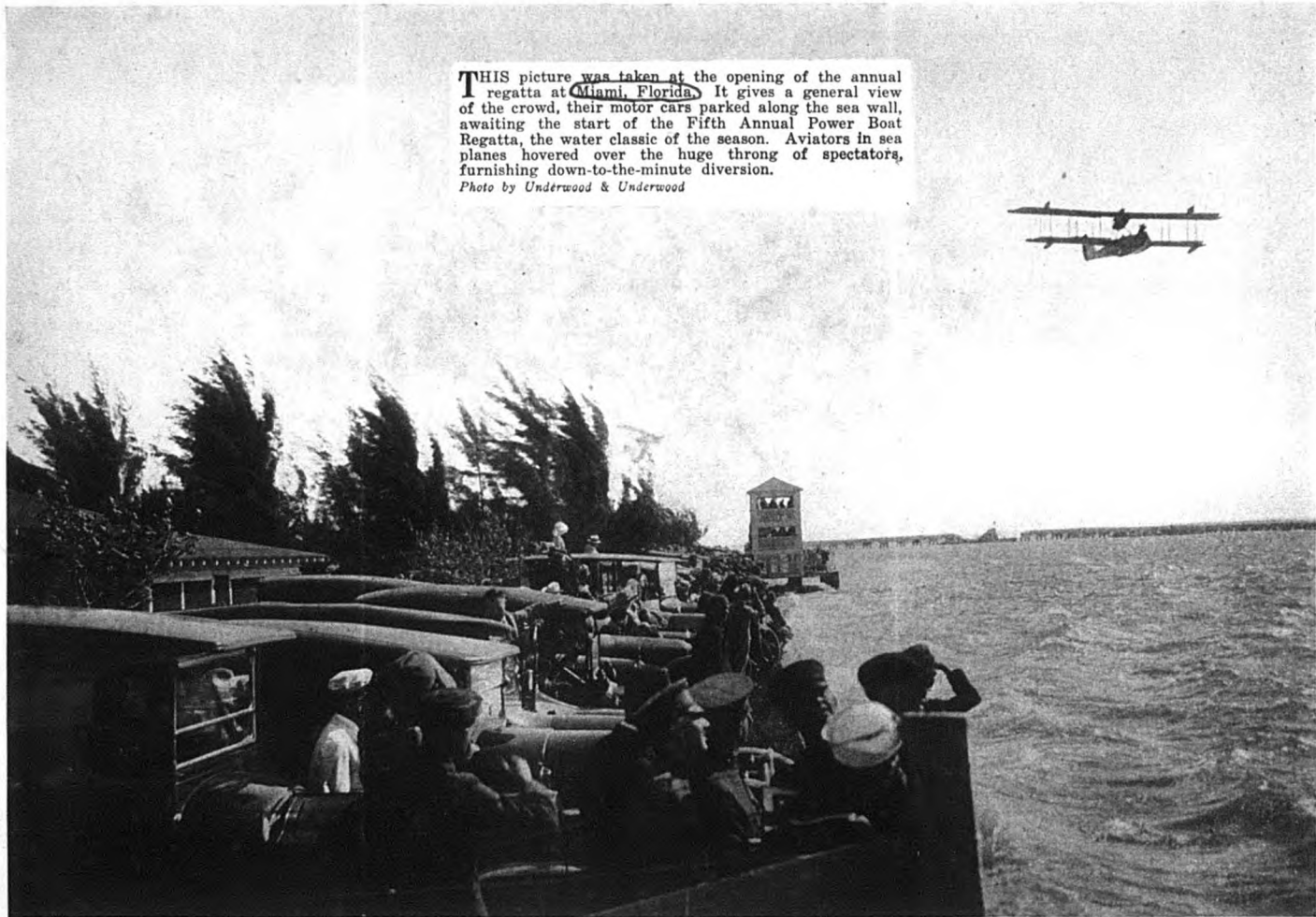


Sports

King Motor—On Land, On Water, and in the Air 8

THIS picture was taken at the opening of the annual regatta at Miami, Florida. It gives a general view of the crowd, their motor cars parked along the sea wall, awaiting the start of the Fifth Annual Power Boat Regatta, the water classic of the season. Aviators in sea planes hovered over the huge throng of spectators, furnishing down-to-the-minute diversion.

Photo by Underwood & Underwood





rairie, its *pate de fois gras*, and its pancakes and its wonderful *quetch* liquor. The White Swan of Saint Mihiel is an inn to make note of.

The little bourg of Saint Mihiel of twelve thousand souls was founded in 706, but no one ever thought that twelve centuries later it would be saved for France by the Americans of the great sister Republic of across the seas, whose name was first imprinted on the maps of the world issued at Saint Die in the Vosges, at the other end of the Jeanne d'Arc sector, less than a hundred kilometres away.

Northward lies Verdun, the Meuse and the Argonne, the appendix of the Jeanne d'Arc sector. Here, if anywhere, but the war roads of history have played their part and told their tale and told it well. Verdun has to its credit the most stupendous automobile support the world has ever known—16,000,000 kilometres rolled off by supply trains on a mere Chemin de Grande Communication saved the gallant fort-

ress from the bloody onslaughts of the armies of the Crown Prince, in his three months' campaign of 1916. The road to Verdun may well be called "the Sacred Way."

The Meuse and its famous "Heights" was another phase where roads and road transport won the battle, though the game was one of artillery pure and simple, with nothing but hundred-yard leaps forward at a time.

In the Agonne it was the same; the Americans and the French, groping blindly in the forest for weeks on end, came together in the final march forward for victory on the eve of the armistice. Varennes, Montfaucon, and Grand Pre are place names graven large in the gallant deeds of the Allies, and again the highroad made it possible.

To follow the peripatetics of the campaign, and the relation of one sector to another, the itinerary binds the Jeanne d'Arc sector and that of the Americans in the Argonne. Should be included also the loop which runs south-

west from Verdun, over which an army corps entire was moved by auto transport in less than ten hours, to Bar-le-Duc and Chalons.

The French headquarters of their *troupes de couverture* was for years before the war at Chalons. From Chalons to Metz, by Maily Camp and Chalons Field, may be said to comprise the sector of the whole battle front where were apparent the most active operations of the whole war.

