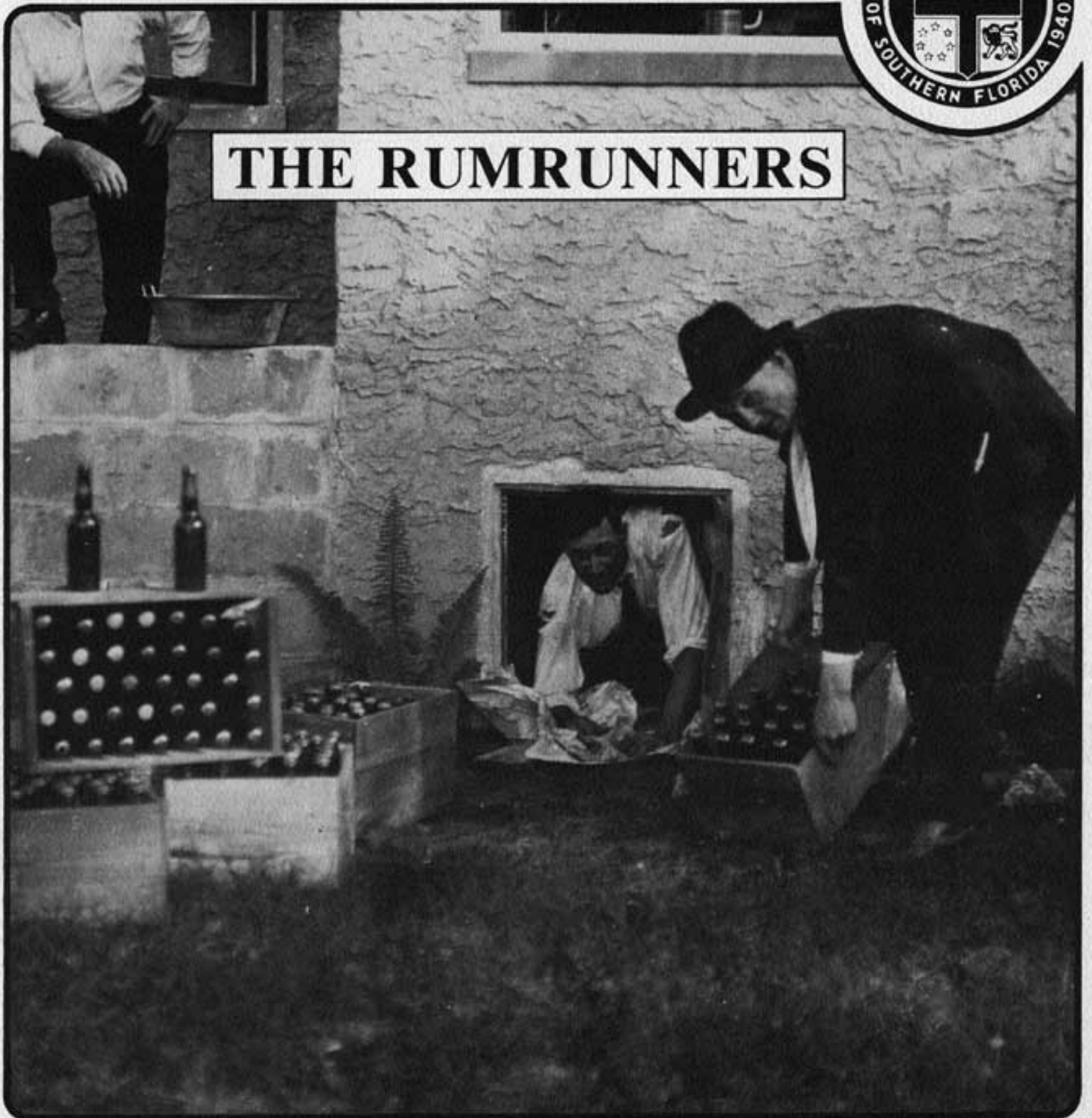


Update



THE RUMRUNNERS



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COVER:

More than 2000 bottles of beer were found under one Miami house in 1925. (Photo Courtesy of the Romer Collection)

UPDATE

UPDATE, Bi-Monthly Publication of the Historical Association of Southern Florida.

3280 South Miami Avenue, Building B, Miami, Florida 33129

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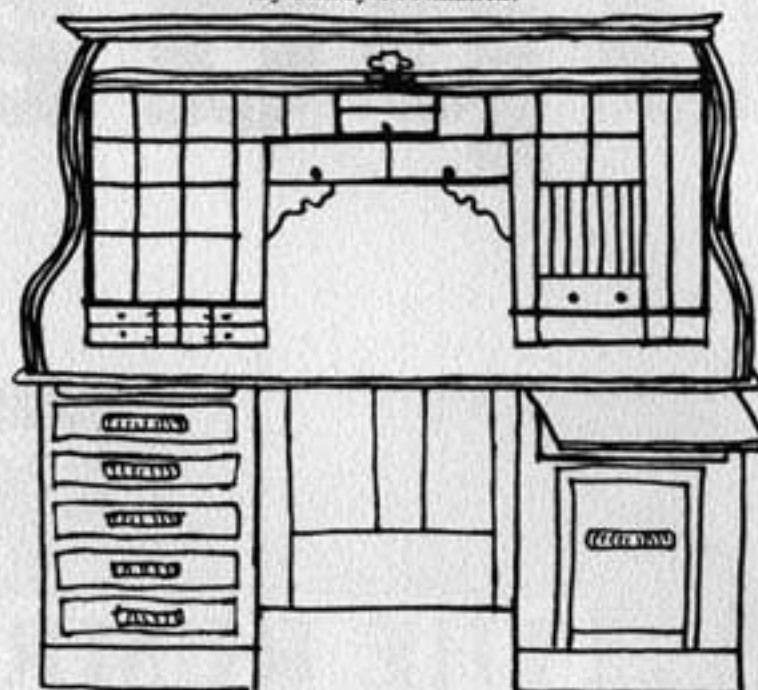
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DIRECTOR'S DESK

By Randy F. Nimnicht



In mid November, the County released the long awaited "Vizcaya-Museum of Science-Historical Museum Complex Comprehensive Survey and Development Guidelines" prepared by Harold Lewis Malt Associates. The voter approval of the resolution for cultural activities in the 1972 Decade of Progress Bond Program provided a mandate to examine the complex and to implement appropriate development. The Executive Committee and later the Board of HASF met to discuss the plan's implications regarding our future. While there are several minor points with which we disagree, HASF believes the plan took a hard look at a very complex situation and offered many constructive ideas. These sentiments were communicated to County Manager Ray Goode with copies to Mayor Steve Clark and the County Commissioners.

