10th Anniversary Year

Recognition: 1919 Atlantic Flight

Remembrances: 3 Young Boys' Boom Days

Reminder: Why Is It Dinner Key?

The Historical Association of Southern Florida

UPDATE

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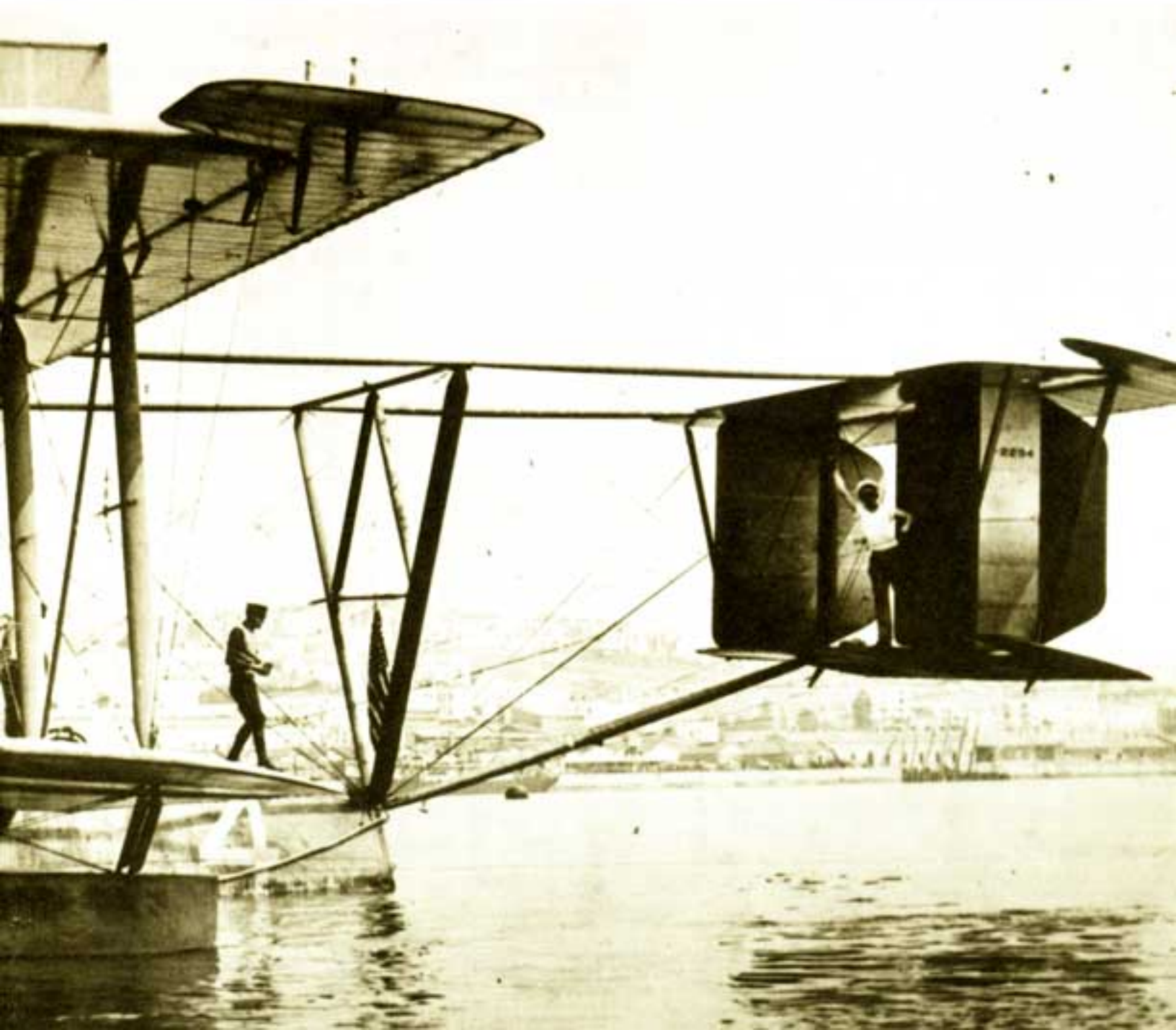

Our future begins with the past...

First lot sale in Coral Gables attracted John B. Stadler (arrow) and, to his right, his father, John L. Stadler.

John L. Stadler was born in Cleveland, youngest of ten children in a family that had come to the United States from Germany toward the end of the nineteenth century. By 1917 he had worked his way to Miami with his wife and son John B. He bought a 40-acre grove and began shipping citrus and selling real estate.

John B., who as a teenager on his first day at work during the boom sold two lots for $9,000, had seen land prices go from $400,000 to $4,000 by the time he graduated from the University of Florida in 1930. He was glad to get a job with Florida Power & Light.

In 1933 John B. affiliated with W. H. Walker and his newly-chartered First Federal Savings and Loan Assn., the first in Florida (you know it now as AmeriFirst). In five years he had married Walker's secretary Lucille Rose and five years later they established a real estate office in the First Federal building.

Daughters Angelina and Linda came along and son John W. was born in 1946. After his graduation from UF he associated with a brokerage firm in Orlando. In 1971, when John W. was 25, John B. asked him to take over the real estate office. By 1980 John B. and Lucille decided John W. was making it on his own and both retired. John B. even gave up his directorship of AmeriFirst but the board named him a Director-Emeritus.

...his interest in the past is helping shape our future

John W. Stadler is president and chief executive officer of The Stadler Corporation, which has made a $14,000 commitment in annual operating grants to the Historical Association of Southern Florida.

The locally-owned corporation oversees affiliates providing services in residential brokerage, mortgage financing, property management, insurance, corporate relocation, commercial/investment brokerage, a real estate licensing school and development and syndication of real estate.

The corporation is particularly interested in the maintenance and development of the 1920s real estate boom period of Miami's history.

This is just one of many areas in the museum where corporate support can make the difference. There are collections to maintain, exhibits to mount, artifacts to ferret out and acquire.

Forty-three corporations are museum members for fiscal year 1983. Categories are Patron, $500; Benefactor, $1,000; Founder, $2,500; and Sponsor, $5,000. For further information, call

Wit Ostrenko, Marketing Director 854-3289

THE HISTORICAL MUSEUM OF SOUTHERN FLORIDA

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The Historical Association of Southern Florida

UPDATE

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Contents

The Three Rs

It is fall and that means 'Readin,' 'Ritin' and 'Rithmetic (fast being supplanted by computeric) for those in school. For the rest of us **Update** offers Recognition, Remembrances and Reminders.

Departments

Lee Aberman finally comes up with Volume 1, Number 1 of **Update** in her year-long survey of its ten-year history.

On the Cover: In May 1919 the NC-4, 68 feet long, 126-foot wingspan, 4 motors and an air speed of 90 mph, flew the Atlantic. The 6-man crew flew 3756 miles in 48 hours flying time but it took them 23 days and 7 stops to do it.

Photo credits: cover, pp 3-6, Cushing Read; map p. 7 reprinted with permission of Sea Power magazine, an official publication of the Navy League of the United States; p. 9 clipping of baseball layout, Walter Norman; p. 10, Frederick Harrington; p. 11, George Wolpert; all others, HASF.

AROUND THE MUSEUM

One of the most frequently asked questions by telephone callers to HASF is "What do you have in your museum?" The usual answer is "The depiction of the history of South Florida through artifacts, photographs and murals."

Gallery visitors who tour the museum with one of the knowledgeable docents take away with them this history depiction. To the casual drop-in visitor what is in the museum becomes what is in the eye and mind of the beholder. The small child spies the rabbit at eye level and then the BIG turtle; adults choose the overview of "Then there was man" and the fuller description of the turtle on the plexiglass.

The scantily clothed Indians in their environmental setting provide varied comments which range from funny to lewd but most question their protection from the ravenous Florida mosquitoes.

The Kenneth Hughes paintings become a study of people, mores and times. "Imagine being in all those clothes on a Florida beach!" is one reaction to the conquistadors. Other observers tend to compare the weapons on the ground with today's Miami.

The lighthouse elicits gratefulness for today's exterminators: "All those bugs!" The "now" people envy the body painting of the Indians. Small groups ponder: "How many people are really in that picture?"

At the frontier picture a woman exclaims, "That frontier woman is Thelma Peters."

A man asks, "How do you know?"

"Listen, she taught me at Edison. I'd know that voice anytime!"

Philatelists relate conversely to the silk-screened flags of early history. They see them as reproductions of the stamps in their collections.

Muscle-builders try their prowess on the chains that line the wrecking exhibit and many try on the diver's helmet, which also has great photographic appeal. The mirror at the back of the Lemon City post office is an irresistible place for a quick peek and cosmetic touchup.

"Hands on" privileges do not extend to the player piano. However "non-readers" give concert renditions of "Chopsticks" despite the "Please do not play" sign.

Happy memories of the past are recalled when a roll is played. "When I was young, I learned to Charleston by the piano at home."

"Oh, Grandma!"

"Listen, young lady, your grandmother was a real flapper."

