



# The Historical Quarterly of The St. Lucie Historical Society, Inc.

Vol. 34 No. 1

Winter 2016



St. Lucie Historical Society Christmas Parade Float. Children Lexie, Lalia, Kirk. From left to right, Bob Burdge, Ted Burrows, Nancy Bennett, Robyn Hutchinson, Marianne Coffman, Ernie Merrill, Richard Coffman, Deb Billis, and Katy Purcell. Photo credit, Suzanne Gaskill.

## Vivid Memories: Thumbing a ride home for Christmas

*Fifty Christmases ago, a college student's homeward trek to St. Lucie County included some surprises and worthwhile lessons. The original version of this article appeared in The Stuart News and Port St. Lucie News on Dec. 25, 1989. The author was editorial page editor for those newspapers.*

**By Ted Burrows**

All over America each year, people travel home for the holidays in the best style they can afford. Inevitably, along our highways we will see a few hitchhikers, presumably cash-poor but determined. Some hold little signs indicating their destinations.

Thumbing rides is a tough way to go. I

don't recommend it. But once, long ago, hitchhiking home for Christmas became an unexpectedly rewarding experience for me.

In December 1965 I was a student at the University of Florida in Gainesville, struggling to make ends meet. I already had sold my prized possession, a mint-green 1954 Chevy convertible, for rent and meal money. Broke and homesick, I wanted to get home for Christmas at my parents' home in White City. To save the bus fare, I decided to hitchhike.

On Dec. 23 around 8 p.m., I threw a few things into a worn canvas bag and hiked across the UF campus to U.S. 441 – Gainesville's 13th Street. The sky was overcast and the night air held a chill. Ahead of me lay 225 miles of highway. I stood on the curb in front

**Thumbing Pg 7**

## Welcome New Members

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Jamey & Jill Liddell, Charles Hayek, Kathleen Gilmartin, Sandra Dineley, Betty Hutchinson, Beverly & David Boone, Pat Giordano, Georgen Charnes, Privateer Property, LLC

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## The President's Message

by Nancy Bennett

I wish each of you a wonderful new year. Isn't it amazing that 2015 is over? We enjoyed some very successful events in the last quarter with the help of our great volunteers. On October 30, we co-hosted the Haunted History and Freaky Fishes event with the aquarium. Thanks to our volunteers, it went very smoothly and com-



From left to right, Wendy Frieder, Simone DAdarrio, Jamie Colborn, Fred Ebner, Jack Favorite, Nancy Bennett, Mary Schrader, Robyn Hutchinson, Ellen Lynch and Selby Edwards.. Photo credit Mose, Sanders

pliments flowed. We have hosted school groups steadily through November and December. The feedback from these visits has been very positive. I want to thank the volunteers who make these tours possible. We would love to have additional volunteers to help with occasional events, guide school groups, or serve as docents.

We had the honor of being the Grand Marshall for the holiday parade on December 6. **Ted Burrows, Debbie Billis, Richard Coffman, and Ernie Merrill** designed and built a wonderful float for our entry. Thanks to this group for their hard work.

I want to send out a special thank you to **Mel Liebman** from The Clock Shop in downtown Fort Pierce. He repaired the clock in the museum's reception room free of

**Pres Pg 7**

# Legendary Sites of Saint Lucie County

## The Russell House in Saint Lucie Village

By Lucille Rights



Bill Russell used to tell anyone who asked that he “was born in the house where he lived”. Bill was the last descendent of Major William Russell who settled on the homestead of his brother-in-law, John Barker, holder of permit number 69 from the Armed Occupation Act. Major Russell brought his wife and children, a schoolteacher and a family of slaves with him. After a group of outlaw Seminoles attacked the settlement and killed John Barker, every settler left. The army came to protect the settlers and built Fort Capron on part of Russell and Barker’s land. A few settlers, including Major Russell and family, returned to the area. They settled

