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Encounters with Ernest Hemingway

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A Pre-Fab House for Robert Frost

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Generation of Viper's Revisited

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The Historical Association of Southern Florida

# UPDATE

Volume 12, Number 1

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*"The most important privilege of being a Fellow is simply the opportunity of being involved in something that matters."*

Joseph H. Fitzgerald, M.D.  
Past President and Founding Fellow

Like most families and businesses The Historical Museum has trouble staying within its budget. The cost of postage goes up; so does the insurance. Machines break and need to be repaired. The museum staff, like a family, grows and each newcomer needs a share of the museum income.

The listing below, comprised of 119 people, represents \$38,000 the Museum can use to satisfy some of these needs. It is a list of the Museum's Fellows, who

# Fellows

give \$500 annually for operational expenses. These gifts do not have the glamor of Museum exhibits or additions to the collections but the donors have

the satisfaction of knowing they are helping to keep the Museum operating and expanding its program and they feel they have the financial ability to do so. They are a small percentage of the Museum's 3500 members.

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**On the Cover: Top: Jewell Woodard, 17, and her cousin Thelma Knight, 16, go swimming on Miami Beach after their families drove down from Adel GA in 1917. Below: Cousins Nell Knight, Gwen Woodard, Edith Woodard and John Knight pose on an Indian River dock north of Rockledge while waiting for a flat tire to be fixed on the trip to Miami.**



At the opening of "Changing Perceptions: Mapping the Shape of Florida, 1502 to 1982" Dr. Joseph Fitzgerald, curator of the exhibit, engages in conversation with three viewers in the capacity audience. From left: Dr. Fitzgerald, Bob Hector, Jay Kislak and Museum Director Randy Nimnicht. (HASF)

## AROUND THE MUSEUM

### A WINDOW ON HISTORY

How does a busy doctor find time to spend one day a week working on a map exhibit for HASF? Well, by giving up his day off, for one thing. People around the museum all last year grew familiar with the sight of Dr. Joseph Fitzgerald's thick thatch of iron gray hair bent over his research and notes in preparation for the exhibition of Florida maps which opened last September.

"It was a matter of applying the seat of my pants to the seat of the chair," said Dr. Fitzgerald. The imminence of his deadline spurred this dedicated application. While his boat bobbed neglected in its slip all last summer, he kept himself to the task of organizing the vast enterprise the exhibition turned into.

Dr. Fitzgerald's original idea for the show was a good deal more modest than the scholarly exhibition that eventually emerged. "I'm really lazy," he said. "I thought I'd go to the library and get a book on Florida maps and use that as the basis." To his surprise he learned that not only was there no book on Florida maps, there was not even a catalogue. The whole field was virgin, and cried out for documentation.

Need alone, however, would not have led to the distinguished exhibition HASF was able to mount. Dr. Fitzgerald's own collection, begun when he was a young resident in surgery in New York years ago, was eclectic, lacking the requisite depth in Florida maps. But when word got around that he was planning the exhibit, great private collections in South Florida were suddenly made available to him.

Dr. Fitzgerald is still astonished at the number of first-rate collections in the area. He is generous in his praise of the donors — all of them prominent men — who insisted on anonymity. They lent unstintingly from among their valuable maps, and from their time as well. It was the availability of collections of such depth and quality that made possible the ambitious scale of the project, the first comprehensive exhibition of Florida maps, and the first to be catalogued.

Upping the scale of the project brought new exigencies. It became a matter of pride and integrity to make the exhibition as complete as possible, and to limit it to locally owned maps. Even with the rich resources in the area, there remained gaps to be filled. So the search was on to find the missing maps, a search that took Dr. Fitzgerald and his wife as far as Europe.

At the very last second, after the layout of the exhibition had been planned and the catalogue written, Dr. Fitzgerald found three rare maps by Sebastian Münster, while browsing in a shop in Stuttgart, Germany. The maps, some using Ptolomaic models, date from the mid-16th century. Münster, by the way invented sea monsters, with which he decorated his cartouches.

For Fitzgerald, it was a thrilling climax to a pursuit that had begun with three maps purchased for \$75 and paid for over a period of time by the then young resident in surgery several decades ago. At the time he was earning room, board and laundry, plus \$25 a month. Telling about it, he seemed amused by his rashness, and not at all sorry for it. Asked what it is about maps that appealed to him, he made a circle of his fingers and held it up to his eye as if it were a telescope to the past. "It gives you a window on history," he said.

Maps, however, have not been a major preoccupation in Joe Fitzgerald's life. Medicine has been his consuming interest; that and his family. Map collecting has been only one enjoyable diversion in a life filled with work, travel, sailing and study; books are equally irresistible to him. Although he says he will continue to buy maps from time to time, the great hunt for Florida maps is over. That was occasioned by the unique opportunity to make a significant contribution to historical scholarship, and he is content with the result.

The day we spoke he had his latest acquisition in his office, a very beautiful map of southern Ireland. On the not very risky premise that a Fitzgerald had roots in Ireland, I asked if his family had come from that part of

## A Different Picture of Hemingway

BY OLIVER GRISWOLD

None of the biographies of Ernest Hemingway cover a certain lively fishing day in his life. As far as I know, he never mentioned it in his writing.

He may never have talked about it at all. Yet, to me, it was a signal day, revealing a different picture of the man.

I had devoured everything I could find that he had written. I had also accepted the journalists' versions of his personality — boisterous, quick-tempered, and self-centered. Never much concern for the feelings of others.

When I met him, in 1937-8, during my annual winter vacation in Key West, Hemingway's fifth book, *To Have and Have Not*, had just come out. It had a Key West depression background, and I had read it shortly before arriving.

I had a good many ideas, myself, about haves and have nots, and I admired his effort to dramatize the differences. I admired him even more as a fine sportsfisherman. Long before I met him, I envied him his ample time to fish, his expertise, and his successes with the big ones.

His skill and the excellence of his 40-foot boat *Pilar* were internationally known among sportsfishermen. He had written about his joy in fishing, and others, too, had told about his colorful exploits on the Gulf Stream. Around Key West, Hemingway's fishing was constantly talked about.

One afternoon an acquaintance of mine, the Director of the Florida Public Affairs Department, also vacationing in Key West, stopped by to say that Hemingway had invited him to fish with him the next day and to bring a guest along. I was flattered and delighted. I had fished the Gulf Stream — never as much as I wanted — and I considered this the chance of a lifetime to learn from the famed master.

The next morning the Director came by. To my surprise he had two other men with him. He left them in the car while he came in to explain that they were an old college buddy he hadn't seen for years and his buddy's elderly



Ernest Hemingway as he was at the time Oliver Griswold fished with him. (John F. Kennedy Library, Boston MA. © Reprinted with Hemingway Foundation permission.)

father. They had popped in from Wisconsin without notice the night before. Hemingway had said to bring them along.

Even before we reached the dock I had silently dubbed them Young Yahoo and Old Yahoo.<sup>(1)</sup>

I felt certain they had never heard of Hemingway and had no idea of the privilege of an invitation to fish with him on *Pilar*. All the way across town they bragged about their feats with Wisconsin fish, especially the Old Yahoo. I doubted if either had even fished in salt water.

It was still early morning, and already I felt fearful about the outcome of the day.

Hemingway welcomed us cheerfully. We shoved off immediately. It was bright and clear — almost ideal weather, only a little too windy, but not enough really to bother.

The Yahoos plopped themselves down in the two fishing chairs and tried to talk with Hemingway's mate, a little Spaniard whom he employed not only because he cut good baits and understood deep-sea fishing, but also because he spoke only Spanish and helped Hemingway keep up his.

When Hemingway explained that the mate didn't speak English, the Yahoos gawked. Hiring a foreigner who spoke only an alien tongue apparently pointed to some suspicious desires for secret communication.

As we reached the reef, Hemingway told me he didn't have any bait. Frequently you couldn't get any in Key West

Continued

The late **Oliver Griswold** was a Miami writer for many years. His book, *They All Called It Tropical*, co-authored with Charles Brookfield and now out of print, was a best seller for many years.

(1) The name was given by Jonathan Swift to some objectionable inhabitants of the Houyhnhnms in *Gulliver's Travels*.

when the weather had been bad for the mullet fishermen.

"We'll put out a feather," he said. He put out the lure himself and gave the rod to the Young Yahoo, whose first strike was a barracuda about two feet long.