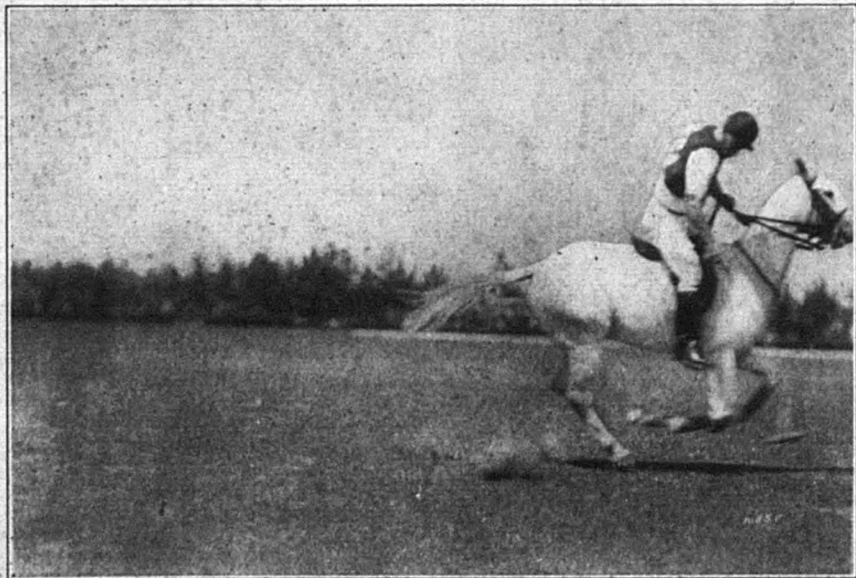
From Chalons to Metz is a strip itinerary worthy to rank with the Alsace-Lorraine sector, and that of the Aisne and Picardy and the Yser fronts in the north. In length it is but a hundred and fifty kilometres, the doorstep, as it were, of the final act of the drama of the great war, a mass of carpentry, so to say, built up of demolished buildings, burned tree-trunks and blackened homes and factories, punctured here and there with shell-craters, pill-boxes and block houses.

The itinerary runs by the Four de Paris, Clermont-en-Argonne, Saint Menchould, Dombasle, Verdun, Etain and Gravelette (one of the bloody battlefields of France in the Franco-Prussian war of '71) to Metz. All is masked and camouflaged with charred remains, twisted iron, dead bricks and mortar, pale carcasses of churches, town halls, schools, railway stations and public and private edifices, a region of carbonized vitality which will take generations to resurrect to a semblance of its former self.

Northeast of Verdun stretches a vast land off in the direction of Metz, its principle thoroughfare, the great Route Nationale No. 3, Paris-Metz, the road growing better all the time as one leaves the shell-swept hinterland behind. Eastward lies the frontier of the Rhine to which Foch advanced the battle-front a hundred and fifty kilometres in a single bound without firing a single shot, without the cost of a single life!

Metz lies there! With its 75-mile periphery of a triple line of fortifications! Sixty-five kilometres from Verdun. A French journalist friend of mine who entered with the French troops brought back to me a copy of the combined issue of three local newspapers in French which was issued on the morning of the armistice—"Le Lorraine: Le Messin et Le Courier." One of the sheets still had its local editor left; those of the two others had been interned in Germany. So he made a combined issue of the three journals pending the arrival of his colleagues from their prison camp. The Republic of Journalism, it might be called.

Lorraine has become French again, like Metz and its people. The story of the Pershing Push as a result of the armistice, as his army advanced through Luxembourg to the Coblenz bridge-head on the Rhine is another link in this same itinerary, another page in the automobilists' book of experience worth a chapter to itself.



A FAST POLO PLAYER IN ACTION AT MIAMI BEACH, FLORIDA

ALTON BEACH REALTY
COMPANY

MIAMI BEACH, FLORIDA

The Miami Anglers Club
Miami, Florida

Sports

November 1, 1919.

Mr. Carl G. Fisher,
Indianapolis, Ind.

Dear Mr. Fisher:

Believing that you would be interested in what we are doing to amuse the people that will be down here next winter, I wish to give you a brief summary of our main accomplishments to date:

MOTOR CLUB:

I will have three big issues of the Dixie Highway magazine devoted almost entirely to Miami--October, November and December--of about fifty pages each, with a guaranteed circulation of 15,000. In these issues will be the very latest road logs from all principal points in the North to Miami, and illustrated descriptions of the attractions down here.

We put on a campaign and raised \$10,000. between here and Jacksonville to fix the worst spots in the Waycross-Jacksonville road, and they are now fixed. Motorists report coming through those bad spots making up to twenty-five miles per hour.

ANGLERS CLUB:

We have taken over the whole south side of the Hotel Urmev for the Anglers rooms, and they are now being beautifully decorated and completely furnished, and we owe no money.

We have been in constant communication with all of our Northern members and nearly all say they are coming down and bringing friends.

We have arranged to have a weekly harpooning contest, starting December first, and many valuable prizes will be put up for fishing--light and heavy tackle.

The Miami Anglers Club *Miami, Florida*

MIAMI ANGLERS BOAT COMPANY:

We are building twelve first-class fishing cruisers, 33 feet long, 9 feet beam, 30 inch draft, equipped with Scripps 30 horse power motors, self-starter, sleeping accommodations for five, seaworthy in every respect. These boats are costing us \$3,700. apiece, and through the assistance of B. F. Tobin of Detroit, and other interested members we have been able to buy and contract in such a way that we are going to give the Anglers boats costing us \$3,700. that have been appraised at over \$5,000. apiece. These boats will be for the anglers. They have a water glass in the side so that they can see the fish and the marine gardens, and we will charter them out at a reasonable rate.

This company is not yet completely financed. We have sold \$26,000. worth of stock, and have the assurance of the banks that they will see it through. Two of the boats will be ready for charter November 15th, and four by December first. The Boat Company is capitalized at \$50,000., and no officer receives any salary. We would like to sell about \$5,000. more of stock, and will bond for the balance.

BIMINI BAY ROD AND GUN CLUB:

We have under construction a beautiful club house, costing us \$175,000., 103 rooms, baths, wireless, gasoline stations, tennis courts, rifle range, traps, and everything else for the sportsman. It will be opened January first.

We have closed a contract for a 150 foot, 19 feet beam, beautiful fourteen knot yacht, which will make a round trip daily to Bimini, starting December 15th, and run the year round.

In other words, we have given to Miami and Miami Beach another Catalina Island, where people can go and spend a few days at a real country club.

We have practically closed a deal with Messrs. Curtis and Bright so that passenger-carrying hydroplanes will make a daily run.

The Miami Anglers Club
Miami, Florida

We have ordered a carload of three-year old elk to be shipped from Montana January first. We will put these elk on the Curtis-Bright ranch, and we may possibly secure a shipment of buffalo.

I know that you are deeply interested in having sporting events here, and would like to know when you will be in Miami so that we can get your advice on some matters.

Yours sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Jas. S. Senn".

Secretary
Miami Anglers Club

Sports

Charleston, West Virginia,

July 24, 1921.

Mr. Carl E. Fisher,
Capitol Avenue,
Indianapolis, Indiana.

Dear Carl:

Just received a telegram from my bookkeeper, Clark, that Meloy, Dickey and Heming of the Council have under consideration giving permission to one, Douglas, for the erection of a building just South of my office on the bay for the promotion of prize fights and wrestling matches; and that final decision is to be given at next Wednesday's Council meeting. Think you had better wire Pancoast, Brown and Mayor James to oppose it, and I shall do the same. You know what a bunch of ruffians that would bring to the beach and we have been trying so hard to keep the place clean in that respect; but I notice that the committee is very weak and they will grant the permission unless we bring great pressure to bear.