Russell Pg. 7



Present day Russell House. Photo credit, Lucille Rights



## River Watch

### A Fishing Legend grows up on the Fort Pierce Turning Basin

by Terry Howard

Captain Steve Lowe died on October 8, 2015. He was born on February 8, 1936, in New Smyrna Beach, Florida and came to Fort Pierce with his family when he was 2 years old. Steve grew up on the Fort Pierce Turning Basin where



Steve Lowe (left) and his brother Ray stand by a large Goliath Grouper caught in 1942 in the Fort Pierce turning basin. Photo credit, The Terry Howard Collection

his father had built a home and fish house on the west end of the old South Bridge. Here as a child he learned to troll for snook and trout using a small skiff with a 5 hp Briggs and Stratton engine. He caught hundreds of

Fishing Pg. 8

## Zora Neale Hurston Making Headlines 125 Years Later

By Adrienne Moore, APR, CPRC

If she were alive today, author, anthropologist, and folklorist Zora Neale Hurston would be looking at her 125th birthday in January 2016. That would place Zora's birth date in 1891, her real birth date, not the 1901 date that took over historical references when Zora subtracted 10 years off her life to attend Barnard College in New York. She wanted to fit in with regular college-age students.

Noted author Alice Walker, who came to Fort Pierce in the 1970s "In Search of Zora," is credited with restoring her many books and developing an interest in the late Harlem Renaissance writer, which has continued to grow throughout the years since Walker's first efforts. Publishers picked up Zora's books and teachers in high schools and colleges have students reading those books.

The latest headlines for Zora feature her in a "Literary Garden" behind a Michigan high school. Two teachers decided to create the garden, dedicating it to the many authors the students would be reading about in this school year, including Zora works.

In August, National Public Radio interviewed a teacher who was organizing the garden. It would provide favorite flowers or plants of each author in order to give a broader perspective of their personal interests. Among the list of authors are: Thomas Hardy with Roses, Virginia Woolf with Cacti, Agatha Christie with Camellias, Beatrix Potter with Violets, Jane Austen with Sweet William, Mark Twain with Wisteria and Emily Dickinson with Daylilies.

At the end of the NPR radio interview, one of the teachers said she was looking for information on Zora. Needless to say, this writer contacted the school and provided the information. The two teachers were amazed that Zora was in Fort Pierce, FL. They contacted Eatonville, northeast of Orlando, where Zora grew up. Little did they know that this famous author turned out to be a "Fort Pierce girl" as locals would say.

In response to the teachers, they learned that Zora loves calla lilies and magnolias. They called to ask where Fort Pierce was and the history behind Zora arriving in Fort Pierce to work for *The Chronicle* publication, the local black newspaper, and at Lincoln Park Academy.

A few weeks later, the students and teachers put together this special garden with the *Detroit Free Press* covering the story. In the middle of the article was a photo of a calla lilly with a bug crawling

across it. The cutline explained that this was Zora's favorite flower.

With her significant date approaching in January 2016, with signage underway promoting the author locally, our Zora is now featured in that "Literary Garden" in Michigan, which demonstrates the continued public interest in her books, her life and her years in St. Lucie County.

To learn more about Zora, an upcoming play - *I've LIVED!!* - will be presented on Saturday, January 2 at 7 p.m. at the Sunrise Theatre. Written by local resident Brenda Cooper, the show features Zora's life from its early years to her death in 1960. Tickets are \$25 per person. For additional information, contact The Sunrise Theatre Box Office at 772-461-4884. The theatre is located at 117 S. 2nd St., Fort Pierce FL 34950.Δ



*"Sometimes, I feel discriminated against, but it does not make me angry. It merely astonishes me. How can any deny themselves the pleasure of my company? It's beyond me."*

*Zora Neale Hurston*

## Out and About at the Museum

By Mary Schrader

If a picture is worth a thousand words, our museum is priceless. The pictures and paintings on display throughout the museum depict the history of the area and the people who settled here. They truly transport visitors back in time.

