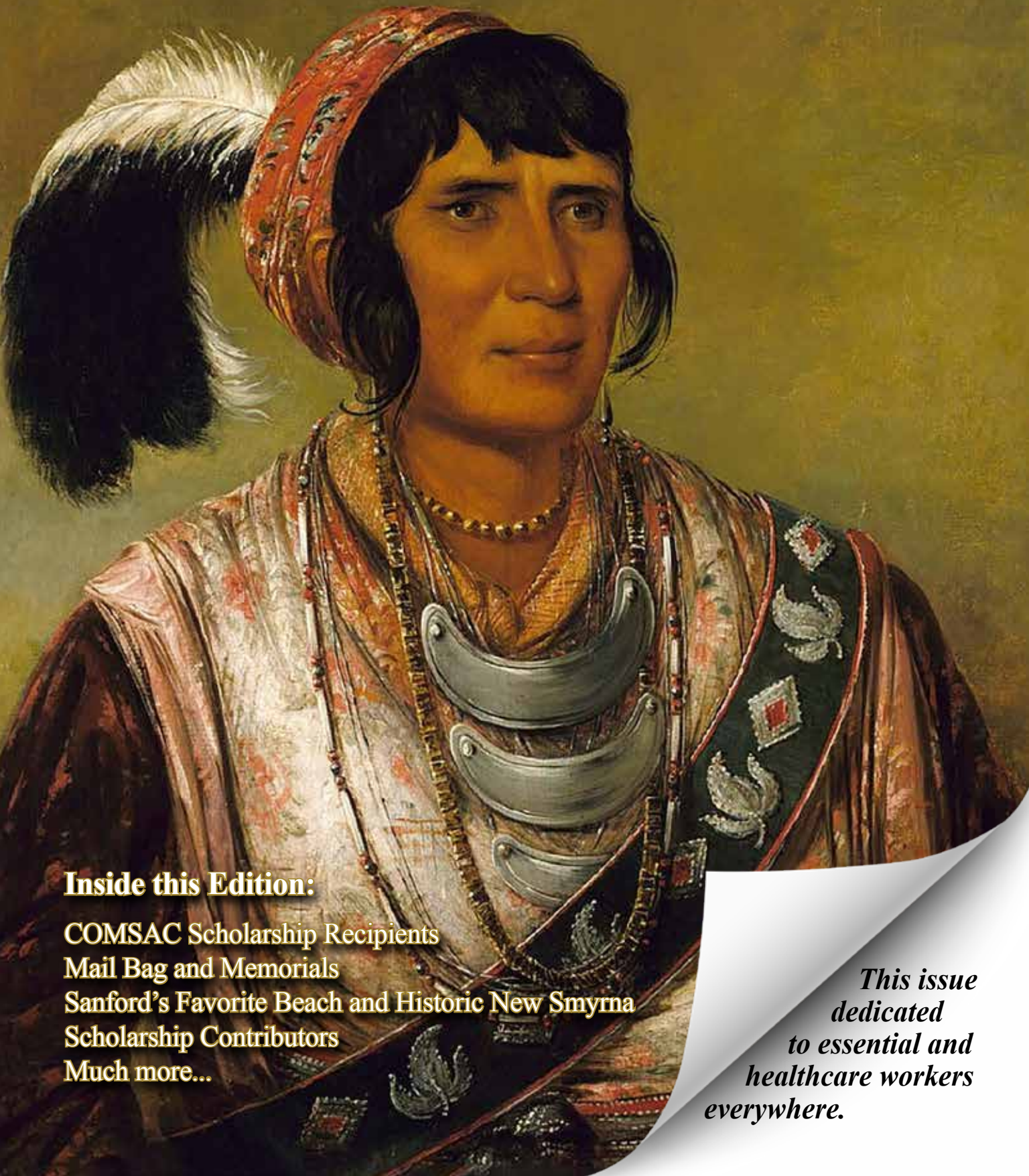


THE SEMINOLE

2020-2021 Edition



Inside this Edition:

COMSAC Scholarship Recipients
Mail Bag and Memorials
Sanford's Favorite Beach and Historic New Smyrna
Scholarship Contributors
Much more...

*This issue
dedicated
to essential and
healthcare workers
everywhere.*

The Seminole Magazine

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The COMSAC Committee is seeking volunteers for Membership Assistants to help find contact information, mailing addresses and reunion information of SHS alumni and classmates. If interested, contact Ceni Zampini at by email listed above. We are also seeking volunteer writers/contributors of photos and articles of interest. If interested, please contact any of our directors at the email listed above or Billy Higgins by email or phone at (407) 719-4608.

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Thank You Seminole State College Foundation!!

Thank you Seminole State College Foundation leaders and staff for supporting the SHS COMSAC Scholarship program with generous matches to funds contributed by SHS alumni.

John Gyllin - VP, Resource & Economic Development; SSC Foundation Executive Director

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COVER: Chief Osceola

The 1838 George Catlin Painting is in the Smithsonian's National Portrait Gallery in Washington D.C.

LETTER FROM THE SHS COMSAC CHAIRMAN



Dear SHS Alumni and Friends – During this pandemic, we send our condolences to all who have lost friends and loved ones; we're deeply sorry. This year's *The Seminole* magazine is dedicated to healthcare and essential workers everywhere. Our gratitude and support go out to them for the lives they've helped save, the loving care they provide and the brave work they do. From doctors and nurses to grocery store clerks, you are the heroes of our time. Thank you.

For years COMSAC scholarships have been awarded in a celebration in the SHS Karen Whigham Coleman Auditorium. The auditorium is affectionately called the KWC, using the late Karen Whigham Coleman's initials. It's a fitting location for our awards as Karen was a fellow '64 classmate, co-founder of COMSAC, an extraordinary educator and a gifted speaker. Awards night in the KWC has always been a festive event with refreshments served in the lobby with student dance teams, band members and entertainers performing.

This past year, things changed with the pandemic, especially for schools and students. Traditional functions including graduation ceremonies, award presentations and proms were redesigned or went virtual. We were determined to find a way to recognize, surprise and celebrate with our scholarship winners. On May 28, 2020, using Zoom/Webex technology, we all came together, virtually. From our homes on our laptops, phones and computer screens we watched Principal Rodriguez and SHS Counselor Kay Williamson welcome COMSAC members, faculty and the scholarship recipients. They extended appreciation to COMSAC contributors. Dr. Rodriguez thanked the students for their hard work and community service. Some students called in with their families, others were at desks or kitchen tables. Some prepared interesting and artistic backdrops. A few dressed for the occasion, another appeared to be in pajamas. No one noticed the shorts and sneakers below my sports jacket and dress shirt.

We explained the 30-year tradition of COMSAC scholarship awards; how they're funded by generous SHS alumni and awarded to hard working SHS graduates who volunteered for public service in our community. When each recipient's name was called, there were spontaneous applause and cheers. Everyone was given the chance to speak. Listening to the student's stories, goals, youthful enthusiasm, and gratitude was emotional and moving. In this year's magazine we have photo layouts of the scholarship winners and their thank-you notes beginning on page 4. Please take a moment to read the letters, as they are written to you, our contributors.

At our virtual presentation, seventeen students were awarded scholarships attending the University of Florida, University of South Florida, University of Central Florida, Florida International University, Baylor University and Seminole State College. Awarded scholarships in honor of or in memory of Sanford residents, SHS graduates or faculty were students receiving the Don Reynolds Scholarship, Janice Springfield Endowment Scholarship, Wayne Epps Endowment Scholarship, Frank Noell American Veterans Scholarship, Tom and Sally Moore Scholarship, and the Jackie Caolo Memorial Scholarship. Two essay contest winners received scholarships and nine additional scholarships were awarded from the COMSAC general fund. Our virtual awards ceremony was a success.

This year in our magazine we're grateful to introduce a fitting and timely addition to our COMSAC family of contributors from Sanford's Park family. 1968 SHS graduate, Sydney Park Brown and her family are sponsoring the \$1,000 Park Family COMSAC Scholarship in memory of Renea Park Burns (SHS '72), Kathryn Wiggins Park (SHS '43), and Dr. Charles Park, Jr. who attended Seminole High. The Park family Scholarship will be awarded to an SHS graduate pursuing the study of medicine or health care. The late Dr. Charles Park, Jr. was born and raised in Sanford and attended SHS and completed his senior year ('43) in Augusta, Georgia, where his dad, Dr. C. L. Park, Sr. was stationed during WWII. Read more about the Park family beginning on page 46.

We hope you enjoy this edition of *The Seminole* and our focus on our favorite beach, New Smyrna. We're grateful to all contributors who stepped up in record numbers this challenging year. Thank you. Please continue your support and send your contribution soon.

Virtually Yours, Billy Higgins

2020 COMSAC Scholarship Recipients

Thank you to everyone who contributed last year. Your donations make it possible for SHS graduates to go to college and stay in college! Don't forget to send in your checks for the Class of 2021.



The current Principal of Seminole High School, Dr. Jordan Rodriguez, is an inspiring and leading voice among the nation's educators. You can watch his commencement speech to the SHS Class of 2020 on YouTube, (Sanford Seminole High School Class of 2020 Graduation Speech by Dr. Rodriguez). Toward the end of his speech, Dr Rodriguez credited The Seminole magazine, COMSAC and SHS alumni for our support year after year. SHS COMSAC, a nonprofit organization supporting Seminole High School since 1990, is one of Rodriguez's designated Seminole High School champions. We're immensely proud that contributing SHS alumni and friends kept the tradition alive during this challenging year.

Depiction of the virtual presentation of COMSAC scholarship awards.

From the 2020 COMSAC Scholarship Recipients



To the SHS COMSAC alumni contributors,
I want to express my gratitude for your generosity in awarding me with the COMSAC scholarship. I am honored to be chosen for this award. With it I can relieve some financial stress approaching the next four years at the University of Florida. I plan to major in nursing and eventually specialize in pediatrics. I also plan to continue my involvement in beach clean-ups at UF through the Sustainable Ocean Alliance and UF Surfrider Foundation Club.
I will never forget the excitement I had at my first swim meet transitioning from being a “sting-ray” throughout elementary and middle school to being a part of the high school team. I will never forget the feeling of excitement rushing through me on game days during lacrosse season. I will never forget singing the Alma Mater next to my friends, in the middle of the basketball court, during the pep rallies. Mostly, I will never forget and greatly thank Seminole for the close friends and amazing teachers I have had throughout the years. Once a Nole, always a Nole!
Isabel Ramos

“Education is reading the fine print. Experience is what you get when you don’t.” Bill Seeger



To SHS alumni and contributors,
I have just learned that I have been awarded the COSMAC Scholarship and I’m writing to thank you for this. I was elated to learn that I was selected as the recipient of this scholarship. I am a future UF Gator and deciding between aerospace engineering and medicine as my choice of major, and plan to graduate in 2024. After college, I plan on attending graduate school. Thanks to this scholarship, I will be able to offset some of the cost that I will face as I go through this journey.
With the COSMAC Scholarship, I can relieve some of the financial burden on me and my parents, and thus be able to focus more on learning. I hope to take full advantage of the opportunities given to me at the University of Florida, and plan to give back to the SHS community that helped me on my journey, so that others will be helped as well. Once again, thank you very much for your consideration.
Sincerely, Vedic Sharma



Dear SHS alumni contributors,
I want to begin by thanking the Seminole High School Community and Student Action Committee for empowering me to be able to prosper and excel in my transition from high school to college. As a Seminole High school student, I was given many opportunities to learn from a challenging curriculum with high rigorous standards in place. Without my supportive teachers and faculty, I would struggle to flourish academically and morally. I hope that many students will take advantage of our diverse community and thrive to become academically prosperous. Once again, thank you for your generosity and support in my ongoing undergraduate experience.
Elaine Kim



Thank you to the SHS alumni contributors for the scholarship. I really appreciate it and I’m grateful. This really means a lot to me.
Teralyn Joi Concengco



Dear SHS alumni,
Thank you very much to each of the SHS alumni contributors who so graciously provided a select few of us with an amazing scholarship. I would also like to thank Miss Frye and Miss Levitt from the SHS IB Office who tirelessly helped all of us to figure out where we will be going to college and exposing us to these fantastic scholarship opportunities. I will always remember my ‘Noles nation but for the next four years, I’ll be a proud UCF Knight. Go Knights, charge on!
Sincerely, Aleksej Brnjos



Dear SHS alumni contributors,
Words cannot express how thankful I am to have been chosen as a recipient of the COMSAC award. I truly appreciate the Scholarship Committee and alumni contributors for their generosity as this scholarship award will help me in my journey to reaching my goal. Although Seminole High School is a large school, “Noles” will always support and assist each other no matter what.
Sincerely, Kayla Smith



Dear SHS alumni contributors,

I would like to thank you for your generosity to fund the COMSAC scholarships and I am truly honored to have been selected as a recipient. I think I speak on behalf of all the winners when I say that this money will greatly help us as we embark on this new journey to further our education. I hope that we will make you all proud!

I will be attending the University of Florida in the fall as a part of their honors program and will be majoring in biology on the pre-med track. After completing my bachelor's degree, I plan to go to medical school and ultimately pursue a career as a pediatrician. Because of your support, I am one step closer to achieving my goals.

Thank you again for believing in me and for giving me this opportunity to further my studies without having a large financial burden. I hope to follow in your footsteps and give back to our community in the future. I am so excited to join you all and become a part of this wonderful Seminole High alumni family. And as always, GO 'NOLES!

Sincerely, Yashaswini Meduri

Simple advice to graduates, “*Make the world better.*” Lucy Stone.



Dearest SHS alumni contributors,

My name is Serra Sowers and I am honored to be a 2020 COMSAC Scholarship recipient. Throughout high school, Seminole has been a safe place for me to learn and grow and I am incredibly grateful for the experiences I have had on campus and within the greater Sanford community. I was heavily involved in the performing arts and our school's news publication, The Seminole Newspaper, and cannot wait to continue with similar activities in college.

I wanted to personally thank you all for your generous contributions to SHS 2020 Seniors. I am extremely blessed and thankful for all of you and the incredible Seminole High alumni network I have now proudly joined. With this scholarship contributing to the cost of my college education, I will now be able to put some of my own money towards additional learning experiences like study abroad and alternative break service projects. I am excited to announce that I will be attending the University of Florida studying journalism and political science, hoping to make an impact after graduation by making news accessible for all and reporting on under-represented issues. It was wonderful meeting some of you during our virtual award ceremony and I look forward to connecting with you all again soon. I hope I can make you proud and give back to COMSAC in the future.

Thank you again for selecting me as a scholarship recipient. It truly means the world to me, and I am forever grateful. As always, Go 'Noles!

Sincerely, Serra Sowers



Dear SHS alumni,

I would like to thank SHS alumni contributors and COMSAC for awarding me this scholarship. I would also like to thank them for helping me and giving me the opportunity to go college and make it easier on my parents because we all know college is expensive and every penny counts. Thank you for recognizing me. I really appreciate this award and hope to make good use of it in my college education.

Sincerely, Antonio Roberts



Dear SHS alumni contributors,

Thank you so much for awarding me this scholarship. I am honored to have been recognized for my achievements and I am looking forward to seeing the opportunities this scholarship will afford me at the University of Florida.

Justine-Ryan Payabyab



Dear SHS alumni contributors,

Thank you so much for your contribution to the scholarship funds. It is because of you that I will be able to afford paying for my college books and housing. I am nervous about the transition from high school to college but receiving this scholarship has allowed me to calm my nerves and focus on the bigger picture: that I will become a veterinarian someday. It warms my heart that there is so much pride associated with being a 'Nole, and maybe one day when I am successful, I can help out a future scholar and lessen their anxieties as well. Once again, thank you for all that you do.

Sincerely, Aya Hassan



Dear SHS alumni contributors,

Thank you so much for your generosity and support towards the next generation. Your aid will help me greatly to pursue my dreams of physical therapy; helping countless people through the daunting journey that is rehabilitation.

Sierra Marie Ciesco



Dear SHS alumni contributors,

I am a recipient of a COMSAC scholarship and just wanted to say thank you so much for this opportunity; I am beyond honored and so thankful to be a recipient. This scholarship will aid me in my academic career in biomedical sciences at UCF. I am going to be a neonatal or cardiothoracic surgeon due to my passion for helping others and my fascination with the complexity of physiology. I am excited to begin this new journey ahead of me and wish the best for all my fellow peers and the SHS alumni contributors. Once again, I would like to thank you for donating to my education and success.