This set the Old Yahoo to whooping and chortling. "Why, we use that size for bait in Wisconsin! I've caught bigger ones in a duck pond!"

Obviously the Yahoos had no idea what a grab bag reef trolling can be. Hemingway said nothing and put out the feather again, keeping the rod himself. Soon he brought in a bonita about 18 inches long. This sent the Yahoos into a duet of derisive laughter. It was clear, now, that they had been reading tourist promotion pamphlets and as neophytes expected every strike to produce a giant.

This time, Hemingway gave them an analytical glance, but took care not to look at the Director or me. He was magnificently dead pan.

I looked the Old Yahoo over again and decided he had an ulcer or, at least, was dyspeptic. But what made the Young Yahoo so disagreeable I couldn't figure. Maybe just too much association with the Old Yahoo.

The mate took the bonita to the bait board and dispatched it with a quick cut through the spine behind the head. Then Hemingway cut out the keel-shaped, silvery belly and put it on one of the big sailfish hooks, carefully adjusting it to troll smoothly without twisting, while I, anxious to improve my own bait-cutting, peered over his shoulder.

"Talk about your fresh bait," he said, holding it up to me. I could see the muscle fibers vibrating, though the fish had been dead before he cut it.

"That's a **fresh** bait if there ever was one. Look! Still quivering," he exclaimed, then tossed it into the wake and showed the Old Yahoo how to let it run back a way and hold it at the right trolling distance.

Next, he cut another bonita bait for the Young Yahoo and started him trolling. I could see Hemingway was beginning to enjoy himself. He knew he cut perfect baits and had hooked them on deftly. He had no beard in those days. His ruddy complexion, glowing with health, set off his lively eyes, and they seemed extra lively with the pleasure of being on the Gulf Stream. He was dressed in freshly-laundered denim shorts that had seen many washings, and a short-sleeved sports shirt that exposed the scar of an old injury on his arm.

He kicked off his sandals, saying he liked the feel of the deck and felt safer from slipping.

**T**he breeze freshened, and as we ran ahead of it, the waves at the stern began rearing up just high enough so that when you were sitting down you couldn't see the trolled baits in the troughs. We trolled a long way up beyond Pelican Shoal on the outside of the reef. No strikes.

Hemingway said, "Maybe we should play 'em a tune. Maybe we can get 'em that way."

He put a record on the little, spring-cranked, portable player up by the steering wheel. We all grinned, except the Yahoos.

Then the Director said, "Well, I guess it's about time to change off."

The Yahoos didn't get it, so Hemingway said, "I guess maybe we should change our luck and let these other two fellows take a try at it."

Slowly it dawned on the Yahoos that they weren't going to do all the fishing that day. Silently they gave up the rods and fishing chairs. I deferred to the Director and Hemingway.

Hemingway said, "No, you fellows fish. I'm having a good time. I like to hunt the fish. On a day like this, they're harder to see, and I'm more used to it. Anyway, I get just as much fun hunting them as catching them."

I knew how it was; if a man has fished a lot, it is fun

sometimes just to spot the fish. Nevertheless, I thought he was being very kind to his guests.

This day, there were enough whitecaps to make it hard to see big fish breaking into schools of small bait, if there were any, and hard, too, to see any sailfish that might be lunging out, to shake the parasitic sea-lice out of their gills.

I let my bait run back until Hemingway said: "That's right, right there."

It was a Vom Hofe reel, the Cartier's of reels then, famed for durability and precision workmanship. I had never had one in hand before. I'd only seen pictures. I didn't set the drag, but held the spool with my thumb ready for a quick release in event of a sailfish strike.

As **Pilar's** stern dropped down in a trough and the bait was out of sight behind a wave, I thought I saw the splash of a sailfish strike, but wasn't sure. Hemingway was standing up, watching the baits, and he could see them.

"Sailfish!" he yelled at me. "Let him have it."

I lifted my thumb, and the line ran off at the speed of the boat. The trick was to let the line run slack to the fish while he got the bait well in his mouth. You usually counted nine for a sailfish. Hemingway must have been counting to himself, for just as I reached the end of my silent count, he hollered: "Hit 'im."

I pushed the drag lever. It didn't move. I pushed again hard, thinking it was stuck. It didn't move.

"Hit 'im, hit 'im," yelled Hemingway. "Hit 'im!" He could really holler.

I gave up on the drag lever and bore down on the spool with my thumb to hold the line, and struck. I could feel the bait pull out of the fish's mouth. Then I saw the sailfish had struck from the side, and the line was leading way off to the right, and there was a big curve in it. I was just turning to Hemingway to ask him about that crazy drag lever, when the fish hit again.

"He came back," yelled Hemingway. "Let 'im have it. Let it run." Then, "Strike 'im."

I pushed up on the drag lever, but again it refused to move. In panic I bore down on the line with my thumb. The spool was going like an emery wheel, and it ground off the corner of my thumb, through the quick to the nail. But the fish kept going.

"Sock 'im, sock 'im, sock 'im good," yelled Hemingway.

"I can't," I said. "I can't get the drag."

Hemingway leaned over and felt the rod. he pumped it a couple of times. No fish. His face fell.

"Biggest sailfish I ever saw," he said excitedly. "I bet he would have gone over 125 pounds. He was a **big** one."

I turned in my chair and looked at him. He wasn't kidding. He really meant he had seen an enormous sailfish, and I could tell he felt very bad about losing it. All I had seen from my sitting position were little wind-blown splashes as the fish struck, and a few inches of its back.

Then Hemingway said he was sorry he had forgotten to explain about the drag lever working the other way from most reels. I told him it certainly wasn't his fault; I should have known. But I had never used that make of reel before.

Inside I was angry at myself for being ignorant about the Vom Hofe reel lever and depriving Hemingway and **Pilar** of the chance to boat a really notable sailfish. I had put on a lousy show.

**M**eanwhile, the Young Yahoo had changed places with the Director. I gave up my chair to the Old Yahoo, and Hemingway brought me a square of bandage and some adhesive tape for my damaged thumb. As he bound it up, I realized with surprise that nobody had said a single cuss word. From the moment I had been invited to fish with Hemingway I had looked forward to abundant and superior profanity from him — like some of the characters in his books. After all, his writing was to a considerable extent a blend of autobiography and reporting. He had

spent a good deal of time on newspapers, where magnificent obscenities and fluent swearing are not unknown. Boxers, bullfighters, and fishermen were his friends.

But not once during the day did he use profanity. Since he didn't, no one else did, though we were all tempted. There were plenty of provocations.

When we got up near American Shoal, Hemingway said, "This is good water. Not many boats come up this far. But we ought to raise something here."

In a few minutes the Young Yahoo had a sailfish strike. He followed Hemingway's instructions about letting the line run slack until the fish had the bait well in its mouth, then on command, struck. Golly, how he struck! He was a big man with heavy shoulders and he hauled back sideways with his right arm until the bow of the rod was behind him. Crack! The rod broke in three pieces.

The sailfish gave a fine leap and threw the hook. Nobody said a word for about sixty seconds.

Then in a tone of melodramatic bravado, the Young Yahoo said, "Don't worry, Mr. Hemingway, I'll pay for it. I'll replace it."

"That's all right. Don't worry about the rod," said Hemingway. "It was too light for this kind of fishing. I shouldn't have brought it along."

"No, I'll be glad to pay for it."

"Well, all right. You see, it wasn't my rod. I borrowed it from Charlie Thompson today and I think maybe it was his **only** rod."

I was a little surprised to hear that, because I knew Charlie Thompson. He ran a hardware store in Key West and wasn't exactly poor and he did a lot of fishing. Moreover, I couldn't figure why Hemingway had to borrow a rod, with a boat like **Pilar** and all. But I didn't doubt that he **had** borrowed the rod from Charlie. Maybe Hemingway's other rods were being rewrapped and varnished, since it was the beginning of the winter fishing season.

**A**fter that, nobody said anything for a long time. I was feeling bluer than the Gulf Stream about the whole affair. Everybody was depressed. Hemingway turned the boat around, heading back toward Key West. He put another record on the player, and we rocked along at the same slow trolling speed, though a little easier now, for the wind was dropping. I think everybody had a feeling the day was already over and nobody expected any more strikes — because we didn't deserve any.

"You want a beer?" said Hemingway. "Let's have a beer."