The early TV presents wonder: no color, no games, "and," as a disgruntled watcher once observed, "usually no picture, especially just before Ed Sullivan or a good wrestling match." Over the set a picture of a beanpole youth is invariably recognized. Ralph Renick may get older but he doesn't change.

The 1941-45 exhibit usually presents a more sobering reaction. "I'm glad I didn't know those submarines were so close."

"I thought the worst part was saving fat and tin cans and trying to read the V-mail letters."

The picture of Clark Gable spans the generations with his "Tom Selleck moustache." Grandpa also comes in for his share of comment: "You mean you exercised like THAT?"

The portraits have their own relationship with the visitor.

"Wow, the way that fisherman looks I bet he knew where the big ones were."

"Look at Commodore Munroe's eyes. I guess he didn't miss a trick."

"Didn't that Lady Indy race car driver go to Miss Harris's School? You think she learned to drive there?"

Then there is the non-reader who recognizes the Wings of Man.

"What a terrible picture of Frank Borman."

"That's Eddie Rickenbacker."

"Oh. He's the one who built the causeway, right?"

All ages are fascinated with the model of the astronaut and the young seem to be more knowledgeable about it than their parents. Yet all have questions.

"Why don't they have a woman's suit? Sally Ride didn't dress like that."

"Did they really shave their heads?"

"How did they go to the bathroom?"

The '70s exhibit capsulizes events in the lives of all gallery visitors. No matter how long they have been in the area, they relate to the pictures. Spanish-speaking people add much to the coming of the first refugees. Many people remember Gwen Cherry as a friend. However, the population explosion graph is not personalized as to who was involved. The reaction is to the overall magnitude of it.

Behind the museum shop on the wall is a picture of a Seminole woman squatting on the ground as she prepares a meal. A small boy looks on. From the office doorway, I watched a tall man with his wife as they looked at the picture for a long time, quietly talking. Presently, I asked if I could be of help.

The man replied, "No, thank you, but please tell me where this picture is from."

"It is an enlargement of one of the photographs in our collection."

"I am the young boy in the picture and that is my mother. She was called Alice."

What is relevant in the museum of the History of South Florida encompasses us all.

—ALICE P. WILLEY

LETTERS

F. AND P. DAUGHTERS

I wish to compliment you not only on the fine article by Eleanor Ratelle about our Florida Chapter, NSDFPA, but on the entire issue. Our members met recently at the Coral Gables Country Club and all were equally impressed.

I want to share with you one comment about the picture of Mrs. Taylor. Eleanor Balfe, who has been a member for a very long time, tells me that the Mrs. Taylor shown there is not the same as Helen Bourne Joy Taylor, named in the list of Charter Members. As I have been in the chapter only since the sixties I am not able to say.

Ethel F. Smith (Mrs. John E.)
President, Florida Chapter
Boynton Beach FL

Gertrude (Mrs. Paul C.) Taylor was a president of the Florida Chapter, Daughters of Founders and Patriots, but was not a charter member, says Eleanor Balfe. She adds that founding member Helen Bourne Joy Taylor was a niece, she thinks, of the National Society DFPA president Mrs. Bourne Joy, a down-Easterner who visited the Florida chapter.

KUNNEL HIRAM

The enclosed Honorable Order of Kentucky Colonel's citation was based on events and actions of twenty and thirty years ago and more.

This makes flowers planted in the spring bloom in the fall — now the late fall — of 83 years. "Pluck thistles — plant flowers," Abraham Lincoln said.

B. Hiram Blakey
11001 S.W. 88 Court
Miami FL 33175

Mr. Blakey enclosed a copy of material he prepared for Bess Burdine Read which has become the lead article in this November issue of **Update** (see p. 3).

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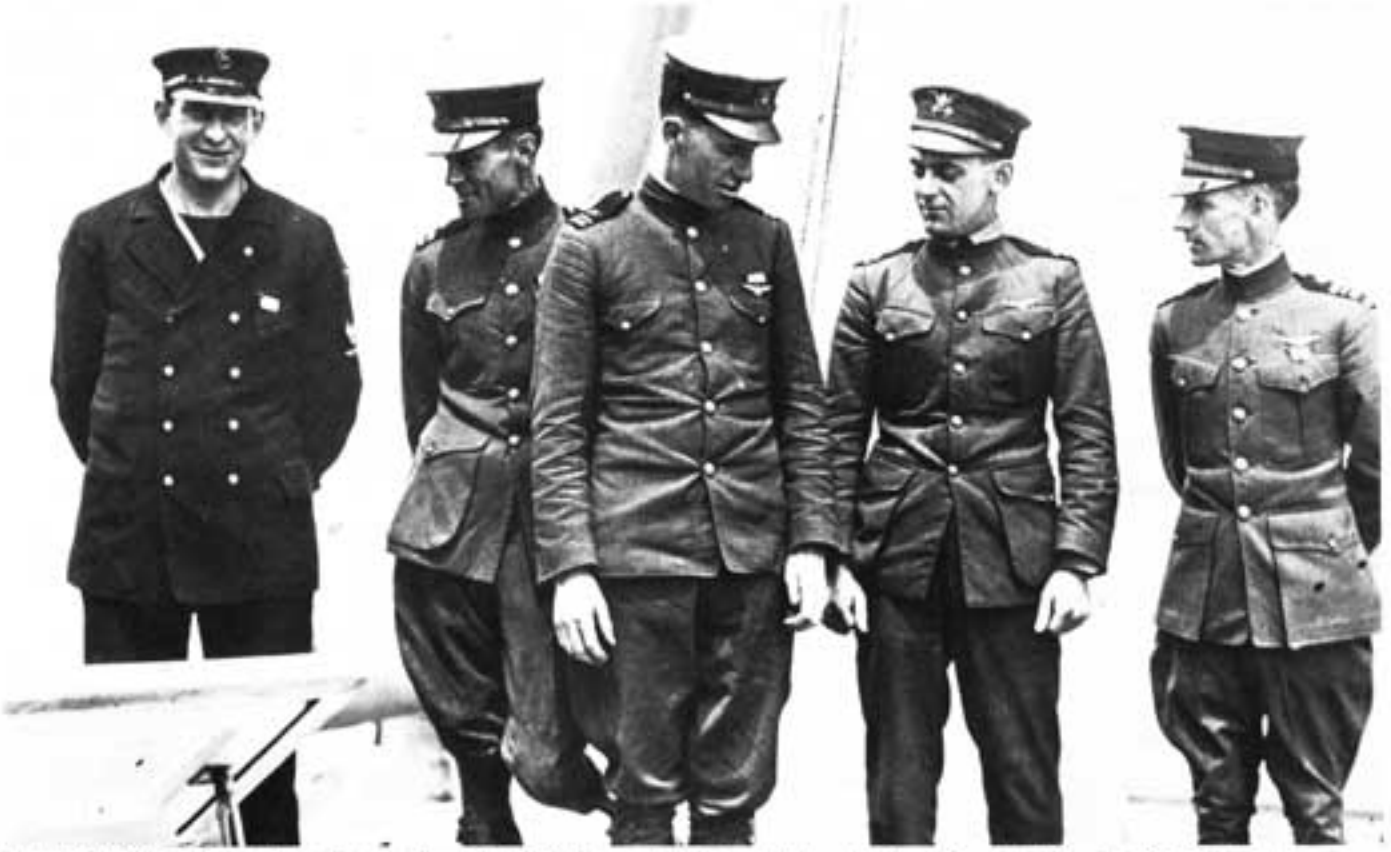

Crew of the NC-4: Eugene Rhoades, mechanic; Lt. J. G. Breeze; Lt. Walter Hinton; Lt. Elmer Stone; Lt. Cmdr. A. C. Read; not pictured, Lt. H. C. Rodd.

Naval Aviator #24 Flies the Atlantic

BY B. HIRAM BLAKEY

In late 1981 Bess Burdine Read, daughter of William Burdine, the merchant extraordinary who founded Burdine's department stores in 1898, returned home from a ceremony in Pensacola that honored her late husband, Adm. Albert Cushing Read, naval officer extraordinary. She gave some material describing the event to her longtime friend, B. Hiram Blakey (a Burdine's executive and employee from 1921-1965). Mr. Blakey in turn created a gift to Mrs. Read of a framed plaque to honor Admiral Read, had it and other information photocopied, and has passed a copy along to **Update**.

The admiral was married in 1918 in Trinity Episcopal Church to Bess Burdine, lived in Miami for a time, and died here in 1967. The following articles are excerpted from the program prepared for his entry as one of the first in the Hall of Fame of the U.S. Naval Aviation Museum in Pensacola.

Albert Cushing Read, like fellow New Englander Calvin Coolidge, was a man of few words. He was also resourceful, hard-working and dedicated. A native of New Hampshire, he was small in physical stature, standing 5'4" and weighing only 120 pounds. His friends dubbed him "Putty" when he came back from a summer vacation with a pallid complexion instead of a tan and he carried the nickname the rest of his life.

Graduating from the U.S. Naval Academy in 1907 with honors, Read spent five years at sea serving aboard **Decatur, Barry, Bainbridge** and **Delaware**. Following a tour of duty at the Naval Torpedo Station, Newport, RI, he began his aviation career on July 8, 1915 as a student at the Naval Aeronautic Station, Pensacola, FL. There, he mastered the principles of flight and was designated Naval Aviator #24 on March 7 of the following year.

