

PRESERVATION IN PINK

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...flamingos that is.

A CHAPEL, DEAD BODIES & ETHICS IN BOSTON

The King's Chapel congregation was founded in 1686 and a small wooden meeting house was built in Boston in 1689, but the current stone building on the same site was opened in 1754. It houses a silver bell, cast by Paul Revere. Still operating today the chapel is now surrounded by the hustle and bustle of downtown. It is a popular stop on Boston's "Freedom Trail" self-guided tour.



King's Chapel West Elevation.
(Photo courtesy of Goody & Clancy)

My architecture/ planning/ preservation firm was commissioned to do

WIGWAM VILLAGE & DINOSAUR WORLD: TRAVELING AMERICA'S TWO LANE HIGHWAYS

This summer as people head out on vacation most drive the quickest route possible via the interstate. In the 1960s when the interstate highway system began it marked a new era in travel. It cut travel time in half or more since people could drive faster and not be bothered with passing through every small town, lights and intersections included. Interstate highways provide a fast, easy means to an end. However, by traveling the interstates people are missing real America.

Bypasses initiated the

decline of small town America. Today these towns remain in a state of decline, yet many still reflect the splendor of the heydays before the interstates when travelers frequently stayed at the local hotels, ate at the local restaurants and visited the local shops. Some towns are remarkably well preserved, ironically because the bypass allowed time to pass by without change.

In my opinion, the best way to travel is not by interstate but by the old highways that still run through these towns. The road trip is a true

historic structures report and master plan for the chapel, and to study possible ways to make the building more usable for today. One major area of discussion was the basement, which at present is cramped and cluttered. Lining both of the long sides of the basement, there are historic crypts where prominent figures of Boston's past are buried.

As a job assignment I studied, in a

3-D computer model, how much space would be opened up by the removal of these crypts. This would be a potential solution to give the congregation more usable space, but it also creates a number of issues.

Some of the issues are of a legal nature. After all this time, who owns these burial tombs? What are their rights? If the bodies are moved, would it have to be to a burial ground of equal historic significance? What happens to the bodies in the one tomb that was set aside for the "unknown"?

Issues are also moral and spiritual. Is it right to move the dead, once

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Wigwam Village in Cave City, KY.
(Maria Gissendanner)

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LETTER TO THE EDITOR RE: HYPOCRISY OF MODERNITY

I am writing in response to last issue's article "The Hypocrisy of Modernity". I, too, am facing the same conundrum in dealing with the dual nature of modernity. For me, however, the debate revolves around the very nature of rural America and the convenience of high density development.

I live in the country and constantly find myself complaining about the lack of convenience. I have to get in my car and drive everywhere: the post office, the grocery store, a restaurant. And shopping? Try driving 45 minutes for the nearest non-Walmart store. Not only is this time-consuming and costly (have you seen the price of gas lately?!), but it is also hurting the natural and historic environment. With the current trend of going green, we all know how our automobile-dependent lifestyle is damaging the planet (and let's not talk about oil dependency).

And on the building front, pollution from our cars also hurts historic building materials. I have seen personally what exhaust is doing to the once-yellow sandstone of the beautiful structures in Bath, England.

But the solution to constant car travel is equally devastating. I like living in the country. I like seeing birds, deer, rabbits and other creatures in my backyard and not having my neighbors 1.5 feet away from me. I like trees, farms, and produce. So the solution, other than moving, would be to develop. Of course, others around me and across the nation have already thought of this. When I look around my county, I weep inside for what is happening. Within the past 5 to 7 years, our population has doubled as commuters from the Baltimore/Washington DC metro area jump on our 'cheap' property. Single family housing developments have sprouted

up everywhere. Fields and forests I have once known are now covered with ugly mass-produced monstrosities. Additionally, we have an outlet mall, new restaurants, two movie theaters, and of course, more convenience.

Needless to say, I am conflicted. I am thrilled that I no longer have to travel long distances for shopping and entertainment. However, I feel guilty in my excitement: this development is destroying the rural character of my community. It seems to me that smart growth and planning is the answer, but the development is happening so quickly that it seems unstoppable even with regulation.

So there is the hypocrisy of modernity yet again. Does anyone have an answer?

Sincerely, Amy Miller

PRESERVING YOUR CHILDHOOD PLAYTIME MEMORIES

Recently news reporters seem to discuss the idea that children just don't play anymore. They don't have free time to just go outside and imagine or sit around and daydream. Rather their days are filled with scheduled activities, which become their play time. Think back to your childhood. Did you play aside from the times and activities that were organized for you?

