
Annette Flew High, Wide and Handsome

George Hit Town Just as the Boom Boomed

A Toast to the Bride and Groom — 87 Times

The Historical Association of Southern Florida

UPDATE

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EDITORS
Marie Anderson
Stuart McIver

MANAGING EDITOR
Tim Schmand

ADVISERS
Lee Aberman
Jeanne Bellamy
Dorothy J. Fields
Valerie Korth
Arva Parks
Thelma Peters, Ph.D.
Elizabeth Peeler
Yvonne Santa-Maria
Zannie May Shipley

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On the cover: Annette Gipson, as drawn by McClelland Barclay, epitomizes the young women flyers of the 1930s.



Update Editor Stuart McIver and Advisers Lee Aberman and Zee Shipley find something to laugh about at a quarterly meeting (see Around the Museum, p. 2).

AROUND THE MUSEUM

When I met Marie Anderson at my first **Update** Advisory Board meeting, I was thoroughly daunted. First of all, she was very tall. Then, too, she was surrounded by the penumbra of journalistic excellence because of her long and distinguished career at **The Miami Herald**. Mainly, though, she seemed to know absolutely everything about anything and anyone ever connected with Dade County. Between her and Thelma Peters there was shared a body of knowledge of local history as comprehensive as my son's awareness of the minutiae of rock music. I was very green, and wondering what I was doing there, since I knew nothing of local history and my only experience with magazines was reading them.

In the several years since that first meeting I can't say that I've mastered South Florida history, but I've come to know Marie Anderson and now find her only intermittently daunting. Most of the time I just find her zestful, casual, candid and very funny. As an editor she is, as one would expect, entirely professional, generous in sharing a lifetime of experience in journalism, and open to ideas, even from tyros.

When I first met her, and for a long time after, she drove a little lime green car that looked exactly like the painting of a car in a child's picture book. She lived, then, in a small white house near the Grove. It was surrounded by handmade lattice-work fences—a man came there and hammered the lattice-work together while she watched. It had odd little rooms full of interesting things, a big back porch, and a swimming pool as long and narrow as its owner. Her old friend, James Merrick, lived down the street.

It was hard to imagine Marie living anywhere but in that house, but about a year ago she moved into a suave co-op apartment with panoramic views of Coral Gables

from above tree top level. There she continues to swim daily, winter and summer, in the apartment complex pool. Recently I went to visit her there, to learn more about the woman who, as an editor of **Update** for eight years, steered the magazine through its period of major expansion, and who now shares the editing function with Stuart McIver, each taking alternate issues.

Marie grew up in Jacksonville, went to Duke University where she joined a sorority and made Phi Beta Kappa in her senior year, and after graduation spent a year playing golf in Jacksonville while her more prudent college classmates took secretarial courses and got jobs with law firms.

In time the wisdom of acquiring something more marketable than a degree in English or a long drive down the fairway occurred to her, and she went to New York to take a secretarial course at the Katharine Gibbs School. By that time her father had joined the law firm of Loftin, Stokes and Calkins in Miami, and Marie left New York to make the move from Jacksonville with her family.

After the war Marie went back to New York to look for a job, and was hired as a temporary receptionist at BBDO, the advertising firm.

Marie's sojourn in New York lasted only a few months, because Kay Pancoast wrote asking her to come back to Miami to work as Kay's assistant on the society desk at **The Miami News**. Marie waited just long enough to see "Annie Get Your Gun," the hot ticket of the day, before returning to Miami. The delay was a little too long, however. In the meantime Kay Pancoast had left the **News**. Hoke Welsh, the managing editor, confronted with an inexperienced girl, cut back on the promised salary but offered her a choice of jobs. Marie chose working with Connie Gee on club news. It was the fall of 1946.

Sitting at the next desk was a woman who was to become Marie's mentor and lifelong friend, Dorothy Journey. She taught Marie how to edit copy, write headlines, measure articles for space, and prepare dummies. When Journey left the **News** for **The Miami Herald**,

(Continued on page 16)



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Gone are the mangos, the avocados, the Royal palms, the moongate and the art deco house on Davis Road. New homes are being built.

A Woman Who Did It All

By ROSE RICHARDS

Annette Gipson Way was in her early seventies when I stopped by her South Miami home to see her one day. Yesterday, she told me, she'd fallen out of a tall palm she had been trimming. The fact that she could have been injured wasn't even considered; she leaned toward material things and she only resented tearing her new designer slacks.

Invincibility was dominant in Annette and brought her from an early hardscrabble life in north Georgia to one of glamour and excitement. She savored the good life: being honored

Rose Connett Richards grew up in south Dade on the bay near the old Richmond Hotel, now part of the Charles Deering estate.

at a party in New York's Lombardy Hotel along with Amelia Earhart and other aviation greats; having noted illustrator McClelland Barclay sketch her portrait. But she made it a point to keep her guard up, presenting a determined front to the world.

In candid moments she would recall a miserable childhood. There were times, she said, when the only food on the table for eleven children was a chicken that had strayed too near the road from a farmer's yard. She remembered, too, tagging after her father because "I liked the liquored-up smell that trailed him" - that was, when he was around. Early on she'd figured out other folks didn't live the way the Gipsons did. "There was certainly nothing for me

in Royston, Georgia," she recalled, "I swore I'd get out and make something of myself!" And she did - step by step.

At eighteen she married R. F. Verner, a young fellow who "had a good job with the railroad," and they lived in Toccoa, Georgia. When he had a chance to transfer to Charlotte, N.C., Annette made up his mind for him in a hurry, it was the right move, for her at least. The place was a smorgasbord of opportunities. While Verner traveled Annette launched herself into such ventures as selling cars, acting as hostess in the local Chinese restaurant, boxing (yes, going rounds in the ring), and managing a boxer (he lost).

She became a cross-country hiker

and that was when she really learned to promote herself through the media. Pretty Mrs. Verner made good copy decked out in a stylish tan jacket and knickers, cane in hand and a broad-brimmed felt hat over her auburn perm. Mayors in other cities invited her to walk their way - just let them know when. She sent challenges to other hikers in back bay Boston, Washington, and other cities.

When roller derbies were diverting an America reeling from Wall Street chaos, Okies and dust bowl famine, Annette began body-slammng her way around the rink. Screaming fans urged their favorites to more brutality with dollar bills and Annette did well.

Gimmicks were important for publicity and she was passionate about color, so she had her own "Annette Red" mixed, flecked with real gold dust. It was her signature, blazing on her skating outfit, then later when she left the rink for competitive bike racing, it signaled, "Miss Annette Gipson" flashing by. Finally it jazzed her planes and cars. As nature softens hair to gray in later life, so "Annette Red" gave way to shocking pink as she grew older. Gates to her Miami estate, her cars, even a Volkswagen bus with rosy plastic flowers on the front grill — everything paintable became her favorite color pink.