Yours very truly,



JHL:NHB

Sports

Charleston, West Virginia,

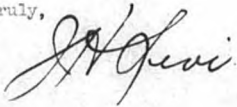
July 21, 1921.

Mr. Carl E. Fisher,
Capitol Avenue,
Indianapolis, Indiana.

Dear Carl:

Just received a telegram from my bookkeeper, Clark, that Meloy, Dickey and Heming of the Council have under consideration giving permission to one, Douglas, for the erection of a building just South of my office on the bay for the promotion of prize fights and wrestling matches; and that final decision is to be given at next Wednesday's Council meeting. Think you had better wire Pancoast, Brown and Mayor James to oppose it, and I shall do the same. You know what a bunch of ruffians that would bring to the beach and we have been trying so hard to keep the place clean in that respect; but I notice that the committee is very weak and they will grant the permission unless we bring great pressure to bear.

Yours very truly,



JHL:NHB

Sports

July
28th
1921

Mr. Theo. J. Farncoast,
Miami Beach Improvement Co.,
Miami Beach, Florida.

Dear Mr. Farncoast:

I understand that the Council is considering giving permission to some one for the erection of a building to hold prize fights and wrestling matches at the Beach. Certainly, I cannot understand what the Council is thinking of.

There is plenty of room for them in the city of Miami and the city seems to like this form of sport, why not let them have it. These things never draw desirable people to the Beach, from a residential standpoint and if any building is erected at the Beach it certainly is not going to be permanent or anything we could be proud of.

Very truly yours,

CCF:EM

JOHN S. COLLINS, PRESIDENT
THOS. J. PANCOAST, SECY. TREAS.

MIAMI BEACH IMPROVEMENT CO.
OCEAN FRONT PROPERTY
MIAMI BEACH, FLORIDA

August 2, 1921

Sports

Mr. Carl G. Fisher,
Indianapolis, Ind.

Dear Mr. Fisher:

I have yours of the 28th and am very glad to hear you express yourself as you have. I have no patience with this sort of thing myself and was very much disappointed when I learned that the Council had given permission to these people to hold wrestling matches at the Beach. I understand they feel they have the matter well in hand and at any time that the matches are not held in a decent orderly way, they can shut it up. Anything of this character naturally is likely to draw a crowd that cannot always be controlled without police protection and in the permit it is the understanding that the people holding the matches have to pay for this extra police protection. I am going to pass your letter on to the Councilmen to read to let them know your feelings in the matter.

Yours very truly,

Thos J Pancoast

WOMEN'S SWIMMING ASSOCIATION
OF NEW YORK
145 WEST 55TH STREET, NEW YORK

Sports



527 Fifth Avenue,
New York, August 10th, 1922.

Mr. Carl Fisher,
Heckscher Building,
57th Street and 5th Avenue,
New York.

My dear Sir:-

I have a letter from Mr. Paul Jordan, of Indianapolis, informing me that you are interested in arranging for Miss Helen Wainwright, of our Association, and Miss Hilda James, of Liverpool, England, to go to Miami Beach, Fla.

Miss James is compelled to return to England on September 6th, in order to compete in the British championships.

If you could get in touch with me, it would probably be able to arrange something to our mutual satisfaction, and I shall be glad to talk the matter over at any time.

Yours very truly,

Charlotte Epstein

Chairman Sports Committeess.

Sept. 4th, 1923.

Mr. C. W. Chase, Jr.
Miami Beach, Fla.

My dear Pete:

I have yours of the 29th. I am O. K. your letter. It is very good. It is long enough -- and short enough.

I think, wherever you could do so, I would advise that you make some reference to the large and growing number of world's championathletes that annually come to Miami Beach.

Champions always have a big following and there must be at the present time ten thousand men and women in the United States who are aspiring to become a world's champion at something.

We have a very large number of these champions at Miami Beach each year.

Yours very truly,

CGF:ms

Selling Real Estate With Sport

For Polo, Tennis, Golf and Motorboating, Carl G. Fisher Spends Some \$350,000 a Year; And Thus Attracts His Trade

To Encourage Water Sports, He Built a Motorboat Plant and a Casino; and the Money Comes Back in Bigger Sales

By Carroll Y. Belknap



IN BUILDING permits issued during last November the little municipality of Miami Beach, with a thirty-day total of nearly one million dollars, led all other Florida cities. In the record from January 1 to November 30, moreover, Miami Beach stood fourth, being surpassed only by Jacksonville, St. Petersburg, and Miami.

Miami Beach is both new and small. Contrasted with the population of the competing cities—and all Florida towns regard each other as competitors—the year-round population of Miami Beach is almost absurdly tiny. Yet there are the figures, plain enough, to prove that little Miami Beach is building as fast and as expensively as are the much larger cities. And all because ten years ago a sportsman journeyed southward into Florida in search of health.

The man was Carl G. Fisher, one-time news butcher on the Indiana trains and, in 1913, a multimillionaire at forty. He had been a bicycle rider in the days of high wheels and sudden spills, and an automobile racer in a time when broken steering-knuckles crashed many a driver to the fence. He had plunged in business, numbering among his achievements the building of the great Indianapolis speedway. He had made his fortune. Finally, desiring nothing but an opportunity to regain his health, he had gone to Florida. And there, in 1913, he succumbed to the malady that attacks nine out of ten residents of Florida;



On the beach at the casino that Fisher built. Above—a motorboat race past the Hotel Flamingo

he became a real estate promoter.

Miami Beach, at that time, wasn't a city at all. It was only what it had always been—a long, slender, jungle-covered peninsula tenuously attached to the Florida mainland and dangling southward between the Gulf Stream and the blue waters of Biscayne Bay. Two miles to the westward, across the bay, lay the booming city of Miami, already possessing a population of nearly fifteen thousand and growing larger every day; but Miami Beach, itself, was nothing more than a strip of sand and jungle, six miles long and varying in width from half a mile to two miles. Except for a narrow fringe of sand along the ocean front, it was covered with a matted jungle so dense that only the wild animals knew what lay in its interior.

More than one effort to develop the

peninsula had failed. In 1884 a company of New Jersey capitalists, observing the natural advantages of the little strip, with its perpetual summer and its freedom from frost, had undertaken to convert it into a coconut plantation. From Trinidad they brought three shiploads of coconuts. The ships, anchoring off Miami Beach, waited for an on-shore breeze. When the favorable winds came, the coconuts—three hundred and thirty-four thousand of them—were tossed overboard to drift ashore. Negro laborers, brought from the nearby Bahamas, collected the nuts and planted them in shallow holes in the sand. The capitalists, thereupon, sat back to await their profits.