Are your memories of everyday childhood life becoming a bit fuzzy? As we get older and more memories fill our heads and hearts, it seems impossible to remember everything. So pull out an old photo album or home movie. Images come back to you and suddenly you can remember the first day of school or trick-or-treating at seven years old. Yet, the intangible aspects of playtime are not present in these photographs. What sorts of games did you play? If you're like my three sisters and me, you grew up with an imagina-

tion. We have thousands of pictures, but none of them could tell us exactly what game we were playing or our imaginary friends of the day.

We didn't compete in sports until we were in middle school (typically when life conforms to more of a schedule) and we never had video games, so our activity came from running around the house or playing outside, all of the time. I remember playing in the basement for hours building forts with blankets and easels and furniture. We played "animal school" and "animal hotel" with our stuffed animals in the basement and the car. Hula hoops were our cars as we cruised around our yard. Imaginary friends accompanied us on our bikes to the school yard as we were solving mysteries. Kickball, basketball, or some made up ball sport in the street were common all summer.

Will we remember these games fifty years from now? Maybe. I don't want to chance that only to forget them. I started to write my childhood imagination memories. Unless I can find these days described in my diaries from way back when, all of the memories will be tainted by my adult nostalgic viewpoint.

Is there any way to preserve memories as they occur? A folklore study on childhood games, perhaps, interviewing children. Digital cameras allow for more photographs but it still cannot capture everything. Children don't think about needing to remember a game or anything they do. Yet, maybe that is part of the magic of childhood: imaginations and games are truly secret to the lives of children. Still, I would record it for posterity.

(Kate O'Shea)

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

Dear Readers,

Your feedback from the first issue of *Preservation in Pink* is greatly appreciated as are the involvement for the current issue. It seems as though we can never get enough coffee (or chai tea) and preservation talk as it continues to become more abstract. However, there is one misconception that I would like to correct, and it is my own doing. Initially I thought that this would be ideal for those of us brand new in the preservation field or recent graduates. A colleague brought this matter to mind and I realized I was too quick and narrow to place the newsletter into a certain category of preservationists. We young pro-

fessionals would benefit from the knowledge of more experienced preservationists as well as those who entered the field through a different discipline. Please forgive my rash categorizing. It is my hope that anyone involved in preservation or a related discipline will be able to enjoy *Preservation in Pink* whether through contributions, dialogue or simply reading something fun about preservation. If I have offended anyone, that was not my intention and I apologize. Everyone is invited and encouraged to contribute. In the meantime enjoy this travel-centered issue. Please excuse the gap in issues.

Humbly yours, Kate O'Shea



Mommy & Baby flamingos in the San Diego Zoo. Kate O'Shea

Contributors in this issue:

Jen Gaugler, Elyse Gerstenecker, Maria Gissendanner, Amy Miller, Kerry Vautrot

COME SEE CAVE CITY, KENTUCKY FOR HIDDEN ROADSIDE TREASURES

(Continued from page 1)

cate locations that are still open for business.

Wigwam Village, a hotel that offers rooms in wigwams is one of the most intriguing sites in town. Although its context has been altered (it now sits next to a trailer park) it is still a wonder to visitors of the area and attracts many sleepy tourists. Wigwam Village has over a dozen teepee shaped rooms in a crescent shape and people stay in these rooms as an alternative to the boring box hotels. The neon signs in the town that stand in front of Wigwam Village and other motels are numerous and reflect the stunning allure of the neon lights ability to draw people off the road. Something about the neon and the large tripartite

sign draws people in, a skill that the new flat back lit signs do not possess. The bright colors and creative design of the old signs is a site to see, especially when so many are clustered together in the same town, still in operation. It gives visitors to Cave City an insight into the early days of the automobile.

Apart from its brilliant signage Cave City also has numerous tourist attractions as you near Mammoth Cave, including Dinosaur Park where there are giant dinosaurs that tower over the road and miniature golf which was also championed around this time period, my favorite was entitled Hill-billy golf. When you never leave the interstate you miss all the Cave Cities of the world. Cave City, Kentucky is a bit more intact that most bypassed

towns but others are no less spectacular. Hidden treasures like Wigwam Village and Dinosaur Park are missed unless you needed a pit stop. So, next time you have to travel somewhere, leave a bit earlier and take your time. Take the back roads and explore these small towns before they disappear for good. Driving would become much more enjoyable and less stressful if people found a way to enjoy their journey by exploring America beyond the interstate. The interstate is bland, boring and offers no insights into the American soul like places such as Cave City do. The trip should be part of the vacation as much as the destination.