Sincerely, Hanna Burleson



Dear SHS alumni contributors,

I would like to say thank you to SHS alumni contributors who provided me this opportunity. This scholarship will aid towards my future. I am truly grateful.

Lyman Walters



Dear SHS alumni contributors / COMSAC,

I am sincerely honored to have been selected as one of the recipients of the COMSAC scholarship. As I begin my education at Seminole State College, I am very thankful for you and with this generous donation I will be able to attend college and it will assist me on the path to my desired goals.

Sincerely, Yamil Camacho



My Seminole High Dream Legacy COMSAC Award Winning Essay
by: Tyler Hargis

A legacy is not something people typically plan. Not everybody is worried or concerned about their legacy. When others look back on my life, I hope they say I was passionate, well-educated, humble, and most importantly, a team player. As I walk the halls of Seminole High, and later the stage at graduation, I'm confident my strongest character trait is and was my ability to work effectively within a team.

Being part of one of the best football programs in Central Florida has taught me many important things such as being a team player. A valuable lesson I learned was working together as a team is the superior method when attempting to reach or surpass a goal. Attempting to do so on my own would not end well, and this lesson applies for a lot of scenarios in life. I learned commit-

ting to a team, especially football, meant I had to make sacrifices. I learned how to separate my wants from my needs, and where my passions lie. I worked hard for not only the team, but also in various aspects of my life, such as academics.

Being academically adequate was a priority for maintaining my position on the team. This also meant I would not, and did not, miss one practice, team meeting, or event. Had I missed anything football related, I would have caused a chain of reactions letting the team down that, simply, was not an option. It's wasn't all fun and games, everything has its pro's and con's. However, at the end of the day, we always made it work. When the program needed us to raise funds, we found a way. When there was an issue or an altercation, we dealt with it respectfully and amicably so that the outcome could be beneficial for all parties, and we accepted not everyone is going to be satisfied. A big part of being on a team is knowing the right time to step in, step up, or even step back, to allow others to learn a lesson or experience the glory.

During my time on the football team, I also learned what it was like to be victorious and defeated, which was a lesson in both pride and humility. Seminole High is known for having amazing talent in everything we do, from sports and academics to fine arts. When it comes specifically to football, those in Florida knew we were in the running for being the best in the State and in the Central Florida region. We had our ups and downs following our first state championship win in 2008. We came extremely close on multiple occasions, most memorably the loss against Dr. Phillips in 2016. This was very painful for all of us at the school and especially the football team, considering how close we were to a state championship. Tears struck the eyes of the Seminole High staff, students, coaches, and even football players. The following years led to a roller coaster of successes, and the senior class of 2020 was hungry for a state championship. "Bring the championship back" was the goal set at the beginning of the season. As the season went on, we were ring chasers, undefeated and going into

the playoffs. We knew we could do it. "This was OUR year", we said. We played against Apopka High, a school that had declared victory over us a few years back. We needed to practice better than ever, no mistakes. We all knew we had to play our best to solidify our spot. As the game began, the first quarter was rough, but there was still time to come back and win. Unfortunately, that first quarter shaped the game, and we lost 0-20.

Losing was heartbreaking, considering it was the last game for the seniors. Some may never play another down of football again and we all knew it. It was a terrible feeling knowing it was my last game, but it taught me that life moves on. It was a great feeling being able to play and enjoy the game of football here at Seminole. The team is like a second family to me.

I hope the coaching staff will remember me and say my legacy was I always worked hard, never gave up, and always had a smile on my face. When talking to younger players about working hard, I hope they would say a great person to look up to is Tyler, "He never gave up, never stopped working, and always gave it his all." I would want other students, faculty, or staff members to say I had integrity and tried to act as a representative or ambassador of Seminole High School, on or off the school campus. I would want them to say I had humility, and I realized I was never better than someone else.

I recognize all humans fight battles I know nothing about, and therefore I treat others with dignity and respect. With that, also comes the lesson of compassion and empathy, meaning I had to own-up to my mistakes. I would want my legacy to remind people to never give up, always keep pushing and work to be better than the person you were yesterday. You can do or be whatever you want in this world if you're willing to work for it. Just remember, working hard means nothing without passion, humility, and a good team to support you always. My team and support system will always be Seminole High.



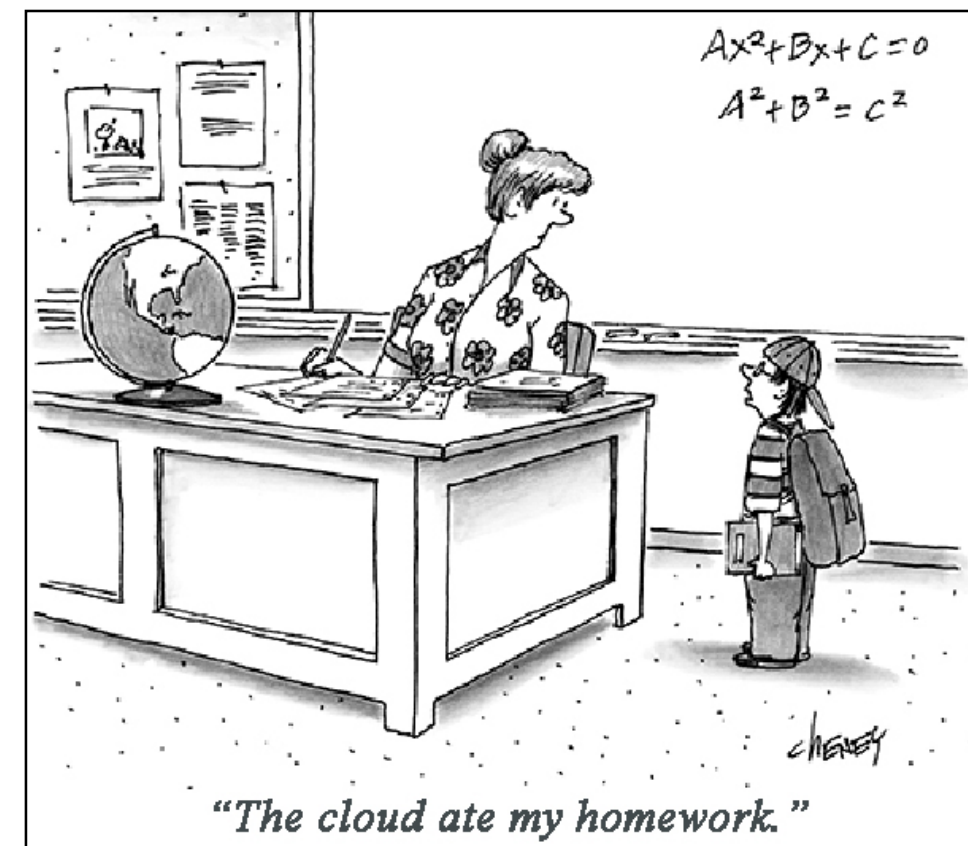
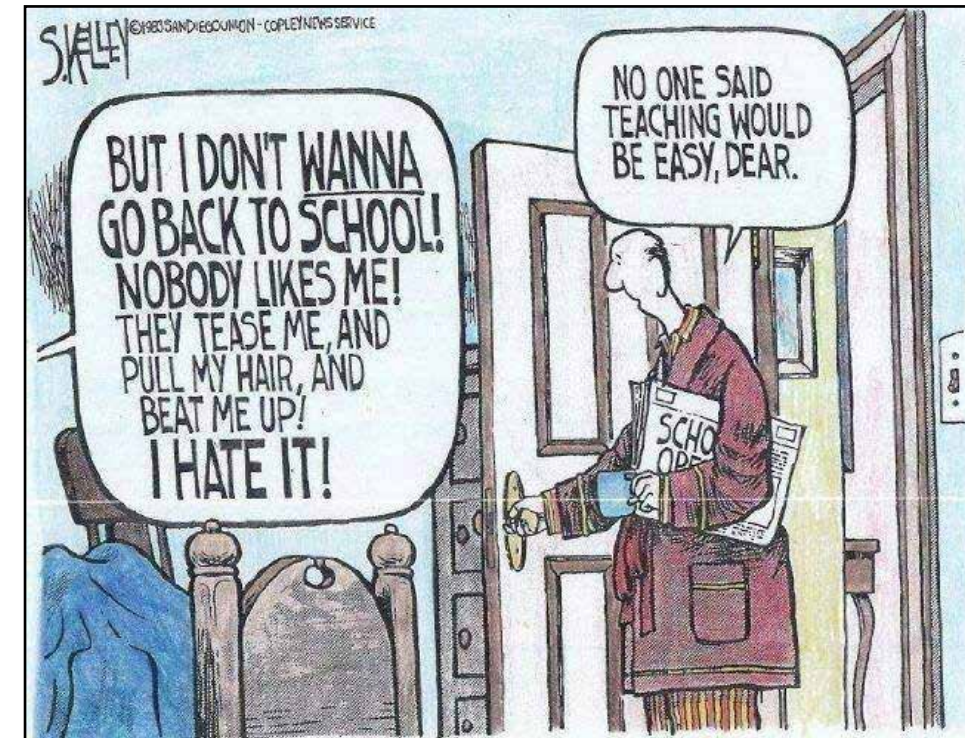
Seminole High Legacy
COMSAC Award Winning Essay
by: Grace Hernandez

Up until late July of 2019, I did not know Seminole High School existed. Around the middle of junior year, my parents informed my siblings and I that, come summer 2019, we would no longer call Miami, Florida home. Although this bomb exploded my third year of high school, I couldn't help but feel the hopefulness that a fresh start would offer me. Miami Palmetto Senior High School never truly embraced the self-proclaimed Jesus freak who diligently followed biblical practices. Students pre-judged her, surprised when she walked the halls with LGBTQ+ friends, when she defended women's rights, or when she agreed that, yes, black lives matter. Although everyone established a solid group of friends through high school, she did not. No one invited her to parties, games, sleepovers. Not that she would have enjoyed them, quite frankly, she does not find the typical high school triad of drugs, alcohol, and sex fun, but she appreciates invitations! I digress. I did not attend Seminole High School for all four of my high school years. I have barely spent one, but in my time here, however I can offer an outsider's perspective of our alma mater.

When I arrived at Seminole High School, I was met by students who either knew nothing about their future or knew every detail. Granted, plenty of students in every city navigate high school without a clue, but rarely do I see students as driven as the Health Academy students. I met people who focus on their education because their dreams are as big as neurosurgery or trauma surgery! I did not know of any credit recovery programs like Plato. At my former high school, I once knew someone who dropped out of school because he did not pass his algebra I class; I cannot imagine that at Seminole. This school pushes their students towards becoming better versions of themselves. The rewards exceed the toxic laziness of stressed high schoolers. Seminole uses its high incentives to push its students towards excellence. Another program, ROTC, creates an environment of respect for

the United States unlike I have ever seen. Students here pride themselves with their plans of joining the armed forces after they graduate. Maybe Miami's devotion to Latin countries like Cuba simply outweighs its American patriotism, but Seminole High stresses honor and respect for the country that I grew to appreciate when my cousin became an official Marine this December. Additionally, the school pride in Seminole is not only a foreign concept, because no one in Miami has school pride, but it makes me excited for school. My friends encouraged me to join lacrosse (my first sport since elementary school), and although I'm probably the worst player on the team, supporting my school makes the embarrassment bearable! The school spirit and enthusiasm Seminole High exudes makes high school a place of fun and excitement; a community that I could get used to.

To the students of Seminole High, my testimony sounds fantastic or exaggerated but no, that was a daily experience. I walked on eggshells, trying to represent the God of the Bible. I would constantly remind myself to "share the gospel every day and my actions should reflect Jesus all the time. I did not realize the immensity of that pressure until I started my senior year at Seminole High School. I could relax. I do not carry the burden of students' gazes... well... only because they wonder who the new student is... but still! It is relieving, nonetheless. No one looks at me, waiting for any chance to call me a hypocrite or a self-righteous Christian. Instead, the students embraced me and, (once they learned I am a senior), included me in all their activities. Sure, of the 4,000+ students, I met some challenging people too; still, Seminole High continuously treats me as an old friend. It pushes me out of my comfort zone, challenges me, recognizes, and rewards my effort. The grit I developed in Miami felt worthwhile upon my arrival when it was matched by that of Seminole High students. The integrity this school stresses through the multitude of programs that cater to the students' success, is truly admirable. Finally, the legacy of Seminole's school spirit radiates off the walls and makes an outsider feel a part of the Tribe as soon as they step foot onto the campus.



Seminole Wins Second State Title In School History, Dominates Osceola Kissimmee



Tallahassee, FL — In the history of the Florida High School Athletic Association state championship game, no two central Florida schools had ever met in the title game until Saturday afternoon at the home stadium of the Florida State Seminoles. Seminole High School (Sanford) defeated Osceola Kissimmee 38-10 to become state champions for the second time in school history. Seminole completed the season undefeated at 12-0. The Seminoles head coach is Eric Lodge.

Timmy McClain, a University of South Florida signee and four-year starter, completed 9 of 15 passes for 169 yards and a touchdown. McClain also gained 27 yards on the ground and scored a rushing touchdown.

The Sanford Seminoles got off to a great start when senior Keiyon Holloway put his team in excellent field position on the opening kickoff returning the football 51 yards. The Seminoles would settle for a field goal but would get a touchdown from their defense to extend the lead in the first quarter. Senior Johnny Harris would jump in front of an Osceola pass and return the football 89 yards for a touchdown to make it a 9-0 game (Two-point conversion failed).

A 72-yard catch and run by Jahfari Frederick in the middle of the second quarter set up the first touchdown from the offense for Seminole. McClain would keep the football on a QB run

and maneuver his way into the end zone for a 16-yard touchdown. McClain would pass to his fellow USF signee Jimmy Horn to convert on the two-point conversion to give Seminole a 17-3 lead.

Osceola would strike right back with an offensive score of their own. Junior quarterback Chad Mascoe, one of the top Florida pro-style quarterbacks in his class, lofted the football to sophomore Izaiah Jean-Baptiste for a 29-yard touchdown to trim the Seminole lead to a touchdown margin.

The two USF signees would connect right before the half again with 21 seconds left. McClain dropped back and stepped up in the pocket and found Horn for a 29-yard score. The Seminoles would take a 24-10 lead into halftime at Doak Campbell Stadium.

In the second half, the running game would get going for the Seminoles. Junior running back Donta Whack ripped his longest run of the season with a 64-yard touchdown. Sophomore Rory Thomas would break free for a 69-yard touchdown as well but he would be brought down at the one-yard line. Andrew McClain the backup quarterback and younger brother of Timmy punched it in for the touchdown to finish the drive.

The defense of the Noles also ramped up in the second half shutting down any threat of a comeback. Donte Booker recorded the second interception for Seminole in the third quarter while Cameron Moore and Zion Alce had two sacks each.

There are eight classifications in Florida high schools, from 1A to 8A. Seminole had not won a class 8A state championship since 2008. Florida 8A class schools have the largest enrollments from about 2200 to 4100 students. High schools compete for state championships in their class after a series of non-district games and regional playoffs. Seminole High's path to the playoffs included wins against Gainesville, Daytona Mainland, Lake Minneola, Lake Brantley, Flagler Palm

Coast, University (Orange City), Deland, Sandalwood (Jacksonville), Bartram Trail (St. Johns) and Apopka.

The Seminoles head coach, Eric Lodge, was promoted from his defensive coordinator position in March of 2020 when former head coach Don Stark accepted the head football coaching position at North Paulding High School in Georgia.



Seminole High School's Eric Lodge and family, first year Head Coach of the Seminole High Schools 8A State Football Champions

In central Florida high schools, the undefeated 2020 SHS Seminoles have now won two state championships. Apopka High School has won three football championships, in 2001, 2012 and 2014. Bishop Moore has two, from 1970 and 2015. The other area title teams are Eustis in 1983, Evans in 1991, Osceola in 1998 and Dr. Phillips in 2017. All those teams suffered at least one regular-season loss. Osceola is a runner-up for the fifth time, joining its 1982, 2007, 2014 and 2015 teams. Seminole was also unbeaten in 1961 when it won a bowl game to complete a 10-0-1 season that came two years before the playoff system was born.