Viola Gentry, a native Tarheel, had



Membership cards saved from the house demolition.

also claimed some renown with her flying. As the two became friends, Annette was swept up by an elite sorority of early women pilots which was to take her far. She began flying to "All-America Field" in Miami, to

Philadelphia, Washington and Roosevelt Field on Long Island.

R. F. Verner had little to say when Annette decided to go to Long Island and get further flight ratings. (It was at this point that she began to use her own name totally and never publicly referred to him again. When she later needed a divorce in order to remarry, the grounds were desertion, his not hers).

Despite her good looks she met with some resistance among male flight instructors at Long Island's Roosevelt Field until she ran into handsome Jack Bishop, who had flown for the British during WW I. He not only helped her get her ratings but they later barnstormed around the country, giving small-town folks a birdseye view of their homes and farms for only one dollar. When Bishop died in a plane crash Annette returned to Roosevelt Field where she threw herself into competition, winning often but coming in second and third at times.

When there wasn't a race to enter she started her own annual "Annette Gipson All-Woman Air Race" for which Amelia Earhart served as starter. Publicity was fed to the news services so that anything she did, including getting speeding tickets, was noted.

Her photo showing her dressed in snappy jodphurs, long hair flowing



Annette with her plane and a car with a 1934 Georgia license plate.

By 1934 the Annette Gipson All-Woman Air Race had been started. Amelia Earhart is at left, Annette is next to her and Mrs. I. J. Fox, chairman of the contest committee for the third race, June 24, 1934, is standing. Others not identified.



from beneath her flight cap and holding a fire extinguisher in her raised hand appeared over the following story. It stated that she had battled a young male passenger she'd taken up for control of the plane when she claimed he'd frozen on the stick in fear as she tried to land - four times. Finally in desperation she grabbed her fire extinguisher and clipped him behind the ear. With that he shoved it back onto her nose, nearly breaking it and at the same time pulling out a handful of red hair. Diverting his attention she was able to knock him out then once safely on the ground, she gently slapped him into consciousness and drove him home. No hard feelings. That was the story she told the press at any rate.

Another escapade got her in trouble with the Department of Commerce. She was up one day with a male pilot and she had the controls. In the distance she saw an enormous balloon shaped like an animal that Macy's had released over Long Island as an advertising gimmick. It had risen to 6,000 feet when she decided it would be great fun to decapitate it with her prop. She made five passes and missed but made contact on her sixth. Her prank backfired, however, and almost cost her her life when a piece of the huge beast wrapped

around her left wing and sent the plane into a spin. She was thrown out of the cockpit but luckily her foot caught in the safety strap of her seat. She hung there until she was able to pull herself back aboard. Meanwhile, her companion had seized the controls and leveled the plane out just over the heads of horrified spectators.

Once, while she was flying south to Miami, she decided to swing over her old Georgia homestead and buzz the folks. To her horror the plane stalled, the engine quit and she pancaked into dear old Daddy's cotton field. Although she had subsidized the crop to help him out he was choleric, not happy, that she and her passenger had walked away unscathed and furious that she'd plowed up half an acre of cotton. She had to physically restrain him from attacking her ship with an axe.

In 1936, when she was 28, she was offered the position of managing the Fort Lauderdale Airport and brought her own two planes down to the quiet little town by the sea. She not only managed all phases of the operation but flew charters and gave lessons. It was during this time she gave an airplane ride to New York attorney Edward Magoffin, who was to become her next husband. By then Verner had been out of the picture so

long she no longer knew where to find him but Magoffin helped her in getting a divorce.

So smitten by the young flame-haired aviatrix was the 60-year-old Magoffin that even though she once ground-looped on landing with him, leaving them hanging upside down until they were cut out of the straps, he felt she could do no wrong. He proposed and it was the right time. She was ready to settle down and pictured herself as mistress of an elegant home and she had found just the place.

She knew Miami and loved it, not the least of her reasons being its nearness to offshore islands. She loved going to Bimini, even convinced Magoffin to buy them a lot there; Havana was nearby with its something-for-everyone nightlife. It was a special favorite of hers.

On Davis Road (S.W. 80th Street) and Ponce de Leon Blvd. (S.W. 49th Avenue) she discovered a ten-acre tract developed into a productive avocado and mango grove. She even dreamed of having a landing strip beside the place. Magoffin agreed to the purchase. "Anyplace with you would be an Eden," he wrote. Though they made a grand tour of Europe on a honeymoon it was a curious alliance in that Magoffin con-

tinued his prosperous New York law practice, commuting by train and plane every month or two.

Annette set about making her dream home a reality, and in the process produced two sons by Magoffin. Stately royal palms lined the driveway that ran from Davis Road through the Chinese moon-gate carport to the street behind. The house, completed in 1939, was a two story art-deco building they filled with imported mirrors because they resisted the Florida climate. A two-story guest house stood off to one side behind a swimming pool. She named it "Happy Landings." Bedroom doors were labeled "Amelia Earhart," "Viola Gentry" or names of other women fliers, for she said it was a haven always open to women pilots.

In those days just before and into early WW II she entertained lavishly; there are society photos of her entertaining the Danish Consul... Then there were other parties that scandalized her quiet neighbors. Ever flamboyant, she careered around the streets in a pink Cadillac (the VW bus came later), wore peasant off-shoulder blouses and always had a Hibiscus bloom in her hair. She loved animals and kept an assortment, one was the neighborhood terror when his pool flooded and her pet alligator "Squawny" decided to head for greener pastures.

When Magoffin died eight years later Annette married a young soldier named McClure. That short marriage ended in divorce after adding another son to the household. He was blinded at birth, either by the 100 per cent oxygen given preemies at that time, or by silver nitrate, as she believed. His lack of sight was one of two events that would distress her more than any of the other blows life had dealt her. Her booming voice would drop to a whisper, her glibness would falter when she spoke of her son's blindness.

The other subject was Amelia Earhart's death. "I was on my honeymoon with Magoffin aboard the Queen Mary. We were at the captain's table when suddenly I got a desire to go out on deck. It was evening and I looked out over the ocean. Just then I saw an airplane fall into the water. I began to cry and ran inside to tell Magoffin. A few hours later it came over the ship's telegraph that Amelia was missing. Maybe it was a mirage or something but I SAW her."

Nearly a decade of single life followed McClure's departure and her final marriage. She filled her days with gardening and collecting anything and everything. By now the



In 1936 she brought her two planes to Fort Lauderdale, where she became manager of the airport.