(Maria Gissendanner)

ON THE ROAD AGAIN: PICTURES & TALES FROM TRAVELERS



A series of photographs from Luck, North Carolina. (clockwise): The roadside town marker, the store sign indicates it was established in 1900. The seemingly only store in Luck, closed on Sundays when I passed through. That or the closed sign meant the store no longer exists. Either way, a neat roadside photo stop fueling curiosity. (K. O'Shea)



For all you vernacular architecture lovers: An unusual cantilever corn crib from the John Cable Mill Area of the Cades Cove Loop in the Great Smoky Mountains National Park. Note the wagon on the right. (K. O'Shea)



More hidden treasures from Cave City, KY (see article on p. 1). Left: The neon sign from the Star Motel advertises "clean rooms, free HBO, and low prices." Below: An advertisement and life size dinosaur lure tourists off the highways to Dinosaur World. (M. Gissendanner)



Mystery Photograph An igloo shaped residence in Derby, NC. What do we call this architectural style? Last issue's best guess: a WPA era utility building. (Michelle Michael, architectural historian at Ft Bragg).



JEKYLL ISLAND SEEKS TO MANAGE HISTORICAL & MODERN TOURISM NEEDS

Jekyll Island is part of a chain of island off the Georgia coastline including St. Simon's Island, Sea Island, Sapelo Island, and Cumberland Island. As all coastal areas in the United States, these islands have changed throughout their histories due to development.

Jekyll's historical status is that of an exclusive winter resort location for the wealthy northerners such as the Rockefellers' the Vanderbilts, J.P. Morgan and Joseph Pulitzer. Known as the Jekyll Island Club, it became a small colony of vacationing residences on the island previously inhabited by a few colonial families. The Club declined nearly as soon as it began, with Progressive Era laws making small dents in the millionaires' armor. The Great Depression furthered the decline. After German U-boats sank merchant ships off the coast the government evacuated the islands. For a while the island operated as a state park for "the average person" (only after invoking eminent domain to get the land from the families who still owned property). Jekyll Island was a part of the Georgia state park system,

but eventually became a separate entity known as the Jekyll Island Authority, the entity in charge today. The board of the Authority is appointed by the governor, but all of the funding for the Island must come from Authority business. The Island,



Indian Mound, the William Rockefeller cottage in the historic district. (Kate O'Shea)

in terms of development, must remain 65% undeveloped, and development must be approved by the Jekyll Island Authority. It is part of an effort to maintain the natural life of Jekyll Island.

Today, Jekyll is at a crossroads and is the subject of a lot of discussion in the area. The laws designating the Is-

land's status in this way could soon be changed by the government to allow more development. Many see neighboring St. Simon's Island's booming business as a possible example for Jekyll, while others see St. Simons as a behemoth. St. Simon's has been greatly developed, with continuing skyrocketing real estate. Sea Island is also developed, but as an extremely exclusive club that requires a pass to enter the island, much like Gilded Age Jekyll. Cumberland Island, to the south, has been preserved primarily for wildlife, including its wild ponies. One must ride a ferry from St. Mary's and be prepared to spend most of the day on the island

Therefore, Jekyll presents an interesting medium between development and exclusivity. It has its share of condos and hotels, but these have been fairly limited to the North side of the Island. The National Historic Landmark District, preserves the Club era cottages, with the Club itself revived as a hotel. The Jekyll Island Authority owns other areas, from a

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CRYPTS & MASTER PLANNING IN BOSTON

(Continued from page 1)

they have been buried to rest in peace? What should take precedence – preserving the historic tombs, or allowing the church to change to better suit a modern congregation and to accommodate a much greater population than there was in the 1750s?

At this time, the master plan has been completed, and it is now up to the client how and when they want to proceed with the work. The issue of

whether or not to move the tombs has been left as an option in the master plan. I found this task really interesting because it really showed the extent to which the past is embedded in historic buildings -- and that historic preservation is not just about bricks and mortar, but also about the people who used and inhabited these buildings and neighborhoods and who are still in our thoughts today. (Jen Gaugler)

Right: The front door of the crypt in King's Chapel. (Photo courtesy of Goody & Clancy)



THIRD PLACE COUNTRY STYLE

(Continued from page 8)

small-town watering hole. However, it has one important difference. During one visit, while I was surrounded by the usual all-male lunchtime crowd of tradesmen, elderly sages in trucker hats, and the occasional traveler, I saw it. It wasn't very large, a small whitish box, but the words written across it filled me with hope: "Wireless Router." I knew it was a match made in heaven. As I asked the proprietor about it, she said, "Yeah, we have some guys come in here for informal business meetings all the time—we get a lot of extra business from it. You can come in anytime—tell your friends about it too!"

