

courses, the Flamingo, the Alton Beach and the Bay Shore—"the only golf courses in the world constructed from nothingness."

After these courses were built a golfer happened to remark to Carl that they were too flat. Carl thereupon imported a golf engineer from Scotland to lay out a new course that would be the best golf links in the South. Trainloads of dirt from the everglades were brought to build its hills.

We pointed to one mound with pride. "That's Carl's hundred- and fifty-thousand-dollar hill!" It was true. Before the building up of the LaGorce Golf Course was through, the additional dirt and engineering had cost many times that amount.

But the investment was paid back in advertising alone. Within a few years the LaGorce ten-thousand-dollar championship—the largest golf purse ever offered—brought a golf-crazed generation to Miami Beach. Among the champions developed on its greens were Gene Sarazen, Willie Klein, Tommy Armour, Cruickshank, Lockwood and Johnny Farrell.

Polo at Miami Beach, like golf, was nearly as old as the city. Carl donated the Flamingo and Nautilus cups—prizes that helped make it the world center of winter polo. Society followed polo, and society was becoming increasingly important to this new city. Women in gay sport silks printed in Paris and men in dazling whites watched the swift little ponies race in a setting of brilliant green foliage and unbelievably blue water. And chukker by chukker, each game was replayed later over buffet supper at The Shadows.

The American polo players made Miami Beach their meeting field in winter. Harold Talbot and his brother Bud were among the first in the polo trek. Harold Talbot is now Secretary of the Air Force in President Eisenhower's cabinet. They had brought their stable down from Dayton, Ohio, for a season, and remained. Harvey Firestone and his four sons had fine horses and made up their own polo team. Julius Fleischmann was an ardent player. Laddie Sanford had the first expensive polo ponies. One of his mares cost seven thousand dollars.

Because the water of Miami Beach was still brackish, Carl built tanks behind the stables to catch water for the ponies. Lad-

die would not let his string drink the water, and each morning fifty bottles of water, shipped down from New York, were delivered to the Sanford stables.

We kept a stable of thirty ponies, principally for our friends, but old Jerry, with pumping tail, remained Carl's favorite. Carl also wanted a little black horse called Hip-Hip, owned by J. D. Platt. Platt had paid only four hundred dollars for the horse, yet Carl, since he wanted it, offered property on Lincoln Road valued then at fifteen hundred, but Platt refused. Shortly after that Hip-Hip was badly injured and had to be shot. The property sold at about that time for fifty thousand dollars.

Carl had never ridden a horse until he was in his late forties, when he decided to play polo. Luckily his trained cyclist's body reacted to the rigors of polo as if he had been born to the saddle.

Polo did a lot toward making our tropical paradise seem cosmopolitan and smart. We had asked the world to Miami Beach, and here it was. Deauville and the Riviera claimed many of our new settlers during the hot months of summer, but they left promising to be back for winter.

Our polo fields were brought to the attention of the European players when Tom Dryborough, seventy-two-year-old polo writer, spent a winter in Miami Beach and played against the high goalmen. He wrote enthusiastically about our "mammoth bungalows" and verdant fields. Carl took advantage of the English publicity by luring the crack polo players of Britain to Miami Beach at fifteen thousand dollars a head to show how polo should be played. For fifty thousand dollars—their expenses for the trip—he brought over the entire English team composed of such notable players as Lord Cromwell, the Marquis of Waterford and Captain Rex Stewart.

Colonel C. T. Melville, the international polo player, also came over with the English team and later wrote a book in which he expressed delight over such Miami Beach surprises as "strawberries for breakfast at Christmas and being driven about by a lady wearing pajamas." I was the lady in pajamas—as startling in the early 'twenties, even in freedom-loving Miami Beach, as my form-fitting bathing suit had been five years before.