When visitors enter the museum, a wonderful display of photographs shows the importance of trains to the area. The photos cover the late 1800's through the 1940's. Visitors can follow the evolution of the train equipment through the pictures. The next picture that catches the eye of many visitors is that of the Binney Family with their astounding Goliath Grouper catch atop their antique vehicle. It provokes many comments, especially from those who like to fish. Next, a collection of sports photos from Dan McCarty High School in the 1950's and 1960's interests many of the locals. They pick out themselves or relatives in these and reminisce about the good old days. Around the corner, a collection of 1940 and 1950 Lincoln Park Academy sports and band pictures displays their superiority in these areas.

*St Lucie River*, a painting by the Highwayman Harold Newton hangs in the entrance to the Ais room. It is one of the largest Highwaymen pictures in existence. Photographs in the Seminole room represent a Black Seminole woman, life before, during, and after the Seminole Wars, the Corn Dance festivities, and modern Seminole life. The portraits by James Hut-

chinson of the four Indian warriors are outstanding.

In the fishing room, visitors see photographs of the bountiful fish and game the area had at one time. In addition there are pictures of the river, Fort Pierce Fish House, early steamboats, and the Hogg Dock and rail system. In the next exhibit, photos represent another important industry, pineapple farming. These include photos of the fields cabins, and packers. In the room devoted to Cow Hunting, the Backus Ranchland painting that originally hung in the Arcade Building is displayed. Pictures of several ranch hands are also shown.

The Florida Photographic Concern provided a large variety of pictures from the early 1900's. Portraits of early settlers, downtown Fort Pierce and its early buildings, and adorable babies and children fill the walls. In the hallway outside the P. P. Cobb Store display, a 1914 Land Plat Map depicts the area from Sebastian south to Jensen. After leaving the Cobb store exhibit, visitors encounter another painting by Backus, that of the Fort Pierce Hotel. Next, many former servicemen visit the World War II room and enjoy photographs of the people and places in Fort Pierce that made it essential to our victory in the war.

The St. Lucie Families-Crafters of Local History display provides a pictorial history of many of the leading families in the area. It is truly a walk back through the history of the area. And so from beginning to end, a visit to the museum provides a picture of St. Lucie County through the years.Δ

## Book Review

by Mary Schrader

*Crossing the Creek*, written by Anna Lillios and first published in 2010, recounts the story of the friendship of two of Florida's leading literary figures. Zora Neale Hurston and Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings met in the early 1940's when they were both at the height of their literary powers. Rawlings had published the Pulitzer winning *The Yearling* and Hurston had published

*Their Eyes Were Watching God*.

Their friendship was a complicated interracial relationship that began when they were already middle aged. Rawlings was the daughter of an upper middle class Yankee; Hurston was the daughter of an Alabama slave, and yet they found they had much in common. Hurston described the two as sisters. She praised Rawling's ability to observe the outer manifestations in life as well as her genius in going deeper. Also, according to Lillios, Rawlings and Hurston shared a " deep appreciation of the

Review Pg. 9

# The Close-In War Off North Hutchinson Island

## Part 1 of a 2 part series

By Charles D Gibson

The opening months of World War II was a disaster for the United States. In the Pacific, Japan's December 1941 successful attack against Pearl Harbor and the loss in April 1942 of the Philippines. In the Atlantic, starting in February 1942 the Germans would launch a campaign against America's capability for fueling not only our war production but also our military's mobility. This was a submarine offensive carried out against our merchant shipping as well as that of our Allies. The first part of the onslaught was concentrated from the Straits of Florida northward to New England. During the early months, our east coast would be witness to the loss of over one hundred ships with their attackers escaping virtually unscathed. What anti-submarine resource was available was heavily committed toward protection of the North Atlantic convoy routes.