And profits there ought to have been; for in the warm climate of the tropics the coconut palm, which bears



One of the Miami Beach golf courses in mid-winter

early and abundantly, grows nearly ten feet a year. But in the dense jungle behind the coastwise strip of sand in which the nuts had been planted lurked, unfortunately, thousands upon thousands of rabbits, which, venturing from their hiding places as the first tender shoots of palm began to thrust themselves above the sand, discovered the appetizing delicacy of palm salad. So, despite determined efforts to kill the rabbits, Miami Beach did not become a profitable coconut grove. Most of the trees died. Yet enough survived to form, today, a stately and graceful fringe along the ocean side.

With the collapse of the coconut scheme most of the promoters dropped out. Two of the men, however, hung on. One of them, John S. Collins, who had been a New Jersey fruit grower, decided to try his hand at growing avocados. The avocado, otherwise known as the alligator pear, demands absolute freedom from frost; and Miami Beach, protected by water on

both sides, looked promising. Collins succeeded; his avocado grove, which is still producing, is said to be the largest in the world. But Collins' partner, becoming discouraged, sold his interest. Collins, now, was the sole owner of the entire peninsula.

ABOUT this time Collins conceived the idea of developing Miami Beach into something more than a fruit grove. He himself, at seventy-four, had found that the peninsula was a pleasant place in which to live, and it seemed not improbable that other people would agree with him—if he could induce them to come. There was the difficulty. Between Miami and Miami Beach there was no connection except by ferry. Only rarely did residents of Miami visit the beach. They damned it, contemptuously, as "a mangrove swamp." So Collins began to build a wooden bridge between Miami and his peninsula.

To span the waters of Biscayne Bay, so that visitors might come to Miami

Beach, Collins was forced to erect a bridge two and one-half miles long, the longest vehicle bridge in the world. In July, 1912, he started work on the bridge, with all the volunteer prophets assuring him that he was headed for failure. Even if he completed his bridge, they asserted, he would never find anyone crazy enough to cross it. The bridge, they said, would be a nice, quiet place for an afternoon of calm fishing, with no traffic to disturb either fish or fisherman. Collins, nevertheless, proceeded to drive his piling into the muddy bottom of the bay. Some six months later, when his money began to dwindle, with the bridge still incomplete, the same prophets and several thousand more recent ones shook their heads gloomily in celebration of the apparent fulfillment of their predictions.

Collins, needing capital, tried to get backing in Miami. But the local capitalists were too busy with the development of Miami to hazard a dime on the remote and visionary success of Miami Beach. Collins, necessarily, cast about in hope of finding help from outside capital.

Carl G. Fisher, at this time, had just come to Miami, with all the glamor of his success and with his reputation as a winning plunger. To Fisher went Collins. Fisher, interested by the possibilities of the scheme agreed to advance the money necessary to complete the bridge. In contrast with the millions that Fisher was to pour into the development of Miami Beach during the next ten years, these first few thousands were almost insignificant, but they served to draw Fisher into the real estate field. For in return for his investment Fisher took something like five hundred acres of Miami Beach's sand and mangrove swamp.

At this stage of the game, of course, Fisher might have sat tight, leaving to Collins all the work of development and promotion, and hoping that the value of his holdings would increase

with the passage of time. That would have been the simplest procedure. But Fisher, restless and unwilling to play the role of idle invalid, decided to attend to his own promotion.

A less attractive site for a real estate development, so far as mere appearances were concerned, never confronted any promoter. Fisher's five hundred acres consisted of a swampy shore line matted thickly with an impenetrable hedge of mangrove trees. Behind the mangroves lay a wilderness of cabbage palms and palmettos. All this Fisher undertook to convert into marketable lots. He assembled a gang of laborers, set them to work hacking and cutting and clearing. He built cement bulkheads along the mucky shore line and brought in a pump sand out of Biscayne Bay and into the area bounded by the bulkheads. He used for this work three pumping boats, two digging boats, from ten to fifteen barges, five supply boats, two oil tugs, two anchor boats, more than a mile of eighteen-inch pipe line, and a crew of a hundred and fifty men. But when he had finished he had five hundred acres of dry land.

His original investment, meanwhile, had sunk to insignificance, for his expenses were heavy. For eight months, it is said, he met a daily pay roll of \$4,000. His friends smiled with derisive pity.

"They all said I was crazy," says Fisher now, and then adds, with a grin, "I was."

Crazy or sane, however, Fisher plunged deeper and deeper. Eventually he expanded his holdings until they included not five hundred acres but twenty-five hundred. Across the peninsula and up and down its length he cut waterways for yachts and houseboats and motorboats. He built hotels. He planted palms and shrubs and vines. Scarlet hibiscus and purple bougainvillea marked his path with rioting color. Swiftly growing to their graceful height, Australian pines replaced the mangroves and palmettos. Year by year, Miami Beach became a paradise. Today, within its six miles of ocean shore line and seven miles of inland canals and lagoons, twenty-two hotels, sixty-five apartment houses, seventy miles of surfaced roads. In 1915, two years after Fisher's advent, the assessed valuation of Miami Beach was \$224,900. Today the assessed valuation of its properties—with unimproved property assessed at one-quarter of its valuation and improved property at one-tenth of its valuation—stands at \$8,222,485.



Above—a motorboat race on Biscayne Bay. In oval—an aerial view of the Hotel Flamingo and Belle Isle, with Bay Biscayne beyond



the advantages of living at Miami Beach. And the result was highly disappointing.

"I was on the wrong tack," Fisher says. "I had been trying to reach the dead ones. I had been going after the old folks. I saw that what I needed to do was to go after the live wires. And the live wires don't wait for rest."

So he abruptly began to practically copy the advertising as found in the *Florida Evening Herald* as a place to which to go for a vacation. He himself was a sportsman and a player of more than ordinary skill. He offered a prize for the best of converting Miami Beach into a playground no one could have been better fitted. And he was no time.

"Ten years ago, when I came here," he says, "nobody in Miami knew how to play. Golf was unknown. I couldn't find anybody to play tennis with. And polo? There wasn't a horse in Miami. Nothing but mules."

That may have been true ten years ago. But today there are golf courses at every corner of Miami; tennis courts are as common as filling stations, and in Miami and Miami Beach, according to common report, there's one automobile for every nine-tenths of an inhabitant. Polo, in Miami Beach's four fields, fills day after day during the winter months. Motorboat races, along the measured course in Biscayne Bay, in front of the Fisher's famous Hotel Flamingo, thrill the crowds day after day. Miami Beach, today, is a sportsman's paradise; and Fisher did it. For sport did not rise to prominence, in Miami Beach, by its own powers alone. Into sport and the encouragement of sport Fisher sank tons of



Fisher, himself a skillful polo player, has created a polo paradise



One of the Miami Beach golf courses in mid-winter

early and abundantly, grows nearly ten feet a year. But in the dense jungle behind the coastwise strip of sand in which the nuts had been planted lurked, unfortunately, thousands upon thousands of rabbits, which, venturing from their hiding places as the first tender shoots of palm began to thrust themselves above the sand, discovered the appetizing delicacy of palm salad. So, despite determined efforts to kill the rabbits, Miami Beach did not become a profitable coconut grove. Most of the trees died. Yet enough survived to form, today, a stately and graceful fringe along the ocean side.