Letter from Viola Gentry congratulates Annette on the success of her first women's air race.

pink Caddie had wheezed its last and gradually rusted beneath the royals along the driveway, as did another earlier car. Stately solitaire palms shot up to compete for sunlight with huge trees now nearly forty years in the ground and except for the odd, scattered, junk below, resembled the lush beauty of an Amazon basin rain forest.

Then at fifty she lucked out. Robert Wilson Way crossed her path and they wed. A gentle, kind man, he worked for the Miami Review, a tabloid for attorneys. They gardened, cared for their pets and daily settled down for happy hour in the late afternoon on into the evening. Sadly this companionable arrangement was interrupted by a chilling occurrence some years later. Way was attacked and badly beaten by hold-up men when his car was stopped at a traffic light in Coconut Grove. Hospitalized for a while, he was released to return to "Happy Landings" but soon after, Annette found him dead in the yard.

The bedroom doors still invited the old flying pals of years before, though it would have been difficult to get to them for the assortment of junk piled in front of and inside them. By now Annette was totally alone, all her sons gone. The interest in flying clubs and garden clubs had waned as the years passed. In the numerous photos lining the walls celebrities were too faded to be recognizable. Eventually the electricity worked only in a few rooms downstairs. At least three times Annette was assaulted by thugs who broke in, figuring the lone, old, eccentric woman had valuables stashed in the big house isolated from the world by a jungle. Demons were kept at bay and the old, good times were recalled better when she anesthetized herself from a bottle. Finally, she had to have abdominal surgery and came home from the hospital in a wheelchair, but there was nothing much left for the woman who had always called all the shots. In 1985 she died at age 77.

As this is written, in January 1987, families of kitten-sized spotted skunks, nations of raccoons and flocks of cat birds, warblers, screech owls and night hawks are fleeing as the bulldozers tear through the lush forest. Soon the big house still filled with family photographs on the walls and stuffed with her treasured junk, will fall. Annette and "Happy Landings" are being erased for all time.

Footnote: By publication of May "Update" the house has been leveled and new homes stand where the thick forest of plants grew.



Part of Agnew Welsh's collection of 227 scrapbooks, each volume containing clippings on one subject and each book indexed. He donated the collection to the Miami-Dade Public Library in 1952.

35 Years Of Miami Clippings

By ZANNIE MAY SHIPLEY

Agnew Welsh came to Miami in 1920, a retired newspaper editor from Ada, Ohio. His retirement was happily brief because he joined the staff of the **Miami Metropolis** that year and worked there as a reporter for 17 years. During that time he organized the first library for what is now **The Miami News**.

Even more important, Mr. Welsh turned his love of Florida into a remarkable collection of clippings on Florida history. As any compulsive clipper knows, that's the easy part. Mr. Welsh organized his clippings into notebooks by subject: World War II, Seminoles, Coral Gables, Miami, Miami Beach, Everglades, etc., and indexed each clipping within each book. There are 227 scrapbooks in all.

In 1952 he donated them to the Miami-Dade Public Library. They are kept in the vault with other priceless documents in the Florida collection at the main library. Mr. Welsh was a Life Member of HASF and died in 1955 at the age of 98.

The collection is indeed rich in material for the serious researcher.

Dr. Thelma Peters used the collection for her **Biscayne Country** when she found a series written by a Miami



A Life Member of HASF, Agnew Welsh died in 1955 at age 98.

pioneer in 1903 in a now defunct newspaper, the **Miami News** (at a time when the present **Miami News** was the **Miami Metropolis**). Dr. Paul George spent five and a half months with the collection in 1981 researching Miami's role in World War II. Arva Parks is currently searching for history of the Bayside area, paging through volume after volume.

However, the scrapbooks have limited usefulness for what librarians call "quick and dirty" research. There is no master list of volumes by subject titles, nor is there a master chronological list. Sam Boldrick, Florida Collection Librarian, says one of the librarian's dreams is to index each volume item by item, but several hours spent in the Florida room convinced me that with a greatly overworked staff and severe budget cuts, dream is the operative word. Since the materials are irreplaceable, the librarian must bring the volumes to the researcher by request, and without any kind of a list neither the librarian nor the researcher can guess where the gems are hidden.

On a more positive note: every clipping I read in 10 different volumes was positively riveting. This man truly loved Florida and has left us a priceless collection for which we can all be grateful.

Zannie May Shipley burrows into local history and comes up with off-beat subjects such as 227 notebooks.

George Remembers Miami in 1925 When It Boomed

By GEORGE WOLPERT

I had two Uncle Maxes. It really all started with my uncle Max Rosenberg, although he didn't know it. He was married to my father's oldest sister, Dora. The rumor was that he had made a fortune selling non-kosher meat for kosher in his butcher shop on Moore Street, Brooklyn. It was not rumor but a fact that when he sold his butcher business he invested the proceeds by purchasing high-class apartment houses in Flatbush. When he passed away, my Aunt Dora became a very wealthy widow.

A few years later Aunt Dora married another Max, Dr. Max Gertler, a widower and retired physician. The Gertlers moved to Tampa where they lived for a short time before moving to a house in Miami Beach in 1920. They soon felt themselves too isolated on Miami Beach and they bought a home on Northeast Twenty-third Street, just east of Northeast Third Avenue, which was later to become Biscayne Boulevard. The settling of the Gertlers in Miami was the beginning of a family exodus.

My Aunt Dora, a woman with charm and a keen business sense, soon was bitten by the "real estate bug." Miami was showing signs of unprecedented real estate sales and building development. On November 27, 1921, the first lots were sold in a new subdivision called Coral Gables. Aunt Dora sent for her younger brother, Mike Wolpert, who had been a building contractor in New York City. They built several four-unit apartment houses, which were quickly sold at a large profit.

In 1923 they convinced my father Reuben (Ruby) to liquidate his small wholesale butter and egg business in Brooklyn and join his brother Mike in the building business in Miami. The Wolpert Realty and Improvement

George Wolpert long ago sold his retail furniture business, and became an unpaid administrative assistant to Metro Mayor Chuck Hall and, later, Miami Beach Mayor Alex Daoud, besides being the volunteer administrator of Miami Beach Citizens Service.



When Dora and Max Gertler first came to Miami they did what everybody else has done—had their picture taken with a fake beach background and stuffed alligator. The coconuts were real.

Company had second-floor offices above a drug store on the southwest corner of West Flagler Street and Second Avenue, diagonally across the street from what is now the Metro-Dade Cultural Center.

Miami, and all of Florida, was growing like wild and, for the time being, prospering. Whether it was lots, acreage, homes, hotels, apartment houses, office buildings or subdivisions, everyone was building. It was as wild as the gold rush in California in 1848-49 or the Klondike in 1897.

November 10, 1924, I received a telegram from my father asking me to come to Miami to join him and my uncle in their prospering building business. For a twenty-one-year-old the prospect of leaving my lackluster life in Brooklyn and going to the sunshine and glamor of Miami was overwhelming.

