

ing our house on the Beach, Carl had, as usual, added an immense glass-inclosed tennis court as one of the domestic necessities. It was on James Avenue and Seventeenth street and was torn down when hotels were more in demand than tennis. I had the court lined with fluffy branches from the Australian pines, and one immense pine brought from the mainland was set in the center of the court, where it was topped by a glistening star. We women sewed red socks and filled them with toys and candy.

That Christmas Eve was a night of blue velvet, and the glass roof of the court was surfaced with stars. Artificial snow drifted down on our heads to the sound of softly sung Christmas carols.

Lee Applegate played Santa Claus. His enormous pack held gifts for everyone. There were refreshments, barrels of fresh orange juice, candy for the children. Everyone joined in the singing; and "Silent Night" and "Jingle Bells" were never sung more heartfully on Christmas Eve. It would be the first of many in the tennis court—a legend among us who were pioneers of Miami Beach.

Most of all at Christmastime I missed going to church. One evening Carl and I were walking up Lincoln Road in the oleander-scented dusk.

"We need a church, Carl," I said to him.

I could see him scowl. "Nobody on the Beach has time to go to church. We're building a city, honey."

"But no city can be the right kind of a city without a church," I persisted.

Carl started one of the outbursts of profanity that revealed his increasing nervousness. Then he stopped.

"Where in hell do you want your church?"

I was meekly submissive. "Anywhere you say, darling."

Carl was carrying a stick. He leaned over and pushed it into the ground.

"This is as good a place as any. Here's your land. Now go ahead and build your gee-dee church."

The beautiful little church, the Community Church on the most valuable corner of Lincoln Road is still irreverently, but affectionately, known in Miami Beach as the "gee-dee church."