He and the Director and the Young Yahoo and the mate had a beer. I had had a gall-bladder attack a few weeks earlier and was teetotaling at the moment. The Old Yahoo refused a beer, too, and I guessed I was right about his dyspepsia or ulcer.

I forget the tune that jingled tinnily from the record player, but it was light and merry. In the absence of the fish strikes, however, neither the beer nor the music raised our morale. Hemingway went back and chatted with the Director.

I caught snatches of the talk between them. It was about the fire that had recently gutted the barracks inside the walls of historic, old Fort Jefferson out on the Dry Tortugas, the most remote of the Florida Keys. A lot of valuable records of the Army's occupancy had been destroyed, including I imagined, those concerning Dr. Mudd's incarceration when the fort was a federal prison.

As Hemingway raised his voice sharply at one point, I heard him say, "It was set afire. **That's** how it burned, and I know who it was that went out and **set** it afire."

In Key West, many mysterious fires were said to be a local, traditional way of getting even with some one; I wondered how anyone could get even with anybody by burning the historic barracks and papers. It wasn't like

burning down an enemy's house or business.

By and by, Hemingway returned to the wheel, and we talked a little. There were a thousand things I wanted to ask him about fishing, and I wanted very much to make friends with him — but not under the circumstances of **that** day. I was embarrassed to be in the company of the Yahoos and to be mixed up in such a fishing fiasco.

**T**he Yahoos sat stolidly in the fishing chairs. Not once during the day had they commented on the beauty of the Gulf Stream, and now they were exchanging remarks about the Florida Keys fishing not being what it was cracked up to be.

As I listened, I winced and thought, "It certainly isn't today, not from a boat one-third full of Jonahs."

Hemingway asked me what I did. Feeling as ashamed as I did at the moment, I didn't want him to know anything about me, so I said: "I write press releases for the Government in Washington. Very bureaucratic. Very dull."

Then I mentioned to him that I had read of his being the first sportsfisherman to bring in a giant tuna unbitten by sharks. Many people knew about it and how hard it was to get a big tuna to the boat before the sharks had chewed it up. He had achieved his triumph with heavy tackle and his strong arms and back to get the tuna in fast, before it exhausted itself and the sharks could run it down.

Hemingway said, "That kind of fishing is hard work. You have to work like a horse. I like this kind of fishing better as a regular thing — sailfish and dolphin and so on."

I said: "Tuna fishing is just something for me to read about. It's beyond my pocketbook. I read in a magazine recently that one of the sportsfishermen off Cat Key lost about \$60 worth of line to a tuna he couldn't stop, and before the day was over lost a whole lot of expensive hooks, swivels, and leaders and burnt up a custom-made reel. It sounded as though the day cost him more than \$2,000 in tackle."

Hemingway nodded and said, "They're hard to handle. You have to work like a horse."

We were only a few miles out of Key West when he suggested a highball. Everyone except the dyspeptic and me had one. Hemingway and I were still up at the wheel when he said to me: "I never drink when I'm working, but this won't hurt."



**Pilar**, Hemingway's fishing boat, was long a familiar sight around Key West and the Florida Straits. (John F. Kennedy Library, Boston MA. ©Reprinted with Hemingway Foundation permission.)

He was drinking only a light one, and he made a point of repeating that he didn't drink when he was "working on something."

I never asked a writer what he was working on, unless I knew him very well and knew he didn't mind talking about it, because I was superstitious myself. To talk about a manuscript while it was in work, I felt, was very bad luck. So I didn't find out what Hemingway was working on at the time.

He said he hated to go in without a sailfish and he talked more about the one I lost being the biggest he had ever seen. The more he talked, the more miserable and embarrassed I felt, not because I had missed the pleasure of catching the fish, but because Hemingway was taking it so hard. After all, he and Pilar had a reputation that deserved better than this day's frustrating fizzle.

"We covered a lot of water today," he said dolefully. "All the way up to American Shoal — and no fish to show. That was a lot of water we covered. I hate to go in without a fish."

At first, I thought perhaps he was regretting all the gas we'd burned. But it wasn't that. As he talked on, I realized that it wasn't the expense but the empty-handedness that bothered him. The barracuda and the bonita, of course counted as nothing.

The Young Yahoo got out of the fishing chair and came up to Hemingway and said, "What does a rod like that cost?"

"I think probably about \$25," said Hemingway. "I think that's about what Charlie Thompson paid for it."

The Young Yahoo looked flabbergasted and said, "Well, gosh, I don't know if I could go that. I don't think I've got that. We have to go all the way back to Wisconsin."

I started to move out of earshot of this private conversation, but my curiosity as to what the Young Yahoo was going to do kept me rooted.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said Hemingway. "I'll go half. Let me go half. I shouldn't have brought it out here anyway. It was too light. I shouldn't have brought it. Let me go half," he said staccato, ripping it out jerkily and emphatically. Much of the time during the day he had talked that way. He's tense, I thought, then amended it. No, he's intense — probably most of the time.

Just then the Director asked me a question, and I went back to see what he wanted. I didn't hear the last of the conversation about the rod, but when I glanced back at the Young Yahoo and Hemingway, I had a feeling it had been left unresolved. Even \$12.50, I suspected was too much for the Young Yahoo.

It was just dark when we landed at the pier in the submarine basin. There were no submarines in the Naval station during the Depression. Officially, the station was closed, but the FERA had repaired some of the rotten docks and obtained permission to use the basin for private boats to attract yachtsmen who might bring some money into Key West.

We were all sticky from the day's accumulation of airborne salt, and wind-blown and ruffled. Pauline Hemingway was waiting on the dock, fresh and prettily dressed. As she came forward to be kissed by her husband, I smelled her perfume — strong, expensive, a heady contrast to the sea smells in the warm, humid air.

I remember thinking I didn't know any women, myself, who would come down all fresh like that and want to be kissed and hugged by a man just in from fishing.

After they embraced, Hemingway introduced the Director to her. He didn't introduce me, though I was standing near enough. The dock was dimly lit, and a milling crowd of curious people had come to see what Pilar had brought in. Dim light or whatever, for just a second I felt slighted.

Actually I was grateful, because for hours I had been hoping he would forget me forever, certainly in any connection with the Yahoos and the Vom Hofe reel and the whole day's fishing bust. His not introducing me to his wife might be a first step in his forgetting. Good!

I hoped that, after he had forgotten, we might meet again some time and have some good fishing talk. But we never did.

The next day, the Director came by, ostensibly to ask about my abraded thumb. Really, he came to explain the Yahoos. Twenty-five years before, he said, he and the younger one had had wonderful times in college. He hadn't seen him since, though they vowed in their sparse correspondence to get together again.

"And this was it," he said sadly. "I suppose I've changed, too." I told him I understood perfectly.

Not long after, Hemingway became absorbed in the Spanish Civil War and the film based on his book about it, **For Whom the Bell Tolls**. He was around Key West less and less. Then came World War II and Hemingway went abroad to cover it. Meanwhile, he and Pauline had been divorced, and she had the Key West house. She and a partner opened an interior decorators' shop. When I returned to live for a while in Key West after World War II, I met her. We maintained a pleasant acquaintance, always talking about trivial, impersonal things — except once.

She said she had heard I was writing a book about international affairs. Clearly, that interested her. I could see she wanted to talk about the subject. When I assured her that what I was working on had nothing to do with international matters, because I knew almost nothing about them, she thought I was being coy and worked tenaciously to get me to admit to it.

I finally convinced her, and from then on, when we met, we chatted about things so ephemeral I've forgotten them.

Charlie Thompson and I became good friends. He was a likeable man. People used to try to get him to talk about his friendship with Hemingway, but he never did in my hearing. Charlie had fished with Hemingway and hunted with him in Africa. He's in **The Green Hills of Africa** — very identifiable.

Many people in Key West, as elsewhere I suppose, who never knew Hemingway pretended they knew him well — shams and sycophants. I wanted to set it straight with Charlie about me.

"The only time I ever talked with Hemingway," I explained to him, "was one day on Pilar — just one day. It was a bad day all around. There were several other people, and one of them broke a rod that belonged to you."

"Oh yes," said Charlie. "Ernest tried to make me let him pay for it. I wouldn't let him. I couldn't do that."

"How about the guy who broke the rod? Did he try to pay for it?"

"No. I never saw him. I don't know who he was."

"Did Hemingway ever say anything about a guy who didn't know the drag lever on a Vom Hofe reel worked the other way and lost a really big sailfish?"