I was about to make train reservations when I read an ad in the newspaper announcing that the *S.S. Apache* of the Clyde-Mallory Lines was to be the first passenger ship sailing from New York to Miami on November 20, 1924. I booked passage at once.

As the *S.S. Apache* pulled into its dock at what is now Biscayne Boulevard and Sixth Street on November 23, 1924, I had my first view of the sparkling waters of Biscayne Bay, of the clean, new city of Miami, the towering *Miami News* building and the McAllister Hotel. I felt that I was arriving in the Promised Land. Now, after having

visited more than 150 countries, I still believe that Miami is the greatest city in the world.

During my first few months in Miami I stayed at the home of Uncle Max and Aunt Dora on Northeast Twenty-third Street while Wolpert Realty and Improvement Company were completing an 18-unit apartment house on Northeast Twenty-fifth Street, which they called the Wolpert Apartments.

On Sunday morning a few days after I had arrived my aunt suggested that I go to the beach for a swim. She told me to walk down to Northeast Thirteenth Street and take the trolley across the County Causeway to Miami Beach. Then she gave me a pass which entitled me to a locker and a towel in the Bathing Casino, which she owned and which occupied the square block from Ocean Drive to the beach and from Biscayne Street (now called Pier Park) to First Street.

I had a wonderful day sunning on the beach and swimming in the ocean. Then I had two hot dogs and a coke at one of the food stands in the Bathing Casino and later in the afternoon took the trolley back to Miami. Since hot dogs, coke and trolley ride cost five cents each, the day's expenditure was twenty-five cents. Those were the days!

One evening the Gherlters invited some friends to their home for an evening of cards, after which they served refreshments. Among those present were the Louis Wolfsons. When the guests were ready to leave, my aunt asked me to take her car and drive the Wolfsons home. When they got into the car Mr. Wolfson asked if I would

mind driving to Miami Avenue and Third Street before taking them home so that he could show me his pride and joy, the Capitol Theater. I was given a tour of the movie theater. I didn't realize it then but I was witnessing the beginning of what was to be the huge Wometco Enterprises empire.

A few days after I arrived I told my aunt that I would like to take a walk on Flagler Street to get acquainted with the city before going to work. She suggested that I take the Northeast Second Avenue trolley downtown and get off at Flagler Street.

The real estate boom was already in full swing and almost everyone in town was either buying, selling or acting as a broker on lots, acreage or buildings. It was not only in Miami; the fever was spreading all over Florida. Most real estate was bought sight unseen. Everyone was making money very quickly, piling profit upon profit.

My Aunt Dora was no exception. She insisted that before I go downtown she give me a listing of four or five lots which she wanted to sell on three-by-five index cards, giving the location, size of the lot and the price. I put the cards in my pocket and started on my first sightseeing trip on Flagler Street.

That walk down Flagler Street became one of the most memorable days of my life. Walking east, I passed the Hippodrome Theater and the Halcyon Hotel (where the DuPont Building now stands) until I reached the end of Flagler Street, where I saw the McAllister Hotel, Miami's tallest building.

There were many fishing boats in Biscayne Bay right across the street from the hotel on the other side of Northeast Third Avenue, which was later widened and called Biscayne Boulevard after the bayfront was filled in and became Bayfront Park. At the foot of Flagler Street, built out over Biscayne Bay, stood Elser Pier where they had a huge room for dancing and special events, souvenir shops, food stands, tourist information booth and stores.

Walking back on the other side of Flagler Street, I could see the huge, frame, Royal Palm Hotel, built by Henry Flagler on the bank of the Miami River. On the next block of Flagler Street I saw a sign which said "Letaw's Pharmacy." Looking in the store, I saw David Letaw, whom I had met a few nights before at my aunt's home. I learned later that he had become my father's best friend. Mr. Letaw was a pharmacist, but my father always called him Dr. Letaw. "Doc" was a real Southern gentleman from Birmingham, Alabama.

I told him that I was taking my first sightseeing tour of the town before going to work for Wolpert Realty and Improvement Company. He asked whether I had been bitten by the real estate bug yet. I told him that my Aunt Dora had given me a list of lots which she had for sale. He looked at my list for a few minutes and then he said, "I'll give you a \$500 deposit on this one."

The lot was priced at \$10,000. About a month later my aunt gave me a check for \$500, a commission on the sale. This was typical of transactions which took place during that hectic year. Very often the sales involved millions of dollars, mostly on paper.

As I continued my walk west on Flagler Street and on the corner of Miami Avenue I noticed Budge's Hardware store on the right and Burdine's Department store on the left. I went into the men's clothing department of Burdine's and, in anticipation of my newfound wealth, I bought the most expensive men's three-piece suit I had ever purchased. It was a tweed suit made by Hickey-Freeman and it cost \$75. The three pieces? Jacket, trousers and "knickers." I felt that I had finally reached the height of sophistication. Of course I also bought a pair of argyle stockings to wear with my knickers. In 1925



George in his new \$75 suit, the most he had ever paid for a suit. It had three pieces: jacket, trousers and "knickers".



In 1925 George met Gussie Brooks, a Georgia girl, through the Friendship League of Temple Israel. He proposed after two weeks, but the wedding did not take place until July 4, 1926.

knickers were not only considered stylish but they were also a symbol of affluence among the "binder boys." A binder was a deposit taken on a real estate transaction and since it was not necessary to have a license to sell real estate, about fifty per cent of the men wore knickers.

On January 1, 1925, there was a full-page ad in *The Miami Herald* saying that "Wolpert Realty and Improvement Company announces the opening of Miami's most elegant apartment house at 275 N.E. 25th Street. The Wolpert Apartments, beautifully furnished and ready for occupancy." I moved into one of these apartments which also served as a temporary rental office.

Among the first people to look at the new apartments was a very attractive young lady named Frances Cohen and her mother. They had recently arrived in Miami from Pensacola and were living in the Dallas Park Apartments. I didn't rent them an apartment but I did date Frances several times. Later she became Mrs. Mitchell Wolfson and a great artist.

Several months later my Dad and I were walking down Flagler Street when he met a very dear old friend whom he had not seen since they were boys in Brooklyn. The friend, Ben Willard, was an attorney and he had come to Miami like many thousands of others to make some kind of real estate investment. As a result of this chance meeting, my father sold him the Wolpert Apartments.

My father and uncle and I continued to build, rent and sell apartment houses in various parts of Miami. By the

summer of 1925, when the real estate boom reached its peak, we thought that we were millionaires. My folks bought a great big Studebaker. I visited Havana with my cousin, Bob Abelow, who was vacationing in Miami from New York. We took the railroad train from Miami to Key West, then took a four-hour ferry ride from Key West to Havana.

