

THE ARCHAEOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF SOUTHERN FLORIDA

CHAIRER

THE FLORIDA ANTHROPOLOGICAL SOCIETY

Volume 12 Number 10 Newsletter October 1987

President: W.S.Steele Editor: N. Dieppa



BOARD MEETING

6:00pm October 16th

The October Board of Directors meeting will be held this Friday at Beth Reads office located at 1489 South Miami Avenue. The meeting will be prompt at 6:00 pm and all board members are requested to attend along with any society member who wishes to sit in.

OCTOBER MEETING

8:00pm October 16th

This months speaker will be a very familiar face. Judi Trimble will be our guest speaker. Her lecture will be a photographic expose' of the Cheetum site and the Kendall site. Most of us know that Judi is an avid photographer and we have seen her at most of the society digs. You can be certain that most of our faces will show up in the slides (if not other parts of our anatomy). Come see yourself or an old friend and enjoy.

The meeting will be held at our old hangout of the Audubon house located conveniently at 5530 Sunset Dr.

SEPTEMBER MEETING ----"Two for the price of one" -----

Our September meeting at the beautiful Coral Gables House, had not just one but two excellent speakers! First, Howard Kleinberg, Editor of the Miami News, told of his discovery, on microfilm of the Miami Metropolis newspaper, of an extremely detailed census and inventory of everyone and everything in Dade County in 1898. Howard will publish this gold mine of information in a series of articles in the near future. Mr Klienberg is also the author/editor of a book titled: Miami, The Way We Were, which is a compilation of his history columns of the past several years, much of it being reprints of early Miami newspaper articles.

Next, Finlay Matheson (with Jeff Berkowitz) presented the proposal for the development of the Old Cutler Fossil Site (8Da2001) and the surrounding parcels of land. They've scaled down the size of the project, in response to public opposition. Phase One of thier plan includes construction of 48,000 sq. ft. of one-story "village-style" shops and restuarants, along with parking for 272 cars. Endangered plant species are to be preserved or replanted as much as possible and a 70 ft. "vegetation buffer" zone will border the property. There will also be 4 half-acre estate homes built adjacent to the Deering Estate. Other parcels of the tract are to be left vacant, at first, but ultimately may be developed as gas stations or other business uses. The Fossil Site itself (125 ft. x 125 ft.) will be sold to the County or possibly some other institution to insure it's preservation.

John H. Ayer

NEWS BITS!!!

On Sept. 17th, Bob Carr was chosen by the Kendall Pioneers to be part of the Forum for the evening. Robert Carr was noted as being, and I quote: "one of the Nation's most active Archeologists", and "was selected for his efforts to preserve Dade's ancient, fragile history." Nice going, Robert.

From The Herald

Friday, August 21 1987

The Miami Herald reported that divers had discovered an old battered valise containing a fortune in gems, bank notes and coins from the Titanic. Also uncovered was a small safe believed to belong to the Assistant Purser's strongbox.

This discovery will add more fuel to the controversy surrounding the expedition. Relatives and survivors are objecting to the disturbing of the site. Museums are refusing to accept or allow exhibition of any of the finds. There is also some dispute as to the legal ownership of the find because of its location-international waters 320 mi sw of Newfoundland. One Titanic survivor lost 400 gold sovereigns and several jewels in the disaster. She has already stated that she will make a claim to anything that is brought and belongs to her.

For those Geraldo Rivera fans: Plans were announced to open the safe on a live broadcast from Monaco on October 28. Get your popcorn ready!

Okeechobee News

Sept. 11, 1987

"Artifacts found at historic battle Site"

Okeechobee artifacts found during the survey included musket balls, gun barrels and a bayonet. The Battle fought on Dec. 25, 1837 cost at least 37 lives....

The Okeechobee newspaper ran an article on the Battle site which included photographs of Wes Coleman and Bill Steele in their authentic garb. However, these photographs were not clear enough to copy. The article also included a small interview with our comembers and Robt. Carr.