The plan recommends that HASF move to the north of the complex utilizing five of the old Vizcaya ancillary buildings which would be renovated specifically to meet our Museum and Library's needs. HASF would have slightly more space than we currently occupy in our cramped quarters. In addition under one of three options outlined, a new 12,000 square foot structure

would be built to complement the existing buildings. HASF feels this additional space is essential if we are to achieve our Museum's goal of a balanced interpretation of the History of Man's Experience in South Florida.

The physical environment created by the Vizcaya ancillary building is, in itself, a historic statement that is unique to South Florida. The aesthetic appeal and human scale of the buildings combine to achieve a delightful ambience that offers great potential for our Museum.

Of course, more important than the space we would occupy is the program we would offer in our Museum. A need on our part for a more clearly defined program focus was pointed out to Hal Malt in the course of his investigation while he was preparing the plan. Malt in turn identified this need in the plan. We are moving ahead quickly with the conceptual design of our Museum storyline which will provide the framework for a balanced and comprehensive interpretation of the History of Man's Experience in South Florida.

The plan is currently under review by the County. Please drop by the Museum, look over a copy of the plan, and let's talk about HASF's future.

DISCLAIMER

UPDATE, its editors or the Historical Association of Southern Florida are not responsible for the statements of fact or opinion made by its contributors. We welcome documented evidence of error.

LETTERS

I have just returned from my summer in the mountains and have read your article on Burdines.

It is such a splendid article, I do commend you for it.

It is just enough - not too much and most accurate in dates, etc.

Bess Burdine Read

REFLECTIONS ON LOCAL BLACK HISTORY

by Dorothy J. Fields

In celebration of the 200th birthday of the United States of America, a Local Black Pioneers Archives and Manuscript Collection will be established.

Sanctioned by Third Century U.S.A. as an official bicentennial project, this Collection will conceptualize the daily activities and experiences of black people in Miami, Florida and Environs between 1896 and 1932.

The Collection will consist of three components:

1) The publication of a source book, which will report the existence of research on local black history. The location of manuscripts, published and unpublished, master's theses, dissertations, and personal and public collections will be designated in this publication.

2) The establishment of permanent and mobile exhibits, which will feature selected documents relating to the history of black people in this area.

3) The establishment of a Local Black Pioneers Oral History Collection. The goal of this component is to elicit the primary source materials scholars will need to study the early life and times of black people in a southern metropolitan city in America, for these are sadly deficient.

Volunteers will be trained to interview black pioneers. The training workshop will familiarize volunteers with the techniques of interviewing. After the interviews are complete, the final product will consist of transcript memoirs which have been corrected.

Acknowledgement is made to these local librarians for extending their research facilities to this project: Miss Becky Smith, Research Librarian, HASF; Mrs. Marjorie Stanley, Head Librarian, Professional Library, Dade County Public Schools; Mr. Ben Guilford, Assistant Director, Miami-Dade Public Library System; and Dr. Archie McNeal, Director, Otto Richter Library, The University of Miami.

Mrs. Fields, HASF Education Coordinator, is a researcher in local black history.

PICTURING OUR PAST by S. J. Boldrick



Motorists parking illegally in 1925 risked having the police take their car seats. Under how many seats were flasks concealed?



Quantities of liquor concealed in this car led officers to the cache below. Left to right, Sheriff's deputies E. O. Barnes and D. M. Davis, Prisoner H. Wachter (seated) and Deputy P. C. Latham (1925). - All Photos: Romer Collection, Miami-Dade Public Library.



THE STORY FROM THE OTHER SIDE

As told to Jerry Pardue

In the late 'twenties I was involved in the liquor trade between West End, Bahamas, and Palm Beach County. I operated a 28-foot skiff with two 90-horse Redwing engines capable of about 30 knots. An airplane pilot we knew as Dick, a blond 6½-footer, used to come in from West End by night, flying a cautious ten feet above the water, and if that isn't a trick! He'd light on the water near Kelsey City, a tiny settlement at the head of Lake Worth, and transfer his load to our boat. Our customers were restaurants in Palm Beach County, and we'd deliver from the boat or else store the load in a garage and deliver from a car.

My first trip to West End was by night as second mate. We spotted a Coast Guard vessel lying offshore, so we headed south until out of sight, then cut back northeast. The moon rose that night about eight o'clock, and the first mate, a black man, told me to ride in the bow and watch for the "white water", which gave a clue about the bottom. When we reached West End we found 16 schooners standing off because of a smallpox quarantine. One of those, a beautiful three-master, was skippered by Captain Roberts, who resembled a pirate, peg leg and all. We made a deal with him.

We started home about 9 a.m. Our skipper and the first mate began tapping our cargo of beer. It was hot, and soon both passed out. There I was, a beginner suddenly in charge of a load of booze. I managed to get the course before it was too late, bringing the vessel in near Jupiter Light about dusk. The Prohis (pronounced "pro-highs", short for prohibition agents) were thick as flies that night. I ran slowly down the coast, pitch dark, looking for our inlet. Someone on the beach hollered, scaring me half to death. It turned out to be my boss, who'd been expecting us. An ex-cop from Palm Beach, name of Jim, came out in a small boat to meet us. He jumped into my boat and I jumped into his, leaving him with the booze and the

two other crew members, still dead drunk. About that time I was spotted by a Coast Guard vessel with a sailor in the bow, playing a big searchlight on me. He could see I was clean, but he tagged along anyhow. Unknown to him, Jim had the load in the bigger boat, parading astern of the Coast Guard vessel, who finally spotted him and took out in pursuit. Jim eluded the Feds with his 25 cases of beer and 75 of whiskey. On foot, he finally found my anchored boat and said, "Anyone game to try to get that load out from under the noses of the Feds?" Well, I had escorted that stuff all the way from the Bahamas and I wasn't about to let it get away now. As we crept toward the boat, a city policeman showed up. He wanted to help us by watching for the Prohis. He did, decoying them safely away in return for a bottle or two. This sort of thing went on all the time.