I did all the things that an affluent young man could ever dream of doing. Little did anyone at that time realize that before the year was over the bubble would burst, the real estate boom would be over and that practically everyone in Miami would be dead broke.

Early in 1925, I met David Letaw's daughter Adel, who is now Mrs. Sidney Beskind. The Letaw family were members of Temple Israel, a Reformed Jewish congregation then located in a barn-like one-room building at 275 Northeast Fourteenth Street. Adel suggested that we organize a young folks league that could meet at the Temple.

Evidently there was a great need in Miami at that time for a Jewish young people's social organization because the Friendship League of Temple Israel was an instant success. I became its first president, but the credit for organizing it belongs to Adel.

I didn't realize it at the time but the existence of the Friendship League was to have a great influence on my life. It was the place where I met Gussie Brooks of Athens, Georgia, who later became my wife. Gussie was one of the first two women to graduate from the law school at the University of Georgia in 1925. She, and practically all of her law class, came to Miami to get jobs with law firms; the legal profession was thriving during the real estate boom.

Gussie moved into an apartment which she shared with two sisters she had known in Atlanta. The sisters were members of the Friendship League and a few weeks after Gussie arrived they took her to a dance there.

They introduced me to Gussie and I was immediately stricken with her beauty, intelligence and charming Southern accent. It was an irresistible combination. I proposed to her two weeks after I met her but we didn't get married until July 4, 1926, because the collapse of the real estate boom delayed our plans. On July 4, 1986, we had been married sixty years.

It was a wonderful time. I was young, supposedly rich, and in love with a beautiful girl. We both loved to dance and our favorite place to go dancing was the Coral Gables Country Club, which, at that time, we thought was the most romantic spot on earth. Membership was not required as the Club was open to the public. The dances took place on an open patio, under the palm trees and the stars and very often in the moonlight. The big band at Coral Gables Country Club that summer was Jan Garber and his Collegians. Their theme song was "Collegiate."

The Biltmore Hotel in Coral Gables was still under construction but the adjoining Biltmore Country Club was open and we attended Sunday afternoon "tea dances" held on the club patio to the music of Paul Whiteman and his orchestra.

One of the greatest evening's entertainment available at that time was to spend an evening at the Spanish Village, which was created by the developers of Miami Shores to promote the sale of lots. It was something that only a 1925 real estate boom could have created. They built an authentic miniature Spanish village, like a movie setting, with cobblestone streets and Spanish señoritas sitting on balconies being serenaded by guitarists on the street below. The developers also had a huge theater building called "Teatro del Pueblo" where they had a great musical show brought down from New York. The

(Continued on page 14)

1949 Mexican-Made Bowl Has Served at 87 Weddings

By JEAN BRADFISCH

It was a long trip from Mexico City to Miami in 1949. It took six hours in the Pan American DC-4, but it felt much longer to George (Duke) Baya. On his lap the base of a massive silver punch bowl pressed a neat half-moon deeper and deeper into each leg of his summer trousers. His wife Mary was sitting next to him, and nearby was her niece Mary Lou Hunt, pinioned to her seat by a hand-wrought silver tray.

In the next quarter century this silver duo, so carefully carried above the clouds, was to hold the wedding punch of eighty-seven Miami couples. Their names, each bride and her groom, have been engraved around the outside of the bowl in script-written rows, a record of the

Jean Bradfisch manages to find time now and then to do a story for *Update* between issues of her own magazine *Sea Frontiers*.

linking of a whole circle of Miami friends and even some of their progeny. But Mary Baya had no such historical scheme in mind when she first voiced the desire to own a silver punch bowl and tray.

Satisfying that desire on their Mexican vacation was not easy for the Bayas, but it had been done. In fact, the whole trip had been a success. They had found a hotel with drinkable water, and had been able to make reservations far enough in advance to get rooms with private baths. Even in late summer the weather had been a delight in the "Paris of this hemisphere" as Duke calls Mexico City. A siesta punctuated each day, and dinner was at the relaxed hour of 11:00 p.m.

Soon after the travelers arrived at their hotel Duke got on the telephone. He had the number of a silversmith, one highly recommended by a friend back home. This friend had a silver punch bowl, the kind that Mary

wanted. Since the quality of Mexican silverwork varies considerably, it was important to have a recommendation. "This man is good," their friend said, and suggested they ask for his specialty, the Mexican Rose design.

The silversmith came around to the hotel and, hearing what the Bayas wanted, agreed to do the job. He could finish it in two or three days, he said. He would, however, like payment before he began. Duke demurred and, after some discussion, the Mexican agreed to accept half, with the rest to be paid when the job was done.

Two days passed, then three, and another, and no word came. Mary was worried. Mary Lou was concerned. Duke got into a cab and, with an address in hand, set out to find the silversmith's shop.

"It was a small shop," Duke says, "like a house — very, very small. He had a lot of things sitting around, dif-



The Mexican silversmith promised the bowl would be done in two days and was given half the asking price. Two days stretched into two weeks but finally the bowl and its tray were produced and the remaining sum was paid, only to be spent on whiskey, no doubt, like the first payment.

ferent kinds of things he'd made. He did good work. He gave me a song and dance about how busy he was, and why he hadn't finished our pieces. But—actually—he'd taken the money and gotten drunk."

Duke had to make several more trips to the shop to prompt the Mexican and urge him on. The women worried that he wouldn't stay sober long enough to finish the work before they had to leave. It took two full weeks, but finally the pieces were done.

"I paid the balance," says Duke, "and I don't know what he did with that half of the money."

The punch bowl was first used on June 7, 1950, when Mary Lou borrowed it for her marriage to Bud Smethurst. Later that year Muriel Fisher borrowed it for her wedding reception following her marriage to M. Lewis Hall, Jr., on November 4. The end of that month Christine Holt borrowed it when she married Henry Kurtz.

The next year on March 10 Pat Hutson and Herbert Ravenel Sass drank from the bowl following their



At the Silver Vault in London in the late 60s the Bayas saw this wedding cup just as it came into the room, and promptly bought it.

wedding. On March 31 Helen Stephens and Dick Hutchings toasted each other. November 3 found Shirley Houser and Walter Rogers drinking from it, and Beverley Armstrong and Edward Claughton used it December 22.

As word passed from friend to friend, the bowl became a sought-after accoutrement of nuptial parties, moving from one candlelit setting to another.

"And then, about twenty years ago," Duke says, "we were in one of the many shops at the Silver Vault in London. While we were there, a wedding cup came in. We bought it right away." It was made in Germany of German silver and, at the time, was over 100 years old.