Read's first aviation assignments were aboard **North Carolina** and **Seattle**. While these tours were of brief duration, they exposed him to the special problems and requirements of shipboard aviation, and provided experience in such unique features as catapult takeoffs and plane handling alongside ships. Perhaps more important was his participation in fleet operations where the role of Naval Aviation was beginning to unfold. Subsequently, Read commanded NAS Bayshore, New York, and NAS Miami, Florida, from which flying boats operated

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BY LT. CMDR. ALBERT C. READ

(Special Cable Despatch to The World)

Lisbon, May 31 – We have reached Lisbon. We have crossed the Atlantic. I always thought we would, but there were so many possibilities of things going wrong that even when we hung over the Tagus and were coming down to drop smoothly upon the water I was not sure we had landed until I felt the water catch us underneath.

The last leg was uneventful compared to the others, and that is the truth of it. It shows how natural it is, after all, to bring a flying boat across the Atlantic.

The start from Ponta Delgada was planned for 6 a.m. (Greenwich time), but was delayed on account of dirt in the gasoline and in the carburetor. The start was finally made at 10.18. The swells were quite strong but as the NC-4 was two thousand pounds under her weight with a full load, she took the air very easily. A favoring wind was blowing about 20 knots, visibility was good, with clouds, however, covering the mountains.

Off the Course

After leaving San Miguel behind, the

► Continues on page 4

to patrol coastal shipping lanes against the U-boat menace.

During a tour in the Office of the Chief of Naval Operations in 1919, he became interested in the Navy-Curtiss (NC) flying boats, which had been designated for wartime use in Europe and had the capability of delivering themselves across the Atlantic. After the Armistice, Navy interest turned toward a transatlantic flight in the NC boats, a feat which had never before been accomplished.

Read volunteered to participate and was given command of the NC4. He worked hard to ensure that his crew would have the best possible chance of getting across. As aircraft commander, he was also the navigator, and it was essential that his navigation be pinpoint accurate. If he missed the Azores, which was the refueling stop, he and his crew would go down in the open ocean. Walter Hinton, one of the pilots on the NC4, remembers Read as "...a wonderful fellow to work with – very conscientious. I don't know about the others but he took his (navigation) instruction from Byrd. He got out there and practiced at night and worked with Byrd (with the latter's especially designed bubble sextant)."

Three aircraft, NC1, NC3, and NC4, left NAS Rockaway, Long Island, NY on May 8, 1919. The NC4 was the last of the three to be completed, and the crew had had an opportunity to fly it only once before. Read would have liked more time to adequately test and ready the aircraft, but its scheduled departure did not permit this luxury.

Read's concern became reality when, barely out of sight of Long Island, NC4's oil pressure in one engine dropped and the crew was forced to continue on the other three. Then the forward engine threw its connecting rod.

There was no choice but to land in the open ocean. When the boat went down, Read and his crew found themselves in the middle of an empty sea about 80 miles from Cape Cod. Radio transmissions from the aircraft failed to raise first destroyer on the course was picked up dead ahead, but just where it was picked up I have not yet discovered, because at the time we were making some 8 or 10 degrees to the right of the true course. On account of this, No. 2 destroyer was barely visible when abeam, about fifteen miles away, and No. 3 was missed altogether.

I could not figure out what the trouble was, but headed back toward where the line should be with the aid of the radio compass and finally picked up No. 4, much to the relief of the pilot and myself. The rest of the crew were too busy to notice whether we were picking up destroyers or not. Later I found that the compass had been jammed out of the gimbal rings, probably on the getaway when we bounced on top of several waves.

At one time a rain squall of considerable area was directly in our course, and it was necessary to head 40 degrees to the left for about eight minutes in order to pass around it; but

Trepassey, Newfoundland May 15, a week after Rockaway takeoff, aiming at Halifax, Nova Scotia, then Trepassey. Plane had two forced landings, at Chatham, ME and Storey Head, NS en route.

ships in the area, and haze prevented a searching destroyer from spotting the aircraft.

Read had no option but to start taxiing with the remaining two engines. By taxiing all night, he and his crew brought the plane into Naval Air Station, Chatham, MA under her own power. There, after a change of engines, NC4 took off again for Halifax, Nova Scotia, and proceeded on to Trepassey Bay, Newfoundland, arriving just in time to meet the other two planes taxiing back from an unsuccessful attempt to take off for the long hop to the Azores.

At Trepassey, another change of engines and replacement of three split propellers put NC4 back in the game. On May 16, with one engine fresh from the crates, unflown, untested, and not broken in, NC4 together with the other two aircraft set off on the longest, most difficult leg of the flight across the Atlantic.

Good weather had been expected, but it deteriorated along the route to the point where some of the ships spaced over the 1,200-mile stretch to the Azores were able to keep their stations only with great difficulty.

The planes flew all night and into the next day, encountering turbulent air, freezing temperatures and fog. NC4's contact with the other two aircraft had been lost early in the flight. Read checked his navigation carefully as he flew over ships positioned along the way but, with the onset of heavy fog, he was limited to dead reckoning. Nevertheless, Read was quietly confident of his calculations and flew on toward the Azores.

NC4 landed at Horta at 9.25 a.m. on May 17, 1919. NC1 and NC3 did not fare so well and went down at sea. One of these crews was rescued by a passing merchant ship while the other was blown toward the Azores and taxied in under its own power on the 19th.

The NC4 completed the crossing on May 27 when she landed in Lisbon, Portugal. Later she went on to her ultimate destination, Plymouth, England, arriving there on the 31st. Read and his crew had made the world's first transatlantic flight.

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the next destroyer was picked up exactly where it was supposed to be. Then while passing over No. 7, which was our old friend the **Robinson** – this making the fourth time the NC-4 has passed over her on this transatlantic flight – there were two rain squalls, one off the starboard and one off the port bow, but we passed between them without having to change our course.

Destroyer Not on Station

The visibility became very poor, and our altitude, which had been about one thousand feet, was reduced to six hundred feet. Up to this time the speed made had been about 88 knots and the air had been comparatively free from bumps. No. 10 destroyer was missing and No. 9 and No. 11 had been moved together to equalize the interval. This made the run between sixty-six and sixty-seven miles between these destroyers. That, however, was a small matter with the compass functioning properly once more.

As we continued eastward the wind gradually dropped, the

▶ Continues on page 6

Ponta Delgada, Azores. Crew and plane went 1,200 miles in a little over 15 hours to Horta, Azores. Two days later they went on to Ponta Delgada, 150 miles away.

History of the NC-4, First Airship To Cross the Atlantic

November, 1917 – Navy Authorities and Curtiss seaplane builders confer on plans.

January, 1918 – A working model is tested and found satisfactory.

October, 1918 – First NC boat makes trial flight at Rockaway.

February, 1919 – Four planes are ordered by Secretary of the Navy to prepare for proposed transatlantic flight.

April, 1919 – NC-3 and NC-4 are assembled at Rockaway.

May 7, 1919 – NC-4 damaged by fire in hangar. Wings replaced and other repairs hurriedly made.

May 8 – Left Rockaway 10.04 a.m. for Halifax, but forced down off Chatham, Mass., by motor trouble. Rode the sea all night and put in at Chatham Bay in morning.

May 14 – Left Chatham for Halifax at 9.05 a.m., arriving 1.15 p.m., flying 340 miles in 4 hours 10 minutes.

May 15 – Left Halifax for Trepassey at 9.52 a.m., but was compelled to land on the water thirty minutes later at Storey Head. Arose again at 11.47 and arrived at Trepassey at 5.37 p.m. - 461 miles in 8 hours 45 minutes elapsed time, or 6 hours 20 minutes actual flying time.

May 16 – Left Trepassey for Ponta Delgada, Azores, at 6.07 p.m. Arrived at Horta, Azores, at 9.25 a.m. May 17 – 1,200 miles in 15 hours 18 minutes. May 20 – Left Horta for Ponta Delgada at 8.40 a.m., arriving 10.24 a.m. – 150 miles in 1 hour 44 minutes.

May 27 – After being held up a week by adverse weather, left Ponta Delgada for Lisbon at 6.18 a.m., arriving 4.01 p.m. – 800 miles in 9 hours 43 minutes.

May 29 – Left Lisbon for England at 1.24 a.m. – but after flying 100 miles engine trouble caused a landing at the mouth of the Mondego River. Resumed flight at 9.33 a.m. and arrived at Ferrol, Spain, at 12.45 p.m. – 330 miles in 11 hours 21 minutes elapsed time.

May 31 – Left Ferrol, Spain at 2.27 a.m.; arrived at Plymouth, England, 9.26 a.m. – 475 miles in 6 hours 59 minutes.

All reckonings in New York time.

