beach, to look over the rail at the broad glassy bay. It was shocking to discover when we returned that one could go halfway from mainland to beach and turn right!

There was bay-fill development down there, white roofs, tidy yards, boat docks and flower beds. I could have found a hillock in New Jersey or Ohio that would have provided me with the same view.

In a moment of revelation, it struck me that I had been deprived of something against my will. And so had everyone who would ever cross that bridge again. Some of us would know what had been done to us. And the newcomers would never know.

And *that* is why a sensible conservation of our views and vistas has been so uncommonly difficult in Florida. If you were not born here, surely you can remember that marvelous feeling you had when you first arrived. The softness of the air, the blue of the water, the dip and cry of the water birds, the broad beaches. Fabulous, right? And that is *precisely* the way the newcomers feel who arrive today, and how the ones who arrive tomorrow

will feel.

The ones who got here five years ago will have now become a little restive about increasing traffic, constant construction, more noise, more smog, longer lines. And, in about seven years, they will be ready to join the ever-increasing throng who are trying to find some way to go up to the Georgia border and slam the gate shut. An infantile wish. There is no way — absolutely NO way — to stem the great tide. Savings, pensions, Social Security, longer life expectancy, high fuel costs up North, a cycle of bitter winters — all these factors are going to keep them coming down to stay. And I am not even mentioning Disney World or the lack of a state income tax.

Our badly designed highways are going to become ever more crowded and dangerous. Water supply will become more critical and more precarious — and much more expensive. State, county and municipal services will make desperate efforts to catch up, but will fall ever further behind. But it is always going to look just perfect to the new arrivals, because it is so much more pleasant than what they left behind. If they catch one fish all day, they take a picture of it. Those new arrivals in their vast numbers so dilute public indignation about the decay of the environment that far less gets done than should be done. Purchases of recreational land are rare and stingy. We have almost as much trash per square yard of land as do St. Croix and Jamaica. Urban blight erodes the hearts of the cities while heavy traffic destroys once-fashionable neighborhoods, and grass grows

in the wide parking areas of defunct shopping centers.

As a graduate of Harvard Business School, I am not about to castigate the business community for all our woes. But there is some blame to be assessed. Recently the *Sarasota Sunday Herald-Tribune* published a letter from a developer saying how we should all approve of a large responsible corporation putting in a high-density waterfront development in downtown Sarasota because it would consist of fine buildings filled with fine people who would enhance the tax base.

His problem is the inability and the lack of desire to look 50 years down the road. Those fine people will be dead and gone. Those fine buildings will be in such an advanced state of decay ordinary maintenance will have practically ceased. And under the condominium concept — a legal device not much older than this magazine — not only is there no special incentive to build for the ages, as the developer has his capital back and is out of the picture as soon as the last unit is sold, there is no incentive to minimize future maintenance expense — as the builder will be long gone as well.

And we are where we are today because in 1958 our leaders were not looking 25 years down the road, to say nothing of 50. On some days looking 20 minutes ahead seems standard practice.

Who are our leaders in county and city government, and in Tallahassee as well? For the most part they are people who have a personal financial stake in growth, directly or indirectly. They are lawyers, real estate brokers, insurance agents, stock brokers, developers, contractors and ranchers. They run for office not only because they are, by and large, gregarious people, but because being in the public eye cannot help but enlarge their circle of friends and acquaintances and thus make them more successful. Because politics is the art of compromise, they need be mindful of the hopes, dreams and wishes of their fellow office-holders. The public has a very short memory for campaigns and causes. The man who wants a zoning exception is willing to come back every year.

Though each might be a walking miracle of wisdom, integrity and unselfish behavior, the

resonant effect of so many in the choir singing the same tune has a sorry effect on the way we have controlled our explosive growth.

Additionally we have, through the financial disclosure law, made too many of our most qualified people forego public service. As money is a reasonable measure of ability in the fields above named, in a world as full of crazies as is ours, a very successful man must have lots of second thoughts when he contemplates having his net worth published in the local newspaper. And through too strict an application of the sunshine law, and too much eagerness to use it as a political weapon, we have made delicate negotiations almost impossible to pursue with any hope of success.