It appears to be a silver statuette, about eight inches high, of a young girl in a dress that sweeps the ground. She appears to be balancing with both hands a large bowl on her head. Actually the rim of the bowl swings on pins in her clenched fists. When the bridegroom upends the long-skirted silver girl the skirt becomes his drinking cup and the large silver

It Began in 1950 with Mary Lou and Ben-

/ d - divorced

1950

Mary Lou Hunt / Benjamin Smethurst, June 7
Muriel Fisher / Lewis Hall, Jr., November 4
Christine Holt / Henry Kurtz, November 25 / d

1951

Pat Hutson / Herbert Sass, March 10
Helen Stephens / Dick Hutchings, March 31
Shirley Houser / Walter Rogers, November 3
Beverly Armstrong / Ed Claughton, December 25 / d
Ann Simpson / Wylly Keck (moved to Atlanta)
Kitty Pankey / Frank Hall / d

1952

Jean Morehead / Carol Davis (eloped)
Jane Lewis / William Prah
Gloria Maguire / Mike Calhoun, April 26
Carole Peterson / Vincent Hall / d

1953

Suzanne Fleming / Walter Jones, July 3
Burr Anderson / Lowry Camp, August 8
Dorothy Doyle / Preston Prevatt, August 28

1954

Sydney Peppard / Jack Lewis, November / d

1955

Joanne Thompson / Joe Gratton, June 28
Sister Barns / Henry Pruitt

1956

Janice Cresap / Hunter Pryor, September 7
Susan Balfe / Lester Johnson, November

Areca Babcock / Guy Bailey, October 12

Carey Kimmel / Phil Gallagher / d

1957

Betty Billups / Buz Nicholson / d
Sylvia Greene / Bob Camp, July 12
Martha Shuey / Frasier Knight, November 20
Considerable research effort turned up no wedding dates on the following paired first names which appear in sequence on the bowl. Last names were uncovered, however.

Joy Parker / Charlie Eldredge
Peppi Nicholson / Ben Haywood
Flora Sally Boon / Bobby Milledge
Nickey Lawton / John Hubbard?
Alice Jane Larkin / Paul Youmans?
Norma Sarra / Dick Hunt / d
Linda Williams / Cotton Fite / d

1958

Sallie Creel / Warren Quillian, July 26
Betty Ann Harding / Austin Parker, August 30

1959

Barbara Sue Putman / Paul Buhler, September 5
Dianne Sommers / Dan Killian, April 4

1960s

Mary Babcock / Jim Whatmore
Shelly Fox / Jim Taylor

1961

Marilyn Mayes / Don Hicks, September 2
Almalee Cartee / Ed Moure, October 14

bowl on her head swings free of the head and remains upright so that champagne can be poured into both receptacles and bride and bridegroom can toast each other simultaneously. It is a diversion from clinking glasses or entwining arms but a little practice before the reception saves a bit of spillage. The bridal cup is considerably older than the punch bowl and it is not as ornate. Still it makes a perfect accompaniment to the bowl.

"I don't know how we got started having the names engraved around the bowl," Duke says. "We'd take it down to Carroll's Jewelers and they would engrave it. It's been loaned out quite a few times."

Indeed. Eighty-seven times, if the engravings tell it true. Eighty-seven reflections of tiered cakes and of simple suits as well as satin and seed pearls. And this is not the end. Only last October 17 it held the punch at the wedding of Pamela Prevatt, daughter of Dorothy and Preston Prevatt, and Duke Wayne. Their names will take up another space. The bank of available spaces grows slim.



On October 17, 1986, Pamela Prevatt and Duke Wayne used the bride and bridegroom silver cup to share a toast after their wedding ceremony.

Yet, marriage and the tradition of the wedding toast live on. They are flying high, not unlike the heavy, handsome silver bowl with the Mex-

ican Rose design that cruised the clouds a generation ago to share in the celebrations of scores of Miami newlyweds.

—Pamela and Duke in 1986 Are the Latest

1962
Cynthia Smith / Ranny (Morgane) Whitney, December
Mary Dodd Trammell / William Scott Russell, August
25
Sally Snare / Dick Dowling / December 22

1963
Heather Rayburn / John Joseph Bettendorf

1964
Ida Morris / Jim Bell
Sandy Coleman / Fred Milton, September 8 / d
Kay Chandler / Jim Johnson ?
Mary Ann Knauer / Jim Peck ?
Cheri Gavorchin / Marshall Wiseheart ?
Michele Goyett / Pete Fite

1965
Barbara Lee / Terry Tumlin

1966
Bryan Hector / Herb Lamb, August 20

1967
Lee Hamilton / Jim Sawyer, July 29
Diana Clay / Jim Beckham, December 28

1968
Cherry Oliver / R. Thornton McDaniel, May
Cynthia Hamilton / Jerry Utecht, December 28

1969
No identifiable pairs.

1970s
Pam McLamore / Bill Spence
Happy Underwood / Bill Simmons
Dorothy Read / Park Dallis, December 30

1970
Poe Hutson / Jerry Derbish, December 18
Dale Brumbaugh / Lon Dowlen, September 12

1971
Sally Kimbrell / Leslie Hatch, November 26

1972
Lee Kimball / Charles Hight, June 30
Melinda Crow / Bill Harper
Mimi Salley / Tom Hudson
Marleg McNaughton / Bob Matheson

1973
Lane Bonner / Gene Dowlen, June 24

1974
Johanna Hoehl / George Edens, January 12

1975
Jane Kimbrell / Gordon Smith, July 19
Harriet Solms / Mark Mathews, August
Mary Lou Hoehl / Dave Beckham
Joan Hunt / Cushing Smith

1983
Leslie Jones / Carl Guething, February 5

1984
Kathryn Kimball / John Hoehl

1986
Pamela Prevatt / Wayne Duker, October 17

That leaves unidentified: Doris and Harvey, Mary and John, Martha Jane and Doug, Tina and Phil, The Tamms' 60 Anniversary, Barbara and Lucian, JoAnn and John, Barby and Don, Carolyn and George, Beverly and Arthur, Mary and George (Baya?), Karen and Ray.

Lyon, Eugene; *The Search for the Atocha*. Florida Classics Library, Port Salerno, FL 33493-1657. \$9.95. Reprint.

When Mel Fisher finally found the mother lode of the treasure of the *Nuestra Senora de Atocha* on June 20, 1985, a renowned Florida historian had the satisfaction of knowing his detective work had made it possible. Dr. Eugene Lyon had researched the Archive of the Indies in Seville, Spain, for the location of the *Atocha* and her sister ship, the *Santa Margarita*, which had sunk during a hurricane off the Florida Keys in 1622. Now the Florida Classics Library has reprinted Lyon's *The Search for the Atocha* in paperback for \$9.95. The reprint contains all of the photographs from the hardcover edition and has added a fold-out replica of the 1623 salvors' map.