One day I was riding along in an old Dodge, several cases of whiskey showing plainly on the back seat, when I noted a motorcycle policeman behind me. I kept going; what else could I do? Finally I stopped and he pulled alongside. "What you got there, boy?" "Got a load of whiskey," I said, knowing that denial would be useless. "Well, I figured you did, so I was following along to help you in case you had a flat. Got a bottle of Three-Star Hennessy?" I gave him a bottle, and another the next day and another the next, for about three weeks. Then he didn't show up, and finally I asked another officer about my motorcycle friend.

"You know, we had to fire him. He stayed drunk for three weeks."

There were several sets of runners and 'leggers who made it big. One was the Gray Brothers and another was Cracker Jackson, a black man. Both operated pretty openly; the Grays lost theirs in real estate, but Cracker became a millionaire, it was said.

Once Cracker Jackson had gone over to West End for a load. Somehow he didn't take enough gas, so he sent us a cable asking us to bring him some. We set out with four 55-gallon drums and a 25-gallon drum of oil. The wind picked up and the sea became awfully rough. With my feet I tried to ride two rolling gasoline drums, keeping my hands on the compass, which was not fastened down very well. Finally the compass failed, all its fluid having leaked out. We took it apart and filled it with whiskey. Nearly across, we saw another vessel heading west, seemingly trying to avoid us. We thought he was a runner and he no doubt thought we were Prohis. Anyhow, we cut him off and it turned out to be Cracker, who'd somehow found some gasoline. We escorted each other home, then saw a Coast Guard vessel silhouetted against the dark sky, right in our inlet. We waited him out until he left at 2 a.m., although all we had in our boat was gasoline and oil - Cracker had gone another way.

One of my relatives converted a decrepit filling station at Old Dixie and 54th Street, West Palm Beach. He kept his whiskey in ginger ale bottles interspersed with soft drinks. He was doing well with his speakeasy, as regulars drifted in and out, buying by the drink from the ginger ale bottles. Two strangers, emanating "Prohi" all over themselves came in, nosed around, bought cigarettes. "Where could a man get a drink?" one asked. The barman played ignorant, but then in came a regular patron. How to tip him off? Well, it wasn't necessary; the customer also spotted the two strange-looking men, so he too bought a pack of cigarettes and left in his laundry truck.

Very few of those I knew ever got caught. Once the Prohis encountered our boat unloading. They fired several shots but not in anger, since at that short range they couldn't miss. Anyhow, everyone took a dive, abandoning boat and cargo to the Feds, who missed our nearby automobile, half full of booze. We came back later to get the car.

ANOTHER BOOM IN THE NINETEEN TWENTIES

Condensed from *Tequesta* by
Dr. Charlton W. Tebeau

The middle twenties were full of excitement for Miamians and their visitors. The boom and bust in land sales and the big blow in September 1926 have received enough attention to obscure some other phenomena equally dramatic and action packed at times. Not to be overlooked was another boom

enforcement lax and convictions few. Eventually the hazards became greater, and the war between Federal enforcement agencies and the daring violators became a shooting affair that at times frightened the citizenry and drove the timid out of the business.

Mixed in with the smuggling of

with little more than 300 people had nine liquor licenses. Much of the Bimini trade, only fifty miles from Miami, came from Nassau on large warehouse boats which tied up there to unload directly onto the boats from Florida. Six bottles were packed with straw and paper in burlap bags called hams for convenience in handling and security against breakage on a sometimes rough boat ride to Miami. Also the hams could be dropped overboard in shallow water to be retrieved later. In 1922 a case of whiskey which cost \$18 in Bimini sold for twice as much in Miami, and by the time it reached New York it might command \$100. Much of it was shipped by mail and rail from Miami in thinly disguised packages.

Any and every type of vessel was at one time or another used. Specially designed shallow draft boats with powerful engines were most desirable. The best-known boatbuilder at Miami was Louis Nuta, Senior, who had had the foresight to purchase a large number of Liberty engines built for aircraft in the First World War and sold as war surplus. The craft most in demand was a thirty-four footer with two of the Liber-



A raid on "The Dug Out" at 113 N.E. 1st Street turned up more than the cigars and soft drinks that the City Directory advertised they sold. (Photo courtesy of the Romer Collection, Miami-Dade Public Library).

which outlasted that in real estate and ran it a close second for spectacular features. It was the bootleg boom which grew out of the Eighteenth (or prohibition) Amendment to the United States Constitution. Closely associated were the Volstead Act to implement and enforce the prohibition of the manufacture, sale and consumption of alcoholic beverages. Rum running was a Miami phase of that activity which like bootlegging started out as a fairly respectable crime in those days. The American people in general, and least of all the free and easygoing Miamians with much frontier individualism coupled with catering to the tastes of tourists, never accepted the invasion of personal liberty involved in prohibition or the effort to enforce it.

The long coastline with many inlets and more hiding places, coupled with the nearby sources of whiskey and the high profits, made rum running a natural for adventurous individuals. At first the risks were slight with law en-

Prof. Tebeau recently retired as head of the Department of History, University of Miami.



Liquor valued at \$10,000 was destroyed at the Miami police department on June 16, 1926. (Photo courtesy of the Romer Collection, Miami-Dade Public Library).

alcoholic beverages was the smuggling of aliens, mostly from Cuba, and even an occasional mention of narcotics, but alcohol was the big business.

Nassau, Gun Cay and Bimini were the most convenient sources. Overnight more than twenty large liquor businesses sprang up in Nassau. Bimini

ty engines. Fully loaded it would run only about 20 knots, but without the cargo it might double that speed. There was less dependence upon speed to outrun the officials and more reliance on quick passage on dark nights in waters all of which could not possibly be
(Continued on page 8)

THE RUMRUNNING ERA

BY

Captain Victor Bullock
(As told to Thelma Peters)

If I inherited a million dollars tomorrow I'd never have the fun and excitement I had being in the Coast Guard and chasing rumrunners back in the '20s. I was stationed at Base Six in Fort Lauderdale. In those days New River emptied into the ocean just north of the Yankee Clipper and Base Six was right where Bahia Mar is today.

There was a lot of crooked business in rumrunning. We caught a boat that was hijacked twice in one night. The hijackers were themselves hijacked. A rumrunner would say to his friend, "You hijack me off Soldier Key, my boss won't know the difference, see?" But two hijacks in one night - that was a record.