In addition to the lack of vision among our chosen leaders, we have a kind of general ignorance and indifference on the part of the populace. This may be due to deficiencies in education. As a simple example, most of the people who come down here do not know that the mighty oceans are, except for plankton and krill, barren and empty of life. The life of the seas begins where the sea and the shore meet, in the estuaries and upon those "unsightly mud flats," a phrase used thousands of times by the dredge-and-fill people before various commissions and regulatory bodies.

They do not know that draining the swamplands and digging canals not only decreases the percolation of fresh water down to our limestone aquifer, but by diminishing greenery and slowing evaporation, has changed our climate. This sort of change has a cumulative effect, worsening climate even after the depredations have been slowed or ended.

Inertia, ignorance, shortages of ability and shortages of funds, plus an unwillingness to look into the future — these are the real and present dangers to Florida.

Things are better now than when Clearwater Bay was filled. It could not be done now. The less there is left, the more adept we have gotten at saving it. But we are not yet adept enough.

In this light, the Cross Florida Barge Canal is like some lumbering old beast from prehistory, looking about, blinking, trying to find

some old-fashioned rationale for its existence. It is of the species *terra grabbis*. It is out of time and place. Nor would it be possible these days for the Corps of Engineers to get away with turning a lovely meandering river feeding Lake Okeechobee into a straight-shot concrete flue.

Let's take a long look down the road ahead. Go back for a moment to that community in the middle of Clearwater Bay. What will be its future? A single-family Florida residence is good for, let's say 50 years, provided there is honest construction in the first place, good upkeep, and a location where a hurricane will not wash it away. With today's fashions in design and materials, a 50-year-old tract house, if it is standing on highly desirable land, will be torn down along with the neighborhood, and a condominium will be erected there.

We don't really know what is going to happen to old condominiums because they haven't been around that long. But here is a guess. Let's call ours Hungry Towers, 16 stories high, right on Bustly Beach. The year is 2020, which is only 37 years down the pike. It was built in 1965, as were the ones on each side of it, and so it is 55 years old. A hundred and fifty condominium apartments. All the original owners are dead and gone. Heirs and executors have sold the apartments for what they could get. As various structural parts failed — sections of roof, walls, elevator shafts, air conditioning — charges by the Association have climbed to the point where some apartments have been abandoned, then put up for tax sale by the city. But they do not sell because of the high charges. And the charges get higher as another and another are vacated. Corners have to be cut. Close the pool, let the grass and bushes grow wild, close the tennis courts, cut the electricity to the common areas. Even so, finally, the burden will become too great for the few survivors. When they can no longer pay for the essential services for the big building, some civic entity is going to have to come along and close it down as being uninhabitable. Any ownership traces will have been lost in legal underbrush.

Who is going to step in — or even to be entitled to step in — and tear it down and build

a new one? Who is going to even want to, with the dying structures on either side of it? The condo rows that stand so proudly now are, because of the financial interdependence of the inhabitants, doomed to become seaside slums. And if you think that is not possible, take a look at South Miami Beach. And take a very careful look at some of the older condos north of Fort Lauderdale, already in trouble and getting more deeply into trouble with each passing year.

So there is a monster problem on the horizon, today no bigger than a developer's fist, but bound to grow and haunt us as time passes.

Think of time in relation to the life cycle of a mangrove rookery island. The usual estimate is 100,000 years from the time the first seeds, captured by the oyster bar, sprout, to when finally, killed by guano, the last old tree falls, its roots pulling loose from the shell base. Think of Clearwater Bay as lasting a million years. Or 10 million.

And we have this compulsion to put up buildings with an effective life of 50 years smack dab on top of natural wonders that would charm the eye and brighten the soul a million years hence, assuming we are able to resist the lemming-urge to eradicate ourselves before then.

I am not against the building. I am opposed to the sloppy, irrational and varying rules which govern location. We should have a firm setback line rigorously enforced, a ban on any more filling of bays and draining of sloughs. Fair is fair. Fair for one, fair for all. When any developer can grab land which was thought to be protected from development, it motivates others to seek the same sort of advantage. Firm and impartial enforcement would be welcomed by all responsible business persons.