During the short timeframe of four months, within the area between Hobe Sound and the offing of Vero Beach alone, six ships were torpedoed, four of them lost and two badly damaged. All of the six flew the American flag, and when attacked, all were in eye sight of the beach. One of the victims was the Socony Vacuum oil tanker SS Java Arrow. She was on a southerly course and in ballast, being en route to take on cargo at the refinery at Curacao in the Netherlands West Indies. The date was May 6, 1942; the time an hour before midnight, local time.

*Being "in ballast" describes a ship's condition when it is empty of cargo but carrying introduced weight to keep the ship low enough in the water so as to provide adequate stability. In the case of a tanker, this would have been water taken into its empty liquid cargo tanks. Upon nearing a port where the ship would again take on product, the "ballast" water would be pumped out into the sea leaving the tanks empty.*

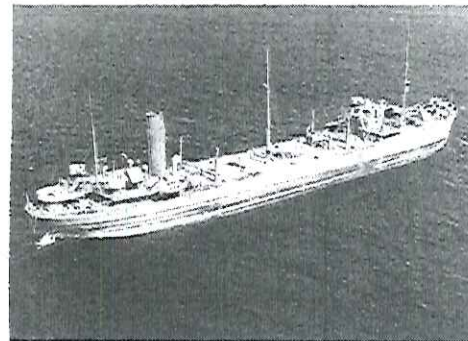
Waiting at periscope depth at a position eight miles due east of Vero Beach was the German submarine U-333. With Java Arrow brought into the cross hairs of his periscope, Kapitan Lieut-

nant Peter E. Cremer launched two torpedoes. The first struck the tanker amidships and the second hit aft, completely destroying Java Arrow's engine spaces and killing two engineers. The demobilized ship soon lost headway, a factor which allowed her #1 and #2 lifeboats to be launched without mishap. Once clear, the tanker's master, Sigvard Hennechin, being of the opinion that the submarine had departed the area, ordered those in the lifeboats to lay on their oars. From all appearances it seemed that Java Arrow, although well down in the water was not going to sink.

*In his patrol report Cremer falsely claimed that he had observed the Java Arrow "going to the bottom" which was an obvious falsehood aimed at enhancing his patrol's success. Later that same day Cremer would sink the Dutch freighter Amazone and the American tanker Halsey, both sinkings being a few miles south of where Java Arrow had been hit.*

*A tankship is constructed of numerous cargo tanks divided from each other by liquid tight bulkheads. The engine space located aft on such ships was normally separated from the more forward cargo spaces (the tankage) by two liquid tight bulkheads between which was a vacant space called a cofferdam. Considering that Java Arrow was in ballast – her tanks only partly flooded with sea water – she would have had enough reserve buoyance to keep her afloat despite having had her engine space and probably a number of mid-ship cargo tanks penetrated by the torpedo blasts.*

Watch for Part 2 coming in the Spring Issue of The Historical Quarterly.



The SS Java Arrow American Tanker 1942. Photo credit, US Naval Historical Center.

**Pres Pg. 2** charge for us. This type of community assistance helps us stay in business. Thank you again, Mel.

Be sure to visit our new website, [www.stluciehistoricalsociety.net](http://www.stluciehistoricalsociety.net). It provides information on the society, scheduled events, and meetings.

We have several upcoming events for which we will need volunteers. Our booth at the St. Lucie County fair was very successful last year, and we will be manning a booth again this year. The fair runs from February 26 through March 6. Please contact me if you can volunteer for a shift (or more). Sandy Shoes will roll around in March again, and we are looking for volunteers for that. We are looking forward to another great year.Δ

**Russell Pg. 3** on southern acres of Barkers Tract, which had been given by the government in 1850 to John Barker's widow, Martha, sister of Susan Russell. In 1875, Martha sold the property to her sister for \$300.00. This house was built the same year and Bill was born in it.