The owner, that is the big shot, got to where he wouldn't trust his rumrunner with money to buy a load of liquor. No, he would hire one of those little seaplanes on the County Causeway and fly over to Bimini or to that concrete steamer which was used as a liquor warehouse off the shore from South Bimini and order so many sacks of Scotch - they called them "hams", six bottles sewed up in burlap. He'd pay for it right then and the dealer would write an order, mark it paid, tear it in two, spindle his half and give the buyer the other half. The buyer would come back to Miami, give his half of the order to his rumrunner. When the runner arrived in Bimini the dealer compared the two halves. If they matched the runner got the goods.

The Coast Guard had small boats called picket boats. As the rumboats got bigger and bigger engines so did we. In fact, our picket boats were generally converted rumboats. I liked being assigned to a picket boat - there were just three of us aboard, and we were never told where to go or where to hide out. We had a lot of freedom.

Captain Victor Bullock, formerly of the Coast Guard, is a retired sports-fishing-boat captain living in Fort Lauderdale. One of his current interests is sharing his fifty-year world-wide collection of shells with school classes in Broward County.

Dr. Peters is president elect of the Florida Historical Society.

One time Sandy and Johnny and I were going north along the coast toward Hillsboro Light when we saw a car with its lights on coming along the beach road. But that road was supposed to be closed due to hurricane damage. Then we saw a boat on the beach. Rumboats had round bottoms and could run right in to shore.

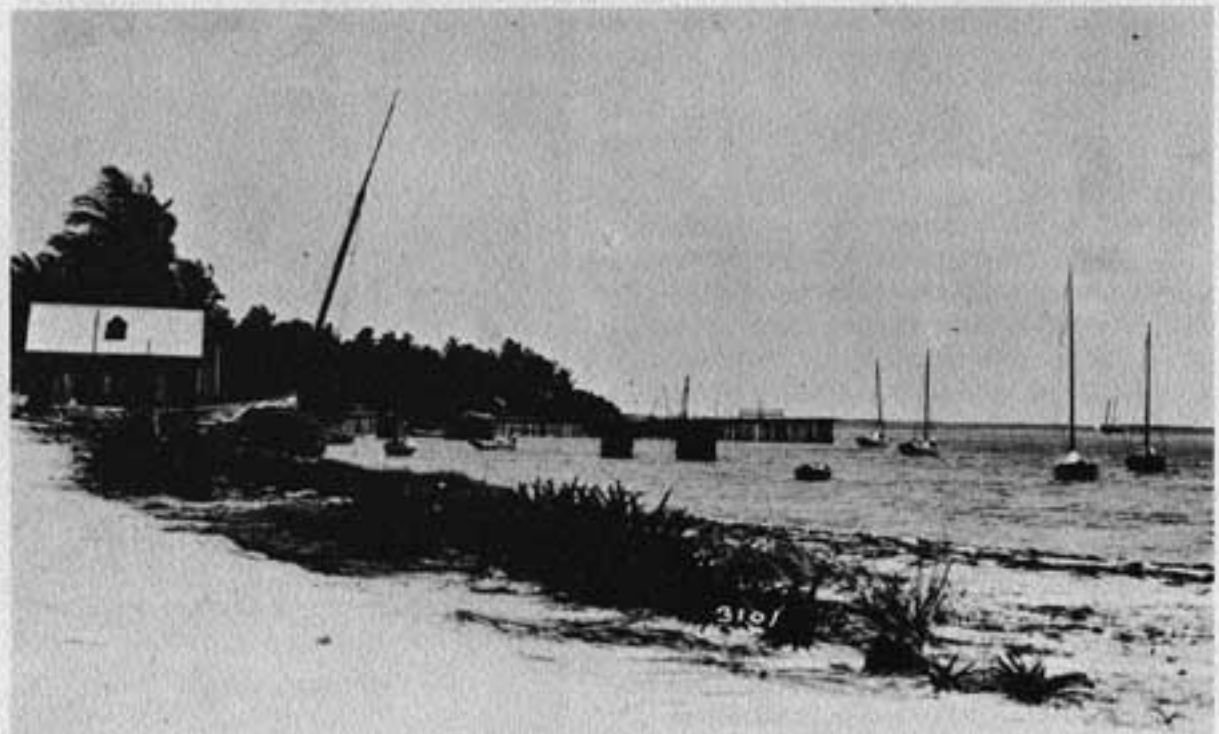
guy. He's getting out of the stern. He's going to get away!"

Johnny and I both fired our forty-fives and one of us hit him. This was the only man I ever shot.

We rolled him over on the beach and he said, "Boys, don't kill me I was hijacked. I didn't know they were going to run liquor."



An old concrete ship aground near South Bimini became a convenient liquor warehouse for rumboats. (Photo from the HASF Collection).



The tiny Bahamian outpost of North Bimini enjoyed a liquor boom during Prohibition. This photo of Bimini Bay and the King's Highway was taken in 1925. (Photo from the HASF Collection).

We ran in toward the boat and suddenly two fellows leaped out of that boat and clawed their way up the ten-foot sandbank and got in the car and drove away. They had seen us coming.

We got closer.

"Look!" Johnny said. "There's a third

We took him to Base Six for medical attention. He wasn't hurt bad.

One night we were hid out in the weeds near North Cut - Baker's Haulover - a lonely spot in those days. Plenty of mangroves and dark coves. No action all night. The next morning we

came out of hiding and so did two other picket boats. Three boats all night same place. Not one of us knew about the others. One rainy night – the mosquitos were fierce – Sandy, Johnny and I were tied up in a cove at Soldier Key. Around midnight I said I'd take the watch and Sandy and Johnny went forward to the small cabin to get some sleep. That night we had a boat that looked like a slow lobster boat. Our powerful double-carburetor engine was enclosed in a big wooden box.

Now the channel in to Soldier Key is tricky. Then it was marked by posts in the water with one arm at the top pointing to deep water. If you followed the markers and the pointing arms you stayed in deep water, right? Wrong. The rumrunners were sneaky – they would turn the arms the other way and you'd run aground. But we were on to their trick and we had come in o.k.

Along about 2 A.M. I heard a boat coming out from Miami – no running lights but I could hear him winding the channel like he knew it. From the sound I figured it for a Belle Isle Bearcat – a beautiful fast boat.

They slowed down and I heard one say to another, "There's a boat in there."

The other said, "Yeah, but I don't think it's a patrol boat. Let's go see who it is."

So they came over and one said, "Hello there, buddy. What're you doing here?"

I tried to imitate conch talk. "Me and my brother and dad we's after lobster," I said.

He said, "Seen any picket boats out here?"

