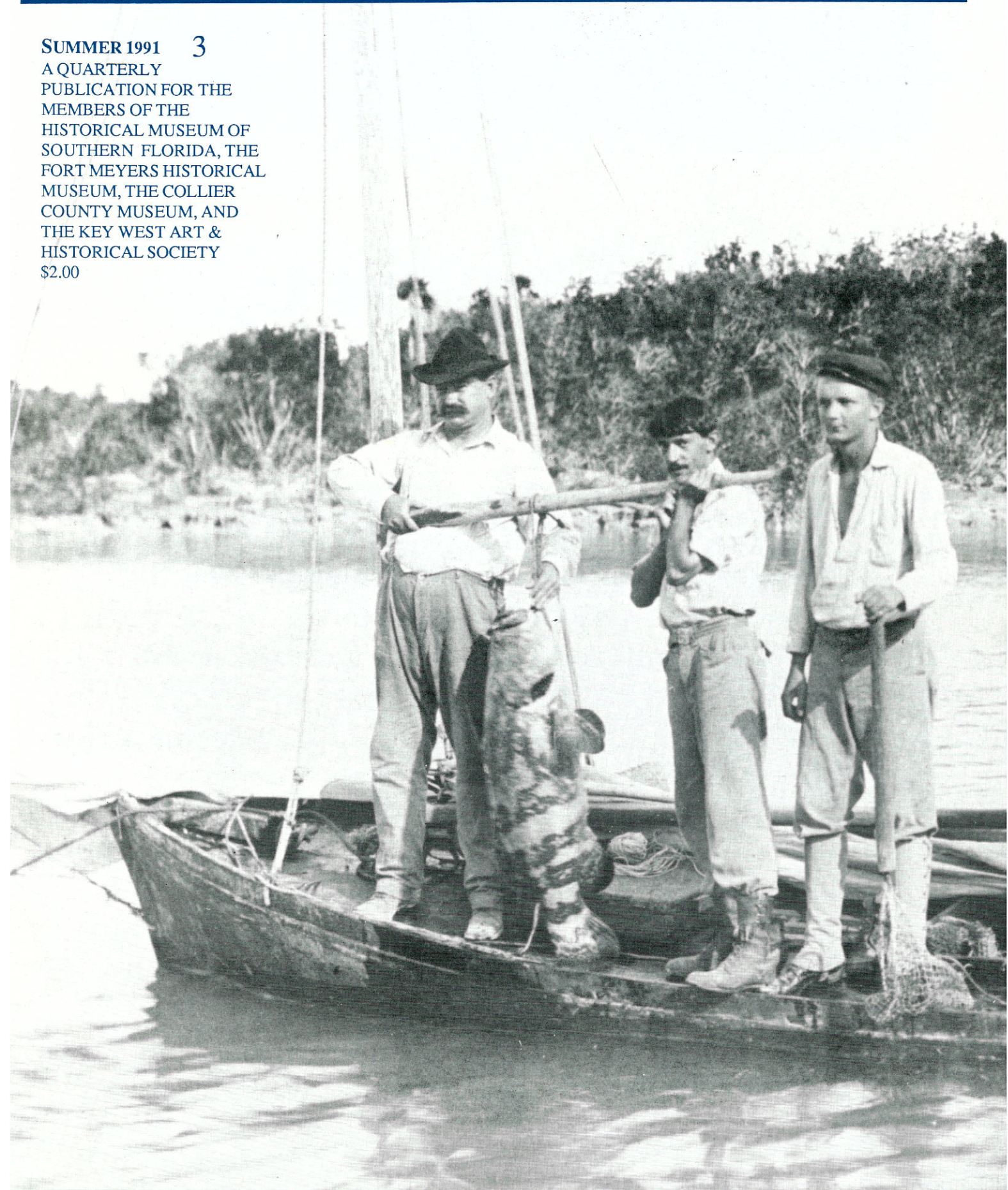


South Florida History

M A G A Z I N E

SUMMER 1991 3

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PUBLICATION FOR THE
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Fishermen supplied the camps, in this case Camp 12, with protein. The fish in the bow is a jewfish; in the stern is a jack. 1991-208-80

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South Florida History

M A G A Z I N E

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Editor's Notes

by Mary Ann Wilson

This issue introduces "Around the galleries," a new calendar feature that will appear regularly in the magazine's back pages.

South Florida History Magazine is distributed to members of the Collier County Museum, Fort Myers Historical Museum and Key West Art and Historical Society (Key West Lighthouse Museum and East Martello Museum & Gallery), as well as to members of the Historical Association of Southern Florida (HASF). We believe all our readers should know about the exhibitions, programs and special events these five museums offer residents and visitors. "Around the galleries" will tell you museum hours, locations and phone numbers, and give you a calendar of events for the next few months. We encourage you to explore these opportunities to discover and enjoy more history.

Our popular pictorial feature, "Through the Lens," is sporting a new name: "THE VISUAL RECORD." HASF's Charlton W. Tebeau Research Center has a vast collection of photographs, drawings, prints, documents,

manuscripts, and maps, which constitute a remarkable visual record of much of our region's history. The name-change is intended to accommodate future presentation of non-photographic, visual images from HASF's collection and other sources.

In this issue, "THE VISUAL RECORD" spotlights George B. Adams' photographs of the Florida East Coast Railway Oversea Extension construction, in the early twentieth century. How these unusual images found their way into HASF's collection is a story of its own . . . and you can read all about it in a sidebar that follows the photo-feature.

We hope you enjoy the two, first-person historical accounts: Jack Stark writes about his boyhood adventures in and around Biscayne Bay; while Rose Connett-Richards provides a personal and fascinating account of a Swedish painter and world-traveller who called South Florida home.

"Amateur historian" and Miami-River-expert Don Gaby makes a welcome return with his detailed description of World-War-I-era flight

training in the Miami area. Dramatic photos, some on loan and some from HASF's collection, add a colorful and poignant dimension to this little-known slice of local history.

Respected Columbus scholar and author Kay Brigham has produced an incisive review of West and Kling's translation of *Libro de las profecías of Christopher Columbus: an en face edition*.

This issue also introduces a new editor. The eve of the Columbus Quincentenary era is a challenging and exciting time to take the reins of *South Florida History Magazine*. With the support of co-editors, scholars and writers, I look forward, over the next few years, to exploiting a unique opportunity for reflection on the long-term consequences of those first encounters among Europeans, Africans and Native Americans.

Although you will notice some changes in *South Florida History Magazine*, I pledge to continue the enduring dedication to producing a lively journal of popular regional history, which focuses on southern Florida and our Caribbean Basin neighbors.



