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**Julia Fillmore Harris' Singular School**

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**Aladdin Builds Six-Room House in a Day**

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**Hattie and Her Family Become Miamians**

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The Historical Association of Southern Florida

# UPDATE

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Volume 14, Number 4

November 1987

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The Historical Association of Southern Florida

# UPDATE

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**On the cover: Class is in session on the bayfront lawn of the five-acre estate Miss Harris bought in 1922 for the Florida School for Girls. It was at 1051 Brickell and was demolished to make way for the corridor of high-rise commercial buildings that now line Brickell.**



**Recreation included sailing down at the Coconut Grove marina.**

## AROUND THE MUSEUM

Sitting anonymously on a shelf upstairs in the Research Center's archives are three boxes full of malice, mayhem, lust and several other entertaining qualities. These boxes contain the Allen Corson Collection of paperback mysteries with South Florida settings. They run in publication dates from the 1940s to 1974 and include, not only such predictable authors as John D. McDonald and Brett Halliday, but also the odd item here and there by John P. Marquand or Frances and Richard Lockridge, not otherwise known for their interest in Miami Beach. There is even a Charlie Chan story by Earl Derr Biggers and there are a couple of Leslie Charteris novels about The Saint.

Having read only one Mickey Spillane book (after which, holding it between thumb and forefinger, I dumped it unceremoniously in the trash). I was surprised to find so many Spillane books in this collection of South Florida. Also surprising was the number of books by a fine and lamented writer, Ben Benson. Any collection will have omissions, and missing from this one are Clayton Rawson's wonderful stories about the mythical Halcyon Beach, and Philip Wylie's stories about Crunch and Des. I have had occasion to say unkind things about Wylie in this column, but his tales about the charter boat captain and his mate are pure joy, well worth searching for.

I made these discoveries one afternoon when I spent several hours in the archives browsing through the boxes. The size of the collection was too daunting to make serious reading seem practical, since Becky Smith, the Research Center's curator, won't let you take a book out of the room, much less home where you can curl up in a big chair with an apple and read in comfort.

My own tastes in mysteries run more to English settings with a vicar, a butler, four murders and some really nice Georgian silver. All those South Florida tales,

however, were irresistible. I kept turning them over, and as I did the covers began to exert their own fascination. They are in their own way a kind of social history writ small. As late as 1968, for example, the Mike Shane logo on the Brett Halliday stories still shows Mike with a hat on. Sam Durrell, hero of another series, was also still wearing hats at that date. In fact, from the earliest books in the collection, dating from the 40s to about 1970, there is a sameness about the way the men dress: they wear suits, often brown or gray, white shirts, ties, brown oxfords and belts. Their hair is short, although thick and wavy; in the earliest books it is often crewcut. For almost three decades there is virtually no change, even during the wild 60s. At most, the man will have removed his tie and jacket and unbuttoned the top button of his white shirt.

Suddenly, in 1972, the image changes. Mike Shane appears looking paradoxically younger, with longer, looser hair. Gone are the suit and tie, along with the hat. Now he wears a sport shirt and slacks.

If men began to look younger, slimmer and more informal in the 1970s, the change in women over the years was nothing less than astonishing. In the 1949 edition of *A Taste for Violence* by Brett Halliday, the pretty blonde in the blue print shirtwaist bears a startling resemblance to June Cleaver caught in an awkward moment as her dress was being torn off, and she no longer bore the slightest resemblance to the Beaver's mother.

In the 1950s and 1960s women became slinkier and sexier, reflecting the influence of Marilyn Monroe. A typical cover on a book published in 1959 shows a woman in a strapless sheath and long dangling earrings. One high-heeled sandal is on, the other off. Her hair is now shoulder length, but it still looks as if she has a standing appointment once a week. By 1968 the hair is long, straight and flowing. The girl on the cover of *So Lush, So Deadly* is wearing a black bikini bottom and was posed by someone who had seen a photograph of Christine Keeler, who brought down the government of England.

It was in the 70s, however, that the change is most evident. The girl on the cover of *Pay Off in Blood* by Brett Halliday, published in 1972, wears long, long, loose

*(Continued on page 15)*



Enlargements by: KENYA PHOTO MURAL





"Picture-book garden ceremonies" were set at the first graduation in 1914 in Coconut Grove. By 1918 the school had moved to Brickell Ave. and Eighth Street and in 1922 to the five-acre bayside facility at 1051 Brickell.

# Miss Harris' School

By JEAN BRADFISCH

It is not easy—it may be impossible—to get an unbiased description of Julia Fillmore Harris from her former students.

"She was a very special lady," they say. As founder and headmistress of Miss Harris' Florida School for Girls for 55 of its 58 years she imprinted her unique and personal stamp on the characters of thousands of young girls ("Miss Harris girls")—and some boys.

"She was like a princess to the younger students, with her white hair, flowing chiffon dresses, and long strand of pearls. She had a regal bearing, very dignified," they say.

"She was a lovely person, soft-spoken, and calm."

"Strict or stern, but kind," some say.

These were characteristics Miss Harris developed early on. Patty Munroe Catlow, one of her first students, remembers her as "a very

soft person, very kind. She could be tough but I never saw her flail into anybody. She put over her point but she did it in a nice way."

Liz Allen Cahill, a later student who attended from kindergarten through twelfth grade, remembers a gentle chastise in a verse Miss Harris would recite:

"The gum-chewing girl and the cud-chewing cow  
Always seem strangely alike somehow.

There is a difference, I must allow—  
Oh, yes, it's the look of intelligence on the cow."

"She was an elegant kind of lady," says Phyllis Arthur Buhler, "and was always right there into things. She taught Latin and other classes, too. To

**Jean Bradfisch** turns on her tape recorder and delves into scrap books to report what it was like at Julia Harris's School.



Boys attended from kindergarten through twelfth grade. They received diplomas from the Harris Florida Science Preparatory School for Boys.



In summer students not attending Recreation School could accompany Miss Harris on a trip abroad—Europe, South America, the Caribbean.

bring out the best in her students she always complimented you on your good points, making you feel good about yourself—even before that was fashionable."

Julia Harris displayed her innovative ways early in her life. Born and reared in Minneapolis, Minnesota January 22, 1878, she graduated from the University of Minnesota and then taught high school. As long gray winter months and bitter cold kept her and the students indoors in stuffy classrooms she longed for sunshine and warmth and health-promoting outdoor classes. She reasoned that it would also be more mentally stimulating to teach children out-of-doors in fresh air.

No idle dreamer, from Chicago where she was then staying with her parents, she wrote to both the St. Augustine and the Miami chambers of commerce. She asked for their advice on starting out-of-doors schools in their cities. St. Augustine's response was enthusiastic, but Miami replied that there were simply not enough people in Miami who would want a private school.

Nevertheless, Julia Harris visited them both. As she prepared to board the train leaving Miami, several of the women begged her to stay. One of these was Jessie Wirth Munroe, wife of Commodore Ralph Middleton Munroe. Their daughter Patty had just persuaded her mother to let her go to public school with her brother Wirth. She had been too lonesome studying the first five grades at home with a correspondence course.

It was the beginning of 1913 that Mrs. Harris came down," Patty Munroe Catlow recalls. "I'll never forget. She had gray hair even then. She was a woman about 35, with beautiful blue eyes, and she was wearing a blue two-piece suit, lightweight, when she visited us. She sat there on the veranda of the Barnacle (the Munroe's home on the bay in Coconut Grove) talking to my mother and father. They had some ideas of helping her, I guess."

This was just the encouragement Julia Harris needed. She stayed in Miami.

Her first school was a little bungalow, with a pergola, on Bayview Road in Coconut Grove. It opened in 1914 with ten students. At the first graduation—class of one—the pattern was set for all the "picture-book garden ceremonies" that followed.

My brother went for that first year," Mrs. Catlow says, "and maybe another. I stayed and graduated in 1920. I finished high school and then



At Palm Lodge dormitory older students shared, two to a room, wicker furniture, screened windows and an unlocked door to a central hall.