"Nope, ain't seen a thing," I said.

"Mind if we come aboard for a while?"

"Sure don't," I said. I was wearing a slicker and rainhat and sitting on the wooden box that covered the engine.

They came aboard, two fellows. One introduced himself and he was a well-known rumrunner but I won't mention his name because he still lives in Miami. "What kind of engine you got, son?" he asked.

"We all got a three-cylinder Lathrop," I said.

They started to go but then he said, "Can I see it?"

Well, that was it! I stood up with my hand on my forty-five. He took one look at that Hall-Scott double-carburetor and said,

"Gol darn you!"

So I said, "Sit tight. Your buddy is up forward asleep. I'll get him."

I woke Sandy and Johnny. You see, Sandy knew Mr. B. Sandy came out and they shook hands but Mr. B. was madder'n a hornet. He had come out to pick up a load and we were right in his way. The only charge we had against him was no running lights. So we all chewed the rag awhile and around daybreak Sandy let him go.

Sure, we knew lots of rumrunners. Sometimes we played pool with them



Prohibition liquor labels advertised products "aged in the woods" and "bottled in the barn."



earlier in the evening and then were out after them before morning. When we did catch a runner and had what we thought was a clear case – well, it would get thrown out of court. One guy got off because he claimed he was carrying liquor for the French embassy in Washington.

We took plenty of rumboats though and after holding them awhile the government would put them up for auction. For each sale there had to be three bids. A rumrunner would bid on his own boat – three bids under three names –

Mr. Jones \$50, Mr. Smith \$100, Mr. Williams \$150. He'd get his boat back for \$150.

Other people learned the hard way not to compete in the bidding when it was a rumboat up for sale. One man who hadn't gotten wise bid and got a rumboat. It blew up right at Pier Five in Miami.

Have you heard of Two-gun Perry? He was a Coast Guard bosun's mate. He was tipped off that a load of liquor would be coming in through North Cut so he waited at the drawbridge on the County Causeway wearing two forty-fives. He got under the bridge, and along came one rumboat towing another. The fellows were in the front boat so he dropped down into the second boat and pulled his guns. A surprise for them! He forced them to take their load into the city dock near the old News Tower.

That is where we used to unload a lot of liquor taken from the rumboats and it was stacked in a warehouse. We'd start unloading those hams and one or two always managed to fall into the water. Fished up later, though. We were all guilty of that. I was put on report once. The lieutenant commander asked me where my wife got the rum for her Christmas cakes. I said I didn't know.

I guess the most sensational rumrunner was Horace Alderman. They hanged him for piracy on the high seas.

You see, Alderman and his buddy Weech were in the Gulfstream with a load of liquor and engine trouble. Our CG 249 – a seventy-five footer – was on its way carrying a secret-service man, Robert E. Webster, to Bimini to try to catch counterfeiters operating out of Cuba.

Our skipper, Sydney C. Sanderlin, saw it was a rumboat and took it in tow. When he went forward to radio Base Six to ask if he should proceed to Bimini under the circumstances, Alderman somehow managed to grab a gun he had hidden and shot Sandy in the back. He died instantly.

Then Alderman turned on the rest of us and made us go aboard the rumboat. About that time our engineer, Victor Lamby, stuck his head out of the engine room and Alderman shot him.

Alderman told Weech to go aboard the 249 and break the gas line and set the boat afire. Weech went to the engine room but came back and said he couldn't because there was a man down there and he wasn't dead.

(Continued on page 8)

THE RUMRUNNING ERA

(Continued from page 7)

Alderman said to Weech, "If you don't do as I say I will shoot you, too." Because of this threat, which was brought out at the trial, Weech got off with a year and a day.

Then one of our fellows said to Alderman, "If you set that boat afire and your engine isn't running we'll all die."

So Alderman told Weech to keep us covered and he'd try to start his engine. That's when the rush came led by Webster. He figured there was a chance some might come out alive. Webster took the full brunt, six slugs in his chest, and he died instantly. That night I helped carry him ashore; he was a large and heavy man.

Some of the fellows grabbed Alderman, but Weech dived overboard, being re-captured later. Johnny went after Alderman with an icepick - got him three times in the chest and then stuck the pick into his head, but the point stuck in the skull and didn't kill him. In the fracas Hollingsworth got shot in the cheek on one side of his face and the bullet came out his eye on the other side. He is still living today.

Victor Lamby died three days later in the hospital in Fort Lauderdale. I went to see him several times, held in my hand the bullet they took from his spine. He had served twenty-four years in the Coast Guard. They buried him in Fort Pierce because his wife was from there. His was the only grave I ever fired over.

Alderman was taken to Jacksonville and sentenced to hang. But it was a year or two before they got around to it. They put him in the Dade County jail but Dade County said they didn't know how to hang anybody. Broward County said the same. So he was hanged on federal property. A gallows was built in a Coast Guard hangar - that hangar's still there.

They sent some of our boys down to the Dade County jail to weigh Alderman - 160 pounds. Then we filled a bag with 160 pounds of sand and practiced until the trap would spring just right.

Then six of us went down in the Black Maria and brought Alderman up to Fort Lauderdale - with our guns drawn.

He had a Bible in one hand - had got religion real fast. We pulled a woolen navy hat down over his face. Then he was swung. Just a few spectators were allowed. They said it worked fine.

ANOTHER BOOM IN THE NINETEEN TWENTIES

(Continued from page 5)

patrolled. In the lax earlier days the Coast Guard sold at auction boats it had confiscated, and Mr. Nuta was sometimes able to buy and resell boats he had originally built. When the war on rum running became more serious the authorities burned the confiscated boats on shore at their Fort Lauderdale base.



Efforts to enforce prohibition included raids and the subsequent destruction of the confiscated liquor. (Photo from the Romer Collection, Miami-Dade Public Library).

Local efforts to enforce prohibition proved ineffective. Juries would not convict. Judges were lenient. Law enforcement officials were likely to look the other way, and they sometimes were corrupted by the easy money made available to them. In consequence, enforcement tended to become a Federal matter which was one of the basic reasons for lack of popular support. They received little or no cooperation, sometimes hostility as well as obstruction, even finding themselves hauled into court to answer charges of violating the rights of the citizens they sought to arrest. None were ever convicted but the harassment revealed the local attitude. In February 1922 Colonel L. G. Nutt of the Internal Revenue Service established a base at Miami to operate all along the lower east coast. On March 20 with forty agents in eight squads they raided twenty-two places, but the proprietors had all been tipped off. In two days they arrested only twenty persons, only six of whom were ever convicted.