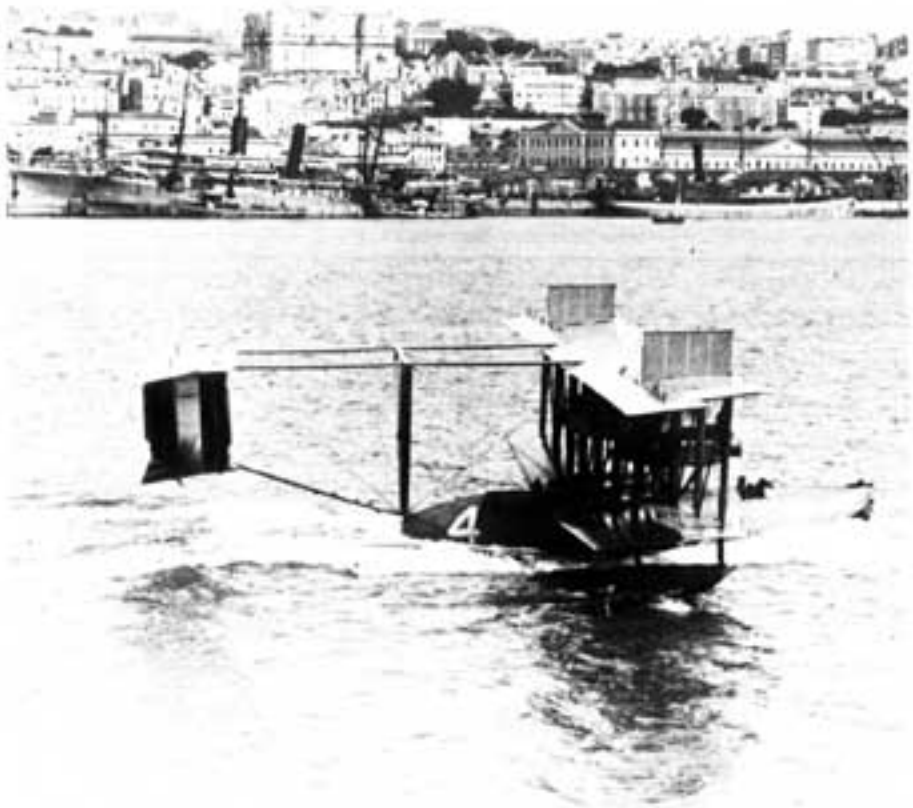
In January 1920 Read returned to Pensacola for duty. From October of that year to June 1922 he had consecutive service as commanding officer of the seaplane tender **Harding**, and as staff officer attached to Commander Aircraft Squadrons, Scouting Fleet aboard the tender **Shawmut**. He was a student at the Naval War College, Newport, RI 1922-23, and became an instructor there the following year.

On June 24, 1924 Read assumed command of Aircraft Squadron 20, Asiatic Fleet. During the next few years, he had a number of aviation fleet command assignments until October 1926, when he became commanding officer of NAS Hampton Roads. This was followed by duty as executive officer of **Saratoga** beginning May 1929. In August 1931, he reported to the Bureau of Aeronautics, where he remained until he assumed command of **Wright** in June 1934. In May 1936, he became Assistant Chief of the Bureau of Aeronautics, moving on two years later to **Saratoga**, this time as commanding officer.

After a tour as commanding officer of NAS Pensacola, he was promoted to flag rank in 1940. Later he became wartime Chief of Air Technical Training and in January 1944 he was designated Commander Fleet Air, Norfolk. He served in that capacity throughout the remainder of the war.

In December 1945, Rear Admiral Read returned to Washington, DC where he served in the Office of the Deputy Chief of Naval Operations (Air) until he retired in September 1946.

Albert C. Read passed away at Miami on October 10, 1967, at age 80, after a distinguished career. History records that he commanded the first aircraft ever to conquer the Atlantic.



whitecaps disappeared and no disturbance of the water could be seen except the long groundswell. Smooth water is much to be preferred to a strong, favoring wind, because there is always the possibility of having to land that keeps a flyer more or less at a tension.

At last No. 14, the last destroyer in the line, was passed, and a few minutes later we picked up the rocky coast of Portugal. Everything about the plane was functioning perfectly. Our speed had come down, but 88 knots was too much to expect for the entire run. During the latter part, in order to make up for the falling wind, we speeded up the engines from 59 knots, air speed, to 65 knots. We preferred not to reach Lisbon after dark, although the pilots were perfectly ready and felt confident of landing without mishap.

At 7.50 we were nearing the entrance of the Tagus, still carrying a slight westerly wind. Then we circled and landed astern the **Shawmut** at 8.01. The time elapsed during the flight was nine hours and forty-three minutes. Our average speed was 68 3-10 knots.

Shave in the Air

During the run we had become so accustomed to travelling long distances through the air that I drew up my report to the Navy Department before landing, and the engineer shaved in readiness for the reception which we heard was going to be held on the **Rochester**, flagship of the destroyer force.

Immediately after securing the seaplane we were taken on board the **Rochester** and with great ceremony were decorated by the Portuguese Government. The personnel of the NC-4 were a little tired but otherwise in fine shape. In fact, some of us decided to go ashore and see the town, as it might be our last chance. The NC-4 was in its usual tiptop condition, ready for another all-day run.

◄

Lisbon, Portugal. Crew delayed a week by bad weather before flying 800 miles from the Azores to the mainland of Europe. Had engine trouble after leaving Lisbon for Plymouth, England, and stopped on the Portugal coast at mouth of the Mondego River and in Ferrol, Spain before reaching Plymouth May 31.

Map shows route of all three "Nancies," NC-I sank before reaching the Azores and the NC-3 taxied into Ponta Delgada. All crews were rescued.

Statistics on "Nancies"

Length: 68 feet, three and one-half inches
Wing span: 126 feet upper wing; 84 lower
Hull: 45 feet long, 10 foot beam
Motors: Four, with 400 horsepower each
Fuel: Nine 200-gallon gasoline tanks, weighing 70 pounds each, with a total capacity of 1800 pounds.
Useful load: 12,000 pounds
Air speed: 90 miles per hour
Water speed: Up to 60 mph.

Plymouth, Port of the Mayflower, Welcomes NC-4

(Excerpt from a story in **The New York World** May 31, 1919)

Plymouth, May 31 – The American naval base received seventy telegrams today, directed to the commander of the NC-4, Lieut. Commander A. C. Read, and others of the crew, congratulating them on the finish of the flight. The majority of the messages were from the United States, one being from Josephus Daniels, Secretary of the Navy.

Commander Read said that, shortly before reaching Brest, his seaplane ran into a thick fog. The NC-4 circled over the shipping in Brest harbor, and then paused directly over the Ushant lightship.

The journey across the channel was made at a very low altitude. The seaplane never flew at a greater height than 200 feet, and only at 50 to 100 feet, most of the way, because of the fog.

Bad weather conditions prevailed during the flight across the Bay of Biscay. Nevertheless, the NC-4 kept to her course perfectly, and the trip from Ferrol was made at an average speed of about seventy miles an hour.

Before alighting in the Sound, the NC-4 circled The Hoe and passed over the spot from which the Mayflower sailed.

After a brief reception aboard the **Rochester**, Commander Read and his crew were taken to the Aroostook, where they doffed their flying clothes before proceeding to Mayor J.P. Brown's reception at the Mayflower Stone.

The parade leading to the pier was lined with British bluejackets from men-of-war and shore stations. Behind the line of bluejackets was an immense gathering of townspeople. On the gaily decorated pier a bluejacket guard of honor was drawn up under a canopy of Allied flags. The Royal Garrison Artillery Band played American and British anthems.

Mayor Brown arrived in state, accompanied by three mace bearers. He wore a cocked hat and crimson robe lined with fur, and the heavy gold Mayoralty chain. With him also were the Deputy Mayor, in gorgeous purple robe, and the bewigged Town Clerk.

Reception Where Pilgrims Sailed

British and American officers stood with the Mayor to receive the NC-4's crew. As their boat drew alongside the pier, the band played "The Star-Spangled Banner" and "God Save the King," and the crew then advanced to meet the Mayor.

In his address Mayor Brown said:

"Plymouth is always a point of historic interest to Americans. The memorable sailing of the Pilgrim Fathers from this spot, though comparatively unnoticed at the time, was an event which has proved to be a point in history of immeasurable interest. Mainly out of that small beginning, a mighty people has sprung up, and today, in most dramatic fashion, their descendants have crossed back to us in a way never dreamed of by our forefathers, and equalling in scientific development and daring the greatest imaginings of Jules Verne.

"While science has made their flight possible, the great note of the achievement is that it was the old spirit of daring, courage and enterprise which brought success. The world is ringing now not only with your doings but with the great exploit of Hawker and Grieve, whose skill and pluck are acclaimed by all and rank with your performances.

"I am satisfied that the events we are celebrating today are but the precursors of further great developments, and that your achievement will go down in history, not only as a great triumph over the elements but as ----ing to strengthen the relationship between the two countries."

His Priceless Memories Did Not Cost Very Much

Even Back in Boom Days

BY WALTER H. NORMAN

What does a small boy remember of a town he lived in for only two years? A lot – especially the fun he had. My two brothers and I were born and raised in Key West where my father was port steward for the P&O Steamship Company, but we lived in Miami from 1924 to 1926. Although Dad kept his job and lived part of the time in our house in Key West he sent his family to a little stucco house in the 2400 block of Northwest 34th Street, probably because Miami was going through a real estate boom and he felt that if he owned property and spent some time there he would be able to "wheel and deal" in real estate.

