

BEACON OF HOPE

MIAMI'S NEWLY LANDMARKED TREASURE FACES A BRIGHT FUTURE

Ellis Island might be the most famous entryway to America, but Miami boasts a more recent chapter in the immigration story, whose ramifications are still rippling today. From 1962 to 1974, thousands of exiled Cubans passed through its refugee center, the Freedom Tower, on their way to a life free of communism. Designated a national historic landmark in October, the tower was recently gifted to Miami Dade College by the city's Cuban-American Martin family. The institution plans to turn at least part of what college president Eduardo Padrón calls a "public treasure" into a museum to commemorate the city's Cuban heritage. "They are the perfect custodian," says Becky Roper Matkov, CEO of Dade Heritage Trust, a local preservation group.

Tower, it features a copper weather vane, a mural of an Old World navigational map, and a bas-relief depiction of Queen Isabella of Spain. It's a classic beauty amidst the modern glass-sheathed skyscrapers downtown.

Padrón says the college wants

SCHULTZE AND WEAVER, A PROMINENT NEW YORK ARCHITECTURE FIRM, DESIGNED THE EDIFICE—BUILT IN 1925 FOR THE MIAMI NEWS, A NOW DEFUNCT NEWSPAPER. MODELED AFTER SEVILLE'S GIRALDA TOWER, IT FEATURES A COPPER WEATHER VANE, A MURAL OF AN OLD WORLD NAVIGATIONAL MAP, AND A BAS-RELIEF DEPICTION OF QUEEN ISABELLA OF SPAIN. IT'S A CLASSIC BEAUTY AMIDST THE MODERN GLASS-SHEATHED SKYSCRAPERS DOWNTOWN.

to honor not only its architecture, but its history. Only the lower floors are currently open to the public but eventually Miamians will get a chance to go all the way to the top.

"It points to the sky and says that here, in this country, you are free to pursue your dreams," Padrón says. "That's why we call it the Freedom Tower. And why we can't just let it disappear?"

Matkov says her group is happy the cupola-topped structure finally has an owner with a real use. Although intermittently a banquet hall after a 1988 renovation, the place had a hard time attracting business, often left vacant and vandalized. It's in good shape again, thanks to a restoration in 2000, even weathering the threat of being dwarfed by a proposed 62-story condo next door.

The tower earned its reputation as the "Ellis Island of the South" after Fidel Castro's 1959 rise to power. Thousands of desperate Cubans sought asylum in the United States. At the peak of immigration in 1962, over 1,800 arrived weekly, until the Cuban Missile Crisis put a halt to it. The exodus resumed when Castro opened the doors to anyone with relatives outside of Cuba. Between 1965 and 1973, flights into Miami brought over a quarter million Cubans.

The Freedom Tower helped with medical care, surplus food, resettlement assistance, and monthly stipends. "A material and emotional refuge" is how Robert Chisholm, a Miami architect who migrated with his family as a boy, recalls it. As the Freedom Tower's national historic landmark nomination points out, it was the height of the Cold War, and America considered assistance critical in the name of democracy. "As a result," says the nomination, "the Cuban exodus was viewed unlike any previous wave of immigration." It is a migration that continues today, with 20,000 Cubans allowed into the country legally per year, and no shortage of applicants.

Schultze and Weaver, a prominent New York architecture firm, designed the edifice—built in 1925 for the *Miami News*, the city's first newspaper, published for 92 years starting in 1896. Modeled after Seville's Giralda

For more information, contact the Dade Heritage Trust at (305) 358-9572, visit the Miami Dade College website at www.mdc.edu, or call (305) 237-8888. Read the NHL nomination online at www.nps.gov/history/nhl/designations/samples/fl/FreedomTower.pdf.

Right: The Freedom Tower, Miami's former immigration center, was just designated a national historic landmark. The city's Cuban-American Martin family gifted it to Miami Dade College, which plans to turn at least part of it into a museum.





