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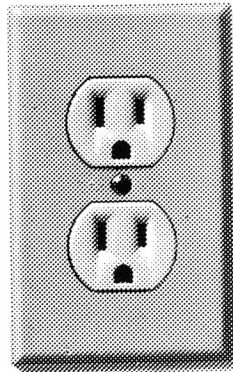
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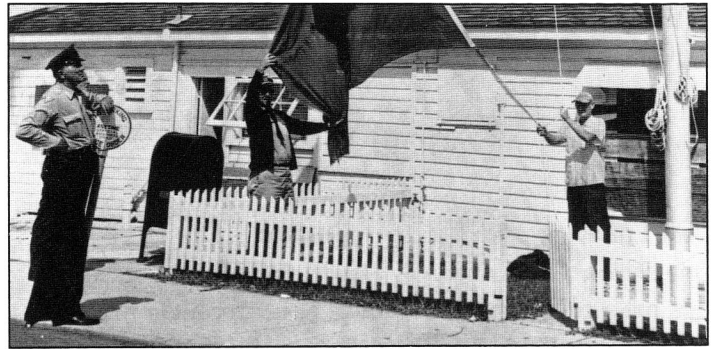
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Cover: Raising the Hurricane Warning Flags, 1948, HASF 1989-11-8504

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Editors

Natalie Brown
Stuart McIver

Advisors

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

Production Assistant

Sam Joseph

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Letters to the Editor

Aerial Views

Dear Editor:

One of your subscribers, B. Woodruff Clark in Key West, sent me a copy of your Summer '91 issue containing the article on the Curtiss Flying School and U. S. Marine Flying



Field. As you know, the article includes several photos by R. B. Hoit, No. 34 and No. 133, both from Earl Hoag's scrapbook.

This sent me scurrying to my family photograph files where I pulled out a series of 1918-1919 photos including several numbered Hoit photos.

Of particular interest to me is the box camera-size photo of my mother, Lucy Blodget (Mrs. Lindsay H. Welling, 1889-1957), settling down in the cockpit of what appears to be a Curtiss Jenny similar to the model shown in flight on pages 12-13 of Donald Gaby's article. The pilot and two other men in the photo are not identified, but I'm wondering if the pilot might have been Hoit. I have never previously run across any vintage R. B. Hoit photographs, though have kept an eye out for them. Is there a Hoit photo archives?

Sincerely,
William Welling, New York

Dear Mr. Welling:

Aerial photographer Richard B. Hoit shot Dade County from World War I to 1956, when he retired.

Over the years he sold his negatives and original prints to several firms and individuals, including the Historical Museum. Unfortunately, this practice scattered his work, and no Richard Hoit collection exists. The museum does, nevertheless, have much of his work in other collections: a remarkable series of 1910s and 1920s prints in our *Miami Herald* Collection, a series of 1920s negatives in the Miami Beach Visitor and Convention Authority Collection, and personal compilations such as the Hoag album.

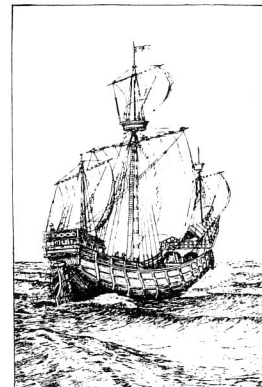
Many of Hoit's pictures appear in Nixon Smiley's *Yesterday's Miami*.

Columbus Landfall Questions

From the Editor:

The third sentence on page seven of the Spring 1992 issue of the *South Florida History Magazine* is incorrect. Dr. Fuson withdrew his support of Caicos as Columbus' first landfall in 1982, four years before he was a consultant for the National Geographic Society in 1986.

South Florida History Magazine received the following letter from the author:



Dear Stuart McIver:

"... the statement in the first paragraph, page seven, of the April issue of the *South Florida History Magazine* concerning the role Robert Fuson played in the Columbus landfall controversy contains wording that can possibly be construed to suggest that Fuson was influenced by the National Geographic Society to change his support to Samana Cay.

Such was not the intent, as the statement was meant to show only that Fuson first supported Caicos as the landfall island, then at a later date switched his support to Samana Cay. The statement in question is hereby retracted with this explanation offered the reader."

Signed: Douglas T. Peck

Back issues of *South Florida History Magazine*, formerly *Update*, are available to complete your collection. Contact the museum store, The Indies Company, at (305) 375-1492 to obtain the issue(s) you need.

Editor's Note

by Natalie Brown

Until recently, Dade County's catastrophic event on the same scale in local history and memory as the Chicago fire and the San Francisco earthquake was the 1926 hurricane. Now we have a new high-wind mark by which to date our lives.

Photos of Andrew's 20th century predecessors portray remarkably familiar scenes. Preparations, destruction, coping—all are views that remind one of life today for many since Hurricane Andrew's strike on August 24, 1992.

The 1926 hurricane struck Miami Beach and downtown Miami with 96 mph winds and gusts to 132 mph. The devastation it wrought on the lives and property of unprepared Dade Countians made it legendary.

Monroe County's Big One came in 1935 when the most powerful storm of the twentieth century flattened the middle keys. Winds probably reached 200-250 mph during this Class 5 hurricane. More than 400 hundred people died.

The 1945 hurricane crossed South Dade and zapped the same areas as did Andrew. It destroyed Richmond Field, a World War II airfield, now the site of Metrozoo and Gold Coast Railroad.

Two hurricanes struck South Florida in 1948. The 1950 storm passed over Miami on its trek up the Florida peninsula.

Other storms, not pictured in this issue, are memorable. In 1928 more than 1,800 died near Lake Okeechobee (Palm Beach County's Big One). Hurricane Donna crossed the keys and South Florida in 1960, causing the most damage to Florida property—until Andrew.

A few more smaller storms came and went. Then, for a quarter of a century, quiet.

The pictures throughout this special issue, compiled by Curator Becky Smith, feature scenes from several previous "blows" that may seem familiar—that, unfortunately, may seem like history repeating itself.

Oral Histories record personal perspectives captured for generations into the future. They provide the detail and color that gives life to the facts of the past and help to shape our perceptions about how it really was.

The never-before-published comments throughout this special issue—"Memories of Storms Past"—provide personal recollections of Miami's previous hurricanes, particularly the blow of 1926. Many of the histories were taken in the early 1970s by historian Dr. Thelma Peters and by The Junior League of Miami for the *Pioneer Voices* project.

The Historical Museum maintains these materials in its archives with the excerpts in this issue providing just a glimpse into the happenings and thoughts of some of Miami's pioneers.

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Traffic jam, Florida Keys, 1935. HASF Miami News Collection, 1989:11-7800

Sand In My Toes

Killer Hurricane Makes Miami Beach More of a Sand Castle Than a City

by Jack Stark

On Friday our winds were gusting suspiciously high as the ocean waves piled up one over the other seeking shore at Miami Beach. They were a dirty green-gray, rough with foam and sand from the outer bar. The translucent green tropical look was gone. Overhead low clouds scudded west, and it had the feel and sounds of a “Nor’easter” pounding the beach. But this was not winter when we normally got Nor’easters; it was September 17, 1926, a bit early for weather more suited to Sandy Hook or Cape Hatteras.

We had heard a tropical storm was “making up” over the Bahamas, over Turk’s Island beyond Nassau. Grand Turk reported low pressures and high winds. But the outer island reports said it was headed for Nassau.

Communications in those days were infrequent, mostly from freighters spitting Morse code signals out to the Miami weather bureau headed by Richard Gray, who was equipped with

a wet index finger, an anemometer, a barometer, a thermometer and little else. Gray was a colorful, intense weatherman who always wore a coat and tie in this humidity-filled area of South Florida. He was small but ambitious. As the reports filed in he worried if he should notify the Washington weather bureau when his barometer dropped to 29.27. He did, but Washington was watching a storm near

Bermuda and advised him to sit tight.

They had just ignored one of the greatest hurricanes ever to hit Florida, and Richard Gray couldn’t put up storm warnings unless Washington okayed them.

I walked the beach shoreline the afternoon before the storm, joining many others lured there by the huge waves coming in like layers of suds on green beer. Newly arrived to live in Florida, I watched in awe as red snappers and groupers were tossed ashore at my feet to flop around on the wet beach. These were reef dwellers, some of them living three miles offshore. Now and then a rushing low cloud

Collapsed house on Le Jeune Road, Miami area, 1926. Gift of Lamar Louise Curry, 1991-493-5.



LE JEUNE RD. AFTER HURRICANE SEP 18 1926 MIAMI

would release a spit of rain down on us. Blowing sand stung my bare legs. This was the beginning of what we would from then on call "The '26 Blow" to identify it from other storms. Nameless, it was one of many unnamed hurricanes to strike our shores—the last having been in 1910.