Bill's house was a large wooden two-story house sited close to the Indian River. It had long wooden double sash windows to catch breezes, a two-story front porch, ship lath siding and a metal roof. A long dock held racks to dry and mend fishing nets and a small building. Bill did slow trolling from his sailboat to catch fish, gathered crabs, turtles and other seafood. The 1928 hurricane damaged most of the settler's houses so they were moved back from the river, except for the Russell house. The high tide floated that tightly built wooden house to the back of the lot where the land was higher and it ended up resting on top of the early Indian midden. The wind blew the porch off. New shallow footings leveled the house and a new entry porch was built. The house still faced the river and some early maps show the name of "Russell's Landing."

In his later years Bill's wife Lucy died, he lost contact with brothers and sisters and needed someone to care for him. Ray and Minnie Padrick agreed to move in and help so

Bill left his home to them. One of our members has fond memories of staying with the Padrics for a summer. Minnie would play her baby grand piano every evening after supper and Ray taught him how to fish. The Padricks updated the house which passed on to their grandchildren who sold it, making one little girl's dream a reality.

Amy often came to visit and play with a friend who lived near the Russell-Padrick house. She felt a strong attachment for the old home. She grew up, married Ken Flickinger and they bought her longed-for house. Almost all the architects they contracted told them to tear it down, but she could not do that. Finally, they found a match. The 1875 house, the oldest house still standing in our county, was cradled in a sling and raised, turned sideways and lowered onto a foundation on the north side of the property to be the bedroom wing of their new home. It was still in one piece, destined and ready to be a part of a young family's life.Δ

**Thumbing Pg 1** of Tigert Hall, hoisted a thumb and waited.

With a peculiar optimism born of ignorance, I thought this would be easy. After 10 minutes of being stared at from passing cars, and feeling very awkward, I was disgusted and ready to give up.

Then a young couple cut over to the curb in a shiny hardtop with loud mufflers. They ferried me to a popular drive-in burger joint on the south end of town. That short ride got me firmly on the way and introduced me to the first of an amazing assortment of Floridians I was to encounter.

Next, four young black men stopped and offered me a ride. Remember, in the mid-1960s, America's race relations were going through an uneasy transition, with much suspicion all around. But those guys smiled, I smiled back, and then I jumped in. We got acquainted and had a good, friendly time traveling south to Ocala.

Next there was a traveling salesman, a living stereotype – a middle-aged white guy with a pot belly, a boisterous manner **Thumbing Pg 8**

**Fishing Pg. 3** pounds of fish at 10 to 18 cents a pound trolling along the old bridge.

He attended the old Delaware Ave. School and recalled as a young man, leaving his shoes in the woods on the way to school. They were gone when he returned and Steve remembered getting, "a serious ass whippin" when he got home without them.

Another time when he was about 7 he stepped on a board with a huge nail that went clear through his foot. His father found him and grabbed his leg and jerked it off that nail. He used turpentine and liquid Tincture of Echinacea to fight infections. They never received tetanus shots.

When Steve was about 12 they used to call him and other children of fishing families out of school to help gut fish when there was a big catch of mackerel. Steve said that the United Fish Company and Petersons Fish Companies, on Second Street in Fort Pierce were huge. "...They iced 200,000 to 300,000 pounds of Mackerel on wooden dock floor... fish were stacked to the rafters."

When Steve Lowe was growing up there were thirteen commercial fish houses in Fort Pierce. Today there are two, only one of which is located on the lagoon.

People used to rent boats from Steve's father and row out into the river to fish. Once as a child they were at the fish house watching a huge summer squall and lightening storm on the river when lightning struck and killed the two people anchored and fishing in the Fort Pierce Turning Basin in one of Steve's father's rented boats. He said, "It burned up the people" but left the boat unharmed.