The 2020 win over the Osceola Kowboys was not the first Seminole post-season win over the Kowboys. In 1963, The Seminoles defeated the Kowboys 18-12 in the Frontier Bowl, capping off a 10-1 season and the Orange Belt Conference Championship.

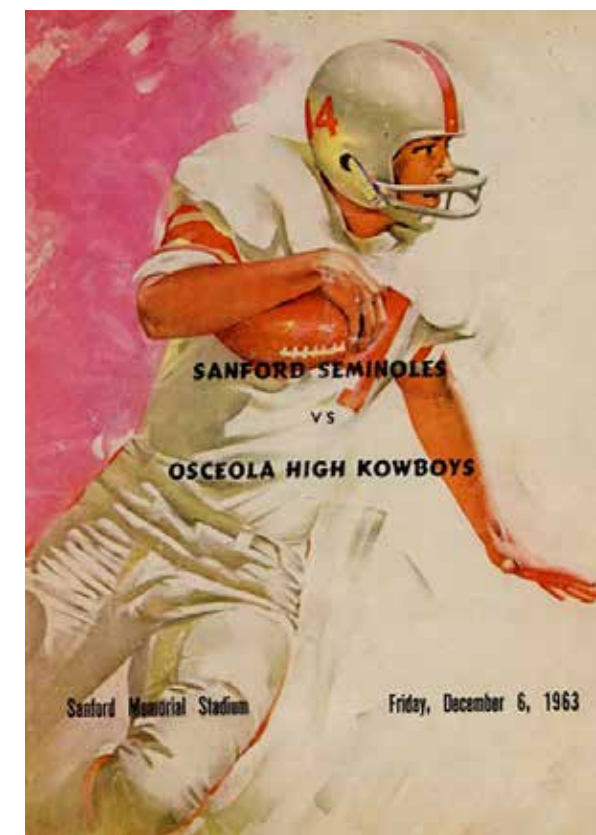
The win was the culmination of the coaching career of legendary head football coach Jim Pigott. From 1958 through 1964, with help from great coaches like Dave Laude, Jim McCoy, Fred Ganas, Bud Layer, Ralph Stumph, Jim Williams, John Colbert and others, Pigott oversaw the building of a



Jim Pigott 1920 - 2017

football dynasty at Seminole High. Pigott's teams won a post-season bowl game every year with a combined record of 61 wins, 18 losses and 7 ties. Under Jim's leadership, the Seminoles won the Orange Belt Conference Championship in 1959 and 1963. Pigott was selected to coach Florida's

Annual All-Star Football Classic in 1959. In the opening kickoff against the heavily favored South, Jim called for an onside kick which the North recovered and went on to rout the South 55 to 0, a record unsurpassed to this day.



December 6, 1963 cover of the game-night program when the Sanford Seminoles defeated the Osceola Kowboys in the Frontier Bowl.

The Seminole High School Orchestra



The Seminole High School Orchestra Program has grown to over 150 students resulting in the first full-time Orchestra Director beginning Fall 2017 and the establishment of the Orchestra Parents Association (OPA). The program consists of six orchestras and the purpose is to provide students with a positive atmosphere for personal and musical growth. Through participation in activities such as large ensemble performance, performance evaluation and adjudication, small ensemble and solo performance, and social activities, students have opportunities to work toward these qualities.

The Orchestra Director is Andrea Newhouse. All students are required to have adequate Concert Black attire for all concerts. Ladies – $\frac{3}{4}$ length black dress shirt (can be a sweater), long dress skirt or pants (must be below knees), black closed-toe dress shoes. Gentlemen – Black tux jacket, black pants/slacks, white dress shirt, black bow tie, black dress shoes and socks.

Don't forget to send in your contribution. We can't give scholarships without you!



Calling all Seminole High School Alumni...

to be a part of our SHS COMSAC membership team. SHS COMSAC is an acronym for Seminole High School Community and Student Action Committee. We're a registered non-profit organization, since 1991, providing scholarships to SHS graduates who have performed community service in the Sanford area. We publish and distribute an annual magazine, *The Seminole*, to SHS alumni.

We are asking for volunteers from each class, or group of classes, to help verify contact information for your classmates. Our goal is to increase the distribution of *The Seminole* magazine. To do that we need help verifying contact information and mailing addresses. Our goal is to have a volunteer for each graduating class.

The amount of time required would be up to you. Our magazine is published once a year so there are no deadlines or time requirements, just whenever you can find time to make a phone call or two will result in success. You may tell your newly found classmates a magazine will be sent to them at no cost.

Please help us. Your efforts will be going to a great cause; helping hard working SHS graduates get started in college.

Volunteers please contact our Membership Director, Ceni Zampini at dinoceniz@aol.com or phone: 407-221-2384



Attention writers, wannabe writers, anyone who has a story to tell, an article to share, a poem, or an essay. We want you at *The Seminole* magazine. Submit your item and enjoy communicating with your classmates in our magazine. Email your item or items to Billy Higgins realizebh@yahoo.com, phone 407-719-4608. You can send it in the body of your email or a Microsoft Word file for writing. Include photos or graphics... please email hi-resolution JPEG images. We're waiting to hear from you. You can do it.



MAIL BAG

Sybil Kendall Willard – class of 1937

Just a note to say that I celebrated my 100th birthday last December, probably making me the oldest alumni! I still live in the Altamonte Springs area in the same house for the past 40 plus years. I enjoyed reading all the updates in "The Seminole". Thank you.

Joseph Davis, Jr. – class of 1941

Keep the spirit of SHS alive!!

Rosemary Cullum Alliss – class of 1945

"The Seminole" was a joy this year. It made me feel like coming back to go on the tour. The house my family lived in is part of it.

Bob Roscoe Callahan – class of 1945

Pitched in the baseball game that we defeated Orlando!!

Dilon Baker Ellis – class of 1946

The last issue of "The Seminole" was wonderful! Well researched and a good read!

Charlotte Stein Pfahl – class of 1947

What a wonderful undertaking to research and publish the history and memories in the 2019-2020 edition of "The Seminole". I thoroughly enjoyed it and learned a lot about Sanford, etc. Thank you for the hard work to publish all of this.

Frank Cranston – class of 1949

We will be moving from this address to a retirement community later this spring and will send you the new address when that occurs. We enjoy reading "The Seminole" magazine.

Donna Lou Harper Askew – class of 1951

My best to all. You are doing a wonderfully caring job. (Donna Lou Harper Askew was Florida's First Lady from 1971 to 1979. Her late husband, Florida Governor Ruben Askew, died in 2014 at age 85.)

Martin Taylor – class of 1951

I don't hear much anymore about the whereabouts of my classmates of '51. Don't know how many of us are left, but my best wishes to all.

Dorothy Teslo – class of 1951

May God be with us and keep us safe during this pandemic.

Donna Witte Foster – class of 1952

Since my dad was a celery farmer, I so enjoyed "The Seminole" this year with all the history of Sanford and the surroundings. Miss my semi-annual trips to Fla. Still have two cousins in the area and many friends. Ada and I have enjoyed trips together.

Bebe Bisbee Geib – class of 1952

I am enjoying independent living in south Florida and still have several cousins in the Sanford and Orlando area. I remember the time at SHS fondly and my mother, Elmina Howard Bisbee, who taught many subjects there for many, many years! You may have had her as a teacher. Elmina was a graduate of Seminole High, left to get her teaching degree at Queens University in Charlotte, NC, then came back to Sanford and taught two generations of students at SHS. She taught most grade levels and most subjects. Basically, if you went to SHS anytime from the 1930s to early 1960s you were taught by Elmina Bisbee.

Daniel S. (Penny) Hardy – class of 1953

Reading your article in "The Seminole" about the naval base in Sanford brought back special memories to me. My brother, James Hardy, a former SHS student in the WWII era joined the navy, went for training in Maine and was sent to the naval base in Sanford and stayed there for the rest of his navy career.

Joseph Hutchison – class of 1953

Great work! Keep on – keepin' on!!

Nancy Carr Tison – class of 1953 (Honorary member)

Greetings from Newport News, Va. I am doing extremely well for a soon-to-be 83-year-old lady. My family is taking super good care of me. Taking long walks, providing food and other essentials. This is an unforgettable time in history and many prayers are going up to our God to provide knowledge to come up with a vaccine soon. Eddie and daughter-in-law, Pam took me to

Sanford and we had a great meal at the Colonial Room. Janice Springfield, Joan Ludwig & Claudette Behrens were able to attend. God bless all of you and hope our future will be much brighter soon.

Janice Reel Springfield – class of 1953

Hey classmates – The only exercise that I am getting is up and down 2 flights of stairs 4 times a day. I don't recognize anyone because we are all wearing masks! Keep safe.

Beverly Benton Douthitt – class of 1953

Back in Sanford – Yay! Five blocks from where I grew up. Have not come very far in life. Two blocks from South Side. Come see me or call 321-926-3411.

Carrie Redfield Milligan – class of 1954

The last "The Seminole" was fantastic. I went to SHS my senior year. So glad my dad was stationed there with the navy. No other school (I've been to 3 high schools) has kept in touch like SHS! Richard and I went to several reunions. All good fun! Loved catching up with friends!

Geraldine Munden Raulerson – class of 1954

Thanks for "The Seminole", it's awesome. I'm recuperating from pneumonia. Twice in hospital. Through Christmas, mine and Rusty's birthday. My 3 other children have pitched in, taking care of me, Rusty & Philip. They are staying with me day and night. My progress is kind of slow. I'm really proud of my children.

Paulette Cason White – class of 1954

The bus reunion tour of Sanford was great. This is a keeper for all who love our town. Enjoyed reading all the other articles also. Thanks to all for your work.

Pat Collins Estridge – class of 1954

Still living and loving Colorado. Hiking (slower, shorter, and no more than 6 miles) and surviving the Coronavirus.

Eloise Snyder Pfieauf – class of 1954

Moved to Victoria Gardens in Deland. There comes a time when having a two story home and property to care for is a bit difficult so I moved to solve those issues. I wrote this during the move so still hoping it's the right step to take.

Frances Lawson Meeker – class of 1954

Hello to all the classmates from 1954! Hope everyone is well.

Jack Williams – class of 1955

Married to Beverly Williams 57 years. Two children, three granddaughters, two step grandchildren. I am very blessed.

Larry Bates – class of 1955

We thank you guys very much for the work you are doing and have done in the past to make COMSAC such a great success. It always makes me proud to relate to others what we do.

Alice Andes Beaulieu – class of 1955

I love this life of leisure! 5 children, 5 grandchildren, and 8 great grandchildren – lots to see and do with this big family.

Robert & Jean Womack Gonzalez – class of 1955

The SHS class of '55 was scheduled to have our 65th reunion on 3/31/20 but due to Coronavirus concerns, we have delayed to a later date. Thanks for all who contribute their time and money for a great publication – "The Seminole".

Louis Hardy, Sr. – class of 1956

I can't believe I'm almost 82! I love my new replaced knees. The best part is when I wake up 3 or 4 times a night with pain. The good part is the pain, I love it.

Bets Berry Ashby – class of 1957

A beautiful historic issue. One to keep! Thank you to all who contributed. Keep the spirit going!

Lois Barineau Metts – class of 1957

It is so great to receive "The Seminole" magazine every year and read about what everyone is doing. I would love to hear more about my 1957 classmates. Where are you and what are you doing? This year Buck was added to the Seminole Sports Hall of Fame and I was very pleased. There was a problem with the dates of the breakfast, so I regret to say I was not in attendance. I am still doing a lot of traveling and spending time with family and friends. Thanks to everyone involved in publishing "The Seminole".

Wallace (Walt) Pope, Jr. – class of 1958

Practicing attorney in Clearwater, Florida. Senior member of the firm of Johnson, Pope, Bokor, Ruppel and Burns, LLD, with offices in Clearwater, Tampa and St. Petersburg, FL.

Wink & Lynda Yeackle Conner – class of 1959

Wink and I have had 59 years together and with much joy we now have 2 great grandsons with 1 on the way! Jack turns 2 in August, Lincoln came 4 weeks early in May and Carter is due in July. Recent fun trips have been meeting our Texas son Troy and his wife Tricia in Venice, LA and Biloxi, MS where they entered their charter boats in tournaments. Last year Tricia was awarded the Texas State Record and the Water Body Record for catching a 133 lb. greater amberjack in the Gulf. These are just a few of the riches we have been blessed with. "The Seminole" magazine is really special to us.

James Sherrard – class of 1960

Unfortunately, I did not graduate from SHS. My step-father was an officer in the navy and was assigned to the Sanford Naval Air Station in the late 50's, so I spent my sophomore and junior years at SHS. He was transferred to Norfolk, VA, Tidewater area – so I graduated in 1960 from a high school there. I had lived on West 19th Street about 3 blocks from the high school.

I kept in touch early on with a few classmates, but after high school graduation went to the US Coast Guard Academy and then made a career in the Coast Guard. I then retired and went into my first love-teaching at the college/university level- and have been doing that for the past 34 years up in Connecticut within the Connecticut State University system as chair of the nuclear department.

I had hoped to attend the 50th reunion, but as luck would have it, both my Virginia high school and SHS held their reunions at the exact same October dates, but went to the VA one as at that time I still had family in that area. I had always wanted to get a 1960 SHS yearbook – which would have been my graduating year if my stepfather had not gotten transferred. For quite some time now, I have searched eBay and other sites to see if one was posted for sale. I have seen some but not one for 1960. (We mailed James a '60's yearbook, Billy)

Sally Williams Johnston – class of 1960

With many thanks to each of you who make COMSAC and "The Seminole" possible. The magazine is a treasure and your work to provide scholarships is very admirable.

Fran Strickland Masse – class of 1960

This year we celebrate our 60th reunion – "The class of 60". But with Sad heart I remember who always made our reunions successful, my dear friends, Kay Ivey Hull and Terry Griffin. Our class has said good-bye to so many dear classmates. Our class of 1960 was amazing – so many became leaders in law, education and in business. I am so proud to be a part of this class.

Don Reynolds – teacher and principal 1960-1972 @ SHS

David Noell was one of my favorite students. I had David for biology I & II. He went on to major in chemistry and became an army officer that made several combat jumps in the Far East. He was looking for chemical weapons. He was my hero.

Niki Ashby Ellinor – class of 1961

This issue is just superb. The tour is fascinating! Thank you.

Bud Kirk – class of 1961

My gosh. What a great edition! Billy, you and your team are the greatest!

Leonard Himes – class of 1961

The current issue of "The Seminole" is the best ever. I really enjoyed the bus tour of Sanford with its added history. I was amazed how much I didn't know about the area even though I spent my first 18 years there and another thirty in Orlando. Thanks also for the introduction to the new principal of SHS. It sounds like SHS is in good hands. Maybe an article about the history of all the principals over time would be good. Keep up the good work.

Jack Williams – class of 1963

Now that I have retired, Chris and I are spending more time in the mountains of Georgia. We also enjoy what downtown Sanford offers. Thanks for the job COMSAC is doing for the community.

Mike Caolo, Jr. – class of 1962

Every time I browse through "The Seminole" magazine to enjoy the 2019-2020 edition, I am beyond impressed with the high quality of the graphics, the content, the layout and the professional tone of the entire magazine. What a wonderful tradition with such a terrific purpose and cause to perpetuate. Brother Jack and I are contributing for the Jackie Caolo Scholarship in memory of our wonderful mother who gave so much for so many years to the children of Seminole County and beyond. Mom had a special gift that seemed to make people feel better whenever they met her regardless of who they were. We hope to continue contributing to the Jackie Caolo Scholarship for many years to come. Keep up the great work!

Sylvia Smith Reinhardt – class of 1963

Dearest History and Social Studies teachers - Do not despair if some of your students seem disinterested in your course. Wisdom will develop with time and those students will embrace history with the speed of "Bounty Towels on water puddles". (advertisement) "The Seminole" magazine recently shared a journey through Florida history with a focus of Sanford. It was thoroughly enjoyable to a former student who had a disdain for history. That student is grateful for those persistent teachers and for COMSAC writers. Love ya.

Paul Placek, PhD – class of 1963

I was blown away by the 2019-2020 edition of "The Seminole". I really learned so much about the history of Sanford, Lake Monroe, etc. I really enjoyed the pre-historic history of Florida. DYNAMITE! Just for all that, I am sending a donation. The Sanford history touched me in so many ways.