I took two years post-graduate course." While Patty was there, Miss Harris arranged for her to teach sailing for four years with Captain Nat Herreshoff in an old racing boat he had given her for her birthday.

Meanwhile, the school had moved to the corner of Brickell Avenue and Eighth Street. Miss Harris built a large, round pavilion for out-of-doors classes, where portable blackboards served as dividers and voices were kept low so that multiplication tables would not intermingle with phrases in French. She offered boarding accommodations for girls.

A 1918 brochure states: "Miss Harris' Florida School is an institution established to meet the desires of parents who wish for their daughters a school which can offer at one time conditions unusually favorable from the standpoint of health, the atmosphere of a home instead of an institution, and facilities for developing the highest type of culture—moral, intellectual, and social." Through the years the goals would remain un-

changed. One hundred and twenty-five students attended the day school during the 1918 season but the boarding department was "limited to a very small number," those of Christian families of any denomination being admitted. Day school students paid \$30 a month; boarding tuition was \$800 a year, October through May. Tourist pupils, those boarding for short periods, paid \$100 a month. They brought their own home textbooks and followed their own courses of study.

In later years the school reached and maintained an average enrollment of 200 to 250 students. Boys as well as girls attended from kindergarten through twelfth grade. Boys who graduated received diplomas from the Harris Florida Science Preparatory School for Boys.

In 1922 the school moved to a five-acre estate at 1051 Brickell Avenue, on the shore of Biscayne Bay. A subsequent brochure stated: "It is a northern school in everything but climate—northern in faculty, in

student body, in scholastic standing, in preparation for northern colleges."

Pines, oaks, and palm trees shaded the campus. The main building had four stately columns and a portecochere. Miss Harris had her office on the third floor, the site of those firm but gentle reprimands for telltale ??? traces of lipstick, no socks, or unladylike behavior. On the second floor the school nurse and the younger students lived. The living room, dining room, and kitchen occupied the first floor.

Palm Lodge, a long dormitory with a center hall, housed the older students, two to a room. It was screened, with curtains for privacy, French doors, and wicker furniture. Everywhere, locks were unknown.

Two courses of study could be pursued—one leading to a General Diploma and the other to a College Preparatory Diploma. All courses were based upon requirements of the preparatory courses for the older New England colleges and the leading state universities "with the best of the modern developments in progressive education." All students took French from kindergarten through third grade. After that, the subject was optional. Active sports, music and other arts were ingrained in the program.

Classes were small and were held in a series of open-air classrooms in a long building with a wide overhang. It had no walls on the north and south sides and no screens. During cold weather students sat in the sun out on the lawn to keep warm. Warm weather was never uncomfortable, for a breeze was always blowing from the bay. However, one over-energetic breeze—the 1926 hurricane—demolished a large study hall.

The library, like the classrooms, was open wide to sunshine and breezes, with only opaque panels of wall cloth for protection from sudden winds. A wide fireplace was its concession to chilly days. "Mr. Robert Frost, greatest living American poet,

sat with us before the fire and read some of his favorite poems," according to the 1936 yearbook. "It was a charming, delightful experience never to be forgotten by anyone present."

To preserve other memories the yearbook, *The Frond*, had first appeared in 1929. In 1930 the Alumni Association was formed; uniforms were adopted (any color, but all the same style); and the first Field Day was held with swimming, rowing, and tennis competitions.

In summer, if students were not attending Recreation School they could accompany Miss Harris on a trip to Cuba, Europe, South America or other distant places.

In 1931 Miss Harris took a group to Europe, traveling from Quebec to Ireland, England, Holland, Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, Capri, and France. Ever appreciative of their guide, P.H. (sic) wrote in *The Frond*: "Miss Harris—gently persuasive, unobtrusively solicitous for our welfare and happiness, the sun of our cloudless days, and the silver lining of our discontent. Could we have been so happy with anyone else? I do not think so."

The following summer the aerocar (a long, many-windowed trailer pulled by a roadster) made its first trip out of the state. It started out with only Mrs. Greely, a teacher, and Miss Harris aboard, but picked up passengers along the way. The aerocar was a common sight in Miami but as it stopped in towns from Florida to Maine and over to Minnesota it drew crowds. The vehicle itself drew their attention, but they were also curious about its internal equipment—reclining chairs, a couch, bookcase, stove, ice box, electric clock, and encyclopedia "bound in red to match the leather cushions."

For several years, starting about 1939, some students spent the month of October at Camp Carlyle at Hendersonville, NC., classes were

held mornings outdoors in the crisp, clear mountain air. Afternoons were filled with picnics, dances, plays, and riding, canoeing, archery, tennis, basketball, and hiking. Miss Harris believed in plenty of strenuous activity.

"The balance of thorough, energetic work and sane, wholesome amusement is as nearly perfect as one could find anywhere," she said of her school's program. Two generations of a whole strata of Miami society tended to agree. While Miss Harris' principles, the goals of the school, and much of the faculty remained the same ("We had the oldest living teachers of any school," a student of the 1950s said), the community around them was beginning to change.

In a letter to her students in 1957, Miss Harris wrote, "In the earlier days of a smaller Miami, the setting was perfect for what we were trying to do. Now, with Miami a large city, with all the attendant time and space problems that a big city brings, we have decided that our way of life can best go on in a quieter, more remote spot. We are moving the school, at the end of its present year, to a beautiful location on the St. Lucie River, across from Stuart, where we hope the next forty years will be as happy as these first forty years have been." Miss Harris was 79.

The new school was on a 20-acre site at Palm City. For twelve more years Miss Harris reigned. In 1969 she retired, turning over the school (according to *The Miami Herald*) to Mr. and Mrs. Earl Hackett on a two-year lease with an option to buy. But in March 1972 the Hacketts disappeared. William Matheson came to the rescue, buying the school and the land and promising to pay the teachers' salaries to the end of the year. In May the school closed.

In 1977, still elegant, still wearing the cape-sleeved dresses of her own design, Miss Julia Fillmore Harris died at age 99.



In 1932 Miss Harris and a teacher, Mrs. Greely, took the school's aerocar from Florida to Maine, over to Minnesota and back, picking up student passengers along the way.

*Born fifteen years earlier than Julia Harris, Paul Ransom came from the frigid north to the mild climate of Miami twenty years before Julia Harris and established a camping-tutoring compound. Although it was once discussed, the two schools never merged.*

## The Adirondack-Florida School

Paul Ransom, born in 1863 to affluent parents who lived in Buffalo, NY, did undergraduate work at Williams College before attending Harvard Law School. He was a founder of the *Harvard Law Review* and a member of the Hasty Pudding Club. Ransom received his LL.D. from Columbia in 1889. In 1893 he entered Johns Hopkins for diagnostic tests and was advised to spend his winters in a warm climate if he wanted to prolong his life.

Ransom enjoyed outdoor life and Florida seemed as warm a climate as could be found. He and Fred Townsend, a Williams College student, went to Palm Beach in February 1893 and engaged Charles Pierce to take them to Miami by boat. He met Ralph Munroe and his boats and Kirk Munroe (not related) and his books and ended by buying from Kirk Munroe seven-and-a-half acres of bayfront land just south of Kirk's property in Coconut Grove.

Paul went back north and began planning a small camp compound for tutoring students which he opened in 1896, the year Henry Flagler brought the Florida East Coast railway to Miami. He combined the Coconut Grove camp with an old logging camp in the Adirondacks and opened in 1903 the Adirondack-Florida School. In 1902 Paul Ransom married Alice Carter, daughter of President Franklin Carter of Williams College and a distinguished theologian. Alice Carter's brother Franklin had joined the camp as tutor the year before because the number of campers to be tutored had risen to five, more than one person could handle. Equipment was doubled, the Pagoda was built as a schoolhouse/boathouse designed by Ransom. Paul was too ill to see it when he was brought from Johns Hopkins Hospital to the Ransoms' home Kumquat in January 1907 and he died January 30.