Using eye-witness accounts of the sinking and the first fruitless efforts at salvage, he begins the story in terms of the human beings involved and that emphasis remains throughout the book. The reader learns to care about the people engaged in the treasure hunt which adds suspense to the history.

Then Lyon explains the significance of the *Atocha* and the *Margarita* to Spain in the 17th Century, remarking that the loss of the treasure coincided with the decline of Castile's power in Europe and the New World.

He skillfully weaves his research in the Archive into Mel Fisher's search for the *Atocha* so that the reader experiences a thrill similar to Lyon's own when he solves the riddle of the location of the ships: in the Marquesas and not in Matecumbe, where everyone had searched for years. Again, when the first silver ingot is discovered, the reader waits breathlessly to find out if the number

BOOK REVIEWS

and weight scratched on it match those on the *Atocha's* manifest. If so, this will establish that the artifact actually came from the *Atocha*.

Regarding the controversy over who should do underwater salvage — private salvors or government supervised salvors — Lyon points out that he and Duncan Mathewson, an archaeologist, convinced Fisher that it was absolutely vital that great care be taken in preservation of artifacts not only when they were brought to the surface but also that careful records must be made while they were *in situ*. The state observers present on the salvage boat made no effort to keep any records whatsoever.

All of the human drama of great adventure is here: the triumphs, the tragedies, the deviousness of rivals, the stubbornness of governments, the heedlessness of the born gambler and the ingenuity of a "can do" spirit. In addition, historians will enjoy glimpses into Lyon's reasoning as he brings his deductive powers to bear on the antique records.

Although the book ends before Fisher found the mother lode, this account lays the groundwork for Duncan Mathewson's *Treasure of the Atocha* (1986), which *Publishers Weekly* called a fitting sequel to Lyon's book.

ZANNIE MAY SHIPLEY

Eugene Lyon

Dr. Lyon has spent time in Spain researching old Spanish documents and the conquests of the Spanish in Florida since 1969. He is director of research for the St. Augustine Foundation at Flagler College.

Hiller, Herb *Guide to the Small and Historic Lodgings of Florida*. Pineapple Press, Englewood, FL 33533. \$12.95.

To really appreciate what Herb Hiller's *Guide to the Small and Historic Lodgings of Florida* has to offer one only need stand on Collins Avenue and 50th Street in Miami Beach. The hotels, looming up on either side, canyon you from the sand, the ocean and perhaps everything that Florida vacation spots should be offering. Mr. Hiller's book describes 92 different properties throughout the state-places that have been passed by in the vacationers' rush to the Disney complex and the hotel and condominium canyons that now dot the barrier islands on the east and west coasts of the state.

But, the test of a guide book is how well it describes the reality of accommodations. In December of 1986, book in hand, this reviewer trekked across the Tamiami Trail to test Mr. Hiller's perception of the Sunset Island Lodge in Everglades City. The management at the lodge wasn't contacted and no reservations were made. Upon arrival it was discovered that the lodge had been sold, and they were no longer accepting guests.

Fortunately the Everglades Rod and Gun Club, also listed in the book, had rooms available. Mr. Hiller advises that the Gun Club offers "clean, efficient cottages with standard amenities," and that proved to be the case.

The book's flaws are convoluted sentences and an over reliance on adverbs and adjectives. But, there is no sense in faulting the writer for mistakes an editor let slip by.

If you think you'd like to explore a different side of Florida, by all means get Herb Hiller's book.

TIM SCHMAND

(Continued from page 10)

show, with a large chorus line and special music, was called "Beautiful Miami Shores." For one low admission price you were given an elegant dinner, attended a show which was in a class with the Ziegfeld Follies and then strolled the street of the Spanish Village.

During the height of the 1925 real estate boom Temple Israel sold its one-room building and with the funds purchased a larger piece of land containing an old three-story house on Northeast Nineteenth Street where the present Temple Israel now stands.

During the boom many young ladies came to Miami to get jobs, which were abundant, but they had great difficulty finding a reasonable place to live in an overcrowded town. The Friendship League, which by this time had several hundred members, took over this large

house on the Temple's land, converted it into a rooming house for girls, found a lady named Mrs. Bowman to serve as "house mother," and established the Friendship League for Girls where working girls could live in pleasant, supervised surroundings and have a room and breakfast for \$5 per week. One of the nicest parties given for Gussie and me before our marriage was the one by the Friendship League for Girls on Valentine's Day. A write-up of it appeared in the social column of *The Miami Herald* which included this paragraph:

"The house was attractively decorated in red hearts and other things symbolic of Valentine's Day. Valentine games were played and dancing was enjoyed. At a late hour a delicious ice course was served, the dainties being in the shape of hearts."

1925. A good year.

Commodore Perry Fights Mosquitoes, Pirates in Key West

by T. W. BLACK

Wonder who is to blame for the trade deficit with Japan? Need a scapegoat? How about "Old Bruin," better known as Commodore Matthew Perry, the man who conducted the naval expedition which opened Japan to western trade? That was 1854. Before that, however, the naval officer who helped found Liberia, commanded the Gulf Squadron in the Mexican War, promoted the steam navy and the shell gun and hoisted the Stars and Stripes over Key West for the first time in 1822.

The treaty with Spain ceding Florida to the United States had recently been ratified and President Monroe, acting under pressure from Boston insurance companies which were losing money to Cuban and Puerto Rican pirates who had captured or plundered 44 American vessels, sent Perry in *U.S.S. Shark* to not only claim Key West for the United States but clean out the area of pirates.

Shark was part of the West Indies Squadron which was commanded by Captain James Biddle. Perry, a mere lieutenant, named Key West "Thompson's Island" and its harbor "Port Rogers." Neither name, of course, stuck but it shows quite a bit about how career conscious Matthew Perry was: Smith Thompson was Secretary of the Navy and Commodore Rogers was president of the Naval Board (equivalent to today's Chief of Staff). Perry's inspection of the island and the harbor had a great deal to do with Key West becoming a navy base.

Perry's mission to free the Straits of Florida and the Gulf of pirates began in earnest in May 1822. Using Key West as his staging area, Perry captured his first pirate vessel off Tampico, Mexico. Later that year *Shark* captured a pirate schooner off the north coast of Cuba. A Midshipman named William F. Lynch described the fight:

I was attached to one of the boats directed against the schooner and as we neared her, the scene became more and more exciting. Beside the boom of the cannon fired from the schooner and the battery, the lake and the shore around us rang with the incessant peal of musketry, and the hurling of the iron and lead around us was dreadful . . . To grapple the side, spring on the bulwark and leap upon the deck, amid muskets, pikes and brandished knives, was the work of an instant. With courage equal to our own, the pirates rushed forward to repel us, and a desperate hand-to-hand conflict ensued.