With the collapse of the coconut scheme most of the promoters dropped out. Two of the men, however, hung on. One of them, John S. Collins, who had been a New Jersey fruit grower, decided to try his hand at growing avocados. The avocado, otherwise known as the alligator pear, demands absolute freedom from frost; and Miami Beach, protected by water on

both sides, looked promising. Collins succeeded; his avocado grove, which is still producing, is said to be the largest in the world. But Collins' partner, becoming discouraged, sold his interest. Collins, now, was the sole owner of the entire peninsula.

ABOUT this time Collins conceived the idea of developing Miami Beach into something more than a fruit grove. He himself, at seventy-four, had found that the peninsula was a pleasant place in which to live, and it seemed not improbable that other people would agree with him—if he could induce them to come. There was the difficulty. Between Miami and Miami Beach there was no connection except by ferry. Only rarely did residents of Miami visit the beach. They damned it, contemptuously, as "a mangrove swamp." So Collins began to build a wooden bridge between Miami and his peninsula.

To span the waters of Biscayne Bay, so that visitors might come to Miami

Beach, Collins was forced to erect a bridge two and one-half miles long, the longest vehicle bridge in the world. In July, 1912, he started work on the bridge, with all the volunteer prophets assuring him that he was headed for failure. Even if he completed his bridge, they asserted, he would never find anyone crazy enough to cross it. The bridge, they said, would be a nice, quiet place for an afternoon of calm fishing, with no traffic to disturb either fish or fisherman. Collins, nevertheless, proceeded to drive his piling into the muddy bottom of the bay. Some six months later, when his money began to dwindle, with the bridge still incomplete, the same prophets and several thousand more recent ones shook their heads gloomily in celebration of the apparent fulfillment of their predictions.

Collins, needing capital, tried to get backing in Miami. But the local capitalists were too busy with the development of Miami to hazard a dime on the remote and visionary success of Miami Beach. Collins, necessarily, cast about in hope of finding help from outside capital.

Carl G. Fisher, at this time, had just come to Miami, with all the glamor of his success and with his reputation as a winning plunger. To Fisher went Collins. Fisher, interested by the possibilities of the scheme agreed to advance the money necessary to complete the bridge. In contrast with the millions that Fisher was to pour into the development of Miami Beach during the next ten years, these first few thousands were almost insignificant, but they served to draw Fisher into the real estate field. For in return for his investment Fisher took something like five hundred acres of Miami Beach's sand and mangrove swamp.

At this stage of the game, of course, Fisher might have sat tight, leaving to Collins all the work of development and promotion, and hoping that the value of his holdings would increase

with the passage of time. That would have been the simplest procedure. But Fisher, restless and unwilling to play the role of idle invalid, decided to attend to his own promotion.

A less attractive site for a real estate development, so far as mere appearances were concerned, never confronted any promoter. Fisher's five hundred acres consisted of a swampy shore line matted thickly with an impenetrable hedge of mangrove trees. Behind the mangroves lay a wilderness of cabbage palms and palmettos. All this Fisher undertook to convert into marketable lots. He assembled a gang of laborers, set them to work, hacking and cutting and clearing. He built cement bulkheads along the mucky shore line and brought in pumps to pump sand out of Biscayne Bay and into the area bounded by the bulkheads. He used for this work three pumping boats, two digging boats, from ten to fifteen barges, five supply boats, two oil tugs, two anchor boats, more than a mile of eighteen-inch pipe line, and a crew of a hundred and fifty men. But when he had finished he had five hundred acres of dry land.

His original investment, meanwhile, had sunk to insignificance, for his expenses were heavy. For eight months, it is said, he met a daily pay roll of \$4,000. His friends smiled with derisive pity. "They all said I was crazy," says Fisher now; and then adds, with a grin, "I was."

Crazy or sane, however, Fisher plunged deeper and deeper. Eventually he expanded his holdings until they included not five hundred acres but twenty-five hundred. Across the peninsula and up and down its length he cut waterways for yachts and houseboats and motorboats. He built hotels. He planted palms and shrubs and vines. Scarlet hibiscus and purple bougainvillea marked his path with rioting color. Swiftly growing to their graceful height, Australian pines replaced the mangroves and palmettos. Year by year, Miami Beach became a paradise. Today, within its six miles of ocean shore line and seven miles of bay side, there are seventeen miles of inland canals and lagoons, twenty-two hotels, sixty-five apartment houses, seventy miles of surfaced roads. In 1915, two years after Fisher's return, the assessed valuation of Miami Beach was \$224,000. Today the assessed valuation of its properties—with unimproved property assessed at one-quarter of its valuation and improved property at one-tenth of its valuation—stands at \$8,222,485.

But Fisher's business, of course, was not only to develop his property but to sell it. And in that fact lies the real story of Miami Beach; for Fisher, finding that ordinary methods of salesmanship brought little success, promptly developed extraordinary methods—and succeeded.

HE began, after he had prepared his first lots for sale, with conventional methods. The warm, lazy, delightful climate of lower Florida, he thought, would appeal chiefly to men like himself, men who had made their fortunes and were ready to seek ease and pleasure. Older people, perhaps well, perhaps ill, would find Miami Beach a paradise of rest. So, with this market in mind, he began to advertise. In magazines, in newspapers, and by direct mail, he tried to convince the world that Miami Beach was a place for calm, sunny happiness. The results, if sales were any indication, were scant. He prepared attractive booklets, with glowing descriptions of the beauties of Florida and, in particular, Miami Beach. Through the mails he distributed those booklets where he thought they would do the most good. And the results were disappointing. He tried to change his tactics; he undertook to convince the women of the country that they ought to persuade their husbands to spend the winter months in Florida. To the women he sent skillfully written letters extolling



Above—a motorboat race on Biscayne Bay. In oval—an aerial view of the Hotel Flamingo and Belle Isle, with Bay Biscayne beyond

the advantages of living at Miami Beach. And the result was highly disappointing.

"I was on the wrong tack," Fisher says. "I had been trying to reach the dead ones. I had been going after the old folks. I saw that what I needed to do was to go after the live wires. And the live wires don't want a place to rest."

So, abruptly, Fisher practically ceased to advertise. He began to develop Miami Beach along another line; he set out to make it not a place to live in, but a place to play in. He himself was a sportsman and a fine player of more than ordinary skills at golf, a polo player. For the task of converting Miami Beach into a playground no one could have been better fitted. And he wasted no time.

"Ten years ago, when I came here," he says, "nobody in Miami knew how to play. Golf was unknown. I couldn't find anybody to play tennis with. And polo? There wasn't a horse in Miami. Nothing but mules."