"No. He never mentioned it. How did you like Ernest?"

"Fine. He was a real surprise. All the newspaper stuff I'd read and all the gossip malarchy I'd heard would have you believing he was always just thinking of Hemingway. He's a very considerate host, obviously a gentleman brought up in a good family."

Charlie kept smiling assent. He grinned wide as I concluded:

"The way he talked and acted, if I hadn't known who he was, I'd have said he was probably an especially well-built professor of English in some university — some very first-class university. He was very considerate of our feelings."

■





Card Sound after opening of the Overseas Highway in 1928. The ferry went from Lower Matecumbe to No Name Key. (NASF)

## Ferry Trip Proves Exciting

BY FREDERICK HARRINGTON

In the late twenties, to help revive bankrupt Key West, the State Road Department and Monroe County made an effort to improve transportation through the Florida Keys. The improvement was the Overseas Highway, opened in 1928 with roads on the islands and ferries between.

Key West was not necessarily the destination of the new highway. One could leave early, catch the ferry at Lower Matecumbe for No Name Key and return, thus having an interesting boat ride as well as a trip through the tropical keys.

A group of women, workers at Jackson Hospital, who were exploring Florida by Chevrolet planned a ferry trip and a day in the keys. These women, the backbone of the hospital, were supervisors of nurses, diet, statistics, collections, etc. Some of them had been among the first to drive the Tamiami Trail after it opened in 1928.

Friends in the group invited my mother and aunt to join the caravan from Miami to Lower Matecumbe for the ferry ride. My little brother and I were included. I was nine or ten; he was perhaps five.

The ferry was scheduled to leave

at 9 a.m. and the landing was almost exactly 100 miles away, so it was necessary to get an early start, 5 a.m. at the latest. The four of us piled into our Dodge that cruised at 35 mph and would be the tortoise in this race to Matecumbe.

We had acquired another passenger, Sylva of South Miami, a friend of my mother and aunt. Since her home was on our road south we agreed to pick her up early Sunday morning.

Saturday night we packed lunches and loaded the car, set the alarm for 4 a.m. and went to bed anticipating a day of fun on the water. We were on the road a little after five in spite of delays associated with two small boys, and similar delays inspired by the responsibilities of motherhood and aunthood. It was still dark as we drove south on LeJeune road, recently opened to traffic from Northwest 36th Street to Flagler.

Sylva's house in South Miami was dark. We blew the horn and pounded on the door. A light came on and Sylva screeched, "I'll be right out."

She was still straightening her clothes as she ran out. Settled in the car, she took an egg from a pocket.

"My breakfast," she explained. "It's raw," she continued and broke open one end. She proceeded to suck it dry. We waited for her reaction but she did not even interrupt her apology for oversleeping. "I turned off the alarm for a short nap." Later in the day Sylva explained, "I had no time for breakfast but I was hungry and there were eggs." This raw egg was a first for her. She says she has never repeated the experiment.

On the road again, we drove south on US 1, brand new concrete all the way to Homestead. The new highway was much faster than the old tar road that crossed the FEC tracks at every station. The two-lane strip was empty of traffic, and we sometimes touched 40 mph as we passed Howard, Perrine, Goulds, Peters, Princeton, Naranja and, finally, by 7 a.m. Homestead. There the good road ended, and we still had many miles to go to the ferry.

**Frederick C. Harrington** follows his trip up the Tamiami Canal with another exciting expedition to the keys.

From Florida City the road turned east, the Card Sound road, across the sawgrass and hammocks. Gradually the landscape changed to tidal marshes dotted with mangrove islands. The wooden Card Sound bridge brought us to Key Largo.

This bridge was a milestone on any trip to the keys. It was safe enough, but its two miles of weathered wood looked ready to slip into the Sound. Some of the planks were loose and no one drove fast because of the astonishing racket.

Beyond the bridge the road crossed a mangrove swamp with many short spans over tidal creeks. Each creek had a population of mangrove snappers that usually refused any bait but we had no time to try them. We turned south along the backbone of Key Largo through a true tropical hammock. The trees — gumbo limbo, red and white stopper, and others — grew so close to the road that we seemed to be driving through a tunnel. The trees, bent by the prevailing southeast winds, were low, the woods nearly impassable. Almost every bush had thorns and was draped with thick, heavy vines.

On higher ground the road was better, no longer the swooping and dipping of the settling roadbed across the glades and mangroves. We began to pass a few clearings, Mack's Place, the first gas station since Florida City, and Rock Harbor, almost a small town.

Near Tavernier we stopped to buy banana melons from a large black woman. The melons were twenty-five cents and would go nicely with the picnic lunch. The woman sat in the smoke of a smudge pot filled with glowing mangrove chips that

as we drove around the last curve before Lower Matecumbe we saw a line of cars waiting for the ferry. We were not late, the ferry was late.

That there were too many cars to crowd on the ferry did not bother us. We would be walk-on passengers and sit on benches on the upper deck. The ticket agent told us that one ferry, **The Pilgrim**, had run aground. The other, which was doing double duty, would arrive in about 45 minutes. To be ready to

anyone would be tempted by such an obvious cheat. One man lost more than he could afford, cursed, and kicked the box, scattering money, shells and pea. The dealer and shill quickly shooed him away and left hurriedly in the opposite direction, muttering as they passed the two little kibitzers, "Go away, boys, you bother me."

There was a cry from the landing. The ferry was in sight. Our group prepared to board. A quick turn-

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### **The chromed wire wheels had the new style big balloon tires. It was clearly the spiffiest convertible we had seen.**

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hurry on board when the boat landed, we parked the Dodge and unloaded the lunch, then had a bit of a snack to make up for our early breakfast and Sylva's egg.

There was time to look around before the ferry arrived. We boys inspected the boat dock, where there were charter boats and commercial fishing boats draped with nets and complicated rigging. Beyond the railroad lay the beautifully curving white sand beach with palm trees.

The crowd milled about looking for amusement. The Monroe County law was far away in Key West; deputies could come only by boat or train. The result was a certain disregard of civility.

My brother and I kibitzed a poker game until encouraged to move along. Between two large cars we came upon a little group bunched about a cardboard box spread with an army blanket on which the dealer

around was necessary, because the boat had much time to make up. We had barely settled on our bench when a horn sounded, and ferry **Key West** slid from between its piers and set off southwest for No Name Key.

It was still early, not yet eleven. A light breeze cooled us. Small white clouds blew across the sky. The changing colors of the water fascinated us. Florida Bay was so calm that a distant thunderhead was clearly reflected. A gaggle of gulls followed from the landing in hope of scraps; herons, egrets and smaller shore birds stalked about on nearby mudbanks. Each piling had a cormorant or pelican ready to spear anything that moved in the water. High above a pair of frigate birds circled and followed with scarcely a wing beat.

We boys, soon bored with birds and scenery, began to explore the ferry. For a time the wake was interesting. The boat was running water so shallow that the propellers stirred up a milky white trail. We poked into the pilot house and were briskly expelled.

We had brought fishing tackle in hopes of fishing from the stern. Trolling wouldn't work; we were moving too fast and the bait would not sink. Perhaps when we stopped. After lunch we read the books we had brought and dozed in the shade of the canopy.

The ferry took more than three hours to reach the southern terminal. Fewer cars were waiting, so the boat was loaded quickly. There was barely time to walk around the dock before the **Key West** was ready to head north.

At the last instant a blaring horn announced the approach of one final passenger. A car was hurrying over the bumps and potholes of the ferry ramp. The captain waited for it to board.

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### **One man lost more than he could afford, cursed and kicked the box, scattering money, shells and pea.**

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did little to discourage the mosquitoes and sand flies swarming about us as we thumped the melons.

It was past eight o'clock, and from Tavernier we still had 30 miles to drive. We put the Dodge in gear and set out to catch the sun. The land narrowed; on the left we could see the ocean and on the right the gulf. At Whale Harbor and Indian Key the road ran beside the railroad viaduct and the amazing blues and greens of the shallow waters delighted us.

It was past nine. The ferry would be gone. We switched to our alternate plan, which was to spend the day on the beach under the palms across the railroad from the ferry. But

was manipulating three walnut shells and a single pea.

"Step right up, gentlemen, find the pea," he was chanting. "Is it here? No. Is it there? No. It must be in the center. No. Test your luck, beat the quickness of the hand with the quickness of the eye. It must be this one. Yes. This gentleman wins. Will he risk it again? Try your luck. Double your money."