By 1926 efforts at enforcement became more serious. On February 25,

Duncan W. "Red" Shannon, "King of the Florida Smugglers" died of a gunshot wound received in a fight with the Coast Guard in a fight on Biscayne Bay which ended in front of the Flamingo Hotel on Miami Beach. Shannon was already under indictment for smuggling both whiskey and aliens. He had several times evaded capture and his movements were carefully watched. He was intercepted coming in from Gun Cay with 170 cases of liquor. The Coast Guardsmen opened fire when the rumrunners failed to heave to. The local press repeated the accusation that the shooting had occurred after the men raised their hands. It required two years to free the Coast Guard men of the charge.

Later the same year Coast Guard Boat CG-297 accosted a violator in the Miami River and engaged in an exchange of shots near the Granada Grill and Apartments at Southwest Fourth Street. It was charged that the officers had endangered the lives of at least fifty people, without pointing out that they had come to the river bank to see the fun. The rumrunner's boat darted under the Miami Avenue bridge and escaped when the pursuers had to wait for the span to be raised. The crowd cheered the escape of the fleeing violators.

The climax of violence occurred on August 7, 1927, when the Coast Guard intercepted James Horace Alderman and a crewman on the high seas seventeen miles out of Bimini on the run to Miami. While the two men and the load of liquor were being moved onto the Coast Guard boat, Alderman seized a gun and killed three and wounded one of the eight men in the contingent, thus holding temporary control of the situation. But while he and his man were moving everything back to his boat preparatory to burning the Coast Guard vessel, the Coast Guardsmen again got control and radioed for assistance to the Fort Lauderdale base, taking Alderman and his man to Fort Lauderdale. On August 27, 1929, Alderman paid with his life on a specially constructed gallows at the Coast Guard base.

The deepening depression of the last years of the decade slowed down rum running as it did all forms of activity. Life was far less exciting than it had been in the middle years.

For fuller treatment of the subject see "Miami's Bootleg Boom" by Patricia (Mrs. James C.) Buchanan in *Tequesta* XXX (1970) pp 13 - 31; also Mrs. Buchanan's Master of Arts thesis on the same subject in the University of Miami library. She should have prepared this special summary except that she is in the throes of writing a doctoral dissertation in Philosophy at the University.

HER STOREOGRAPHY WORKSHOP

Chaired by president Ruth Braddock, the Herstoreography Workshop was held on October 9 at the Museum. Volunteers involved in writing the contributions of women in Dade County attended the sessions. The workshop sessions reviewed research techniques, familiarizing the participants with resources in community, academic and research libraries. The speakers included:

Mr. Randy Nimnicht, Director, HASF; Mrs. Carol Brawner, President of Junior League; Dr. Thelma Peters, Head Research Consultant, HASF; Miss Becky Smith, Research Librarian, HASF; Mrs. Maria Turano and Bill Steckley, 3rd Century, U.S.A.; Mrs. Isabella Klingler, Head of Data Gathering, Herstory, Inc.; Mrs. Helga Eason, Head Community Relations, Miami-Dade Public Library; Mrs. Dorothy Fields, Black Pioneers Researcher; Mrs. Ruth Braddock, President, Herstory.

Herstory, Inc., is an official Bicentennial project.

WORDS WITHOUT MUZAK

Before the days of Muzak, employees of the large Key West cigar factories used to contribute 25 to 50¢ each per week to be paid to the "reader". This man would read to the employees in Spanish and English in a loud, clear voice, beginning with the morning newspaper and continuing with a novel, while the workers filled and rolled cigars.

DOCENTS TRAINED

A Tour Guide Training Program focused on providing a group of docents with sufficient training to handle groups who come to the Museum for special tours was completed November 22. The Training Program provided approximately fifteen hours of class work that familiarized the docent with touring techniques, and an overview of the historical development of the South Florida community. The training course consisted of lectures and practical demonstrations. It required some outside reading from a prepared course packet each student received. Docents have been chosen to be available to handle tours one morning a week. The guide days are Monday, Wednesday and Friday. The docents work in teams of three to facilitate a better student-docent ratio.

EDUCATION NOTEBOOK

Teaching the history of South Florida to school children is a rewarding experience to me.

Students from Miami Beach to Richmond Heights are anxious to learn more about the history of the area in which they live. On tours in the gallery and during classroom presentations in the schools, questions asked by students reflect a natural curiosity concerning the life-styles of the first citizens of South Florida.

Unfortunately, almost all Florida History textbooks for children sum up the life and times of early man in general statements; enough interesting, pictorial materials are not available. Continuous research and current reports from archaeological findings are made available to the museum's staff. This material fills a void by supplementing information in textbooks, extending the understanding of basic concepts as new findings become available.

PTA HONORED

Present and pioneer members of the Dade County Council of the Parent-Teacher Associations were honored at the Museum on November 6. Council members were congratulated for their continued services to the young people of our community.

It is hoped that the visit by the members of the Dade County Council of Parent-Teacher Associations will stimulate further interest in South Florida's history and in the Historical Museum's many programs as teaching tools.

DOCENT Honor Roll:

MONDAYS

- *Lucie Cogswell
- Ginny Marx
- Mary Jo Nimnicht

WEDNESDAYS

- *Susie Gelsanliter
- Ciddy Bowen
- Connie Childes

FRIDAYS

- *Sally Newcomm
- Carol Lindseth
- Mary Watson

*Team Leaders

These DOCENTS have already earned a reputation of excellence in their endeavor as knowledgeable, reliable, and charming guides.

Each presentation which is taken to the schools is a conceptually oriented lesson plan prepared for a particular grade level. The inquiry method is used in order to encourage students to seek and discover relationships among the facts they study, and to those facts build concepts and generalizations for themselves. The inquiry method is a teaching strategy. It involves the teacher's asking appropriate questions which cause the student to arrive at predetermined goals of instruction. The student moves from specific information toward general statements and concepts in an inductive process. Curiosity gives way to excitement as students examine the artifacts, food remains, and pottery types which are a part of each lesson.

To date, the following schools have participated in the OUTREACH PROGRAM: Frank C. Martin Elementary, Myrtle Grove Elementary, Nautilus Junior, Thomas Jefferson Junior, North Miami Junior, Blue Lakes Elementary, Drew Middle, Horace Mann Junior, Colonial Drive Elementary, Kinloch Park Junior, West Miami Junior, Palm Springs Junior, and Hialeah-Miami Lakes Senior.