Enlargements by: **KENYA PHOTO MURAL**

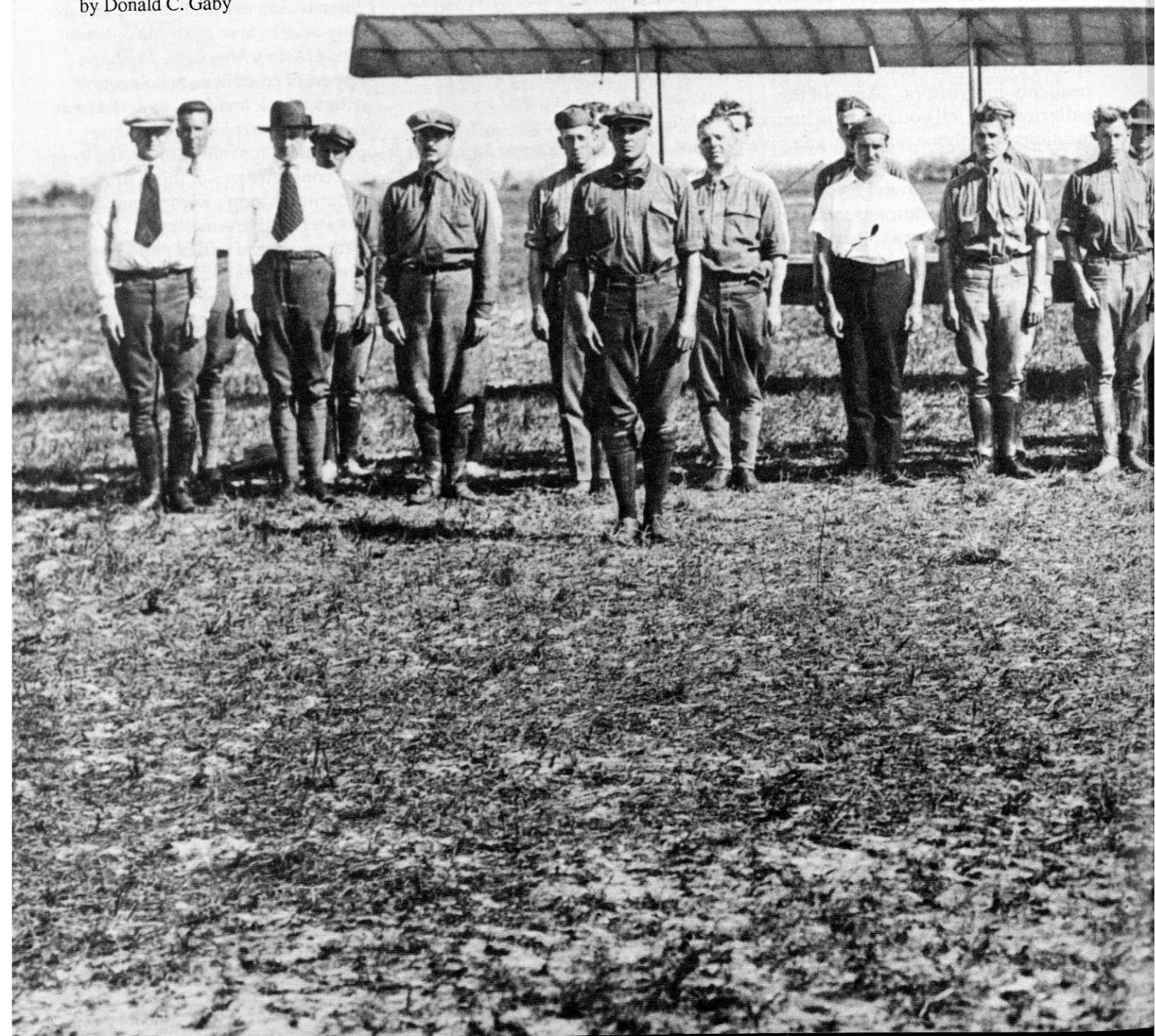


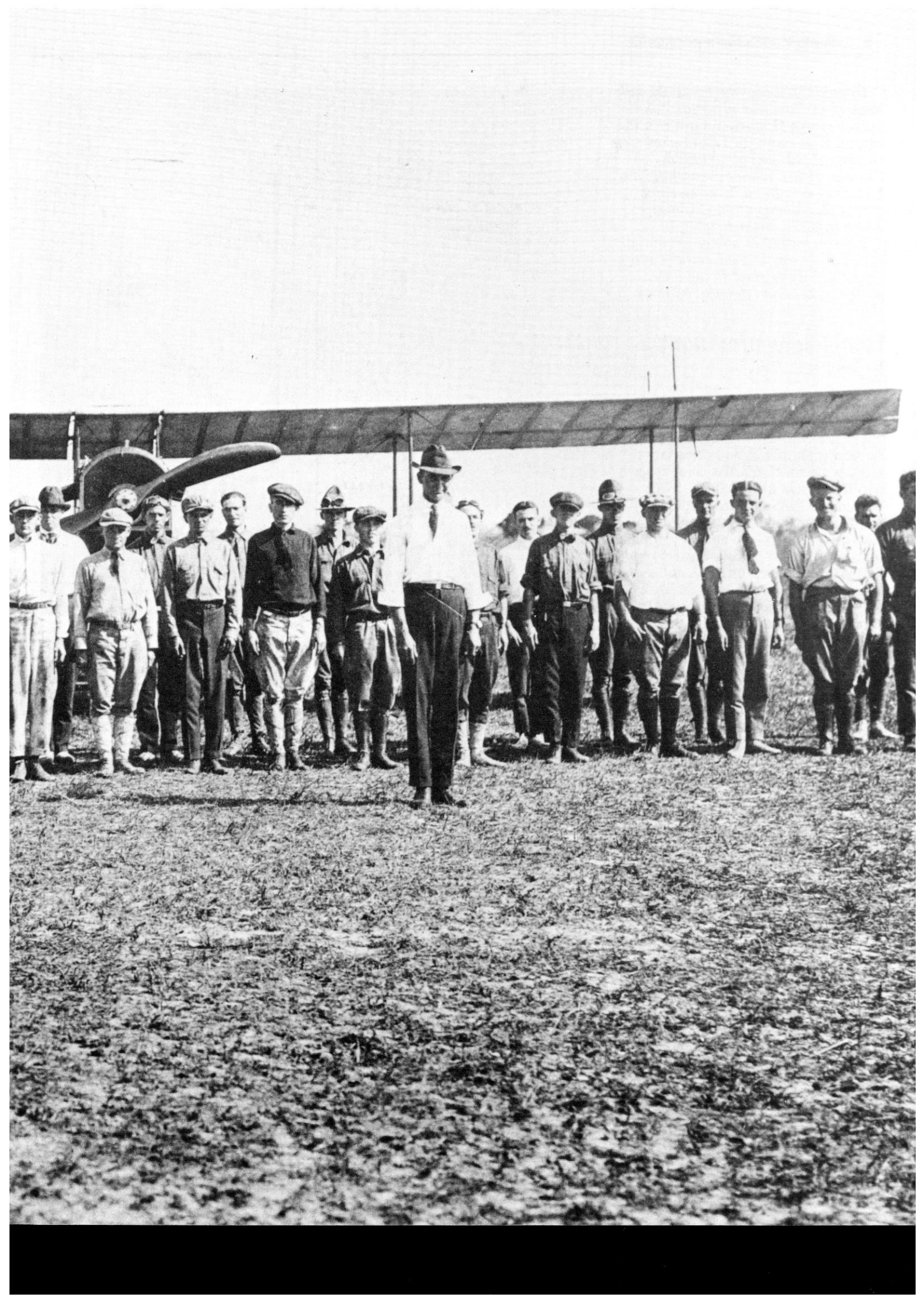
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The Curtiss Flying School and U.S. Marine Flying Field

by Donald C. Gaby





Donald C. Gaby, who modestly calls himself an "amateur historian," is the author of *An Historical Guide to the Miami River and its Tributaries* (The Historical Museum of Southern Florida, 1990). While researching the history of the Miami River he came across an old map of the airfield, which inspired this article.

A former weather officer for the Air Force and Army in the Pacific, Gaby, who also logged some flying duty, gives all dates and times in military style.

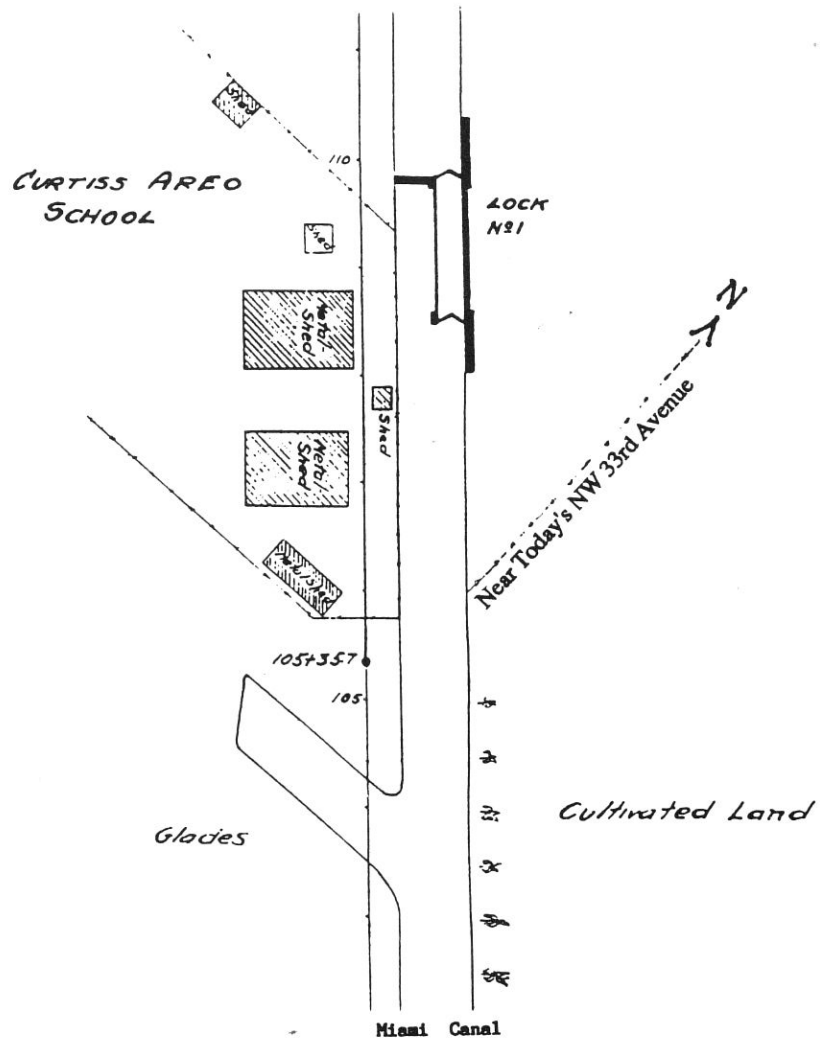
Miami sees first flight in 1911

The first aircraft flight from Miami, in the summer of 1911, was part of the city's fifteenth anniversary celebration. In the winter of 1911-1912, aviation pioneer Glenn H. Curtiss established two flying schools at Miami. (See November 1985 *Update* articles by Helma Peters and Linda Williams). Less well known---an almost lost piece of local history---are the Curtiss Flying School, established in 1917, and the J.S. Marine Flying Field that evolved from it during the First World War. (It should not be confused with the Marine aviation section at the Naval Air Station, Dinner Key, Miami.)

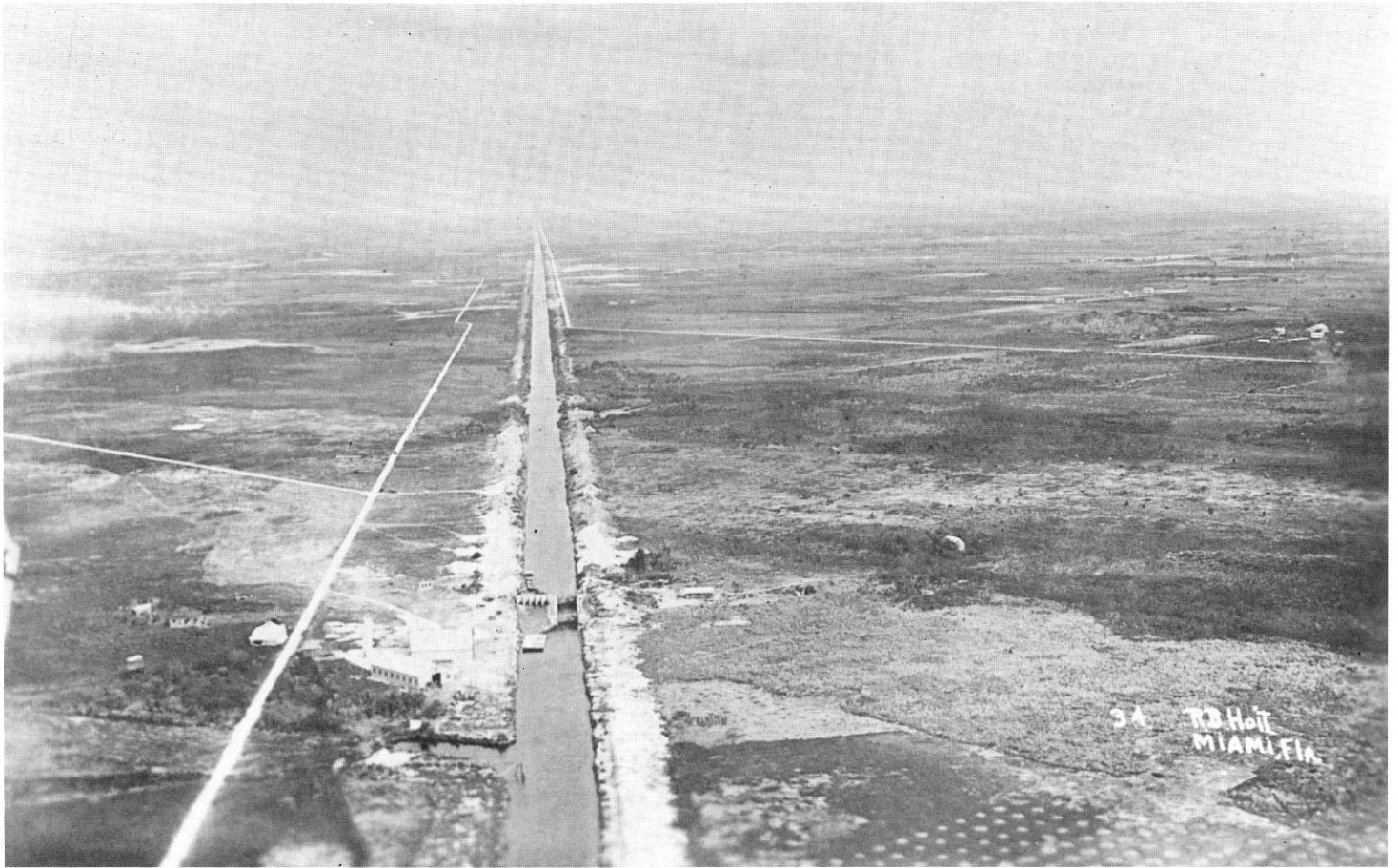
The U.S. National Archives, Military Reference Branch, Textual Reference Division, searched without success for any reference to this Marine Flying Field on the Miami Canal. The following account is derived mostly from Miami newspaper reports, plus extracts from two Marine Corps historical publications, kindly provided by the Marine Corps Historical Foundation, Quantico, Virginia; from an October 1917 state survey of the Miami Canal; and from personal contacts with the Jones family who own Jones Boat Yard, and with a Jones sister-in-law, Mary A. Millard.