I attended Allapattah Grammar School at the corner of Northwest 36th Street and 17th Avenue. It was a small two-story concrete building of eight or ten little classrooms, located on the west side of the schoolyard. The east side was all sand, a playing field where we played a lot of softball, got filthy, and had a wonderful time. Some of my playmates were Lawrence and Harry Raywood, Martin Glick, Bobby Jones (not the golfer), and Louis Copeland.

Saturdays were always big days for us. My friends and I would walk our favorite girlfriends a few blocks to the Biscayne Jai-Alai Fronton to watch the players practice. We loved to go and just watch the fastest ball game in the world. It didn't cost us a cent.

A bus trip downtown was our Sunday afternoon treat at a total cost of fifteen cents. This included a rootbeer. We'd catch a bus at Northwest 22nd Avenue and 34th Street and get off near the 300 block of North Miami Avenue just north of where the Capitol Theatre stood. We thought the rootbeer stand there sold the biggest and best nickel stein of rootbeer in the whole world.

Miami Avenue in this section was paved with wooden blocks. Occasionally it would be raining and if it rained enough the blocks would rise and the whole street would float. Then we'd cross the street laughing, trying to balance on the blocks or hanging on to each other, sometimes pushing. We always ended up ankle-deep in water.

Cutline accompanying this layout in a Miami News clipping saved by Walter Norman reads: "Martin Glick getting set for a fast one. Choosing up for a real game, no half-grips allowed, Louis Copeland. Bobby Jones (not the golfing Bobby) waiting for one to come across the pan. From the looks of his face he will take a healthy cut anyway."

During the summer of 1925 Lake Okeechobee overflowed. As a result Northwest 36th Street between 24th and 25th avenues was flooded for several days to a depth of two to three feet. Motorists couldn't get through, but some of the stubborn ones tried and they would stall. We kids loved that flood because we could charge the drivers a dollar to push them out. We earned three or four dollars a day.

I remember watching a grand hotel being built on Grapeland Boulevard (now 27th Avenue). Called the Fritz, it would have been the most lavish in Miami at that time if the owner hadn't gone broke. As I recall he had spent several million dollars on it when work was stopped. It stood like a shell for years until someone rented it and made a chicken farm out of it. This made Ripley's "Believe It Or Not" as the only six-story chicken coop in the world. The building was later taken over by the Navy during World War II and used for administrative offices.

Living in Miami during the Boom was expensive. Shirts cost $35, pants were $45 a pair, shoes $50 a pair, and so on. Later in my life after I had gone to work for the Gulf Life Insurance Company in downtown Miami I heard more about the boomtime from P.R. Roberts, my superintendent. Some of the stories he told me

BELIEVE IT OR NOT— By RIPLEY

Copy of the Ripley column referring to the Fritz Hotel as "a million-dollar hen house" holding 60,000 laying guests.

were almost unbelievable. He said there were plenty of jobs in 1926 but people were not available to fill them. Electrical bills used to run $100 to $125 a month without air conditioning or hot water. Because of these high prices our family used to send our laundry all the way down to Key West where prices were a lot more reasonable. This may not sound very economical, but the P&O Steamship Company was owned by the Florida East Coast Railway and therefore Dad was able to send members of his family or packages without charge.

In the summer of 1925 when I was nine years old I took the trip to Key West about every two or three weeks and stayed with Dad at our home down there. I'd take the bus downtown and get off as near as I could to the depot; then I'd walk over and get on the Havana Special (Old No. 75) bound for Key West. Dad would meet me at the Key West depot on the P&O dock where his office was and we would go over and have supper on one of the ferry boats, either the **Henry M. Flagler**, the **Estrada Palma**, or the **Joseph R. Parrott**. The meals aboard these ships were out of this world. All the cooks were Spaniards and they certainly knew their jobs.

I particularly recall one trip in July of 1925. The Fourth fell on a Saturday and the railroad put on an excursion to Key West to celebrate the holiday. The train left the depot in Miami on Friday with, not five or six cars as usual, but fifteen or sixteen, not including the baggage and mail cars. When the train pulled out it was full. Not a seat was vacant and everyone was intent on having a good time.

Before we crossed the Miami River people were breaking out their bootleg liquor and by the time we reached Homestead the car was jumping. As we rounded the curve just south of Jewfish Creek no one was feeling any pain. I was nine years old and sober and so remember everything.

There was one fellow in my car louder than anyone else (there always is) and he seemed to be leading the merrymakers. This guy I will call "Old Big Mouth." I knew we'd have to take on water at the water tower just north of Tavernier and I wondered what would happen when the train stopped. I soon found out. The tower was in the railroad section crews' living area and near a small, cultivated key lime grove. When the train stopped "Old Big Mouth" announced the existence of the lime grove so all of the drunks and semi-drunks got off and went to pick limes.

This wasn't so bad except that when the train was ready to leave half the passengers were still under the lime trees and in other places. It took the conductor and his crew of four at least an hour to round up all the drunks and strays and get them back into the cars. This happened all over again at the water tower in Marathon and we lost another hour or so.

Ten or fifteen minutes later we reached the Seven Mile Bridge. By this time "Old Big Mouth" had passed out and almost everyone else had settled down, sucking on their limes as they sipped rum from their bottles. By the time we got to Key West I was ready to get off that crazy train but, believe me, there were a lot of others who weren't able to.

On other trips that summer I spent many a pleasant hour just sitting and soaking up the inexhaustible beauty of the Florida Keys – the way they were then. Going over the Seven Mile Bridge took about thirty minutes and in each one I soaked up the panorama of the sky and the water, unsurpassed anywhere in the world. These happy and unforgettable trips were the beginning of my love affair with the Florida Keys, a romance that I guess will continue until this old Conch conks out.

As for Miami, it's my big town. The two years I spent there as a young impressionable boy placed it firmly in my heart.

'Gator Joins the Outing, And Crashes the Whole Boat

BY FREDERICK H. HARRINGTON

It probably was my mother's idea. She never missed a chance for exploration and a picnic. When she heard in 1924 that the Tamiami Canal was finished and open for boating she began to organize the expedition.

We had just moved to Hialeah, on Hialeah Drive, and our nearest neighbors were the Millards whose daughter Rachel was about my age. Our families knew about renting boats. Dorn Boats near the Flagler Street bridge on the river had them, small power launches with canopies, big enough for four grownups and seaworthy enough for the canal.

Mom and Dad and the Millards worked out a date and a plan. Someone would get up early and get the boat, then meet the rest of us at the 27th Avenue bridge where we could take the Miami Canal that branched to the south just upstream from the cut through the Miami River's rapids. Then from the Miami Canal we would head out into the Everglades via the Tamiami Canal. It had been dug to provide fill for the Tamiami Trail, under construction across the up-till-now trackless Everglades.

When the day came G. R. "Bob" Millard, his wife Jessie, their girls Rachel and Leah, and their Boston terrier Tippy were ready. My family was ready too – my father, Fred Harrington, my mother, Ina, my little brother Charles and myself; but no dog. Leah and Charles were not worthy of much consideration from Rachel and me as they were each less than two years old.

The Millards had come from Hammondsport NY. Bob was one of Glen Curtiss's imports and a salesman for Curtiss Bright developments. He and my dad had much to discuss because Dad had contracted to build four houses for the company. Jessie Millard and my mom had much to discuss concerning the problems of living in the new settlement of Hialeah, which lacked stores and people and schools.

When we reached 27th Avenue our rented launch was waiting for us and we climbed aboard from the bridge abutment. I remember that the canal water was dark and the current was swift – the glades were busily draining. The boat was not overly powerful but it was capable enough to stem the current. Off we went into the mysterious Everglades.

Actually, the trip out was not terribly interesting. Yet there were strange birds that flew off as we approached and dangerous-looking waterweeds along the banks. These were high piles of raw limestone that kept us from seeing much except at intervals. Rachel and I began to play and scramble about the boat.

There were no landmarks and so I don't know how far we went. It seemed endless to us because our parents discouraged our games in the cockpit, and sensibly wouldn't let us climb on the foredeck. It doesn't seem likely that we got much beyond where the present Palmetto Expressway crosses the canal.

At noon we tied up to a pond apple tree growing near the bank and ate our lunch that Mom and Jessie had fixed. Bob and Dad climbed the piled limestone and searched the horizon for familiar signs. All they saw was sawgrass outlining an occasional hammock. A wisp of smoke on the edge of the view might have been from the fire of an Indian camp.

After enjoying a smoke of their own and a bit of rest in the shade of the boat's canopy, Bob and Dad fired up the engine and proceeded. They knew there was plenty of gas to fuel the boat. Besides, we would be going home with the current, downstream all the way.

Shortly we saw an alligator crossing the canal ahead. Engine stopped, the boat drifted slowly forward and was soon close enough for a shot. Dad as rifleman did a good job and got the alligator in the eye. It thrashed and died in the shallows near the bank. After snagging it easily with a boathook, Bob and Dad hauled it onto the bank. Mom took pictures with her pocket Kodak.