The winner vanished around the car. Soon he reappeared wearing a cap instead of his felt hat, and approached the box again. He was the shill and the game was exactly as we had seen it played in the movies by W.C. Fields. We marveled that

With a jangle of bells from the engine-room telegraph, the lines were cast off and we were under way again, bound northeast, back to Lower Matecumbe Key. Under the canopy the breeze of our passage kept us cool though there was little wind on the water, but in the sun it was hot and uncomfortable.

We soon tired of watching waves and an occasional flying fish. We went below to check the last car and passenger. The car was a new Buick convertible, gray, highly polished. The grill went straight up, higher than our heads; fancy script in chromed metal identified the make and model. Every bit of metal not painted gleamed from the headlights to the dual spare tires in the front fender wells and the great spotlight, all the way to the heavy luggage rack and bumper in the back. The chromed wire wheels had the new style big balloon tires. It was clearly the spiffiest convertible we had seen.

The interior was equally impressive, with black leather seats and the dashboard covered with countless dials and gauges.

My brother and I paid no attention to the driver, who sat behind the wheel drinking from a silver flask curved to fit in a hip pocket. He watched us inspect his car, then opened the door and got out. A big man with a broad round face, he seemed ready for golf in bright checked jacket and plus fours. He must be a yankee, we boys concluded. No conch ever dressed like that. He beckoned to us. "Well, boys, how do you like this buggy?" he asked.

He wanted to be friendly, but he was a little drunk and his breath was sour. We were frightened and backed away.

"Don't go," he called, "Come sit in the Buick." We turned and ran, suddenly mindful of admonitions about talking to strangers.

Back on the upper deck, we settled on the bench feeling guilty for having repulsed a friendly approach, and that made us a little angry.

"I'll bet that's Hemingway," one of our group remarked. "He's been in Key West for some time now." We didn't know Hemingway from a hole in the ground and would not have been concerned if we had.

Back at the north terminal we watched the cars drive off. We noticed the wonderful Buick but carefully avoided the driver's eye.

It was a long drive home and we arrived late. Too late for the homework we had to get up early next morning to finish.

Was it Hemingway? ■

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## Building a Home for Frost

BY IDA M. CLARK

In 1941, Robert Frost, America's poet laureate, engaged my dad, Ralph Baldwin Lamb, to build his winter home in Miami. Two cottages were prefabricated in New England and assembled on the five-acre clearing 8101 SW 53rd Avenue that Frost named Pencil Pines.

Since Frost had not seen the property before purchase, or the cottages before assembly, he had to oversee the building by mail. He had confidence in my dad, who had moved from New York state to Florida with his new bride in 1920, and had weathered the 1926 hurricane. Dad knew how to protect his handiwork from the Big Winds.

On February 22, 1941, Frost wrote Dad a letter.

"Dear Mr. Lamb:

The foundation plan for the rest of the house at the North end will be fifty-two feet long and twelve feet wide, extending two feet at each end beyond the walls (outside) of the houses already built."

The letter continued for two pages, giving details about finishing, painting and plumbing. On a third page he penned in his own handwriting "We wish we hadn't so many months to wait before we see what you have built for us. Robert Frost" He gave his address as 35 Brewster Street, Cambridge, Mass.



Ralph Baldwin Lamb (Ida Clark)



Robert Frost in 1935 (Miami News)

There was more work to be done after Frost came to Miami. When the two men were through talking business, they would sit for hours just talking. Many times, Dad forgot the dinner hour and came home to food that Mother had prepared hours before and had tried to keep warm. Dad never used to mind that the food was cold or dry. He always came home aglow, not from having sat at the feet of a great man, but from having shared great thoughts.

Each was outstanding in his own way: Robert Frost, poet laureate; Ralph Lamb, craftsman and artist. Dad had many paintings to his credit, and wooden clocks of all sizes which he had assembled. Both men were philosophers and were interested in people.

Dad could sit on a bus bench with a man of another color or creed and be amazed if you pointed out the difference. He respected the other man's point of view and honed his own knowledge on the sharp edge of another's wit. Lawyers, doctors, businessmen, truck drivers, laborers; the lame, the feeble-minded, the shut-ins, all had a point of contact with Dad, who built houses, repaired steps, grew lilies for Easter and roses for Christmas.

February was a special month for my father. It was in February, 1941, that he received a letter from Robert Frost. In February, 1958, he died, leaving behind not only his work at Pencil Pines, but in many other homes in Miami.

Robert Frost chose South Miami for his sanctuary; Ralph Lamb settled in Coconut Grove. The white frame house behind the fire station on Rice

Ida M. Clark, who grew up in Miami and is a free-lance writer, has contributed this glimpse of her father and Frost.



Pencil Pines was the name Frost gave his house, one of two prefabricated houses Lamb built on five acres on SW 53rd Avenue. (Dade Heritage Trust)

Street, where my brother Ralph, Jr., was born, has disappeared, a sacrifice to progress. When Dad died, the Lamb home was at 3222 Percival Avenue. It was a lovely little street in a middle-class neighborhood. Such names as Baldwin, Black, Turner and Drawdy were to be found on mailboxes on either side of the street.

The children of Percival Avenue trudged daily to the Coconut Grove School, where Mrs. Black was the first grade teacher. It was there that I read:

"The woods are lovely, dark and deep

But I have promises to keep,  
And miles to go before I sleep,  
And miles to go before I sleep."

I have thought of that verse of Frost's from "Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening" many times. Whenever my Dad wanted to hurry us up he quoted it.

As I gathered material for this slight memoir of an interlude in the lives of two men, I understood a bit of what Frost meant in his foreword to his *Collected Poems*: "For me the initial delight is in the surprise of remembering something I didn't know I knew." ■



Ralph Lamb in 1944, three years after building the Frost houses, is painting the family's 1936 Chevrolet black. (Iida Clark)

30 South Terrace Street

Dade

February 20, 1941

Dear Mr. Lamb:

The foundation plan for the front of the house at the house and will be 11'10" feet long and twelve feet wide, extending the front of the house beyond the walls of the house of the two houses already built.

The exterior steps for the house should be - They are to be finished with concrete steps that will support the house. The top step is to be ten feet wide and three feet high and will step a few more. You are going to see rough details for the stairs, details for the house. Then I will explain.

Details for the house to be built. The one section you have left on the walls of the larger house which will be the living room and set on with the job done by.

The front door will have double doors supported by just right.

On the foundation to the right of the house you have seen you have not seen the side of it with walls and exterior steps.

Mr. Lambert will be here the evening of the 20th or when the time to see the finished buildings and the foundation you have not a plan for the house.

Will you tell the plumber that the water has to be worked in to the back side of the wall house. A job will have to be done to provide the water. He may think of that again.

And the time being we are going to put up the rough frame of the house to the right of the walls with all water on the back side.

I expect that in all for the present. Some time we will discuss the job and questions you have. Sorry I have been so slow in writing.

Sincerely yours

Robert Frost

In a two-page letter written on Washington's birthday 1941 Frost details his specifications for steps, ceilings, foundations, plumbing and fences. (Iida Clark)

To  
Ralph Lamb 472 -  
Washington D.C. 7177 -  
2/20/41

2/20/41  
- 2/20/41 - advance for house

All work will be done so many months  
to limit before we see what you have built  
yours (Dad Frost)

Robert Frost  
10, Cambridge St  
Cambridge, Mass.

"We wish we hadn't so many months to wait before we see what you have built for us," Frost writes on a payment of \$225 to cover labor costs and an advance for louvers. (Iida Clark)

Philip Wylie photographed around the time of the original publication of his book *Generation of Vipers*. (NASF)

## Book Review

# Wylie's Look At the World 30 Years Ago

BY LEE ABERMAN

Wylie, Philip. *Generation of Vipers*. Marietta, Georgia: Larlin Corporation, 1978. A reprint of the edition published by Holt, Rinehart and Winston, New York, 1955.

What a curmudgeon Philip Wylie was. Quirky, idiosyncratic, he slammed down his ideas with the all-too-evident determination to *épater la bourgeoisie*. There is more than a hint of Mencken in this roll-call of his abominations: scientists, educators, religious leaders, the common man, the common woman (a.k.a. Mom), businessmen, statesmen, military men, physicians and professors all take their lumps.