Miami Beach north of 55th Street was mostly a land of sand dunes and mangrove swamps. At age 12, I was watching history being made on this interesting, growing, bodacious sand spit. We had five major hotels—and growing. We had an elephant, "Rosie," on land and fish-filled waters off-shore. Boosters ran around in white linen suits proclaiming our virtues. Every day was an exciting step into the future.

Soon Miami Beach was to become a "sand castle" with sand two-to-four-foot deep spread across the island from Ocean Drive to Alton Road. Palms would be shredded and downed. We would be cut off from the world overnight. The 18th of September would be hard. A ten foot storm surge would undermine our foundations while a 138 mile per hour wind would take us apart.

Memories of Storms Past

Mrs. Maurice R. Harrison interviewed by Mary Harrison, January 31, 1972.

“We built a home in Miami Shores which was very sparsely settled at that time. There were only, I think, three houses on 96th Street. It was built like a fort. And that was why our friends took advantage of it and came and spent the hurricanes with us.

The hurricane parties were fun. People came and brought their babies and their dogs and their cats and birds and even a goldfish. There was one time—the 1926 hurricane—when everybody came and the people who brought the goldfish also brought an oil stove. That was very fine because when the electricity goes off there's nothing to cook with. So, they brought the oil stove and we used it that night to practice. The storm was just beginning. And so, we had our supper—we had to have two tables there were so many of us—and then we sat around waiting for the storm to come and nothing happened. So we all decided to go to bed and we were all lying around on the floor. It must have been a strange sight really! But we got through the night. Still no storm.

The next morning they decided they'd all go home. So they took their dogs and their cats and their goldfish, but they left the oil stove, which was delightful because the storm came later that day. We were very cozy with our oil stove and shutters and so forth . . .”

The '26 Big Blow was making up its mind off Grand Turk

At suppertime I went home to my folk's apartment in a three-story building called the Hurlburt Apartments at

15th Street and Washington Avenue. It was a solid, flat roofed, concrete block stucco structure. My sister, Betty, and my brother, Gordon, were playing. My beachfront report was exciting enough



Coffins, Florida Keys, 1935. HASF Miami News Collection, 1989-11-9496.

that my mother led us all back to the beach to join in watching the storm. It caught your attention real quick! Several groups dotted the oceanfront, as scattered as the clouds roiling above them. Now and then someone would dash in and pick up a fish.

We all went to bed by nine o'clock. At midnight, as the storm of the ages came ashore, I was awakened by a gentle shoulder shake. My father said, "It's here!" I heard the racing moan of the wind outside and pressing my face to the upstairs-level window of our second floor apartment, I could see blue lightning strikes outline the tall Australian pines bending low to the wind in our adjoining vacant lot. Their needles set up the moaning sound. My father was getting impressed. The entire building was shaking like Little Richard. It was fortunate we were on the second level because next day, after the hurricane eye had passed, the secondary winds blew our entire roof off, with nails screeching, and dumped it unceremoniously in the lot. The winds at that time were clocked at 138 miles per hour at Allison Hospital on the bayside of our island. Weatherman Gray's anemometer finally had blown

away in downtown Miami at 128 m.p.h. Some said the winds went to 150 m.p.h, but it was not recorded.

We had set up a candle in every room since power was the first major thing we lost. This made for an eerie sort of night watch with tall shadows and flickering lights. The long, lonely, sit-in for the storm to pass had begun. Meanwhile, the ocean waters were breaking up the Pancoast Hotel north of the Roney Plaza and filling its lobby with salt water while palms bashed in its entire front. The wind reached a high shriek as the eye of the storm approached.

With no radio, no lights, nothing to do, mother herded the little ones around her while I sat around in different rooms wondering if the walls would collapse around us. I could not eat, but became the apartment hero overnight as a candle caught fire at its base from a spark and flared as high as the ceiling. I did not know how to get it out other than smashing my bare hand into it and the soft, hot tallow. It went out and the danger of fire in the building abated. But I burned my hand in my instant reaction to the added danger of fire. The overnight

"Hurlburt Hero" was in bandages the next day.

The violent storm roared like a beast until dawn as the people looked out on the terrible damage to trees and nearby homes. By 9:00 a.m. everything just stopped. We had been under siege for nine hours. The sky became clear blue with tiny white clouds floating overhead. A bright yellowish sun appeared and there was no wind. The apartment tenants appeared in the streets filled with waist-high seawater to see the damage. Survivors popped out of homes to force themselves through the tidal water running across from ocean to bay. There was no bare land. While some were content to walk a block away against the current, others took their cars to the County causeway to cross to Miami and see what had happened for themselves. One left the Hurlburt with five men aboard.

I headed barefoot for Spanish Village on Espanola Way two blocks south to view the utter destruction of the tiny shops there. A completely broken front window pane of glass in the drugstore on the corner revealed a beautiful kaleidoscope of blue, yellow

Shoring the house foundation, Florida Keys, 1935. HASF Miami News Collection, 1989-11-7802.



and red rubber balls floating atop the seawater inside. Now and then a red snapper would slide by me on its side trying for balance. The village's trademark canvas awnings were all in shreds, even those atop the higher two story hotel and apartment rooms which many persons occupied in the European-styled village. Tiles had flown about and sunk in the streets. My bare feet could feel them.

Over in Miami Richard Gray went out of his home in the lull to urge people walking the streets and sightseeing to get back inside. "It's only a lull in the storm," he cried in a loud voice rushing up and down the streets. "More is coming . . . real soon!" His resembled an old time prophet of doom. Like a prophet, he was ignored by the populace who knew only what they saw at the moment.

"Freaky weatherman," they said. A lack of early warnings due to primitive communications . . . extreme caution by the local press, which was very conservative regarding pending disasters . . . the "Washington effect" of controlling storm warnings . . . all this crowded into their thoughts. Add in the confusion of lackadaisical Miami-ans with a boom-time mentality: "It can't

happen here," was their cavalier attitude.

I was busy enjoying the 10-mile-wide "eye" of the hurricane—ignorant of what it was as I stood in the circling winds—when I felt a strong push of wind on my back. It was as sudden as a thunderclap. I had been outside at least 20 minutes. The blow warned me something was up, despite the hot sun, blue skies and clouds. Then, another push hit me that was suddenly different. This almost knocked me into the water. Then I did the most sensible thing I ever did—I headed for home. The wind helped me by pushing my body through waist-deep water until I cut my foot on broken glass. As I reached the Hurlburt I had trouble opening the door, but someone inside had heard my poundings, and helped open it. I fell inside and the door was shut against the scary winds of the second half of the storm. Its second wall was on us with a fury.

Richard Gray was having quite a day

Railroad trains. Shrieks in the night. Nothing can describe the full experience of a hurricane's eye. The gusts are fearful and more than capable of shaking a building apart. When the high pitched scream comes,

you forget about everything but it.

The light failed again, and the daytime skies went almost black. We were full into the second half and still weathering it. That is when the roof went off the three stories I called home. We had been told to open lee windows a crack and had done so. I guess the lee changed suddenly and we forgot to shut them.

Miami Beach was still underwater with a storm surge estimated at 10 feet. A bridge tender up north on Indian Creek was said to be riding out the blow in his tiny residence built below the drawbridge. Richard Gray had retired to his creaky wood home amid the skyscraper hotels.

Of the five men who had left our apartment in a car to go to Miami across County Causeway, only two returned, long after the storm passed, saying the others had been swept off into angry bay waters to drown amid two sunken dredges, which had been working the Miami channel and turning basin. The men who made it back said they had crouched in huge water pipes lining the causeway. The trolley tracks were twisted like spaghetti and moved from the center to the side of the causeway. One schooner, the *Rose*

Coconut Grove, 1926. Gift of Margaret Rogers Grutzbach, 1986-11-36.



COCONUT GROVE AFTER HURRICANE SEP 18 1926

Mahoney, was tossed ashore high and dry at the *Daily News Tower* on Biscayne Boulevard. The *Prinz Valdemar*, a Danish built sailing ship, rode the storm afloat near Fifth Street and later became an aquarium. (A very simple official solution for the ship with its problematic history.)

The storm stopped by mid-afternoon. It had roared for 14 hours, including its huge eye. It was sloppy, wet, wild, awesome. We had survived it, but Miami Beach suffered a pre-tourist season hit. The dead were esti-



Author Jack Stark depicted cooking his famous stew in a metal tub for fellow Miami Beach apartment residents in the aftermath of the 1926 hurricane. Sketched by the author's granddaughter who went through Andrew at age 12.

mated from 113 to 300. Many of these were among the missing who were never found. Missing were estimated at more than 1,000. Some people pulled up stakes and said "good-bye." We wished them luck. Now we were true veterans of early Miami Beach history and living even more like pioneers. We were isolated from the mainland.