You may recall that my mom and dad, Lillian and Otto Placek, had the A & W Root Beer Drive-in on French Ave. across from the junior high school. It was a family business. I worked there while at Seminole High School and Orlando Junior College – 1961-63 and 1963-65. I worked every morning picking up burger wrappers and paper cups during the week and one day each weekend. So did my sisters, Jeanne and Delores. Many memories.

I went to my 1963 reunion in 2013, and it was

worth the trip from Maryland to reconnect. I sure would like to come to our 2023 reunion.

Sharon Giles Pugh – class of 1963

In '03 after 36 years teaching math (geo, alg I I, pre-cal) at Titusville High School, I retired and started on my "someday" list – as in someday I'm gonna get around to sending COMSAC a check in and now I have.

JB & Cathy Bond Phillips – class of 1963

I am pleased to honor two of my past teachers, Mrs. Roberta Richards and Coach Jim McCoy.

Mrs. Richards taught me in the 6th grade at grammar school. She made learning fun for all of us while challenging us to do our best. She was one of the first teachers to volunteer to teach at Crooms Academy after integration. I also remember how kind she was to my mother (newly hired as school secretary) who had barely survived an automobile accident the year before. She seemed glad to be in the classroom every day.

Coach McCoy was a role model for me both as a history teacher and a line coach. He made the study of history interesting and enjoyable. This carried forward for me at the Univ. of FL where I took five elective history courses. He earned an MA in history from Stetson while teaching and coaching full time. On the football field, I never heard him use a curse word. If you did something wrong he did not berate you in front of the team, but took you aside and told you how you could do better. During the Edgewater game in the Tangerine Bowl we were tied 0 to 0 in the third quarter. I came over to talk to him during the time-out and he looked me in the eye and said "Where are you going to eat after we win this game and get home?" We won 7 to 0 and went on to be undefeated. He completed his teaching career at Riviera Beach High School in West Palm Beach as Dean of Students. His wife and daughters were always very kind to me.

Sharon Williams Alexander-Gold – class of 1964

What a memorable "Seminole"! SHS is privileged to have alumni like Billy Higgins & Peggy Noell who year after year make such a difference in young people's lives. The best class ever – 1964! You make us proud.

Dan McCall – class of 1964

I enjoyed Sanford history tour. Sorry I wasn't there to enjoy it with everyone. Too bad they did not go by my old house built by Dr. Caldwell in 1873. It is on the National Historic Register.

Jim Touhy – class of 1964

What a magnificent issue of "The Seminole"!!! Pages and pages of memories of many of us growing up in Sanford. Under-appreciated then, much appreciated now! Great memories, some very hurtful losses. You guys are adding greatly to the futures of many SHS grads. I'm privileged to be a small part of it. God bless you all!

Marilyn Hunt Harris – class of 1964

What a fantastic edition of "The Seminole." Thank all of you for all the hard work and giving us all this history.

Carol Oxford Klavins – class of 1964

My husband, Maris and I will celebrate our 30th anniversary in November 2020. Our children are all doing well. We have 5 grandchildren – 2 in college, 1 in high school and 2 in elementary school. My mom, Nell Oxford will be 100 in Nov. 2020.

Harold & Alice Griffin Sundvall – class of 1964 & '68

Enjoyed this year's publication. The bus story was very well written. We are so sorry we missed that part of the class of '64 reunion. Hoping that you will do the bus tour again at our next reunion. Thanks so much for all you do. This is a wonderful program.

Margaret Toevs Dodge – class of 1964

So proud of what the class of 1964 has done and is doing to continue an outstanding legacy for Seminole High. There have been 64 years of selfless devotion to the whole Seminole Spirit from the top down! Just wanted to support the wonderful scholarship program! Every penny helps, so here's a few more! Y'all keep up the good work! Love ya!

Marvin and Wanda Sheffield – Class of 1964 & 1966

Hey Billy, Congratulations to you and the staff of COMSAC for the fantastic work you do. Supporting education is a worthy project well worth

your time and effort. Well done. Wanda and I retired in 2009. I was employed in the electric power industry for 32 years and Wanda spent the past 20 years working in the medical field. We have adjusted quite well to retirement. It's an easy transition when everyday seems like Saturday. I spend a great deal of my time on the golf course polishing my game. We also enjoy traveling but with the outbreaks of Covid-19, taking a trip has become challenging to say the least. One of our favorite things to do is to spend time on the beach. Thank goodness for New Smyrna Beach. Supporting University of Florida athletics is something we also look forward to every year. I was saddened to hear about the recent passing of our former teammate Lawrence Pivec. Lawrence was a great teammate and genuine person. Looking forward to tossing the baseball around with you and Tommy Brooks next summer at our annual get together on the beach. Go Gators.

Tom Brooks - Class of 1964

Billy and team, Great job on the magazine, the best edition so far! Education is the answer to solving many problems in the world and we're happy to contribute to the cause. Keep up the good work.

PS Billy, As we're getting older, I don't want to see you dressed like this photo.



Bill Spivey – class of 1965

I had a great year! I was admitted into the Society of Black Belts of America. I received a surprise Pioneer Award from the USA Martial Arts Hall of Fame and I won the national cham-

pionship in the 65 and over black belt division in the National Alliance of Martial Artists.

Arlene Smith Redmer – class of 1965

What an amazing last magazine issue! Thanks for everyone's hard work in gathering /compiling old photos and articles.

Jeanne Klinefelter Hutcheson – class of 1965

Living in Greensboro, NC where I was born before moving to Sanford when I was 8 years old. Hope to see everybody when we get to have our postponed reunion in '21. Stay in and stay safe.

Paul Markos – class of 1965

I hope to see a large turn-out for our fifty-five year reunion Nov 13-15th. We have lost class members in the last five years and we need to honor them at the reunion.

Dave Scott – class of 1965

The class of '65 has been forced to postpone its 55th reunion due to covid-19 concerns. The '65 Reunion Committee has rescheduled the reunion weekend for Nov. 12, 13 and 14, 2021.

Carol Besserer Allman – class of 1966

Love reading about old friends! My husband (Ken) and I do a lot of traveling – working on that bucket list and we recently celebrated 50 years of marriage. Fond memories of SHS seem like yesterday!

Jeannette Clark Stiffey – PRIVATE

Help support SHS – need new football field and track! The track is so bad we can't even have track meets anymore and we have state track runners!

James Barks – class of 1966

I now have 6 grandchildren. My daughter, Campbell, has 4 girls, ages 4 to 10 and lives in Alexandria Virginia with her husband, Don Vogel. My son, Stuart, has 2 boys ages 1 and 4 and practices law with me at Barks Law Firm in Sanford. He lives in Orlando with his wife, Lory Parker Barks.

Riley and Jean Huff Jeffcoat – class of 1967 & 1968

Riley retired from the USN and began his teaching career. He is still teaching part-time. Jean

is retired from Seminole County government. They both enjoy traveling, bowling and gardening. Riley was in the band while at SHS and Jean was a majorette.

Kaye Bateman Warner – class of 1967

I'm very grateful to be retired from 38 years of teaching in Seminole County Public Schools.

Lamar Oxford – class of 1967

Rosalie and I are immensely enjoying retirement. Living in The Springs – our wonderful ole Sandlano Springs from our youthful days. I just miss the slide so much, but at least we got married in the gazebo.

William & Lucia Wallace Crapps – class of 1968 & '70

As usual, Billy, y'all are doing a great job!

David Cook – class of 1969

I enjoy supporting our high school. Thank you to COMSAC. We appreciate all the work you all do for SHS. To my classmates – I missed the last reunion due to not being notified. Please get me back on the list! I enjoy attending them. My email address is dfc3239@hotmail.com.

Skip Senkarik – class of 1969

Ok Classmates of '68, '69, '70 - Let's knock this \$40 grand goal out of here ASAP!! We have done well in our 50 years – Send \$1.00 per year from your class and it's done!

Jeffrey Bales – class of 1970

The magazine is great! I liked the bus tour.

Bobby & Fancie Echols Lundquist – class of 1969 & 1974

A great time was had by all who attended the c/o 1969 50th reunion! Your latest edition of "The Seminole" was outstanding! Keep up the great work for the students of SHS!

Randall Brown, DMD – class of 1970

In the last issue, I noticed that Lt. Ramey was mentioned in an article (the Sanford airfield was named after him – he died a year before my dad)...

My brother Denny's Dad, was best buds with Lt. Ramey and I have a picture of them on an

aircraft carrier in WWII after Ramey had shot down a Japanese Zero. (They were) celebrating with cake.

H. Jerome Titshaw, Jr. – class of 1972

Long live Sammy Seminole! Never a better class than "72"! Retiring March 21, 2020. I'm going back to the days of my youth.

Nick & Doris Dangleman Brady – class of 1972

Happy to be able to contribute and challenging more from our class of 1972 to donate to this worthy cause!

Elizabeth (Bizzy) Heath Burns – class of 1978

Thank you all for your hard work organizing and facilitating this scholarship program. Loved reading "The Seminole" magazine, especially since my dad's squadron was the reason we were in Sanford originally (RVAH-7 "Heavy Seven A3J Vigilante"). GO NAVY!

Amy Drum Rosemond – class of 1979

I appreciate what a diverse class of individuals we had at SHS. I am beginning to understand the huge challenges, oppression and prejudice that were likely experienced by my black classmates. I know that the class of '79 stands strong as an anti-racist and loving group of people who are working for social change and making the world better for all people.

MEMORIALS

Frederick J. Roth, III – SHS class of 1960

Frederick was born a prisoner of war in the Philippine Islands on July 28, 1942 during WWII. His dad was stationed there for military duty for the USA. I'm writing a memoir booklet on Frederick and his parents. Frederick and I were married for 48 years. (Submitted by Ann C. Roth)

J. Dan McCall – SHS class of 1964



Dan died in November of 2020 in Kingsland, Georgia. A gifted athlete and student, Dan had a unique and rare talent of genuine wit and wisdom; a way with words and a sense of humor that brought people together.

Classmate Jim Touhy wrote in November of 2020 after learning of Dan's passing, "I had the opportunity to visit with Dan at his house on the Saint Mary's River. I saw that selfless, positive calm and demeanor; the same Dan we knew in high school. This Thanksgiving is a timely reminder of the many good things and friends God has blessed us with in our lives."

Dan grew up in Sanford, the youngest of his two brothers, Glenn and Emmett. The McCall family home was near Mellonville Avenue and 24th Street in Sanford and, at that time, surrounded by mature and tall orange groves. Their house is one of the oldest pioneer homes in Sanford and on the National Federal Registry.

On the SHS football team he played the position of Center. At 160 pounds he successfully went up against some of the biggest and toughest defensive lineman in the Orange Belt Conference (OBC). What he didn't have in size and weight, he made up for in grit and determination. The Seminoles had 10 wins and one loss with Dan at the Center position. In 1963, his team won the Orange Belt Conference Championship and defeated the Kissimmee Kowboys in the post season Frontier Bowl. (Coincidentally, the SHS 2020 football team also defeated the Kissimmee Kowboys in the post season 8A class Florida State Championship game.) Dan was recognized with an OBC All-Conference Award. He was a member of the SHS Track and Field Team, Glee Club, Science Club and Drama Club at Seminole High.

Dan's teammate, Mike Glad, who went on to play football for Georgia Tech, remembers Dan's inner calm and determination on the field and in the classroom. Mike remembered what Dan didn't say, "I never heard Dan McCall say a negative word about anyone". Harold Sundvall, SHS '64, wrote about their sports rivalry between Florida and Georgia, "Dan teased me about needing a passport to enter Georgia. First, I had to get approval from Otto Garrett to leave Florida and then he would meet me at the rest stop in Georgia and issue me a passport. In our boyhood days, my brother and I would go to his orange grove in front of his house and pick the oranges that were out of reach. Dan gave us permission but said we should watch out for his (big and bad) older brothers, who wouldn't approve. Many years later I learned they never

planned to pick those oranges high on the tree and had a good laugh watching us sneak in the grove to climb for the high ones."

Classmate Mary Scott Cobb wrote, "I remember when Dan would get up to speak at our class reunions, the room would go quiet. No one wanted to miss a word of any of his stories. He was always friendly, smiling, and interesting to talk to. We will all miss him." Dan loved telling stories and his friends, family and classmates loved to listen. Classmate Anne Aiken wrote, "I loved Dan from my earliest days!" Our condolences go out to his wife Margaret (Maggie), their children and grandchildren. Dan taught others much about love, friendship, and life. He may be silent now, but we still hear his voice.

H. Terrell (Terry) Griffin – SHS class of 1960



H. Terrell Griffin, (SHS '60) an award-winning, best-selling author of eleven Matt Royal mysteries died on February 21, 2019. He was 76. Terry's novels were set on the Florida Gulf Coast island of Longboat Key and the novel, Vindication, was set in The

Villages in Central Florida. He earned degrees in history and law from Mercer University and was a civil trial lawyer based in Orlando. He served three years in the US Army's 14th Cavalry Regiment on the East German border.

Terry wrote in The Seminole magazine about how he went from "acting up" and being rebellious in the late Nellie Coleman's Latin class to crediting her for his transformation. He joked the best thing about Coleman's Latin classes were the toga parties. Despite his behavior, Nellie Coleman recognized his talent and potential. She corresponded with him after he graduated from SHS and challenged him to study law after he received his degree in History. Griffin credited Coleman for the self-confidence and encouragement he needed to take the next step of attending law school. He received his law degree from Mercer University where he met his wife Jean. He graduated in the top of his class. At Mercer, he received the Delta Theta Phi Award for Outstanding Scholarship.

Terry lived in Central Florida and Maitland and practiced law before his retirement to a full-time writer. From 2005 to 2018 Griffin wrote the mystery novels Longboat Blues, Murder Key, Blood Island, Wyatt's Revenge, Bitter Legacy, Collateral Damage, Fatal Decree, Found, Chasing Justice, Mortal Dilemma, and Vindication. He was a lifelong member of the 14th Cavalry Association and held a U.S. Coast Guard 100-Ton Master Captain's License.

Terry's passing came two years after receiving a double lung transplant during his battle with pulmonary fibrosis. Orlando attorney Richard Wright said, "I think what made him such a success...he literally could communicate with anybody, he had such a warm personality and loved to meet new people." When Jean Griffin reflects on her life with Terry, "One thing is for certain", she said, "Terry never met a stranger. He was remarkable in that he made a friend wherever he went."

Terry is survived by his wife of 55 years, Jean and three sons, Greg, Chris and Mike; daughter-in-law Judy; grandchildren Kyle and Sarah; brother Tommy (Nancy); sister Nancy (Tim); and several nieces, nephews and cousins.

Bill Park – SHS class of 1954



Bill Park died on January 2, 2021. Bill was a well-known international cartoonist, writer and illustrator. He opened his Park-Art studio in 1963. He had over 60

cartoons published in *The New Yorker* magazine, and his sketches graced the pages of *Harpers*, the *Smithsonian* and the *Nation*. From 1985 to 1996 he created the syndicated panel, Off The Leash. Bill was also the artist in residence for the Litigation Journal of the American Bar Association. In addition to his cartoons, Bill wrote six children's books. He also traveled and wrote articles for *Travel and Leisure*, *Saturday Review*, *Sports Illustrated*, and many other publications.

Bill and Evie (Kratzert, SHS '59) Park have been generous contributors to COMSAC's scholarship fund for over twenty years. We send our condolences to his family and wife, Evie. In 1993, Bill started sharing his artwork, cartoons and

writing with his Seminole High School classmates and SHS alumni in *The Seminole* magazine.

(Editor's note: We learned of Bill's passing after this edition of our magazine was ready for print. We'll continue publishing Park's cartoons annually and dedicate more space to him in our next edition. See some of Bill's cartoons in this edition on page 48 and page 50.)

Lawrence Pivec Jr. – SHS class of 1963 Jan. 8, 1946 - August 19, 2020



Lawrence Pivec Jr. died on August 19, 2020. At SHS he was a gifted student in the classroom and a talented athlete, competitor and baseball outfielder. He later became a world traveler, college professor and a world class surfer.