There is a deep ambivalence in this book. Keen, if mordant, observations about American society alternate with arrant nonsense. Much is said about democracy, but a contempt for the vast middle class floats to the top like curdles in sour milk. He calls to mind those British land-owning Tories who got together with the working class to "dish the Whigs", the same distaste for cities and commerce, the distrust of ordinary people, the elitist view of education (surely he does not seriously recommend that "a certain small percentage of this dreadful offal [those with no aptitude for learning], much of which regularly accumulates in the bleachers of our ball parks, should be quietly put to sleep.")

Actually, some of what he says about education seems sensible to me. English, as he says, is our only common means of communication. To insist on precision in grammar and usage from the start eliminates misunderstandings and enables the mind to cope with verbal complexity. To pursue this goal "by physical deprivation or punishment", although a time-honored method in many places, seems unduly harsh and perhaps a little wanting in imagination. Similarly, to allow bright students to move along at a quicker pace than the less-bright seems intelligent, but to suggest political disenfranchisement and a blanket ban on holding public office for "the entire multitude" who have trouble learning strikes at the heart of a republican system of government. Who is to decide who is competent?

Still on the subject of education: Is it wise, as Wylie proposes, to teach American history with all the warts on? It may come as a cold bath to learn later on about some of the ambiguities involved in the War for Independence, but I'm glad that in the seventh grade I was not taught that "America was founded by a multitude of discontented colonists and a handful of well-intentioned men and



women who took advantage of a European war to free themselves of taxation." And so on and so on. Children need certainty and stability, and the nation is part of their extended family. Where can self-respect come from if they are taught that their country was founded by "a slave-trading, rumtippling, whoring melee of lawless opportunists who couldn't get along in a more conventionally organized society?" Such self-disgust should at least be balanced with a passing reference to the genuine and troubled idealism and love of liberty which were also characteristic of the Founding Fathers.

Much of *Generation of Vipers* reads like the work of an autodidact. There are stunning inaccuracies. In an ostensibly sympathetic section on the Jews' problems, Wylie dredges up reasons for anti-Semitism (racial exclusiveness, arrogance, moral dodginess to name a handful). Granted the book was written forty years ago — at the time of Auschwitz — these "reasons" had been exploded by serious scholarship long before then. "Here is the marvel and the joke," Wylie says. The cosmic laugh is that "Hitler made the Germans over into the living image of long-dead Jews. As Joshua, the man who could plaster the sun and moon against the sky, created he the superman." Sparkling portent of the PLO. With friends like that, who needs enemies?

Nor, when he at last arrives at Jesus, by his own account one of his heroes, is he likely to give comfort to Christians. No shred of the divinity, and very little of the historical Jesus, appears here. What we seem to have is the forerunner of Freud, and especially Jung, two other of Wylie's great heroes, discovering the unconscious, or the subconscious, or something. The Resurrection, the central episode that gives meaning to Christianity, isn't mentioned; the Crucifixion as Atonement and, hence, Salvation, is derided as the failure of Jesus' mission. It's

*continues on page 34*

Lee Aberman, who reviewed ten years of *Update* in 1983 and is now reviewing a 30-year-old book reprinted in 1978, takes over *Update's* Around the Museum column with this issue.



## A Georgia Family Moves to Miami

BY JEWELL WOODARD ALDERMAN

My father's nephew, John C. Knight, moved to Miami about 1915 and joined Sam J. Thorpe's Ford agency on West Flagler Street at Second Avenue. He was much impressed with the business opportunities in Miami. (Some 22 years later John S. Knight of Akron, Ohio also impressed with the business opportunities in Miami, bought *The Miami Herald* from Miami lawyer Frank B. Shutts. The new owner's father, C.L. Knight, born further upstate in Georgia, was a distant cousin of John C. Knight.)

In the summer John C. Knight would bring his wife and daughter Ellen to our little town of Adel, Georgia, to visit his parents. While there, he urged my father, a country doctor, to visit them during the Christmas holidays. He knew his Uncle Bob had an enquiring mind and had taken post-graduate courses in New York. John thought my father would do well in Miami and hoped to persuade him to move to his city.

After John left, my father, Dr. Robert C. Woodard, often talked about making the trip, but I never thought we'd do it; we had never made a long automobile trip. But, in 1917, plans were actually made to leave the day after Christmas. I was seventeen that year and a senior at South Georgia State Normal College, now Valdosta State College. We would be driving our Paige touring car. In the front seat would be my father and his colored driver, Joe. On the wide back seat, there would be four of us; my mother, my sister Gwen, age twelve, Edith, age ten, and myself. No one complained of feeling crowded; who wanted to be left behind?

About two weeks before Christmas, it began to rain. It

rained and rained. If Uncle John Knight's family from Nashville, twelve miles east of Adel, had not planned to go with us in their seven passenger car, I think we might have given up the trip. With Uncle John would be his wife, Aunt Gladys, his son Dewey, a year older than I, his daughter Thelma, a year younger than I, and Nell and John, about the age of our younger ones.

We were used to unpaved roads. Our driver, Joe, saw to it that the two cars were equipped with a short handled shovel, an axe, hammer, nails, a saw and boards. Mama and Aunt Gladys prepared food in case it was needed. It was still raining the morning we left.

"It really takes courage to start out," Papa said. We went to Nashville where the Knights joined us, and from there drove to Waycross, Georgia, and Sunday dinner in a restaurant. The rain had subsided to a drizzle. Two hours out of Waycross, we found about fifteen cars backed up because of a deep bog. I can still hear those grinding motors. The roads were under construction and the heavy rains had not helped. What was needed were boards to put under the car wheels, and we had them. Men got behind each car and pushed it across the bog on our boards. We brought up the rear, and after stowing the boards were on our way again. We had hoped to spend the night with cousins in Jacksonville, but soon after cross-

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**Jewell Woodard Alderman**, a poet and songwriter who keeps busy at her writing in spite of failing eyesight, also keeps up with the large family of which she is a member.



The Woodard-Parrish-Knight relatives living in Miami in 1932 gathered at the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. Lloyd Knight, Sr. for a family reunion and marked the occasion with a family picture. Of the 43 people pictured all but the Reverend Mr. Sims and the four members of the Baker family are related. There were 13 relatives in Miami who were not present for the picture. Twenty-three of the 51 Miami relatives were living in 1984. (Jewell Woodard Alderman)

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| 1. Charles H. Alderman                         | 18. E. Lloyd Knight, Sr.                         |
| 2. Jessie T. Knight                            | *19. Lillian Baker                               |
| 3. Dr. Robert C. Woodard                       | *20. Thomas Knight                               |
| 4. Jim H. Knight                               | 21. J.C. Parrish                                 |
| 5. John C. Knight                              | 22. Valley Knight Bennett                        |
| *6. Edith Woodard McKenzie (Dr. Jack)          | 23. Helen Knight (John C.)                       |
| 7. T. Robert Knight, Sr.                       | *24. Verna Knight (Grover O., Sr.)               |
| *8. Clarisse Knight                            | 25. Emma Knight (Jessie T.)                      |
| 9. Dewey Knight                                | *26. Laura Knight (Dewey)                        |
| 10. Rev. J.C. Sims                             | *27. Fraseur Knight                              |
| *11. Gwen Woodard Pickle (Mrs. Pete)           | 28. Lula Knight                                  |
| 12. Dr. L.A. Baker, Sr.                        | 29. Lillie Knight (Oscar)                        |
| 13. Pete Pickle                                | 30. Ida Parrish Woodard (R.C.)                   |
| *14. Jewell Woodard Alderman (Mrs. Charles H.) | *31. H.A.P. Pickle                               |
| 15. Mrs. L.A. Baker                            | *32. Dr. Mae Knight Clark (Flournoy B.)          |
| 16. Grover O. Knight, Sr.                      | 33. Lena Knight (Jim)                            |
| 17. Flournoy B. Clark                          | 34. Flannie Parrish Knight (E. Lloyd, Sr.)       |
|  | 35. Marjorie Knight (married Dr. Milton Travers) |
|  | 36. Mary E. Parrish                              |
|  | 37. Robert Knight                                |
|  | *38. Doc Baker (L.A., Jr.)                       |
|  | *39. Robert B. Knight                            |
|  | 40. Grover O. Knight, Jr.                        |
|  | 41. Pat Knight                                   |
|  | *42. Paul Knight                                 |
|  | *43. E. Lloyd Knight, Jr.                        |

\* Living in 1984



ing the St. Mary's River, we came to a swollen creek. Again cars were backed up. We were told that the bridge was broken, but the men thought they could fix it by daylight. The night was cloudy and dark and very cold. Fortunately, we had on our warmest clothes and had two heavy lap-robies in the car. The men built a roaring fire. Mama's food really came in handy for our family.