Bill Steele, Robert Carr and Wes Coleman held a press conference at the believed battle site where the Conservancy failed to uncover any of graves of the 37 dead after a 3 month search. They did turn up more than 150 artifacts from the area.

The Conservancy plans to file a petition w/the State Legislature requesting that it considered at least a portion of the 400 acre as a state park. The Florida Conservation and Recreation Lands Committee will vote on October 13th, on this issue. The plans for the reactivation of the battle will be Dec. 4-6. They are hoping for at least 100 active members.

Brief summary of the Okeechobee Battle sites: Indians forces were led by Wild Cat, Sam Jones, and Alligator. The Army was led by General Zachary Taylor (our 12th President) who had 800 men behind him. Among those men were the Missouri Volunteers. The irony stated by Steele was that as the result of the 27 Army deaths. U.S. Congress investigated Taylor's conduct hearings similar to the recent hearings on the Iran-Conta Scandal.

PLUGGING ANOTHER SOCIETY----

The Tribal Art Society at the Lowe Art Museum had Dr. Jerald Milanich as their Sept. Guest speaker on "The Expedition of Hernando De Soto in Fla." We know you missed this, however, their 1987-88 meeting schedule has what seems to be interesting lectures ranging from shamanism to "Mayan Sacrificial Weapons and Their Uses." These lectures are by reservation (cont on pg 3)

only and non-members must pay \$5.00 admission fee. For more info contact Gerald A. Stilwell, Pres. at 284-3535

NEWS FROM OLD FRIENDS-----

Last heard from Billy Johnson was June 6, 1987 via postcard from Anchorage, Alaska. Hope he's thawing out back in town. Let's hear from you, Bill!

Last heard from Guy Arnold was this past month via telephone/airmail from Wyoming. Mr. Arnold is enjoying the great outdoors and has a possibility of working at a nearby college as a business instructor. Good Luck, Guy!

Last heard from Ashley Swift via her parents, she's back at the University of Florida after her recent dig in Haiti. Ash, we'd like to hear more about that, how about it?

Let's hear from people out there!

Friday, Sept. 29, 1987
The Miami Herald.

Film of rare 'fossil fish' offers clues to evolution

From Herald Wire Services

NEW YORK — A rare primitive fish, whose ancestors may have been the first to crawl onto land 300 million years ago, swims much like a four-legged animal walks, according to scientists who observed its movements.

The West German researchers filmed and photographed the rare coelacanths, or "fossil fish," on the floor of the Indian Ocean, the first time the creatures have been observed in their natural habitat.

U.S. scientists said Thursday the feat may offer insight into the evolution of land animals.

The coelacanths, once thought to have become extinct long before the age of dinosaurs but discovered alive in

the 1930s, are extremely rare.

But Hans Fricke and colleagues from the Max Planck Institute for Comparative Physiology and the University of the Saarland were able to watch six coelacanths from a mini-submarine near the Comores Islands.

They reported in the British science journal *Nature* that the fish moved their paired limb-like fins in the same way four-legged animals move their legs. The form of swimming could have "facilitated the transition to locomotion on land," they said.

The fish, about five feet long, also were observed inexplicably swimming belly up, standing on their heads and resting motionless on the ocean floor.

Also, on the next pg. is a short fiction story found in a 1981 issue of *Playboy*, written by Gardner Dozois and Jack Dann. Enjoy it for its bizarro!

A CHANGE IN THE WEATHER

*another good
example of how
the world
is going to hell*

fiction

By GARDNER DOZOIS and JACK DANN

IT LOOKED LIKE RAIN again, but Michael went for his walk anyway.

The park was shiny and empty, nothing more than a cement square defined by four metal benches. Piles of rain-soaked garbage were slowly dissolving into the cement.

Pterodactyls picked their way through the gutter, their legs lifting storklike as they daintily nipped at random pieces of refuse.

