

**Mid-Season for Hurricanes
City in Broad Brushstrokes
This is History?**

The Historical Association of Southern Florida

UPDATE

Volume 8, Number 3

August, 1981



Santa's Waxing His Water Skis and The HASF Gift Shop Is Ready for Him

Save this page and come shop before the rush. Remember, members receive a 10 per cent discount on purchases. It almost wipes out inflation. Also remember: if your price range is \$20-\$25 don't forget that HASF memberships make nice gifts and the new recipient can also shop at a 10 per cent discount.

Maps.

Selection of maps of Cuba, Florida and the South. Historic.

Photographs.

Most photographs in the museum collection can be copied and made into gift prints. See Librarian Becky Smith.

Miniatures.

Made to dollhouse scale. Furniture ranges from brass bed (\$8) to rockers (\$2). Even a rolltop desk. Dollhouse families and all their accessories - dishes, pots, pans, etc.

Toys.

Trains, cars, tops, jacks & ball, etc.

Reproductions.

Guns (\$3-\$6), coins, money (paper).

Stationery.

Notepaper sets, sketches by Ursula Hughes (above) and Bob Lamme (below), prints and postcards tell Miami's story in pictures.



Gift Shop attendant on weekends is Alice P. Wiley

Publications.

The Book Nook offers 148 publications ranging from children's coloring books to facsimile reproductions and in price from \$1 to \$22. By subject:

EVERGLADES: 7 titles. Marjory Stoneman Douglas's *River of Grass* paperback popular. (Prices \$2.50-\$15)

FLORIDA (STATE): 17 titles. Charlton Tebeau's *A History of Florida* favored. (\$1.95-\$13.95)

FLORIDA (PLACES): 10 titles. From Boca Raton to Keys. (\$1-\$7.95)

COOKBOOKS: 10 titles. *Prop Roots & Season in the Sun* on *Herald's* 5 star list. (85c-\$8.95)

LOCAL HISTORY: 14 titles. Theima Peter's *Lemon City*; Helen Muir's *Miami, USA*; Ralph Munroe's *Commodore's Story*; Nixon Smiley's *Yesterday's Miami*; Gertrude Kent's *Grove School* best sellers. (65c-\$22.50)

STORIES: Fiction & non-fiction. 13 titles. Vincent Gilpin's *Good Little Ship* a favorite (\$1.95-\$10)

CHILDREN'S BOOKS: 25. Most range from \$1.50-\$2.75. Eugenie & Asterie Baker Provenzo's *Historian's Toybox* \$6.95.

DOLL HOUSES & MINIATURES: 5 how-to books (\$1.50-\$2.75)

CRAFTS: 8 titles. William Goodloe's *Palm Frond Weaving* popular (\$1.50-\$9.95)

INDIANS (S. FLORIDA): 10 titles. Tachacola essay a favorite. (\$1-\$13.75)

AMERICAN REVOLUTION (BICENTENNIAL SERIES): 12 titles, all on Florida. (\$4.55-\$17)

MISCELLANEOUS: 17 titles. Ridley Bullen's *Guide to Identification of Florida's Projective Points* most popular! (\$2-\$20)

The Historical Association of Southern Florida

UPDATE

Published quarterly by
The Historical Association of
Southern Florida
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Update is the magazine of popular history published quarterly by the Historical Association of Southern Florida. Designed to appeal to a broad audience, it presents articles, illustrations, and photographs which help to capture the known and the little known aspects of South Florida's past in a lively, informative and attractive manner.

Receipt of Update is a privilege of membership in the Historical Association, a non-profit cultural, educational and humanistic organization dedicated to providing information about the history of South Florida and the Caribbean and to the collection and preservation of material relating to that history. Association programs and publications are made possible by membership dues, gifts from private sources and grants from federal, state, and local government agencies.

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You don't know what it is like until you have been through one and that includes most of the people who have moved to South Florida in the past 16 years.

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23-year-old George Cooper had not been in Goulds very long when a hurricane hit. On Sunday, Sept. 19, 1926 he wrote his mother about the previous 24 hours.

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Hurricanes tend to come in cycles. Michael N. Kesselman gives a rundown of 14 storms in ten years, half of them with winds over hurricane force (74 mph); the opener hit 123 mph and the closer 122.

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With a light touch Jack Kassewitz paints a bit of Miami history.

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Wow! This Is Neat! Pam Lowell reports schoolchildren's trips to the HASF museum, the Cape Florida Lighthouse, the Barnacle and the Gold Coast Railroad Museum.

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On the cover: One flag, storm warnings; two flags, hurricane warnings, tell boaters a hurricane is coming. Most home owners get their instructions electronically. To keep up with the progress, a transistor radio is your best bet.

Photo Credits: Cover, The Miami News; p 3-4 sketch, William S. Bodenhamer; p 5 (Cooper) Barbara Cooper Hank, (Goulds hurricane) Jean C. Taylor; p 6 The Miami News; p 7 (Mary St) HASF, (all others) The Miami News; p 8 (girls) HASF, (all others) The Miami News; p 9-10 (Kendall) The Miami News, (all others) HASF; p 11 The Miami News; p 12-14 HASF.



Fort Zachary Taylor in Key West was a bulwark against the sea when Gen. Seth Eastman painted it some time between 1870-75. HASF fellows (\$500+ donors) were shown a partially excavated Fort Zachary Taylor during a day-long trip for them back in January. HASF president Dr. Joseph Fitzgerald remembered seeing this painting in the Capitol in Washington, D.C. and ordered copies for the trip-goers.

AROUND THE MUSEUM

The cannons are back! The cannons are back! And HASF staff and friends rolled out the red carpet to welcome them.

The two French bronze cannons are part of a collection of 21 rare guns and silver coins discovered 11 years ago in waters off the coast of Haiti.

The treasure was discovered by Marine Exploration Company of Miami, which loaned the cannons to the museum in 1972. They remained on display in the museum gallery until 1979.

At that time a dispute over ownership of the cannons ensued. The relentless efforts of Layton Mank and John Seipp, Jr. through a complicated series of events have resulted in the cannons finally being returned to the museum. The move was made possible through the generosity of John Harrison, Sr.

One of the cannons bears the face of the Apoño Sun God. Its total weight is about 6,000 pounds and it is 12 feet long. Analysis of the 350-year-old cannon has revealed that it contains about 77 per cent copper, some platinum, and the rest barium, tin, lead and other metals of the platinum family.

Speculation is that Peruvian and Central American Indians worked on the cannons under Spanish direction. Little is known of the history of the Apoño Sun God gun since it was found among other guns made perhaps 100 years later.

The other cannon on display is similar in content. A major difference is that it contains 0.502 per cent gold, but no platinum. Its history also is nebulous.

The cannons are regarded as rare artifacts. HASF staff and those who worked so hard to replace the cannons in the museum are understandably ecstatic over their return.