That may have been true, ten years ago. But today there are golf courses at every corner of Miami; tennis courts are as common as filling stations, and in Miami and Miami Beach, according to common report, there's one automobile for every nine-tenths of an inhabitant. Polo, on Miami Beach's four fields, fills day after day during the winter months. Motorboat races, along the measured course in Biscayne Bay, in front of the Fisher's famous Hotel Flamingo, thrill the crowds day after day. Miami Beach, today, is a sportsman's paradise; and Fisher did it. For sport did not rise to prominence in Miami Beach, by its own powers alone. Into sport and the encouragement of sport Fisher sank tons of

(Continued on page 33)



Fisher, himself a skillful polo player, has created a polo paradise

Selling Real Estate With Sport

(Continued from page 15)

money. In his first year of experimentation he spent \$10,000. And that was a bagatelle. Today, he estimates, his annual expenditures for sports of all kinds runs close to \$50,000. And he is content because from the moment he began to spend money on sport he has reaped the harvest in sales of Miami Beach real estate.

In the earlier days, when sport was new at Miami Beach, Fisher had to maintain a staff of publicity men charged with seeing that the world heard the news of what was going on, down there at the tip of the Florida peninsula. But that period passed. Today, during the winter months, a constant stream of sport news flows out of Miami, without any effort on Fisher's part. And the reason is that, during January and February and March, practically everyone who is anyone in the world of sport visits Miami and Miami Beach and does something that, within twelve hours or so, is reported on the sporting pages of newspapers in every part of America. This morning, in Chicago, I pick up a paper and read that Jock Hutchinson, who a year or so ago was the British open champion, has broken a course record on a Miami golf links. Tomorrow, probably, the sporting page will tell me that two world-famous polo teams have battled one another up and down a flower-bordered field at Miami Beach. For I am writing in midwinter, when summer sports at Miami Beach are running full speed.

IN THE course of turning his "mangrove swamp" into a sporting center, Fisher met and overcame obstacles that would have balked anyone but an enthusiast. On my desk, at this moment, lies one of the rarest booklets in existence—a little white-and-green affair, with the one word, "Polo," on its cover. That booklet was printed for distribution among the small and select company of the world's greatest polo players. It describes, briefly and specifically, the polo facilities offered by the Flamingo Polo Club, of Miami Beach. It exhibits photographs of the five fields—four for playing and one for practice—that Fisher built on Miami Beach. It lists the accommodations offered in Fisher's eighteen barns with stalls for two hundred and twenty ponies. It tells the names of some of the famous players who have come to play at Miami Beach. But it does not tell of the costly difficulties that Fisher had to conquer.

To prepare a bed for those five polo fields, Fisher hauled 40,000 yards of clay from a pit twenty miles distant. The clay cost, in the hole, \$2.50 a yard. He spread it, twelve inches deep, upon

his fields, rolled it, planted it with grass, and produced, at length, fields that delight the skilled player. He estimates that his polo grounds and barns, with their quarters for groomers, are worth nearly \$2,000,000.

When Fisher started his operations, so he says, the only tennis courts in the neighborhood of Miami was his own. Today, on Miami Beach, there are many courts, surfaced with the same clay that forms the base of the polo fields. Near Fisher's office, so the tale, a tireless player, may get his daily exercise, are two or three of these courts, firm of surface, springy to the tread of the player, and perfectly groomed.

When Fisher undertook to encourage motorboat racing at Miami Beach he found that in the United States at large there wasn't enough interest in that form of speed. Thereupon, he promptly built a motorboat factory, near Detroit, and set out to develop the sport. He offered cups worth \$10,000 for races, one leg to be contested at Detroit, the other at Miami Beach. In his factory he has built, it is said, \$500,000 worth of boats. And now, up and down Biscayne Bay, during the winter, speedy boats roar and splash and race.

To assist in the development of swimming, and to attract swimmers of national reputation, Fisher built a casino, near the lower tip of the peninsula, with outdoor pools for fancy diving. The casino, with all its equipment, cost him \$500,000. He sold it, a few years later, for \$300,000—and didn't grudge the loss, for the casino, like all his other investments in sporting facilities, had returned its value a dozen times in the form of increased sales.

For as soon as Fisher began to turn Miami Beach into a place where there was something doing every minute of the day, his sales leaped. His lots began to sell with amazing rapidity. Much of his former holdings, now have passed out of his hands; people are coming to Miami Beach to build houses and to help, therefore, in the development of the town. Today, in Fisher's offices, there are three salesmen, no more. These three, unassisted by any other sales force either in Miami Beach or elsewhere, are selling real estate by the simple process of sitting at their desks and waiting for customers; and they are selling it so fast that their major problem is not to find buyers but to decide which buyers to accept. Fisher will not sell to every casual comer. He boasts that last November he turned down sales totalling more than \$100,000; and November was not an exceptional month.

HOTEL ROYAL POINCIANA



H. E. BEMIS, MANAGER

FLORIDA EAST COAST
HOTEL COMPANY.
— FLAGLER SYSTEM —

HOTEL PONCE DE LEON,
ROBERT MURRAY, MGR.
HOTEL ALCAZAR,
WILLIAM W. LUFFE, MGR.
HOTEL ORMOND,
L. R. JOHNSON, MGR.
THE BREAKERS,
J. W. GREENE, MGR.
HOTEL ROYAL POINCIANA,
H. E. BEMIS, MGR.
HOTEL ROYAL PALM,
JOS. R. GREAVES, MGR.
HOTEL ROYAL VICTORIA,
J. W. GREENE, MGR.
LONG KEY FISHING CAMP,
L. P. SCHUTT, MGR.
CASA MARINA,
L. P. SCHUTT, MGR.

Sports

Palm Beach, Fla.

Dear Carl!

Sorry I was unable to play at Miami. I was not feeling well & it would have been foolish to enter the tournament. I know you understand, & probably don't care one way or the other but I thought any how I'd write & tell you why.

I hope to see you in the Spring, & will let you know where to find me.

Best to you from

Clare.

I will be here all week my room is 722 if you want me.

February 24th, 1924.

Miss Clare Cassell,
Hotel Royal Poinciana,
Palm Beach, Fla.

Dear Clare:

I have yours of recent date. It was just as well that our tournament here was a small one. The tennis players are so temperamental and hard to handle that it is a relief when the tournament is over.

Hope to see you in the Spring.

Yours,

CGF-m3

Sporb Shark

MEMO.

October 27, 1924.

Mr. Fisher:

After considerable negotiation, the following is the result of my efforts regarding the getting of Young Stribling here:

Ed Douglas can get him any Monday during any, or all, months of January, February, March and April.