Alice Ransom ran the school with a twenty-six-year-old headmaster, Levings Hooker Somers, from the time Paul died until 1930. That year she placed the school in the hands of a board of directors. Levings Somers left and "Adirondacks-Florida School entered a new era," Giulio V. Blanc, '73, wrote in 1978.

"The human and educational qualities of Somers and the graceful, civilized spirit that Mrs. Ransom imparted made this period an especially important one in the school's history," wrote Blanc. "Had it not been for these two individuals, A.F.S. would not have survived, much less have become an even more outstanding institution than the school Paul Ransom had left at his death."

Alice Ransom died in 1935. The school weathered the depression. The board of directors surmounted crises and persuaded D. Pierre G. Cameron, a master at South Kent School in Connecticut, to become headmaster. Everyone turned to and weathered World War II. At war's end the board, joined by Dr. Bowman Ashe, President of the University of Miami, agreed that one of the school campuses should be relinquished and the Adirondack site was sold.

Pete Cameron led the rehabilitation of the school, which became less expensive. More Miamians attended, as did foreign students. A high percentage of students was accepted by good colleges, the enrollment rose to over 200 and the frame buildings were replaced by concrete ones. Pete Cameron retired in May 1969 after 22



**Paul Ransom, seated left, and Franklin Carter, right, opened the Adirondack-Florida School in 1903. Paul had married Franklin's sister Alice the year before. She took over the school when Ransom died four years later.**

years as headmaster and Robert E. Walker succeeded him.

In 1951 Marie Bassett Swenson and her husband Edward moved to Miami from Greenwich, CT. They began looking for a private school in the southeast part of the city that could prepare their daughter for college. They found among their friends that others could use such a facility. The Swensons approached Julia Harris, whose school was primarily for girls, but she was not interested in selling her school, which was then located at 1051 Brickell Ave. The Swensons and their friends decided to build their own school.

While the sponsors pursued the financing and building of a school, Marie Swenson secured a head mistress through the help of Barnard College's placement division. Miss Gertrude Pierce responded to their call and began assembling a faculty. Everglades School for Girls opened its doors at 2045 South Bayshore Drive in the fall of 1955.

It was non-sectarian. There were Catholic girls, Jewish girls, black girls, Cuban girls. Many were scholarship students. There were two types of scholarships: first, a need scholarship for those whose family could not afford the expenses; second, the well-rounded girl who could contribute as much to the school as she received, perhaps more. She was sought in ethnic groups and public schools. Senior projects invited students to stretch themselves, to explore future careers.

The new school weathered the turbulent sixties and in 1969 Marie Swenson stepped down as president of the board of trustees. Miss Pierce retired two years later and Everglades selected a headmaster, Robert G. MacDonald.

For many years Ransom and Everglades had shared stage productions, music, and dances. In 1970 some coed classes were scheduled and in 1974 the two schools merged.

Steven E. Hughes, '76, said on the 75th Anniversary of the school, "the school has been rewarding, and it continues to be even more so as a unified identity emerges. From this search for answers and identity a new school is arising, but it is more than just the average or even the sum of its parts. It is Ransom, it is Everglades, and it is something more than either school could ever have been on its own."



During Miami's real estate boom in the mid-1920s a myriad of small developments sprang up in the area, some more successful and enduring than others. Miami Shores, Coral Gables, Miami Springs and Opa-locka were among the more lasting. Others, such as Paoli Park, Mirador, Flagler City, Poinciana, and Alameda, were short-lived. Aladdin City, in South Dade County near Hainlin Mill Drive and Southwest 162nd Avenue, falls somewhere between the two categories. It wasn't very successful, but parts of it have endured through the years.

Will and Florence Sovereign were the principal developers of Aladdin City. They named the new city after their business, the Aladdin Company, located in Bay City Michigan, which manufactured "redi-cut" prefabricated houses. In Joe Mitchell Chappie's *National Magazine* in December 1925 Chappie writes of the Aladdin Company as follows:

## A Boom Promotion Built-In-A-Day House

By EMILY DIETERICH

"A young man by the name of W. J. Sovereign conceived the redi-cut idea of manufacturing houses. He believed that better homes could be erected at lower costs if all the materials used in the homes were manufactured by modern machinery, instead of cutting everything to fit by hand on the job. In those days everyone laughed at the idea. They said it couldn't be done, but they said the same thing about the telephone, the x-ray, the airship, and the wireless."

Will's brother, O. E. Sovereign, was also involved in the project, as were Cline Bagwell, W. J. Lampert,

Frederick Keith, and Harry C. Higgins. According to Mrs. Harry Higgins, "the Higgins family took everything they had and borrowed \$10,000 to put into the venture."

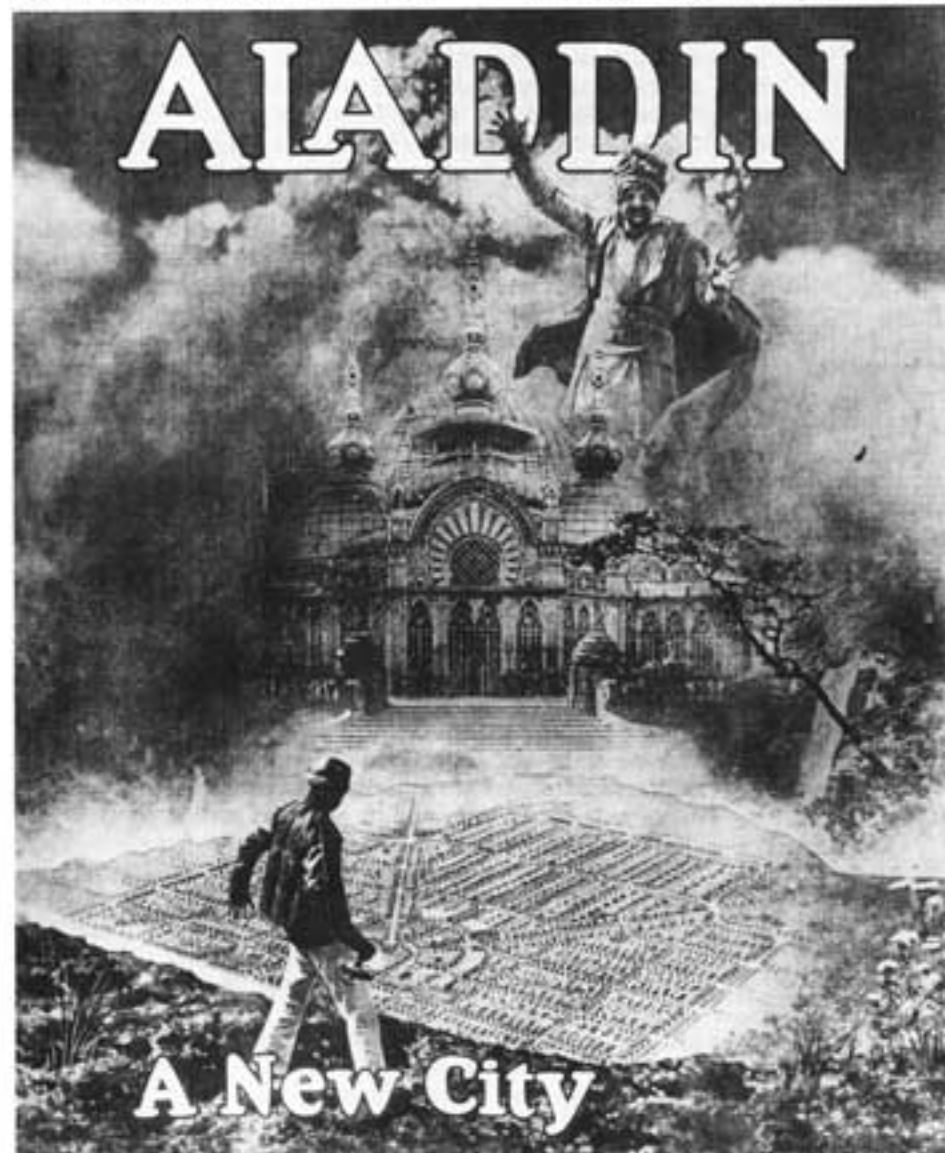
At the height of the real estate boom in South Florida developers used a variety of approaches to publicize their suburbs and attract buyers. One such method was the creation of a "thematic" community that employed an architectural style or theme to unify the city's appearance. The use of themes as a promotional tool became a common practice in South Florida during the boom period. Notable among these efforts were Glenn Curtiss' and James Bright's two developments: the Spanish Mission-style town of Hialeah and the Pueblo-Revival community of Country Club Estates, later known as Miami Springs. George Merrick used Mediterranean-style architecture to provide an easily recognizable image for Coral Gables.