As gators go, it was fairly small, probably less than six feet. But what can you do with a dead alligator? Take it home to show it off? That's what was decided. So Bob and Dad hauled it onto the bow, head on one side, tail hanging down the other. The alligator's berth was not very secure and the boat didn't like the burden – too much weight too high. Tippy the dog didn't like it either, nor did little Leah and Charles, who began to fret and cry. Obviously it was time to start home

The canal was about as wide as the boat was long so turning was not

High piles of limestone kept the boaters from seeing much. That is G. R. "Bob" Millard with his Boston Terrier Tippy and the lunch in the foreground.

"As gators go, it was fairly small, probably less than six feet." The excited photographer made a clean sweep of heads – Millard's, Harrington's and the alligator's.

easy. Also the boat being bow down with gator didn't help the steering. We got around, though, and headed downstream.

The homeward trip didn't go as quickly as we had supposed. Any try for speed made the launch swerve and tip. This made the women and little ones scream and screech. On we went.

Before we got back to the Miami Canal it was getting dark. The sun had set and little daylight was left. Ahead of us loomed the 27th Avenue bridge, a swing bridge opened by a tender supposedly alert for the signal horns of boats too high to get through unless the tender opened the bridge.

Dad the pilot worked the horn. Three times was the signal – ah-oooga – ah-oooga – ah-oooga! No response. Again three times; again no response. Dad tried again. We were getting very close and the current was too strong for the small engine to work in reverse. Still no answer. But the horn wakened the babies and they began to add their howls. Even this brought no action from the bridge tender.

Finally it was too late; we were much too close. There was no time for the bridge to open, and close to the bridge the current seemed to get even stronger.

Bob crawled on the bow, boathook in hand, and tried to fend us off. No luck. The water seemed higher and there was no room for him under the bridge. He scrambled up onto the roadway above and ran across to do what he could on the other side. The canopy struck the underside of the span and the boat tipped. By this time everyone was screaming, but there was still no bridgeman. I never did find out about him. Maybe he had gone off duty at sunset.

When the boat tipped the gator slid into the water, the canopy collapsed, and we scraped through. From the other side Bob jumped down onto the deck and helped jettison the launch's smashed roof. Some water was showing above the floorboards, but the engine was still running. We had made it.

The grownups decided to return the launch to Dorn's immediately. It would be easier to explain the missing canopy if everyone could tell what had happened. Being kids, my friend Rachel and I didn't pay attention to the rental settlement, but our eyes had been wide open during the scary moments. When we got home much later, all safe, Rachel and I reenacted the whole outing, both words and action. We agreed we would never forget it. It had been an Adventure.

Traffic on West Flagler St. and the N.W. Second Ave. intersection was photographed from the second floor office of the Wolpert Realty & Improvement Co. (see map below) established in 1922. George Wolpert, who arrived in 1924, became a partner. New Miami-Dade library now occupies site, part of the Downtown Culture Center.

Does George Know W. Flagler St.!

BY GEORGE WOLPERT

Since I first arrived in Miami in 1924, I have been involved, on five different occasions, with the block on West Flagler Street between 1st and 2nd Avenues. The north side of this block, from 1st to 2nd Avenue, is now the Metro-Dade Cultural Center.

When I arrived in 1924, I immediately went to work at the Wolpert Realty and Improvement Company, which had offices on the second floor of a building on the southwest corner of West Flagler Street and 2nd Avenue. This firm had been established in the construction business in 1922 by my uncle, Michael Wolpert, and my father, Reuben Wolpert. They specialized in building apartment houses in various parts of Miami.

In 1930, I rented a vacant lot at 140 W. Flagler Street for $50 a month where I started a used car business, Flagler Auto Sales, which I operated until I sold out a year later.

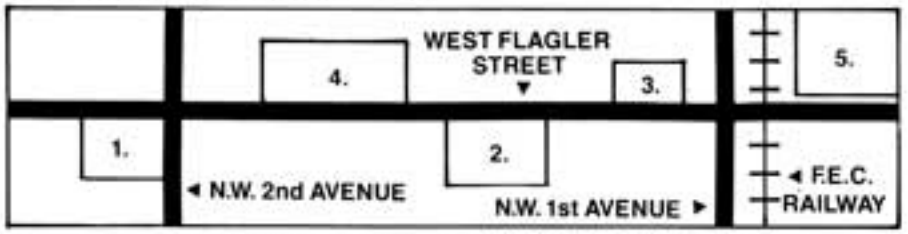
In 1937, I rented a small store at 115 West Flagler St. where I started a used furniture business, Wolpert Furniture Company. At first, it was open seven days a week, twelve hours a day, from 9 a.m to 9 p.m. The business was run by my wife Gussie, a graduate of the University of Georgia Law School, and me.

In 1938, I moved Wolpert Furniture Company to a much larger two-story building at 155 West Flagler Street, where we no longer handled used furniture. We stayed at that location until 1945, when Wolpert Furniture Company built and moved into our own building at "Five Points," 1200 Coral Way, where we were located until 1965. Then I sold the business and property and "retired."

After several years of boredom (which I found to be a synonym for retirement) I went to work as the unpaid administrative assistant to Metro Mayor Chuck Hall in the Dade County Courthouse in 1968.

In 1969, Chuck Hall was called out of town on some family emergency and he asked me to take his place and to cast his proxy vote at a joint meeting of the City of Miami and Dade County Commissioners which took place at Dinner Key. This special meeting was called to decide on the acquirement, by the city and county, of all the real estate bounded by Flagler Street and N.W. Fifth St. from N.W. 1st Avenue to N.W. 2nd Avenue for future construction of city and county buildings. This motion to acquire this property was passed unanimously at this meeting, including my proxy vote for Chuck Hall.

You can therefore possibly imagine the thrill I get when I now visit this block with which I have been associated five times during my life and see the fantastic transformation which has taken place.



Wolpert's Block: 1. 1924 (see text above). 2. 1930. 3. 1937. 4. 1938. 5. 1968.

Dinner Key, that delightful picnic island half-way between Snapper Creek and the Miami River was no longer a key by the time the U.S. Navy dredged and bulkheaded a base used between 1917 and 1918 during World War I.

From Picnics to Planes to Politicians

BY WELLBORN PHILLIPS

Dinner Key, home of Miami's City Hall for decades, has a colorful history with three distinct periods.

The first was from the time of the early settlers in the late 1800s up to 1917, when the key was a small, palm-studded island one hundred yards or so from shore, with white sand beaches. It was a favorite spot for family picnickers who gave the island its name.

World War I changed this. The Navy selected the key as the site of a naval air base; trees were knocked down, the island was expanded and bulkheaded, bay bottom was dredged in to fill the marl prairie which separated the island from the mainland, and barracks were built.

The navy base was short-lived; the war ended in 1918, the base was closed and eight years later, during the 1926 hurricane, wind and a giant surge of water demolished all remnants of the naval base.

Many hoped that Dinner Key would revert to a palm-studded island, but fate had other plans. In 1930, Pan American Airways bought the key and built the base from which its famous Boeing Clipper Ships were to depart for the next nine years to all of Latin America. Three of those Pan Am buildings still exist: the passenger terminal, which is now Miami's City Hall, and two hangars leased today by Grove Key Marina and Merrill Stevens.

The U.S. government dredged for the Clipper Ships the first channel in history especially for aircraft. The spoil banks thus created gave the ships protection from heavy seas just as those same islands today protect several hundred private yachts and sailboats in the Dinner Key Marina. The bulkheading then and now is largely the same.

One hundred thousand people a month came out just to watch the Clipper Ships roar down the new channel between the spoil islands and Peacock Park into Biscayne Bay and up into the sky. Passengers entering the terminal bought their tickets in the high-ceilinged room which is now the city commission chambers, walked through a door (still in existence) to the ships that were either "parked" on ramps or in the water to the immediate south of the building. In the city commission chambers, high above the chair occupied by the mayor, is the same clock, with Pan Am wings, which decorated the terminal building years ago.

But times were changing. Better airports were being built which would allow the use of faster and more economical land planes. Then World War II came along. The government built the two hangars to the south and west that have been joined to become the Coconut Grove Exhibition Center. The Clipper Ships were being phased out. At the end of the war the base was closed. The second period of Dinner Key's history had ended.

The final period began in 1946 when the city bought Dinner Key from Pan Am for $1,110,000. The city had offered $1,050,000 but Pan Am had been unable to collect the last $178,000 from the U.S. for the wartime use of the seaplane base. The Navy would agree to pay only

February 9, 1930. This is how Dinner Key looked at the time Pan American Airways bought it.

$65,000 and Pan Am wanted Miami to make up the difference.

During a stormy city commission meeting on April 2, 1946, Mayor Perrine Palmer proposed that Pan Am's final offer be rejected, but the council voted 4 to 1 to override him. After all, Dinner Key with all its buildings had been appraised at $1,600,000. The same city resolution named Clipper Circle in front of the city hall and Pan American Drive between the circle and Bayshore Drive.