"IT TOOK GOING OUT WITH THE

Native Secrets

Report Sheds Light on an Indian Past in the Colorado Rockies

A CENTURY AND A QUARTER AFTER THE UTE INDIANS WERE FORCED FROM the Rocky Mountains by the U.S. government, the blurred story of their ancient presence has become a little clearer thanks to a recent report commissioned by the National Park Service.

Sally McBeth, anthropology department chair at the University of Northern Colorado, wrote the report for Rocky Mountain National Park after years of research and dozens of interviews with tribal members as they explored the spiritual beliefs, survival practices, and folktales of their ancestors. “It took going out with the elders to see that the park wasn’t just a pristine landscape,” McBeth says. Scattered among the 265,000 acres of wildflowers, ponderosa pine, and snow-covered peaks are the remains of many archeological sites.

“The mountains are high places where you can connect, peacefully, with the spiritual,” said Neil Buck Cloud in his retelling of the Bear Dance Story, about a Ute who falls in love with a bear and then becomes one himself. There is a mystic sense in every tale, like the story of a slave woman’s journey back to her family following the North Star through the Rockies, hallucinating along the way that a skeleton has given her food and shelter. Every event has a purpose,

the deer, the buffalo, and all the animals and plants that are here,” said Loya Arrum, a Northern Ute. The Ute roamed the Rockies for hundreds of years, hunting the slopes and wintering in the valleys, before being sent to distant reservations after the Meeker Massacre in 1879. Nathan Meeker, an agent at the White River Indian Agency, was slain with several other men after he aggressively tried to convert angered tribe members into farmers. In the aftermath, newspapers started the slogan “The Utes Must Go!” The southern bands were sent southwest towards the four corners area of Colorado, while the northern bands were evicted from the state entirely. It’s a past that hasn’t been forgotten.

“VALUABLE ON MANY LEVELS,” WAS HOW MCBETH DESCRIBED WHAT SHE learned, since there isn’t much documentation of the Ute prior to their departure. Today, 125 years later, she found that ties to the park were in many ways severed. Only one tribal member had visited. But many wanted to rekindle the lost memories. “They were really interested in reconnecting with the park’s sacred sites,” McBeth says. A few resisted returning for any reason, but there was the sense that if they did not “all those connections would be lost to the next generation,” she says. Added Arrum, “Very little is known of our people and so

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telling of origins or offering morals, often through animals and their environment. “In English, God, you call him God, but in Ute it’s nature,” said Geneva Accawanna, a Northern Ute.

McBeth also learned about the Little People, dwarves underground who possess extraordinary spiritual power, always deserving of respect. “They’re just our leprechauns,” explained Alden Naranjo, a Southern Ute who was among 25 members of the Ute and the Arapaho—former mountain neighbors—that McBeth interviewed as they walked their ancestral land, pointing out rock circles and fasting beds used for vision quests and healing rituals, conical-shaped wooden wickiups used for temporary shelters, and the routes of game drives used for hunting. “For the Ute people, it was a paradise—the grass, lush meadows, the lodge poles, the elk,

Left: Abandoned Ute teepees, circa 1880-1910.

it’s time for us to tell the world that we have been in these mountains a long time . . . [it is time] to open the windows and the doors.”

Former park archeologist William Butler says the report, inspired in part by University of Colorado anthropology professor John Brett’s earlier ethnographic assessment, was especially useful in giving the park the background it needs to protect the sacred sites. And thanks to the tribes, visitors will have a deeper understanding of the full story, with the park’s interpretation informed by the report.

Read the report at www.nps.gov/history/history/online_books/romo/oral_history.pdf. Email Sally McBeth at sally.mcbeth@unco.edu.