At early morning light, the men fixed the bridge. Only one car and driver was allowed to cross at a time. Passengers walked across the bridge. We finally found the fine paved road north of Jacksonville we had heard about — all fifteen miles of it.

In Jacksonville, we had breakfast with the relatives who had expected us the night before. I was glad to know these cousins who sent us a crate of oranges every Christmas. On our way again, we took the narrow brick road to St. Augustine, just wide enough for one car, a dangerous passage. Below St. Augustine, U.S. 1 followed the Halifax and Indian Rivers close to the water's edge. The curving roads were beautiful but hazardous. The sun was out, the weather warm, travel good — until we had a flat tire in front of a very pretty riverfront bungalow, surrounded by orange trees. There was a little pier in front. I had a Kodak and while waiting took a picture, which I still have, of our four younger ones on the pier.

We spent the night at a nice hotel in Rockledge. Our two families ate at one large table. That was fun. We must have needed a good night's rest, for we were late getting started next morning. By nightfall we were approaching Stuart, where a long bridge was being built across that

wide outlet to the sea. We had to cross on a flat barge that could take only two cars at a time. The ferry was dark, lit only by two lanterns. It looked like the end of the world to me. I think we must have spent the night in Stuart; I just can't remember. Odd that I should forget. It was only sixty-seven years ago.

As we drove south the next day, we began shedding our heavy outer clothes. We agreed that the slogan "Where summer spends the winter" was accurate. Big hibiscus bushes in full bloom lined the roadside. At home, my mother had grown one in a pot, and we were so proud of her one flower.

Near Miami, we stopped for gas at a filling station, and asked the way to my cousin's house. While we sat there, someone threw a brick through our windshield. We were told that Negroes were not wanted in Miami and that they all had to be off of Miami Beach by six o'clock each day. Joe moved out of the driver's seat and said, "I'll be glad when I gets back home."

We drove into Miami on U.S. 1 along the edge of Biscayne Bay. The bayfront had not yet been filled in for a proposed park. We turned right at Flagler Street and drove through the business section across a bridge over a river filled with boats, a scene that has stayed with me all the years. At my cousins' house we received a very warm welcome. They tried to show us all the beauty and wonders of their city. I was surprised to learn that they had to buy all their drinking water, and that the city water was so hard that Coaline soap was almost the only soap

that could be used for dishes and laundry. And all those years I had thought that Octagon soap could do anything.

We crossed the two-and-a-half-mile-long wooden Collins bridge to the Beach where we saw the beautiful hotels along the beach front and for the first time the ocean. Most of the hotels had a sign "Restricted" posted in front.

Another day they took us swimming, or rather, bathing; we couldn't swim — this was the deep o' winter! What a fairyland. Someone took a picture of Thelma and me in our bathing suits and long black stockings. I still have it.

We went home enthusiastic about the city. Papa talked about moving to Miami, but gradually the excitement dwindled and we heard no more about it.

Things were changing at home. We had thought we were living in a fine farming section, but suddenly the boll weevil made it impossible to grow the main money crop, cotton. Papa had bought the farm when cotton was bringing a high price. Now he turned to peanuts; but by the time his crop was ready, the price of peanuts had dropped to nothing. He also lost heavily on other investments. The farmers didn't have any money; they couldn't pay Papa for his medical advice. He finally stopped keeping any record of his calls.

Christmas of 1920 found us making another trip to Miami. The roads were much better. Papa was investigating a move to Miami in earnest this time. On our return home Papa took the Florida State Medical Board Examination and as soon as he heard that he had passed, he and my mother set December 15th as the date to leave for Miami. My married sister and her family moved into our house to look after my two sisters until Papa found out if he could make a living in Miami.

In June of that year, I had married a pharmacist who owned the best drug store in town. Amid tears we watched my parents drive away that cold December morning to start life over again, for they were leaving relatives, lifelong friends and their beautiful colonial home. My

brother-in-law, who was also a doctor, had passed the Florida Board at the same time that my father did. I knew that if my father was successful all of my family would be moving to Miami. We would be left behind.

A few days later, my husband Charles came home and said, "A man was in my store this morning and offered me a good price for it, all cash. What do you want me to do?" "Sell it," I said. "Let's move to Miami."

My husband had been in college with Byron Freeland from Quitman, Georgia. Someone told Charles that Byron was in Miami and that he should look him up. Byron owned five drug stores and a wholesale business. Charles came to Miami, bought a large interest in these stores, and rented a house for us. We sold our car, planning to buy one after we arrived. On February 22, 1922, we left by train. At the station in Adel, we met Norman Hendry, now well known as Judge Hendry, but then sixteen years old, leaving on the same train to try his luck in Miami.

By September, all of our family had moved here. Eventually, Dewey and John Knight joined us in Miami. Nell Knight taught school until she married.

During our family's reunion at my Aunt Flannie's home in Coral Gables in 1932, a picture was made of all the members living here. Of the family, at least forty were present, and about fifteen had made other plans. All the people in the photograph are relatives except Reverend Mr. Sims and Dr. L.A. Baker's family. Among the little boys in the front row are T.R. Knight's son, Robert, who was killed in World War II; Doc Baker, who has been Executive Vice-President of the Miami Beach Chamber of Commerce for years; E. Lloyd Knight, Sr.'s son, Robert B. Knight, who served as Mayor of Coral Gables; Grover Knight, Jr., and Pat Knight, both deceased; Paul Knight, the baby in arms, who now has an insurance agency in Hollywood; and E. Lloyd Knight, Jr., who is a manufacturer's representative.

The long trek of the Knight family from south Georgia to south Florida has been well worth it. ■

Book Review  
Continued from page 11

all a muddle, and perhaps it wouldn't matter, if the autodidact weren't so didactic.

The famous chapter on Mom describes a woman who may exist, but whom I have never met. "She is a middle-aged puffin with an eye like a hawk that has just seen a rabbit twitch far below." Wylie continues in this vein for the next two-and-a-half pages. "Mom's first gracious presence at the ballot-box was roughly concomitant with the start toward a new all-time low in political scurviness, hoodlumism, gangsterism, labor strife, monopolistic thugery, moral degeneration, civic corruption, smuggling, bribery, theft, murder, homosexuality, drunkenness, financial depression, chaos and war. Note that." And you gals think you want the E.R.A.? It would all be too silly to comment on if the book had not been written at a time — World War II — when American women, including many Moms, were taking jobs, holding families together, and accepting stoically the possibility that their sons and husbands would be killed in battle. Wylie's remarks about Gold Star Mothers are, quite simply, obscene.

And yet — and yet — scattered through the book are perceptions of lucid and beautiful truth. It is arguable — it is scarcely inarguable — that we live in a Time of Troubles, as Wylie said, a long parabolic descent that began perhaps around the time of the first World War. For a long time everything has been in flux, and one scarcely recognizes the world one was born into. There was a need to change when Wylie wrote the book; there is one now.

His great virtue is his insistence that "we are as other men, exactly. Of one blood, one species, one brain, one figure, one fundamental set of collective instincts, one

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**There is a deep  
ambivalence in this book.  
Keen, if mordant, observations  
about American society  
alternate with arrant nonsense.**

---

solitary body of information, one everything." That seems a good place to start. It is his postulate that we are all creatures of instinct, and that to make the world a safer and more bearable place, we must understand the nature of our instincts in order to control them. We can comprehend by understanding our myths and legends. Here his debt to Jung is explicitly acknowledged.

It is only by integrating our internal, subjective instincts with the external, objective world that we can achieve harmony, tranquillity, peace. This sounds rather like the attempt to eliminate duality that got Spinoza into so much trouble (and might explain Wylie's total inability to understand why the Jews have been so stubborn about hanging on to their religion). This position forms the ground for his chapter on Jesus, who according to Wylie spent his mission on earth fruitlessly trying to persuade people to integrate their internal and external worlds in order to find truth. This point of view is, of course, from either a Christian or a Jewish perspective, heretical, and although it was Philip Wylie's, it was not necessarily Jesus'. ■



**TIME CAPSULE**

**1815**

**170 Years Ago**

"For services rendered to the Crown" young Don Juan Pablo Salas was given a grant of land in 1815 by the Spanish governor at St. Augustine. He had served as an officer of the Royal Artillery Corps there, but there is no record that he ever visited his Florida real estate. . . Instead, in a deal which was closed in a Havana cafe, he sold his rights to an American for \$2,000. . . John W. Simonton, the American, soon divided up his land, sold lots, and established himself as sutler for the army post established there in 1831. . . The place prospered, and today it is one of the state's most fascinating cities. . . The land which Simonton bought for \$2,000 was the entire island of Key West!