Apparently, a lot of people did. A few weeks ago, I visited the Crossroads after being away for almost 6 months. I was astonished when I found the



A country version of the third place: "If you're hungry and need a fill, stop on by the Crossroads Grill" near US-30 in Cashtown, PA. (Amy Miller)

dining area had tripled in size. And the place was packed! I had brought my laptop with me, as I needed to download some sizeable files that would have taken me hours to do at home with dial-up. It was amazing: I had my bacon and cheese-covered hot dog in one hand while the other was busy surfing the net. This, I realized, could become my neighborhood's third

place. The astonishing cost and limited availability of a wireless internet connection at home in the country means most people have dial-up. And with more and more younger, computer-savvy people needing the quick connection to download or upload large files, this seemed the ideal solution.

So where does the future lie for the third places of rural America? I think the established third places (dinners, country stores, coffee shops) will never replace the transient third place of community events. However, the permanent locations, happily open all year, offer a roof over your head, a chance to chat with your neighbor, and if you are lucky, a high speed wireless connection to the outside world.

(Amy Miller)

MODERN DAY JEKYLL ISLAND DILEMMA

(Continued from page 5)

conference center and the land for a strip mall to restaurants, golf courses, tennis courts, and a water park.

Jekyll Island has a certain appeal, and everyone does seem to want the Island to improve. Simply put, the idea of "improvement" is different from person to person, as one can see on the posting board put on by the local Brunswick News. There are plenty of places to stay on Jekyll, in addition to the campground, but there is lack of Island-based businesses and attractions to keep people on Jekyll Island instead of going to St. Simon's or other areas. In general, people want more options: more restaurants, more activities, etc. The recently-opened Georgia Sea Turtle Center has been seen both as an extremely success-

ful rehabilitation of a historic building (it's located in the Club's old power plant), a great support for sea turtle research and rescue, and a good solution to some of Jekyll's economic problems.

From a preservationist standpoint the 65% rule is an unusually insightful solution to a complicated problem as redevelopment is needed to lure tourists in order to maintain the economy. However, part of Jekyll's draw is the peaceful, relaxing, natural atmosphere. This feeling is lost on St. Simon's Island. Today's culture causes people to believe that there is not much to do on Jekyll. They are missing the simpler days (ironically people are only nostalgic until they actually find them).

A new solution? Jekyll needs publicity in order to attract appropriate tourists,

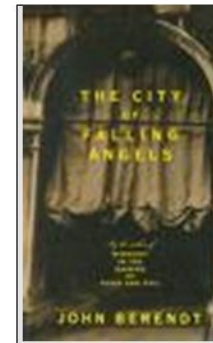
those to which they can cater. Yet the nature of Jekyll Island is not parallel to huge billboards or commercials even though some sort of advertising medium is necessary. A Coastal Isles regional plan would be beneficial, so that each island could definitely have its own reputation (party island, retail land, nature island, relaxation island, etc.). This isn't a problem that's limited to the Georgia Coast. Take a look at the Sanibel-Captiva-Fort Myers area in Florida, and you will see an eerie similarity.

For now without a regional plan the bottom line is: keep the 65% rule, and give the old developments a fresh coat of paint.

(Elyse Gerstenecker)

PRESERVATION IN THE MEDIA THAT'S NOT JUST FOR PRESERVATION NERDS

BOOKS YOU WANT TO READ Recommended by fellow flamingos



The City of Falling Angels by John Berendt

The author arrives in Venice three days after the fire that destroyed the historic Fenice Opera House in 1996. First completed in 1792 and then rebuilt in 1837 after the first time it burned down, the Fenice is a truly beloved landmark of the city. The book chronicles the events leading up to and after the fire, the reactions of native Venetians and international supporters, and the efforts to rebuild the theater. The author weaves true stories of the colorful and quirky citizens with local scenery and history, as well as developments in the investigation of the fire (arson quickly becomes suspected). This is a very intriguing work of nonfiction that will draw you in to the depths of Venice. (Jen Gaugler) image credit: www.avclub.com



Diners, Bowling Alleys, and Trailer Parks: Chasing the American Dream in Postwar Consumer Culture by Andrew Hurley