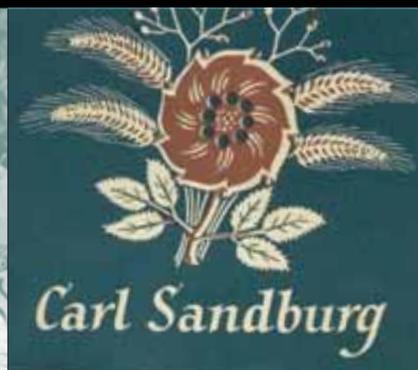
A MILLION ACRES OF SKY

A LEGENDARY LIFE ON VIEW AT CARL SANDBURG'S COUNTRY RETREAT

American writer Carl August Sandburg was a man of many questions, including the oft-asked query of time and self, "Who am I, where am I going, where have I been?" And now, thanks to a new web exhibit from the National Park Service Museum Management Program, objects from the place where he made some of his most iconic ponderings are on virtual display. Clothing, furniture, photographs, and mementos—all from Connemara, the Flat Rock, North Carolina, farm where Sandburg lived with his wife Lilian ("Paula") Steichen Sandburg and daughters from 1945 until his death in 1967—can be viewed up close with insights from his philosophies and writings.



EDWARD STEICHEN. "THE SANDBURG FAMILY," CARL 12701



Far left: The close-knit Sandburg family, circa 1920s. Near left: Cover detail from Carl Sandburg's 1953 autobiography, *Always the Young Strangers*. Right: Cover of the *Chicago Tribune Magazine of Books*, with scenes from Sandburg's early life.

SANDBURG WAS BORN IN GALESBURG, ILLINOIS, THE ELDEST SON OF SWEDISH immigrants, in 1878. He lived most of his life in the Midwest, with only the last 22 years spent in North Carolina. But for anyone wanting a sense of who he was, Connemara—a national historic landmark—is the place to go, or experience through the web. Although only around 400 of its over 300,000 objects are online, they are a tangible record of the Sandburgs' daily lives, left as they were in 1968 when Paula sold the house to the National Park Service. "Magical," is how Sandburg biographer Penelope Niven describes the estate. With its wall-to-wall bookcases and thousands of letters and papers, "you truly know that you have entered a writer's workshop," she says.

From the early 1900s, when he was a newspaper editor at Galesburg's Lombard College, Sandburg was prolific. Over a third of his published works, including *Remembrance Rock* and several revisions of earlier titles, were written in the upstairs study, where he spent long hours in the leather swivel chair at his Remington typewriter. Papers are scattered about the room—he saved nearly everything—with numerous items stored in orange crates. "Visitors see a