Ed Douglas, Pa Stribling and Ma Stribling were here and looked over the Auditorium. They figure that the following is a fair estimate of the seating capacity, and the prices that could be charged for the first Stribling bout:

800 Box Seats	@	7.00 each	-	\$5600.00
1500 Ring-side Seats	@	5.00 each	-	7500.00
2000 Resorval Seats	@	4.00 "	-	8000.00
1500 Gen'l Admissions	@	2.00 "	-	3000.00
		Total	-	<u>\$24100.00</u>

The following is an estimate by Ed Douglas of the expenses figured on above:

Rent	-	-	-	-	\$2400.00
Young Stribling - 37% of gross	-	-	-	-	9000.00
Opponent for young Stribling (possibly Sailor Tom Marted)	-	-	-	-	3000.00
Expenses for preliminaries	-	-	-	-	750.00
Advertising	-	-	-	-	300.00
Transportations	-	-	-	-	300.00
Incidental expenses	-	-	-	-	100.00
					<u>\$15850.00</u>

NOTE:

The above amounts for rent, young Stribling, and opponent, are based upon the idea that a capacity house would be played to. Young Stribling and his opponent would want 50% of the gross. Ed Douglas states that if a capacity house is played to at the above prices, there will be a profit in the match of about \$8000.00 over and above \$2400.00 allowed for rent of the Auditorium.

Ed Douglas says he is open to any proposition you care to make him that you think will be fair to him in staging this match. He says he made \$5000.00 on the Stribling Match last year - but I am inclined somewhat to doubt it.

Douglas is quite anxious to know what kind of a proposition we wish to make him. He states that he believes a second Stribling Bout with a stronger opponent could be put on later in the season, and slightly higher prices could be obtained.

Not knowing what Mr. Gayness had in mind when he telegraphed me to get the above information for you, I have not committed myself to any proposition - or anything definite in this matter.

C. W. CHASE, JR.

CWC/T

CLASS OF SERVICE	SYMBOL
TELEGRAM	
DAY LETTER	BLUE
NIGHT MESSAGE	NITE
NIGHT LETTER	N L

If none of these three symbols appears after the check (number of words) this is a telegram. Otherwise its character is indicated by the symbol appearing after the check.

WESTERN UNION TELEGRAM



CLASS OF SERVICE	SYMBOL
TELEGRAM	
DAY LETTER	BLUE
NIGHT MESSAGE	NITE
NIGHT LETTER	N L

If none of these three symbols appears after the check (number of words) this is a telegram. Otherwise its character is indicated by the symbol appearing after the check.

NEWCOMB CARLTON, PRESIDENT GEORGE W. E. ATKINS, FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT

The filing time as shown in the date line on full-rate telegrams and day letters, and the time of receipt at destination as shown on all messages, is STANDARD TIME.

Received at

1929 FEB 23 AM 3 00

MZ47 123 4 EXTRA NL=MIAMI FLO 22

CARL G FISHER, 846 LINCOLN ROAD=

MIAMIBEACH FLO=

Shirley Fight

YOU ARE CORDIALLY INVITED TO ATTEND A DINNER TO BE GIVEN
NEXT MONDAY FEBRUARY 25 AT EIGHT PM AT THE RONEY PLAZA
HOTEL MIAMIBEACH IN HONOR OF THE VISITING SPORT WRITERS
FROM ALL OVER THE COUNTRY AND TO WHICH INVITATIONS HAVE
BEEN EXTENDED TO LEADING NEWSPAPER MEN IN FLORIDA ALL
PROMINENT SPORT MEN NOW VISITING MIAMI AND LEADERS IN
ALL THE SPORTS THAT ARE ADDING TO FLORIDAS AND MIAMIS FAME
THIS WINTER THE GATHERING WILL NOT ONLY SIGNALIZE THE
STATES PREEMINENCE IN SPORTS OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS BUT
WILL ALSO ENABLE US TO EXTEND TO OUR VISITORS TRUE FLORIDA
HOSPITALITY IT IS OUR IDEA TO MAKE THIS AN ANNUAL OCCASION
AND WE SINCERELY HOPE THAT YOU WILL WIRE YOUR ACCEPTANCE=

JOSEPH M SMOOT PRESIDENT MIAMI JOCKEY CLUB.

*This is night of Committee 100
meeting at Webb Jay*

DANIEL J. MAHONEY
MAYSFIELD ROAD
DAYTON, OHIO

*Sports
Sherkey Fight*

March 5, 1929.

Dear Carl:

I have at hand your belated letter, and after reading it carefully, can come to but one conclusion, and that is, it is a lot of "boloney." I am to assume from this letter that the proposition you refer to is very indefinite, and will be indefinite until you hear from Mr. Thompson, or Thomas, whichever the name may be.

As much as I would like to make a trip to Miami Beach, I do not feel justified under the present conditions, nor until such a time as a definite proposal comes forward. It's always a pleasure for me to see you and Margaret and enjoy a visit with you, but at the present writing we are extremely busy up here. There's no one here now but me to look after the papers up north, and in addition to that, we have a new building under construction at Springfield, which, despite your slanderous remarks, gives me no time for golf or any other form of amusement.

So, with reference to the Montauk proposition, I will hold everything in abeyance until I hear definitely from you.

The report enclosed in your letter with reference to both the hotels and golf courses is very gratifying, both from the standpoint of profit to you and the knowledge that the Beach is going forward with a bang. This, of course, is always a pleasure for everyone of us who is interested in the Beach. The tremendous amount of publicity that the fight drew certainly will be a big factor in helping to get people there next year.

I understand your old friend, Ev Sewell, however, slipped one over on you, and signed up the Madison Square Garden for a fight a year for the next five years. I suppose John Levi was taking a teeny one and sounding off about politics while the major idea was carried across the bay. However, that is water over the dam, and if there is any harm, it has been done. Tell him I said instead of wrangling all the time, for God's sake to get on the job, and look after the interests of the Beach.

The weather here has been abominable. One day we have a nice spring day, the next we have a snowstorm, followed by rain. We are all having a hell of a time to

DANIEL J. MAHONEY
MAYSFIELD ROAD
DAYTON, OHIO

C.G.F.- 3-5-1929. #2.

keep from catching the flu and other incidentals that go along with such miserable weather. I cannot help but envy you all who are down there in the sunshine and health-giving climate. Some day when I get as old as you are, maybe I will be able to lead the kind of a life you do.

With reference to Uncle Dick's bank at Montauk, I think it's a splendid idea, provided he uses radiator caps as the major part of his collateral. That one consideration in itself should bring sufficient blackmail to back the charter of any sized bank that you would want to incorporate. I think he was very lucky that that cap fell into such friendly hands.

This is a long letter, and I didn't intend for it to be. I don't know why in the hell I should be sitting here gassing with you when I have a lot of work to do.

Give my regards to everybody and love to Margaret. With every good wish, I am,

Sincerely yours,

Dan

Mr. Carl G. Fisher,
Miami Beach, Fla.

March 8, 1939.

Mr. Dan J. Mahoney,
Maysfield Road,
Dayton, Ohio.

Dear Dan:

I have yours of the fifth. Until we hear definitely from some of the other interests we cannot do any more than we have done in my first letter to you.