Planning and enforcement take money. One good rule in government is to anticipate the inevitable, and take a good jump at it. We need statewide impact fees, stiff ones, on all residential housing. We need a state income tax with priority emphasis on road networks, recreational land purchases and public education. We need a mechanism which will provide a suitable privacy for financial disclosure of the affairs of those men and

women seeking office. Such disclosures were never meant to be part of the public record but to be available to the appropriate governmental bodies in the case of an evident conflict of interest.

As long as we cannot stop the great influx, we might as well slow it a bit by making it pay for itself. Florida will be a better place in which to live for them and for us.

I am told that such things cannot happen because those proposals would constitute "political suicide." Perhaps some political suicide for some brave and caring individuals would be a lot better than the social suicide of the state as a whole if our essential book-keeping just gets worse and worse each year.

A thousand years ago Frank Lloyd Wright said that if you tilt the country up on its West edge and tap it, everything loose will roll into California. Nowadays, if you tilt it on its South edge, more people than we can handle are going to slide into Florida, if we keep handling them the same old way.

Yet we would not want to live anywhere else. The dynamics here are tacky and strenuous. The fabric of life is yanked this way and that by opportunists and idealists. We are a few years ahead of the rest of the nation in confronting the problems of aging, and leagues ahead of the rest of the nation in the fine art of hiding our heads in our own sand.

After Juan Ponce de Leon landed on the east coast on Easter Sunday (called *Pascua florida* in Spanish) and claimed it for the King of Spain, he told the King on his return that it was a large sand-spit unfit for human habitation.

We are still engaged in the long-range problem of trying, in one way or another, to prove that he was wrong.

How Growth Can Be Managed for the Good of Us All

By Gov. Bob Graham

A lot of Floridians long for Florida's "good old days," a time that really never was.

Florida, when there were fewer Floridians to enjoy it, was a simpler, quieter place, with more privacy on the beach, more lobster, stone crabs and fish in the sea and less worry

about ground-water pollution and air-quality degradation.

But "the good old days" in Florida, in fact, never have been anything more than romantic daydreams.

John James Audubon, an early observer of Florida's pristine state, reflected on its "beauties" in the winter of 1832, when he wrote:

"The land, if land it can be called, is generally so very sandy that nothing can be raised upon it. The swamps are the only spot that afford a fair chance for cultivation ... nothing exists but barren pine lands of poor timber, and immense savannahs, mostly overflowed, all unfit for cultivation. . . . The climate is of a most unsettled nature, at least in this season. The thermometer has made leaps from 30 to 89 degrees in 24 hours. . . . Game and fish, it is true, are abundant; but the body of valuable tillable land is too small to enable the peninsula ever to become a rich state. . ."

"Here I am in the Floridas, thought I," Audubon wrote in the early 1830s. "(It is) a country that received its name from the odors wafted from the orange groves to the boats of the first discoverers, and which from my childhood I have consecrated in my imagination as the garden of the United States.

"A garden, where all that is not mud, mud, mud is sand, sand, sand, where the fruit is so sour that it is not eatable, and where in place of singing birds and golden fishes, you have a species of ibis that you cannot get when you have shot it, and alligators, snakes and scorpions."

The writer was describing that part of Florida named for himself — Audubon's Island, on the St. John's River at Latitude 29 degrees 42 minutes North latitude.

Florida's good old days, then, weren't really all that great. From its frontier era as a new state in 1821, up through its post-Mariel jitters of the early 1980s, each generation of Floridians has perceived our state through its own special cultural blinders.

For one generation, Florida is a snake-and alligator-infested swamp that must be drained before human habitation is possible. For a later generation — our own — Florida is a complex, fragile ecosystem that needs nur-

turing, not additional man-made shocks.

If we are to claim that our vision of Florida is superior to that of those who went before us, we should do so with a measure of humility. We should recall Florida as an earlier generation saw it before we blame them for their mistakes. We cannot control our future unless we understand our present. And to make sense of where we are, we must look at where we have come from. Consider a few images of the past from Florida's family album:

Snapshot: Pensacola, 1821. Andrew Jackson takes command of Florida from the Empire of Spain.

Floridians number fewer than 15,000 with only 317 recorded in what is now the megalopolis of Dade, Broward and Palm Beach counties. Florida's major international ports are Pensacola and St. Augustine. A frontier lifestyle dominates the region of greatest population, the relatively sophisticated Panhandle.