The Hurlburt elected me "chief cook" to prepare food for the occupants in a metal washtub plucked from a nearby hardware store. I made Brunswick stew in it night and day due to my inexperience with anything else. Other residents and friends contributed meat and vegetables for the pot. Some northern newspapers got pictures of me stirring the mess.

The Red Cross had been lax finding us. They roared back that the civic leaders and tourism chiefs had wired New York newspapers that Miami Beach was all right and to make plans for coming down again in the upcoming season. They had been so upbeat that relief efforts seemed not to be needed. In the meantime, City Manager Claude Renshaw had called out the National Guard to protect Miami Beach from looters. The city manager also insisted that no one was to enter

or leave Miami Beach without passes. Thus it went, and in seven days we got emergency water and food, which eased the burden we all bore in the hurricane's aftermath.

Our good resident-owner of the Hurlburt Apartments hired me to help fix the roof with a gaggle of men. I was in charge of tarring. He paid me 35 cents an hour, which looked great in those days of nickel candy bars, 10-cent ice cream sodas and 5 cents-a-pound sugar.

Mother and Betty managed the first stand to give away free hot coffee to the new soldiers on the beach. Thus, we moved toward normalcy as sand was shoveled off our streets by workers from "Colored Town." Bathing beauty pictures went out on the wires again with the message: "Don't forget the Miami Beach dateline!"

Some tourists began trickling back and all was well in Paradise by the Ocean. Even the mockingbirds returned to sing day and night. It was the best of times. We had just seen the worst of times, and it had made us tougher, more resilient, and somehow, the Beach would explode into the most awesome hotel shoreline ever built.

The winds of change all began with the '26 storm.



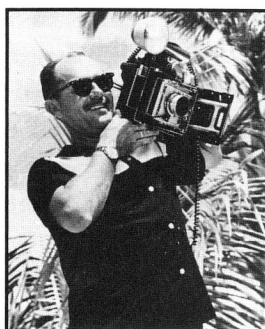
Hollywood-Dania garage, 1926.
Gift of the Jacksonville Historical
Society, 1979-85-15

The 1926 Blow vs. Hurricane Andrew

Perspective from a Survivor of Both

by Jack Stark

Statistics can be crisp, concise, brittle—and can bear little truth to the overall reality. The 1926 storm and 1992's Andrew almost defy statistics. Each had the strong wind forces—both real and “guesstimates.” The eye of each hurricane hit South Florida within 30 miles of each other. But they struck at vastly different times of growth and population, bearing vastly different effects on the human scale.



Jack Stark has been a resident of South Florida since 1926, when his family moved to Miami Beach. He is the author of two children's fiction books and numerous magazine articles,

having spent his career before retirement as a journalist and public relations specialist. He began working for *The Miami Herald* in 1935 and later was outdoor writer for the *Miami News*. For 14 years, until 1973, he worked with Dade County's Parks Department, as shown in the photo. He currently resides with his wife in Coral Gables.

In 1926, mobile homes did not dot our communities. The scary part of Andrew was metal-razed homes, acre by acre, resembling Hiroshima. Little was left standing for miles.

And the eyes. Andrew's tightly-woven eye was a buzz-saw tornado-like storm passing through relatively quickly. The 1926 storm lasted much longer—14 hours of punishing winds moved inexorably over the scarcely populated area. The eye of the 1926 storm, passing over Miami Beach and heading toward Miami, was an hour-long in passing, leading many people to go out into the calm thinking it was

over. That's why there were so many deaths in '26. Conservative estimates say four times Andrew's toll.

In evaluating the two storms, the ongoing *misery* of Andrew is the real difference. Searching, stumbling through downed trees to rescue isolated communities which had not seen a living soul for three days. Blasted mobile home parks making trees look like aluminum draped forests from Oz. And this all being just the beginning.

In 1926 it was over when it was over. On Miami Beach, laborers shoveled sand from the streets. Rosie, the elephant that Carl Fisher had brought to Miami Beach to spice up pictures, was harnessed to drag a huge steel I-beam behind her to move sand back to the beach. Coconut trees were propped up by two-by-four lumber. The tap-tap-tap of hammers and cross cut hand saws did nothing to disturb the ambience that settled like a cloak over Miami Beach, continuing the somnolence it had enjoyed for many years. A



Filling station, Hialeah, 1926. Gift of the Jacksonville Historical Society, 1979-85-13

community spirit rose like a phoenix over the cleanly swept island-city like a dash of adrenaline and spurred slogans such as the most popular of its day: "Isn't it great to be in Miami!"

In 1926, Miami Beach suffered roof and water damage while some northern styled wooden homes on the oceanfront went down like match sticks in the tidal surge and fierce winds. The architectural style of the day was "box-like" and Mediterranean, both lending themselves to concrete and small windows. The wind had taken the leaves off most of the trees on the larger estates, so we could finally see the mansions people had built behind those tall imposing outer walls.

With Andrew, Army, Navy and Marine helicopters chopped the air day and night, seemingly without letup. Military forces arrived as tent cities rose. The shrill sounds of electric rotary saws, chain saws and wailing leaf blowers added to the din. Entire caravans of dump trucks followed each other duck-like down the main highways to South Dade. It was 94 degrees hot. Workers and troopers cleared the land, and tree debris littered the night sky with flames and smoke. It was different.

Andrew was the worst financial loss storm ever to hit the U.S.

In 1926 Miami Beach City Manager Claude Renshaw became a giant and overnight hero by clamping martial law on his city and bringing in the National Guard to protect against looters and halt unnecessary traffic. Causeways were closed to those without passes. Alarmed mayors and civic boosters worried over the upcoming winter tourist season. After the northern headlines had exclaimed, "Miami demolished in storm," they had reactive ideas. They wired newspapers that Miami had suffered only minor damage and did not need aid. This confused the Red Cross so much that they were a week late in sending supplies and food to Miami Beach, and we were without any water and low on food for seven days. For many, this slow, confused response sounds too familiar today.

In 1926, we were impossibly innocent, naive and strong. We spat on our hands and began to clean up the mess. Schooners in Miami's bayfront were chopped up and their masts used for park ornaments. A tall downtown skyscraper, twisted askew in its upper floors while under construction, was

straightened out and rebuilt. Miami's buoyant spirit was upbeat.

While Andrew gave birth to many heroes and shining examples of human spirit, the battle of perseverance is to be a long one. Andrew brought utter devastation to whole communities south of Kendall Drive. The estimated 7,000 trees felled in Coral Gables alone, the huge military presence and four tent cities were unlike anything experienced previously in any Miami storm. Despair has continued to be felt by thousands who not only lost their homes and belongings, but who've had to send their children to school far to the north as the 1992/93 session got its delayed start.

Commodore Ralph Munroe of Coconut Grove probably reflected the sentiment of many South Floridians these days when after the '26 storm he and a guest sailed to Caesar's Creek off Elliott Key to fish. A Nor'easter was blowing strongly down the creek from the ocean that night. It rattled the stays and shrouds of his anchored sailboat. A whine broke out in the rigging. His guest remained silent for a very long time. Then the Commodore said softly, "We don't enjoy the sound of wind here anymore."



Hurricane supplies—flashlight, candles, lamp, matches, rope and tools—1949. HASF Miami News Collection, 1989-11-8489.



Stocking up on canned goods, 1949. HASF Miami News Collection, 1989-11-8495.

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Memories of Storms Past

Mrs. C. Boyton Reese, interviewed by Jane Long Streth of The Junior League of Miami, May 12, 1970

“

... we never had heard of a hurricane, and we didn't prepare for the blow of 1926. We left our beautiful awnings up and everything else just as it was. At two o'clock in the night, this hurricane started. We had gone out to the ocean just before the hurricane started. It was just about midnight, and just as quiet as could be. You couldn't imagine anything being so quiet. And, then at 2 a.m., you have never heard of such blowing in your life. Our screens, our awnings, everything was blown away. Our doors were broken in by the waves. Our furniture was washed out of the house.

We had French doors to the east—those were blown out; we had French doors to the south on a porch—those were blown out. We kept pushing our grand piano back, and we finally covered our grand piano with our scattered Persian Rugs. Then finally, when daylight almost came, why Mr. Reese went out on the porch and said, 'I think if you will help me, the couch is out here, and we can bring it in.' Well, I went out to help him and I tried to hold one end, and he the other. Just then, a wave came and washed him out the door, and he happened to catch a hold of the facing, and the couch landed in the back yard. It never went further than that.