Regarding Ev Sewell slipping one over on me: We would not have had this prize fight on the Beach for fifty thousand dollars if it had not been for some special interest in Tex Rickard and our moral obligation to him. The Beach is no place for prize fights; there is a lot of outside room near the side tracks where special trains can handle the crowds. We had our contract very explicitly state that the place would be torn down within ten days and moved. We are well pleased to see the fight in Miami. Everybody here will go to the fight.

I only go into these details to show you that you are wrong again.

Yours,

CGF:T

Sports

January 7, 1930.

Mr. Irving A. Collins,
Moorestown, New Jersey.

Dear Irv:

You will notice from our hotel reports that we are going big. The old Boulevard is coming into its own; it is earning more money today than any hotel we have, considering the investment -- and outside the investment it is going bigger than all the other hotels including the old Lincoln. However, we have got to make some improvements in the yard space at the Boulevard, which won't cost us a great deal as we own the property.

I hope you will be able to get over your Christmas puddings and arrive with a pleasant sense of humor, because I have a plan in mind to go after California. As you know, they have jumped the price on us for their big golf tournament, but they had to get all the Chambers of Commerce together and dig the money up from the state. Now, there is no chance for us to dig any money from the state to beat California but I believe we can dig the money up here at the Beach to put up a prize that will astound the entire golfing world. It won't do to stop at \$2,000. or \$3,000. or \$5,000. ahead of California; I think the best plan is to start right from the should er with a \$40,000. grand prize tournament with \$500. entrance fee. I believe we can get subscriptions from the hotels and the City for \$10,000 or \$15,000. I also believe the entry fees would bring in another \$10,000 or \$15,000. and the publicity would be enormous. Mull this over in your head between now and the time you get here.

There is plenty to do around here if you are looking for a job, and as soon as you come down and get in the harness I am going to take a short vacation.

Yours,

GGF:T

sparks

April 7th, 1930.

Dear Skipper,

As you probably know, the Warrenton Hunt Club is perhaps the best organized and most widely known Hunt Club in America. It has been functioning continuously since 1887 and, under the leadership of Robert Winmill (a well-to-do member of the Exchange here and a well-known summer resident of Westbury), it has attracted a very rich clientele in the past two years, and has received a great deal of national publicity. Winmill has done some really fine development work, and has brought a great many rich people into the country who have bought and improved large places.

The Warrenton Hunt Club keeps two packs of hounds - about 25 couples for fox hunting and about 25 couples for drag hunting. Last year the care and management of the hounds was definitely divided. Mrs. Winmill, as M.F.H., took over the fox hounds, and the drag hounds were turned over to W. H. Emory, M.F.H. (with one Maurice Hastings, an Englishman who is the Master of the Vale in England, as joint Master, with Emory, of the Warrenton Drag Hounds).

Emory went to St. Marks School, was a clerk in a broker's office downtown, did not like business, had a very small income, and migrated to Warrenton some twenty years ago. He swears, stutters, drinks a bit (but discreetly), is a splendid man with hounds and horses, and is unquestionably the most popular man in the Warrenton and Middleburg countries. He fought with the British in the early part of the War, and later with our troops. He was severely wounded, and met and married during his convalescence a very charming Englishwoman who is just as popular as Bill. They have two very lovely children, a boy about twelve and a girl about nine. In addition to the 25 couple of drag hounds, they have about four of their own horses, and take care of an equal number for Hastings, they also have my horses and several others.

I have written you all the above to try to give you something of the atmosphere which surrounds this unusual household.

I have talked with Bill, and he has written to Hastings, and I think that if we think it worth while, we can, by subscription and invitation, have the Warrenton drag hounds at Montauk from June 15th to September 15th, to run regular fixtures three times a week, under the name and in the colors of the Warrenton Drag Hounds. It seems to me that nothing would give us more "paint" in the picture, and it would unquestionably draw to Montauk very many desirable people, including both those who have hunted in Virginia and the many others who know of the place.

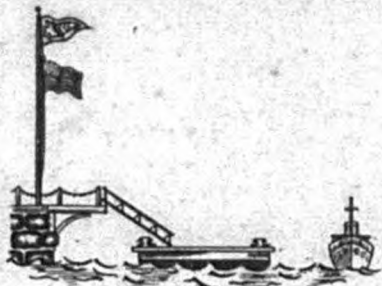
I think that a lump sum payment of not exceeding \$7500 would do this job completely and effectively. Against this we would, of course, receive the "caps" or daily hunting subscription which it is customary for hunts to obtain. I should think this should certainly be not less than \$5, and should realize about \$3,000 in the season. This would leave a deficit of \$4500. The question is obviously whether or not the advertising value of having this hunt, the Emorys, etc., up there is worth that amount as compared with avoiding this expenditure and relying entirely on the occasional visits of the rather incompletely organized and comparatively unknown Easthampton Drag Hounds.

In any event, I think you should include in this year's budget an appropriation of approximately \$2500 to put in panels for jumps, etc., so that the drag hunting at Montauk this summer can be made more inviting. I have a strong feeling that with the rapidly increasing popularity of fox hunting in this country and the virtual elimination of fox hunting at other points on Long Island, we have a great opportunity to draw in the hunting people as summer residents. Please let me have your views and instructions.

Faithfully yours,


Hugh W. Davis

Mr. Carl G. Fisher,
Miami Beach,
Florida.



EAST 52ND STREET
NEW YORK CITY
AND
MONTAUK, L.I.

Sports
MONTAUK YACHT CLUB

NOTICE TO MEMBERS

OUR FLOAT WAS SERIOUSLY DAMAGED BY A LEHIGH VALLEY CAR FLOAT, AND FOR A SHORT PERIOD OF TIME UNTIL REPAIRED IT WILL BE MOORED IN FRONT OF THE NAHON DOCK, WHICH IS ADJACENT TO THE CLUB, WHERE MEMBERS MAY LAND. AUTOMOBILES MAY MEET OR DISCHARGE MEMBERS OR GUESTS BY DRIVING UP 53RD OR 54TH STREET AND TURNING TO RIGHT TO NAHON DOCK.

JOHN M. RUTHERFURD
SECRETARY

April 10, 1930.

Mr. Hugh W. Davis,
155 East 47th Street,
New York City.

My dear Hugh:

Replying to yours of the seventh. We can take up the fox-hunting hounds question when I come north. Just at this time I don't particularly want to consider it.

You will see that I have written Mr. Regan in reply to his letter to me, so that we can now form some plan very soon for a general promotion of sales at Montauk. I will write you further in the next day or two.

I don't think we can do anything at all regarding the Club idea. In fact, if we concentrate on some one like Joe Thomas to go ahead with a piece of our property and build some houses, it would be the best plan, I think.

Yours,

COF:T

Sports 

December fourth.

Mr. R. S. Rhoades,
Star Island.

My dear Mr. Rhoades:

Eight or ten of us have been going over to some colored prize fights and we have had a lot of fun. There are some very funny decisions. I would very much like to have you go with us tonight and I think you would enjoy it. If you can go, we will pick you up at about quarter before eight.

Very truly yours,

CCF:T

Telephone: 5-3326.

5-1797