Trouble continues to plague the museum building. After the rain deluge in the spring came the falter of the air conditioning during the June heat wave. The equipment was finally shut down for several weeks the end of June. What damage may have been done to the collection has not been determined and the staff managed to survive — barely.

—Don Aitshuler

LETTERS

NOTE FROM REAGAN COUNTRY

I would be very happy to try an article for Update about publicizing Miami and doing the ground work to make it known — worldwide. I think I must have set up some 300 neutral subjects during the years I was there.

My father, also a Hamilton Wright, was nominated to the Florida State Publicity Hall of Fame for his work in publicizing Florida (which was paid for by the Florida East Coast Railway and Hotel Company). His work led to Mayor E.G. Seariff of Miami asking my Dad to take over the publicity for Miami. My Dad said, "I can't. I have a New York office to run. Why don't you take my son?" He did.

I was 26 years old then. The City paid me \$1,000 a month and after each six months period about two dozen "local" boys tried to steal the job away from me but did not have the editorial contacts in the north to cash in on.

*Hamilton Wright
4725 Kennedy Court
Rocklin, CA 95677*

Hamilton Wright, who has contributed several scrapbooks of photographs to HASE was director of publicity for the city of Miami from 1932 to 1947. He directed publicity for the 1939 New York World's Fair and for the worldwide drive to save the Abu Simbel Temple from the Nile waters rising behind the high dam at Aswan.

Update looks forward to sharing some of Mr. Wright's observations on Miami during the depression and World War II years.

PERDUE PICNIC

How pleased I was to read your story of the Perdue family picnic in 1915 in the May issue of Update. I know your family must be pleased that you have set down your memories of early Dade County Barbara (Mrs. Holcomb) and I agree that you should consider publishing other stories that you have written for your grandchildren in subsequent issues.

*Lyle D. Holcomb Jr.
1111 Lincoln Road Mall*

Ida Perdue Myers, who passed along a copy of her letter, reports that Bill Boderthamer's drawing of the boat ride to the beach was just the way it should have been. Besides Clarence in the bow, Rose and Sam rowing and Lila and JW aft, those on the forward seat are Ida, Minnie and Flora and Harold is on the floor. Clarence, 76, lives in LaBelle, Ida, 74, Minnie, 72, and Flora, 70, all have homes in North Carolina, and Harold, 68, lives on Bay Harbor Island.

TROLLEY TALES

The May Update was hardly into mailboxes when the telephone rang and AJ

A Letter to Mother

Dearest Mother,

Doubtless you have already heard of the hurricane. If I could have wired you, I would have done so, but I doubt if you get this letter for a week or more — between Princeton and Goulds, I saw hardly a dozen poles standing.

At about one o'clock in the morning, Sept. 18, I was awakened by rain being driven in my face. I was only half awake but aroused myself only enough to turn my cot around and fell asleep again. About half an hour later, I again awoke to find myself soaked and water running over the floor.

The wind was driving the rain thru the walls with great force. I went downstairs, lighted the lamp and went outside to look over the situation. The night was as dark as the pit, and a terrific wind was driving the rain with great force in a horizontal

direction. I could distinguish a harsh nasal roar which shifted not a bit in note or volume, but persisted with annoying regularity. It wasn't like thunder — it had a strident, minor key effect, which left one with the impression that we were in for something unusual.

I went into the house, taking in Tab and her four newly arrived offspring and found the boys up.

The wind came out of the north with increasing force, and in three-quarters of an hour, everything in the house was soaked. At three o'clock the characteristic "snarl" of the hurricane had reached such magnitude of volume that we had to shout to make ourselves heard. The house was rocking terrifically, and the wind, which was slowly shifting to the westward, was driving against the

Goulds, Florida
Sunday Morning (Sept. 19, 1926)

house with such force that the boards and joists were cracking and the nails giving way.

We opened the doors and windows in order to relieve the pressure on the western wall. This seemed to help matters a whole lot. We stood with our backs to the blast and shouted to each other. One of the boys was quite serious, so I tried to cheer him up with a little "horse play." This failed, however, and sometime later, I heard him mumbling his prayers with a suspicious moisture in his eyes. (I had already done this in private, however!)

At about four o'clock, a wind-driven pine limb was sent through the roof. The splintered butt lay quiet a few feet from our heads, and the shingle fragments dropped to the

► Continues on page 4



"The night was as dark as the pit, and a terrific wind was driving the rain with great force in a horizontal direction. I could distinguish a harsh nasal roar which shifted not a bit in note or volume."

table to be quickly washed to the floor by the torrent coming through the fresh roof opening.

By this time, we all knew how serious the situation was, and knew, too, that it might be a matter of minutes before we might be lying beneath the wreckage.

I had a certain feeling of exaltation, which conquered all fear, and left only a burning curiosity to know what was going on out in that black, pine shambles.

I got out on the east side porch and maintained my position by clinging to a pine post support. The effect of carnage and awful havoc wrought among the pines was intensified by the sight-defying blackness of the night and by that overriding "snarl" which cushioned the crashing of the falling pines, and rendered almost undistinguishable the unlightened growl of the thunder. As I crowded against the post, I noted that the forty-foot avocado tree near the porch had strained inward until its tip was rubbing the iron plates of the porch roof. Even as I looked, it broke, choking the porch with bruised leaves and battered limbs, and rattling against the pump stand the two-pound fruits.

The house rocked on its posts and with a sudden "tinny" crash, the porch roof left for parts unknown, the post had, fortunately, decided to remain with me, and quickly thanking any inanimate companion to whom I owed my life, I pushed through the avocado tangle and got into the house. I then took up my position at a window on the west side, waiting for the first shadowy glimpse to be granted by the approaching dawn.

It was a wearisome wall – the house rocking with monotonous regularity – every now and then the thin needle-like squeak of a strained spike, and the accompanying bulge of the west wall, causing me to occasionally press against the window pane and frame as if to push it back. Frequent thumps against the wall told of limbs twisted from the towering trunks and flung through space, and a continual shower of pine twigs and needles in through the open window attested to the strength of the wind.

At the first hint of dawn, my eyes strained to pierce the gray and found a shadowy nightmare of twisting, writhing shapes, fencing and dodging, tossing and dropping into the gloom.

The brightening gray then revealed to my full gaze the most awful sight I ever hope to see. The eighty acres of seventy-foot pines surrounding the house was a twisting, foaming mass of wreckage. Each flicker of the eyelid revealed at the same moment

pinces falling, tumbling, rolling – pines hurled lance-like through the air, slithering through those which were left standing and landing at an angle – pines tossed broadside, crashing, bouncing, rolling through the standing pines – pines splintering, splitting, cracking – pines with tops ripped off and tossed about like cotton tufts. No sound of fall or crash rose above the maddening "snarl" of the tempest which made the scene more awful. Water covered the land two feet deep and whipped and churned as it was, had the appearance of an angry sea.