We found our Victrola with about 200 to 300 records in Indian Creek about one-half mile away, and all the records were scattered under the sand. We had about two feet of sand in the yard, and about a foot of sand in the living room. We weren't able to get our car out of the garage for about three months, because the sand had gone up almost to the top of the door. We were not able to get out to go to 63rd Street—that's where the bus would come—because of the sand. The Red Cross sent us in food, and finally they did make a path to 63rd Street, and we were able to go down the path. But sand was just over the whole section there.

This location was a new section with nothing but beautiful homes. There were no stores, not anything up our way then. Everything was nothing but lovely homes and, of course, we thought we were going to live there the rest of our lives. But after the hurricane, we decided it was about time to move somewhere else . . .

So we came out with nothing, but only loving Miami and we ourselves think Miami is the garden spot of the world. We have traveled extensively, been around the world and everywhere, and to me, there's no place like Miami Beach. ”

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Dr. Arthur H. Welland interviewed by Thelma P. Peters, March 21, 1978.

“...on the 17th of September, 1926, we had the terrific hurricane which I judged to be the worst hurricane that we've had since I've been here in almost 52 years.

The hospital was hardly in good operation, yet we received a large number of very severe casualties, many of which were brought in from around south Miami. In those days it was called Larkins, Florida. The Chief of Police out there had small open Ford car and he, together with a helper, had picked up five people who had been injured when the roof was torn off an apartment building and came down on top of them. They had piled these people into the rear of this car almost like logs, which was about all they could do. They were very severely injured, and, in fact, when they got into the hospital, they found that two of them were already dead.

They kept on bringing casualties during that whole day.

This hurricane started coming out of the north about one o'clock in the morning and it abated around

seven o'clock in the morning when the eye of the storm passed directly over us. And then the wind came back from the south and gave us this blow that really kept things in bad shape.

During the first blow, our house, which was on Pizarro Street in Coral Gables, had two big pine trees laying across the top of it. When the blow from the south came, it blew one more down so that we had three trees across our small bungalow.

Our casualties at the hospital took up all the beds and cots we were able to put in and in the wide downstairs corridor, we had three lines of chairs. Every chair was full of casualties, most of whom really should have been in bed, but we didn't have room for them. We lost a number of patients during the night. I can't recall quite how many there were, but I believe that we had some of the toughest casualties out of the whole area.

We had no power during this time, no lights. We



ROYAL PALM PARK - MIAMI
AFTER THE STORM

Storms Past

fixed fractures of arms and legs by candlelight and without the help of X-rays. After we were finally able to get X-rays of them, we found they were strangely in pretty good shape—better than we had anticipated. Of course, many of the more severely injured patients had to have other surgical procedures carried out at later times. I think we worked on those casualties for about three days steady without letting up. And with only just a wink or two of sleep now and then to sort of rest.

One incident happened on my walk to the hospital that day when I got to a corner in a wall at the intersection of Coral Way and Le Jeune Road. There were a number of coconut palms at that intersection. All the coconuts had blown off these palms and as I rested behind the wall to get out of the wind, some of these coconuts would gradually be blown around the end of the wall and they gained speed blowing down Le Jeune Road, going just like cannon balls. That impressed me

quite a bit. When I went down the center of Coral Way—at the old administration building on the corner of Ponce de Leon and Coral Way—there were about a dozen mules that were in the big wrought iron fence in front of the building. I don't know how they got in there or where they came from, but all these mules were staying out of the wind there inside of the yard of the administration building.

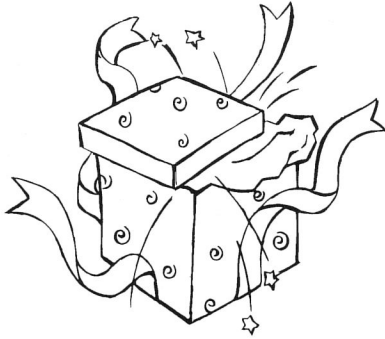
One incident in caring for these patients which I recall humorously involved an old lady. She was quite a gal, too. She was able to take it. She had a broken arm and various lacerations over her extremities and body. We had no anesthesia to give these patients and I was going to reduce the fracture in her arm. I said, 'Now lady, grit your teeth while I fix your arm.' She said, 'I can't.' I said, 'What do you mean you can't?' She said, 'I can't grit my teeth.' I said, 'Why not?' She said, 'Because the storm blew them away.' ”





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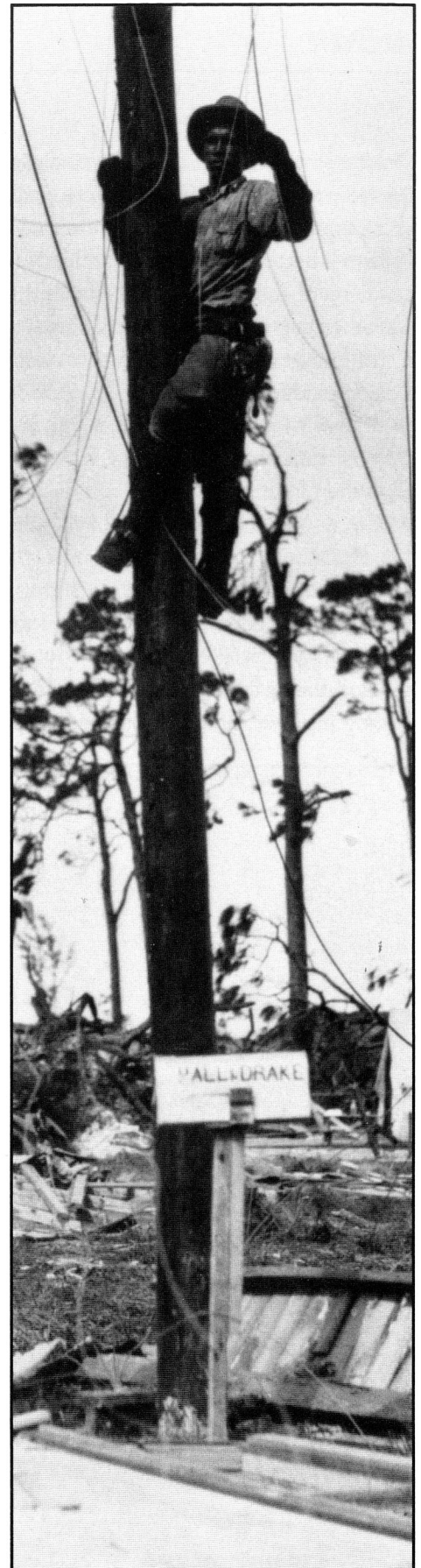
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Telephone linemen, Ft. Lauderdale, 1926. Gift of the Jacksonville Historical Society, 1979-85-16

Early Weather Service in Miami

by Don C. Gaby

Observations of the wind and clouds were made from the earliest times. Instruments for observing weather parameters—such as the barometer and the thermometer—were invented long before the 19th century, but the synoptic weather chart as we know it did not appear until 1819. Even then, the few observations available came by mail. The beginning of a modern weather service awaited the invention of the telegraph in the 1840s.

Before the City's Founding

Florida became a United States Territory in 1821, but none of the few settlers on the Miami River in 1824 recorded the great hurricane that struck the area that would become Miami. During that period, the post surgeons on many U.S. Army posts made weather observations for relay to the surgeon general. The Army established Fort Dallas at the mouth of the Miami River in late 1837, and occupied that post during much of the period of the Seminole Wars (1835-1858).

The first official observations began in October 1839 and continued into the summer of 1841. The Army

also made observations from April through December 1850, and from January 1855 through March 1858. Observations were made three times (later four) per day of temperature, humidity, direction and speed of the wind, and precipitation, with remarks.