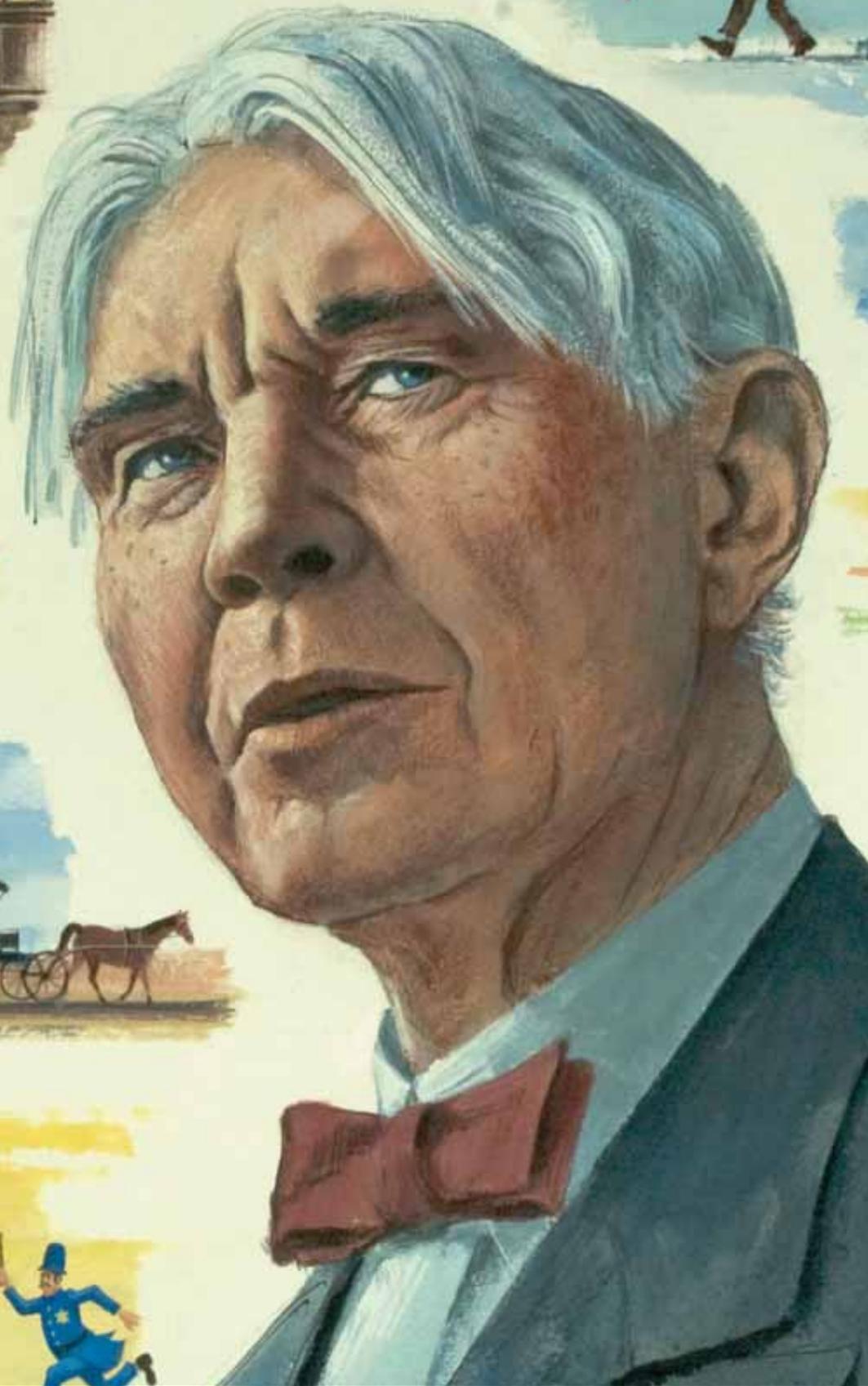
ABOVE "ALWAYS THE YOUNG STRANGERS," CARL 20410, RIGHT "CARL SANDBURG PORTRAIT W/ COLLAGE," CARL 26796

lot of disorder and confusion, but he very clearly had things in an order that worked for him," Niven says, adding that she uses some of his techniques in organizing her own writing.

SANDBURG AND HIS WIFE PAULA, BOTH FIRST-GENERATION AMERICANS, struggled to get by in the early years. Décor was unimportant. A "shack in the woods with a roof, four walls, three chairs (one for company), a hat rack, a bread box, and a bowl for wild flowers and a coffeepot," were all the couple wanted after their 1908 wedding, wrote their granddaughter, Paula Steichen, in her 1969 childhood memoir, *My Connemara*. And while the three-story Greek Revival edifice is definitely not a shack, it exudes simplicity.

"If it was functional and pretty, they put it in the house," says Sarah Perschall, the site's chief of visitor services, pointing to the mismatched dining room chairs as an example of comfort over style. While brand names were never important, quality was. The house boasts several pieces of handmade Stickleby furniture, and although expensive, they reflect Sandburg's belief in hard work—the fuel that carried him through life.

ALL PHOTOS CAROL HIGHSMITH FOR THE NPS MUSEUM MANAGEMENT PROGRAM EXCEPT AS NOTED.



THE AMERICAN SONGBAG

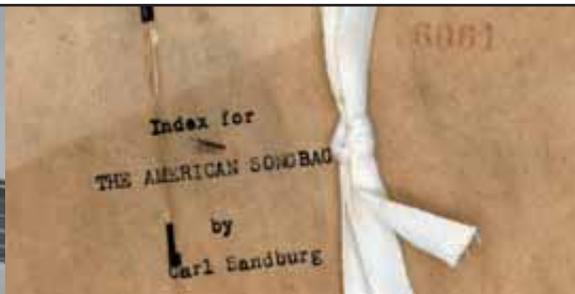
280 real American songs to sing and play. Ballads, hobo songs, spirituals, steamboat, railroad and lumberjack songs, close harmony ditties, colonial songs, love songs . . .