First flight school established near the Everglades

During 1916, the U.S. Congress appropriated funds for establishing military aviation schools throughout the country. Former mayor E. G. Sewell, who in 1911 had been the first Miamiian to fly, enthusiastically led an effort by the chamber of commerce to



Marine Field Plane and Pilot (Matlack #77-36, 1918))



Aerial view of Curtiss Field (Hoit #34)

have one of those schools established in Miami. It was thought that a site near the Everglades would be ideal for training using land-based planes, while hydro-aeroplanes could use Biscayne Bay.

The largest Army Aviation school planned

By November 1916, Glenn Curtiss selected a site on Miami Beach for a hydro-aeroplane school. In December he selected another site, in a recently drained area of the Everglades, for training with land-based aircraft. He planned to move south from his school in Newport News, Virginia, and began advertising for aviation students who were college graduates aged 21-27 years. Curtiss planned the largest Army aviation school in the country.

In January 1917, the new Curtiss Flying School began on land leased from the Bright Bros. Ranch. It was on the north side of the Miami Canal, about eight miles from Miami, in today's Hialeah. Each day the instructor pilots flew Curtiss Jenny aircraft to the field from their base on Miami

Beach, while the students drove out from town. The airfield had a fine paragrass runway that was meant to be temporary. (Paragrass is a fine grass grown in tropical areas.) By the time the United States entered the war in April, Curtiss was building a permanent school on the south side of the Miami Canal, about four miles from downtown Miami.

First graduate commissioned as a lieutenant

On 11 April 1917, flying from the temporary field, E. H. Holterman, the first cadet to finish the course, became a lieutenant in the Army's aerial reserve. He completed his training by making a 30-mile flight from the ranch to Homestead, landing and returning. The flight took one hour and fifteen minutes aerial time, plus fifteen minutes on the ground in Homestead, where Holterman was greeted by Mayor Tatum of Miami and Army personnel.

The Army expected some 200 men to learn to fly at the school. During April, the student body included 44 Army enlisted men, part of the Signal Corps, since an air corps had not yet been formed. There were also two civilian students, one a Professor Hiram Bingham of Yale University.

Air school moves near Miami Canal

Early in May 1917, the Curtiss Flying School moved to its permanent location on 50 acres purchased by the Curtiss Exhibition Company. The site was just below the former lock on the Miami Canal, near today's 33rd Avenue. The site may have been chosen for the convenience of not having to transit the canal lock. A large building was constructed as an assembly hangar and for speedboat storage. They dredged a basin between that building and the canal to facilitate handling the speedboats and for fuel delivery. The company intended to use the new facility for its fast watercraft as well as for aviation training. E. H.



Instructors at Miami -- Jannus, Rader, Spratt, Bennett, Rolp " X-865-2)

aircraft and instructors. Perhaps that is why 10 students were discharged without any reason being given---although the order came from Washington. Later it was said that the students were not receiving sufficiently thorough instruction. The school was forced to close for the summer, but instruction continued at Newport News. It was expected to open again on 1 December 1917, with 80 students and five instructors. There were 12 aircraft, including a powerful new Curtiss triplane speed scout. More hangars were being built, but no barracks; the local boys lived in town and others in tents.

A change occurred by the first of 1918. It was reported that the Curtiss school would no longer train men for the Army or Navy, but would accept only civilian students. The price for the course was \$600---about \$12,500 in 1991 money. Of 30 students listed, only Raymond V. Waldin was from Miami. There was one woman, Nettie Snook. Joseph Bennett, a distinguished former Curtiss student and instructor, was general manager and chief pilot. Flying was limited to the hours between sunrise and 1000 (10 a.m.), and from 1430 (2:30 p.m.) until dark. By

then, there were two hangars---each with a capacity of six or eight aircraft - a machine shop, a mess hall and an office. The school was reached by a narrow road that wound along the south side of the Miami Canal, west of Musa Isle (27th Avenue). The road crossed the Tamiami Canal on a "country bridge" built in 1915.

Marines build flying field in 1918

In March 1918, the Marine Flying Field was established by the Marine Corps. On 31 March the First Aviation Squadron transferred there from Lake Charles, Louisiana (*The U.S. Marine Corps in the World War*, by Maj. Edwin N. McClellan, USMC, 1920). Curtiss and Bright leased the land to the government for \$1 a year for the duration of the war. By May 1918, the county had completed an improved, 16-foot-wide, rock "military" road. Probably at this time, the first swing bridge was installed across the Tamiami Canal. Soon what had been a "sleepy airstrip bordered by a couple of wood-framed hangars," was transformed into a bustling military com-

plex of hangars, storehouses, machine shops, tent camps, and gunnery and bombing ranges (*Marine Corps Aviation: The Early Years 1912-1940*, by Lt. Col. Edward C. Johnson, USMC, 1977). The YMCA provided a large tent and various activities for the cadets.

As Lt. Col. Johnson reported, "The Marines at Miami adopted an intensive training schedule, sandwiching into a few weeks basic flight instruction in seaplanes (necessary to qualify everyone for Navy wings), elementary landplane training, formation flying, aerobatics, and the rudiments of aerial tactics, gunnery, bombing and reconnaissance. Some of the enlisted men were detailed and trained as air gunners and observers. Others took instruction, usually on the job, as mechanics, armorers and ground crewmen. Officers and men worked from daylight until dark under less than ideal conditions. Drifting sand and dust filtered into engines, increasing maintenance difficulties, and the swamps of the Everglades, which bordered the field, made every forced landing a major rescue and recovery problem. Haste and overwork took their inevitable toll."

According to Lt. Col. Johnson, pilots came from two sources. Some Navy officers, already qualified seaplane pilots, came to the Marine airfield at Miami for landplane training. Enlisted Marines, selected as promising flying material, were given the rank of gunnery sergeant, then sent to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology for a 10-week course in groundwork. After graduation, they did their actual

flight training at Miami. This course embraced preliminary, acrobatic and formation flying, plus bombing, gunnery, and reconnaissance work, including photography. These enlisted men were all of superior physique, 19 to 39 years old, from 135 to 165 pounds, and with at least two years of college study. Upon qualifying, they were commissioned as second lieutenants in the Marine Corp Reserve Flying Corps.

Most Marine Corps mechanics, riggers and armorers trained at the Navy's Great Lakes Training Station, Chicago. However, some were trained "on-the-job" at Miami. Among these was a pioneer Miamian, Charles David Millard, who came from the Bahamas in 1905 at age 14. Although he was a British subject and not liable to the U.S. draft, Millard enlisted as a private in the Marine Corps. Later he was sent to France, where he served with distinction until war's end. Dave Millard was the father-in-law of Frank E. Jones, the younger brother of Cleve Jones. Cleve and Frank Jones are co-owners of the Jones Boat Yard, which is on the Miami Canal at the site of the former Marine Flying Field.

Death was never far away

During early May, two fliers, practicing tail spins after machine-gun practice, were killed in a crash when their engine quit. The accident occurred at what was known as the "gunner's field." In June, a similar crash took the lives of two other fliers. That same month, a Marine basketball

team defeated the Miami YMCA team in the first game ever played in the new YMCA gymnasium downtown.

On 16 June 1918, a headquarters detachment and four squadrons, designated A, B, C, and D, were organized into the 1st Aviation Force. At this time, a British aviator sent to appraise the squadrons' state of readiness pronounced them fit for combat, but a Marine aviator who was there had a different view:

We had flown nothing but Jennies. We got one DH-4 [the bombing plane they were to fly in France], and all of us in Miami got one flight in the first DH-4. Our gunnery training had consisted of getting into the rear seat and using a Lewis gun, shooting the targets on the ground. None of us had ever fired a fixed gun in our lives. None of us had ever dropped a bomb in our lives.

In July, a messenger flying from Arcadia approached Miami at dusk, and could not find the Curtiss airfield. After spotting a "white streak," he landed on S.W. 3rd Street, between 18th and 19th avenues. A few days later, another aircraft with engine trouble landed in Riverside near the Miami River. That engine was quickly fixed and the pilot took off for Curtiss airfield without harm to anyone.

Ready or not, on 13 July most of the 1st Aviation Force departed for France. Most of the following account is based on the reports of Lt. Col. Johnson and Maj. McClellan. Squadron D remained



Jimmy Graham's first solo



Charles David Millard Sr.,
Marine mechanic, en route
to France, 1918

behind temporarily while Squadrons A, B and C boarded trains for New York. On 18 July, 107 officers and 654 enlisted men of the three squadrons sailed on the transport *USS De Kalb*. At Miami, additional aviation personnel trained to serve as the base for Marine air patrols of the Florida coast.