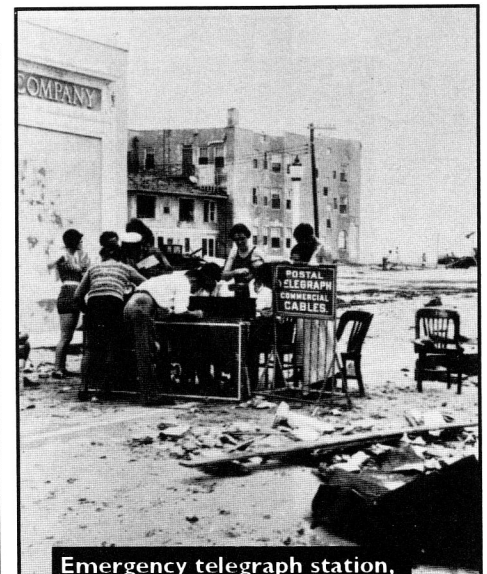
Those early weather observations indicate that the climate then was not greatly different from what we know today. Summer temperatures were commonly into the high 80s and occasionally into the 90s, 95° F being the warmest recorded. Winter temperatures rarely fell below freezing, but did so on occasion with a coldest temperature of 30° F and ice recorded. As



A fourth generation Miamian, Don Gaby was born in Arizona but grew up in South Dade, attending all 12 years at Redland Farmland School. He served as a U.S. Air Force weather officer, an aviation weather forecaster for American Airlines and in Miami, worked for the National Weather Service and the National Environmental Satellite Service. He conducts historical research with articles frequently published. The history of Miami River is his primary interest with his most recent book on the river to be published in 1993.

nowadays, a very cold winter month might be followed by a month of mild weather. Wind and rain were much as we experience them today. There were no hurricanes recorded by the Army on the Miami River, but other great hurricanes passed over South Florida

Tent city, Florida Keys, 1935. HASF Miami News Collection, 1989-11-7809



Emergency telegraph station, Miami, 1926. Gift of Clark W. Wheeler, 1986-223-4

in 1835 and 1844 while Fort Dallas was not garrisoned. The hurricane of 1876 was felt on the Miami River, but this was before there was a city of Miami.

In 1870, a federal weather service began within the Signal Service of the U.S. Army, with the first storm warning issued that year. The Weather Bureau moved from the War Department to the U.S. Department of Agriculture in 1891. Land stations transmitted their weather observations by telegraph, and after 1905 ships reported over the oceans by wireless (radio). The Department of Agriculture produced the first Climatology of the United States in 1906, following encouragement and support by David Fairchild of the department.

After the City's Founding

Henry Flagler's railroad reached the Miami River in April 1896, and the City of Miami was founded that same year. As early as May 1897, the *Miami Metropolis* reported weather observations taken by Mr. W. L. White at his home two miles north of Miami and one mile inland from the bay. White used standard instruments and recorded maximum, minimum, and mean temperatures, rainfall, and

weekly means or totals. White's observations were not published regularly, and later it became common for the *Metropolis* to report the official Weather Bureau observations from Jupiter, Florida, as if those were representative of Miami. Occasionally the observations from Key West would be reported instead of those from Jupiter.

In August 1901, the *Metropolis* reported Miami's maximum, minimum and mean temperatures as taken by Rev. E. V. Blackman, a voluntary observer. For the month of July, total precipitation was included also. Blackman was a minister, and organizer of the Northern Methodist Church in 1897, who became a newspaper editor. He retained his interest in weather, however, and during the first decade of the new century—before the Weather Bureau arrived in Miami—he received telegrams with weather warnings from the Weather Bureau at Washington which he posted at the door of the post office. When it became necessary to warn mariners, Blackman was given the proper instructions and hoisted the appropriate storm signals on a tall steel tower at the Fair Building, formerly on the bay shore just below Flagler Street.

About 1898, David Fairchild established a Subtropical Laboratory at Miami under the Office of Foreign Plant Introduction, U.S. Department of Agriculture. Located on the road that became today's Brickell Avenue, about half a mile south of the river, observations made there were occasionally reported in the newspapers during the early years of the 20th century. They were, of course, more representative of conditions in Miami than the official Weather Bureau observations from either Jupiter or Key West.

Beginning in March 1898, the predicted tides for Cape Florida and the mouth of the Miami River were published in the *Metropolis* as provided by the U.S. Coast and Geodetic Survey, using Key West as a base reference. These tide predictions were without doubt very useful.

It is noteworthy that in January 1905, after passage of a severe cold front, the strong northwest wind blew the water out of the bay sufficiently to lower the "tide" four feet below general low water as measured at the Royal Palm Hotel dock. Many boats were left riding on the bottom. That night there was a "hard freeze" with the temperature dropping to 20° F,



Florida City depot, 1945. HASF Miami News Collection, 1989-11-7857

followed by a temperature of 24° F the next day. (These extremely low temperatures at Miami appear more remarkable because of the strong wind. The observations are belied by a report of little plant loss at the Royal Palm Hotel and, in February, 700 crates of tomatoes moving north daily from South Florida.) On at least one earlier occasion, this phenomenon of a strong northwest wind blowing much of the water out of north Biscayne Bay after a cold front was reported. By 1909, a system for announcing frost warnings was devised—one long, three short, and one long blast were given by the big whistle at the Water Works. These warnings were provided by the Weather Bureau at Washington and relayed by Blackman in Miami.

Since the making of Government Cut in 1905 through the south end of the peninsula that became Miami Beach, no similar removal of bay water by strong winds following a cold front has been noted. The author believes that the easier movement of tidal water from the ocean through Government Cut, and later through Baker's Haulover Cut, has made it more difficult to thus lower the water levels in the north end of the bay.

One might note that Miami experienced a hurricane in October 1906 that passed directly over the young city, with the calm of the "eye" lasting 30 minutes. It did much damage in Miami as well as in the Florida Keys. Within 20 years, many residents would forget about the "eye" of a hurricane and its dangerous backside; in the hurricane of 1926, many people ran outside during the eye passage with resulting loss of life and property.

The following year, 1907, South Florida experienced an unprecedented drought. Water ceased to flow over the rapids at the headwaters of the Miami River and by April many thousands of fish lay dying in stagnant pools in the Everglades. This preceded drainage of the Everglades, indicating that such extended dry periods were a natural phenomenon. Army officers noted similar dry periods during the Seminole Wars of the 19th century. (For August 1908, the Subtropical Laboratory reported heavy rainfall of 7.26 inches, a record for that time!)

United States Weather Bureau

In April 1911, Miamians received the news that their city—then with a population of about 6,000 people—

would receive a Weather Bureau station. Whereas the station at Jupiter was of third class, the new station at Miami would be first class with a full array of meteorological apparatus. Richard W. Gray, still remembered by many Miamians, arrived in early May to take charge of establishing and running the new office. Gray was a thin man, trained as a meteorologist, but who held some narrow views. For example, Gray believed that climate does not change, that the moon has no effect on weather, and that the temperature of the Gulf Stream is little different from the surrounding ocean and has no influence on our climate.

In late May, the U.S. Weather Bureau, Department of Agriculture, moved into three rooms above the recently completed Bank of Bay Biscayne, located on the northwest corner of today's Miami Avenue and Flagler Street (formerly Avenue D and 12th Street). Gray had one assistant. The new Weather Bureau office opened for business on June 4, 1911.

An early product of the Weather Bureau was a weather map prepared for publication in local newspapers. Gray himself prepared the plates. The first weather map appeared in the



Homestead Air Force Base officers' quarters, 1945. HASF Miami News Collection, 1989-011-7902.

Miami Metropolis of Friday, August 4, 1911. It showed lines of equal pressure (indicative of the winds) with low and high pressure centers, wind directions, temperatures, rainfall, cloud cover, etc.

In 1913, Gray added a feature that might be useful even today—it was the “freezing line,” drawn from the Atlantic to the Pacific to separate those parts of the country warmer than freezing from those with below freezing temperatures. In the sense that those old weather maps showed actual observations, they were superior to modern versions.

Another new service provided by the Weather Bureau during its first year of operation was warnings for small watercraft. These provided notices of moderately strong winds expected along the east coast. That service began on December 1, 1911. Such notices were prepared at

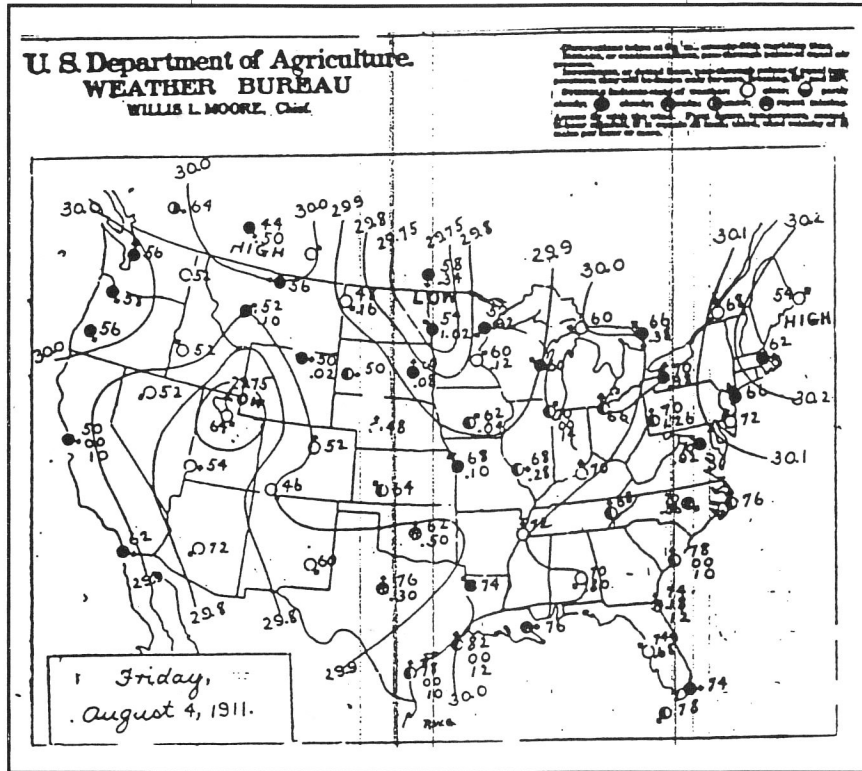
Washington for local dissemination. Gray himself developed techniques for forecasting summer showers in southeast Florida, minimum temperatures, and the like.

and had access to international reports as well. A new service introduced by the Government in 1913 was weather bulletins transmitted over the oceans by wireless radio. One such transmitting station was at

Key West. These daily bulletins provided data for existing weather conditions, plus predictions of conditions along the coasts and over the offshore waters. This was an advance of the greatest importance, both for gathering information and warning ships at sea.