The developers of Aladdin City capitalized on the name and created an Arabian/Moorish motif for their city. In keeping with the theme, streets were given such names as Bagdad, Mustapha, Sinbad, and Ali-Baba Circle. Newspaper advertisements portrayed a genie with a vision of Aladdin City escaping from his magic lantern.

Another boomtime development, Opa-locka, in North Dade County, was also incorporating an Arabian theme and the advertisements for both cities looked almost identical. The street plan and city layout for Aladdin City and Opa-locka were also similar. However, no relationship between the two developments has been discovered to date.

Newspaper articles described Aladdin as a seven-million-dollar project which would turn into a "new and beautiful and modern city surrounded by an old, established agricultural community." The city was to have such amenities as electric lights and power, local and long distance telephone service, sidewalks in front of every lot, public park and recreation grounds, and

*(Continued on page 13)*



Aladdin never made it as a city but the platted subdivision streets are there with all their exotic names and there are houses other than the one built in a day.

Emily Perry Dieterich is research historian for the Metro-Dade Historic Preservation Division, a position she has had two years.

# The Women

By ELIZABETH PEELER

*The Women*, produced in 1959 at the Coconut Grove Playhouse, not only furnished amusement and entertainment for its audience, it also had lasting influence and effect on many of the participants.

George Engle bought the Grove Theater in 1955, turned it into the Coconut Grove Playhouse and was also its producer for four seasons. In 1959 the Miami Theatre Group, Inc., became active in advancing the role of the theatre in South Florida. Under its auspices, Dorothy Engle, George's wife, produced *The Women* for a one-week run October 19-24 with Owen Phillips as director and a cast of forty-four prominent Miami women.

OCTOBER 19 THRU OCTOBER 24

DOROTHY J. ENGLE presents

## "The Women"

(A TIMELESS SATIRE)

BY CLARE BOOTHE

DIRECTED BY OWEN PHILLIPS

Settings and Lighting by the production staffs of The Women Company and the Coconut Grove Playhouse under the supervision of Tom McKeekan.

### CAST (in order of appearance)

JANE	PAT (Mrs. James F.) ROONEY
NANCY (Mrs. Clark)	PAT (Mrs. Gene F.) GABRIEL
PEGGY (Mrs. John Day)	ANNETTE (Mrs. James A.) BILLINGS
SILVIA (Mrs. Howard Fowler)	KAY (Mrs. John M.) MONTGOMERY
EDITH (Mrs. Philip Perry)	TOBY (Mrs. David Merrill)
MARY (Mrs. Stephen Howell)	ISABEL (Mrs. Earl Gilbert)
MRS. WAGGONER	BLUE (Mrs. Arthur H.) ZACHAR
FIRST WAITRESS	GINA (Mrs. James Brown)
SECOND WAITRESS	PAT (Mrs. Richard H.) BOHN
RECUISER	MARIE (Mrs. David F.) MARION
OLGA	BETTY (Mrs. Joseph A.) PATTON
GRACE	SUE (Mrs. Joseph F.) MAYOR
A MILD MADD	TUNICE (Mrs. John Haufax)
COOK (English)	PAT (Mrs. Paul Bromberg)
MISS FORDYCE	Helen (Mrs. George H.) BIERE
LITTLE MARY	MINETTE YUNES
MRS. WOODHEAD	JANE (Mrs. Ralph W.) CLUM
FIRST SALESWOMAN	MARY JOU (Mrs. Clark La Salle)
SECOND SALESWOMAN	EDITH BLAKE
HEAD SALESWOMAN (Mrs. Shapard)	BARBARA (Mrs. John Bittler)
FIRST MODEL (Mrs. Myrtle)	ANNE (Mrs. Leonard Shaw)
SECOND SALESWOMAN	ETHEL COBBLE
A FITTER	VIRGINIA (Mrs. Susan M.) VALETTE
FRANCES TABARA	PAMELA (Mrs. Pamela W.) JOHNSON
CRYSTAL ALLEN	JUNE (Mrs. Robert V.) EDWARDS
ENERGIC INSTRUCTRESS	NANCY (Mrs. Deering McCORMICK)
MAGGIE	WILLY (Mrs. William H.) WYSE
MISS TRAVELBACK	SHERIDAN (Mrs. Richard H.) FINE
MISS WATTS	BESSIE (Mrs. F. Shaver) DIXON
A NURSE	FRANCES (Mrs. B. & J.) GAUTIER
JUDY	GERTRUDE (Mrs. Frederick A.) KING
COUNTESS DE LAZE	MORNA (Mrs. Harold Abbott)
MIRIAM AARONS	MURIEL (Mrs. Robert H.) ROGERS
HELENE	FRANK ALMA (Mrs. Howard Carter)
FASH CUTIE	BETH (Mrs. William M.) HICKS
SECOND CUTIE	JUDY (Mrs. Ruth F.) EKSTROM
FIRST SOCIETY WOMAN	BEVERLY (Mrs. G. William Horn)
SECOND SOCIETY WOMAN	LILLIAN (Mrs. Edward H.) CLAYTON
SABIE	DOIS (Mrs. Arthur Wright)
COQUETTE GIRL	GODDIE (Mrs. W. F.) ANDREWS
A DOWNAGER	Played in rotating fashion by: NANCY (Mrs. Clark) MENDEL MADISON (Mrs. Fred) RAVLIN CLAIRE (Mrs. Sydney) WEINTRAUB RICKY (Mrs. Philip) WYLIE FRANK ALMA (Mrs. Howard) CARTER JUNE (Mrs. William) SOTTILE
A DEBUTANTE	
A GIRL IN DRESS	

PRESENTED BY SOCIETY OF THEATRE ARTS

UNDER AUSPICES OF MIAMI THEATRE GROUP, INC.

COCONUT GROVE PLAYHOUSE



Back row left to right: 1. Gertrude Kent; 2. Frank Alma Carter; 3. Bitter; 5. Judy Ekstrom; 6. Betty Hicks; 7. Evelyn Guyton; 8. Doris Wright; 11. June Edwards; 12. Gloria Andrews; 13. Lillian Claughton; 15. Lillian Claughton; 16. Pamela Johnson; 17. June Sottile; 20. Sue Mayor. Front row left to right: 21. Shirley Pirie; 22. E.

The play, by Clare Booth Luce, was first produced in 1936, and in the program for the 1959 production (with a bejeweled cat on the cover) Owen Phillips called it "one of the most incisive high comedies ever written."

Helen Muir, president of the Theatre Group, June Edwards, secretary, and Phillips auditioned more than 150 women who answered the casting call. Of those selected, Kay Montgomery, Toby Wing (Merrill) and Pat Gabriel had had dramatic training. Several others had had experience in amateur productions.

The cast rehearsed diligently for long hours, and although many of them had been friends previously, warm attachments developed through the experience.

One role in Scene 5 of Act II was identified as The Dowager. This part was played in rotation by Nancy (Mrs. Claire) Mendel, Madelon (Mrs. Fred) Ravlin, Claire (Mrs. Sydney) Weintraub and Ricky (Mrs. Philip) Wylie.