AS A CHILD LABORER WHO NEVER WENT TO HIGH SCHOOL, WHAT SANDBURG didn't have in his youth he made up for with his later ambition. He fought in the Spanish-American War and hoboed around the country selling stereograph images and viewers before getting serious as a writer in the early 1900s. Success didn't find him until the 1930s, though people took notice of his free verse poetry on the struggles of immigrants and the working class. "I wish to God I had never saw you, Mag. I wish to God the kids had never come," were the words about a man unable to support his family. "It was strong, muscular poetry about real people with real problems," Niven says. Much of the inspiration came from his early days as a labor reporter, his

"Many visitors don't realize the scope of his work," Perschall says. He also published children's stories, fiction, and biographies, including his own, *Always the Young Strangers*.

SANDBURG WAS OFTEN AWAY ON WORK-RELATED TRAVEL, BUT WHEN HE WAS at Connemara, one of his favorite hobbies was music. He loved hearing classical records on the phonograph, but could just as well be found with his silver Chromonica harmonica or one of several guitars strumming a folk song. "A small friend weighing less than a newborn infant, ever responsive to all sincere efforts aimed at mutual respect, depth of affection or love gone off the deep end," was one of several definitions Sandburg had for his musical instru-



"bread and butter" job for the *Chicago Daily News*, where he witnessed firsthand the working conditions of the Industrial Revolution. Moved strongly by its travesties, he joined the Socialist Democratic Party, where he argued for an eight-hour work day, a minimum wage, and unemployment insurance. His politics grew from the experiences of his father, a Swedish immigrant who struggled to make ends meet. In 1919—at the height of the Red Scare—Sandburg documented the Chicago race riots and labor unrest, establishing his reputation as an advocate for the common man. The suffering of World War I influenced his views, as well. According to Niven, he had come to believe that "the struggle for human dignity was global, and his conviction deepened that the insidious root of racial, national, and international conflict was economic."

He was part of what came to be known as the Chicago Literary Renaissance, about a decade's worth of influential work by writers such as Theodore Dreiser, Sherwood Anderson, Edgar Lee Masters, and others. It was a period when theater and literary magazines flourished in the city. Writers lamented the loss of traditional rural values and life in an industrial America that seemed increasingly preoccupied with material possessions. Their gritty, realistic depictions of the urban milieu fostered a literary form of newspaper reporting, for which Sandburg became well known.

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ments. He bought his first guitar at the age of 32. Knowing only a few chords, he was not a strong player, but could "hold an audience transfixed when he sang," says Niven.

His intense love of folk music inspired him to publish *The American Songbag*, a 280-song collection of his favorite folk ballads, in 1927. "Real American" songs was how he described it. Like many first-generation immigrants, Sandburg wholeheartedly embraced assimilation, even calling himself Charles for several years, before returning to the more Swedish Carl, so folk culture was especially appealing to him.

A night owl, he often slept late, awakened with a breakfast tray from daughter Janet. He wouldn't start writing until afternoon, but

Left: Sandburg's collection of folk music, a cultural portrait of early 20th century America. Above: The writer's guitar and index cards from his *American Songbag* research.



when he did, he demanded quiet. Other members of the family could often be found outside, particularly in another hub of activity—the goat dairy in the barn. The family never drank cow’s milk again once Paula, who suffered from gall bladder problems, found that goat milk was easier to digest, and just as delicious. Her prize-winning herd, named Chikaming, produced milk for sale until 1952, when the state decided that it must be pasteurized. At its peak in the early 1950s, the operation had over 200 champion Nubian, Toggenburg, and Saanen goats. Jennifer II, a Toggenburg, was the world’s top producer for the breed in 1960. Not only did the goats win awards for their milk production, they excelled in the show ring, too. Around 15 of them, descendants of the original herd, still roam the barnyard.