Adding to the American-kitsch genre, Hurley examines diners, bowling alleys, and trailer parks from a sociological point of view. Consider it a long extension of an American material culture class. Without stretching his theories beyond believability, Hurley traces the evolution of the subjects, showing how their alterations represent owners' understanding of society's needs and trends from the early 1900s to the modern era. Reaching far beyond our stereotypical 1950s diner, you will enjoy and appreciate their transformation from lunch carts to family friendly places that compete with chain restaurants. (Kate O'Shea) photo credit: www.amazon.com

MUSIC:

A SONG TO WARM YOUR PRESERVATION HEART

"THE VILLAGE GREEN PRESERVATION SOCIETY" —The Kinks

A nostalgic song for the idyllic, youthful days, this song is about England's villages.

Some lyrics for your entertainment: "God save strawberry jam and all the different varieties / Preserving the old ways from being abused / Protecting the new ways for me and for you / What more can we do."



A new song every issue chosen from the preservation CD compiled by Maria Gissendanner. Soon you can fill up your play list with preservation-related songs! Image credit: www.images.amazon.com

WEBSITE TO VISIT:

I've stumbled across a great resource for those of us who like to keep our dollars in the local community: www.delocator.net. This website allows you to type in your zip code and search for local coffee shops, movie theaters and bookstores within .5-20 miles. If your favorite spot isn't listed, then add it to the site. It's just another way to help us all support independent businesses. This website goes the extra mile so all you have to do is point and click. Bonus points if you don't drive to get your coffee. (Kerry Vautrot) Image credit: www.delocator.net



Quote: "Never doubt that a small group of thoughtful, committed citizens can change the world. Indeed it is the only thing that ever has." -Margaret Mead



K. O'Shea



...flamingos that is.

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www.preservationinpink.wordpress.com



At the North Carolina/Tennessee border on Newfound Gap Road in the Great Smoky Mountains National Park. Taken for all eternal preservation cheesy-ness.



CALL FOR NEXT ISSUE'S ARTICLES

Aside from the usual preservation fueled thoughts and photographs, think about how you live as a preservationist. What are some challenges that preservationists face, whether it's making everyday shopping choices to work related projects to traveling? Do you practice what you preach? What are some solutions? Send ideas, articles, thoughts, photographs to preservationinpink@gmail.com. Thanks!

WHAT THIRD PLACE? FINDING YOUR SPOT IN RURAL AMERICA

As explained so enthusiastically in last month's issue, quality of life, the third place, and sense of community are undoubtedly crucial issues in communities across the nation. Walking your neighborhood to get to your coffee shop is nice, but what if your neighborhood consists of groundhogs, horses, and trees? And that coffee shop-- what if you have to drive at least half an hour for even a chain restaurant like McDonald's? If this sounds familiar, then you, like me, are a resident of rural America. We are the few, the proud, the people who know their car is their life-line to the outside world. Sure, nature has its benefits, but you can only have a conversation with that rabbit sitting in your yard for so long before you start to question your sanity.

Small town America is permanently romanticized. Things move a little slower out here, mom-and-pop businesses are abundant if scattered, and

people are friendly and helpful. However, sometimes you don't want to go 15 mph behind that tractor, that small-town grocery store doesn't sell your favorite brand of peanut butter, and the interconnectedness of your neighbors borders on incestuous-ness. What is a person to do? I frequently find myself in this situation, particularly when I come home during school breaks. After about four days, I find myself bored, wanting to get out of the house, but not willing to drive the 30+ minutes to town. Where is the third place in the country?

As a child, the third place was a migratory entity. I could relax and visit with my neighbors at events that brought these widely-spaced people together. Whether it was a local softball game, a volunteer fire company-sponsored 'feed' (fund raising all-you-can-eat dinner) with dancing and prizes, or the annual Fourth of July Carnival in not too far away Gettys-

burg, people would meet, greet, and eat at various community gatherings. Of course, this is not the same as a permanent third place, and attendance at these events depended on your involvement in the community, interest, and physical ability. But it was better than nothing, and as I grew older and lived away from the town, I came to miss having that connection to my surroundings when I came home.

Luckily for me, a new prospect has recently appeared within a five minute car ride of my house. My savior comes in the form of the Crossroads Grill and Country Store. Located in a former dilapidated farm house, this wonderful little establishment offers usual grill fare (hamburgers & hot dogs) and, upstairs, an assortment of staple groceries, stationary, and gifts. Sure, this isn't much different from any other

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