As an adult Steve Lowe became one of the best and most renowned commercial fishing captains on Florida's East Coast. And later, like his father, he owned a commercial fish house. He will be missed by his family and friends, and Fort Pierce has lost a fishing legend.Δ

**Terry Howard Books - \$20.00 each**

*Great Kingfish Captains and High Seas Wranglers:*

On sale at the  
Pineapple Patch Gift Shop and Bookstore.

**Thumbing Pg 7** and a loud necktie that clashed with his suit. Southward we rolled through central Florida, as he sipped often from a flask of cheap whiskey. After a while the car was weaving on the highway and I was getting nervous.

I wanted out, so he left me in a lonely spot along U.S. 441 near Mount Dora. It was 10:30 p.m. -- getting chilly but at least the sky had cleared. There were no cars in sight. I lit a cigarette, counted stars and waited.

Soon an old station wagon emerged from a side road and stopped beside me. I piled in with a cheerful dad and four or five kids. They had just come from a Christmas songfest at their church and said they wanted to show some kindness to a stranger. That was very good news to me and I thanked them.

Then the man asked me to ditch my cigarette, saying "We're all Christians and don't care for smoking." Maybe I was a bit slow to react, so he added, "We also have some cans of gasoline in the back." You should have seen how fast that cig zoomed out the window.

On we went, singing Christmas carols. This was a nice family and very trusting, to pick up a scruffy guy like me beside the highway. A few miles farther they turned off and I was alone again, a bit more cheerful despite the chill and late hour.

Out there between towns all was silent. I was still a few miles north of Orlando, the next fair-sized city. Remember, in the sixties, before Disney World and all the other theme parks arrived, central Florida's population was relatively scant and there were wide gaps between populated areas.

I waited some more, then began hearing some odd noises. A battered pickup truck lurched around the bend. It wasn't the vehicle making that racket, it was the occupants.

The driver, 50-ish and grimy, gave off an aroma that told of bathless days in the wilderness. Through a gap-toothed grin, he bellowed, "Git in, boy!" So I did. As he started up again the man abruptly turned and roared, "Shutthehellup!" toward whatever was making that unholy din behind us. In the momentary lull the woodsman explained he had **Thumbing Pg. 9**



**Thumbing Pg 8** several live raccoons back there, plus his coon dogs – in separate cages, fortunately for all concerned.

After that, my host said little. The truck had no passenger seat so I perched on a heap of rusty chains and tools. Our yapping, snarling, fragrant little circus rolled right down Orange Blossom Trail through Orlando before stopping at an all-night gas station just south of the city. There we parted.

Now it was past midnight. I got some coffee and waited again. The weather turned colder, it rained, and then the station attendant wanted to boot me out. Luckily for me, an off-duty sergeant from nearby McCoy Air Force Base (now Orlando's international airport) stopped and offered me a lift.

We drove south through dark and silent pine and palmetto flatlands. In a few years Mickey Mouse and his pals would arrive and change everything, but back in '65 Kissimmee was just a sleepy village in Florida's cattle country. The sergeant dropped me off at another gas station and again I waited.

Around 4:30 a.m. a tiny Chevy Corvair wobbled alongside me. The car tilted to one side and I soon learned why: The driver weighed at least 300 pounds. He seemed cheerful enough. Off we went, eastward along U.S. 192, which then was entirely a two-lane blacktop road across the swampy St. Johns River watershed. The driver floored the gas pedal and the little car wheezed along at about 75 mph. This guy kept dozing off. Each time, his car would drift across the centerline until I jabbed him in the ribs to wake up. It was so foggy we had no idea what might be hurtling toward us. I began wondering whether I'd live to get home. We pulled into Melbourne around dawn and I got out along U.S. 1. What a joy it was to see the sunrise.

Tired, smelly and hungry, I hiked south for about an hour before catching another lift. This time the driver was a remarkably trusting middle-aged woman. Maybe I looked too exhausted to be dangerous. The woman and her equally trusting poodle were headed for Fort Lauderdale. The dog jumped on my lap and slobbered all over my face.