Paula, who studied genetics at the University of Chicago before getting married, wanted to improve milk quality and production in the industry. She became an advocate for scientific breeding and research, serving for 20 years as director of the American Dairy Goat Association. On many Connemara evenings, she could be found at her desk in the barn, hunched over a spiral notebook, scribbling

notes about lineages or working on articles for *Better Goatkeeping* and *Goat World*.

BUILT IN 1838, THE 245-ACRE ESTATE WAS THE HOME OF C.G. MEMMINGER, A prominent Charleston lawyer and the Confederacy’s Secretary of the Treasury during the Civil War, before passing through a handful of owners. One of them, Captain Ellison Smyth, named it Connemara after his ancestral Ireland. The Sandburgs purchased it for \$45,000, to escape the cold Midwestern winters and find much needed privacy. “They loved their house in Michigan but they were international celebrities and it was very regular for people to just walk right up to their door,” Niven says.

Paula called it “a million acres of sky.” Carl said it was “a hell of a baronial estate for an old Socialist.” With its 22-room main house, barns for the goats, lakes, and a network of nature trails, Connemara offered the family plenty of space. It also boasted a view of the Blue Ridge Mountains and an expanse of flat rocks where Sandburg loved to muse. “The spectacular natural beauty gave tremendous inspiration,” says a report for the site published by the National Park Service Southeast Regional Office in 2005.



When Carl wasn't writing or traveling on business, and Paula wasn't out in the barn with the goats, the family enjoyed just being together. Bird watching was a favorite family pastime. Web viewers can see their love of the feathered creatures in exhibit items such as oldest daughter Margaret's bird-illustrated wooden purse and a colorful Swedish tile stating simply "Happy as a bird in the early morning." As Paula once said, "They are our luxury!"

The Sandburgs were avid readers, Carl and Margaret especially. There is an extraordinary library—with over 15,000 titles—including childhood texts and books on just about every topic. Although over 6,000 of the volumes were sold to the University of Illinois in 1956, visitors can see the remaining thousands in the custom bookcases lining the walls of nearly every room. More than 3,000 titles relate to Abraham Lincoln.

THE FORMER PRESIDENT WAS AT THE HEART OF SANDBURG'S CAREER. THE writer once said of him: "Not often in the story of mankind does a man arrive on earth who is both steel and velvet, who is hard as a rock and soft as a drifting fog, who holds in his heart and mind the paradox of terrible storm and peace unspeakable and perfect."

LEFT ABOVE "GOAT MILK BOTTLE CAP," CARL 107139; LEFT "PURSE," CARL 107898; ABOVE "TOY," CARL 54090

BIRD WATCHING WAS A FAVORITE FAMILY PASTIME. WEB VIEWERS CAN SEE THEIR LOVE OF THE FEATHERED CREATURES IN EXHIBIT ITEMS SUCH AS OLDEST DAUGHTER MARGARET'S BIRD-ILLUSTRATED WOODEN PURSE AND A COLORFUL SWEDISH TILE STATING SIMPLY "HAPPY AS A BIRD IN THE EARLY MORNING."

Left: Objects from the collection of the Carl Sandburg Home National Historic Site: The cap to a bottle of goat milk and a detail from a wooden purse belonging to the poet's daughter, Margaret. Above: A folk art toy.

From his Illinois childhood, Sandburg had been intrigued by the man, visiting the site of a Lincoln-Douglas debate and shining the shoes of Civil War veterans. He spent several years writing the two-volume *Abraham Lincoln: The Prairie Years*. Published in 1926, the biography was a success before it hit the printing press, with over 10,000 advance sets sold. While some critics deemed it unconventional and not always factual, for the most part it earned rave reviews. He followed with the equally impressive *Abraham Lincoln: The War Years*, published in 1939. He avidly collected Lincoln memorabilia—including a book of photos of the president, privately published in 1911—and a Civil War-era certificate with

Lombard professor). The two collaborated on several projects including the 1955 Museum of Modern Art exhibit “The Family of Man,” a legendary collection of over 500 images from 68 countries.