Snapshot: Tallahassee, 1905. Napoleon Bonaparte Broward is governor. The liberal, anti-corporation governor leads the battle to drain the Everglades to save them from development by the railroads.

Snapshot: Miami, 1925. The "binder boys" saunter down Flagler Street with contracts in hand, bidding up the price of a lot in Coral Gables or a sandspur on what would become Miami Beach with dizzying — and ultimately ruinous — speed. As the winds and waters of the great storms of 1926 and 1928 wipe out the fruit of their greed, still the people come on Henry Flagler's railroad.

Snapshot: 1958. Sputnik transmits its challenge from the skies overhead and *Florida Trend*, an aptly named monthly, begins publication. No state is more captive — and increasingly, the creator — of trendsetting events that emerge as history only after we have lived through them.

Florida's snapshot in the late 1950s shows a few blurry characters off to the side, poorly illuminated and unidentified. But these smudges on the landscape of that time were to become the powerful actors of the next 25 years.

Fidel Castro would assume power and

antagonize virtually all of Cuba's middle class. Those Cubans would come to Miami and create the beginnings of Florida's, and North America's, most solid, multilingual trading center in the new global economy of the 1980s.

Congress would provide Social Security and Medicare payments and enforce private-sector pension plans to make a generation's dream of retirement a sure thing. Airlines would initiate jet service, shrinking time and distance to put the Florida vacation within the reach of millions. And air conditioners would become ubiquitous to conquer the last vestiges of Florida's climatic problems.

So in the late 1950s, Florida was launched into a period of very rapid development. In community after community, the pattern was the same.

At first, agricultural interests resisted land and water regulations or improvements. Then as landowners assembled parcels to sell to developers, their interests changed. They sought help from local government to raise their property values by building roads, water lines and sewer lines. They wanted help targeted to their own holdings but tried at the same time to keep property taxes low.

Next came the developers. They picked and chose among the parcels. They bought, built and sold out. Finally the balance shifted to environmentalists and the elderly who had moved into the homes the developers had built. Attracted by Florida's climate and its relatively low taxes, seniors forged an alliance with environmentalists. But their agenda would be little more than damage control; decisions made years ago had already shaped their future.

During the past 25 years, our lowlying peninsula has been swept by two unprecedented waves of migration — northern and midwestern Americans coming to retire, and Caribbean refugees, seeking what seemed to them to be miracles of abundance and ease just waiting to be enjoyed in South Florida.

As those forces of northbound and southbound immigration collided, internal forces transformed our politics.

Once Florida was a state whose leadership

was committed to the maintenance of the political, social and economic status quo. Now we have emerged as a state which drafts sophisticated plans for its future.

Those plans recognize that Florida is undeniably becoming a center of high technology industry and a mainstay of the new global economy.

Snapshots nowadays are inappropriate. Life pulses too quickly for a single frame to capture it all and get it right.

Today, Florida's family album must be recorded on videotape to capture its sense of change and emerging potential. Imagine a long shot of the Miami skyline at dusk, a glorious Keys-style sunset radiating over the construction cranes erecting new skyscrapers. Imagine a slow dissolve to a conference table, where Miami's salute to the 500th anniversary of Columbus' discovery of the New World is being planned.

Imagine an aerial shot of downtown Tampa at the morning rush hour, as one of America's great new cities goes to work. Cut to a classroom at nearby University of South Florida's Center for Engineering Development and Research (CEDAR), a high-tech think tank jointly sponsored by business and the state university system.

And imagine a shot of a road crew in North Florida building a highway financed by our special road fund dedicated to serve the needs of new and expanding businesses. Then rotate the frame, cut to a closeup of a young Floridian assembling electronic parts for use in the Space Shuttle program in a plant that came to Florida because we were willing to build a road in the right place at the right time.

All these images point up the changes taking shape in Florida's fast-paced economy. Increasingly, that economy is reacting to the rapid pace of the new "information age" in which we find ourselves.

Florida entered the information economy years ago. Our traditional business sectors — agriculture, construction and tourism — will be augmented by high technology industry and international commerce in the next 25 years.

Today Florida must accept that owning North America's finest winter climate, more than 8,000 miles of coastline and a magnetic cluster of brain-intensive, high-technology think tanks will shape our future. Avoiding growth is not an option. Our choice must be to plan for growth, control it and use it wisely.