In 1914, the federal government built a new Federal Building at the corner of today’s N.E. 1st Street and 1st Avenue. (Later it became a First Federal Savings & Loan office, and today is an

Office Depot store.) It was a beautiful, substantial, three-story building that has retained its charm to this day. Upon its completion, the Weather Bu-



Since its establishment, the Miami office of the Weather Bureau was connected by telegraph—later teletype—to all other stations in the United States,



Flattened vegetation and damaged houses, Bimini, 1935. Miami News Collection, 1989-11-24471

reau moved into new quarters on the top floor of the new building. Where formerly storm signals for mariners had been flown from the tower at the Fair Building on the bayshore below today's Flagler Street, they were flown from a new, taller tower on the Federal Building.

Richard Gray was still the Meteorologist-In-Charge (MIC) in 1926, with assistant C. B. Moseley, Jr., when Miami experienced its famous hurricane of September 18th. At that time the Hurricane Forecast Center was in Washington, D.C., and all warnings originated there.

According to Gray's official report of that storm: "there were no unusual meteorological conditions to herald the approach of the storm. The wind velocity as late as 8 p.m. of the 17th was only 19 miles per hour, and the usual heavy rain that precedes a tropical storm did not set in until after midnight, by which time the wind was blowing a fresh gale." The barometer did not begin to fall rapidly until 10 p.m. About 5:30 a.m., it became necessary to reset the barograph pen, which was about to fall below the graph limit of 28 inches. By then, the office was in total darkness except for a flashlight

provided by a visitor. At 6:10 a.m. the barometer held steady in the lull of the eye, but dropped at 6:45 a.m. to a low of 27.61 inches by the mercurial barometer and 27.54 inches by the barograph. The steamship *Crudeoil*, that rode out the storm in Biscayne Bay, reported 27.60 inches reduced to sea level. After passage of the eye, the pressure rose even more rapidly than it had fallen.

During the lull of the eye passage, many people rushed out into the streets. Gray warned those around the Federal Building of the returning "backside" of the storm, but to little avail. Many lives were needlessly lost. That lull lasted 35 minutes in downtown Miami, with the storm's center passing well to the south. An anemometer on the roof of Allison Hospital (today St. Francis) on Miami Beach recorded a maximum velocity of 128 mph from east or southeast at 7:30 a.m., suggesting an extreme wind of 140 to 150 mph. It blew away at 8:12 a.m. while reading 120 mph.

One might note that on Friday afternoon, September 17th, the *Miami Tribune* carried the headline "Storm Imperils Miami," and City Manager Wharton took appropriate steps to

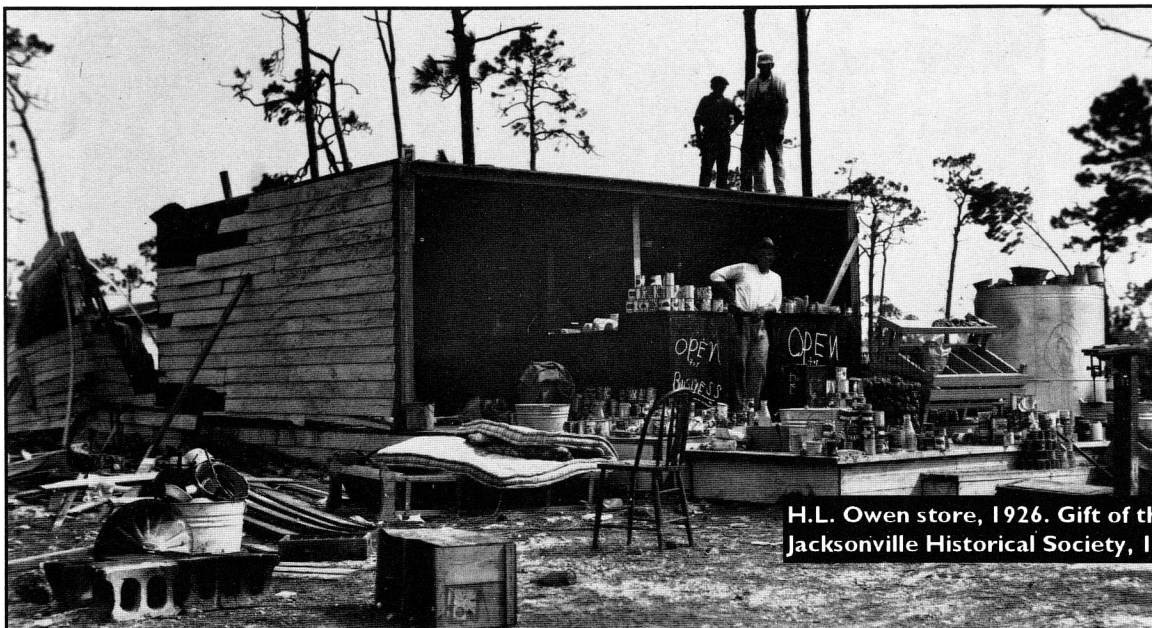
Memories of Storms Past

John Pickett Miles interviewed by Nancy Clemens of The Junior League of Miami, June 18, 1970

“Clyde Court Apartments was a reinforced concrete building, and was supposed to be just about indestructible. Well, that hurricane took the back, the south wall off of Clyde Court, just like you'd take a knife and cut into a pasteboard box.

My mother was sitting up in bed with the Bible in one hand and an umbrella in the other, and looking out over the south side of Miami just as if there was no wall there, because actually, there wasn't.”

avert losses. The storm was forecast to directly strike Miami at midnight, which it did. Later newspaper reports indicated that the Weather Bureau had received warnings from Washington as early as Friday morning, which newsmen received from other sources, but that Richard Gray denied that a hurricane wind would reach Miami. Gray continued to serve as the MIC into



H.L. Owen store, 1926. Gift of the Jacksonville Historical Society, 1979-85-9.

1935—almost a quarter century as Miami's first weatherman!

One problem with the official wind observations at the Federal Building in the September 1926 hurricane was that they were no longer representative, the 1914 building was surrounded by a number of much taller buildings as a result of Miami's building boom of the 1920s. Perhaps for this reason, Gray moved in 1930 to new quarters on the top, 10th floor of the Seybold Building, 36 N.E. 1st Street. This was another elegant structure that is newly renovated today.

The United States established a Hurricane Warning Center in Cuba during the Spanish-American War. (The first hurricane shown on a weather map was in September 1874, off the Georgia coast.) Initially established at Kingston, Jamaica, the Center moved to Havana, Cuba, in 1898, where for a great many years the Jesuits operated a weather observatory that became the National Observatory of Cuba in the 20th century. The U.S. Hurricane Warning Center moved to Washington, D.C., in 1902. In 1935, Hurricane Warning Offices were established at Jacksonville, Florida, New Orleans, Louisiana, and San Juan, Puerto

Rico, all connected by teletype link.