Miami's Marines go to war

The 1st Aviation Force, vanguard of Marine aviation in the war zone, disembarked at Brest on 30 July. Squadrons A and B went to Oye, a town between Calais and Dunkirk. Squadron C was at La Fresne to the southwest, with its headquarters at Bois en Andres. Squadron D, with an additional 42 officers and 188 enlisted men, joined the others on 5 October. The Marines were stationed behind the sector of the front held by the British armies, rather than in the American sector.

Their aircraft were not yet assembled, so an ingenious exchange was made. American Liberty engines, of which the U.S. had a surplus, were traded for British DH-9As, a modification of the DH-4 bomber. These were the same famous Liberty engines that later powered some of the fastest "rum-running" boats built on the Miami River.

The Marine flyers engaged in pursuit, bombing and observations. Their operations included flights against German submarines and submarine bases using "land fighting" aircraft. They flew with both the Royal Air Force and French Flying Corps.

By November 1918, aircraft at the Marine Flying Field, Miami included: De Haviland 4's, Curtiss JN's (the famous Jenny), Thomas-Morse scouts and M-1 defense planes. Some of the same aircraft were flown in France.

Flying Field faces uncertain future

By August, continued use of Curtiss airfield for Marine training was in doubt. Major complaints were that the airfield was too small and the runway too sandy. James Bright and Glenn Curtiss offered a new site on the Bright Ranch, of 2,000 acres--part of which could easily be sodded.

In late August there was another tragic accident at the airfield. A pilot, Lt. Thomas J. Butler, trying to land without power, touched down on one wheel, causing a strut to puncture the fuel tank overhead. Butler was drenched with gasoline, which caught fire from the engine. The pilot and a passenger were severely burned. Butler died that evening. He had been married in Jacksonville just the week before. On 1 November, yet another pilot died when his aircraft fell from 5,000 feet.

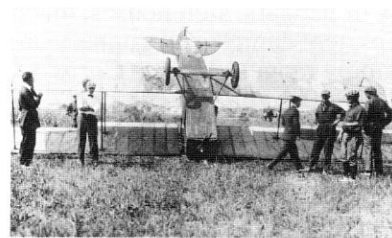
The delivery of six new hangars, in October 1918, caused the city fathers to believe the Marine training facility would be permanent. However, it was not clear whether Curtiss airfield would continue at the existing location or move to a proposed new site up the canal.

The question became mute with the Armistice in November. After demobilization was announced, the students were given the option of completing their training or going home. In late November, a "mob" of Marines paraded the streets of Miami and attacked civilians until recalled to camp. The disturbance may have begun as a celebration, or as a protest of the city's attempt to impose a curfew on the Marines' movements and of the Florida Senate's ratification of the Prohibition Amendment. The YMCA responded with a major expansion of the tent facility at the airfield, introducing motion pictures and electric lights.

December 1918 was marked by the return of one of the four squadrons that had trained at the field. Squadron D, which had departed in September, was received home amid much celebration. Squadrons A, B and C were expected back by Christmas, but these men were given Christmas furloughs to visit their homes. Two days after Christmas, Marine Private John Byrne's foot slipped while cranking an aircraft and the propeller struck him fatally in the head.

The last three squadrons returned in late January. During February they gave exhibitions of daring aerial maneuvers. Two more fliers died when their aircraft collided while one was performing a tail spin.

With the failure of Congress to appropriate funds, the future of the Marine Flying Field remained uncertain. A visit by Major General George Barnett, Marine Corps commandant, on an inspection tour of local airfields, did little to provide encouragement.



Additional views,
"Jimmy Graham's first solo"

"Lieut. W.A. Spratt - R.R.C.
My Instructor" (X-285-1)



Postwar demobilization took place quickly and, in February 1919, the 1st Aviation Force disbanded at Miami. Most of the remaining personnel and equipment were dispersed to Paris Island, South Carolina and Quantico, Virginia,---“in the best interest of the service.”

The First Marine Aeronautic Company, returning from the Azores, arrived at the the Marine Flying Field on 15 March 1919.

On 30 May 1919, the Marines held a memorial service at the airfield in honor of their 57 dead---22 killed in action in France. Yet another death occurred in June when an infantry lieutenant, guest of an airman who was his nephew, died in a crash.

It is worthwhile to tally the losses

Twenty-two pilots were killed in combat. At least 10 are known to have died while training or on other flights in the Miami area. One private, a ground crew member, also died at Miami. There were 33 known killed while flying or in flight support operations. There may have been more. At least six aircraft were known to have been lost in crashes. Probably some deaths occurred from sickness or accident both overseas and in Miami. Without doubt some died in the great “Spanish” influenza epidemic of 1918. One-fourth of Miami’s population of about 29,000 was affected by the flu, and there were 13 deaths on a single day in October! Indeed, Private Dave Millard almost died of the flu while overseas.

In August 1919, the government made the final decision to abandon the airfield. Eight one-story buildings were sold at auction in September. On 26 September 1919, the flag was lowered for the last time as taps were played at the Marine Flying Field. The remaining 29 officers and men, under the command of Capt. R. S. Geiger, left for their new station at Quantico. All hoped one landmark would remain forever -- the grave of their beloved mascot “Leatherneck,” a brown-spotted mongrel dog who loved and was loved by all who knew the place. He had taken many a hop! The men themselves prepared an engraved bronze tablet, which read: “To the truest Friend, Leatherneck, Marine Flying Field, Miami, Fla.” They placed it over the grassy mound where he was buried with full military honors.



Leatherneck was killed when he fell off a truck and was run over.

There is some evidence that flying from the old field continued into 1920, perhaps even as late as February 1921. By then, Curtiss had created his new town of Hialeah, and by October 1921, he was again advertising his Curtiss Aviation School nearby. Marine aircraft occasionally landed at the new airfield.

In 1922, the elder Cleve Jones bought the old airfield property on the Miami Canal. Jones found a pile of aircraft parts, including struts and wires. Later, workmen dredging to improve the boat yard found an old air-cooled machine-gun in the canal.

Today the Jones Boat Yard is greatly

expanded and Palmer Lake has been excavated where the runway once ran east-west. Nothing is left to remind the passerby of two-and-a-half years of intensive flight training during the First World War.

Most of the photographs illustrating this story were reproduced from the scrapbook of Earl S. Hoag, an early graduate of the Curtiss Flying School. Many of the photographs in Hoag's scrapbook were taken by Richard B. Hoit, who began his long career as a Miami area photographer with these photographs. Hoit took the first known aerial views in Dade County. Photo



"Over the Ditch" (Hoit #133)

captions that come directly from Hoag's scrapbook are printed in quotations.

The Historical Association of South Florida would also like to thank Mary A. Millard for her contribution of the photo of her father for this story.



Marine Field Airplane (Matlack #77-36, 1918)

CARL FOLKE SAHLIN : “VIKING WITH A PAINTBRUSH”

by Rose Connett-Richards

He was christened amid the opulence of a palace, yet 12 years later he was in a clothing factory sewing on buttons to support his mother.



Photo © Ray Fisher

Carl Folke Sahlin (Pronounced Sah-leen) was born in Stockholm in 1885. He was accorded the honor of being baptized in the palace of King Oscar II because his father and grandfather were royal guards. When he was a two-year-old toddler, however, his father died, and gradually the family resources dwindled. By age 12 he had to leave school and go to work.

At our first meeting, this soft-spoken blonde giant got off on the right foot with me. When he came to visit my parents at our home in Cutler, he brought a fat sack of chocolates, which immediately colored my seven-year-old-mind's opinion of him. In fact, whenever he visited, he always came armed with sweets for me and my little sister, whose heart-shaped face and brown eyes led him to call her his little "Clara Bow." By then, in the 1920s, this stereotypical Swede, now financially successful, had covered a lot of distance from his ragged early years. Two factors seemed pronounced in his genetic make-up: an inherent artistic ability and a fierce need to travel and explore. Later he became a renowned artist with the world as his domain.

Across the ocean from Sweden, the United States beckoned the "tired and the poor." The strapping nineteen-year-old Carl was hardly tired, except of being poor, yet he made waves when his mother died. He signed on as a crewman aboard a freighter headed for New York, and jumped ship on New Year's Day, 1905, in the land of opportunity. For him opportunity turned out to be a job as a bookbinder in Hoboken, for \$3.50 a week. "I could get by if I stuffed myself on the free lunch at the corner bar after buying a five-cent beer," he later recalled. However book-binding lost its appeal about the time he saw an ad: "Waiters Wanted in Florida."

"I thought, 'Anybody can wait tables,' so I applied and got a job at the Halcyon Hotel," he said. The Halcyon was built