Muttering, the old man shooed a pterodactyl from his favorite bench, which was still damp from the afternoon rain, sat down and tried to read his newspaper. But at once his bench was surrounded by the scavengers: They half-flapped their metallic-looking wings, tilted the heads at the ends of their snakelike necks to look at him with oily green eyes, uttered plaintive, begging little cries and, finally, plucked at his clothes with their beaks, hoping to find crusts of bread or popcorn. At last, exasperatedly, he got to his feet—the pterodactyls skittering away from him, croaking in alarm—and tried to scare them off by throwing his newspaper at them. They ate it and looked to him hopefully for more. It began to rain, drizzling out of the gray sky.

Disgustedly, he made his way across the park, being jostled and almost knocked over by a hustling herd of small dromaeosaurs who were headed for the hot-dog concession on 16th Street. The rain was soaking through his clothes now and, in spite of the warmth of the evening, he was beginning to get chilly. He hoped the weather wasn't going to turn nippy; heating oil was getting really expensive and his Social Security check was late again. An ankylosaur stopped in front of him, grunting and slurping as it chewed up old Coke bottles and beer cans from a cement trash barrel. He whacked it with his cane, impatiently, and it slowly moved out of his way, belching with a sound like a length of anchor chain being dropped through a hole.

There were brontosaurus lumbering along Broadway—as usual, taking up the center of the street—with more agile herds of honking, duck-billed hadrosaurs dodging in and out of the lanes between them, and an occasional carnosaur

stumping along by the curb, shaking its great head back and forth and hissing to itself in the back of its throat. It used to be, a person could get a bus here and, without even needing a transfer, get within a block of the house; but now, with all the competition for road space, they ran slowly if they ran at all—another good example of how the world was going to hell. He dodged between a brachiosaur and a slow-moving stegosaur, crossed Broadway and turned toward Avenue A. The triceratops were butting heads on Avenue A; they came together with a crash like locomotives colliding that boomed from the building fronts and rattled windows up and down the street. Nobody in the neighborhood would get much sleep tonight. Michael fought his way up the steps of his tenement brownstone, crawling over the dimetrodons lounging on the stoop. Across the street, he could see the mailman trying to kick an iguanodon awake so that he could get past it into another brownstone's vestibule. No wonder his checks were late.

Upstairs, his wife put his plate in front of him without a word, and he stopped only to take off his wet jacket before sitting down to eat. Tuna casserole again, he noticed without enthusiasm. They ate in gloomy silence, until the room was suddenly lit up by a sizzling bolt of lightning, followed by a terrific clap of thunder. As the echoes of the thunder died, over even the sound of the now torrential rain, they could hear a swelling cacophony of banging and thudding and shrieking and crashing.

"Goddamn," Michael's wife said, "it's doing it again!"

The old man got up and looked out the window, out over a panorama of weed-and-trash-choked tenement back yards. It was literally raining dinosaurs out there—as he watched, they fell out of the sky by the thousands, twisting and scrambling in the air, bouncing from the pavement like hail, flopping and bellowing in the street.

"Well," the old man said glumly, pulling the curtain closed and turning from the window, "at least it's stopped raining cats and dogs."



THAT'S A
PRETTY NIFTY
COSTUME!



DATES YOU MUST AND WILL REMEMBER!!!

- October 4th, 1927 Al Jolson in "The Jazz Singer" is the 1st full-length talking movie.
- October 8th, 1929 1st Automatic Pilot is tested.
- October 16th, 1987 Board Meeting at 6pm and General mtg at 8pm ****
- October 24th, 1940 40 hr wk goes into effect, part of the Fair Labor Standards Act of 1930.
- October 30th, 1941 American destroyer, The Reuben James, is torpedoed and sunk by a German Submarine.
- October 31th, 1987 In case you forgot--it's All Hallos Eve
- November 19th, 1987 November General Mtg.



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