The musketry had now ceased, and a pistol shot was but occasionally heard, but the clash of steel was incessant, and the silent but deadly thrust became more frequent. The shout of an officer as he cut down the swarthy pirate with whom he was engaged, was responded to by a wild cry of exultation from the men, and animated as by one spirit, we bounded forward with a cheer. The pirates gave way . . .

T. W. Black teaches history at Martin County High School and has published over 100 articles in newspapers around the world.



Map drawn and printed in February, 1829, shows the harbor of the key called Port Rogers, the name given it by Lieutenant Matthew Perry. He named the key Thompson's Island.

Three days after this battle Perry captured *Bandera de Sangre* (Bloody Banner), but most of the pirates fled to shore and, being knowledgeable of the area, escaped capture by the Americans. After a few encounters and intelligence about what was really going on Perry wrote to his commander Biddle:

My several expeditions have become acquainted with a system of abominable fraud, rapine and plunder openly permitted by the Spanish Authorities and encouraged by the most wealthy men on the island (Cuba). There is not a fisherman who is not a Pirate, nor a canoe that is not a Pirate Vessel in miniature. The plundered goods are publicly sold at the large Commercial Towns, and the First Merchants become the purchasers.

After this operation and its exposure to mosquitos, Perry and a number of the crew of the *Shark* contracted yellow fever and they returned to Key West. However, Key West had its share of malignant mosquitos and the number of fever victims grew. As Midshipman Lynch wrote:

Our hastily erected and scantily furnished hospitals were soon crowded with the sick, the dying and the newly dead.

The mosquitos quelled the pirate hunting of Perry in 1822. In 1823 *Shark* was sent to "Porto Rico" where she had little luck snagging pirates.

In July 1823 Perry and *Shark* were ordered north. Shortly thereafter Perry was promoted to First Lieutenant and given the command of the *U.S.S. North Carolina*. Even though the name "Thompson's Island" never stuck, Perry had still gotten what he wanted: a promotion. Key West had helped launch his naval career.



Advisers Thelma Peters and Jeanne Bellamy, Managing Editor Tim Schmand and Editor Marie Anderson appear to be four people in doubt about what to do next.

(Continued from page 2)

she persuaded her new managing editor, Lee Hills, to make the women's section more than a place for recipes and society news. She convinced him that there were many important stories on the national scene that concerned women, and that these ought to be featured in her pages. At the end of 1949 Marie became Dorothy Journey's assistant, a job she held for ten years.

When Dorothy Journey left the *Herald* in 1960, Marie Anderson took over as editor of the Women's Section. Throughout the turbulent decade of the 60s she was in charge of a changing and evolving department of one of the country's major newspapers, and all of us who read "For and About Women," the antecedent of *Living Today*, know how well and gracefully she managed that difficult, transitional time. Three times in the 60s, she won the University of Missouri/J.C. Penney Award for Women's Pages, against competition from the *Washington Post*, the *Chicago Tribune* and other papers.

In the early 70s she moved into the Home Section of *The Miami Herald*, which had become a 100-page section and needed an extra person besides the real estate editor and the home furnishings editor.

Marie resigned from *The Miami Herald* in 1973 to become Dean of University Relations and Development at Florida International University. Although she was chosen by Charles Perry, the president of FIU, for the job, the experience was disappointing. She was disheartened by the professional jealousy she encountered—something she had not experienced in newspaper work—and hampered by lack of access to the president. After five years she was glad to take early retirement in 1979.

In the meantime she had been drawn into the orbit of HASF. As early as 1973 Leonard Pardue, then the editor of *Update*, had asked her to do an article. By 1978 she was a board member and first vice president. It was Dodie Wooten, who became Publications Chairman in 1978, who got Marie involved in *Update*, but it was not until the last issue of 1979 that her first issue as editor appeared.

Update Advisory Board meetings take place in supreme comfort in the elegant office of board member Yvonne Santa Maria, president of Ponce Federal Savings

and Loan, who not only makes available her conference table and deep chairs you can drown in, but also wine, cheese and crackers, very reviving at the end of a long day. We all sit around the table, and either Marie or Stuart McIver chairs the discussion, depending on whose issue is being planned. Tim Schmand is almost always there with one or two of his associates, and sometimes Randy Nimnicht will be there, too. From time to time Thelma Peters or Jeannne Bellamy Bills or someone else with a long memory or a fund of information will give us a mini-lesson in local history. It's all very informal, but somehow by the end of the meeting the next issue is planned. Lead times are long, sometimes as much as a year before a contemplated article finally reaches print.

I asked Marie where she learned about all these events and people who were around long before she was. "From Thelma," she answered without hesitation. No doubt that's true to a great extent—we all learn from Thelma—but there's also the fact of thirty years on two newspapers, and a prominent family with extensive connections among the old Dade County families.

When I was visiting Marie I noticed something that amused me and at the same time seemed to epitomize her in some way. The apartment, designed for her by her old friend "Smith," is very beautiful, with wonderful colors and a number of antique pieces, mainly oriental. One of these latter is an altar table—Chinese or Japanese or possibly Korean—a marvelous thing. On it was a letter holder from The White House given to her by Washington columnist Vera Glaser and in it was a paper bag from Burger King that said Happy Holidays and contained a pair of her old sandals coming apart at the soles to be taken to the shoemaker. That's Marie.

LEE ABERMAN

THE FINAL WORD

We have run out of space. Look for Stuart McIver in August.

Marie Anderson



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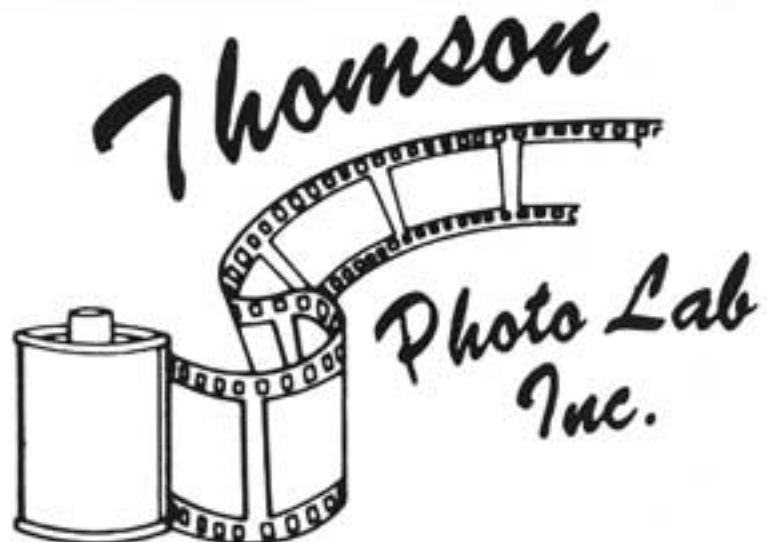
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