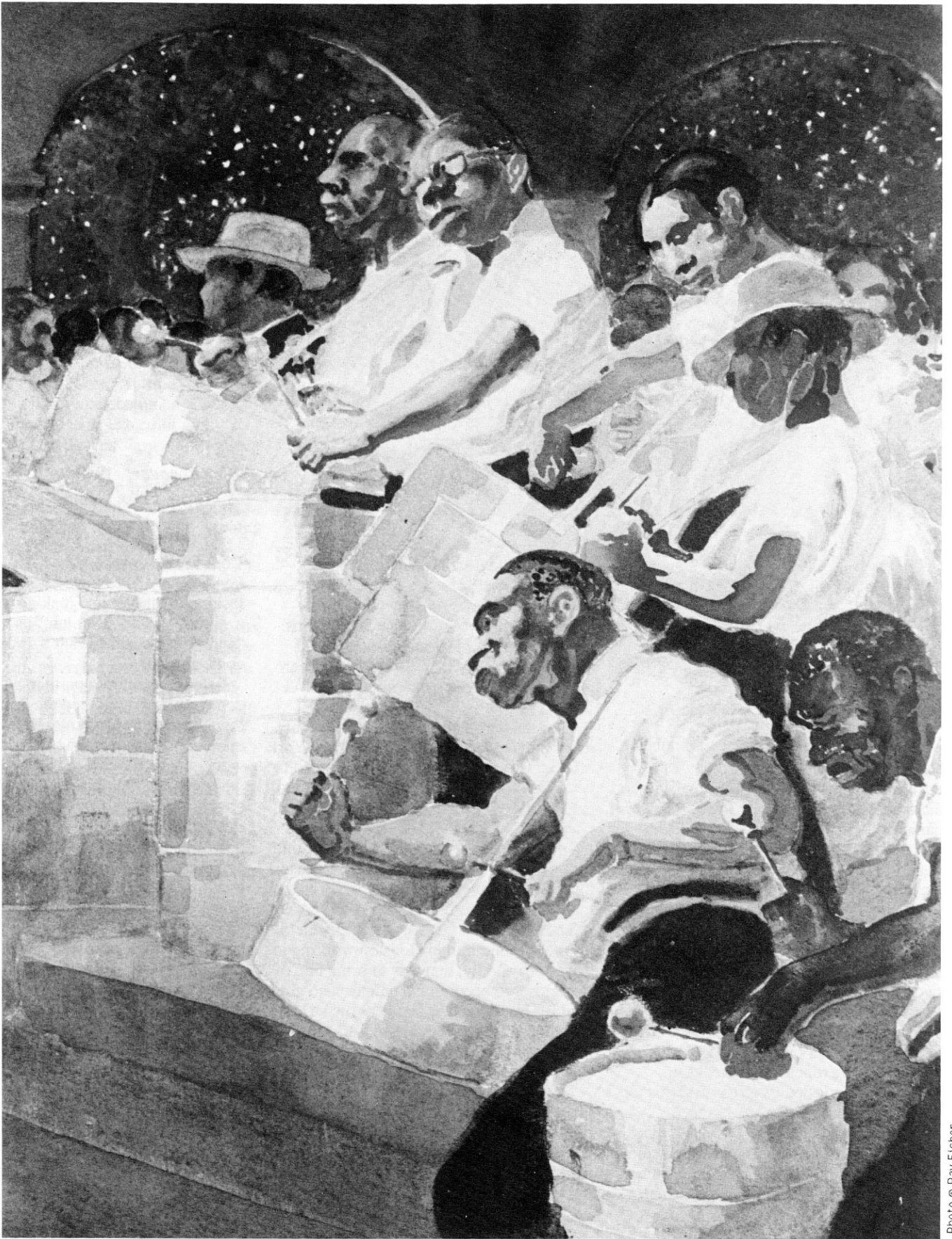


Photo © Ray Fisher

Untitled, Carl Folke Sahlin



Photo © Ray Fisher

Ecuador, 1945
Carl Folke Sahlin

where the DuPont Building now stands in downtown Miami. The hotel sent him a train ticket.

Washing dishes was no job for a Viking

"The first day was easy because nobody came in to eat." The second day was a different matter, however. When customers did come, he botched up so badly he was banished to the kitchen. Washing dishes was no job for a young Viking with boundless energy and a world to conquer. He quit when he found Flagler's railroad was hiring workmen for an exciting job---building the railroad to Key West. By January 1905, the railroad had gotten as far as Jewfish Creek on Key Largo. "The first two days I shoveled dirt, which was very tedious," he remarked with some understatement. "Then I heard about the water gang. The men stood in water to their waists guiding ropes to the dredges. Usually a man lasted three days on this job, but I lasted six months," he bragged. "I loved it!"

Later Sahlin graduated to the cushy job of barge captain. Despite the rosy picture he painted when talking about those early days in the Keys, attorney Thomas L. Tatham, a long-time friend, recalls Sahlin relating that many bums were recruited from the Bowery in New York. They were

loaded aboard a sailboat in the Miami River and sailed down to Key Largo. Because of the awful living conditions---the isolation (no booze), heat and vicious mosquitos---the men couldn't leave fast enough when they had served their three months' indenture in that minor-league Devil's Island.

The rawness of the experience probably made him realize that 'civilized' New York offered a better future. He really wanted to be an artist, once back north, but he had to eat, so he got a job as a piano stringer. Once again he seemed to remember only the positive aspects of those hand-to-mouth early years, recalling that he was the fastest piano stringer they ever had, and wired as many as six pianos in one day.

The next leg of the peripatetic Swede's journeys found him in Houston working in a brewery. Oddly, that was to bring him a step closer to becoming a painter who got paid for his work. The brewery owner's son, an aspiring writer, asked Carl to illustrate a book of stories he had written. The book sold well.

Next Sahlin moved on to an engraving plant where his first assignment was to draw a six-by-eight perspective; then he could begin other jobs. "It turned out rather nice," he modestly recalled, "and hung in the lobby of the Rice Hotel for fifteen years."

No longer impecunious, he realized that, if art was where his heart lay, he must get some training. He again returned to New

York to study at the famed Art Students League. By 1912 he was working as a fashion illustrator and making a grand \$400 a week. "I was a rich man," as he put it, "and I'd have stayed rich if 1929 hadn't come along."

Later he went into partnership in a company that numbered the Spiegel catalogue among its accounts. He'd made another major change when he married a woman named Beatrice "Beady" Mooney, whose sun-darkened exotic looks made the couple a startling, head-turning pair.

Despite his early Keys experience, however, he seemed to be drawn again and again back to Miami, where he bought a home in 1927. "I was practically commuting from New York to Miami and besides I was tired of commercial art by then." In 1937 he sold his business and moved to the Magic City on the bay.

For a few years the Sahlins devoted their time to building homes in southwest Miami as a speculative venture; but, as the United States mobilized for World War II, it became impossible to get building materials. About then an amicable divorce, after 25 years of marriage, freed the artist and his boundless drive to pursue his two great loves---traveling and painting for himself. Gradually his hearing had deteriorated; but, living in a nearly silent world had the positive effect of allowing him to concentrate on his work. Because of the severity of his hearing disability, I wondered how he traveled so widely.

In the mid-1940s he kindly offered to help me learn fashion illustration. I'd work up a collection of ink washes, go to his house in Coconut Grove, ring the bell, and pound on the door. Finally, after a desperate half-hour, he'd sense the vibration and let me in.

He became intrigued by Amazon tribes

By this time he'd discovered his *raison d'être* --- capturing native tribes and ethnic peoples in his trademark bright watercolors and pleasing composition. (He used oils upon occasion.) In the field he'd often sketch on a small pad, making color notes, then complete the painting later in his hotel room. At times he was able to buy the actual costumes off the backs of the dancers. The color and vitality of ritual dances shown throughout his works.

He traveled down the West Indian chain of islands, painting Cuba, Trinidad and the Dominican Republic, and working his way to South America. With the merengue and rumba on paper, he became intrigued with the truly wild, difficult-to-approach tribes in the Amazon Basin. Fierce Jivaro, whose favorite pastime was collecting and shrinking heads, somehow allowed this towering paleface to capture their pre-raid primping. One interesting painting shows red ochre being applied in geometric Jivaro patterns to the torso of an Indian dolling up to go hunting.

To Sahlin's surprise he found a strange fair-skinned tribe with blonde hair in this vast Amazonia. Evidence of an earlier Viking?

Never one to choose the easy route, the big swede once decided to enter Ecuador from the east. Traveling up the Amazon River, he made his way to a small town high in the Andes, where every night the local citizenry gathered under the only light bulb in the town square. Out of the darkness this tall blonde stranger appeared from nowhere and was immediately suspect. So, they threw him in jail. After three days in a rickety shack on a diet of rice and beans, he was released when word from the coast confirmed his identity. No hard feelings. Thereafter, he joined the nightly social group under the light bulb.

He spoke many languages, but learned Portuguese and Spanish when he was 50. Caught in a Guatemalan revolution, he said he just worked in his hotel room until the bullets whizzing past outside stopped. Among his paintings there are the white-

clothed and masked "Little Old Men of Michoacan," and an oil of dancers, garbed head to foot in odd straw costumes, done in Mexico.

Several times he boarded a cargo boat for Valpariso, Chile, and then crossed the Andes by plane, train or bus. Of the train he said, "the Andean train as far as Mendoza reminds you of the movie trains that jerked across the American West but from there to Buenos Aires it is so elegant and smart that no American train can equal it."

He probably stayed in more Hiltons than anyone, but comfort was not the *sine qua non* of his travel. The most magnificent hotel he remembered was the Grand Hotel in Taipei. The city dearest to his heart was Buenos Aires. And while he made more

than 40 trips to South America, the wide world was his home. Four times he bused across the United States painting western Indian tribes. He embarked in Los Angeles for the Straits of Magellan and, more than once, left London for Turkey, where he again traveled by bus. He went from Frankfurt to Hong Kong via Rome, Cairo, Saudi Arabia, Karachi and Calcutta. In Taiwan he had tea with Mme. Chiang Kai-shek and was startled to see his paintings on her walls. He was too shy to ask where she got them.

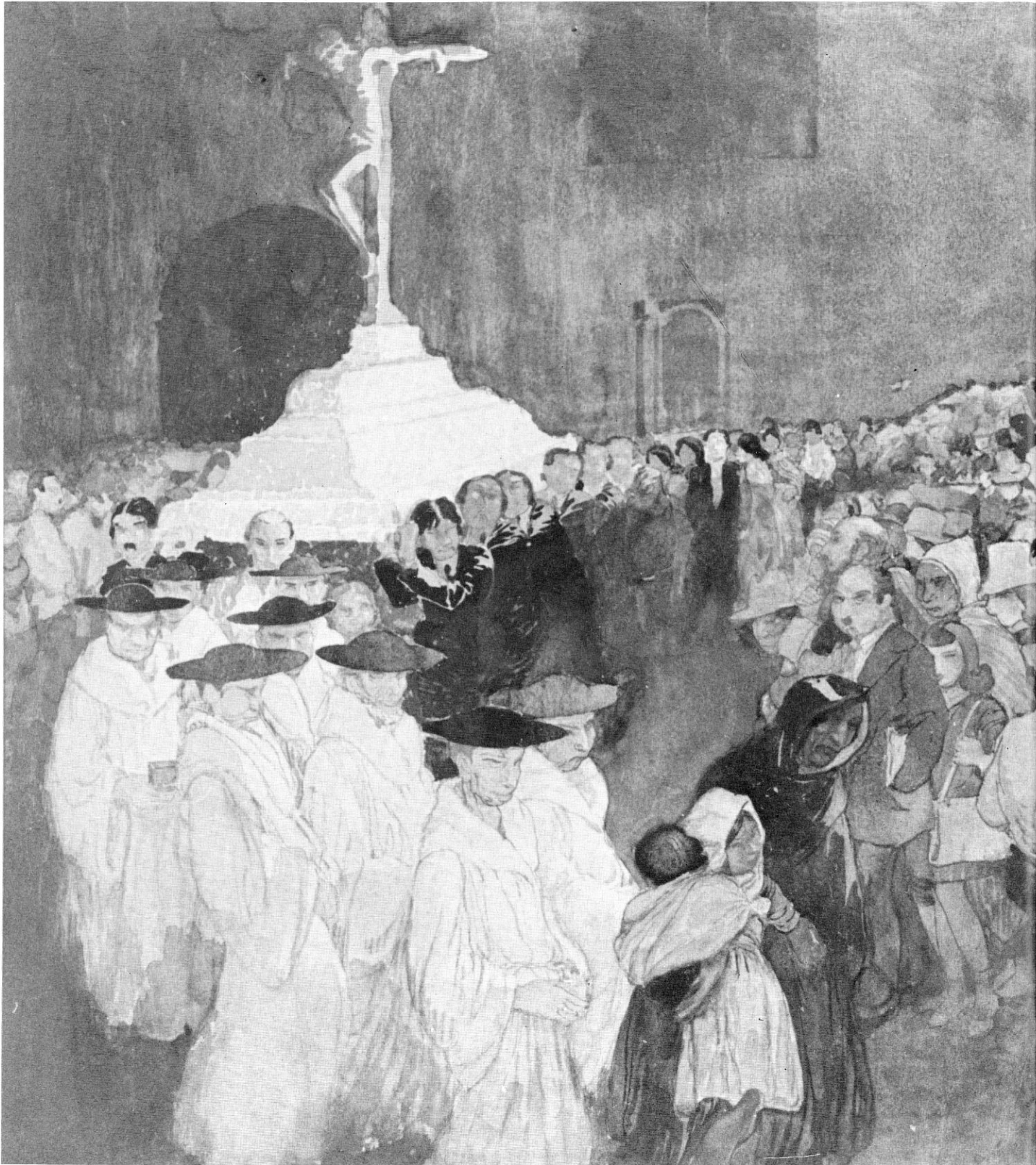
He painted swirling dancers in Sumatra, Bangkok, Bali, the Celebes, and interesting watercolors of the Canoe Dance of the Maoris in New Zealand. The works of this prolific artist are many—from snake