Futurist John Naisbitt has declared our state to be "a megastate" in his book, *Megatrends*. He ranks Florida just behind, but in the process of supplanting, California as the nation's center of social invention.

Florida is on the cutting edge of a dozen subtle revolutions. Each of these poses distinct challenges, opportunities and perils. Whether we continue to respond with creative social invention will determine the quality of our future.

Florida's population of citizens over the age of 65, for example, prefigures America as it will be in the year 2001. That population brings to Florida, and will bring to America, special needs and special talents.

In 1960, about 11.2% of Florida's population was 65 or older, not far from the national average of about 9.2%.

But by 1980, while seniors were up to 11.3% nationwide, they made up 17.3% of Florida's statewide population. Already today in three counties — Charlotte, Pasco and Sarasota on our Gulf Coast — 30% or more of the residents are age 65 or older. The percentages in Dade, Broward, and Palm Beach counties also are high and rising.

Our challenge is to renew the interest of our senior citizens in schools — not for their children but for their grandchildren. Our opportunity to help our seniors to live lives of vigorous activity.

And even as Florida grows older, our ideas can grow fresher and more exciting. We are a leader in the design phase, as well as the manufacturing aspects, of the current boom in high-technology products.

This boom encourages us to think expansively about our future. And it demands a higher level of sophistication and new skills for tomorrow's work force.

We are fortunate that we have come so far so fast in education, even as we recognize

that excellence still eludes our grasp.

Back in 1950, only 26% of Florida's adult population were high school graduates. Now a high school diploma is a near-universal accomplishment.

Florida's political leadership is committed to finding the money needed to pay for excellence in education. By 1986, Florida will have met its commitment both in spending and quality.

This drive toward excellence in education comes just in time. We need new skills and new ideas now.

Already Florida has turned the corner from a period when its lifestyle was agrarian and its commerce primarily agricultural. Today we are the fastest-growing major state. Our coastal counties, particularly, are expanding at phenomenal rates.

Dade County, already Florida's largest, grew by more than 28% in the 1970s, and is expected to increase by another 19% by 1990, when it is projected to have a population of nearly two million.

In our smaller counties, the trend is even more spectacular. Flagler County, in the northeast corner of our state, is projected to grow from 4,454 people in 1970 to 16,500 by 1990 — an almost fourfold increase. Collier County in southwest Florida will have grown from 38,040 to 126,800 during the same period. And Pasco, just north of Tampa Bay, is expected to increase from just under 76,000 to more than 295,000 in the same 20 years.

Population increases of this magnitude require new ideas — new ways of thinking about where to get drinking water, for example.

Pesticide pollution of the Floridan and Biscayne aquifers is a deadly serious threat to our urban areas. Thus the controversy over spraying Temik in orange groves becomes a complex social interaction, not merely a technical problem. Salt-water intrusion into coastal well fields and disposal of waste water below ground may emerge as major, perhaps dominant, issues in the 1980s.

And while our shift from an agricultural to an urban lifestyle continues, our rural areas

will see their own surges of growth — putting greater pressure on the remaining farmland to feed even more people than today.

The demands these population surges place on our resources cannot be met if we react in isolation. Increasingly, Florida, Georgia and Alabama will act together, a process already under way. We share not only the Floridan Aquifer, but the major watersheds of the Suwannee and the Apalachicola rivers.

More and more, Florida seems like a lifeboat, adrift between the Atlantic Ocean and the Gulf of Mexico. There is brackish water under us and all around us, but only a few precious drops of sweet water to drink. Our aquifers are our only canteen.

As we recognize the hazards our environment faces, we already have initiated a historic shift — away from short-term reaction and toward long-term planning.

Florida has begun to recognize how elements of policy fit together to help us choose the future we desire. Stronger schools and better roads and bridges help attract high-technology industry, for example. And that new industry helps pay for our criminal justice system and helps meet the costly needs of our senior citizens. By shaping our growth patterns we can avoid the worst consequences of development: destruction of coastal dunes, impossibly crowded highways and the squeezing out of agricultural land use.

Growth management is expensive, but imagine the costs of unmanaged growth. The environment it threatens is the reason why so many people want to come to Florida.