There are anecdotes galore about unexpected incidents during performances and rehearsals. June Edwards, who played Crystal, spent a good deal of time in a sudsy bath tub and was startled once to discover that instead of Elizabeth Arden bubble bath she was immersed in suds of Tide. On another occasion some prankster gave her the companionship of a crab, which she avoided by huddling in the other end of the tub. Kay Montgomery remembers limping for two weeks after a too realistic kick in one of the farces.

In one scene Helen Muir, who played the new cook Maggie, enjoyed a midnight snack with the maid Jane, played by Patsy Rooney, during which they considered in detail some of the marital problems of their mistress, Mary, played by Isabel Gilbert.

A *Herald* columnist recounted that the two of them, during the course of rehearsals, found themselves at the Coral Reef Yacht Club for lunch. They went out on the balcony to run through their lines, and, not knowing their voices were carrying, they managed to arouse consider-

Cast listed in the 1959 production numbers 46 and ranges from Broadway star Toby Wing (Merrill) to pre-teen Minette Yunes.



1. Thel Tombrink; 4. Barbara Wylie; 9. Billie Zachar; 10. Crum; 14. Eunice Halifax; 15. Mabel Bohn; 19. Gina Browne; 23. Muriel Rogers; 24. Norma Abbott; 25. Pat Gabriel; 26. ? ; 27. Annette Billings; 28. Isabel Gilbert; 29. Minette Yunes; 30. Kay Montgomery; 31. Toby Merrill; 32. Helen Muir; 33. Patsy Rooney; 34. Pat Bromberg; 35. Helen Beebe; 36. Nancy McCormick. 37. ? ; Mabel Marion, Edith Blake, Virginia Valentine, Renee Dixon, Beverly Horne have not been identified.

able interest among other lunchers, who did not know they were rehearsing and tried to guess who among their friends was under discussion. Helen's son Toby, then in his early teens, was reported in Helen Wells's column in *The Miami Herald* as refusing to attend the play because she was wearing his old bathrobe.

John Halifax protested that his wife Eunice was too pretty to be seen only in a mudpack. She was given an opportunity to "walk on" later in the play looking like herself.

Jack Anderson in his *Miami Herald* review said, "There was some unevenness, but most do extraordinarily well."

The play was a great success. Lady Greta Oakes, who came from Nassau to see it, was so taken with it that she invited the company to visit Nassau in the fall of 1960 and perform at the British Colonial Hotel. She reserved the role of the Countess to be played by herself.

Twenty-five women and Diane Edwards, June's daughter who played Little Mary, flew to Nassau accompanied by Owen Phillips and a few family members. Many of the minor parts were combined and played by the same person. The cast was entertained at the Oakes estate along with seamen from a British naval vessel which was in port. The cast also was taken to the casino and on a sightseeing trip.

After their return to Miami the members of the cast continued to see each other and to meet socially, remembering the fun. So, in 1963 when the Motif Committee of the University of Miami Symphony Guild proposed a revival of the show, a number of them were ready to perform again.

This production encountered a variety of stressful situations. The assassination of President John F. Kennedy occurred while it was in rehearsal, putting an emotional pall over the cast. Edward Ludlam, the director who had come from California to be associated with

the Playhouse, was not as popular with the players as Owen Phillips had been and there were tense moments. Lines and incidents in the play were revised and an even larger cast participated. One bright spot was Bab Beckwith Noble, who had returned to Miami from Hollywood and played the role of the Countess.

This production ran for three performances: Tuesday evening, December 10, 1963, and matinee and evening Wednesday, December 11. The top ticket prices were \$4.40 evening and \$2.90 matinee.

For this production Ernest and Dale, who in 1960 had opened a beauty salon in South Miami, agreed to style the hair of the cast members and to be back stage to make adjustments as needed. The women were so delighted with the hair stylists' work that many of them transferred their patronage to the South Miami shop and brought their friends with them. This actually "launched" their business, according to Ernest, and it has thrived since. The friendships and loyalty have carried over to the next generations and Ernest and Dale are family friends who are invited to daughters' weddings.

The friendships among the women have become very important to them and they not only support each other in joys and sorrows, they continue to have reunions. Dr. Bob Edwards, June's husband, filmed the dress rehearsal and one performance of the 1963 production, and this VCR is a regular feature of the the reunions.

The Edwards' second daughter Gayle played Little Mary in 1963, and famed playwright and director George Abbott, who was in the audience, went backstage to praise her and predict a future in acting. She is now a regular member of the television sitcom *Family Ties*.

**Elizabeth Peeler**, having written and supervised publication of a 50-year history of the *Miami Zonta Club*, turns her attention to the 28-year-old production of Clare Luce's play *The Women* with a cast of 37.

# Hattie's Story

By HATTIE CARPENTER

A long time ago at the corner of what is now Flagler Street and First Avenue (it was then 12th Street and Avenue C) was the Red Cross Drug Store, with pharmacist Doc Perry in charge. Right across First Avenue was the First National Bank and in the rear was the Copper Kettle, a restaurant. For thirty-five cents you got soup and choice of two kinds of meat, four or five vegetables and pie. Downtown office workers liked to go there.

They used to seat about eight or ten people at a table. One group included Doc Perry, Judge Henry Atkinson and H. T. Whaler, the head of the telephone company. Another regular customer was a jeweler, a man of mystery to all of us. His name was Carlton and he had worked at Tiffany's in New York. He had in his shop a collection of old things that we assumed had been left with him for repair and never reclaimed. Carlton wore white trousers and a black sash with fringe on the end. He also wore a very nice-looking coat and was very much a gentleman. He had the longest fingers and the most beautiful white hands. We went to his shop to get things mended and sometimes bought things.

One day the group at the table was talking about why they came to Miami; several had come because of the freeze up the state, one came for a chance to become a lawyer, another came just for adventure. Dr. Leight Monroe said he came because there was no homeopathic physician in Miami and he thought he could have patients here. Then Dr. Monroe said to Carlton, "Why did you come to Miami?"

Carlton said, "Stand up." Dr. Monroe stood up. He was a big fat fellow. Mr. Carlton stood up. He was a slender, light man. He hit Dr. Monroe with his fist and knocked him down. Then he sat down and began eating his meal. The other men rushed to help Dr. Monroe to his feet and Carlton said, "Nobody can ask an impudent question of me."

That incident has always intrigued me. There must have been hundreds who came down here who didn't want anyone to ask that question. I always ask it when I interview people.

My father, who had been a very wealthy man, had been sick two or three years when he died and his affairs were in a dreadful state. In our attic we had a box of stock that wasn't worth a cent. Mother said once we could paper our house with it.

In the last years of his life my father, Stephen van Rensselaer Carpenter, wanted to take his family to some other country or some other place to live. We had all been born in Columbus, Ohio. After Father's death Mother didn't know what to do next. She remembered that my father had owned some land at one time near Palatka, Florida. The name sounded funny, so she wrote down there and found it had been sold for taxes years before and we didn't have any land down there.

One day Louise, my sister next older than myself who was going to art school, came home and said that there was a little girl who had a guest from Coconut Grove, Florida, visiting them and she was going home in a day or so. Coconut Grove. We thought of monkeys hanging on trees and throwing coconuts around; it would be wonderful. Mother decided to drive over and talk with the woman from Coconut Grove. She took the Phaeton with rubber tires and a fringe around the top and, sure enough, Mrs. Swanson was visiting and was leaving the next day for Florida.

"Would you object if I went with you?" Mother asked. "I would like to see that country." "Why, no, I would like

to have you," said the Floridian. So Mother went with her the next day.

When they reached Fort Lauderdale they learned there was yellow fever in Miami. There was a so-called immune train from Fort Lauderdale to Lemon City, with a conductor who had had yellow fever. So they came down that far. Mrs. Swanson's son-in-law George McDonald met them there with a boat and they went down the bay to Coconut Grove. Mama thought she was on an island.

They went to the Trapp boarding house, the only boarding house there except Peacock Inn which was farther south. It was a Saturday morning. George McDonald got his horse and buggy and took her down to see Kirk Munroe and his wife Mary Barr and then to see Ralph Munroe, to show Mama they lived nicely and had nice homes.