**1835**

**50 Years Ago**

During the Second Seminole War, which lasted from 1835 until 1842, the U.S. armies found it hard going. They fought with weather and hostile terrain but rarely did they fight the Seminoles — for the Indians would simply disappear whenever soldiers came close. . . A few shots from a thicket, a screeching war-whoop, or a chance encounter with women or old men in an abandoned village — these were about as close as the soldiers usually came to the Seminoles. . . But somebody came up with what promised to be an excellent idea: 33 Cuban bloodhounds were imported, along with their trainers — at a cost of over \$5,000 — to track down the wily Indians. . . After extensive training, the dogs were tried out in tracking local Negro slaves and had no difficulty in locating them. . . But perhaps the Seminoles had different scent characteristics, for the records do not show that, even once, the expensive bloodhounds were able to track an Indian! . . . And so another good idea was shot down and abandoned.

**1880s**

**100 Years Ago**

In the 1880s Miami wasn't much of a town. There were perhaps half a dozen houses on the river and a few more scattered along near the Bay.



**OUT OF THE TRUNK**

The photograph drawn from the Museum's trunk by Research Materials Curator Rebecca Smith is part of the photo archives of the Miami Beach Visitor and Convention Authority. The archives were given recently to the Museum by the Authority.

The building at 1415 Euclid Avenue, Miami Beach, was erected in 1938 for Congregation Jacob Joseph. In 1943 Irving Lehrman became the temple's rabbi and two years later the congregation moved into a new building at Washington Avenue which was renamed Temple Emanu-El in 1948.

In 1944 the building in the picture became the Miami Beach Jewish Center. The Historical Museum would like to expand its Jewish collections and as a first step has created a committee headed by Myrna (Mrs. Robert) Shevin. If you have or know of possible contributions, please call 375-1492.

But the only "permanent" structure was old Fort Dallas. . . It had been put in good repair by the military forces during the Third Seminole War, 30 years before. . . Since it was the only permanent-type building in the area, for a while it served as the county courthouse. The county clerk lived there and the county's records were stored in one of its rooms. Commission meetings and circuit court sessions were held there, too. . . For their use of the old fort, the county

paid a monthly rental of \$5. . . But the owners sent a new manager down this way who shortly decided that this rent was too low. He raised it to \$15 a month. . . This outrage stirred the citizens to such an extent that the folks living in the northern part of the county forced an election to move the county seat — and won it! . . . The county seat was moved to Juno, where it stayed for ten years — largely because of a \$10 rent increase on the "courthouse."

**1930s 50 Years Ago**

As recently as the 1930s Miami was quite definitely a "seasonal" city. The Season ran, roughly, from the first of November until April; during that Season everything was hustle and bustle. . . Business was generally good, and the big hotels almost always had turn-away crowds. . . But by the first of May things were different. Almost everything slowed down to a drowsy walk. Only a handful of hotels remained open during the summer, complaining about losing money every day; and practically every business establish-

ment either boarded up or cut its staff down to skeleton size. . . In the thirties, an apartment — and a nice one, at that! — could be rented on Miami Beach for as little as \$30 a month. Many local residents, "doomed" to remain here while more affluent citizens went North, made a habit of moving twice a year: on May 1 they would move to Miami Beach, to live well on little money; and on November 1 then would return to Miami, to less plush quarters, while tourists paid big money for those same cheap summer apartments!



The Zwibel family were among the many previewers at the fall exhibit of early maps of Florida — Dr. Howard Zwibel, son Jonathan and wife Linda. Dr. Zwibel is chairman of the Museum's Fellows program (see the inside front cover of Update). (HASF)

*Around the Museum*  
Continued from page 2.

the country. No, he said, they came from further north. They were Norman, part of the Norman invasion in the 12th century. Fitz, he added, is from the French, and means son. Which led to a bit of pondering as to whether the word is derived from the French *fil*s. Ap, he went on to say, is Gaelic for son.

So, map curator Joe Son of Gerald says, the next time you see former HASF president Jim Son of Thorpe, be sure to say hello.

#### THAT'S A GUARD?

One of the distinctive sights around the museum is the presence of attractive young people in bright patchwork Indian jackets. It comes as a surprise to some to learn that maintaining the security of the museum is among their responsibilities.

At most museums they would be called guards and would dress in somber dark uniforms. At the Historical Museum of Southern Florida they are known as museum aides and wear coats of many colors. Although they are trained in basic security methods, this function has no greater priority than either of their other two responsibilities.

Since the collections in the Historical Museum contain few priceless objects and the Cultural Arts Center itself has its own complement of official security guards

(although these do not patrol inside our museum), it is felt that our museum aides represent a deterrent to theft, vandalism and general boisterousness by their presence.

Our museum aides are notable for their youth and enthusiasm. Many are college graduates, and master's degrees are not uncommon among them. They are the people who sit at the front desk and handle ticket sales, the second of their functions. The tedium of the job is relieved by limiting it to two-hour shifts, after which they go loping off to answer questions and keep an eye on things.

The museum aides are also educators and demonstrators, the third of their responsibilities and a very important one. To fill the docent role successfully, all of them must take Linda Williams' course in The History of South Florida. They are also required to take teacher-training courses.

The high caliber of the museum aides — their freshness, professionalism and level of education — lends vitality, friendliness and a welcoming human element to the Historical Museum. And those patchwork jackets don't hurt, either. In May I will join a class of fourth graders from the Dade County Public Schools as they voyage around the museum under the brisk tutelage of one of our museum aides. ■

— LEE ABERMAN

#### THE FINAL WORD

As a vice president of the Florida National Bank a number of years ago J. Floyd Monk was a busy man. Then one day he suddenly became busier. As a history buff, Monk had been collecting bits and pieces of Florida's history which he used as fillers in the bank's inhouse publication. These evolved into a one-minute

radio spot which was broadcast for years. The Museum has a collection of almost 300 of these bits of our history. Alice P. Willey has searched them for events that happened 50 years ago or more, at 25-year or more intervals.

The column is patterned after the one in that splendid historical magazine **American Heritage**. Update's editor is following an adage taught years ago in newspaper gatherings that when you find something you like in another publication, you "pla-

gerize and localize." I like to think of it in Charles Caleb Colton's words: "imitation is the sincerest form of flattery."

The November **Update** was hardly in the mail when Jo Southard received a phone call at the Museum from Connie Keese reporting that the back cover picture was indeed right side up. John Nordt and Greg Bush also reported the correct placement.

Maria Anderson

Maxwell Street, the center of Chicago's Eastern European Jewish Community in 1905, is one of 250 photographic panels to be displayed at the Historical Museum February 18 - March 16. The 329 years covered in the exhibit are divided into five periods:

**1654-1819: A Few Among the First Settlers.** Twenty-three Jews arrived in New Amsterdam in 1654, the first in the New World. The next 165 years brought Sephardic Jews from Spain and Portugal, then Ashkenazim Jews from Central and Eastern Europe who followed the Sephardic leadership.

**1820-1880: Creating a Jewish presence.** Non-Anglo-Saxon immigration brought German Jews who established an American Jewish network.

**1881-1919: A Community with Contrasts.** Eastern European Jews arrived during the next thirty-eight years.

**1920-1945: Americanization Becomes Evident.** Jews reach out to participate in American life.

**1946-1983: In the Mainstream.** The 5.5 million present-day Jews in America make one of the most successful accommodations Jews have made in any society.



The Historical Association of Southern Florida joins with the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith and the American Jewish Historical Society in presenting

## **Jewish Life in America** **February 18 - March 24, 1985**

at the Historical Museum in the Downtown Cultural Center.

To supplement the exhibit the Museum has assembled artifacts and memorabilia to display with the photographic exhibit and to expand its own holdings. (See Out of the Trunk, page 15.)



the museum is accredited by The American Association of Museums



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