HISTORY IS NO LONGER A MYSTERY

Answers to Puzzle

(from page 11)

ACROSS: 1) BIMINIS 8) HAM
 10) EVERGLADES 12) CAY
 13) LIEN 15) AR 16) ELL
 17) AL 18) PS
 19) GANGSTERS 22) OCEAN
 23) ALEE 24) NU 25) SHELL
 28) OAR 29) ETC 30) IS
 31) IMP 33) ONT 34) QUEEN
 36) ORANGE 39) US 40) -
 JULIA 41) FOES 43) UNTO
 44) TRUANT 46) STONES
 47) MYTH
 DOWN: 1) BEARSCUT 2) IVY
 3) ME 4) IRA 5) NG
 6) ILLEGAL 7) SAILS 8) HEN
 9) AS 11) DELTA
 12) CAPONE 14) ELSER
 17) AREA 19) GAS
 20) ANHINGA 21) ELOPE
 26) ESTE 27) LIQUOR
 32) MUSEUM 33) ONION
 35) NORTH 36) OJUS
 37) RUNT 38) ALTO 41) FT
 42) SAY 45) NT

BOOK REVIEWS

YESTERDAY'S FLORIDA KEYS

by

STAN WINDHORN AND WRIGHT
LANGLEY

E. A. SEEMANN PUBLISHING, INC. \$7.95

Reviewed by Nathan Ellis

This second offering, again dealing with the unique history and physical character of the Florida Keys, is a companion work, supplemental to the acclaimed *Yesterday's Key West*, by the same authors who are affiliated with the Miami Herald's Key West office. This latest work, like the first, can be regarded as a historical sampler, and the books together present a brief and sometimes nostalgic history of the Keys.

In prose written with disciplined objectivity and a sensitive, perceptive style, accompanied by a remarkable collection of prints, photographs and descriptive captions, the reader is taken on an adventurous journey across the years and in and around the small islands (Los Cayos, as the Spaniards called them), which make up the Keys, an archipelago unique on this planet.

Pictures and texts span the years from about the time of Columbus, Cabot and Ponce de Leon to about 1950. The likelihood is expressed that Columbus saw the southernmost Keys when he made reference to small islands, during his 1492 voyage from the Bahamas in search of Cuba. History, however, gives credit to Sebastian Cabot for the discovery of Florida and at least the northern Keys in 1498.

From these earliest traces the authors unfold the colorful kaleidoscope of the Keys, its inhabitants, development, institutions, changing mores and attitudes. It is a history that is sometimes joyous and festive, at times tragic, ravaged by man and nature. The work is illustrated by a treasured collection of more than two hundred pictures.

Words and pictures refer to other important events and people including Dr. Henry Perrine, Dr. Samuel Mudd, Amos and Ada Lowe, the Indian Key massacre, R. C. Perky and his bat tower on Sugar Loaf Key, John James Audubon, Henry M. Flagler, construction of the Florida East Coast Railway

Nate Ellis is a tropical weather analyst at National Weather Service, Coral Gables. He has previously reviewed for Update.

in 1906, old engine number 30, the first public school, Zane Grey, famous author and sportsman, Sand Key light and weather station and the Long Key fishing lodge.

Photos and captions, many rare, tell the story of the 1919 hurricane, the first car traveling on the Overseas Highway and the dedication ceremony with Governor Spessard L. Holland, the Labor Day hurricane of 1935, President Franklin Delano Roosevelt with Miami Mayor Alex Orr on a visit to the CCC camp at West Summerland Key, a partially submerged freighter, one of forty-nine ships torpedoed by Nazi subs during May 1942 and President Harry S. Truman on a visit to the Boca Chica Naval Air Station. The final picture in the book taken in 1950, shows the "tentacles of development" stretching from Marathon into offshore waters.

The authors in this segment of history successfully and magically impart to the thoughtful reader a sense of participation and it is left to the reader to interpret events and cast judgment on hero, heroine or villain.

In our present period of ecological and environmental controversy and the population assault on fragile islands, the book should perhaps be required reading for administrators, land developers, politicians and anyone else who may have influence or an impact on the Keys. The book is strongly recommended for children of all ages.

THE RUM WAR AT SEA

by Malcolm F. Willoughby

Commander USCGR (T)

Washington, D.C.,

U.S. Govt. Printing Office 1964.

183 pp. photos, appendix (This book is available in the HASF library)

Reviewed by Bettylou Rosen

Stories of the United States during the days of Prohibition are legion, but probably few of us have given much thought to the source of all the illegal liquor that was bought, sold, stolen, fought over and consumed in this country between 1920 and 1934. Of the three principal sources which existed - home brew, back-country stills, and countries

Our reviewer is head librarian at Atlantic Oceanographic and Meteorological Laboratories, NOAA, Key Biscayne.

outside our borders - the product of the third ranked highest in quality and caused the most trouble for the United States Coast Guard, whose mission it was to prevent smuggling of all types from the sea.

While most illegal smuggling activity centered around the waters off New York, Florida and the Gulf States had a role to play because of their proximity to Bimini, Nassau and Havana. There were only a few hours of transit from these areas of supply to the thirsty markets of New Orleans, Mobile, Miami, Ft. Lauderdale and Key West. Florida's coastline was dotted with ideal hiding places for small boats, both those bringing in their cargo, and the "contacts" waiting to make the exchange and deliver to land-based buyers.

Rum running in the South developed slowly, but its real organization began when Captain Bill McCoy made his first trip from Nassau to Savannah in 1921. From that point on the South was rival to the North in piracy, gangsterism, and all of the methods of evading the law which were spawned during this time. The Coast Guard's role in anti-smuggling activities in the South had increased in importance by the time a southern "Rum Row" was established in 1925. When the Coast Guard Base at Key West was expanded in that year, it found itself situated amidst a citizenry almost unanimously against Prohibition and those delegated to enforce its laws.

Captain John T. Randall in *I'm Alone*, eluded the Coast Guard for more than four years, carrying thousands of cases of liquor to Gulf of Mexico ports, while always managing to stay just outside the official seizure limit of 12 miles from shore. One exchange of fire with the Coast Guard cutter *Dexter* resulted in a court battle of international proportions, involving British, Canadian and Washington diplomatic circles before it was settled.