That evening Mama said, "Mr. McDonald, can you get me a boat to get me back?" "Why, Mrs. Carpenter, you've just come here," he said.

"Well, I'd like to go back in the morning if you can take me back and get that train that goes out. The children have never been without their father at Christmas and now they are without me, too. I feel like I want to go home." Well, they took her back and never expected to see her again.

In the meantime at home we had a cook who had a lit-

**Hattie H. Carpenter** came to Miami from Columbus, Ohio in 1900. She was eighteen, the oldest of the five Carpenter children, the others being Daisy, Louise, Del, Nellie and Mamie. Their father had died and her mother, Mrs. Stephen Van Rensselaer Carpenter, decided to relocate her large family in Miami. She built a home at 22nd Avenue and South Bayshore Drive.

Hattie, who had attended Ohio State University for only six months, was able to get a teaching certificate by passing a battery of examinations. She began teaching at

Miami Grammar School. From 1907 to 1910 she was principal of Miami High School, which at that time was housed in a two-room frame building behind the grammar school. She was believed to be the only woman high school principal in the state at that time.

Miss Carpenter left teaching for journalism in 1910 and became associate editor of *The Miami Metropolis*, a predecessor of *The Miami Daily News*. In 1923 she left the newspaper and became a free-lance writer. She died August 21, 1956.



Living Room of Kirk and Mary Barr Munroe's home in Coconut Grove.

tle boy two years old, so we gave him some kind of Christmas, but we didn't have any. Annie, his mother, baked a big turkey, I remember, and we didn't eat it. Finally we carried it upstairs and put it on the floor in Mother's room and picked at it. We were the most gloomy lot you ever saw, wondering where Mother was and what was going to happen.

Then we got a telegram from her in Kentucky saying, "I have a terrible toothache. Meet me at the train." Addison, who had been with us for thirty years, had gone home for Christmas so Del, my brother, hitched up and got up on the box to drive. Oh, it was cold. We girls put buffalo robes inside the carriage and a lantern to get it warm in there. We wanted Mama not to get colder.

When we came home she got to bed and we all stood around looking at her. "It is the most God-forsaken country I ever saw in my life," she said. "There isn't a tree down there big enough to hang a hammock to." We had great elms and maples, enormous trees in all our grounds. "It's just desolate," she said.

We didn't know what to do next. We sat around for two or three days and then she called to us. She said, "I'll tell you, if all you children will stick by me, if you will all go together and made the best of it—if we make a mistake, we make a mistake, but if it turns out all right, that will be good—and if we all go together and do our best, well, I think other people down there look happy and some of those people I met down there are very nice and they live comfortably. If you want to do it, we'll go."

"Yes, we'll all go," we said. Louise had just won a scholarship to the Chase Art School in New York, but she gave it up to go with us. Everybody would go.

Mama went for a second-hand man and sold off whatever he would buy. He didn't want any of the older things and the older things we didn't want to sell anyway.

So, right now in our house we have marble-top tables and maple-top dressers and big, old, heavy walnut furniture and stuff that is not suitable for down here in Miami, but that's what we brought.

Mama got a jumbo freight car. At one end they packed the furniture and at the other end they built a stall for Billy, the pony, and put the Phaeton and Billy in there. We sold the other carriage and horses. My brother rode in the freight car and they fixed up a place for him to sleep in there. We also put in my father's cat Tom and Mamie's chickens. Mamie had three hens and two roosters and she wouldn't give them up. The freight car started and it went way down around Louisiana. It was a month coming to Miami.

The rest of us came straight down on the train. At that time the railroad station was a little frame building about where the *Miami News* tower is. When we arrived it was about midnight and the moonlight made the white rocks look like snow. We all said, "Mama, it's snowing." We forgot where we were. She and the other four girls went in a carriage with a driver and two horses and George McDonald took me in his buggy. I will never forget it.

We drove out what was then Avenue D, across the old bridge and then into what was then 20th Street, now Tamiami Trail. We then went down Hammock Road south. Mr. McDonald would say things like: "If you hear anyone scream, it's probably nothing but a wildcat—maybe some Indians, but they wouldn't do much harm." "If you hear anything very strange, don't get excited. I have never known any of these old-time pirates to kill anybody down here. You sometimes find them around."

He didn't fool me a bit but it was fun. He would look back and say, "Do you see the carriage coming back there?" and I would say, "Yes." "Well, then, they are all

***I don't think anybody ever showed more courage than my mother, a widow with six children starting out from Columbus, Ohio, in the country's heartland, for a tropical outpost on the southeast tip of the United States.***

right, they are coming."

The weather was what they called a "norther" but to us it was warm and wonderful. The Trapps, who had a boarding house, had fixed something for us to eat. Mrs. Swanson was the daughter of Mrs. Trapp so she knew Mama and they all knew her. We went to bed soon after we came in.

The next morning we took off our shoes and stockings and put our feet in the bay and they knew we were all going to have pneumonia because it was cold out there. That night there was still beautiful moonlight and the girls and I played hide and seek outdoors.

Mama bought a piece of land from Uncle Jack Peacock because it had orange trees and a good deal of fruit on it. It was on the corner of what is now SW 22nd Avenue and Bayshore Drive. In those days it was Citrus Road. Mama's idea was to build a house so that each of us would have a room and each could see the bay. That took quite a bit of engineering.

My brother Del had never done any building work of any kind but he started in. He always said he got all his knowledge from *Country Gentleman*. He read that a lot. Instead of building a house like people would in Miami, on piers, Mama and Del built it like we would in Ohio on a wide, strong foundation of concrete and high enough so that you can go under the house looking for repairs or anything. After it got built Mama and Del were driving that front road and Mama looked up and said, "By golly, it looks like a factory." And it did. The kitchen was 18' x 22'.

We had very happy times there. South of us were the H. H. Culbertsons and then the E. C. Dearborns. The Dearborns' house, where we lived while we were building, became the home of the president of the University of Miami, Bowman Ashe.

I had graduated from high school in 1898 and went to the state university for about six months when I left because of my father's illness. My father was ambitious about all of us and we all studied fancy things like dancing or embroidery; everything had special teachers. I was very good in Latin so I wanted to specialize in Latin and Greek. There happened to be a man across the street who taught at a Lutheran College—a fine Greek college—so he took me under his wing and I had good teaching in Latin and Greek but not much else of anything.

On the way down here to Miami I had said, "Now when we get there I am going to teach school." Since I had only finished high school my family all thought that was very funny. I took the examination that spring and got a third grade certificate, which is the lowest you can get. I was asked to name all the governors of Florida and I didn't even know who was the present governor. They told me to trace a water route from Kissimmee to Key West. I couldn't even pronounce Kissimmee, much less know where it was. They wanted me to name all the county seats and counties in Florida. I thought I was in Dade County but I wasn't sure. I was smart in algebra so in the arithmetic test I did everything I could in algebra.

Somehow I got a certificate.

I had been assigned to a school in Larkins, a small community south of Miami. A man named John Butashaw, a leader in Larkins community, started a petition to keep me from teaching. Before we had left Columbus I had been asked by the editor of the *Press Post* in Columbus to write some letters for the paper about what I was finding out about Miami, so I did. George McDonald, who had taken me to the Trapps' boarding house when we first arrived, had been reading aloud to some of the Larkins residents what the Columbus paper was publishing and some of them did not like what I had written. I don't blame them for not wanting me down there, but I didn't have any school.

I went back to Z. T. Merritt, superintendent of schools, who thought I was too young to teach but I finally got a job teaching third and fourth grades in the Miami school. The building was where the post office is now. There were three rooms upstairs and one big room downstairs, plenty for the children who came. I had been told to maintain discipline so I told the students, "We want to be the quietest people who ever were. We will pretend we are hunting deer all the time. When you go downstairs, go like hunting deer and go outdoors before you speak." I got a reputation for being a wonderful disciplinarian and the next year I was promoted to teach the sixth grade.