The old hangars were quickly leased and, for the time being, the barracks were leased to the University of Miami to house its World War II veterans. Later they were converted to house various city agencies. After all, the city of Miami itself had a housing problem. Miami had no city hall.

Before Dinner Key, Miami's only other city hall had been built in 1908 on Flagler Street across from the court house where the federal building now stands. It was an impressive two-story stone structure with colonial pillars which made it look just like a city hall should look. But the city soon outgrew it and by 1928 the city commission was "camping out" in the county commission chambers across the street and city agencies were spread all over town. By 1945 the county began evicting the city from the courthouse. The city had bought Dinner Key just in time and moved there in 1954.

After years of public hearings and haggling, a 1972 master plan for Dinner Key was amended and adopted Sept. 4, 1975 providing for the removal of the last of the barracks, a $2.5 million renovation of the Coconut Grove Exhibition Center and expansion of the marina, leaving the area as we know it in 1983.

Reprinted from **The Miami Realtor**

By 1934 Pan Am had built two hangars now leased by Grove Key Marina and Merrill Stevens and the terminal building which is now Miami's City Hall.

Letters
▶ Continued from page 2

PRIDE IN MIAMI

I enclose historical sketches which have appeared in the Miami Realtor, *the monthly publication of the Miami Board of Realtors.*

Some time ago when I was traveling the country doing marketing studies I was exposed to a lot of history in cities such as Atlanta, Dallas, New Orleans, and others – and I was thrilled. I came away with four conclusions concerning the Miami Area:

1. other cities may have a longer history but none is more fabulous than Miami's;

2. elsewhere the average citizen seems to have a better understanding of heritage than the average Miamian;

3. for the people of these other cities, an understanding of appreciation of their heritage often led to a feeling of involvement in, commitment to, and pride in their community;

4. a widespread feeling of pride, commitment, and involvement has been a source of strength, unity and stability elsewhere. Creating a similar attitude in Miami should be a top priority.

At present a number of civic programs are aimed at creating a more sympathetic, positive attitude about Miami. But there is still a need to explain the events and persons behind our present-day geographical names and institutions. With these thoughts in mind, I proposed to the communications committee of the Miami Board of Realtors the development of such articles.

It is my hope that these articles can contribute some realization that we really do have a lot to be proud of.

Wellborn C. Phillips, Jr.
2960 Oak Ave.
Miami FL

Mr. Phillips's article on Dinner Key begins on p. 12.

FOND MEMORIES

There were two items in the May 1983 UPDATE *which interested me very much. One was the story of the beginning of the Mental Health Society at 700 S.W. 12 Ave. in 1948 with the dynamic Lois Parks its executive director. I became a member of the board of directors later that year and served on the board for three terms of seven years each.*

I also have particularly beautiful memories of the Biltmore Hotel in 1925. Yes, I know that the hotel opened in 1926 but Biltmore Hotel Country Club was open in 1925. On Sunday afternoons I took a young attorney named Gussie Brooks (to whom I have been married since 1926) to "Tea Dances" in the patio of the club, where we danced to the music of Paul Whiteman's orchestra.

Our other favorite place for dancing in 1925 was the open patio of the Coral Gables Country Club, where we danced under the palm trees to the music of Jan Garber and his Collegians.

George Wolpert
3 Island Ave, Apt. 15C
Miami Beach FL

Mr. Wolpert has contributed information on his association with West Flagler St. in business between 1925 and 1945. See p. 11.

LETTERS POLICY

Letters relevant to previous issues as well as appropriate historical topics should be addressed to: Update Editor, Historical Association of Southern Florida, 101 West Flagler Street, Miami, FL 33130. Letters should be signed. Letters may be edited to meet space restrictions.

OUT OF THE TRUNK

Anyone recognize this?

The accompanying photograph has not yet been stored in HASF's trunk. It came in the mail from William Anllo of the Seabreeze Realty Co., 1745 S.W. First St. He writes:

"I found the enclosed photograph inside a 1932 booklet about Miami recently purchased from an upstate bookseller. I collect old Florida books more than pictures and so am passing it along in the hope it may be of value or interest to you.

"Is it a good guess to say the scene is South Florida? I understand from Bailey's **Birds of Florida** that flamingos were killed as late as 1921 – could the picture be more recent than that? These do appear to be in captivity. Anyway, I can't tell you much else about it."

Does anyone recognize the setting? If so, write to **Update,** Historical Association of Southern Florida, 3280 S. Miami Ave., Miami FL 33129.

AUTHOR BIOGRAPHIES

Lee Aberman, who in this issue winds up a year's travels through ten years of **Update,** turned in her copy and immediately became involved with the repainting of Edison Middle School. The former Edison High School, like Joseph, now has a coat of many colors, thanks to a group of students, business people, and painters who volunteered their talents.

B. Hiram Blakey started working for Roddey Burdine at age 21 and stayed with the company until his retirement at 65 in 1965, becoming a vice president and public relations director along the way.

Frederick H. Harrington was born in Miami and except for leaving for his schooling and a stint with the U.S. Army he has been here ever since. He still lives in Hialeah where the family had just moved in 1924 and has an office supply and book store there. He is a 20-year member of HASF.

Walter Norman came back to Miami ten years after his two-year stay in the '20s – looking for a job. But once a Keys man, always a Keys man; he's been on Key Largo since '71. His **Nicknames and Conch Tales** book is in the museum shop.

Wellborn C. Phillips, Jr. was delivered into this world by Dr. James Mary Jackson. His father was an automobile dealer and his uncle was developer Fred Rand (Huntington Bldg., Roosevelt Hotel, NE Second Ave.). When the boom burst, the Phillipses moved to Orlando. Wellborn returned after World War II and has been a realtor ever since.

George Wolpert's Aunt Dora Chertler came to Miami in 1920 from Brooklyn. Four years later George, age 21, followed her. When the boom burst he returned to Brooklyn. The Wolperts came back to Miami in the early '30s and daughters Judith and Carol Jane grew up here. Bored after he retired in 1965, George became Metro Mayor Chuck Hall's unpaid administrative assistant. After Hall's death in '75 he became a volunteer administrator in Miami Beach's Citizen Service Bureau, where you will find him every weekday from 9 a.m. to 1 p.m.

Vol. 1, No. 1 Turns Up At Last

BY LEE ABERMAN

FIRST ROW: Vol. 1, No. 1, Oct. '73, HASF emblem; Vol. 1, No. 2, Dec. '73, Steam Roller on roads; Vol. 2, No. 1, Oct. '74, Downtown Miami; Vol. 2, No. 2, Dec. '74, That's Entertainment. Vol. 3, No. 1, Oct. '75, Miami at War; Vol. 3, No. 2, Dec. '75, Coconut Grove; Vol. 4, No. 1, Oct. '76, Come to the Fair; Vol. 4, No. 2, Dec. '76, They Call Miami Home. Vol. 5, No. 1, Oct. '77, Harvest. SECOND ROW: Vol. 5, No. 2, Dec. '77, Potpourri; Vol. 5, No. 6, Aug/Oct. '78, Hurricanes; Vol. 6, No. 1, Dec. '78, Schools; Vol. 6, No. 3, Oct. '79, 1929: 50 Years Ago; Vol. 7, No. 4, Nov. '80, Ransom Christmas; Vol. 8, No. 4, Nov. '81, World War II; Vol. 9, No. 4, Nov. '82, New Museum.

How odd yet fitting to end this ten-year review of **Update** with Vol. 1, No. 1. Published in October 1973, it contained this editorial comment: "This first issue of **Update** has been produced with a good deal of trepidation, without firm knowledge of what sort of publication will be useful, workable, and most of all within our budget."

From this shy beginning **Update** has grown continually in professionalism and presentation, and has kept the promise made by Arva Parks in the first President's Message: "to inform South Floridians of the museum services and activities available," and to "contain interesting historical articles that will help foster an appreciation of our unique heritage and encourage the preservation of the best from the past as we look toward the future."

Of particular interest in the first issue was an article by David T. Alexander on the creation of the HASF emblem in 1967. How many of us looking at the familiar circle surrounding the quartered shield have wondered what the quarterings represent? Each element was carefully selected: the castle, from the Royal Arms of Spain; the symbol of the Tequesta-Calusa cult; the lion **passant**, from the Royal Arms of England; and the seven stars, from the first Confederate flag. The Green Cross of Florida, which unifies the four quarters, memorializes the attempt by General Gregor MacGregor in 1817 to establish an independent Florida.

The several units of the emblem "together portray through historic symbols the centuries of struggle, effort, frustration and achievement which combine to give us the Southern Florida of today," Alexander wrote.

The October 1974 issue concentrated on some of the old landmark buildings. Nowadays, with the Gould skyscrapers towering over other huge buildings downtown, it isn't easy to imagine a little police traffic control tower on the corner of Miami and Flagler Street shown in a 1925 photograph. Even that year, however, steel frameworks of new buildings, tall for their time, were pushing skyward and changing the face of downtown. The history of one of our local retail institutions, Burdine's, becomes a paradigm of the growth of Miami, as recounted by Gene Rider.