We can allow our water, air and other resources to become overwhelmed. We can let the word get out that Florida has become an environmental disaster area. That will limit our growth, eventually.

But I believe — and I am encouraged that so many other economic, social and political leaders in Florida share my belief — that our growth can be well-managed, well before any such cataclysm. Controlled growth, channeled to the right places at the right time, can

strengthen Florida's economy, offering new jobs in clean, high-technology industries, a higher standard of living and better access to the goods, services and information that will make up our future economy.

Strategic planning will also help us undo some of our worst mistakes of the past — such as channelizing the Kissimmee River in Central Florida. Restoring the Everglades system and regaining its natural role in controlling floods and droughts may be one of the most important environmental accomplishments of our generation.

And Florida has the potential to reach goals of a similar magnitude in dealing with an even more vital resource — our people.

We have undergone a historic wave of bilingual cultural cross-fertilization. Already, all-Spanish radio stations in Tampa, Orlando and Miami create an invisible web of cultural identity that now girds nearly half our state. Spanish on television and Spanish in periodicals appears all over Florida today. This is nothing new. The Spanish-speaking world ceded Florida to the English-speaking world scarcely 150 years ago. It has never relinquished its hold on *La Florida* entirely.

It would be unfair to inflict on an older generation of English speakers the requirement to become bilingual to keep their first-class citizenship. This will never happen in Florida. But I believe that as the line of Hispanic influence marches further north along our peninsula, so will the need to teach our children Spanish so they can get jobs and so that Florida can realize its potential as a bilingual culture.

The presence of a major pool of bilingual workers is already helping Florida emerge as the great new world center of commerce. We have become the greatest potential cross-cultural marketplace on earth. We are the broker between Japan and Latin America, between Europe and the Caribbean. And as Latin America continues its march out of the feudal, colonial past into its future of democracy and peace, Florida is poised to benefit more than any other of the 50 states.

We can be where America's bright ideas create jobs for Floridians — and for the

Caribbean Basin, turning would-be refugees into employees instead.

A Florida computer maker of the future, for example, could operate its brain-intensive functions here and farm out its labor-intensive work to the Caribbean, rather than to Singapore, Hong Kong or Taiwan. Haitians can assemble computer plugs just as well as Asians. And we must face facts: In a global economy, the only American manufacturers who will survive are those who adopt global manufacturing strategies. No amount of "Buy American" protectionism will change that.

The less-skilled jobs in every industry tend to gravitate to the places where labor is cheapest. This occurred in television manufacturing, wiping out many domestic makers. Atari has shifted 1,700 jobs from the Silicon Valley to Asia. In the face of this reality, Florida's challenge is to develop a work force able to compete in the upper reaches of the global economy, where brainpower adds the greatest increments of value to the final finished product.

By supporting the educational system that provides skilled workers, we attract clean, high-tech industry to Florida. By guaranteeing that the children of the employees of these new companies will have schools of national standing, we help recruit them. And by providing continuing higher education for management and technical employees, we guarantee that their best minds will remain challenged and on the leading edge of our technological future.

The investment we make in education today will attract the industry of the future. And as that industry grows in Florida, our citizens will be the ones who get the jobs and enjoy a higher standard of living and a better quality of life.

Taken together, these shifts force changes in the way we think of Florida. To guide our state into the 21st century, our generation must gather the sometimes competing imperatives of the environment, education, transportation and criminal justice like the strands in a harness, so that they pull together.

The General Motors of tomorrow may well be some engineer's bright idea today. Our

goal should be to increase the odds that ideas like that happen here first.

Our excellent climate, both for tourists and for business, along with intelligent planning, has the potential to make Florida the most exciting place in the Americas, North or South.

Tomorrow in Florida could make "the good old days" seem like medieval darkness, compared to our future as a leader in the global information economy. Assuming that leadership is our greatest challenge, and our greatest opportunity.

Al Burt, columnist for the Miami Herald, shares with the participants of this year's Challenge Program the desire to identify the common visions and values of Floridians. This article from Tropic Magazine summarizes many of the frustrations of other authors in this reader and encourages us to seek ways to overcome the "Florida Split," our delight in owning Florida property, but our disinterest in developing a kinship with the state.

The Florida Split

The other day I saw a woman walking down the beach barefooted, clutching a sweater around her shoulders, shivering. That is Florida for you, our state of incongruity, where pleasure has immunity against practicality.