The high school had four students who need help with their Latin and I was asked to do it. Then they made me principal of the high school. That summer I finally got a certificate to teach first grade. Then I went to Tallahassee and took an exam in twenty-two subjects for a state life certificate. I had to cram for some subjects like trigonometry that I didn't know anything about and I got high grades in most of them but in the subjects I knew most about I got low grades. After that I was made principal of the high school, the only woman high school principal in the state. I enjoyed it for a while but I got tired of school teaching.

When I had a chance to work on the *Miami Metropolis* I took it and for twelve years I wrote editorials for the afternoon paper. It was in those days that I heard the really interesting and exciting things about Miami. The *Herald* was owned by the Florida East Coast Railroad and the *Metropolis* represented the everyday people and what exciting times. I loved the politics and I loved the paper. When it was sold I was invited to stay but I didn't. I knew the paper was going to change its policy and it did. I started doing free-lance writing and I have been rather successful. I am still doing editorials for a chain of newspapers. I have been doing it for years—ghost writing.

A person could make the most wonderful story about those people who came here when we did. I don't think anybody ever showed more courage than my mother, a widow with six children starting out from Columbus, Ohio, in the country's heartland, for a tropical outpost on the southeast tip of the United States.

***When they reached Fort Lauderdale they learned there was yellow fever in Miami. There was a so-called immune train from Fort Lauderdale to Lemon City, with a conductor who had had yellow fever. So they came down that far. Mrs. Swanson's son-in-law George McDonald met them there with a boat and they went down the Bay to Coconut Grove. Mama thought she was on an island.***

# Watch us build a house in 1 day!

History will be made at ALADDIN CITY tomorrow. For the first time in the history of home building a complete house will be built and finished between daylight and dark.

## COME OUT AND SEE!

A complete ALADDIN house will be built in one day—foundation, frame-work, stucco, windows, doors, plumbing, lighting fixtures—a permanent, substantial ALADDIN HOUSE will be constructed and ready for occupancy before sundown in ALADDIN CITY.

## OPENING SALE TOMORROW

Come out and see a city in the making. Seven million dollar project under way. Paved streets, electric lights, water, sidewalks, telephones, schools and public buildings.

## ALADDIN ACCOMPLISHMENTS

A complete permanent road built by ALADDIN, showing the way to ALADDIN CITY and to every other place, is being constructed in ALADDIN CITY and will be completed in 1926.

ALADDIN CITY is the first and only city in the world to be built in one day. It is the first city in the world to be built in one day. It is the first city in the world to be built in one day.

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IMPROVED HOMESITES, 219 UP BUSINESS SITES, 219 UP APARTMENT SITES, 219 UP

ALADDIN CITY SALES CO. 39 HALEYON ARCADE

**Built-in-a-day home almost wasn't. Materials shipment was delayed at sea but Fort Lauderdale planes rescued enough materials to build house and flew them to the site.**

(Continued from page 7)

"the purest drinking water on every homesite." All streets were to be "sixty feet wide, paved and oiled, with electric-lighted boulevards one hundred feet wide."

The city was predicted to become a model for commercial and industrial development, capable of accommodating up to 10,000 people, which would be the "really great industrial auxiliary of Miami proper." An attractive feature of the city was its close proximity to the Seaboard Air Line Railroad's new extension.

Actual physical construction of the city began in late 1925. *The Homestead Enterprise* reported "a force of 75 men was put to work and a big tractor to clear the ground was obtained from Havana." Pre-opening sale prices for lots in Aladdin City ranged from \$750 for residential sites to \$1,750 for business sites and \$3,000 for apartment sites. An advertisement for salesmen and crew managers appeared in *The Miami Daily News* which explained that "an

extensive campaign was under way that could place a few high-class men who really have a sales record."

Aladdin City was offered to the public on January 14, 1926, and the grand opening festivities included free bus transportation to the area, a giant picnic, and a home-building demonstration. *The Homestead Enterprise* stated that the "erection of a frame house in one day is the feat promised by officials of the Aladdin Company at their opening." Classes at local schools were canceled so that everyone could watch this spectacular event.

The demonstration was nearly canceled when the ship carrying the building materials was delayed. But six airplanes from Fort Lauderdale were sent out to the ship and were loaded with enough materials to build the house. The planes flew directly to Aladdin City and deposited the supplies along the main boulevard. The house was actually completed and the next day

*The Homestead Enterprise* reported: "At daylight Thursday there was only a vacant lot there, but before darkness settled over the landscape the elegantly finished Aladdin magic home was ready for occupancy."

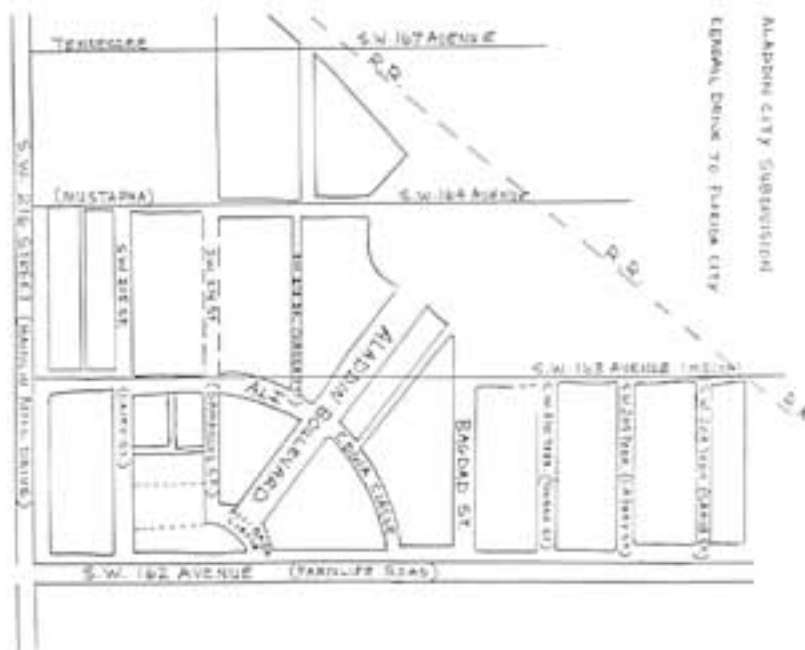
The six-room house included a foundation, framework, stucco, windows, doors, plumbing, lighting fixtures, a porch, and landscaping.

Unfortunately for Aladdin City, the Biltmore Hotel in Coral Gables held its grand opening on January 15. *The Miami Daily News* devoted numerous pages to this event. There was little mention of Aladdin City, a subsequent advertisement for Aladdin City stated that 874 homesites had been sold on opening day. The huge success of the first day's sales prompted the Aladdin Company to announce it would soon be erecting a branch office and a mill in the area to keep up with the demand for new houses.

The grand plans for Aladdin City to develop into a large community never materialized. The height of the land boom in South Florida had passed and the real estate market was slowly declining. A devastating hurricane in September 1926 struck the final blow to many boomtime developments.

Jean Taylor, historian of South Dade, recalled perhaps ten to twelve houses actually built in Aladdin City. Many under construction were never finished. People moved away to be near the shopping centers of Homestead and other South Dade towns. According to pioneer Otis Gossman, a building known as the city hall was constructed and he and his young friends played inside it during the 1930s. The building was later used as a polling place for Redland residents but has since been torn down. A train station had been erected in 1926 which employed one agent for a short time. The building was used as a potato packing house until it was destroyed by a hurricane in the 1960s.

The Aladdin City Subdivision was re-platted in 1934. The dirt roads were never paved and only three or four street signs remain which bear their original Arabian names. The streets wind through the subdivision, which is overgrown with grass and weeds. Three houses are still standing, displaying some Moorish Revival architectural details including flat roofs, crenellated parapets, and horseshoe arches. Two of the houses were owned at one time by the Sovereigns and one by Harry Higgins, the principal developers of Aladdin City.