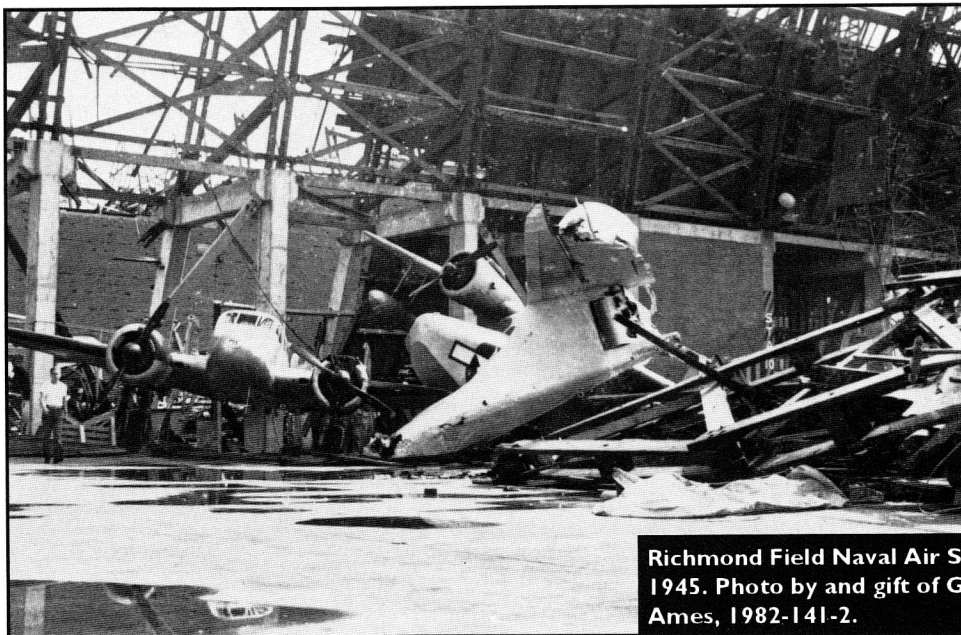
The new hurricane warning offices were established just in time for the great Labor Day hurricane of 1935. By then, Ernest J. Carson was the Meteorologist-In-Charge at Miami. This storm moved across the central Bahamas and the south tip of Andros Island, forecast to continue moving westward to pass south of Key West. Although marine weather observations from ships were then available by radio, they tended to be few once a warning was issued, because ships naturally avoided the area of warning, thus making tracking of a storm far more difficult than it is today. That hurricane turned northwest to strike the Florida Keys as the most intense hurricane of record in terms of minimum central pressure at the time of landfall. (Hurricane Gilbert in 1988 had a lower central pressure while at sea.) Its effects are well documented. In Miami there was some wind damage, and the water rose several feet as far upriver as Flagler Street. Afterward, there was an unsuccessful effort to move the Hurricane Warning Center to Miami.

Increased interest in hurricanes and aviation caused the Weather Bureau to establish a cooperative pro-

gram in tropical disturbance research with the Massachusetts Institute of Technology during the summer of 1936. At the same time the Bureau began a new aviation program whereby observations of the upper atmosphere were obtained by daily aircraft flights. Such flights recorded pressure, temperature, and humidity to an altitude of 16,500 feet. At Miami, these daily flights were made under contract by Globe Airways, Inc. Better observations to higher altitudes soon were being made by instruments carried aloft by balloons, twice each day, from many selected stations including Miami.

The Weather Bureau offices remained at the Seybold Building through 1942. As early as 1936, there was also an airport station. In 1940, the Weather Bureau was moved from the Department of Agriculture to the Department of Commerce because of the increasing importance of commercial air transportation.

In 1943, during World War II, the National Hurricane Center moved from Jacksonville to Miami and was redesignated as the Joint U. S. Weather Bureau, Air Force, and Navy Hurricane Warning Center. The Hurricane Center and District Forecast offices



Richmond Field Naval Air Station, 1945. Photo by and gift of Gordon Ames, 1982-141-2.

were quartered on the 19th floor of the Congress Building at 111 N.E. 2nd Avenue. Aerial reconnaissance of tropical cyclones by the Navy and Air Force became routine by the end of the war. Such storm penetrations by aircraft provided much more accurate tracking of hurricanes with a corresponding improvement in the forecasts. The hurricane of September 1945, which devastated Homestead Air Force Base and Richmond Naval Air Station with much of the Redlands area, took only four lives, whereas 243 lives were lost in 1926 and 408 in 1935.

Grady Norton, still well remembered by many Miamians, replaced Carson as the responsible official in 1948 or 1949 and the Weather Bureau offices moved again to the east penthouse of the Lindsey Hopkins Building on N.E. 2nd Avenue at 14th Street, with a beautiful view of the bay. The Airport Station was at two different locations on N.W. 36th Street before settling in the airport terminal building at 5000 N.W. 36th Street. In the 1950s, that station moved to the FAA Building on the east side of Miami International Airport. Grady Norton died in 1956. He was replaced by Gordon E. Dunn as Hurricane Center director

and chief tropical meteorologist. Dunn worked at the Jacksonville office in September 1935, and served in Puerto Rico during World War II.

When the author came to work at the Weather Bureau Airport Station in 1958, the National Hurricane Center and District Forecast Office had just relocated to the Aviation Building at 3240 N.W. 27th Avenue, again on the top floor. In the late 1950s, Richard Gray was a legend, Ernest Carson was well remembered by some older meteorologists, and Grady Norton was famous for his calming voice on radio. Three directors have succeeded Dunn.

Long range coastal weather radars, one at Miami atop the Aviation Building, were introduced as the result of six hurricanes that struck the Atlantic coast, including Washington, D.C., during 1954 and 1955. Direct reception of early polar-orbiting satellite imagery began at Miami during the 1960s. In 1965, the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration was formed within the Department of Commerce. The Weather Bureau became the National Weather Service (NWS), and the National Environmental Satellite Center became the National Environmental Satellite Service (NESS), among other

changes. The following year, the National Hurricane Center, District Forecast Office, and Weather Bureau Airport Station were consolidated in new quarters on the University of Miami campus; they moved to their present quarters on Dixie Highway across from the campus in 1979. In 1970, the NWS and NESS entered into a joint experiment in the operational use of imagery from early geostationary environmental satellites. Today such imagery, with much improved satellites and more sophisticated treatment, is a routine part of the weather service's array of information.

In the aftermath of Hurricane Andrew, the National Hurricane Center is anticipating a move to new quarters on the Tamiami campus of Florida International University and installation of an advanced doppler radar, with direct reception of satellite and other data. The future is bright for continued improvements.

Author's note: This article makes no pretense of being a comprehensive account of early weather service in Miami. It is based on data from the NOAA National Climatic Data Center, early newspaper articles noted while researching the history of the Miami River, several books, Miami City directories, and from personal contacts and knowledge.

Demolished mobile homes, Dade County, 1948. Gift of Steve Wacholder, 1992-223-12.



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Impact: Women of Achievement March 1993

The fifth annual Impact will honor 10 Dade County Women who have made outstanding contributions to this community. The lobby exhibit will feature photographic portraits of the 1993 honorees.

Fort Mose: Colonial America's Black Fortress of Freedom

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Fort Mose, Florida, was America's first legally sanctioned, free black community. Based on five years of historical and archaeological research, the exhibit explores the African-American colonial experience in the Spanish colonies, from the arrival of Christopher Columbus to the time of the American Revolution. Fort Mose tells this little-known story, which offers a powerful alternative image to slavery as the dominant theme in African-American history. Developed by the Florida Museum of Natural History.

General Information

The Historical Museum of Southern Florida is centrally located in Downtown Miami, at the Cultural Center Plaza, 101 West Flagler Street. There are several convenient ways to get to the Historical Museum:

By Metrorail: Exit at the Government Center Station and walk south across the street to the plaza.

By Car Traveling North on I-95: Take the N.W. 2nd St. exit. Go right on N.W. 2nd St., then right on N.W. 2nd Ave. After one block., the Cultural Center will be on your left and its parking garage on your right.

By Car Traveling South on I-95: Take the left lane Downtown Miami Ave. exit and remain in the left lane. At the end of the exit ramp, turn left onto Miami Ave. and left immediately again on S.W. 2nd St. Go to S.W. 2nd Ave. and turn right. The second light is Flagler Street. Cross Flagler; the Cultural Center will be on your right and its parking garage on your left.

Parking: Discounted, covered parking (\$2.00) is available across the street at the Cultural Center parking garage located on the block to the west of the Cultural Plaza at 50 NW Second Avenue. You can also park at the Metro-Dade County Garage at 140 West Flagler Street. If you park at the Cultural Center garage, take the over-the-street walkway from the 2nd floor directly to the Plaza and be sure to get your parking ticket validated by our lobby receptionist.

Hours: Mon - Sat. 10 a.m. - 5 p.m.
 Thur. til 9 p.m. Sun. 12 noon - 5 p.m.

Regular Admission: Free for members. Adults \$4; Children (6-12) \$2; Children under 6 free.

Upcoming Events

Reader's Choice Luncheon & Trolley Tour of South Beach Guided by Dr. Paul George

Tues., March 23, 10:00 a.m.