Larry was one of only sixteen SHS Latin III students in his class who met in the library working on an annual project comparing ancient Rome to the modern world. He grew up in Sanford, loved baseball and played the sport year-round. He was a star outfielder, playing all three fields on the SHS baseball team. In American Legion baseball in Sanford, Larry was the leading hitter on the 1962 team. Hitting left, he was a place-hitter, often skillfully dropping singles in between third base and the shortstop. After learning Larry passed, teammate Marvin Sheffield, (SHS '64), wrote, "Larry was a good athlete, but an even better person".

He was a member of the Lettermen's Club supporting projects providing highway signage to the school and purchasing school trophy cases. The Letterman's club motto was, "Move forward with spirit". Early in his adulthood he traveled the world, teaching in Australia and working at a Satellite Tracking Station in Kauai, Hawaii. He worked in the Merchant Marines for over 20 years and served as a professor at Daytona State College for 28 years before he retired to a quiet life in Port Orange, Florida, near his favorite beach. An avid and talented surfer, he was devoted to his church ministries and his devout faith. His family wrote in his obituary, "Each day, he strived to be a true embodiment of Christ's love." Harold Sundvall, (SHS '64) wrote about Larry, "In the surfing world Larry was one of

only two people I knew that could do a skeg-first takeoff on a wave. He was an amazing surfer and when the surf was so rough and everyone else came in, he would paddle out to catch that next wave. He was known as the "Bull" in the surfing world. He was one year older than I, so he requested that I refer to him as "sir". So, in turn I called him "Sir Lawrence" and he called me, "weird Harold". He will certainly be missed".

After his burial service at The Church of the Epiphany in Port Orange, a surfing paddle out ceremony honoring Larry was held just off the beach in Daytona. Our condolences and best wishes to his wife Barbara, and their children Angela, Rachel, and Lawrence Joseph III and their families and five grandchildren and brothers Paul and George and their families. Larry was preceded in death by his brother Raymond Pivec, (SHS'66).

Otto Garret – SHS class of 1964



Otto died in February of 2020. Otto was born in Alabama. His late parents, Joseph Garrett and Laura (Schmehl) Garret moved to Sanford when Otto was a baby and opened Garret's Department Store in downtown Sanford. At Seminole High School he was a charter member of the

TEC Club. He served with the U.S. Marines in Vietnam in 1968 and 1969, and later worked for the Northrop Grumman Corporation, a design, engineering, and manufacturing company in the fields of space, aeronautics, defense and cyberspace. Otto was dedicated to his SHS classmates and served for many years on his class reunion committees. He helped find classmates contact information with his personally designed software. Otto joked, "If I can't find a classmate, they don't want to be found." Anne Hayes, SHS '64, has memories of annual corn boils Otto's parents held for their church. "I remember the warm summer nights with Otto, his sister Laura and others having crazy fun chasing each other through the rows of corn and, of course, pelting each other with the fresh ears!" Brenda Brown Tilley recalled Otto's love for his lifelong friend, Jack Bridges. She wrote, "When Jack died from

cancer, Otto let his hair grow long to honor Jack....it was his way of grieving...and showing deep love for his friend."

Every friendship Otto made was a life-long friendship. He was the "go to" person to get the latest news of our classmates and families. He loved the Sanford community and was generous with his time and resources. He loved fishing, being on his boat, and a cat named Coco. He loved New Smyrna Beach and the salt life. His number one priority was always his family and helping others. Otto is predeceased by his son Joshua Garrett in 2006, his parents Joseph Garrett in 2008 and Laura Garrett in 2012, his wife Pamela Jones Garrett in 2017, his sister Laura Schwalm in 2017, and his first wife Myriam Garrett in 2019. He is survived by his daughter Sara Garrett Doane and husband Thomas of Titusville, and their children Raymond Joshua and Sansa Rose Doane. Otto is also survived by his step-daughters Lori Butler and Christine Floyd, and several cousins in Greenville, GA.



A Paddle out ceremony held off Hawaii.

A Paddle out, a surfer's memorial circle, celebrates and honors the life and legacy of loved ones who have died. A symbol of surf culture, is a traditional Hawaiian tribute. The paddle-out is a floating memorial held in the ocean, near the shore, where surfers and other participants honor someone they cherished. Paddlers often carry flowers and Hawaiian leis on top of their boards and in their teeth to the place where they will celebrate someone's life. As they arrive at the selected location, surfers join hands, form a human circle, and say a few words. The circle aims to represent the way the ocean brings people together.



New Smyrna – Sanford's Favorite Beach

Growing up In Sanford had many benefits. By the time you were sixteen you knew, or knew of, just about everyone ten years either side of your age, and most of their parents. There was one high school, one library, one movie theater, one Burger King, two drug stores, and one beach, New Smyrna.



It was a 30 to 45-minute drive from Sanford on SR 415, over the St. John's Osteen bridge through 25

miles of cattle ranges and pine forests, until you arrived in New Smyrna on Canal Street. Canal Street was not unlike downtown Sanford's First Street. The beach almost came into sight as the car passed over the North Causeway Bridge onto Flagler Avenue. Signs along the roadside welcomed you to the "World's Safest Bathing Beach".

Drive-on beaches are rare. Years ago, New Smyrna allowed you to drive on the beach as far north as Ponce Inlet or south until you



got stuck in the soft sand. Low tides left acres of room to drive on the beach and high tides would push the cars up toward the soft sand and dunes. On the hard-packed sand race car drivers competed and flew up and down the wide



beaches in the 1950s. Some unaware of tides would leave their car on the beach at low tide and

return to find it submerged, requiring a tow truck to drag it out. Beach vendors served hot dogs and drinks and rented umbrellas and floats. People spread out and sat on towels; light aluminum folding chairs were a thing of the future.



Fishing in the surf yielded pompano, whiting, redfish, and Spanish mackerel. On a good night when the tide's running in the Indian River, with lights and a net you could, and still can, fill a five-gallon

bucket with tasty shrimp. And don't forget blue crabs. You can tie a raw chicken neck to the end



of some kite string and drop it to the bottom. When a blue crab latches on to it you slowly bring it up to the surface



and net it. From August into November, mullet begin to head south from the Carolinas and Georgia to warmer waters along the New Smyrna coast. The mullet travel in giant schools. When they arrive it's a sight to see as hundreds of Pelicans float overhead and then dive majestically into the surf to feed on the fish. When the "mullet are on the beach" fishermen



also head for the surf to cast their nets.

New Smyrna

Beach family traditions included week or month-long summer vacations in rented beach houses or motels if you were lucky. With the short drive, most took day trips. There also was a tradition that kept our parents up late. After a prom dance, seniors would drive to the beach, build a bonfire, party on the beach and sleep in their cars or tents or straggle home in the wee hours. It occurred to me that most everything we did on the beach back then, is illegal now.



Most of us thought of New Smyrna as "our" beach and we seldom got off the main roads in or out of town. On the way home you might stop at Norwood's Restaurant for a fried shrimp dinner or an ice cream at the "Frozen Gold".



Since we seldom got off the roads going in and out of town, many don't know the fascinating history of our favorite beach.

The geological story in this area, going back thousands of years, include sea levels over 300 feet lower than today. Coastlines in today's Gulf of Mexico were 100 miles further out and thirty to fifty miles further east in the Atlantic. If you travel east over twenty miles in a boat off New Smyrna, and keep your eye on the depth, you'll travel over sudden drop-offs. From the east shallow side, the depth can drop off straight down from 170 feet to 200 feet. These deep ledges paralleling our coast, are ancient coastlines eroded by waves crashing against them thousands of years ago. The ledges run from south Florida north to waters off the Georgia and South Carolina coast and are home to red snapper, grouper and other reef dwelling species.

Inshore along the surf line the depth increases very gradually as you out and it's why New Smyrna claimed to be the "World's Safest Bathing Beach", due to the large shallow areas for swimming and wading safely between the breaking waves and the shore line. We have another world famous thing at our favorite beach. As mullet and fish schools move through the shallow surf, they invite sharks that sometimes



confuse a human for a meal, resulting in New Smyrna's reputation for being the "shark bite capital of the world".

Florida's eastern coastline, up to three miles inland, has rare coquina rock deposits, that over centuries, settlers quarried to build forts, churches, homes and bridges. Only two locations in North America, North Carolina and from St. Augustine to West Palm Beach, in Florida, are the formations found. The ancient rock was naturally formed from periwinkle and mollusk shells and calcite exposed to the rain from 12,000 years ago back to ice age.



Coquina rock, Washington Oaks Gardens State Park, Palm Coast Florida

Historical New Smyrna

The first inhabitants of east Florida were Timucuan Indian tribes. Their most notable footprint in New Smyrna is Turtle Mound. The mound is



one of the largest of hundreds of shell mounds along Florida's coastline and inland. It survives today because it was purchased in 1924 by the Florida State

Historical Society for \$8,000. The mound dates to before the time of Christ. In private hands, it was spared from being mined, like other mounds, to construct

foundations for roadbeds in the 1900s. The Indian tribes formed the mounds with oyster shells, fish bones and discarded implements beginning in 500BC through the 18th century. It's fifty feet high and found



on ancient European explorers' maps to the new world. It was a navigation aid in the 15th century. The mound provided high ground for Indians to ride out storms and communicate by site with other tribes.



Illustration: Florida Memory - State Library and Archives of Florida

With the arrival of many European explorers and settlers in the 15th century, Native American Indians had no immunity for European infectious diseases. By 1750 most of the Timucuan tribes had disappeared.

The history of colonial New Smyrna is an American story with English, Spanish and Minorcan twists. In 1763, among others, England ruled it's 13 new world colonies, Canada, a Spanish Island

in the Mediterranean Sea, Minorca, and Florida. The English saw Florida as a vast area they could fill with settlers and produce a fortune from indigo, a cash crop that produced a blue dye that was in great demand worldwide. They also wanted Florida's lumber for ship building as well as corn and sugarcane. Dr. Andrew Turnbull, a Scotsman, with three other British investors, were granted over 100,000 acres in East Florida. To give you an idea of the size of the grant, Florida's Walt Disney World property is about 30,000 acres. At that time



Florida was split into two provinces, East Florida with the capital St. Augustine, and West Florida with its capital, Pensacola. England was offering the land grants to English investors. England's Governor

of East Florida, James Grant was a crony of Turnbull and saw to it he was granted acreage in Los Mosquitos, now known as New Smyrna Beach, near Ponce de Leon Inlet.



Andrew Turnbull

To populate Turnbull's colony, he looked to England's island of Minorca. Turnbull hoped the indentured Minorca fishermen, seaman and their families would thrive in the Florida environment and make Turnbull

and his investors a fortune in indigo and other crops. The islands off Spain had experienced drought and famine in 1768 and people were desperate to find work and survive. The original plan and investment for Turnbull's colony was for 500 colonists. They sailed in March for the new world in eight ships with over 1400 people on board, including Italians, Greeks, Corsican-Greeks, French, and 1,000 Minorcans. There were 200 stowaways hidden below the decks.

The ships were escorted past Gibraltar by the British Navy to protect them from Barbary Pirates. On the over-crowded ships over 150 died in the three-month journey.

The first four ships arrived in St. Augustine in June of 1768. Some of the colonists were so sick and exhausted they never wanted to board a ship again. They chose to walk the 60 miles south on a primitive road through Indian country, swamps, and wilderness, to the colony. Others came ashore at Mosquito Inlet, now Ponce Inlet. Their indenture agreements were mostly oral, with no documentation, and many of the immigrants couldn't read or write. Their contracts were later determined to be unclear, intentionally.



A colonist who worked through his indentured term would be granted 50 acres for each household and promised additional acreage if the household included children. Colonists soon learned the work and conditions were brutal and only made worse by cruel overseers Turnbull hired to manage the work. With provisions



Photograph: The Minorcan Cultural Society, St. Augustine, FL

for only 500, the 1400 colonists faced mangrove swamps, withering heat, malaria, starvation, disease, and mosquitoes, as well as physical abuse by the overseers. In August of 1768, they rebelled.

Some in the colony attempted to hijack a ship moored in the area and depart for Cuba, ruled by a friendly country, Spain. After commandeering

The New Smyrna Break

Two granite rock jetties, running west to east, on the north and south sides of NSB's Ponce Inlet protect the inlet shipping channel from filling with sand that moves up and down the beach with tidal currents and storms. Off the inlet's south jetty, is some of the best surfing in Florida. Prevailing north-east winds push waves over rock formations offshore toward the sandy shoals that accumulate near the jetties.



One-half mile of beach below the south jetty is often filled with vehicles and local surfers and some who travel great distances to experience NSB surfing. The fee to get a car on the beach is \$20 for a day. Many surfers park behind the dunes on the side roads or public parking areas and walk the mile or two to the beach. During high tide, the beach narrows. Where the waves are best, it can be competitive and crowded. Surfing instructors encourage their students and novices to surf further south during peak times and waves. Surfers have a reputation of being laid back, but that can disappear when a novice drops in on their path. The best surfers first survey the conditions, watching how waves are breaking and locating the best take-off zone before hitting the line up.

ing the ship and waiting to sail on the outgoing tide, they were stopped by canon fire from a frigate sent by the English governor to end the insurrection. Many were captured and three colonist leaders were charged with mutiny. Some transferred to a smaller boat and escaped but were later captured in the Florida Keys. The cowardice, brutality and cruelty of Turnbull and the British authorities were recorded by a witness. The sentence of death for all three charged included a means of retaining hard-found labor; one of the three mutineers' life would be spared, but only if he agreed to execute the other two. While the crowd looked on, the two captives about to die encouraged their friend to live and pull the lever of the gallows that would hang them. After much anguish, he did.

Order was restored out of fear for their lives. Enduring abusive and deadly working conditions over nine years, the colonists drained and converted swamp land to fertile fields. They planted indigo, corn, grapes, olives, cotton, figs, hemp and sugarcane. Still the colony struggled to be profitable for Turnbull. After years, many colonists demanded their freedom and land and with no written documentation of their agreement, they were forced to stay and work. Those who left were captured, whipped, and put in chains.



Father Pedro Camps memorial monument, St. Augustine, FL

During the nine-year period over half the colonists would escape or perish.

Catholic Father Pedro Camps was 38 years old. He and Father Bartoleome Casanovas sailed with the immigrants from Minorca as their spiritual lead-

ers. During their arduous service over the years, they held their flock together and ministered to the colonists spiritual and medical needs. Father Casanovas spoke out against the abuses in the colony and was deported by the British, leaving Father Camps alone.

When Father Camps presented a petition to the British asking for better conditions in the colony, he was told to be silent regarding "temporal" affairs or he, too, would be deported, leaving no priest at all in the colony.

In 1776, the British ruled colonists, north of Florida, signed the Declaration of Independence and the American Revolutionary War was brewing. British authority was diminishing. The English Governor Grant left St. Augustine for "health reasons" and was replaced by Patrick Tonyn. The word on the grapevine was Tonyn's wife was considered a "tramp" by Turnbull's wife. Both she and Turnbull apparently had low opinions of the new Governor and first lady. In 1777, talk of the improprieties in the colony spread quickly and Turnbull and his wife left for England to smooth over matters with partners not happy with their dividends. Turnbull left his young nephew in charge of the colony.



Patrick Tonyn

A colonist overheard a visitor to New Smyrna say, "it was fortunate for Turnbull the colonists didn't know their rights". Hearing this, the settlers selected three men to escape the colony and plead their case to the new governor. Saying they were going hunting; they crossed the inlet

in a skiff and walked to St. Augustine for a full day and night on the beach, to avoid detection by the British or marauding Indians. They received a warm reception, new clothes and food from the new Governor who listened to their predicament and issued a written order to free all the settlers immediately.

The three men returned with the order and spread the word. The 600 remaining colonists deserted the colony and walked the primitive road to St. Augustine, followed by Turnbull's nephew and the small British garrison assigned to the colony. The settlers were given plots of

land to farm and fish in St. Augustine and built and occupied vacant homes to the north of the city.

Seven years later, in 1784, Spain once again claimed Florida while the new Americans were fighting the British in the American Revolution. Britain's loss to the new United States and its ally, Spain, made East Florida a Spanish crown colony. Father Camps, who longed to return to the island of Minorca, chose to stay with his Catholic congregation as he was the only priest who spoke their native language. He remained in St. Augustine and faithful to his flock until his death at 60 years of age in 1790.