Soon the woman picked up another hitchhiking young man. We three plus the dog made a

cozy group in her Volkswagen Beetle. This lady, full of holiday gladness, chattered incessantly. I just wanted to sleep. When we got a few miles south of Fort Pierce, she was kind enough to detour a short way off U.S. 1 to deposit me at the end of my parents' driveway.

I arrived home at 10:30 a.m. on Dec. 24, about 14 ½ hours after leaving Gainesville. Only after a long nap at home did I fully appreciate all the effects of my trip.

Many harmful things could have happened along the way, so I was more thankful than usual to be with my family at Christmas. And during my time on the road I had discovered that kindness and good cheer come in many forms. I also learned much about the rich diversity of our country's people. Δ

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**Review Pg. 5** cultural, artistic, mythic, and human qualities of the communities about which they wrote."

The author provides a brief synopsis of the early lives of these two women. This gives the reader a picture of the two literary figures and the life events that affected their writing and their relationship. In addition, Lillios explains how both the historical era and the place affected their relationship. In the years after they met and formed their friendship, the country was facing the horrors of Fascism and the South was dealing with racism. Neither woman wanted to become involved in the political battles of the time. Even though accounts tell of her partying and drinking with Hurston by day and sending her to sleep with the maids by night, the friendship with Hurston transformed Rawlings's views and made her an advocate for racial equality. Throughout all, they served as each other's best inspiration.

*Crossing the Creek* is both well researched and well written. It is an enjoyable read that clearly depicts the complexity of the relationship between these two women. *Crossing the Creek* is available at the museum's Pineapple Patch Gift Shop and Bookstore, 414 Seaway Drive, Fort Pierce for \$21.25. Δ

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### Mark Twain Quote

Kindness is the language which the deaf can hear and the blind can see.

St. Lucie Historical Society, Inc.  
P O Box 578  
Fort Pierce, Florida 34954

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**Membership Application**

**St. Lucie Historical Society, Inc.**

Please join us in preserving our local heritage for future generations.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Spouse's Name \_\_\_\_\_

Names and ages of minor children: \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City/State/Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Home Telephone \_\_\_\_\_

Business Telephone \_\_\_\_\_

Cell \_\_\_\_\_

Email \_\_\_\_\_

I/We wish to join the Society at the level indicated below. Membership is from September through August.

- New  Renewal  Individual (\$20.00)  
 Family (\$25.00)  Business (\$50.00)

Please make checks payable to:

St. Lucie Historical Society, Inc  
P O Box 578

Fort Pierce, Florida 34954-0578

For Information telephone: (772) 461-8020

**General Meeting are held at:**

**The Elks Club  
635 South 5<sup>th</sup> Street  
Fort Pierce, Florida 34950**

Society General Meetings are held on the 3<sup>rd</sup> Thursday of the month, from September through May. A meal is provided before the meeting at the price of \$12.00 per person. Reservations must be made for these meals no later than two days in advance of the meeting. To make reservations telephone (772) 461-8020 and leave a message. Reservations and your RSVP information by e-mail to: [dinner@stluciehistoricalsociety.org](mailto:dinner@stluciehistoricalsociety.org). Dinner begins at 5:30 P.M. and the General Meeting Starts at 6:00 P.M.

**Volunteers are Needed**

If you have 3 1/2 hours that you can give once a week either in the morning or afternoon, please consider volunteering at the Museum.

Admission, to the museum, for St. Lucie Historical Society members is FREE. So come and take a tour.

The latest exhibit is St Lucie Families-Crafters of Local History.

The Pineapple Patch Gift Shop has a large selection of books of Florida historical value, cards, handmade Seminole Indian dolls, and baubles made by volunteers.

**Museum Hours:**

Wednesday-Saturday, 10 am to 4 pm. Sunday, 1 pm-4 pm