Tour includes a stop at the Wolfsonian Museum and lunch at The Foundlings Club. \$35, seating is limited. RSVP: (305) 375-1492.

Golf Tournament

Wed., April 28, Shotgun start 12:30 p.m. A "best ball" tournament limited to 32 foursomes at the Biltmore Hotel & Club, 1210 Anastasia Ave., Coral Gables. Prizes for best foursome, best individual scores and best historic golf outfit will be awarded. The event includes pre-tournament activities, contests, lunch and a cocktail reception. Call 375-1492 for more information.



2300 Peck Street
Fort Myers, Florida
(813) 332-6879

Upcoming Exhibits

Baseball Cards & Memorabilia

March 4 - April 15

This collection portrays players of major league teams and helps illuminate baseball history.

Writing Implements

March 4 - April 15

Featuring writing implements from the 1900s to the present, including writing pens, penmanship books, fountain pens, ink wells, blotters and desk sets.

Native American Crafts

April 20 - May 31

Traditional Indian artwork, representative of several tribes including hand-crafted baskets, pottery and beadwork.

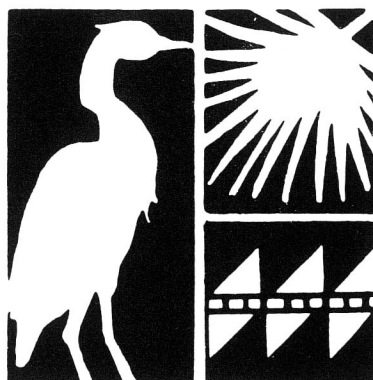
Historic Florida Railroad Stations

April 20 - May 31

The best way to see Florida during the boom years was by rail. This photographic exhibit on railroad stations throughout the state of Florida depicts original railroad stations, converted stations and stations of the past.

General Information

Open Monday - Friday 9 a.m. - 4:30 p.m., Sundays 1 to 5 p.m. Closed Saturdays and major holidays. Admission adults \$2; children under 12 \$.50.



Collier County Museum

3301 Tamiami Trail East
Naples, Florida
(813) 774-8476

Upcoming Event

Second Annual Collier Stampede Rodeo

Saturday & Sunday, March 27-28, 1993

Florida Sports Park

Starts at 2 p.m. on both days.

Advance tickets are available—Adults \$9, Children 3-12 \$6. Call the museum to order advance tickets at (813) 774-8476. The charge is \$1 higher at the gate. The ticket price includes parking.

General Information

The museum is open Monday through Friday, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. and Saturday, 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. Admission is free.



112 South Commercio Street
Clewiston, Florida 33440
(813) 983-2870

Welcome to Our Newest Member Association

The Clewiston Museum is a growing museum, collecting and displaying items, large and small, important and trivial, which reflect the past of Clewiston and its surrounding area. The museum was formed in 1984 and is supported by volunteers and Friends of the Museum.

General Information

The museum's hours are 1 to 5 p.m. Tuesday through Saturday, however, hours are adjusted to seasonal demands. No admission fee is charged, however, donations are encouraged.

Mark Your Calendar
April 24, 1993
for
Bash from the Past
at The Barnacle

An event hosted by the
Historical Museum of Southern Florida's
Tropical Pioneers (Tropees). Call 375-1492
to be sure you receive an invitation.

ANDREW

THE WORST OF TIMES BROUGHT OUT THE BEST IN PEOPLE.

Hurricane Andrew was the big one – the big storm, the big story and more than a few times, the big test of character. Heroes were added by the minute. Neighbors sheltered neighbors and people from all over the country cared enough to help.

It is these fresh and incredible stories of courage and generosity that strengthen pride in our community (and our humanity).



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1-800-827-2668**

Join the
**Historical Museum &
Dr. Paul George**
for historical ventures:

Miami River Boat Tour

Sunday, April 4, 10 a.m.-1 p.m.

Stiltsville/ Key Biscayne Boat Tour

Sunday, April 25, 5-8 p.m.

Miami River Boat Tour

Sunday, May 16, 10 a.m.-1 p.m.

For Miami's early visitors, there was no more popular way of exploring the region than by boat. When you join Dr. George for these historical cruises to the past, you'll learn of trading posts, tourist attractions and early pioneer life.

Members: \$20 Non-members: \$25

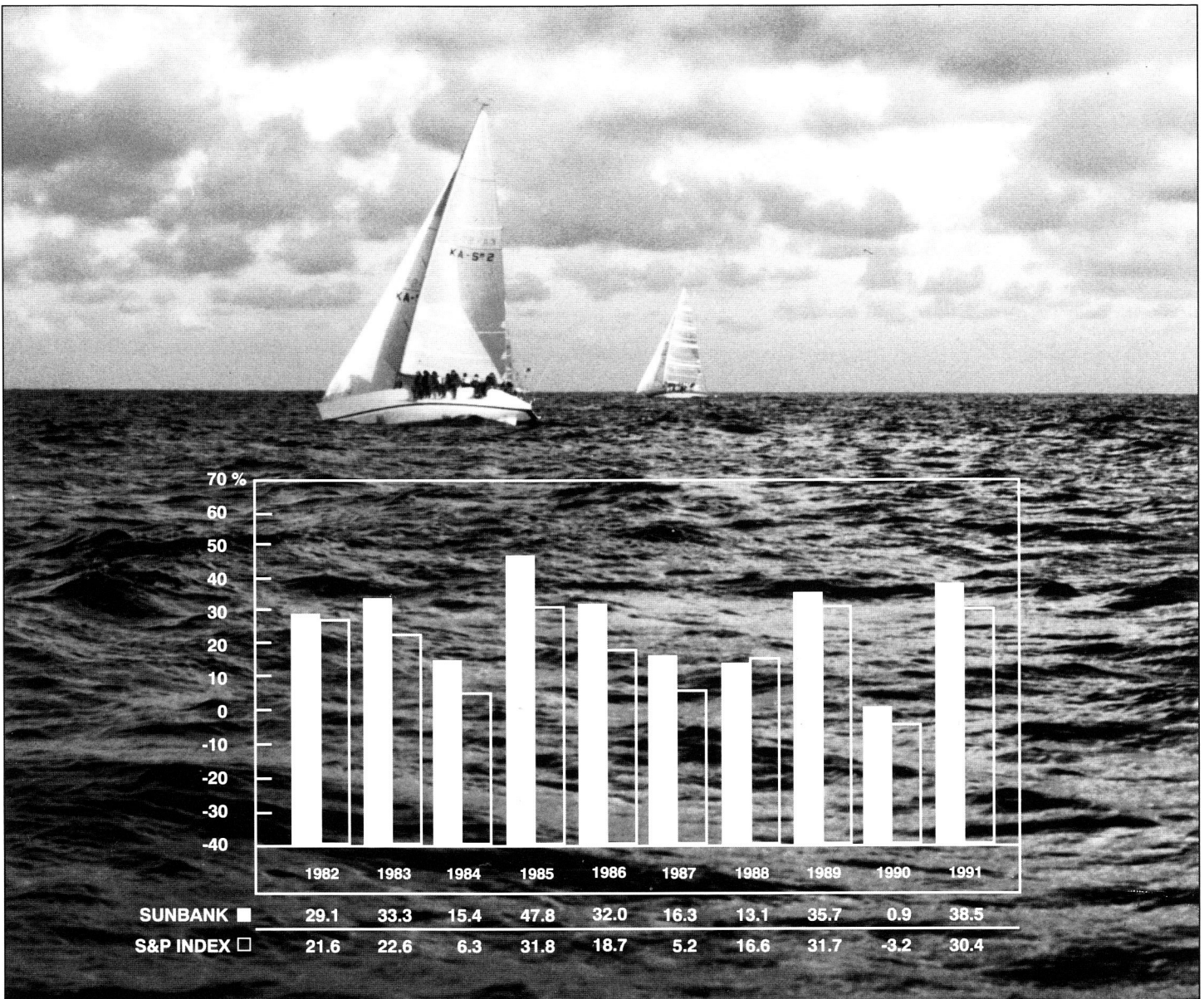
Coral Gables House Dinner & Tour

Sunday, May 2, 5-8 p.m.

Join Dr. George for a relaxing evening and special dinner at the childhood home of George Merrick, founder of Coral Gables (907 Coral Way). The evening includes a short stroll taking in several historic landmarks in the neighborhood.

Members: \$35 Non-members: \$40

**Reserve Now—Space Limited
Call 375-1625.**



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Spitballs & Sliders

Florida's Romance with Baseball



February 11 - August 1
Historical Museum of Southern Florida

Historical Museum of Southern Florida
101 West Flagler Street
Miami, Florida 33130

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