A crash in the rear of the house brought me again to the porch, where I saw our largest tree, a giant No. 11 mango, crash to the ground carrying with it a small store house. This tree was the last to go – ten avocados, ten oranges, two mangoes, three limes, two jackfruits, fifteen papayas, four grapefruits and twelve bananas – all on the ground, or rather lying in two or three feet of water. The shattered stubs protruded here and there from the green tangle of foliage.

At nine o'clock, the wind had slackened somewhat and we ventured out to learn the worst about the crops. The push of the wind was still fierce and forced us back several times. We made the field and found everything wiped out.

As we turned back, a fifty-foot pine crashed without warning, so close that the needles sprayed over

us. The rain cut our faces like hail, the snarl became more menacing as the storm again swung westward and when we reached the house, it had attained its former fury.

We expected any minute to have the house crash about us – in fact, the two other fellows were at the door ready to leap at the crucial moment.

Tab, the cat, was terror-stricken and I was kept busy inside rescuing her kittens, which she repeatedly carried from the box on the table to the floor where she would drop them in three inches of water.

At eleven o'clock, the wind slackened a little and we struck for Mr. Miller's house a half mile below. We hadn't worried about him because our house was fully four feet off the ground and his was set on very low blocks. His forty-acre grove was a mass of wreckage and his upper house was flat on the ground. The road was completely blocked, and we had a hard time getting through. As we approached his house, we saw that it was leaning crazily and found that it had been blown fifteen feet off its blocks.

He was inside with a badly cut hand, trying to keep his west wall from falling in. He went back to the house with us and is here now.

The hurricane had passed on at five o'clock and three of us walked to Goulds to see what damage had been done. Nearly every house we saw had the roof torn off or was leveled to the ground. A two-story house at Black Point was lifted and turned ninety degrees on its base. A row of nine Negro houses was one pile of tangled lumber. The box cars on the F.E.C. tracks were overturned, one having been carried a hundred yards from the wreck.

As we neared Goulds, we found the whole town was devastated. The three big packing houses were flat. The station was leveled to the ground. The streets were filled with twisted galvanized iron sheets and empty tomato crates. A crowd of farmers in front of the wrecked general store were telling of many narrow escapes. Most of the crackers were fairly drunk. Several white-faced women waited around in cars. Owens, the postmaster, said that as yet, there had been no news from Miami, and Homestead was flat.

We waded home – as we neared the east glade (it was now dark), we saw a big bonfire where a Nassau colony was previously located. About two dozen Bahama Negroes stood around the fire, and I could see in the bonfire flicker that not one house was left standing. When the Negroes saw that I was friendly, they crowded

around and told of many thrilling escapes. They had weathered many tropical hurricanes in the Bahamas, but had never seen anything like this.

I sat up all night and kept the fire going. Everything was soaked and we are spending today drying out our few possessions. Old Joe, a Nassau Negro, seventy years old, who has been working for us, came around a little while ago. He said the only storm he had ever seen that approached this one was on the Island of Nassau in 1866. His own house suffered no serious damage save the porch, which was flung against a neighbor's house.

Our road is littered with dead birds, and all day long not a bird note has sounded. As I write, a little red-headed woodpecker is perched on my cot coughing hoarsely. One wing is badly dislocated and despite the fact that he is an inveterate fruit destroyer, we shall give him a home unless Tab gets him first. Our hound



George Hubert Cooper, 24, cradles a cabbage as he mugs on Goulds road in calmer weather.

"Jonah" is missing - will probably find his body under some of the trees. I guess I'll have to close. The next few months are hard ones. Our crop is a total loss, I believe, but if we can get financed, we shall put in another soon.

I'm not worrying at all, and on the whole am very much pleased to be able to take nourishment two or three times a day. Life is very much worth living, but last night opened my eyes to the fact that death approaching holds no great terrors if one is calm, and can watch his progress with interest and perhaps with some curiosity as to what his next move will be.

I hope you haven't worried any. Everything is O.K. and I think I will make money yet. I want to hear from you soon.

Hubert

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Facade remains of Goulds Packing Company's packing house.

"As we neared Goulds, we found the whole town was devastated. The three big packing houses were flat. The station was leveled to the ground. The streets were filled with twisted galvanized iron sheets and empty tomato crates. A crowd of farmers in front of the wrecked general store were telling of many narrow escapes."



Leon Mock family lived above their store in Goulds. After '26 blow they converted it to one-story house.



Hathaway House. John Talbott wheeled the mail to the train every day in a wheelbarrow.



Burr and Bush packing house was among devastation in Goulds after storm.

1941-1950 Decade

HURRICANE



BY MICHAEL N. KESSELMAN

Putting like a thumb into the sea between the subtropical Atlantic Ocean and the Gulf of Mexico, Florida is exposed to hurricanes from the east, the south, and the west, with the southern portion and the panhandle section more frequently struck. In any given year Miami has a one-in-seven chance of feeling the fury of a hurricane, which is defined technically as a storm of tropical origin with a cyclonic wind circulation continuing winds of 74 miles per hour or higher.

Early hurricane records are sketchy. Ship logs and excavations have supported the existence of severe hurricanes along the southeast coast and keys in the 16th, 17th and 18th centuries. The first hurricane recorded in print in Key West occurred in 1835. Meteorological records were kept in Miami at Fort Dallas in 1841 during the second Seminole War. Beginning in 1880, more accurate documentation of hurricanes was disseminated in the *Monthly Weather Review* publication. After 1896 the *Metropolis* newspaper provided local eyewitness descriptive reports of hur-

ricanes in the newly incorporated city.

A review of 20th century hurricanes affecting Miami shows periodic dormant periods interspersed with heightened storm activity. From 1900 through 1910 Miami experienced hurricane winds on four occasions. Then breezes stayed at a low level for 15 years. The 1926 hurricane was followed in 1928 by the Okeechobee storm with sustained winds exceeding 75 miles per hour and in 1929 by a severe storm in South Florida.

Miami escaped the 30s unscathed except for the effects of the catastrophic 1935 Labor Day Keys

storm and the "Yankee Hurricane" striking the city directly, also in 1935. Then during the period from 1941 through 1950 Miami felt the wrath of full hurricane winds seven times and gale winds (40-73 mph) on seven other occasions.

Following a cyclical pattern, the city escaped sustained hurricane winds through the 50s only to be greeted in 1960, 1964 and 1965 by hurricanes Donna, Cleo and Betsy respectively. Except for twice experiencing near-hurricane wind gusts in 1966 and being threatened by Hurricane David in 1979, Miami has been spared hurricanes since 1965.