Condos worth \$100 million go up within sight of tumbled down docks and rusting tin roofs. For a delicacy, we eat the heart out of a palm tree. Although we fancy ourselves as a champagne state, pollution endangers our drinking water.

We have migrant birds and migrant workers and we truck in hives of migrant honeybees to smell our flowers. We probably raise as many calves as Texas, but we buy most of our beef from somewhere else.

On our patios, lizards roam. In a state where vegetation can be lush and tropical, some of us make noncare lawns by spreading black plastic over the sand and pouring imported river pebbles across it. Although we have a broad sweep of some 1,300 miles of coastline and thousands of rivers and lakes, we will cut a canal through almost anything but a parking lot to make more waterfront.

We are learning that alligators never develop kind hearts no matter how many marshmallows we feed them, that natural swamps might serve us better and more cheaply than some wastewater treatment plants, and that it is better to build strong stilt houses than to be brave about hurricanes.

Nothing is dirt cheap, not even dirt. In South Florida we buy it by the bagfuls and spread it lovingly over the limestone croppings and mix it pleasingly into the sand. If we soak it with enough water and fertilizer-vitamins, the crotons take on deep bright colors.

Sometimes we seem to have a preoccu-

pation with cockroaches (AKA palmetto bugs), or maybe it is the cockroaches who have a preoccupation with us. An artist makes a living out of cockroach post cards and T-shirts and wall hangings.

A nice lady who migrated from somewhere in Yankee-land once told a story about her Florida resolution to be a nature-lover and a friend of all life. She fed the birds and the squirrels and stayed alert for some exotic new specimen. Perhaps Bambi would walk into her yard and ask for hot chocolate.

One day she found a little brown casing, an egg of some sort and brought it into the house and carefully protected it. Her reward finally came when the casing broke open and out crawled the omni-present pet, a healthy, hungry cockroach.

For new Floridians, home for a long time remains where the heart is, back in Indiana or someplace, but the body and mind require fitting to a new dimension here in the new location.

What we develop here is the Florida Split, the heart in one place and the body in the other. We have more absentee hearts than absentee owners. Like the lady who wanted to stay warm while walking barefooted on the beach one cold day, in practical fashion we do odd, incongruous things. Life has so much spice that we would develop heartburn if all those hearts were here.

When the state's population quadruples in 30 years to somewhere in the neighborhood of 10 million, two-thirds of them here from somewhere else, we have a guaranteed body supply but that old Florida Split, denies us of the other benefits we should get.

When we have nearly 700,000 new Floridians moving into the state, as we did in 1984, it

gives us a surplus in certain qualities but a shortage in some others. When some 300,000 to 350,000 Floridians move out of the state, as they did in 1984, maybe we ought to be more interested in why.

That left us a net population gain in 1984 of some 300,000 to 350,000 creating great swells of energy and opportunity of Florida. But maybe we ought to make more effort to ensure that the gain has dimension greater than just numbers. Maybe we are missing some big chances.

In The Book of America, authors Neal Peirce and Herry Hagstrom put an unhappy but true label on Florida. They called it "a synthetic civilization ... What has developed on the Florida peninsula," the book said, "is deeply disjointed society, one that has yet to develop a coherent sense of itself and perhaps never will."

Our changing conditions and population put a premium on the need for a common framework of understanding and standards. We do not have it yet. We have not found good enough ways to connect this disjointed society effectively.

There are some politicians and some cheerleaders who will disagree. They can point to programs and they can voice hopes and outline plans. But as I travel the state, I do not see a reality that confirms this view.

We still search for that merging sense of self and place that gives residents more a sense of kinship with Florida than just a sense of ownership. The population figures confirm that Florida sells easily as everything but a permanent home.

The Florida Split haunts us. We have not yet been able to search out well enough that true sense of place, or to identify it and establish it persuasively. We sometimes seem like a statewide Tower of Babel that has undergone condo conversion. We have all these separate visions, separate standards, not enough awareness of overriding links.

The frivolous side of Florida — as an oddly magical, enchanting, temporary place — tends to overwhelm and obscure the fundamentals that anchor a person and secure his heart. But we should emphasize, even advertise, that they are here.