Historical research does not indicate exactly when the houses were built or if the Sovereigns or Higgins families ever lived in them. It is assumed that the houses were related to Aladdin City, perhaps, constructed as models to attract buyers to the development. It does not appear that they are of the "redi-cut" prefab type which Aladdin Company

manufactured.

Today, the magic of Aladdin City is just a memory of the planned splendor of the Sovereigns. Only those few homes still standing and the dusty streets recall a dream that failed, but the rediscovery of Aladdin City by historians preserves a facet of Dade's urban history that makes all of us a little richer.

## THE FINAL WORD

They came around the turn of the century, one seven years before the turn, one in 1900, one 13 years after the turn. Two women and a man.

Paul Ransom, born in Buffalo, N.Y., was the first to come. Only thirty years old and married within the year, he came on the advice of his doctors at Johns Hopkins who thought the warmer climate might prolong his fragile life. It did for twenty years. He died in 1907, age forty-three.

In that time he established a tutoring camp that evolved into a two-campus (summer and winter) school in Coconut Grove and the Adirondacks. Ultimately, the Adirondack site was sold and Ransom School continued and, sixty-seven years later, merged with the all-women Everglades School.

Hattie Carpenter was the second to come, in 1900. At eighteen she was the oldest of five children, four girls and a boy, who came with their widowed mother from Columbus, Ohio, where it also gets cold. She had attended Ohio State University for six months but managed to get a teaching certificate at the Miami Grammar School; she became principal of Miami High School in 1907. In 1910 Hattie became an associate editor of the *The Miami Metropolis* and in 1923 she became a free-lance writer. She continued writing until her death in 1956, age seventy-four.

Julia Fillmore Harris was thirty-five when she arrived in Coconut Grove in 1913. Born in Minneapolis, she was graduated from the University of Minnesota and began teaching in high school. The bitter cold winters and the stuffy school rooms were burdensome and an enterprising Julia began looking elsewhere.

She came to Miami, started a school in the Grove with ten students. She moved soon to Brickell and Eighth Street and 1922 was established on grounds at 1051 Brickell where she maintained the school until the neighborhood became commercial. In 1957 she moved the school to Palm City on the St. Lucie River. She retired in 1969, leasing the school; the lessors defaulted and the school was closed in 1972. Five years later Miss Harris died at age 99.

## INTO THE TRUNK



Life seems to be real and earnest for these fledgling scientists at Ida M. Fisher High. The teacher, seated right of center, hides behind a bunsen burner. The only smiles are on the faces of four students on the left side. Standing third from left, a girl casts her eyes down demurely, smiles sweetly. Three young boys, one on each side of her and one directly behind, have the brightest smiles in the picture. What this has to do with anthropology has not been explained. This picture was donated to HASF by Richard L. Schwarz.

Maria Anderson



(Continued from page 2)



Part of the Allen Corson Collection of paperback mysteries saved from the 1940s to 1974.

blonde hair and very short shorts. In *Last Seen Hitchhiking* by the same author, published in 1974, the hair was just as long and loose and blond, but the shorts were replaced by very short cutoff jeans and a denim shirt tied high, revealing a svelte torso and seductive navel. No shoes at all; this girl really travels light.

Soft porn was not a novelty on the covers of these books, of course. Even so sedate a couple as Mr. and Mrs. North (Frances and Richard Lockridge, *Death has a Small Voice*, 1953) appeared between fairly suggestive covers. As did Charlie Chan (Earl Derr Biggers, *The Chinese Parrot*, 1963). What makes the covers of the 70s different from those earlier decades is the changed perception of glamor. The most battered and assaulted woman of the earlier decades wore something chic, even if it was only an expensive slip. She went to a lot of trouble, had her hair teased and her nails painted red, wore high heels and earrings. The girl of the 70s was a nubile tomboy who never saw the inside of a beauty shop unless she had a bad case of split ends.

This dramatic change in the appearance of men and women is paralleled by the prices on the covers of the

books. They are a short history of the inflation of the last fifteen years. When Pocket Book mysteries first appeared sometime before World War II, they made a fortune for the publishers by selling for a quarter. Even at the tail end of the depression, lots of people could dig up a quarter for a good read. And so they continued to sell for the next three decades; Pocket Book or one of its competitors (Dell, Ballantine, etc.) were synonymous with 25 cents. I was amazed to discover that as late as 1960, a quarter was the typical price of a paperback.

In the 1960s prices began to creep up, but slowly, a nickel or a dime at a time: 35 cents in 1962, up to 40 cents by 1963 and 1964, and 50 cents as late as 1968. When prices reached 50 cents, the men began abandoning hats, suits and ties, and by the time the price reached 75 cents—not until 1972—they were gone altogether. For women, as the prices rose so did the height of their skirts, later shorts, and the higher the price, the longer the hair.

It's a shame for the purposes of this little analysis that the Corson collection stopped in 1974. The highest price on any of the books is 95 cents. Yet it was in the next 13 years that the inflation in the price of paperback really took off. Was it the inflation in petroleum prices that caused the drastic increase in the cost of paperbacks or some other reason? *The Chinese Parrot*, the Charlie Chan book by Earl Derr Biggers mentioned before, was recently republished at \$3.95. When it was reprinted in 1963 it sold for 50 cents. It is probably in the public domain by now.

What accounts for these prices? No wonder little paperback exchange shops are springing up all over the place. It is pleasant to think that any HASF member can read one of these entertaining books for nothing at all, any time the reader has a few hours to kill.

LEE ABERMAN

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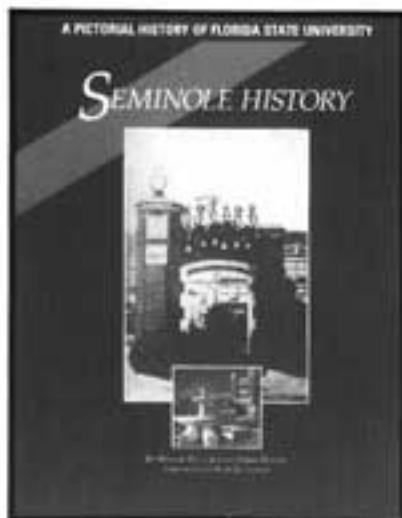


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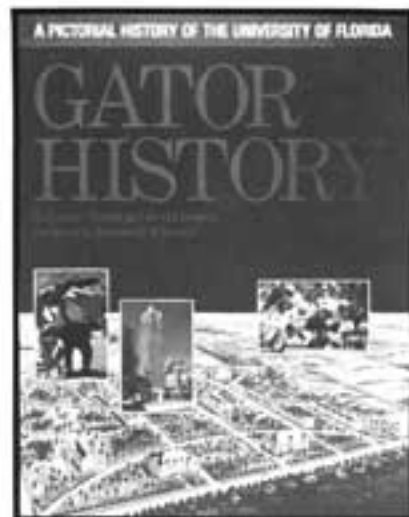
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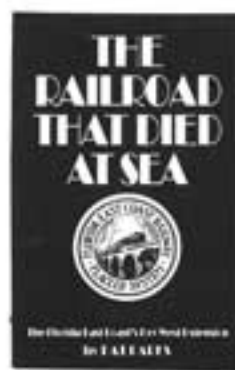
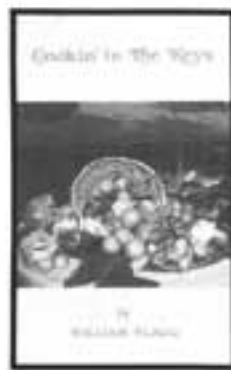
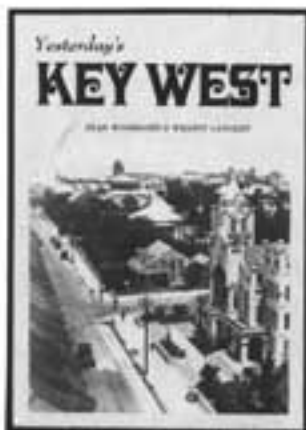
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