1941:

October 6

The first hurricane of the decade struck 13 miles south of Homestead. The highest winds of 123 mph were recorded at Dinner Key. The storm was extremely dry with a paltry .35" of rain falling. Considerable crop and shrubby damage was reported from the salt spray blown several miles inland. Because of the light rainfall the salt was not washed off. The extent of damage in Dade County was limited to downed trees and scattered broken glass. Timely advance warnings from the weather bureau and advance preparation by a cognizant populace curtailed any widespread damage.



Sightseeing boat rams MacArthur Causeway.

1944:

October 18

A severe hurricane struck the southwest coast and moved through Central Florida. Winds of 65 mph were experienced in Miami as the storm passed to the west.



Even a 65-mph wind leaves a lot of litter in Grove Park's palm-lined street.

1945:**June 24**

The city was buffeted with 45 mph winds and heavy rains from a tropical storm. The bay water level rose 10' above normal.

September 4

Miami recorded wind gusts exceeding 50 mph and a 29.31 barometric pressure from a tropical storm which never reached hurricane force. One death was indirectly attributed to the storm and two women were injured after they were blown down while walking on Biscayne Blvd.

September 15

The worst hurricane since 1926 blew into Miami. Winds reached 107 mph. The center passed near Key Largo and Homestead experienced sustained winds of 170 mph with a barometric reading of 28.09". Roofs were torn off, trees splintered and signs blown away. Collins Ave. on Miami Beach was under water and cabana roofs floated through the air. A 70-ton Honduras schooner *Acares* was pounded to pieces near Miami Beach with the loss of one crewman.

Fire swept the Richmond blimp base near Homestead, injuring 200 men stationed there. Fanned by winds exceeding 100 mph, the flames burned everything stored at the Naval Air Station: 25 blimps, 366 airplanes and 150 automobiles. Storm winds and littered highways hampered assistance attempts.



Homestead AFB shows effect of 104 mph wind in 1945's third hurricane.



Boats from Biscayne Bay were tossed across S. Bayshore Dr. near Mary St.



Cars line up daily to get ice at ice houses until power lines are restored.

1946:**October 7**

Sustained winds reached 50 mph in Miami with minor damage reported to piers and houseboats along the beach. The storm originally came ashore near Siesta Key on the southwest coast.

November 2

A weak tropical disturbance with maximum sustained winds of 40 mph affected the southeast coastline from Miami north to Palm Beach.

1947:

September 17

A severe hurricane struck the southeast coastline with maximum sustained winds reaching 155 mph at Hillsborough Light. The barometer fell to 27.97" at Pompano Beach.

In Miami, winds gusting to 110 mph uprooted trees, demolished signboards and downed wires, making many streets impassable. Extensive water damage was reported on Miami Beach with Lincoln Road shops bearing the brunt. Further north along the beach the state highway between Baker's Haulover and Sunny Isles was washed out. More than half the 960' fishing pier was washed away.

All the lights were blown away at Moore Park and

severe light damage was reported at the Orange Bowl. City Manager Richard Danner reported 200 miles of streets a total loss, with an estimated replacement cost of \$2 million. Flooding was reported in every house from Miami Ave. to NW Second Ave. between 71 and 79 Sts. The Miami airport also felt the storm's fury with numerous planes overturned and damaged.

More than 50 percent of the homes in Miami Springs were under water; the business district in Homestead resembled Venice, Italy. President Harry S. Truman declared a state of emergency for the entire southeast coast of Florida.



Highway above Baker's Haulover was washed out in 9-17-47 storm.



Downed wires made streets impassable after Sept. 17 storm ended.

September 23

Another tropical storm with winds reaching 60 mph buffeted Miami six days after the severe hurricane of Sept. 17. Torrential downpours were reported in the city and along the southeast coastline.

1947:

October 11

This hurricane entered Florida at Key West and exited near Pompano Beach. The hurricane was marked by an almost continual display of lightning in and around the eye. Local meteorologists described it as the most vivid displays they had ever witnessed.

Sustained winds reached 80 mph at the Miami International Airport. In Hialeah 1.32" of rain fell in ten minutes with 3.62" falling in one hour. At the United States Geological Survey gauge at the Hialeah water plant, over 6" fell in 75 minutes. Rising flood waters left more than 2,000 families homeless in Dade County. Red Cross Rescue Chairman E.W. Deering said, "We have never had a water situation like this before."

US1 was under water at varying depths from Miami to Fort Lauderdale as was SR7 paralleling it to the west. Tamiami Trail was submerged from near Everglades City to the Dade County line.

Water was waist deep in Hialeah, Miami Springs and Opa-locka. Hialeah Mayor Henry Milander declared a state of emergency and did not permit anyone to enter the area except rescue workers. National Guard officers were alerted to prevent looting in Hialeah, one of the hardest hit areas. Some sections of Hialeah reported water 6' deep.



Third storm in 1947 turned streets into running streams up to two feet deep.

1947: Continues

The Miami River overflowed in the vicinity of NW 12 Ave. bridge. Most streets in Miami became running streams with cars stalled in nearly two feet of water. Water rose over sidewalks and into stores. Little River flooded homes along both banks in El Portal and Sherwood Forest. The Seybold Canal, which joins the Miami River near the Fifth St. bridge, also overflowed.

North Bay Rd. on Miami Beach was inundated as was Dillido Island. The sidewalks along Collins Ave. were covered with water from South Beach through Surfside.

Two small tornadoes attended the storm with one touching down in Miami and Coral Gables and the other striking Miami Beach. Miami Police Sgt. George Renny reported trees uprooted, roofs ripped off as if by a giant crowbar and doors sucked right out of houses. Riviera golf courses were badly damaged. The small tornado on the Beach dipped down on Lenox Ave., demolishing three large construction shacks.



Car and Cessna plane are stranded in yard of home on LeJeune Rd.



In Hialeah over six inches of rain fell in 75 minutes.



Canal overflowed in Miami Springs. Winds reached 80 mph at airport.



Kendall residents used boats. More than 2,000 families were left homeless.



Harding Ave. intersection on Miami Beach became a lake.

1948:**September 21**

The first hurricane of the year struck the Keys with Key West receiving sustained winds of 122 mph gusting to 160. Winds reached 90 mph in Miami, accompanied by nearly 4.5" of rain. Water rose 4.77' above mean sea level, covering parts of the bayfront. Damage from tidal action was reported at the Coconut Grove boat docks.

On Miami Beach the ocean road approach to the Haulover Bridge was destroyed. Lincoln Road suffered only minor window damage. Palm trees and coconuts were strewn over Lummus Park in South Beach.

Three person's deaths were attributed to the storm.



SE 2 Ave. bridge damaged by banana boat in second 1948 storm.



In 1948's first hurricane water rose almost five feet, covering bayfront.

