

offices on the waterfront, representatives of Wall Street carried on the market in the playtime city.

All night long carnival was held under the well-advertised stars of Miami Beach. Night clubbing became the social outlet and "everybody who was anybody" met in the surreptitious bars. Broadway arrived. Actors, vaudevillians, singers, dancers, orchestras, bands, cabaret and restaurant owners deserted the Great White Way for the Miami Beach gold rush.

The bootlegger and the professional gambler arrived simultaneously. Carl might patronize the bootleggers, but he feared them, and he hated the professional gamblers for their effect on his dream city.

I have seen him shooting craps with his friends in the living room at The Shadows at a thousand dollars a throw. He would gamble on anything. But he hated the gambling dens, as he hated all that was cheap and unscrupulous. His steady fight against both bootlegging joints and gambling dens went on, while our home filled with a rudderless crowd come to bask in Carl's sun. Hard-riding, hard-drinking, overly rich, they enlarged our entertaining until life at The Shadows was a continuous round of revelry.

How tame and yet how sweet to remember, were those Sunday nights when everyone had been content with the old songs over sandwiches and lemonade! Now even quiet and orderly people were competing in extravagant entertaining. I can remember one party in these fantastic 'twenties, where the tabletops were black and white glass diamonds, the racing colors of the rich host. Caviar was served in huge blocks of ice. Silver platters bearing plumaged pheasants were carried high by waiters parading to the tables. The heavy scent of white gardenias hung cloyingly over the guests.

After the high spenders and the gay livers came the sinister and the unknown. Strange characters began appearing on our crystal sands, where once we had sunned like gods and goddesses in an exclusive Valhalla. Private beach clubs, such as the Bath and the Surf, were built for the preservation of the established set, and here we early settlers struggled to hold our place in the sun.

The Bath Club was organized on the beach in front of the St. John's Casino, popularly known as Fisher's Casino, by Fred Todd, Robert W. Gifford, E. M. Gould and Fred Poor who became its first president and was reelected for seventeen years. The Bath Club was an instantaneous success.

A Cabana was essential for a drinking place during those 1926 prohibition days. When half the members could not be accommodated, the idea grew of organizing another club. Vance Helm, an ambitious realtor with little money and much confidence, got an option on a thousand feet of ocean frontage, formed a company and announced the building of a fine club, the Surf Club, on the property.

Helm's first supporter was Col. Edward Nicoll Dickerson. He suggested Alfred Barton, a young member of the Bath Club who interested Calvin Bentley and Walter Hammons. Several other groups headed by F. Lowry Wall joined forces and within thirty days had one hundred members who each pledged \$3,000. Edward N. Dickerson, Walter Hammons and Francis Whitten each guaranteed \$100,000. Hammons became the first president and held that office until his death in 1951.

The Surf Club is indicative of that era of swift moving lavish spending monied men with no income taxes to pay. On the very day of the second slump of the stock market in 1930, the Surf Club raised pledges of \$400,000. One wag remarked to Alfred Barton, "My God, these men are rich. By nightfall they won't know how much they have." The Surf Club has never had a losing year, not even during the depression.

Through his world-renowned original extravaganzas and galas of the Surf Club, Alfred Barton has become one of the great impresarios of his time.

When John S. Collins offered to give Mrs. J. Hunter Barton, Alfred's mother, a hundred feet of the upper Beach oceanfront to build on, she politely refused, saying she preferred living on Collins Avenue, "in the section where Carl Fisher lives." Then Fisher's first subdivision near Lincoln Road was where everyone wished to live. Now, the lot Collins offered her is in the heart of the Gold Coast and their fabulous home "Buena Retiro" is in the center of the Collins Avenue business section.