Photo © Ray Fisher



Campas on the Tambo - 1945 - Carl Folke Sahlin





Cuzco, Carl Folke Sahlin

Photo © Ray Fisher

charmers in Morocco and people of the Sampans in Hong Kong Harbor to Chief Jimmy Doctor of the Seminoles. Forty of his paintings of American Indians are in the Smithsonian.

More than 300 were given to the University of Miami's Lowe Art Museum collection; while many are in private homes, including that of the former Panamanian president, Carlos Arias.

He claimed he'd been in every country but Siberia. At age 80 he went from London to India, but, in his later years, he wouldn't disclose his age, "Because it tended to disturb the operators of whatever vehicle I was travelling on."

Sahlin was accorded membership in the elite Explorers Club, an 'invitation only' society. In response to my query as to why he was voted a membership, a club spokesperson replied, "Carl Folke Sahlin was qualified to become a member because he has concentrated on the study of Indians of the Central and South American countries and has brought us a magnificent collection of paintings and drawings depicting the types and dress of the little known tribes in almost inaccessible jungles and highlands of the American continent."

Sahlin came to dinner in the early 1970s, shortly before I moved away from Miami for awhile. At 89 he still seemed 20 years younger than his age --- he was full of plans for future journeys. He tried to sell me on freighter travel, his idea of the best way to go. Although, he said again he wanted to bus the length of South America to Buenos Aires. There he was going to his favorite "La Cabana" restaurant and have a steak. Yet he was never to make it, and I wasn't to see my old friend again.

This gentle, unassuming man should have died quietly in bed, dreaming of his next adventure, but his death was cruel. A week before his 91st birthday, he turned on the hot water to shower, became confused, scalded himself and lost consciousness. Like a wounded animal he eventually crawled to bed. A friend discovered him the next day and convinced him to go to the hospital. He refused an ambulance, so she drove him. He lingered for two weeks in great pain, although the nurses made a fuss over him, even bringing him a birthday cake. Finally, on a golden May morning in 1976, he embarked on the one great journey he had yet to take.

The Visual Record

by Rebecca A. Smith

These photos depict life in Camp 10 on Key Vaca, present-day Marathon, and in Camp 12, on Crawl Key, sometime between 1905, when construction on the Florida East Coast Railway Oversea Extension began, and 1907, when the Long Key Viaduct was completed. Five more years would pass before the extension was completed.

At first, the workmen were housed in tents, as shown in many of these photographs, or in floating barracks called quarterboats. After the October 1906 hurricane, such quarters were replaced with safer, wooden barracks.

Marathon acquired its name when a Camp 10 worker announced, "Building this railroad has become a regular marathon." This camp was one of the largest, with offices for engineers, shops, a hospital, and a power plant.

Other photographs in the collection (not reproduced here) show construction, especially of the Long Key Viaduct.

George B. Adams of Savannah, Georgia, took the 95 original gelatin and silver photographs. Most are of the people who built the railroad, but some are of lovely Florida landscapes. That is a photo essay for another day.

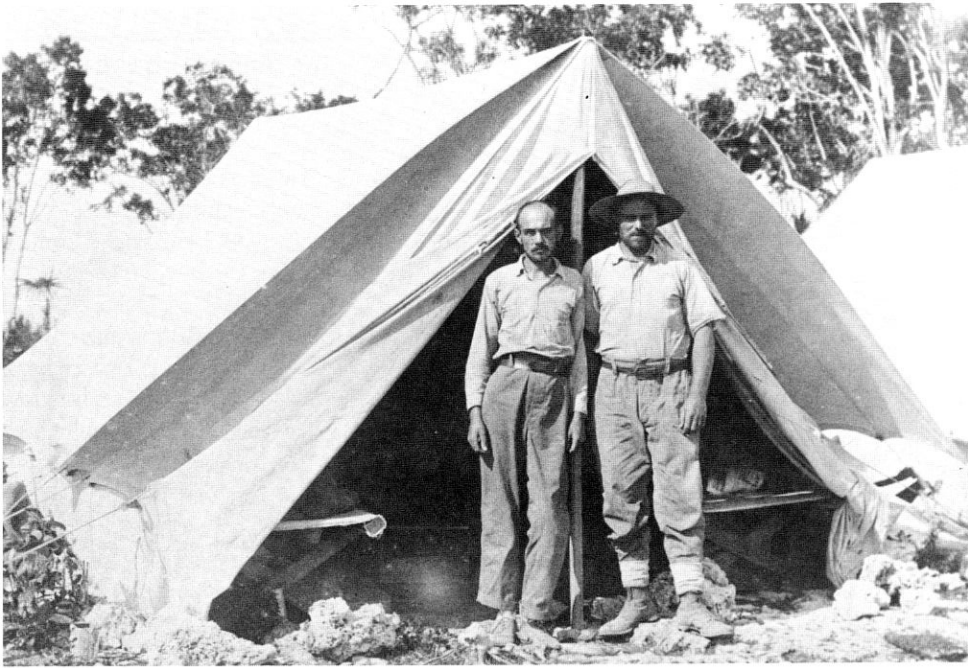
Once I Built a Railroad ...





Laborers relax in Camp 12 on a Sunday afternoon. The men seated at the table are receiving haircuts. 1991-208-83

The men of Camps 10 and 12 worked on some of the longer bridges on the Oversea Extension. Their floating workshops, included eight work boats with derricks and concrete mixers, three pile-drivers, one machine shop, and more than 100 barges and lighters. 1991-208-20



Many of the laborers were immigrants, often recruited from New York. "The laborers, consisting of Italians, Greeks, Germans, and Negroes, are in separate camps. . . The men are comfortably housed in tents. . ." (*Miami Evening Record*, December 22, 1905). Here, a Mexican and a Hungarian stand before sleeping quarters. After the 1906 hurricane, workers were housed in wooden barracks. 1991-208-71



The rough work of clearing is being done entirely by Negroes, they being accustomed to the use of the axe. The white labor then follows with the grading" (*Miami Evening Record*, December 22, 1905). 1991-208-45



Even mules were used in the construction. In this view, the "corral man" shows off his favorites, Belle and Mable. 1991-208-72



Foremen were forbidden to carry guns, but these men at Camp 10 produced some with which to pose. From this picture, we know that the photographer brought at least two cameras, one of which is a prop in this scene, the other of which he used to take this picture. 1991-208-78

Fishermen and waiters show off the day's catch and, presumably, the evening's main course, in front of a dining room at Camp 12. 1991-208-81



How HASF acquired this remarkable photo collection



Long Key Camp 1991-208-22

by Rebecca A. Smith, curator of archival material, Charlton W. Tebeau Research Center

When Dade County archaeologist Bob Carr called me about some Florida East Coast Railway photographs that were on the market, I did not share his enthusiasm. After all, we already have dozens of photographs of the building of the Oversea Extension. With funds so limited, why should we buy more?

Then Bob brought them into the museum. One look, and we, too, became excited. They differed from any other views in the collection! Knowing how rarely this quality and quantity of original photographs come on the market, and

how quickly they are sold, Bob had bought them on the spot, hoping the museum would later find a way to reimburse him.