October 5

The second 1948 hurricane struck extreme South Florida with the center passing over Miami. The storm was accompanied by 90 mph sustained winds with a 28.92" barometric reading. One person died and several were injured. Rainfall at the Miami Airport exceeded 9.5". In Hialeah Mayor Henry Milander reported flood waters reaching 3.5'. Most streets in Miami, Miami Beach and Homestead were flooded. The SE 2 Ave. bridge near the mouth of the Miami River was damaged and closed after being rammed by a banana boat. The high winds damaged several planes at the Tamiami Airport. A tornado touched down near Opa-locka, damaging the Royal Palm dairy farm and overturning numerous automobiles.

1949:**August 26**

Miami was spared the brunt of a severe hurricane which caused extensive damage from Pompano Beach northward to Fort Pierce. Forecaster Leonard Pardue compared it with "the great hurricanes of the past." Winds reached 162 mph at Jupiter lighthouse when the anemometer blew away.

The highest sustained winds in Miami reached 60 mph. Damage was limited to downed power lines and palm trees. Chief hurricane forecaster Grady Norton in a

characteristic fireside chat broadcast said, "I think that Miami should be very thankful that we are not getting any worse than this. When you hear what is going on up the road a bit you will all be glad that we missed this big one. Brother, that thing has really wound up; it's a real pumpernickel. There are enough hurricane effects in the area to put on a palm-shaking, wave-tossing good show, but not enough to be dangerous."

1950:**October 16**

The decade ended with the worst storm since 1926. Sustained winds of 122 mph with gusts to 150 raked the city. The barometer plummeted to 28.20". It was the first year hurricanes were named alphabetically and this 11th storm of the year was dubbed King.

Coconuts and palm fronds littered nearly every street. Flagler St. was paved with broken glass. Eleven local radio towers were "twisted around like cornstalks." Bayfront and Crandon Parks were covered by snapped palms.

Coral Gables City Manager W.T. McIlwain said, "It will cost more than \$50,000 just to clear the streets." The hurricane caused damage of over \$200,000 at the Miami Airport, smashing an entrance overhang and tossing around a half-dozen planes "like matchsticks." The Quarterdeck Club built on pilings in Biscayne Bay was nearly destroyed.

On Miami Beach many of the streets were completely covered by sand, especially along Ocean Drive and Lummus Park. Flooding was two feet deep in places. From Government Cut north to the city limits "there was no hotel along the shore that could not count its damage toll in ruined oceanfront rooms, waterlogged lobbies, and



Bridge opens for boats to take shelter from 1950 storm with 122 mph winds.

scrambled landscapes." The Macfadden-Deauville Hotel lobby was under six inches of water. Parked vehicles were overturned. Scattered looting was reported along Lincoln Road. Stores in South Beach were demolished. Homes received damage to roofs, antennas, tiles and landscapes.

The hurricane knocked out the greatest number of telephones in Miami history. Electricity and radio communication were out in nearly every portion of Dade County. The damage total in Florida reached nearly \$28 million and three people lost their lives.

'Madam' Staves Off Jail Again

She is being sentenced to 30 days in jail for failing to appear in court for a hearing on her appeal.

Operator Has Pair In Neck

She is being sentenced to 30 days in jail for failing to appear in court for a hearing on her appeal.

Madam's Memoirs Too Dirty For U.S.

Sherry Has A Critic Here

The memoirs of Madam Sherry, Miami's second best known bawdy house keeper, won't be read here if New Orleans' Robert Gardner can prevent it.

LATE NEWS FLASHES

Madam Sherry Gets Year For Perjury

Madam Sherry, Miami's second best known bawdy house keeper, was sentenced to a year and a day in prison for perjury. Judge Charles... (text continues)

EXCUSE OK

Madame Late For Trial Date

Madame Sherry... (text continues)

Madam's Memoirs Too Dirty For U.S.

Sherry Has A Critic Here

The memoirs of Madam Sherry, Miami's second best known bawdy house keeper, won't be read here if New Orleans' Robert Gardner can prevent it.



The City in Broad Brushstrokes
BY JACK KASSEWITZ

In 1970 Jack Kasewitz was invited to address the Historical Association of Southern Florida on a subject of his own choosing. The material, made available to Update, is printed in the spirit in which it was offered. Kasewitz, a Miami resident since 1954, disclaims any personal research but says assessing nods from those in the audience reinforced his belief in its authenticity and he subsequently used the material in his column in The Miami News.

This story was told to us by a well-known Miamian, a city police officer for more than 40 years:

During the early 1940s, then-Mayor Cliff Reeder invited a group of northern industrialists to visit the city in the hopes that some of them might consider moving their businesses to South Florida.

The group visited a downtown building which had four elevators and beautiful elevator operators to match. The industrialists liked the pristinely pleasant young ladies more than the locale and let it be known to the mayor. They wanted entertainment.

Reeder telephoned his friend, Steve Hannegan, premier press agent of Miami Beach and explained his problem. Hannegan in turn telephoned Mary Doleman, a popular lady whose house was not necessarily a home.

Mary Doleman had the solution to the Mayor's problem. She dressed some of her own young ladies in the attire of the elevator operators and sent them to meet the industrialists, who were never the wiser, but much happier for the experience.

The present activity of the City of Miami police, in harassing the prostitutes along Biscayne Boulevard near 79th Street, reminds old timers that the city actually owes a great deal to ladies of the evening. Of the past, at least.

Our police source insists that city budgets were balanced by revenue produced in raids on houses of ill-repute that sat on Biscayne Boulevard and also on Flagler Street. Police would raid the homes at least once a month, said the officer, and the city's annual take totaled about \$250,000. It helped to buy a lot of library books.

Mary Doleman had an alias which might be better known to the over-50 set. (All they have are memories, anyway.) She was Gertie Walsh, a big, stately woman who had the reputation of running the best "hoise" in town, with the prettiest girls south of Atlanta. To show her class, Gertie was always fined \$100 and her girls \$50, whereas others paid lesser fines, denoting their lower status.

Gertie had a 13-bedroom home on the Miami River not far from the 22nd Avenue bridge and 24th St. Later she moved to West Flagler and 8th Avenue. A funeral home stands on the spot today. At one time, Gertie's house was opposite the courthouse, and a restaurant marks that spot today.

There were other ladies, for the records of history: Tommie Darling, Billie Dove, Bessie Gordon, Rose Miller. All left their marks on Miami and each frequently paid fines in police court.

Rose Miller, alias Madame Sherry, was Miami's second best-known bawdy-house keeper. Her home at NE 62nd Street and Biscayne Bay later became a nursing home and now is the site of an apartment. She also lived in a Moorish type castle on NE Fourth Ave. at 54th St. during the '30s and '40s. Prominent judges, businessmen and newspapermen were patrons.

Tommie Darling had a house at NW 8th Street and First Avenue, while Billie Dove staked out at NE 2nd Avenue and 7th Street. She, incidentally, was the most beautiful of all the madams, says our source, not an infrequent visitor himself.

The point of all this is that famous ladies, other than Julia Tuttle and Mary Brickell, contributed to the growth of Miami, each in her own unique way. Don't ever forget the past.