Postscript:

Too often, unknown or forgotten, are the sacrifices of indentured servants and slaves who built America's first infrastructure and economies and helped feed a rising new nation. Spanish rule ended and Spanish leaders and forces left when Florida became an American Territory in 1821. The Minorcans farmed and fished in Florida into the early 20th century. They became Americans after 1845 when Florida achieved statehood. Their farms and fishermen supplied markets, first in St. Augustine and then Florida, the country and world. Their bravery, resourcefulness and sacrifices were enormous.



The beach offered fish, turtle eggs and meat, especially mullet. The Minorcans, with their hand-woven cast nets, could expect a good catch when the cry of 'mullet on the beach' went out.

The Language

Surfing has its own language, baffling to the inexperienced ear, like this frothin surfer's warning to another about sharks. The writer apologizes to surfers who would never say anything like this: "The surf was going off and I just came off a ride in the green room and frothin after catching ankle busters and snappers all morning. I paddled out to the line up and there were men in gray suits hanging near this benny logger dressed for hanging eleven. I said to him, I hope you don't eat it near these landlords!"

Surfing Terms

Aggro: Aggressive attitude in the water; having a bad attitude.

Ankle busters/Snappers: Small waves

Benny: A non-local.

Curl: The area of the wave where it is breaking

Drop in: When surfer A closest to the peak of a wave takes off and surfer B, a drop-in from further out on the shoulder of the same wave, blocks the path (or collides) on the wave with surfer A.

Eat it: Wiping out on a wave.

Green Room: surfing inside the tube or barrel of a wave.



In the Green Room

Frothin: Exited.

Getting Air: Surfing up the face of a wave and flying above it.

Going off: If the surf is really good, you could say it's going off.

Hanging eleven: This is when a male surfer hangs ten riding his board in the nude.

Hanging: Present

One-half to two-thirds of immigrants in the American colonies arrived as they did, indentured servants or slaves. Their treacherous journey by sea and the harsh conditions they faced helped found a great and free country of immigrants, America. Today, over 26,000 Minorcan descendants live in St. Johns County, Florida.



In September 2015, St. Augustine celebrated its 450th anniversary as the longest continually occupied European settlement in the United States. There is much more to appreciate in Sanford's favorite beach, than the beautiful sand, ocean and waves.



The World-Famous Minorca Chicken



Families and folks with back yard chickens, are lovers of fresh eggs and enjoy having a few beautiful birds that can deliver them 170 to 220 ghostly white eggs per bird per year. Steeped in Mediterranean culture, Minorca chickens hitched a ride with Minorcan colonists who settled in the largest British colony in North America, New Smyrna. These chickens are graceful and energetic señoritas, sleek ladies with spicy personalities and were hugely popular 100 years before today's hybrid breeds. These truly remarkable ladies love their names up in lights in backyard coops all over the world!

Some egg-loving ladies and lads prefer them to be big, bold, and beautiful. Who could resist ping-pong ball sized yolks, skinny-dipping in egg white? Not any egg lover I know! Minorca chickens lay hearty and larger eggs than the average backyard bounty.

These Spanish darlings have distinctive alabaster earlobes and let's face it, everyone looks great in soft black feathers. Their slender bodies slice through the air as they leap across the chicken run like a company of fleet footed ballerinas. Though sometimes they have white or blue plumage, these Spanish princesses look best in daring black! Like iconic fashionistas, Coco Chanel or Audrey Hepburn, Minorca chickens know that every woman looks best in something short, black and sassy. Even when these well-polished chooks take a dip in the dust bath, they always carry themselves with an air of poise, class and sophistication - how eggstraordinary!

Many chicken lovers absolutely adore their big, bright and glowing eyes that could melt the heart of even the most hardened poultry cynic. These sweet ladies are also as kind as they are cute; they're friendly, social and playful by nature. They love to lounge out in the run while munching on a few mealworms and sipping on an apple cider vinegar cocktail. These independent women prefer to freely explore the rolling hills of their backyards and stick their beaks into all kinds of mischief!

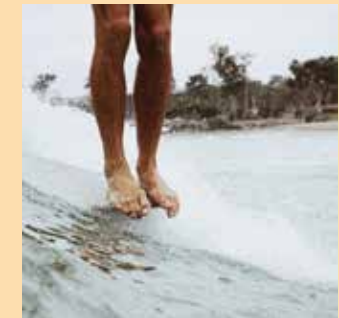
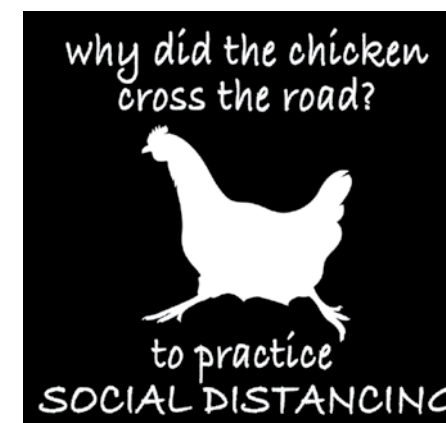
Passionate, curious and athletic these delightfully defiant chooks will fly as high as two meters to escape capture, if they feel there's something more for them beyond the coop. With a large backyard to freely explore and a safe coop to return to at the end of each day, Minorca chickens are loyal companions for years.



"Why did the chicken cross the road?"

is a common riddle joke, with the answer being "To get to the other side". It is an example of anti-humor, in that the curious setup of the joke leads the listener to expect a traditional punchline, but they are instead given a simple statement of fact.

Wikipedia



Hanging ten: If you're riding a longboard with both feet directly on the nose of the board, your hanging ten (toes), also known as "riding the nose".

Hollow: Describes rare and perfect barreling or tubing waves.

Lip: The upper-most part of a wave, right before it breaks

Logger: Long boarder, someone who rides a longboard.

Line up: Place just outside the breaking waves where surfers on their boards wait for their waves.

Men in gray suits: Sharks



A Man in a gray suit swimming under a surfer at NSB

Snaking: The right of way in surfing is always given to the surfer closest to the peak of the wave. Paddling in front of someone who has the right of way makes you a snake.

Landlord: Another name for Shark



NSB's south jetty

Surfing Milestones

400 BC: Polynesians brought surfing to the Hawaiian Islands.

1777: Explorer Captain Cook witnessed and wrote in his log about native Tahitians surfing for pure pleasure in their hand-hewn wooden boats.

1912: The native Hawaiian waterman Duke Paoa Kahinu Mokoe Hulikohola Kahanamoku, a five-time Olympic medalist in swimming, visited southern California and introduced surfing there.



1914: Tom Blake, who became friends with the Kahanamoku family spent the next 30 years living and surfing in Hawaii and California.



1929: Tom Blake built a hollow board with a wood skeleton for support, greatly reducing the weight of a surfboard. He received a patent for his design and his lightweight board with a fin or keel opened surfing to thousands of people who couldn't carry 200-pound solid wood longboards.



1935: Blake wrote the first book on surfing, "Hawaiian Surfboard".

1950: Bob Simmons introduced ultra-light and rigid materials to a small, performance-oriented twin-fin design. He devel-

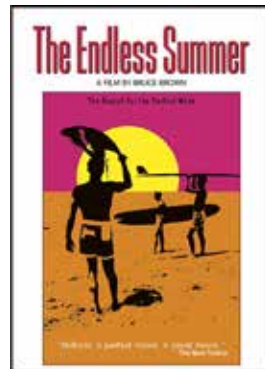


oped a polyurethane foam core blank with a wooden stringer for internal support and wrapped it in fiberglass. It remains the basis for how surfboards are built to this day. He took surfing from a cruising activity to a high-performance endeavor.



1960: Widely popular bands like The Beach Boys spread the word about surfing through music.

1965: The Endless Summer film, directed by Bruce Brown, followed surfers Michael Hynson and Robert August around the world in search of the perfect wave. The film planted the idea of an international surf trip in millions of surfer's minds. The film resulted in the phenomenal growth of global surf tourism. It was selected by the Library of Congress for preservation in the National Film Registry.



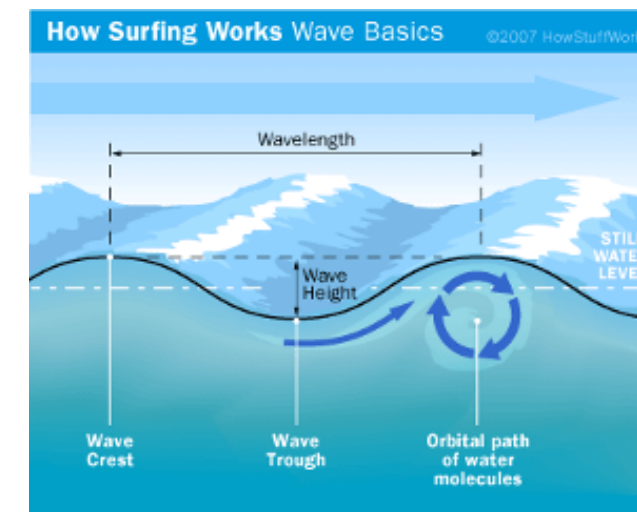
In Puru, Chicama, one of the world's longest waves carries surfers on their boards for up to two miles.



Cristobal Col, a local surfing star, established a Guinness record for longest distance ridden on a wave in 2012. The young Peruvian surfer completed 34 maneuvers on one wave, which he rode for 2 minutes and 20 seconds.

The Science of Waves

Waves transmit energy, not water, across the ocean and if not obstructed by anything, they have the potential to travel across an entire ocean. They're a product wind friction on the ocean's surface, beginning miles offshore. They're described by direction, height, and frequency or length; height is measured in feet from trough to crest and frequency is a measure, in seconds, for a wave to travel from crest to crest over a point on the bottom. In four-foot swells with a wave-



length or frequency of 10 seconds, a stationary surfer will float four feet down from the crest into the trough and back up to the wave's next crest, in ten seconds. As waves increase speed with wind on the surface, they also slowdown and compress upwards from friction on the bottom. Shallow shoals, rock formations and shorelines shorten the length of a wave forcing the crest to rise. From the optimum peak position on the rising crest is where surfers begin their ride.



Off the top



Woody wagon



Cutting classes, surf's up



Old Die Hard (XXXL Surfer)

A New Smyrna Beach Favorite: the Florida Pompano



Surf fishing for pompano is a time-honored New Smyrna Beach tradition. In fall and winter, as cooler water begins moving south, schools of pompano, a flat and silvery fish with a wide forked tail, move south seeking warmer water. The fish prefer water temperatures ranging from 65 to 85 degrees, the ideal temperature being about 68 degrees. Powerful swimmers for their size, they live for up to four years, weighing four



pounds on average, measuring up to 25-inches long and have white meat and a delicate and delicious taste. The Florida pompano can be found not just in Florida, but in northern states and the Gulf of Mexico. They're caught on the beach, inshore and from ocean-facing piers. The best times to catch them in the surf are during incoming tides.



The fish are often found in active surf that stirs up crustaceans they feed on. Areas of surf or rip tides that cut through sandbars and make deeper holes or channels are favorite hangouts, as more natural bait flow through these areas. Popular pompano fishing gear includes a surf rod and spinning reel with 25 to 30 lb. test line



and a pompano rig. Best bait is sand fleas, followed by fresh cut shrimp, small live shrimp and squid strips. When hooked up, pompano make parallel runs near the shoreline. You can time your retrieve of the fish with the rolling waves to bring the hooked fish straight to

you. This requires less pressure for landing the fish and less risk pulling your hook free.

Typical pompano fishing rigs are 30-40 lb. test monofilament, 35 to 50 inches long and have two or three 1/0 to 2/0 size circle hooks with a #5 barrel swivel at the top and a snap on the bottom for attaching a 1 to 3 oz. sinker. Beads and floats near the hooks are optional.



Pompano fillets can be grilled, fried or baked. Served whole it doesn't require scaling.



WHOLE BAKED POMPAÑO WITH DILL AND LEMON



INGREDIENTS

1 whole pompano, roughly 1½ to 2 pounds, 2 tsp. pink sea salt, 1 tbsp. olive oil, 6-8 sprigs fresh dill, 1 lemon, thinly sliced

Preparing the fish: The only cleaning required for the pompano is to gut the fish. Rinse well with cold water both inside and outside, allow to dry, then rub all over with olive oil and sea salt (inside the cavity as well).

ROASTING

Preheat oven to 375 degrees. Place the fish on a sheet pan over a few sprigs of fresh dill, then stuff the inside loosely with lemon slices and remaining dill. Roast for 18-20 minutes, or until done. The internal temperature of the meat should reach 145 degrees. Allow to cool slightly, then serve whole.



New Smyrna Beach Turtles

New Smyrna Beach hosts three different species of nesting sea turtle: loggerhead, green turtle, and leatherback. Each morning at sunrise from May through October, the NSB Turtle Trackers, volunteers with the New Smyrna Beach Marine Turtle Conservancy, survey the beaches from Ponce de Leon Inlet to the north boundary of Canaveral National Seashore in search of sea turtle tracks in the sand. They determine which species of turtle came ashore, whether she nested, and if the nest is in danger of being inundated by the tide or washed out by storm water runoff. If the nest is in imminent danger, the eggs may be relocated. The nest site is then protected by a barrier and monitored throughout incubation, which is about 60 days. Volunteers collect data on each nest to help determine the current state of sea turtle populations and to examine nesting trends.



Loggerhead Turtle

Threatened **Loggerhead sea turtles** are the most common species nesting in New Smyrna Beach. The sex of the hatchlings is mostly determined by the temperature of the nest, with warmer temperatures producing females and cooler temperatures producing males. The NSB beaches are important because the white, quartz sand is slightly cooler than the beaches further south, therefore, it is thought that New Smyrna



Loggerhead turtle hatchlings



Loggerhead crawl track and nest

beaches produce many of the males necessary for the survival of the species. The turtles are 2.5-3.5 feet in length weighing 155-375 lbs. They have a distinctive beach track with alternating, comma-shaped flipper marks and no tail drag. Their age at maturity is 30-35 years.

Their nesting season is May-October at 2-4-year intervals and they lay 3-6 nests per season with an average 115 eggs with an incubation period of 50-60 days.



Green sea turtle

Green sea turtles have a unique starburst pattern on their carapace and are nearly white on the underside. They are mainly vegetarians and this diet gives them a layer of greenish-colored fat from which they take their name.



Green Sea turtle crawl track

They are 3-4 feet in length weighing 240-420 lbs., eat sea grass and algae as adults. They have a distinctive

beach track with parallel flipper marks and nearly always a tail drag. Their age at maturity is 20-40 years. They are endangered and their



Green Sea turtle hatchling

nesting season is June-November at 2-4-year intervals and lay 3-5 nests per season with an average 135 eggs with an incubation period of 50-60 days.



Leatherback turtle

Leatherbacks are the largest of all the sea turtles and can weigh over a thousand pounds. They are characteristically black with white splotches and thin, rubbery skin with seven ridges of bony plates running down their backs. They



Leatherback hatchlings

can travel thousands of miles and dive almost a mile deep. Their beach tracks cannot be mistaken for any other sea turtle tracks because they're so much larger at over 4 feet wide. Their eggs are also larger than green turtle or loggerhead eggs, approximately billiard ball sized as compared to ping pong ball sized. The highest number of leatherback nests ever recorded on New Smyrna Beach was 13 in 2011.

They are 4-6 feet in length weighing 660-1100 lbs. Their diet consist of jellyfish. They have a distinctive beach track over 4 feet wide with parallel flipper marks and a deep ridge down the center from tail drag. They are endangered and their age at maturity is 9-20 years. Their nesting



Nesting female leatherback crawl track

season is March-June at 2-3-year intervals and lay 4-7 nests per year with an average 73 with 30 unfertilized "spacer" eggs and an incubation period of 60-75 days.

Artificial Lighting and Turtles

During nesting season the county issues a lighting ordinance that states no artificial lighting sources can be visible or illuminate the beach at night. Sea turtles almost always nest and hatch at night and artificial lights can discourage female turtles from nesting and can cause hatchlings to become disoriented.



While attempting to return to the sea, sea turtles are attracted to and confused by the brightest lights on the beach. Without artificial lighting, the reflection of the moon over the ocean and the dark silhouette of the dune system aid the hatchlings in finding the water.