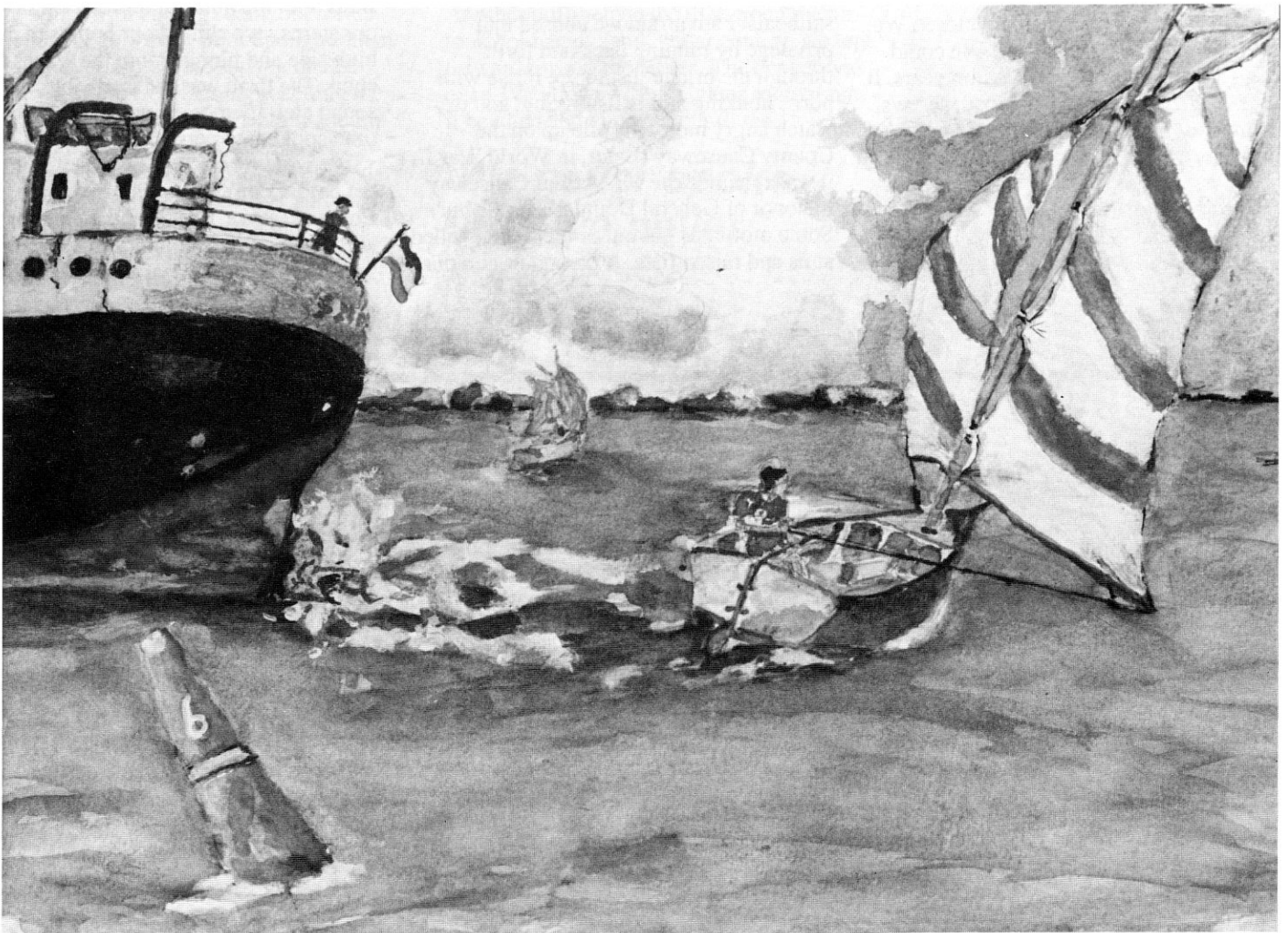
Curatorial Assistant Dawn Hugh remembered that one of our regular Research Center visitors has a love of the Oversea Extension. She explained our dilemma, and J. Calvin Winter underwrote the expense of purchasing these photographs for the collection.

We at the museum are grateful to Bob Carr for finding this treasure and to J. Calvin Winter for helping us acquire it.

Sand in My Toes by Jack Stark

Sailing

We were a collection of proud young sailors eager to show off our swift craft.



A self-portrait of the author sailing his homemade boat in Government Cut in 1930.

We Miami Beach boys of the thirties had skins the color of well-toughened beef jerky. We swam and fished, but found a greater outlet in sailing Biscayne Bay and the upper Florida Keys, including Sands, Elliott and Upper Key Largo. Our Miami Beach sandspit, later called the "Million Dollar Sandbar," was home base for our more exciting life of exploring and sailing the islands running south from Fisher Island, Virginia Key and Key Biscayne.

We built our own sailboats, masted and rigged them. They were flat-bottom skiffs with a wood centerboard and were gaff-rigged like Bahama sloops and the old sailboats found at Cape Sable, the farthest tip of mainland Florida. Here lay the town of Flamingo, a community on stilts, but more of that later. Our life on the water was south Biscayne Bay.

We were a colorful group. We made our sails from discarded house curtains usually found in the bottom of the linen closet. We talked our mothers out of them. We could not afford canvas in the depression years. It cost enough to purchase the wood, screws, oakum and rope to keep us afloat on the high seas, as it were. We all had *Miami Herald* paper routes to pay for putting our strange and colorful "peacock pattern" sailing fleet into being. The sail designs ranged from birds to abstract patterns, and

we looked like butterflies skimming the bay behind Miami Beach. A line of hotels ran along the bayside—Fleetwood, Floridian and Flamingo; on the ocean-side—Roney, Wofford and Pancoast. These were the only hotels over three stories on Miami Beach and, frankly, the Pancoast and Wofford were low, two-story affairs, but rightly called "hotels." They faced the oceanfront, which ran for miles with unobstructed views of the beach. Homes were set far back from the sea and were unobtrusive.

I felt the first prickle of fear on my neck as we sailed away from the huge hunk of clanking metal and hissing steam.

We were a collection of proud young sailors eager to show off our swift craft. It wasn't long before we learned that drawbridges had to open for tall-masted sailboats. I am afraid we abused that privilege by running back and forth through the bridge just to see it rise with horns honking and bells ringing, and to watch angry motorists pile up on the County Causeway (Later, in World War II, it was renamed the MacArthur Causeway in honor of General Douglas MacArthur). Some motorists got out of their cars, yelled at us and raised fists. A pox on us and our

boats! That was the most mischevious thing we did, and I am sure we caused anguish to many motorists.

Our gaff rigs with their strange colors and designs looked fairly piractical, but the flat-bottom craft had a way of skimming the water that gave us great cruising ability, to the relief of motorists. We beat south, going through the string of islands I mentioned earlier. Once we hauled in the sheets tightly and got wind in our huge polygon-shaped sails, patterned after Bahama sloops and Cape Sable sailboats of

Audubon's day, we flew. We would slide sideways until the center board was pushed down. Then the light craft would abruptly head on course with a bone in its teeth and take us where we pointed to

go. It was a marvelous feeling—this mastery of wind and water by teenagers.

Beating into the wind, we lay on our sides with the noise of turbulent water at our sterns; we shifted our bodies to the high side and plunged into the waves and chop. The thrill was indescribable. That sound cleft memories in our brains that time could never erase.

We were forging a new age of sailing on the bay. Commodore Ralph Munroe, in Coconut Grove, had set the theme for us with his love and feeling for the sea and sailboat. No motorboat could ever elicit



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such feeling. Sail was both magic and majesty. Hail to the sailing fleet, long may it be remembered.

In the 1930s, we doffed our caps to the Commodore, who began it all in 1877, and raised sailing to such heights that a coffin maker of the Grove once built a fine wood coffin with a centerboard in the middle!

When the wind was astern, our gaff-rigged sailboats ran well wing-and-wing, with the mainsail on one side and the jib on the other. The gaff (a short upper boom) gave us more sail area than the usual triangle "leg o' mutton" sail used by northern seamen. This extra sail area proved our salvation one day—maybe saving our lives.

On a brisk day in Government Cut, between the jetties off south Miami Beach, a near accident tested our boats and our courage to the full. Gordon Gillingham and Eddie Sands were sailing in one boat. Joe Braswell and I were in my boat. We were criss-crossing the main ship channel from granite rock jetty to jetty. The wind blew against the outgoing tide, giving us some wave action. Outside, the green rollers were white with curling foam, but inside were just large waves, built up higher than usual, that offered some surfing thrills.

I saw a tramp freighter approaching us. She was bound for the sea from the main harbor, and paid no attention to the little hummingbirds in her way. She followed the favorable outgoing tide that was racing through the narrow jetty opening. The freighter looked to be about 70 tons, and was black with rust marks on the white bridge. We were gnats in comparison.

I felt the first prickle of fear on my neck as we sailed away from the huge hunk of clanking metal and hissing steam. We heard the waters rush off the jetties as the freighter began to pass. It was the sound of a waterfall, unstoppable, ominous. I knew instantly that we were trapped between the giant ship and a hard place. It displaced 70 tons of water and it created a huge hole inside the jetties that had to fill as it passed. Worse, the freighter had the outgoing tide with it, and the extra speed made the situation more dangerous. As it passed I saw its huge propeller going thump . . . thump . . . in a mass of white

foam. The captain must have spat over the side from his bridge as he passed us. He was going someplace fast and we were just local islanders in his way. Natives!

There was a sudden calm and the sails slacked. The tramp had cut off our wind. We were becalmed. Water poured into the vacuum, which the freighter left in its wake. Waters rushed off the jetties and we went with them. We sailed backwards towards that huge thrashing propeller and could do little about it. We were out of control. . . . something we had not considered as we avoided the big ship.

We all reacted instantly to the crisis. In years of sailing we had developed a sixth sense — survival. Although my stomach felt tight and fear overtook me, I rocked the rudder back and forth to give our sailboat some forward motion. Joe pulled up the centerboard, which helped somewhat. We were going into oblivion and not much was in our favor. The sails hung slack, limply empty of wind.

In deepest anxiety as the freighter loomed even closer, I felt a puff of wind. The mainsail caught wind at its tip. Another puff helped to fill it. Soon the air took hold again, and, under control, we left forward toward the jetties. The danger was over. We allowed the freighter some room. It belched and chugged out to sea.

We never spoke. And we never forgot.

Within minutes we were sailing blithely along in a strong breeze. Had it not been for the force of the wind that day to help us out of danger, I do not like to think of what might have happened. I suddenly realized that none of us had spoken. All had done their best to escape the maw of that churning prop. Our gaff-rig, with its extra sail area, had helped save us. We could have been kindling, debris, and the rusty freighter would have kept moving on without worry or care.

We never spoke. And we never forgot. As the tides returned to the jetties, which

now seemed like bared teeth, we broke out some Snickers, our favorite food when at sea. We had learned another sailing lesson. Avoid big ships in narrow places. Heeled over, we continued sailing the cruel sea.

In 1926, 12-year-old Jack Stark and his family moved to Miami Beach from New York City. They arrived just in time for the big hurricane. Jack spent his teens adventuring in and around the waters of South Florida.

The author of many fishing and outdoor stories, Jack Stark has written for the "New York Times" and magazines, including "Travel." He also wrote Loggerhead and The Sponge Pirates, two books for young readers.

"Sailing" is one of a series of biographical articles about his teenage years on Miami Beach.



Jack Stark was about 17 when this photo was taken.

BOOK REVIEW

Historians explore Columbus' prophecies

by Kay Brigham

Delno C. West and August Kling, translators. *The Libro de las profecías of Christopher Columbus: an en face edition, with commentary.* Gainesville: University of Florida Press, 1991, 274 pages. Cloth \$49.95. ISBN 0-8130-1054-3.