It Rivalled Polly Gertie's Hou

By ROBERT BERRY

Gertie's Hou

By ROBERT BERRY

New Trial For Madam

Madame Sherry... (text continues)

Deputies Hunt Two Charged In Bolita Probe

Deputies from the U.S. marshals department... (text continues)

Operator Has Pair In Neck

She is being sentenced to 30 days in jail for failing to appear in court for a hearing on her appeal.

"A museum is a place where you see stuff that was around a long time ago."

"It's where you go to learn about things."

—Two school tour members

This is History? Wow! This Is Neat!

BY PAM LOWELL

Since September 1980 almost 2000 Dade County students from six to 16 have visited the Historical Association of Southern Florida's museum. Some of these students later went to the Cape Florida Lighthouse, some to the "Barnacle," (both state parks) and some took a trip aboard the "Silver Meteor," an Amtrak train, to the Gold Coast Railroad Museum in Fort Lauderdale.

All of them took a step backward into time, and forward into a better understanding of their cultural and natural heritage. The link becomes stronger as the drama of the sites unfolds. This drama begins at the museum.

What child can resist the story of the spectacular Indian raid on the lighthouse at Cape Florida? The attack depicted at the museum provokes a multitude of questions.

"Is that blood on the Indians' faces?"

The children have just seen in the previous exhibits how Indians used facial paint in ceremonies but this is different. All children love Indian lore and stories of the Florida Seminoles' struggles to keep what was theirs are readily absorbed by these museum visitors, though they agree that "war is dumb."

If the children remember no other name mentioned during their day into the past, they remember

Going backward in time includes a session of knot-tying on the Barnacle's lawn.



Major Francis L. Dade, who fell at the hands of Indians with the unlikely names of Alligator and Jumper. They feel the excitement of having their county named for the leader of the army detachment besieged and massacred by a large group of Indians at Bushnell, December 28, 1835. The Cape Florida attack was the following summer.

After the museum tour and a ride to Bill Baggs State Park, the story of the Seminole Wars is further told at the Lighthouse. Here the students are also able to learn more about the life of a lighthouse keeper as well as to tour a replica of his house — which boasts a roof designed for the easy disposal of snow!

Climbing 122 stairsteps to the very top of the 95' lighthouse is the trip's most exciting moment and realizing that John Thompson and Aaron Carter were at the mercy of the attacking Indians on this very spot is perhaps its most awesome.

Some children are frightened by the feeling of being up so high, but once they feel the firm ground again

they are ready for lunch and a discussion of wrecking and pirating.

"If north is straight ahead, which way is east? South? West?"

Every pirate worth his salt knows his compass directions, for how else could he navigate his ship or bury his treasure? After a short lesson on telling compass direction by the location of one's shadow or the position of bodies of water, the new pirates form into small hands, each to bury a "treasure." They, of course, make a map to find it again. A shuffle of maps by the captain has each group finding another's treasure. All too soon the afternoon is over.

On another day the scholars leave the museum after touring it and drive to the "Barnacle," another state park. It is Ralph Middleton Monroe's home built on the bay in Coconut Grove. As the children close the gate at the entrance to the "Barnacle," they are told that it is no longer 1981. It is now back in the late 1800s; back when there were no television sets, no shopping centers, and no transportation save by horse, boat or foot.

In the eyes of those who look back, pioneering in Miami was difficult. But children are children regardless of what point in history they find themselves.

"I'd love to sleep in that bed."

What girl today wouldn't love to wake up in Patty Monroe's bed struggled under the patchwork quilt ready for a day of playing dolls and drawing in a notebook?

"Look at that nest train."

The boys easily find themselves playing with a collection of wooden toys in Witth's room or outside climbing a seagrape or mahogany tree.

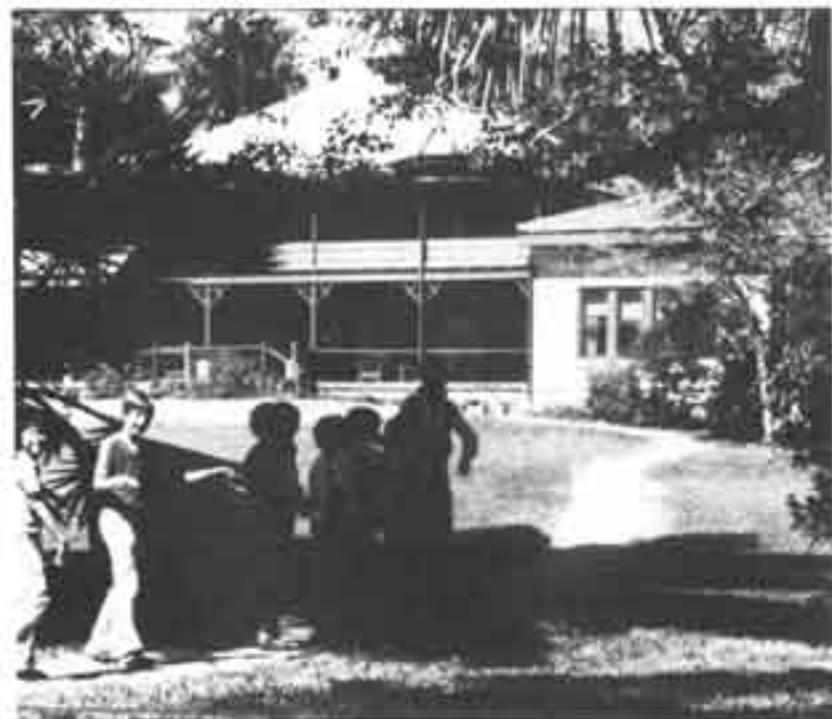
Boys and girls alike enjoy the thought of running down the hill and climbing aboard their own boat. They also like the idea of Indians stopping by, perhaps on their way to the Miami River to trade with William Brickell.

However, today's children don't like the idea of wearing woolen bathing suits, "sweeping" the front lawn, carrying a bucket to the well for fresh water, walking barefoot for many miles to deliver the mail, having but a few families nearby, and a furry-looking radio.

They do like having lunch on the lawn of the Barnacle and also the activity that follows. At this site, the children either make or play an Indian game, do patchwork quilting, or learn the art of rope-making and knot-tying.



Going back down the 122 steps to the top of Cape Florida lighthouse is not quite as awesome as going up. Tour Leader Lillian Myers is last one down.



Imagining themselves as pioneers of the late 1800s, tour students set out to explore the Barnacle in Coconut Grove.

Most of the schoolchildren know the importance of the coming of the railroad to Miami, and a good many know of Julia Tuttle's orange blossom lure sent to Henry Flagler. However, few of them have ever ridden on a train, and certainly none has ever been on a presidential Pullman car.

