

to Sodom and Gomorrah, and I to a female biblical character I prefer not to name.

I was in tears over the scandal of this public attack and, as might be expected, curious people crossed the Collins Bridge and stood around the Casino pool waiting to see "the woman in the suit." I was so afraid Carl would be angry with me. Usually he was very strict in all matters pertaining to his wife—if not to other women. Before the lenient 'twenties "ladies" did not take cocktails or wear lipstick, and I myself still regarded a woman who touched cigarettes as little better than lost.

But Carl, to my astonishment, was indignant with the minister and not with me. He said, "Honey, that's the first sensible bathing suit I've seen. You hold your head up and keep right on wearing it. I don't see why in hell a woman with a damn pretty figure hasn't a right to show it."

Within a few weeks of my public pillorying, not a black cotton stocking was to be seen on the Beach. How I blessed a gay young creature, later famous as Peggy Hopkins Joyce, for flaunting her lovely figure during this crisis on our Beach in a svelte black suit printed all over with gay green parrots!

Carl told me excitedly: "By God, Jane, you've started something! Why, dammit, I've been trying for months to think up an idea for advertising the Beach nationally. We'll get the prettiest girls we can find and put them in the goddamned tightest and shortest bathing suits and no stockings or swim shoes either. We'll have their pictures taken and send them all over the goddamn country as 'The Bathing Beauties of Miami Beach!'"

The bathing beauty and Miami Beach became synonymous terms. The beauties were a big part of the inspired ballyhoo designed to bring buyers to the new land where Carl and his cohorts were waiting.

Pete Chase sat under an umbrella through those first lonesome winters, perking up and smiling into the blinding sun if a chance tourist wandered over the Collins Bridge. That umbrella was the beginning of the Miami Beach Chamber of Commerce. Sometimes Carl sat with him, but not for long. Carl was too restless to lie in wait for customers.