Beach Driving and Turtles

There are 17 miles of Volusia County beaches where you can drive on the sand. At one time, there were 47 miles. Each year there's a debate

about ending beach driving to preserve the turtle habitat and safety of beach goers. Suggestions of purchasing land and construction of parking areas are countered with reducing the convenience driving on the beach provides. In December of 2020, The Orlando Sentinel wrote about expanding beach driving... "cars and sand have a long history" on the beaches in Daytona and New Smyrna, "and residents have had a hard time letting go of the past. But cars have no business on beaches, and Volusia County should completely rid itself of the relic, not expand it."



Car on crowded beach



View from the windshield of the crowded beach.



Postcard of driving on beach in the 1950s.



A No-Driving Beach where cars park in a lot near the beach and walk over the dunes on a wooden walkover to access the beach.

The Red Badge of Courage

Required reading in middle and high school English class was Stephen Crane's *The Red Badge of Courage*. Crane was born a year after the Civil War ended but many readers mistook his insightful writing as from an American Civil War veteran. In his novel, he examines human vulnerability and the thin lines between fear, bravery, and personal ethics. Crane's main character in the novel, a young soldier, Henry Fleming, fearing for his life, deserts his regiment during battle, fakes a wound and joins fleeing wounded soldiers. Among them he witnesses the suffering and death of others and the guilt and anguish of his own cowardice. The novel describes a boy's transformation from young and fearful to mature and courageous, and the price he paid to earn the "red badge", a wound in battle.

When Crane's *The Red Badge of Courage* was published, the Cuban struggle for independence against Spain's military junta was raging. Many Americans felt Cuba's battle with Spain resembled the United States' Revolutionary War. U.S. newspapers were agitating for American intervention due to alleged atrocities against the native Cuban population. In 1896, U.S. involvement included covert support for Cuba's rebels with guns and munitions. After writing *The Red Badge of Courage*, Crane was assigned as a newspaper correspondent for the New York Journal, owned by William Randolph Hearst, to cover the conflict in Cuba. He signed on to the coal-fired steamship, *Commodore*, in Jacksonville as a seaman, a cover for his writing assignment. The gunrunning *Commodore* departed for Cuba from Jacksonville on New Year's Eve, 1896. Her cargo manifest included Remington rifles and munitions. The passengers included Cuban rebels and the ship's crew, including Crane. Crane wrote about witnessing the cargo being brought onboard the *Commodore*; "...stevedores processioned steadily toward her with box after box of ammunition and bundle after bundle of rifles. Her hatch, like the mouth of a monster, engulfed them."

The trip began badly. The *Commodore* drew 9 feet of water, was 21 feet wide, 122 feet long and weighed 178 tons. In fog on the St. Johns River, she grounded on a sand bar. Today, some speculate it may have been damaged during the grounding. The next morning, she was pulled off the bottom and towed toward Mayport. As the *Commodore* steamed out of the St. Johns into open sea, any excitement among the crew for being underway, turned to silence. The ship encountered gale force winds and heavy seas. Crane wrote of the departure: "As darkness came upon the waters, the *Commodore* was a broad, flaming path of blue and silver phosphorescence, and as her stout bow lunged at the great black waves she threw flashing, roaring cascades to either side. And all that was to be heard was the rhythmical and mighty pounding of the engines." Some of the passengers and crew were thrown from the berths as the ship twisted and groaned plowing south.



The gunrunner and smuggling ship Commodore (Note the ship's yard-arm, extending to the right off the top of the mast). Imagine the ship rolling so violently in the storm, the mast yard-arm touched the ocean's surface each time she rolled to the port side.

Well out to sea, the crew discovered the *Commodore* was taking on water and the ship's pumps were not functioning or unable to remove the volume of water. The ship's oiler, Billy Higgins, (coincidental and no relation of which I'm aware), calmly led the crew to the engine

room with buckets and began bailing. Crane joined the crew bailing until he nearly passed out from the heat in the engine room and exhaustion. The ship was 18 miles from Mosquito Inlet (now Ponce Inlet) and its new lighthouse, completed nine years earlier. The captain changed course toward the lighthouse and ordered oil and alcohol to be added to the furnace to increase the ship's speed. As weather conditions worsened, the furnace and engines were flooded. Without power, the *Commodore* rolled side to side, dangerously close to capsizing, as the yardarms off the mast nearly sank into the waves with each roll of the ship. The captain ordered the lifeboats lowered and everyone to abandon the ship.

Twelve Cubans loaded the first boat and departed. The second boat loaded and waited alongside to assist the next lifeboat. The captain ordered the remaining seven crew members to board a third lifeboat, before he, Crane, the ship's cook and the oiler, Higgins, boarded a wooden dinghy. The 10-foot-long dinghy was stout and heavy, yet with four men on board, the gunwales were dangerously low in the water. Crane later wrote about the dinghy, "Many a man ought to have a bath-tub larger than the boat which here rode upon the sea." Tethered with 120 feet of line to the ship's stern rail, the dinghy swung on the line well back in the lee of the ship. Huddled in the darkness, they could see the lights of the sinking ship as it rose on the crest of the waves. Exhausted, they waited for the morning light hoping for a miracle the ship would not sink.

Dawn came and the *Commodore* was still afloat. To Crane and the captain's surprise, there were seven men standing on the stern. They had abandoned the ship but returned to retrieve something of which we'll never know. Slamming against the ship's hull in the waves, their lifeboat was damaged and swamped but the seven managed to get back on board the sinking ship.

Crane rowed the boat closer and the captain shouted from the dinghy to make rafts, throw them into the water and jump after them. Three jumped successfully and were clinging to rafts.

The Ponce Inlet Lighthouse



In 1822 a French physicist, Augustin Fresnel (pronounced fra nell) introduced ground glass prisms and lenses for use in coastline light houses. For maximum visible light toward ships at sea, Fresnel ground the lenses and carefully positioned them in a circular assembly. The result was the lenses collected up to 90% of a lamp's light, redirecting and focusing it into intense horizontal beams parallel to each other and the



Fresnel Lens Assembly placed on a turntable that rotates around a lamp or light source.



earth, out to sea and over the horizon. He placed a framework assembly of lenses on a turntable that rotated the lenses around the oil-fired lamps and reflectors. Some of the lenses were ground in

A side view illustration of bulleye lens that creates a pulse of light

They watched in horror as a fourth seaman removed his life belt and with his arms lifted above his head, jumped, and plunged deep into the sea and was never seen again. The last three on board refused to jump to the rafts. Resigned to their fates, they stood silently on the ship. One man, with his arms folded in front of him, was leaning against the deckhouse.

One of the men on the rafts panicked and was preparing to jump from the raft onto the dinghy, which would capsize it. The men in the dinghy released the line to the raft and rowed away. Crain and three men knew if any of the men tried to grab the dinghy's gunwale and pulled it down in the water, the seas would rush over the gunwale and capsize the dinghy, causing all to perish.

Crane wrote a newspaper account about the heart wrenching experience of rowing close to the seamen in the water, attempting to tow them and the rafts to safety. There was a moment when everyone, in both the dinghy and on the rafts, realized towing the rafts in the wind and waves was impossible and would result in all their deaths. There were no shrieks or groans but just "silence, silence and silence". Then the Commodore sank.

"She lurched to windward", Crane wrote, "then swung afar back, righted and dove into the sea, and the rafts (and men) were suddenly swallowed by this frightful maw of the ocean. And then, by the men on the ten-foot dinghy, were words said that were still not words, something far beyond words." They were alone now; the ship and men had vanished, and the sea was roaring. They turned the dinghy and started rowing west.

Later, Crane wrote in *The Open Boat*, describing himself in the third person as the "correspondent", as having feelings of human vulnerability and helplessness against enormous odds in the natural world. During the hours of bailing and rowing the 18 miles between the sunken ship and shore, Crane's faith was challenged. He questioned the presence of God and the cruel

punishing indifference to death and suffering the violent seas and wind thrust upon them. Yet it was a favorable wind they had in the dinghy, and after rowing for hours, when the boat had climbed a great wave, the captain said that he had seen the lighthouse at Mosquito Inlet. After a while, the cook remarked that he had seen it also. The correspondent was at the oars then and he, too, wished to look at the lighthouse. But his back was toward the far shore. The waves were important, and for some time he could not seize an opportunity to turn his head. But at last there came a wave more gentle than the others. When at the top of it, he hurriedly searched the western water with his eyes. "See it?" asked the captain. "No," said the correspondent slowly, "I didn't see anything." "Look again," said the captain. He pointed. ... "It's exactly in that direction." This time his eyes found a small, still thing on the edge of the moving ocean. It was exactly like the point of a pin. It took an anxious eye to find a lighthouse so tiny. "Think we'll reach it, Captain?" "If this wind stays steady and the boat doesn't sink, we can't do much else," said the captain hopefully. Then he added, "Empty her, cook." The cheerful cook continued bailing.



As the sun rose the next morning, the dinghy floated near what is today's Daytona Main Street pier. They spotted people along the shore but could not get their attention a half-mile away. Desperate, they risked taking the boat into the dangerously high surf. Crane, weighted down with \$700 of Spanish gold in his money belt, stripped it off. Higgins and the captain thought it best to back into surf and Higgins pointed the bow into the large waves. A great wave crashed over them filling the boat with water and tossing the men into the surf.

John Kitchell, a Daytona boat yard manager was on the beach that day. Seeing their boat tumble over in the surf, he stripped down, and described as "naked as a tree in winter", ran into the surf and dragged three of the four men to safety. Higgins was found lying dead in the sand. He was the strongest swimmer of the four.



Stephen Crane

Postscript: The late Denny Bowden, a Daytona Beach writer and historian wrote: "The Captain and Seaman Montgomery were taken to Surf Crest cottage, a house at the edge of the dunes ... and Stephen Crane spent that Sunday night at the yellow house, Lilian Place, that overlooks the Halifax River just to the northeast of Daytona's Orange Avenue bridge. Higgins was buried in Daytona's Pinewood Cemetery, but his relatives later had him reburied in Salem, Massachusetts. Crane telegraphed his newspaper in New York, "I am unable to write a thing yet, but will later." Within days he wrote a dramatic newspaper account of the shipwreck, and later wrote what became a classic American short story, *The Open Boat*. Crane's writing made a deep impression and influenced many 20th-century writers, most prominent among them, Ernest Hemingway. Stephen Crane died on June 5, 1900 from tuberculosis at age 28.

What remains of the Commodore is in 75 feet of water, 12 miles offshore from the Ponce Inlet Lighthouse. The seas and current may have carried her miles under water from where she sank, to where she now rests on the bottom. Over 100 years later, divers found the engine room components, drive shaft and propeller laying on the bottom surrounded by the remaining debris. To our knowledge, Crane's gold coins are still buried under the sand and waves on the beach.

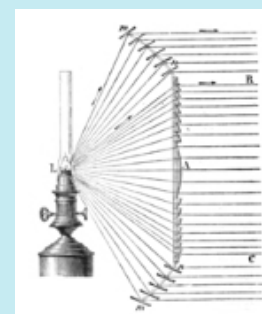


Illustration of light rays from a lamp redirected parallel emerging from the Fresnel Lenses.

circular shapes, called bullseye lenses. They were inserted intermittently in the assembly that created intermittent pulses of light seen by the mariner at sea as the bullseye lens passed between the mariner's eye and the lighthouse lamp. The

number of pulses at intermittent times (in seconds) created a unique signature identifying the lighthouse location, which was valuable information to the mariner.

A weight and pulley system, like a grandfather clockwork, only larger and heavier, powered the turntable to rotate around the lamps. The weights, some up to 200 pounds, hung from cables from the clockwork and pulley system, down into the lighthouse. Some cables and weights hung down the center of a circular stairway; others were in metal tubes or enclosures for safety reasons. All this required a lighthouse keeper to maintain and lubricate the equipment, rewind the weights back up to the turntable, and refilling the oil in the lamps. The Fresnel system served mariners and lighthouses over a century and a half until electricity, electronic controls and advances in lighting technology made the lighthouse keeper's job obsolete. In 1927, the name of Mosquito Inlet was officially changed by local residents to Ponce de Leon Inlet for real estate and tourism purposes. Who likes mosquitos? The Lighthouse Service agreed to change the name of the light station to match.

The Ponce Inlet lighthouse current pulse signature is a constant light followed by six pulses every 30 seconds. The light was first lit in 1887 during a time when shipping by sea was thriving and shipwrecks were frequent on the inlet's shoals. It was designat-

SHSA Sunshine State Olympic Bobsledder

Bobsledding began in Switzerland over a hundred years ago and became an Olympic sport in 1924. Countries with icy winters like Germany, France and Canada have mastered the sport with men and women's four and two person teams. The U.S. men's teams have only won 24 medals in bobsledding in the roughly one hundred years of racing in the Olympics. America went 46 years, from 1956 to 2002, without winning a medal in the sport. Since then the U.S. has only won 24 medals. Josh Williamson, a 2016 23-year-old Seminole High School graduate, hopes to prove a Floridian can tip the scales and bring home an Olympic medal for America and the Sunshine State.

Josh is the son of engineer Steve Williamson and Kay Coffman Williamson, a Seminole High School graduate and currently a guidance counselor at Seminole High School. When Josh suffered a shoulder injury playing lacrosse at Mercer University, he turned his attention to healing, strength training and bobsledding. Along with over 100 athletes he entered competition in the Scouting Camp: The Next Olympic Hopeful held in Colorado Springs and covered by NBC Sports. He was recognized as a natural for the push position in bobsledding.



Josh Williamson, SHS 2016, an Olympic hopeful for the 2022 games in Beijing, China

In bobsled, athletes start by running and pushing a sled weighing as much as 463 pounds up to speed and then jumping inside. The pilot navigates the sled through icy, banked turns at speeds of more than 80 mph. When the team reaches the bottom, the brakeman brings the sled to a halt. Each team gets four runs; the fastest aggregate time determines the winner. Josh got the attention of coaches as a push athlete and later led the American team in the four-man and two-man bobsled teams at the World Championships in Whistler, British Columbia. At the four-man North American Cup in November 2017, he brought home two gold and two silver medals. And he's not looking back.



The team must conserve the acceleration they gain in the start. The bobsled is gravity powered. Rules limit combined team and sled weights to 860 pounds for a two-man team and 1,389 pounds for a four-man team. The run is between 1,312

and 1,750 yards long, with an average downhill slope of between 8 and 15 percent. There are from 15 to 20 turns per course, ranging in size up to huge hairpins of more than 180°. Most bobsled runs have permanent foundations of concrete covered with several inches of ice. The straightaways have sidewalls of reinforced ice about 18 inches high. Bobsledding got its name from the athletes on the sled bobbing side to side. The push athletes get into a tight aerodynamic tuck behind the driver and shift their body weight to help steer, a back-and-forth bobbing motion. The driver is responsible for using two rings attached to the steering system to turn the sled's runners in the turns. The driver's goal is

to find the perfect line while turning as little as possible during the run. The perfect line is keeping the sled high enough on the walls in turns to maintain speed but low enough to avoid traveling a longer distance, all while avoiding scraping the sides of the track that slows the sled.



The large turns of the run are banked very steeply, built up as high as 20 feet, and may have an overhanging lip of ice to prevent the fast-traveling bobsleds from flying out of the turn. In an interview with Orlando Sentinel, Josh's dad Steve Williamson said, "I pray for him every time before he goes off, that he does the best he can, and his team is safe. But I'm definitely a little scared. It can be a rough sport." After working with his personal coach in Tennessee, Josh then went on to Lake Placid, N.Y., for more training. He's been approved for a residency at the U.S. Olympic Training Center in Colorado Springs for more training. What's next? Hopefully the 2022 Olympics in Beijing, China. The chance of making the 2022 Olympic team is what his coach calls "a four-year job interview." Regarding the intensity and daily discipline required, Josh said, "It's always a balance, being happy about what you've done and wanting to do a lot more." (Photos courtesy of Orlando Sentinel)



ed a National Historic Landmark on August 5, 1998, one of only eleven lighthouses to earn this designation. It has a striking, red brick exterior, and at the base and entrance the exterior walls are several feet thick. It



Ponce Inlet Lighthouse winding stairway

soars vertically for 175 feet and can be seen from 17 to 20 nautical miles offshore. The lighthouse is the tallest in Florida and 3rd tallest in the United States. Visitors can climb the 203 steps up a winding staircase to a spectacular view. Only 25 guests can visit at once, and these days plan to wear a mask, it's mandatory. On the lighthouse grounds there's lots of info about the history, the keepers and Fresnel lenses. Nearby are some good seafood restaurants on the water for lunch or dinner.