Miami's population was about one thousand when W.M. Burdine opened the doors of the first Burdine's in 1898, with a stock of work clothes, notions, and what were called dry goods – bolts of cloth for pioneer women and Seminole and Miccosukee Indians. By 1900 the store had moved to Flagler, then called Twelfth Street, the coming business district. Indians liked to shop at Burdine's. They came in single file and shopped in single file, the women carrying their papooses on their backs.

From that colorful beginning Burdine's has grown decade by decade, always innovative and farsighted, whether in bringing in Raymond Loewy to decorate the new Miami Beach store in 1952 or opening up branches in the boondocks – North Miami Beach's 163rd Street and "way down" in Dadeland.

"Miami at War" was the theme of the October 1975 issue. Many Miamians remember Dade County in World War II. A few still recall the first World War. But interesting things happened here in earlier wars, too. Col. Loomis Langdon left an account of a poignant incident that occurred in 1840 at Fort Dallas during the Second Seminole War. A young Irish immigrant named Murray, very well-liked and respected by the garrison, was drowned while trying to retrieve a strayed horse by swimming it back across the river. Such an undertaking is dangerous, one learns, because an animal unused to swimming will attempt to rest his forelegs on any nearby floating object. If that object happens to be his keeper he is likely to be pushed under the water, the sad fate of young Murray, who was buried the next evening on a grassy knoll.

Miami also played a part in the Spanish-American War, as Arva Parks told in "Fort Brickell and the Battle." The blowing up of the USS **Maine** in Havana's harbor in February 1898 set off an invasion panic in Miami. A fort was constructed on the high bluffs about a mile and a half south of Brickell Point. Initial relief that the government was sending troops soon turned to dismay. "Miami was just not the place for 7,000 restless soldiers to live in tents in the middle of the summer ... Their feeling was best summed up by the comment: 'If I owned both Miami and Hell, I'd rent out Miami and live in Hell.'" The war seemed to be taking place not in Cuba but between the soldiers and citizens of Dade County. Fortunately the war ended quickly and the soldiers went north, to everyone's relief. In less than two months the brand new city had almost been wrecked.

The October 1976 issue of **Update** announced the first HASF Harvest.

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One of the goals of the new director, Randy Nimnicht, in accepting his job was to "enrich the life of this community. ... by making local history come alive and making our museum the focal point of this awakening." The Harvest was the result. Emphasis was on "the simple pleasures which have flourished here since Julia Tuttle saw the River and dreamed her dreams." As a trial run an eight-day Crafts Fair was held at the museum in January. Over eighty-five hundred people attended. Encouraged by this community response, the directors of HASF began to plan The Harvest. Historical crafts were a feature; included were to be a farrier, a dollmaker, a cigarmaker, and weavers and quiltmakers. The History Bee for schoolchildren was to be conducted by Thelma Peters. Many kinds of contests and music were scheduled, and a great variety of ethnic and Florida foods were to be sold. Speaking as one who had the pleasure of trying falafel for the first time at the 1976 Harvest, I felt it a great success.

By October 1977 The Harvest had become an annual event. Its attractive logo, designed by Pat Morabito, was on the cover of **Update**. The emphasis continued to be on historic craft demonstrations. Annie Davis was to bring her quilting bee from Perrine. Eva Todd, a quilt historian, was to discuss quilting as a cultural art. Food was again an important part of the concept. Specialties were to include conch fritters, pigeon peas and rice, pumpkin bread, cakes and cookies. The Cuban Women's Club also promised to participate by preparing specialties from each province of Cuba, a welcome signal of the increasing involvement in South Florida by our Cuban friends.

With each year that has passed The Harvest has become a more outstanding success. The 1977 Harvest tripled the previous gross, attendance, and net profit. Co-chairmen Pat Molinari and Pat Graham were planning an expansion of every aspect of the fair for 1978. In addition to the traditional emphasis on crafts, other events were to be added – some of them inaugurated in 1977, some brand-new: thirteen antique, classic, and custom-built aircraft that would be flown in each morning; the Gymkhana – field games for cars; and a cow to milk and baby calves to put, provided by Graham Dairies. The Harvest had become so big and successful, in fact, that it was difficult to recognize HASF members in the crowds of people. For 1978 it was planned that all workers were to wear red aprons for quick identification.

The December 1978 **Update** featured an essay on a subject of particular interest to me: "The Last Complete Style – Art Deco." This lively, well-researched, and well-written piece was the winning essay in the Junior High division of the Harvest History Contest. It was written by Alexander Feinberg, age twelve!

In July 1979 a significant event took place. Marie Anderson was asked to produce **Update** as a quarterly publication. The first issue under her aegis appeared in November 1979. It featured a definitely downbeat article entitled "Black Tuesday: October 29, 1929," hardly the thing to send off Marie's elegantly edited magazine. The article, nevertheless, was of great interest. Many prominent Miamians were quoted. Marjory Stoneman Douglas said Miamians got by on "fish and grits." And perhaps grit.

But the crash of 1929 was really not a major concern to Miami, which had been badly hit by the 1926 Bust. Kansas-born architect Marion Manley recalled that after 1926 "we were down to the bottom and couldn't get any further down. We didn't even notice the market crash." **The Miami Herald** carried only a couple of inches on the editorial page. It was actually in 1933 when the banks began to close that the real depth of the Depression was felt. A check from the Bank of Bay Biscayne was shown with the article. The closing of this bank created great hardship for many Miamians. As Earl DeHart wrote, "It took a world war and a lively tourist trade coupled with airlines and new hotels to get the area moving again."

The November 1980 issue took up, among other interesting stories, the attraction South Florida has for Presidents. Deep-sea fishing has proved enticing to many of our Chief Executives – we think of FDR and Harry Truman. But not as many people know that Warren Harding, as President-elect, was lured to Miami Beach by Carl Fisher in 1921. Nor do many remember that it was in a Pan Am clipper that Roosevelt flew off to his meeting with Churchill at Casablanca on January 11, 1943. Both Presidents Eisenhower and Kennedy made politically important statements in Miami, and one of our most famous denizens was President Nixon, who was listed in the Key Biscayne city directory as Nixon, Richard M., wife, Patricia, 516 Bay Lane, Pres. Nor does this exhaust the list. Jackson, Taylor, Harding, Hoover, Roosevelt, Truman, Eisenhower, Kennedy, Carter – Florida has played a role in the story of each of these presidents.

A special section about Miami during World War II was heralded on the cover of the November 1981 issue, reminding us that, incredibly, it had been forty years since that day in December when the United States entered World War II. The chubby little planes shown on the cover were then America's newest, fastest bombers – "Tough as nails – deadly as arsenic." And no doubt they were. Excerpts from letters written by Miami columnist Eleanor Hart to her mother in Bremen OH bring back those far-off days, reconstructing for us some of the fear and excitement they held. "The blackout Sunday night was a comparative success," she wrote in January 1942. And in February, "No gas masks have been distributed here yet..." In March she wrote about the sinking of three tankers by German submarines off Hobe Sound, only a hundred miles from Miami. That same summer she wrote about a Mexican tanker being torpedoed just off Miami Beach. "Hundreds of people saw the blaze from the ship. There have been 15 boats torpedoed off the Florida coast since May 4. The Beach is under military law."

Other articles, by Daniel Markus and Thelma Peters bring vivid reminders of the role played by South Florida in what is for many of us still "The War." The Army and Navy took over the Beach's hotels, the Army setting up its Officer Training and Officer Candidate schools, and the Navy its submarine-Chaser Training School. British aviators too were trained here. It makes a splendid record that South Floridians can be proud of.

I too am proud, now that I come to the end of my year-long odyssey through **Update**, proud that I was asked to contribute and proud of my chosen community – a tough and gritty bunch of survivors who have taken on everything that nature, war, and the economy could dump on them and made the best of it.

That best has been very good indeed.

THE FINAL WORD

The space normally occupied by The Final Word was given throughout the year to Lee Aberman's perusal of past **Updates** in commemoration of the publication's Tenth Anniversary.

A FAMILY TRADITION

THE HARVEST

Saturday, Nov. 19
10 a.m. to 7 p.m.
Sunday, Nov. 20
10 a.m. to 6 p.m.

$3 Adult admission
$1 Children ages 5 to 12

Tamiami Park Fairgrounds
Coral Way at 111th Avenue

Are you a doer? Try square dancing...clogging ...throw a pot on a wheel...milk a cow...eat a pie...pet a pig...spin a wheel...weave a palm frond...hook a rug...sew a quilt...make some wine...

Are you a watcher? Antique planes fly in each morning at 10 and take off in late afternoon...hot air balloons form figures in the sky...antique automobiles shine their brightest ...tomahawk throwers throw tomahawks... puppets perform...Palmetto Muzzle Loaders load muzzles...

Are you a shopper? crafts goods galore... Santa's bag full of homemade gifts...sassafras tea and wooden utensils at the country store... all kinds of baked goods...

This is our eighth Harvest and the crop gets better every year. Ask some of the 15,000 who came last year.

Update
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of Southern Florida
3280 S. Miami Avenue
Miami, FL 33129

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