Thus the museum's "Gold Coast Railroad Adventure" becomes just that, an adventure of the present that travels into the past. This school program does not begin at the museum. Students board the Amtrak train "Silver Meteor" at the NW 37 Ave. station in Miami and journey to Fort Lauderdale where they visit the Gold Coast Railroad Museum.

Here they can climb up in a red caboose just as trainmen did years ago in order to get advance notice of an impending attack. Furthermore, they can stand on the very platform used by Franklin Roosevelt, Harry Truman and Dwight Eisenhower as they addressed the citizens of our country during the '40s and '50s. It is at the back of the "Ferdinand Magellan," the private rail car built for the presidents of the United States.

"Wow, that's neat."

"I want to come back." ●

Teachers Find Guide's First Edition Handy

The 1980-1981 *Teachers Guide* could have been a best seller except for the fact that it was given away. Thanks to a \$2,000 subsidy by Burger King, 17,000 copies were printed. They were distributed to teachers in Dade County's elementary and secondary schools, public and private, last September and the phones began ringing at the museum.

In 30 succinct paragraphs the museum's education director Wit Ostrenko laid out eight programs designed to help teachers bring history to life and how the teacher could schedule them. Nine handsome photographs and a map illustrate the text.

Three of those programs, Exploring the Barnacle, Cape Florida Lighthouse and Gold Coast Railroad Adventure, are described through students' reactions in Pam Lowell's accompanying article. Pam, Lillian Myers and Nadia Finn assist in the Barnacle and Lighthouse tour-trips and Pam Trackman with the Gold Coast Railroad Adventure.

The teachers arrange transportation, one adult chaperone for every 10 students, bag lunches and drinks. Trips start and end at school except for the railroad trip which starts at the Amtrak station. Students pay \$ 50 for



Handy 12-page 1981-1982 Teacher's Guide will be distributed in September.

the morning tour, \$1.00 for after-lunch special activities plus their lunch and transportation. The railroad is a \$10 package trip, requires 30 students and is limited to 66.

All programs have been booked solid every day except Tuesday when the state parks are closed.

Other programs include a 45-minute docent-conducted museum tour, which involves transportation; a show-and-tell program on the Homesteading Era, which is done at school with multiple class participa-

tion, the Harvest, which is on a do-it-yourself basis; and five films, which keep circling around the county on a weekly basis.

The films, 50-minute *Miami: The Magic City*, and 30-minute *Ours is a Tropic Land* (1972), *The History of Coconut Grove* (1970), *Everglades: Water System in Crisis* (1972) and *Lignum Vitae Key* (1972); are available for one week for the cost of return postage (late return charge of \$1 per day). Heavy use is taking its toll in wear and tear, however, and a fee to cover replacements is being considered.

Besides the school programs, Ostrenko provides classes in a variety of subjects for adult enrichment or teacher recertification points. He also provides a Search for Old Florida series of trips to historic sites all over South Florida via canoe, bus, hiking and/or camping.

As if that isn't enough, he has gleams in his eyes about specialty tours, summer classes and tourists. He already has Phyllis Saltzman helping part-time in developing the tourist program.

In his spare time he must put together the **1981-1982 Teachers Guide** for mid-September distribution. ●



Florida's fresh water springs, which emerged after the ice age, are among inundated terrestrial sites discussed in *IN REALMS OF GOLD*. These archeologists are working at Warm Mineral Springs in Central Florida.

BOOK REVIEW

In Realms of Gold: The Proceedings of the Tenth Conference on Underwater Archaeology. Edited by Wilburn A. Cockrell. (San Marino, CA: Fathom Eight, 1981 xi, 255 pp., Foreword, Editor's Note, Dedication, \$12.00.)

This volume can be enjoyed by people unfamiliar with archeology and its fine points as well as by professionals and amateurs deeply involved in the science. The editor, Wilburn A. Cockrell, who is the State of Florida's underwater archeologist, was chairman of the tenth Conference on Underwater Archaeology (CUA), held in conjunction with the Society for Historical Archaeology in Nashville, TN January 2-6, 1979. Since the CUA has no formal organization, not all of the papers presented at the conference became available to Cockrell for inclusion in the book.

The conference included four separate sessions and a panel discus-

OUT OF THE TRUNK

HASF trunk bonanza! We need to know more about almost every picture in the issue. This can keep you busy until November.

- p. 6 Hurricane warning: site? year?
MacArthur Causeway: what boat?
Palm-lined street: which street?
man at right is A. B. Curry: man at left?
- p. 7 Homestead AFB: What building? who are people?
Boats: whose?
Ice line: where?
- p. 8 Downed wires: site?
- p. 8 Girls in street: Fort Lauderdale: where? who?
- p. 9 Cows: where?
Kendall: where? who?
Miami Springs: whose boat?
Car and Cessna: home of Mrs. N.F. Jensen,
1424 LeJeune Rd.
Harding Ave.: where?
- p. 10 Water hitting seawall: where?
SE 2 Ave. bridge: name of boat?
Bridge open: which bridge?
- p. 12 Boy tying knots: who? what school?
- p. 13 Lighthouse: what school? know anyone?
Barnacle: what school?

Send your answers to **Update**, Historical Association of Southern Florida, 3280 S. Miami Ave., Miami, FL 33129. Get started.



sion. The book maintains the session titles: "Shipwreck Archaeology," "Method and Technique," "Inundated Terrestrial Sites," and "Underwater Cultural Resource Management." Happily most of the papers published are accompanied by their notes and bibliographies. Cockrell also has transcribed the panel discussion.

"Shipwreck Archaeology" contains eight papers dealing with the search for or the study of seven different sunken ships. Each paper gives a history of the vessel in question, the archeological techniques used at the site, the purpose of the project, and the results of the work. The ships involved range from a 17th century Spanish galleon to a 19th century United States warship sunk during the Civil War.

This highly interesting section gives vivid descriptions of how the ships met their fates and relates the variety of problems encountered by archeologists searching for, working on, and interpreting a wreck site.

The general reader would find the second section, "Method and

Technique," the least interesting. It contains seven papers detailing various technical aspects of underwater archeology. Two of the processes described are airborne magnetometer surveying and the use of the side scan sonar. The authors give suggestions for cutting costs and working more efficiently and accurately. These articles do not single out any specific sites but deal with surveying large areas, possible sites and the general approach to interpreting data from archeological digs.

The third section, "Inundated Terrestrial Sites," returns to the discussion of individual archeological sites, specifically those which used to be on dry land but have been flooded by rising water levels. The six articles in this part of the book include one by Cockrell. His paper describes some of the findings associated with Pleistocene discoveries in Florida's fresh water springs and on its continental shelf.

Questions dealing with preserving underwater sites and preventing their destruction are dealt with in the

six papers which make up "Underwater Cultural Resource Management." Cockrell also has an article in this section. In his paper he describes the "rape and pillage" of underwater sites by uninformed sports divers, "ill-considered excavation by archeologists," and treasure hunters. The general feeling one gets from this section is that the destruction of these sites is very profitable and that very little can be done to stop it.