The Park Family Memorial Scholarship

SHS COMSAC is pleased to announce the Park Family Memorial Scholarship. Sydney Park Brown (SHS 1968) and her siblings, Charles Park III (aka Bubba) and Leslie Park Lynn are sponsoring the \$1,000 scholarship, the first of which will be awarded in the Spring of 2021. It will be given to an SHS graduate pursuing the study of medicine or health care.

Family roots run deep in Sanford. Charles Park, Jr. and his wife Kathryn Wiggins Park were Sanford natives. Dr. Park Jr. attended Seminole High School in the early 1940s. When his father, also a Sanford doctor, joined the Army in 1942, the family moved to Augusta, Georgia where Charles finished his senior year and joined the U.S. Navy. Sydney's maternal grandmother, Peacha (Lef-fler) Wiggins, was in the first graduating class of SHS (then called) Sanford High School, in 1907. There were only four students in Peacha's gradu-ating class.



Sanford High School's first graduating class; 1907
left to right: Alberta Hill, Peacha Leffler, Clara Miller,
Mabel Bowler.

The Park Family Scholarship is in memory of sis-ter Renea Park Burns (SHS '72), mother Kathryn Wiggins Park (SHS '43), and father Dr. Charles L. Park Jr.-all of whom were born and raised in Sanford. Renea, who passed on April 29, 2019, re-sided in Mobile Alabama with her husband Peter F. Burns (Pete). Their children are Erin Schwant (Troy) of Mobile and Peter Burns, Jr. of San Fran-cisco, CA. Her five grandsons: Jack, Charlie, Sam, Robert, and William Schwant all live in Mobile.



Renea Park Burns —
class of 1972

Renea was born on July 30, 1954, in Sanford, Florida. After graduating from SHS she studied at the University of Cen-tral Florida and the University of Ala-bama at Birmingham where she received a Bachelor of Science in Nursing. At UAB she met the love of her life, Pete. They married and moved to the Mobile area in 1976. As a nurse, Renea's work focused on caring for premature infants and performing medical genetics research. Following the birth of her children, Renea worked with her husband's law firm as a forensic nurse consultant. She often mentioned how much she admired Pete and enjoyed being his teammate in every way. Renea loved all creatures great and small. She poured out her nurturing spirit on her family, her friends, and on those less fortunate. She took an active interest in the things her children enjoyed. The countless (and remarkably various) creatures her daughter, Erin, brought into their home benefit-ed from her good humor and loving care. She promoted a love of technology in her son Peter through their shared love of games. Some of her favorite times were spent boating and fishing with family and friends on Ono Island. Renea also loved gardening. She and Pete spent many an early morning and evening "walking the yard", enjoying each other and the beauty around them.

Renea developed a love for playing tennis when her younger child, Peter, went to kindergarten. She formed many wonderful friendships on the courts at Mirror Lake. Whether she was holding a tennis racket, a deck of cards or a fishing pole, Renea often displayed her hilarious competitive side. In nearly every other area of her life, Re-nea was a peacemaker and a helper. Her deep and intense love for Pete, her children, and her grandsons was the true focus of her life. She took tremendous pride in their accomplishments and found joy in knowing the details of their lives. Friends and family describe her as sweet, fun, warm, smiling, positive, big hearted, delightful,

kind, gentle, joyful, funny, welcoming, passionate, bright and loving. Her family wrote, "How fortu-nate we are to have had her in our lives. We have been remarkably enriched by her love. Renea's sweet, gentle and loving spirit will be deeply missed by all who held her dear." A celebration of her life was held at St. Paul's Episcopal Church in Mobile.



Dr. Charles Park, Jr. (1925-2016) was born in Sanford and lived and practiced medicine here for most of his 91 years. He married his childhood sweetheart Kathryn Wiggins Park, also of Sanford, in 1948. He earned a Bachelor of Science in Naval Science in South Carolina and was then commissioned as a Navy Line Officer. He served aboard the U.S.S. Goldfinch (AMS-12) in various capacities and as acting command-ing officer. Following his discharge, he attended Emory University School of Medicine where he earned his M.D. degree. He completed his sur-gical training at the University of Florida, where in his final year, he was Chief Surgical Resident. At the time of his death Dr. Park was survived by his daughters Sydney and Leslie and his son Charles (Bubba), his late daughter, Renea, his brothers Robert and Will, six grandchildren, four great grandchildren, and his beloved caregiver Emma Cooper Peterson.

"Charlie" as Dr. Park was often called by pa-tients and friends, was known widely as a brilliant surgeon and doctor, but also for his wit, wisdom, kindness and accessibility. He and his father, Charles L. Park, Sr. practiced medicine in Sanford for a combined total of 50 years. He enjoyed golf, fishing, his Labrador retrievers, New Smyrna Beach and telling stories. Practical, protective and cautious, he was known for the Charlie Park # 1 beach condo safety rule; "Live on a floor low enough to tie sheets together and to the porch railing for climbing down to safety in an emergency." He led a remarkable life in service

to others and documented his love for his family and work in a memoir True Grits, What Else? Daughter Sidney said among her father's accom-plishments she's most grateful he took the time to write his memoir. "While reading it", she said, I feel his presence and that brings me great comfort."

Read excerpts from Dr. Park's memoir, True Grits, What Else? on page 49.

SILENCE

The room was so silent,
You could hear a pin drop.
No one would make a sound
because of the strict teacher.
And all you could hear
were the pencils scratching.

By Mike Chowanec 1982
(From Trout 5 - Poems by Seminole
County Elementary, Middle and High
School Students)



Thoughts About Writing Things Down

By Billy Higgins



In Mrs. Bateman's SHS English class she appealed to us, (never lectured), to study literature, poetry and writing. She went beyond the craft of diagramming sentences and rules for arranging words. She taught us writing begins with a thought that leads to

another and eventually a worthwhile conclusion. She taught it was a good idea to see our thoughts and ideas written down.

Fast forward this past week to a conversation with Sydney Park Brown (SHS'68). Working with Sydney on the article in The Seminole magazine about the Park Family COMSAC Scholarship, she told me about her father's, (Dr. Charles Park, Jr.), memoir, and how much comfort she felt while reading it years after his passing.

Mrs. Bateman's advice to "write things down" and Sydney's experience are something to think about. Writing down a line or two about a thought, idea or experience could turn out to be especially important. Sure, it takes more time than a phone call or conversation, but writing it enhances our understanding and creates a record. From cave dwellers to Shakespeare, we share their experience because they wrote it. Shakespeare describes the sun as the "eye of heaven" and the written lines in his 18th Sonnet as "eternal lines to time"; lines where love grows and lives beyond a lifetime in the breath, eyes and hearts of the living.

Sonnet 18: Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?

BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:

Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date;
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance or nature's changing course untrimm'd;
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of the fair thou ow'st;
Nor shall death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st:
So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

*Well said, Will Shakespeare.
Thanks for writing it down.*

Borrowed Haiku Poems

Haikus expressing
suggesting more
in few words.

living alone,
getting older
and getting along...

home from errands—
a hero's welcome
from the dog

cowlick
some part of me
still wild

for better or for worse
our lights and darks
tumbling together

Remembering Charles L. Park, Jr., M.D. – Memoir

Charles L. Park, Jr., M.D. left a memoir of his life in Sanford practicing medicine, learning from his father, (also a doctor), raising his family and living a remarkable life. Before his death in 2016 he left a memoir, "True Grits What Else!?", now available only from The Sanford Historical Society. Below are some of the highlights from his memoir published in The Seminole magazine in 1995.

True Grits, What else?

By C.L. Park, Jr., MD

We had a wonderful time growing up in Sanford, though the depression was in full swing. There was a very good school system and we could walk or bike all over town. There were no supervised sports except the Lions' Club Little League, but we organized our own games. Traffic was infrequent on the side streets and we thought nothing of blocking a street with a tennis net or goals for our ferocious roller skate hockey games. A small, evaporated milk can made a good puck, and a fine hockey stick could be fashioned from a crooked orange tree limb. Nothing tasted as good as a green orange while perched high in an old seedling orange tree resting after a tackle football



game. Most of the kids went barefoot and the skin on their feet was as thick as a hog's back.

Once we ran a coral snake out of the grass and one of those cracker kids ground its head into the pavement with his bare heel and commented, "It weren't nuthin' but a little old coral snake."

In 1942, Dad joined the Army and we moved to Augusta where I finished my senior year in high school and then joined the Navy. When my father came to Sanford in 1924, most babies were delivered at home.

One night Dad received a call from the husband of one of his patients alerting him that the wife had gone into labor. Dad hung up the phone and promptly dozed off. When he awoke, he was horrified that he had fallen asleep

and frantically dressed and took off in his Ford to Osteen, about



ten miles away. When he arrived, he hurried into the house to find the woman just beginning hard labor. Much relieved, he apologized to the husband for taking so long to get there and explained he had a flat tire on the way. The husband, a railroad man, reached into his overalls and pulled out his gold pocket watch. "Doc, you must have set an all-time record for tire changing. It's only been nineteen minutes since I called you." Dad said that was almost the biggest lie he was ever caught telling.

One time Dad had a patient who had been badly injured in an automobile accident and required many weeks of treatment. When the man recovered and was ready to go back to work, the insurance company sent him a large check made out to both him and Dad. This was a common practice to protect the doctor's share of the settlement. The patient showed up at the office one Saturday morning and Dad and he walked up to the bank to cash the check. Back then, Saturday was the bank's busiest day and there was a long line at each of the two teller windows. After a considerable wait without much progress, the patient turned to him and suggested Dad endorse the check and the patient would bring him his money. Dad had patients waiting, so he went back to work. Several hours later, when the man had not come by, Dad checked and found the man had indeed cashed the check. He then proceeded to the Ford Dealership, bought a new car and



Bill/Will Park (SHS '54), an accomplished artist, writer and illustrator, passed away on January 2, 2021. A few of his cartoons are below and on page 50. He was the youngest brother of Dr. Charles L. Park Jr. (See the Bill Park Memorial article on page 24.)



left town never to be heard from again. Dad always said he hoped the man enjoyed their car.

When I was a kid in the mid-thirties, a trip to (New Smyrna's) Turtle Mound was like a trip to heaven. You could rent a rowboat and get two hundred live shrimp for two dollars. At the foot of the mound there was a sandbar where you could catch speckled trout as fast as you could get a shrimp in the water. We always arrived just before dawn and the mosquitoes were so thick you had to brush them off your face. The fish camp owners always had a big rag fire going and I would stand in the smoke until my face and hands were covered with soot to repel the skeeters. We were unfazed by the diamondback rattlers that frequently swam from one mangrove island to another. Getting a large catfish with razor-sharp fins or a stingray off a hook never bothered



us. But boy, were we afraid of SEA-COWS! I don't ever remember seeing a manatee, but we were all convinced they would come up under the boat, turn

it over, and then what happened next was too awful to contemplate.

During my years of practice, I had the honor of taking care of many of my former teachers. It never failed to surprise me that they would put their trust in someone they had last known as an adolescent idiot. I always enjoyed reminiscing with them about school days and old friends and we had a great relationship. However, one of the meanest things I ever did was to a former English teacher. The easiest courses for me in college were English and Literature thanks to the excellent foundation I had received at Seminole High.

One encounter involved a pocket magnifying glass I had taken from my Dad's desk. I was playing with it in her class when she suddenly demanded I bring it to her. After class I went to her to get it back. I explained it belonged to my father and was a Bausch & Lomb instrument, not a toy, and I had to put it back on his desk. She adamantly refused, and after school I pleaded with her again to no avail. Dad never connected its absence with me, and I surely never mentioned it.

Thirty years passed and one day this lady appeared in the E.R. with a terrible case of prolapsed hemorrhoids requiring emergency surgery. In deference to her age, I elected to use local anesthesia supplemented by I.V. sedation. When everything was ready and she was positioned for surgery, (and there are not many positions more vulnerable), I said, "Miss -----, do you remember when I was in your class in the tenth grade? You took my magnifying glass and never gave it back." "Oh, Charles," she said, "you know I would never do anything like that!" "Yes, ma'am, you did, and I never saw it again!", I said. At that point mercy prevailed. We gave her an I.V. injection of Valium and the procedure was done. Revenge is so sweet.

One day I was rattling along in my Jeep on Twentieth Street in Sanford, when a policeman holding a radar gun stepped out from behind a tree and motioned me over. I asked why he stopped me, and he said I was going twenty-six miles per hour in a twenty mile per hour zone. I told him he had to be kidding, but he demanded my license. About then I noticed the other patrolman who happened to be the son of a friend of mine. I called him over and asked how his father was getting along after I had removed a skin cancer from his face. He came over and told me his dad was fine and asked me to look at a lesion on his forearm. After carefully examining it, I assured him it was okay and then asked the other patrolman to



"Like Hemingway, I believe in grace under pressure—unless, of course, things get too hot."



"Is he guilty Hell, yes, he's guilty. Now can we talk about something else?"



"Finish it? Why would I want to finish it?"

let me look at a lesion on his arm, which also was not significant. Since they both rode motorcycles, I strongly advised them to always use some type of sunscreen. The first officer then decided to let me go and as I drove away, I looked in the mirror to see both of them intently studying their forearms.

A dapper little man was he. With his precise walk, his neat dress and his long cigarette holder, he pranced through life, always making you feel better with his extremely quick wit and an ever-present twinkle in his eyes. His profession was pharmacy which he practiced with the same precision he did everything else. His real love was music and he was an exceptional clarinet and saxophone player. In the early forties, as a student at the University of Florida, he performed with some big-name bands of the era when they visited Gainesville. He played the piano entirely by ear and at parties we would try to stump him by humming a few bars of an obscure tune, but he usually came up with the song. His name was Francis, but everyone called him Francois. My children translated this into French-fry, so he was always known as "Uncle French-fry" in our household. Once, when Kathryn and I were going on our first ocean cruise, I stopped by the drugstore to buy Dramamine tablets and a dozen Trojans. Without hesitation he responded, "Charlie, if it makes you sick, why don't you give it up?"

Our seventh grade English teacher asked us to write a paper on what career we intended to follow and why. Since my chosen profession had long been decided, I wrote what I thought was a good paper on my proposed career in medicine. I listed the continued pursuit of knowledge, the scientific background, the importance of your position in the community, etc. With a background of good English teachers and several writers in the family, I had always

fancied myself a rather outstanding composer. When I completed my paper, I took it downstairs for Dad's comments. He read it quickly, threw it on the floor and angrily exclaimed, "If those are the reasons you're going into medicine, I'm not contributing one damn cent toward your education!" Jolted and perplexed, I grabbed my paper and hurried back to my room. As I reread it, I realized there was not one word about helping people or caring for the sick and injured. After a careful rewrite, I cautiously approached Dad again. After reading it, he simply commented he thought I would enjoy a career in medicine. That little incident did more to shape my approach to medicine than four years of medical school.

During our training, we were often advised that it was unwise to practice in one's hometown. However, I found it wonderfully rewarding to have the opportunity to help provide medical care for people I'd known all my life. Working with my father allowed me to profit from his wisdom and years of experience. He never hesitated to allow me to handle the cases for which I had better training.

Through medical school, my long postgraduate program, and the entire time I was in practice, Kathryn's support and encouragement were always there. She and the children, although constantly disappointed by canceled outings and entertainment, rarely complained. Without the continued assistance of colleagues, hospital workers and especially the nurses, the practice of medicine would have been much more difficult. It was so reassuring to go to the office after a grueling day in the O.R. to find my loyal and talented staff had rearranged appointments and schedules and were ready to help in the care of our patients. When I look back on my career, I feel almost guilty over having had the best job in the world.

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1971 PATSY PERKINS NEWTON DUNWOODY, GA 9
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1972 BILL VON HERBULIS NEW SMYRNA BEACH, FL 6
1976 MARTIN PERKINS REAGAN SANFORD, FL 1
1978 ELIZABETH (BIZZY) HEATH BURNS PORT ORANGE, FL 2
1979 WAYNE & TERESA LEE LIVELY, EUSTIS, FL 1
PRIV ROSS ROBERT SANFORD, FL IN MEMORY OF DEDE SHARON ROBERT SHS '58 8

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