Some notorious contemporaries of Randall and McCoy were women, and the South seemed to have more than its share. Grace Lithgoe set up a wholesale liquor business in Nassau and became "Queen of the Bootleggers". Spanish Marie, from her shop in Havana, ruled a rum-running empire with the fastest flotilla of boats in the business. Gloria (continued on page 11)

(Continued from page 10)

de Cesares abandoned her dreams of operating the Gloria Steamship Company, when British authorities discovered her first cargo to be 10,000 cases of contraband whiskey!

One chapter of Commander Willoughby's book is devoted to rum running in southern waters, with other chapters describing similar activity in the major centers of illegal entry around coastal United States. There are no footnotes or bibliography per se, but several sources of information are cited in the Preface and these appear to be reliable, especially in the case of official Coast Guard records. The author has compiled a strictly factual, not particularly literary, yet readable account of the men and ships of the Coast Guard, and how they conducted the Rum War at sea with courage, dedication and integrity. Readers concerned with this period of American history will find the book a unique contribution to Prohibition literature.

BLACK HISTORY AND CULTURE WEEK

In celebration of Black History and Culture Week, February 9 - 16, 1975, schools are encouraged to highlight the contributions of local Blacks to the community. Individual schools may wish to plan special assembly programs, announcements over the public address system, bulletin-board displays, essay and poetry contests, book reviews or Cultural Arts Programs.

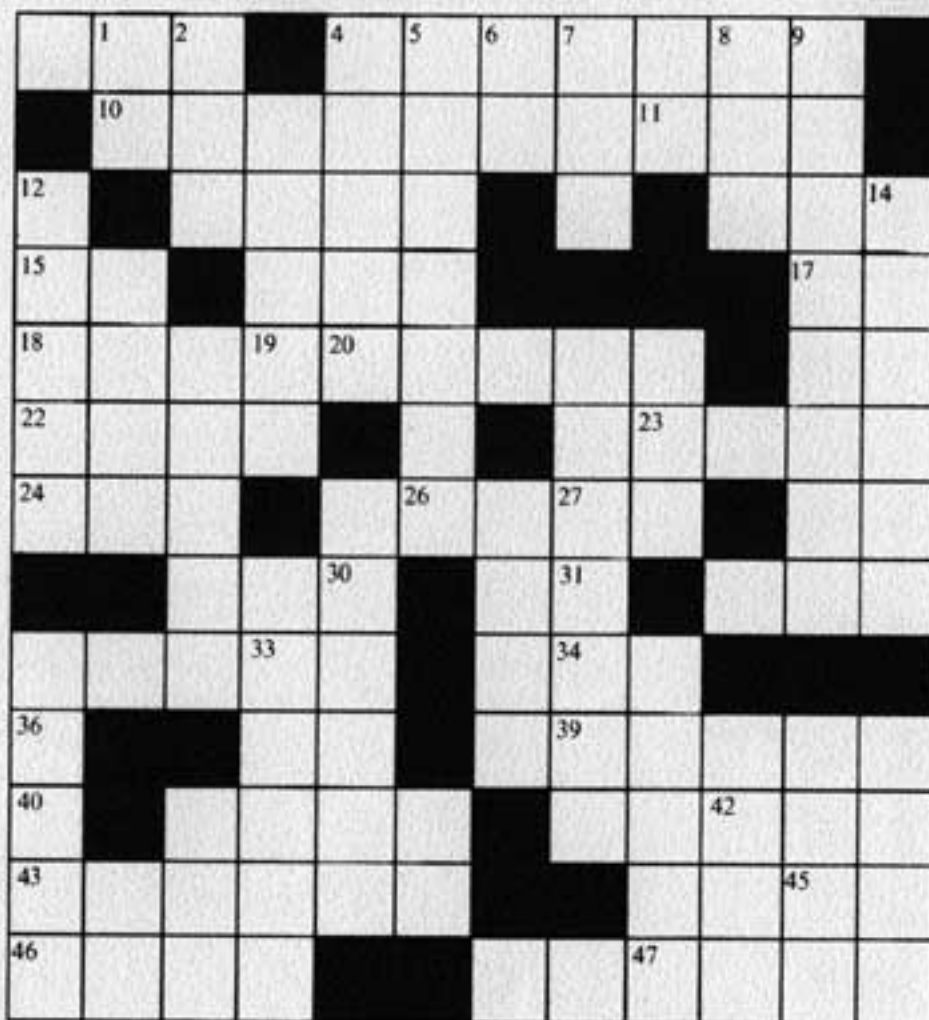
During scheduled tours, the Historical Museum will have on display pictures from the Photographic Archives and memorabilia of local Black pioneers.

Tours, suitable for grades K-12, are scheduled Monday, Wednesday and Friday mornings from 10:00 A.M. to 11:30 A.M.

-- D.J.F.



HISTORY'S A MYSTERY



DOWN

1. Access to Biscayne Bay
2. Mrs. Stranahan or the Halls of
3. State (with zip code)
4. Gershwin
5. National Guard
6. Like rumrunning, not lawful
7. Skims over the Bay
8. Good stewed with dumplings
9. Since
11. Airline
12. Notorious racketeer of Palm Island
14. Popular Miami Pier, '20s
17. Region
19. Needed by rumboats
20. Water turkey
21. Run away
26. "This" in Little Havana
27. Rumboat load
32. Where history is preserved
33. Vegetable
35. Another name for Haulover Cut
36. Early community near Fulford
37. Undersized
38. Range between soprano and tenor
41. Dallas or Lauderdale
42. Speak
45. New Testament

ACROSS

1. Rendezvous for rumrunners
8. Rumrunners' sack of booze
10. Site of moonshiner's still
12. Cat or Rum
13. Hold on a debtor
15. Army Regulation
16. House wing
17. First name of 12 Down
18. An Add-on
19. Bad guys during Prohibition
22. Where rum was run
23. Harbor for rumboat
24. Greek letter
25. Long racing boat
28. Used with 25 across
29. And so on (Ab.)
30. One of 1 across
31. Little demon
33. One of the Great Lakes
34. _____ of the rumrunners
36. Florida symbol
39. Enforcer of Prohibition
40. Mrs. Tuttle to friends
41. Enemies
43. Golden Rule preposition
44. Awol
46. Large ones make jetties
47. Fountain of Youth, for example

(Answers Page 9)



HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION OF SOUTHERN FLORIDA
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