The panel discussion deals very briefly with several interesting questions, however, the bulk of the comments concerns the internal development and goals of the CUA.

Most of the papers presented in this book are well written and very interesting. Hopefully future publications of the CUA will be of the same fine quality. However, anyone who has attended a professional conference knows that often excellent papers are followed by some which do not meet the same high standards, and so it is with one or two of the *Realms of Gold* papers.

— Daniel Markus

THE FINAL WORD



Letters

Continued from page 2

Lessner (H O St.) was trending memory lane. Notes were sketchy and a written comment was requested. Deadline arrived before letter, so herewith notes.

"I was born in 1904 in a house downtown and I remember the structure that came from downtown (west) on 12th St. (Flagler St.) and turned north on Avenue G (3rd Ave.) and went into the woods. It had a turnabout up there (20th St.) and came back. There were three large cars.

"It probably served the black area. I know we didn't take it when we went to see some of our family who lived on 7th St. and Ave. I or J. We just took off and walked through the pinewoods.

"I remember the Indians used to tie up their canoes in the river and walk past our house going out to Götman's grocery which was near where the Federal Building is now. One day I saw an Indian woman go into the palmets across the street and when she came out about 45 minutes later she had a papoose tied on her back.

"Later the Indians built the Flagler St. bridge strong enough to carry trolley cars and the tracks were laid out to where the Orange Bowl is now. It went north on 26th Ave. to Grove Park and the car barns were where Churchill's is. Later they still used the lines but replaced the trolleys with buses.

"We used to tease the motorman by hiding in the bushes and whistling. The trolley would stop and the motorman would look all around for a passenger. On the way back into town he would stop and let us ride to the midway tracks and then we had to walk back home."

LETTERS POLICY

Letters relevant to previous issues as well as appropriate historical topics should be addressed to: Update Editor, Historical Association of Southern Florida, 3280 S. Miami Avenue, Miami, FL 33129. Letters should be signed. Letters may be edited to meet space restrictions.

Historian Thelma Peters, whose new book is due from the printer any time now, went to the library recently and asked for a microfilm copy of the January 1, 1905 *Miami Evening Record*.

"We don't have a *Miami Evening Record* on microfilm," said the librarian.

"Then, may I have the microfilm of the January 1, 1905 *Miami Herald*?" Dr. Peters asked.

When it was produced and inserted in the viewer, up came the front page masthead: *Miami Evening Record*, January 1, 1905. The *Evening Record* merged with *The Miami Morning News* in 1907 and did not become *The Miami Herald* until 1910.

A great mass of historical documentation is lost to the general reading public because someone has not searched it out or has not had the luck that Dr. Peters had in tapping its filing category.

Dr. Peters has spent many hours recording bits of history from early local news columns and she has promised that *Update* readers can read about some of them in a forthcoming issue.

In the meantime, Howard Kleinberg, editor of *The Miami News* (which was once *The Miami Daily News* and is not to be confused with the above-mentioned *Miami Morning News* which was merged by Frank B. Stoneman and A.L. LaSalle with their *Miami Evening Record* and which became *The Miami Herald* under Frank B. Shotts) is giving *Miami News* readers a treat with its "Miami: The Way We Were" feature

which has been carried in the Saturday paper since mid-May.

Kleinberg is reprinting everything from the first telephone book to Hernando d'Escalante Fontaneda's memoir, published in 1575, of his 17 years with the Tequestas (a publication of HASF). Most of "The Way We Were" material, however, comes from *The Miami Metropolis*, the paper that began publishing in Miami the year the city was incorporated, 1896, and was renamed by Gov. James M. Cox in 1924 *The Miami Daily News*. (The *Daily* was dropped after the *News* dropped its Sunday edition.)

Kleinberg had a wealth of material to draw on for his feature but reproducing old newspapers, either from the original or from microfilm copies is not all that easy. The editor called upon Bell & Howell laboratories, which experimented for some time before coming up with a reproducible copy (at \$12 a page, Kleinberg confides).

Firm in the belief that knowing where you came from gives you better insight in deciding where you are going, I congratulate Editor Kleinberg and *The Miami News* on utilizing its files to recreate bits of the past. What will we do when information ceases to come to us in written or printed form and arrives only in front of our blinking eyes, the sound going in one ear and out the other?

Mary Anderson

AUTHOR BIOGRAPHIES

George Hubert Cooper (1903-1975) came to Florida to farm, which he did successfully. He was better known for his caustic introductions and presentations which left audiences tearful in laughter. Governors, generals, congressmen, business titans, civic leaders were shredded. "A Letter to Mother" is a rare glimpse of Hubert, not George, Cooper.

Dr. Michael N. Kesselman, the Nautilus Junior High School administrator who wrote about Booker T. Washington High School in the February 1981 *Update*, has been researching Florida hurricanes for several years.

Jack Kassewitz, who has been with *The Miami News* since his arrival in Miami in 1954, is now a *News* columnist. He is a long-time trustee of Miami-Dade Community College.

Pam Lowell, who came to Miami in 1979 with husband Robert, sons Mark and Douglas, and a background of newspaper and environmental work, is a tour leader in the HASF education program.



ARE YOU A TROLLEY CAR CO. STOCKHOLDER?

In 1977, the Historical Association of Southern Florida became the owner of trolley car # 231 from the original City of Miami trolley line which stopped service in 1940.

Following extensive research, the Association elected to undertake the formidable task of restoring # 231 to its original state - at an estimated cost of \$42,000. Following completion of the restoration, # 231 will be displayed at the new Historical Museum, now scheduled to open in the Dade County Cultural Complex in 1982.

To finance the restoration, the Association has established the Historical Museum Trolley Car Company. Opening shares are offered at \$2.31. Blocks of shares are available at \$231 for 100 shares, \$23.10 for 10 shares, or \$2.31 each in odd lots. Your purchase is tax deductible; your dividend is the satisfaction of preserving an important part of South Florida's past. For each contribution of \$2.31, the Association will send you a personalized certificate complete with embossed corporate seal.

"City of Miami No. 231" took off for Topton, PA in June. Not under her own power, of course. But Ed Blossom of the Dushore Car Co. in Topton is optimistic that when 231 returns around December 1982 she can travel on her own.

The HASF Trolley Car Company's assets have increased \$1,000 in the last quarter.

Buy shares in the HASF Trolley Car Co. Sell shares to your friends. To become a shareholder, send your check (payable to The Historical Association of Southern Florida) to:

Trolley Car

The Historical Association of Southern Florida
3280 South Miami Avenue
Miami, FL 33129

Yes, I would like to purchase shares in the Historical Museum Trolley Car Company.

Enclosed is \$ _____

for _____ shares @ \$2.31 per share.

Name _____

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

Phone _____

Purchase of shares is tax deductible.

Update

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