For almost 500 years the manuscript of Christopher Columbus' *Book of Prophecies* lay ignored and unstudied in the Biblioteca Colombina of the Cathedral of Seville. Now, on the eve of the quincentenary of the Genoese explorer's first voyage to America, the University of Florida Press offers the English-speaking world one of the first modern-language translations of this remarkable writing.

In 1501-1502 after the third voyage, Columbus compiled a "notebook," which came to be known as *Libro de las profecías*. It was a collection of passages from the Bible and from the writings of the church fathers and other respected theologians, including St. Augustine, Nicholas of Lyra and Pierre d'Ailly, which the Admiral related to his enterprise of the Indies and to the recovery of the holy city of Jerusalem. His aim was to explain to the Spanish sovereigns his vision, and the significance of his discovery, in the light of "authorities, statements, opinions and prophecies."

The *Libro de las profecías* is in itself a wonderful discovery because it reconstructs the Great Navigator's image of himself as a man of destiny. He had an amazing awareness of his role in the scheme of world history. He believed the Lord had bestowed the gift of spiritual intelligence to equip him for his providential mission as "Christ-bearer." In Columbus' mind the evangelization of the newly discovered lands was to inaugurate the Messiah's kingdom in fulfillment of Isaiah's prophecy.

The collaboration of two fine scholars gives strength to this English translation and commentary. Dr. Delno West contributes his vast knowledge of medieval apocalyptic literature to show the Spanish Franciscan influence on Columbus. Dr.

August Kling contributes his expertise as a linguist and his insight as a theologian to show the powerful impact of the Bible on the discoverer. Their commentary is a documented, lucid analysis of the intellectual and cultural background of Columbus, along with a focus on his faith and piety.

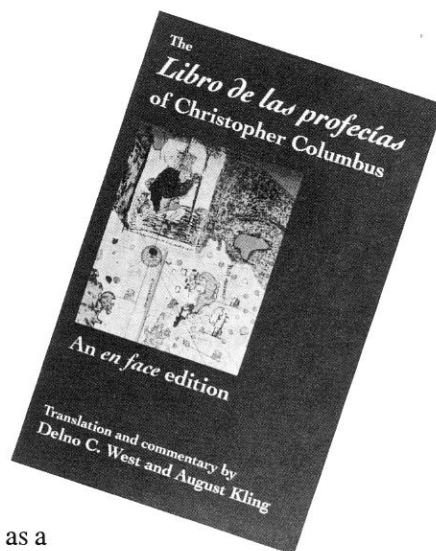
They make plain the importance of the *Libro* as a rare and captivating record of the personal studies of a man who directed the course of history into the future. They maintain that the *Libro* corroborates the sources that inspired the Discoverer's great design as early as 1481, and steadfastly motivated him to implement it up to the very end of his life. In fact, they have found the evidence that refutes the suggestion that Columbus' religious beliefs were a late-life mental aberration (He died at the young age of 55 in 1506).

In sum, the solid scholarship of West and Kling has encountered the essence of the Admiral of the Ocean Sea in his own prolific writings and in the testimonies of his contemporaries. This is refreshing, especially in view of the flood of current revisionist interpretations that judge

Columbus outside the context of his own times and thereby distort history.

The University of Florida Press has produced a high quality, handsome book that is a great credit to its Columbus Quincentenary Series. The *en face* edition makes it easy for the reader to compare the Latin/Spanish text with the English translation.

Kay Brigham, is a graduate of Rollins College. A Woodrow Wilson Fellow, she received an M.A. in Spanish history and literature from Claremont Graduate School. She is the author of *Christopher Columbus: His Life and Discovery in the Light of His Prophecies* (CLIE, 1990) and *Christopher Columbus' Book of Prophecies: Reproduction of the Original Manuscript with English Translation* (CLIE, 1991).



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October 2, 1991 - January 19, 1992
A retrospective on the 500-year relationship between the island and the peninsula.

Mini-Exhibit: **Smallwood's Store**,
November 1991

Photographic images by J. Gillan.

Columbian Journey, a series of lecture programs that focus on the world of Christopher Columbus and the broad consequences of his contact with the Americas. The first four lectures are at 3 p.m., Sundays: October 27, November 10, December 15, January 12.

Dr. Paul George Walking- and Boating-Tours resume in September call 375-1625 for information.

Museum membership is \$35 for individuals; \$45 for families, and includes a variety of benefits.

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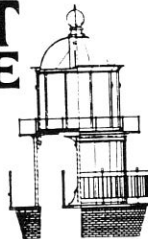
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Adults \$3; Children \$1.
9:30 a.m. - 5 p.m. Monday - Sunday

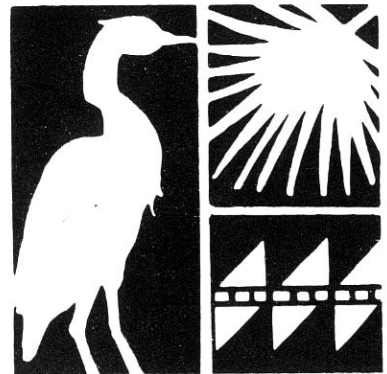
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Collier County Museum

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Admission is free.
Open Monday-Friday,
9 a.m. - 5 p.m.

Events

Holiday Open House
December 13, 1991 from 1:00 - 4:00 p.m.

Columbus Quincentennial Film Series
Reservations are required, please call the museum

Seeking the First Americans
February 1, 1992, 10 a.m.- Noon

16th Century Preceptions of Latin America: Civil or Savage
February 8, 1992, 10 a.m.- Noon

Seasons of A Navajo
February 15, 1992, 10 a.m.- Noon

Walking in a Sacred Manner
February 22, 1992, 10 a.m.- Noon

Exhibits

Seeds of Change
March 2 - 27, 1992
Examines change in the Old and New Worlds due to exchanges of agriculture and introductions of disease.



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Monday - Friday 9 a.m. - 4:30 p.m.
Sunday 1 p.m. - 5 p.m.
Closed Saturday & major holidays

Exhibits:

Grand Opening of Agriculture
September 29, 1991
exhibit continues through September 1992

Alligators, Dragons in Paradise
November 1 - December 17, 1991

Americana: A Glimpse of the Past
November 1 - December 1, 1991

Angels
November 25 - December 30, 1991

Woodcarving
January 3 - February 14
February 19 - April 10, 1992

Field Trips:

Boca Grande
December 4, 1991

**Eden Vineyards /
La Belle / Alva Museum**
January 22, 1992

**Bok Tower Gardens /
Kissimmee Cow Camp / Chalet Suzanne**
February 26, 1992

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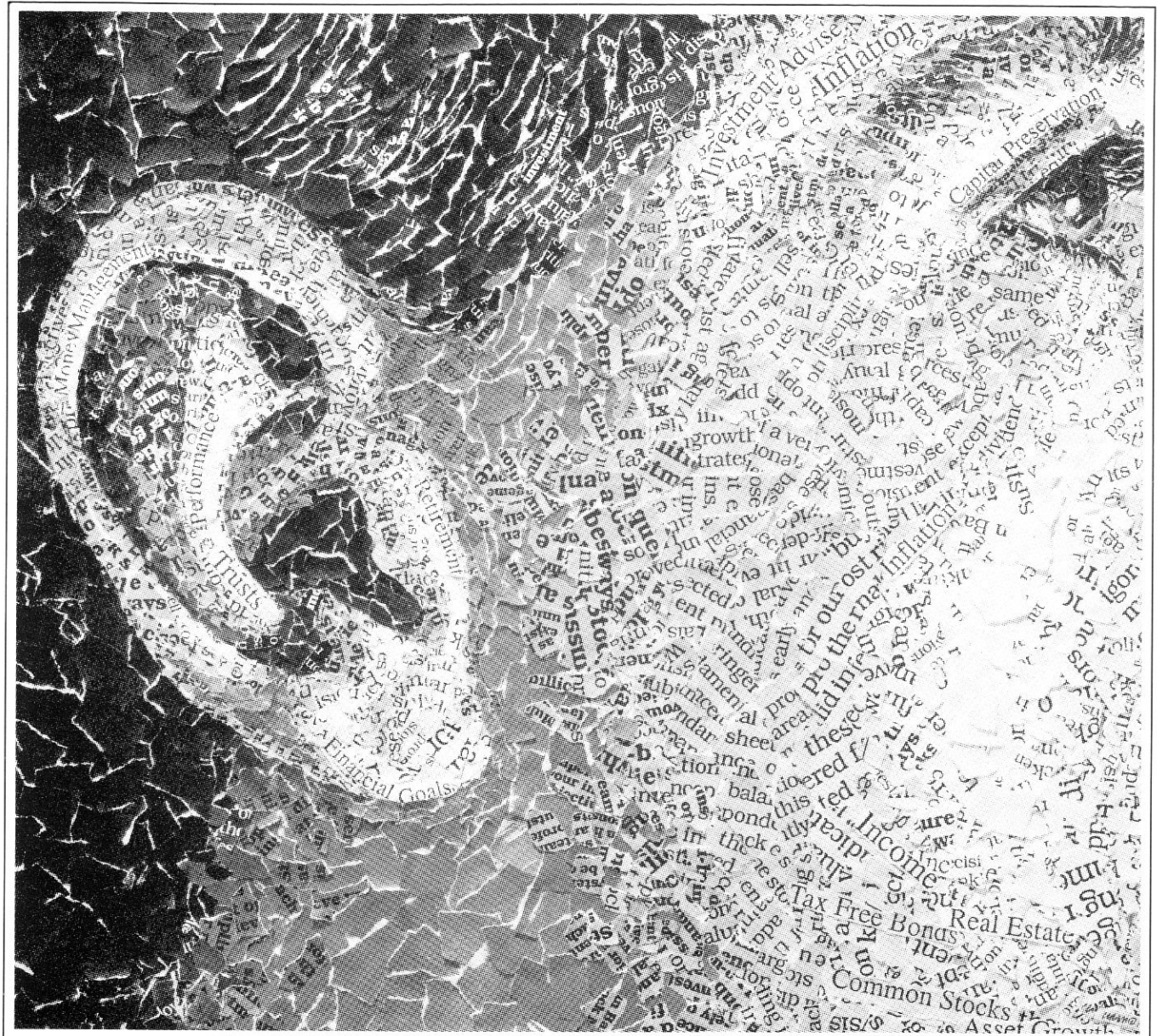


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