An extremely popular figure, Sandburg had many admirers. The house is filled with many unique and varied gifts, from the prized North Star Medal from Sweden’s King Gustav VI Adolf to a miniature rhododendron wood log cabin created by a Flat Rock local. The home also contains the formal recognitions of his accomplishments—countless awards and honors. Many, such as his first Pulitzer Prize in 1940 and his 1960 Grammy, were for his work on Lincoln. Engraved on the back of one Lincoln-related award, a

“MAGICAL,” IS HOW SANDBURG BIOGRAPHER PENELOPE NIVEN DESCRIBES AND THOUSANDS OF LETTERS AND PAPERS, “YOU TRULY KNOW THAT YOU HAVE ENTERED A WRITER’S WORKSHOP,” SHE SAYS.



“PRESIDENTIAL MEDAL OF FREEDOM,” CARL 18042

“LINCOLN PLAQUE,” CARL 30267

Above left: Sandburg’s Presidential Medal of Freedom, given by President Lyndon Johnson in 1964. Above right: Plaque honoring the poet’s work on Abraham Lincoln, which included a Pulitzer Prize-winning biography. Right: At work in Chicago.

Abe’s signature. The president’s image was all over the house. Granddaughter Paula thought he was a relative she had never met.

The web exhibit also gives a glimpse of Sandburg’s daughters, his “homeyglomeys.” Margaret, who had epilepsy, and Janet, who had mental disabilities, always lived with their parents. Helga, a writer herself, lived at Connemara for several years with her two young children before remarrying and moving to Virginia. Viewers can see a painted drum from Margaret’s oriental art collection, some of middle daughter Janet’s animal figurines including her porcelain Siamese cat, and youngest daughter Helga’s paintings of her father.

FRIENDS AND FAMILY WERE IMPORTANT, AND SANDBURG WASN’T THE ONLY famous one. Web viewers can see the portraits taken by Paula’s brother, noted pictorialist photographer Edward Steichen. Sandburg called him his third great influence (after Paula and a

metal plaque manufactured by the Medallion Art Company, are the words “WGN greatly acknowledges your contribution of the continuing tradition and spirit of the Lincoln story . . . New York World’s Fair, 1964-1965.”

SANDBURG HIMSELF WAS THE RECIPIENT OF THE PRESIDENTIAL MEDAL OF Freedom, given by President Johnson in 1964. But perhaps the honor he loved best was that schools were named after him. The virtual tour includes a commemorative plate from a Carl Sandburg High School and a pencil bag and jacket from a Carl Sandburg Junior High.

Photographs of the poet at Connemara show a man unaltered by acclaim. Sandburg wears rumpled work clothes, a handkerchief around his neck, his longish white hair hanging low on his forehead. The homey clutter, the folk objects, and the unassuming furniture suggest that no matter how far he traveled—both literally and figuratively—he never strayed far from what he perceived himself to be, a common man. As a result, Connemara is a place many people relate to. “Visitors quickly develop an affection for the site,” says Superintendent Connie Hudson Backlund. “It might be remembrances of their childhood kitchen or their grandparent’s house; the objects rekindle memories that make you feel right at home.”

Sandburg was never forgotten in his lifetime, not just for his Lincoln writings and poetry, but also for his role as an advocate for social change. Niven says his life is a lesson we can learn from today. “He found so much to celebrate, even in hard times,” she says.

Check out the online exhibit at <http://www.nps.gov/history/museum/exhibits/carl>. Viewers can also see a timeline of Sandburg’s life and slideshows of family photos, as well as access *Teaching with Museum Collections* lesson plans. For information about visiting Connemara, go to www.nps.gov/carl or call (828) 693-4178.

THE ESTATE. WITH ITS WALL-TO-WALL BOOKCASES

JUNE GLENN. "CARL SANDBURG TYPING IN HIS UPSTAIRS OFFICE AT CONNEMARA," CARL 266Z

